

# THE TERRYCLOTH ROBES



CHECK OUT IS AT NOON

A NOTE FROM THE LABEL

## The Best Date I've Kept All Week

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I canceled on three people this month, all of whom I love, and I would do it again. Two by text, which is cowardly; one by simply not showing up, which is worse, and which I enjoyed more than I have enjoyed most weddings. I own a robe I put on before I'm properly awake. I own a chair the record finds me in. By the standards of anyone with a calendar I am doing nothing, and I have rarely been better company.

That is the whole racket of this band. The Terrycloth Robes are four people at a marina who decided, around 1981, that the morning was the only hour worth playing — that mercy is a hospitality trade you keep performing after the hotel comes down. They will not shame the night you had. They will not rush you. Nothing here goes above ninety-six beats a minute, because that, Bobbi maintains, is a healing heart rate, and Bobbi runs everything.

Ten songs that argue, smoothly and over good coffee, that staying in is a choice and not a circumstance. Believe them. Check-out is at noon. Nobody's enforcing it.

— *Simon Ore'*

HEAD OF ONE HAND CLAPPING RECORDS

# Barefoot Dreams

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VERSE

There's a robe I own and love  
It's a robe called barefoot dreams  
which is exactly what it sounds like,  
which is a cartoon cloud with sleeves,  
And it's a hug that keeps on hugging  
And no, that's not some kind of joke  
I put it on before I wake up  
and I stand there at the window  
in my cloud,  
And with my smoke,

PRE-CHORUS

And the morning's doing what mornings do —  
And the day has promised nothing,  
and I'd like to see it through  
Yes I'd like to see this nothing through.

CHORUS

Barefoot Dreams  
coziness with seams.  
A hug you wear  
To drown your cares

In bare foot dreams.  
You can't rush a cloud.  
I'm learning from the robe.

V E R S E

Some people put on armor —  
They need drama, drive and fight  
All I need is rolled up gold  
A robe that's cozy  
and a light,  
I'm not saying it's for everyone.  
I'm saying it's for me.  
I'm saying I figured it out,  
and it's my own small victory.

B R I D G E

Here's the thing about simple pleasures —  
they're not lesser pleasures.  
They're just easier to find  
And they are treasures  
*(they are treasures)*

F I N A L C H O R U S

Barefoot Dreams  
coziness with seams.  
A hug you wear  
To drown your cares  
In bare foot dreams.



You can't rush a cloud.  
I'm learning from the robe.

O U T R O

*(the coffee's warm)*  
*(the robe is on)*  
*(the joint is lit)*  
*(that's the whole plan)*

# Be My Weighted Blanket

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VERSE

Come lie down on top of me.  
All the way.  
Full weight.

No hovering, no careful,  
no propped up on an elbow being considerate —  
just your whole self, all of it,  
settled on me like a decision.  
That's the thing I'm after.  
That specific thing.

PRE - CHORUS

Not for very long.  
Or for a while.  
However long it takes  
for everything to slow down

CHORUS

Be my weighted blanket.  
Just lie there.  
The whole weight of you,  
the full length of you,  
just — here.

That's the ask.  
That's all the ask is.  
Nothing further required.  
Be my weighted blanket.  
I'll be yours.

V E R S E

You can keep your eyes closed  
or open, either's fine.  
You can think about something else entirely.  
You don't have to be present —  
you just have to be present,  
if that makes sense,  
which I think it does.  
The weight is the thing.  
The weight says: you are here,  
and I am here,  
and that is a sufficient fact  
for right now.

B R I D G E

There's a kind of company  
that doesn't ask anything of you —  
doesn't need you to talk  
or explain  
or be particularly interesting.  
Just warm.

Just here.  
Just — on me, completely,

FINAL CHORUS

Be my weighted blanket.  
Just lie there.  
The whole weight of you,  
the full length of you,  
just — here.  
That's the ask.  
That's all the ask is.  
Be my weighted blanket.  
I'll be yours.  
I'll be yours.

OUTRO

*(just like that)*  
*(full weight)*  
*(that's what I love)*

# Do Not Disturb

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VERSE

I hung the sign this morning  
Or I hung it up last night  
Can't remember, doesn't matter  
either way, the sign is right  
It's just the way a man sets the peace for his day  
before any stress or drama comes to try take it away  
The world goes on without me.  
I've checked.  
the world does fine.

PRE - CHORUS

The sign says what it says,  
The sign is small.  
The sign is clear.  
which is: I know you're out there,  
so stay out there  
And I will stay in here

CHORUS

Before the joint is smoked  
before I check the phone  
the door has spoken loudly

and it says leave us alone

Do not disturb.

