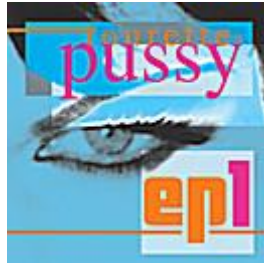


Mp3 Pussy Tourette - Ep1



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Dance Pop Oldies 8 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Dance, POP: with Electronic Production Details: Pussy Tourette EP1 (only available as digital download through iTunes and other digital distributors) 1. Isnt It

Yesterday? 2. Happy is the Drug 3. My New Shoes 4. Why Not? 5. Isnt It Yesterday? (instrumental)

6. Happy is the Drug (instrumental) 7. My New Shoes (instrumental) 8. My New Shoes (clean version)

Keyboards: Bobo Pussy Tourette. Additional Production, Sequencing, and Mixing by: LEO FRAPPIER, courtesy of BAYSOUNDS, San Francisco, CA 94112 Background Vocals: Sally Dana Lilli Oldfield.

Background vocals on Why Not?: Jo Carol. Cover artwork: Louie Mandrapilias Isnt it Yesterday? Words and Music: Pussy Tourette. Additional words: Steven Zetlan. Additional music: Bobo. Do you ever get the feeling, when youre walking all alone, that your bodys disconnected, and your mind is not your own? That the futures too familiar, like a well-worn dollar bill, but the present is a mystery cause it needs to happen still? Isnt it yesterday, when you tits were high as your brain was, honey? Isnt it yesterday, when youd spread your legs and youd take home money? Isnt it yesterday, when the days were short but the nights were sunny? Isnt it yesterday? I dont know. I was walking downtown; I was walking through the street. I had a fuel injected engine strapped to my feet. When I turned it on I went so damn fast I sent my mind into the future; my ass stayed in the past. As I rocket through the ether Im amazed by how it feels to be struck with future memories, progressiveness, and heels. For you see this in between place, we eventually pass through, not a thing stays in the closet; not a person, not a shoe. (Chorus) When I got to tomorrow I looked back on today, but I didnt feel nostalgic in the ordinary way. Someone handed me some money - they said Id won some big bet, but I had no recollection, cause I hadnt placed it yet. I blinked and spoke a language that I didnt understand. My lips were lush and juicy, but they werent worth a damn. Its hard communicating, either verbally or by pen, with your ass in 1980 and your tits in 2010.

(Chorus) Im having misgivings in a world so unforgiving. How the hell can I remember when my fate I keep reliving? Here comes next week, when I get hired. There goes next month, when I get fired. More Jimmy Choos. The price of gas. Depressing news. My giant ass. My memory lay before me, like a stain upon the past. I tried to slow my vision; my foot stuck on the gas. On my right I saw the hopeful, on my left I saw despair. Looming largely in my history was my giant derriere. In the diner of my timeline, on the menu of my fate, theres a retroactive glimmer of a future that I hate. I could choose tomorrows special, or the yesterday du jour, but a half a lifetime later I was always wanting more. Happy is the Drug Words and Music: Pussy Tourette. Additional Music: Bobo. Bad moods always were vexing me, now happiness is fully perplexing me. All I know is the feeling I feel is so real Must be the drug that I feel! Come sit next to me, and swear to secrecy. I dont know what it is, something just came over me. I felt a burst of joy, like on a Ferris Wheel, I was at the kitchen sink scrubbing a potato peel. I had the TV on and unexpectedly my mood improved, frankly its a mystery. Could be the soap I use, or TVs sex-appeal, could be the full moon, or maybe its the drug that I feel. Gonna leave it all up to me I like the drug that I feel. Gonna make you happy youll see Happy is the drug that I feel. Gonna take a couple of these I like the drug that I feel. Gonna put your troubles to sleep Im happy as the drug I feel. Life was miserable, and in my heart a void that left me typically desolate and paranoid. I feared the President, I feared the state of war I feared the build up of wax thats on my kitchen floor. My doctor, he said to me, only yesterday, Take these wait a week everything will go away. But after just one pill I felt my senses reel. Am I optimistic or am I just the drug that I feel? (Chorus) Bad moods always were vexing me, now happiness is fully perplexing me. All I know is the feeling I feel is so real Must be the drug that I feel! And now the things Id like to do are inexplicable, when making breakfast I felt so unpredictable. Lets catch a butterfly and just let it go, then share with everyone all the joy I think I know. Your daddy could use a few, but hell refuse to take, so well just crush them up, put them in the Shake and Bake and in the mayonnaise, and in the chamomile itll be fantastic when he feels the drug that I feel. (Chorus) My New Shoes Words and Music: Pussy Tourette. Additional music: Bobo. Could be the war was a bore or the good book a chore, clearly something did disturb me. Refusing to read from the script I said, No, with my lips and then someone finally heard me. Maybe the light was just right or the old ones too tight, but I simply had to take it. And sooner or later their on and the sadness is gone cause my feet, they arent naked anymore. My new shoes Now my loads not heavy anymore! Why doesnt joy seem to last? Oh how quickly it past, once again I feel forsaken. Or did

