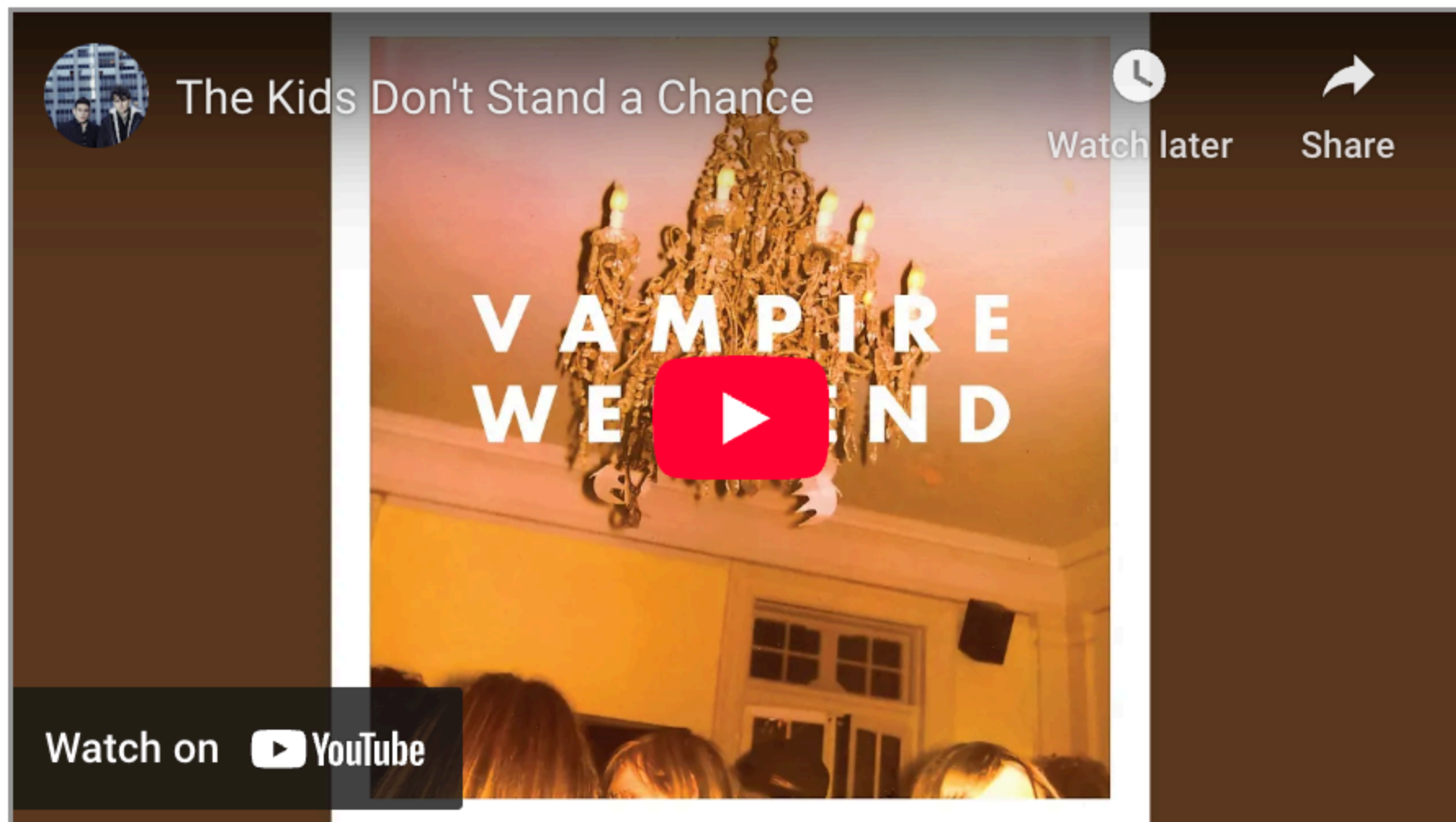
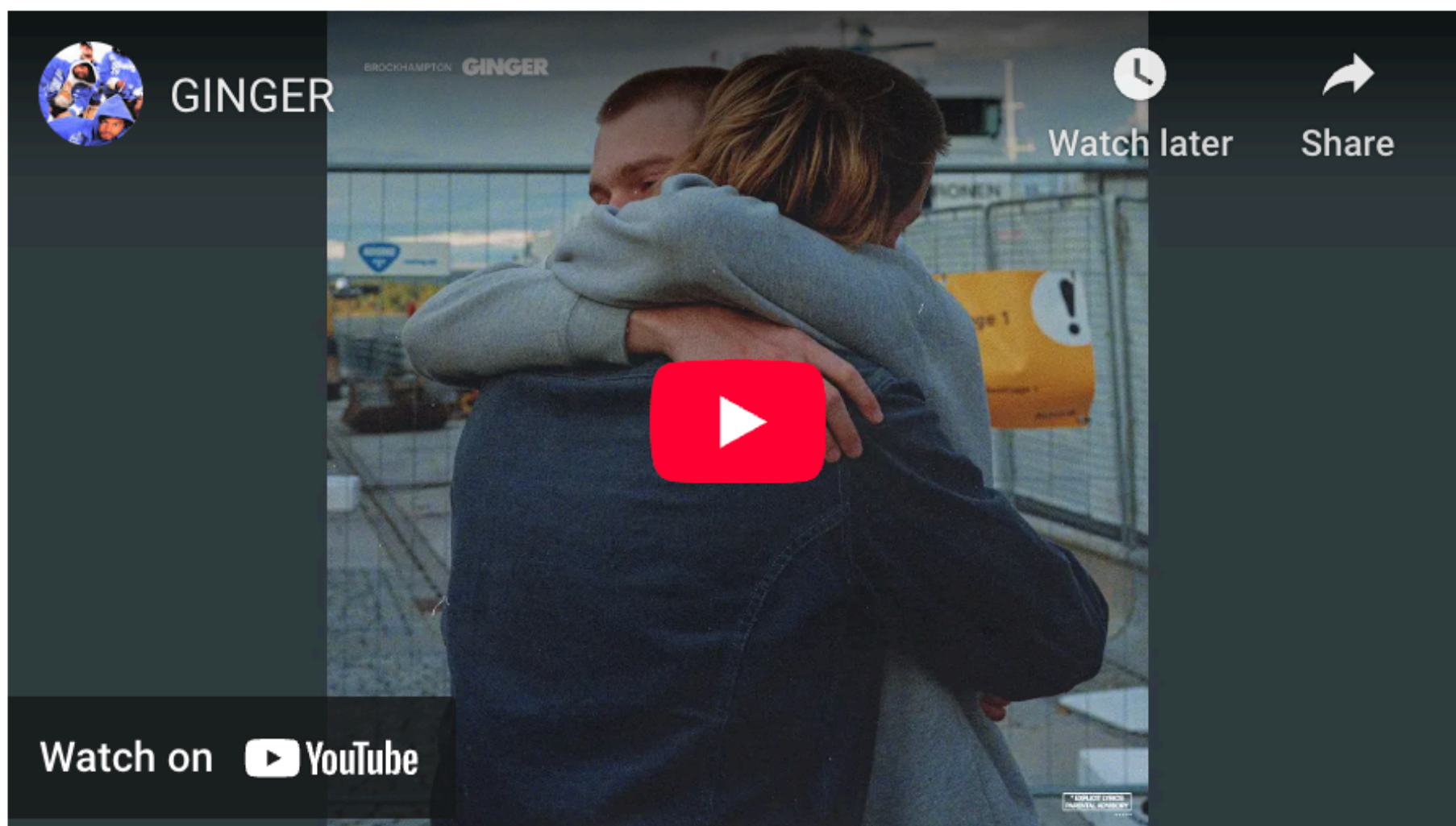