*(do not disturb)*

It's not for forever

Not even for long.

*(do not disturb)*

Just for long enough

*(do not disturb)*

For the length of a song

It's not a locked door.

So don't be upset

I will be with you

very shortly

just not yet.

O U T R O

we all need a little time

just hang the sign

# I'll Get To You

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## VERSE

Whole wall of them. Floor to the crown molding.  
 Spines like a skyline I keep meaning to visit.  
 The fat ones stand there at attention.  
 Proust in the shrink-wrap, keeping his own counsel.  
 The bookmark's in Infinite Jest at page forty,  
 right where I left it in some other decade.

## PRE-CHORUS

I look at them the way you'd look at a harbor —  
 all those boats, all those places, tied up and waiting.  
 I'm not going to sail every one.  
 I was never going to sail every one.

## CHORUS

So I'll get to you.  
*(he won't)*  
 I'll get to you.  
*(he won't)*  
 And the not-getting-to has a sweetness of its own —  
 a hundred lives I bought and left the lights on.  
 Looking at my books  
 is its own kind of reading.



*(its own kind of reading)*

C H O R U S

So I'll get to you.

*(he won't)*

I'll get to you.

*(he won't)*

Looking at my books  
is its own kind of reading.  
*(its own kind of reading)*

C O D A

There's a new one on the table, still in the bag.

I'm not going to read it either.

Welcome home.

*(welcome home)*

# Smoking the First One

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## VERSE

Tuesday cancelled like a beautiful mistake  
No alarm, no coat, no place I have to be  
Slid the door back, let the morning in  
Poured the coffee, found my favorite chair  
Put the record on the turntable — that one —  
The one that always finds me when I'm there

## PRE-CHORUS

And I rolled it tight, the way that eases easy days  
Touched the flame and let the whole thing catch and raise

## CHORUS

I'm smoking the first one  
Already loving the second one sitting there  
Perfectly rolled on the wooden table  
Catching the light like it knows I care  
It isn't wrong to love a thing so much  
You want it again before it's through  
That second joint is just the morning  
Saying it'll do this all again for you

V E R S E

The song is maybe two-thirds through  
I'm already reaching for the sleeve to read the credits  
Like I need to know who played that chord  
The one that opens up my chest and lets the weather in  
I know this feeling — it's not rushing  
It's just love refusing to pretend it ends

P R E - C H O R U S

Because the beautiful thing about a beautiful thing  
Is the moment you decide you'll do it again

C H O R U S

I'm smoking the first one  
Already loving the second one sitting there  
Perfectly rolled on the wooden table  
Catching the light like it knows I care  
It isn't wrong to love a thing so much  
You want it again before it's through  
That second joint is just the morning  
Saying it'll do this all again for you

B R I D G E

Some people call it restless  
I call it reverence  
You love the river while it's moving  
You know it's beautiful because you know it bends  
*(Because you know it bends)*

*(Because you know)*

I'm not somewhere else — I'm here  
I just know where I'm going after here

F I N A L   C H O R U S

I'm smoking the first one  
Already loving the second one sitting there  
Perfectly rolled on the wooden table  
Catching the light like it knows I care  
It isn't wrong to love a thing so much  
You want it again before it's through

*(You want it again)*

That second joint is just the morning  
*(Just the morning)*

Saying it'll do this all again for you  
*(All again for you)*

# The Long Bath

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VERSE

The water is as hot as it goes  
and I got in anyway —  
the way you get into something  
that's going to be good for you  
even when it stings a little first.

The book is on the edge.  
It's going to get damp.  
I know it's going to get damp.  
I've put it there anyway,  
which is a kind of confidence  
I didn't always have.

PRE - CHORUS

The candle is doing its thing.  
The phone is on the counter —  
not because I forgot it.  
Because I decided.  
Those are different.

CHORUS

This is the long bath.  
The one that takes an hour

or takes two.  
The water goes cold,  
you add more hot,  
you don't check the time.  
This is the long bath —  
the body getting tended,  
not deployed,  
not scheduled,  
not asked to be anywhere  
except here,  
in this water,  
which is for it.  
Which is just for it.

V E R S E

The book has gotten damp.  
I expected that.  
I turned the page anyway —  
a little wrinkled,  
still readable,  
still good.  
The candle has burned down a third.  
The water is still warm.  
I have done nothing this hour  
except be a body in water,  
and the body,  
it turns out,

had been waiting  
for exactly this.

FINAL CHORUS

This is the long bath.  
The one that takes however long it takes.  
The water goes cold,  
you add more hot,  
you stay until you're ready  
to be in the world again —  
which is not yet,  
which is not quite yet,  
which is fine.  
The body knows.  
The body  
always  
knows.