my God want them back? I feel under attack my last breath someone has taken. Maybe the heel was all wrong or the color too strong, I feel apt to justify this. But clearly I've met my demise when I soon realize that I can't demystify this anymore. My new shoes Now my loads not heavy anymore! She was a wide eyed girl with a pension for bringin the blues. First she went and fucked it up with apple, and now she took my shoes. And the soles were red, and the heels were green, they were the finest shoes that you've ever seen. Estos son mis zapatos... Por que te los llevastes ? No eran tuyos! Donde estn mis zapatos ? Mi vida. mi corazn, mis zapatos. Somehow my life will go on, like a beauty salon I will take the next appointment. Then I will undo the burn I received from the perm, I will be the healing ointment. Maybe with time to reflect this will all feel correct, like the answer to a prayer put neatly and squarely in rhyme we can find the sublime, and we won't walk barefoot anymore. Why Not? Words and Music: Pussy Tourette. Additional music: Bobo. Recorded in 1993. Remember? You brought me to the dance, the night was pure romance, while couples moved in closer, you sir took me by the hand, we sat behind the band and quick exchanged a kiss. Remember? You said we'd have to wait, it's only our first date and that you hardly know me. Slowly you walked me to the door, you never asked for more why did you have to go? Why don't you? I'm naked now beneath my dress and sending out an S.O.S. If you could see my blushing breast I know that you would acquiesce. Hey, fill me up like a cup, and with a kiss I know that I could stir it up. You know I think it's rude to tease me while I'm in the mood, so why not phuck me? Remember? You called me on the phone, you said you were alone and that you really miss me - kiss me. You thought of me all night, still it wasn't right, and that we'd have to wait. Why don't you? Upon the floor or in the hay, though some my find it declassé but I don't care what people say I want your fat ass anyway. Hey, chastity is boring me so drop your pants and let's forget nobility. You know I think it's rude to tease me while I'm in the mood, so why not phuck me? Remember? You finally had your way, you put my fears at bay. Remember last December? And though your love is gone a memory lingers on that makes me want to say. Why don't you? Upon the floor or in the hay, though some my find it declassé but I don't care what people say I want your fat ass anyway. Hey, fill me up like a cup, then lay me down and love my precious bubble butt. You know I think it's rude to tease me while I'm in the mood and if you want some privacy I'm sure that Pussy won't intrude. Hey, three heads are better than one and the night is still young so let's have us some fun. So, come on baby, come on baby, why not phuck me? Special Thanks To: Sally and Lilli for their support and talent. Sleeve, for 20 years of friendship (and as many crazy little songs). Javier,

for the giving me the right translation (if only I had paid attention). Kate, for her encouragement and the brainstorming sessions over all-you-can eat crab legs. Louie, for the artwork. Thanks, Friend! Danny, for singing along and more crazy little songs. Anita (I miss you), for the jazz, cookies, and inspiration, and to Robbie, for letting me be a small part of such an amazing womans life. Bobo, and Leo, for their patience and talent. My sister, Lisa, for her encouragement and support. And my Mom, for having the most fabulous wigs, shoes, and dresses in her closet when I was growing up. Dedicated to the memory of Jo Carol - Block

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