Vampire Weekend, "The Kids Don't Stand a Chance"



The alternative rock group struck a dystopian chord on their 2008 self-titled record with claims that "The Kids Don't Stand a Chance." Sixteen years later in a nation holding tight to the half dead corpse of capitalism, their sentiments still hold weight. Ezra Koenig sings boldly during the first half of the track before commanding your attention with a higher range. Vampire Weekend doesn't just want you to revel in the angelic vocals of their lead singer—they need you to *hear* what he's saying. The song's mellow, drum-forward beat is oddly optimistic, but gives listeners a chance to reflect on its meaning during a two-minute instrumental break at its close. The band's distinct choice of lyrics produces lasting cogs-in-a-machine imagery in the listener's mind. "The pin-striped men of morning / Are coming forward to dance / With pure Egyptian Cotton / The kids don't stand a chance."—MIKAYLA STOCK

Brockhampton, "Ginger"



The best boy band since One Direction opens "Ginger" with fluid harmonies layered over synth-y chords and a mellow beat before Matt Champion launches us into existential ideations triggered by a shaky relationship: "Tell me, goddamn, what God made me for? / I don't even love no more / I don't even trust no more / I don't need the clubs no more." Themes of a wavering love are intertwined with the boys' contrasting pitches, representative of the highs and lows of a distanced companion (or the autumn weather). As pungent as the root the track is named after, Ginger knocks you over like a gust of October wind, then quiets into a breeze at the song's close: "But aren't you mine?"—MIKAYLA STOCK

The Japanese House, “Follow My Girl”



With the prospect of Thanksgiving break on the horizon, many Cornellians are finalizing their complex travel plans to distant corners of the world. I'll be taking the easy way out—a three hour drive in what's essentially a straight line with no sight of another soul for miles on end. Any extended time in the car presents a perfect opportunity to listen to tracks like The Japanese House's "Follow My Girl." "Nothing feels good, it's alright," vocalist Amber Bain laments. As the day of our annual escape from Ithaca approaches, I would revise: everything feels great. "Follow My Girl" starts off simple with a moody pulse before Bain's dynamic vocals cascade over a popcorn beat. It's a euphoric auditory journey that seems to inflict magical powers on my car's accelerator time and time again.—MIKAYLA STOCK