OUTRO

*(the candle)*  
*(the damp page)*  
*(the water still warm)*  
*(not yet)*  
*(not quite yet)*

# Tangie Ting

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VERSE

I keep a little jar beside my bed at night  
Orange peel and pine resin, cap screwed down tight  
Three pulls in I'm writing lines I can't explain  
Something in that citrus cuts the ordinary plain  
The window fogs but the thinking stays clear  
the best part of my day is here

CHORUS

Tangie Ting, you open up the morning  
Like a tangerine dropped into my lungs without a warning  
Every thought arrives perfected  
Nothing bent or rearranged  
I just follow where the bright part leads  
and my whole mood's been changed

VERSE

I light it right on that cathedral ring  
I find the bliss before I know the thing  
Pinene on the tongue and then the melody comes  
Terpinolene, you move through me like quiet drums  
Floral at the edges, lemon at the core  
I want more



*(I want more!)*

C H O R U S

Tangie Ting, you open up the morning  
Like a tangerine dropped into my lungs without a warning  
Every thought arrives perfected  
Nothing bent or rearranged  
I just follow where the bright part leads  
and my whole mood's been changed

B R I D G E

I buy a new batch every Thursday  
I fill up an entire cart  
It's the orange coated sunshine  
That lives rent free in my heart

F I N A L C H O R U S

Tangie Ting, you open up the morning  
Like a tangerine dropped into my lungs without a warning  
Every thought arrives perfected  
Nothing bent or rearranged  
I just follow where the bright part leads  
and my whole mood's been changed

# Going to the Movies Alone

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VERSE

One ticket.

Just the one.

The woman at the booth  
doesn't blink — she's seen this before,  
she sees me every week —  
and she hands it over  
and I find my seat,  
the good one,  
center, eight rows back,  
the one that's always open  
at two o'clock on a Wednesday  
because everyone else  
is somewhere else  
working hard, and that's fair  
But I've got the popcorn.  
All of it.  
And I don't have to share.

CHORUS

Going to the movies alone —  
this is a choice, not a circumstance.

The best date I've kept all week  
keeps showing up  
every time I ask.  
Going to the movies alone —  
the dark, the quiet, the previews,  
the whole glorious  
unnecessary afternoon —  
mine.  
All mine.  
How about that.

V E R S E

Here's the thing about good company —  
the best kind knows you  
without being told.  
Knows you want the candy,  
knows you don't want to discuss the plot  
before the lights go down,  
knows you might get sleepy  
in the second act  
and won't mind.  
That's a high bar.  
I know one person  
who clears it every time.  
He's the one who bought the ticket.  
He's the reason the afternoon  
is exactly as good

as it's going to be.

P R E - C H O R U S

You can always take yourself somewhere.  
The person who'll never cancel  
is the one you're taking.

C H O R U S

Going to the movies alone —  
this is a choice, not a circumstance.  
The best date I've kept all week  
keeps showing up  
every time I ask.

Going to the movies alone —  
the dark, the quiet, the previews,  
the whole glorious  
unnecessary afternoon —  
mine.

All mine.  
How about that.

B R I D G E

and the seat is soft  
and the dark is warm  
and there is no earthly reason  
to stay awake right now,  
so I don't.  
I sleep the specific sleep

of a person in a movie theater  
at three in the afternoon —  
the sounds of the film still coming,  
the chill of the air just right,  
the complete luxury  
of a nap nobody scheduled.  
I wake up for the ending.  
I accept that.

F I N A L   C H O R U S

Going to the movies alone —

**this is a choice, not a circumstance.**

The best date I'll ever keep  
keeps showing up  
every time I ask —  
doesn't cancel,  
doesn't have somewhere better to be,  
likes the same seat I like,  
lets me sleep through the second act  
and doesn't mention it after.  
Going to the movies alone —  
the dark, the quiet,  
the ending I half-caught,  
the walk out into the afternoon —  
mine.  
All mine.

All mine.

