

## Weezer - Pinkerton (Deluxe Edition) [2CD] (2010)

Written by bluesever

Tuesday, 02 November 2010 12:39 - Last Updated Friday, 29 March 2019 21:56

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### CD1

01. *Tired Of Sex* ( 3:01)
02. *Getchoo* ( 2:52)
03. *No Other One* ( 3:01)
04. *Why Bother?* ( 2:06)
05. *Across The Sea* ( 4:34)
06. *The Good Life* ( 4:17)
07. *El Scorcho* ( 4:03)
08. *Pink Triangle* ( 3:57)
09. *Falling For You* ( 3:48)
10. *Butterfly* ( 3:10)
11. *You Gave Your Love To Me Softly* ( 1:58)
12. *Devotion* ( 3:11)
13. *The Good Life (Radio Remix)* ( 4:05)
14. *Waiting On You* ( 4:11)
15. *I just Threw Out The Love Of My Dreams* ( 2:38)
16. *The Good Life (Live and Acoustic)* ( 4:38)
17. *Pink Triangle (Radio Remix)* ( 4:01)
18. *I Swear It's True* ( 3:19) [play](#)
19. *Pink Triangle (Live and Acoustic)* ( 4:56)
20. *Bonus* ( 1:32)

### CD2

01. *You Won't Get With Me Tonight* ( 3:30)
02. *The Good Life (Live at Y100 Sonic Session)* ( 4:37)
03. *El Scorcho (Live at Y100 Sonic Session)* ( 4:07)
04. *Pink Triangle (Live at Y100 Sonic Session)* ( 4:12)
05. *Why Bother? (Live at Reading Festival 1996)* ( 2:20) [play](#)
06. *El Scorcho (Live at Reading Festival 1996)* ( 4:12)
07. *Pink Triangle (Live at Reading Festival 1996)* ( 4:53)
08. *The Good Life (Live at X96)* ( 4:13)
09. *El Scorcho (Live and Acoustic)* ( 4:26)
10. *Across The Sea Piano Noodles* ( 0:38)
11. *Butterfly (Alternate Take)* ( 2:50)

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12. *Long Time Sunshine* ( 4:19)
13. *Getting Up And Leaving* ( 3:30)
14. *Tired Of Sex (Tracking Rough)* ( 2:59)
15. *Getchoo (Tracking Rough)* ( 2:59)
16. *Tragic Girl* ( 5:26)

### Weezer

Rivers Cuomo – guitar, vocals

Patrick Wilson – drums, percussion

Brian Bell– guitar, backing vocals

Matt Sharp – bass, backing vocals, synthesizer

Weezer mean a lot of things to a lot of people, but since the mid-90s they've rarely stood proud as anyone's favourite band. The reason's very simple: diminishing returns. Once the 21st century dawned, the Rivers Cuomo-fronted pop-rockers seemed to content themselves with releasing a handful of killer singles and packaging them on albums full of mediocre filler. It wasn't always the way.

1994's eponymous debut, commonly referred to as *The Blue Album* (two further self-titled sets, of 2001 and 2008, were coloured/titled *Green* and *Red* respectively), spawned MTV-courting hits *Buddy Holly*, *Say It Ain't So* and *Undone*; via a winning mix of mega-sized hooks, heart-on-sleeve lyrics and clever promo videos, it made unlikely stars of four geeky-looking guys from Los Angeles. But it's 1996's *Pinkerton* that is repeatedly held aloft by fans as the finest album in the band's catalogue. And with good reason: it's the perfect mix of melancholy and sunshine, heartache and honey, rejection and reflection. And the pain isn't purely emotional: Cuomo had recently undergone surgery on his back and to lengthen a leg, and was walking with a cane.

In the booklet that accompanies this deluxe repackaging – with plenty of juicy exclusive content, including recordings from 1996's Reading Festival – there is evidence that Cuomo, the sole writing force throughout, was wary of *Pinkerton* not ticking the same boxes as its predecessor. In a reprinted letter he writes, "I hope you all don't hate it... but I really wanted these songs to be an exploration of my dark side". And, frequently, they are; albeit with said explorations into a fractured mindset complemented by comparatively upbeat instrumentation. The song titles offer clues as to a shift in emotion and attitude – *Tired of Sex*, *Why Bother?* – but a cursory scan of the lyrics paints a vivid picture of a soul cut adrift. Sure, there are cute rhymes and neat choruses, but Cuomo was mining some coal-black feelings for inspiration.

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"How stupid is it / I can't talk about it / I've gotta sing about it / And make a record up" – so goes a song-along section of *El Scorcho*, in just a few words summarising everything Pinkerton's about. It's brilliant pop, musically effervescent and conceptually evergreen, but seriously bruised. It's such a potent recipe. And it's not aged in the slightest – while hardly a hit on release, its critical reputation has grown immensely.

While there are probably several new LPs of 2010 that have deserved their five-star reviews, 12 months down the line chances are that few buyers will be regularly returning to them. The same can't be said, personally, of this. Almost 15 years on it remains a stereo regular, and loved like the day it was delivered, awkwardly and self-consciously, into a world that didn't know what to do with it. And, largely, still doesn't. So give it a home, won't you; it could be your album of the year. ---Mike Diver, BBC Review

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