O U T R O

*(that was a good movie)*

*(I think)*

*(the nap was great)*

# A Hundred Times and One

## VERSE

The sun went sideways through the blinds around a quarter after four  
 I did not chase it, did not move, just watched it slide across the floor  
 Now the room is going amber and the evening's rolling in  
 I roll a little something and I let the day begin to end

## PRE-CHORUS

*(Ooh, begin to end)*

There's a whole world waiting on that menu, blue and cold  
 But I already know where I am going  
*(Going home)*  
 I already know

## CHORUS

I'm going back to the same old show  
 The same old faces, the same old snow  
 On the same cold roof of the same old bar  
 Where everybody knows exactly who they are  
 Let the new things pile up like something I'll get to  
 Let the algorithm guess, it doesn't have a clue  
 I'll be watching the same show I've watched a hundred times  
 And I'll watch it a hundred more

V E R S E

My buddy Terrence, he'll spend forty minutes just to find something new  
He scrolls through everything that's out there, doesn't watch a single minute through  
I poured two fingers of whatever's left and clicked on episode four  
I've seen that teapot shatter on that kitchen floor a thousand times before  
*(That teapot, shatter on that floor)*

P R E - C H O R U S

*(Ooh, that kitchen floor)*  
There's a whole scroll of things I've bookmarked in the dark  
New documentaries, a series someone swore by  
*(Someone swore by)*  
But tonight's not that night

C H O R U S

I'm going back to the same old show  
The same old faces, the same old snow  
On the same cold roof of the same old bar  
Where everybody knows exactly who they are  
Let the new things pile up like something I'll get to  
Let the algorithm guess, it doesn't have a clue  
I'll be watching the same show I've watched a hundred times  
And I'll watch it a hundred more

V E R S E

There's a line I can recite before the actor even turns  
There's a joke that hits the same each time no matter what I've learned  
And something in that sameness is the whole point, don't you see



It's not that I'm not curious, it's just this one knows me

*(Knows me, knows me)*

*(Every corner, every face)*

*(Knows me, knows me)*

*(Like coming home to the same warm place)*

C H O R U S

I'm going back to the same old show

The same old faces, the same old snow

On the same cold roof of the same old bar

Where everybody knows exactly who they are

Let the new things pile up like something I'll get to

Let the algorithm guess, it doesn't have a clue

I'll be watching the same show I've watched a hundred times

And I'll watch it a hundred more

Oh, a hundred more

*(A hundred more, a hundred more)*

Oh, I'll find my way back every time

*(Every time, every time)*

Same old porch light, same old sign

# The Little Red Star

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VERSE

The porch light burned out long ago  
I never did replace the light  
But every eve, I strike a match  
And let the joint smoke paint the night  
The cherry floats about five feet high  
And I wait, and I wait.

CHORUS

So come down the road with your headlights low  
You'll find me right where the tall weeds grow  
That little ember burning slow  
Is how you'll know, is how you'll know  
No hurry, love, take the long way round  
I'll be the red star that's near the ground

BRIDGE

I'm not counting miles, I'm not counting nights  
Just watching the smoke go wherever it likes  
Up past the wire, over the pine  
Everything patient, and everything's fine

F I N A L   C H O R U S

So come down the road with your headlights low  
You'll find me right where the tall weeds grow  
That little ember burning slow  
Is how you'll know, is how you'll know  
No hurry, love, take the long way round  
I'll be the red star that guides you home

THE TERRY CLOTH ROBES

# Check Out Is at Noon

*ten songs for the deliberately unhurried*

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- 01 Barefoot Dreams
- 02 Be My Weighted Blanket
- 03 Do Not Disturb
- 04 I'll Get To You
- 05 Smoking the First One
- 06 The Long Bath
- 07 Tangie Ting *feat. SAJA*
- 08 Going to the Movies Alone
- 09 A Hundred Times and One
- 10 The Little Red Star

*All songs performed by The Terrycloth Robes*

CAPT. SANDY DELACROIX

*lead vocals — the gentlest landing*

BOBBI CRUSH

*Rhodes & harmony — keeper of the Second Verse Rule*

GENTLE RAY TORTUGA

*guitar & slide — one falsetto per chorus*

MAURICE "THE CONCIERGE" BANKS

*fretless bass — the mints*

*with SAJA on "Tangie Ting"*

NOTHING ABOVE 96 BPM - MORNINGS AND CO  
MEDOWNS ONLY

PRODUCED BY SIMON ORE

*(P) & © 2026 One Hand Clapping Records*

*No song shames the night before.*

FROM THE BAND

# Stay As Long As You Like

---

We won't keep you. We never do — it's the one promise the marina makes, and the only one worth making. You came in off whatever night you had; we didn't ask; the coffee was already on.

Sandy would tell you about the boat, but the accounts don't agree, and he's the first to admit it. Ray is still playing the one chord shape, eyes shut, and it still hasn't failed him. Maurice will have the mints ready before you know you need them. And Bobbi decided this last song stays blue — so blue it stays, and that is its own kind of mercy.

Stay as long as you like. Longer.

— *The Terrycloth Robes*

*(the urn is on. checkout was at noon. nobody, love, is enforcing it.)*

MORNINGS AND COMEDOWNS ONLY

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THE URN IS ON