

-1 IMAGE

NINA SIMONE, WILLIAM WARING CUNEY

She does not know her beauty,
She thinks her brown body has no glory.

If she could dance naked under palm trees
And see her image in the river, she would know.

But there are no palm trees on the street,
And dish water gives back no images.

-4 NO GOVERNMENT

NICOLETTE, PHILIP ANTHONY JOHNSON

If everybody knew what they wanted,
There'd be nothing, nothing left.
People would do what they wanted,
And there'd be no government.

There'd be no government,
There'd be no government.
People would do what they wanted,
And there'd be no government.

There'd be no suffering.
There'd be no government.
People would see and let them be,
And there'd have no government.

-4 HIGH SCHOOL DRAG

MEL WELLES
POEM SAID BY PHILIPPA FALLON

My old man was a bread stasher all his life. He never got fat.
He wound up with a used car, a 17-inch screen and arthritis.
Tomorrow is a drag, man, tomorrow is a king-sized bust.

They cried, "Put down pot. Don't think a lot." For what?
Time how much and what to do with it.
Sleep, man, and you might wake up diggin' the whole human race,
Givin' itself three days to get out.
Tomorrow is a drag, pops, the future is a flake.

I had a canary who couldn't sing.
I had a cat that let me share my pad with her.
I bought a dog that killed the cat that ate the canary.
What is truth?

I had an uncle with an ivy-league car.
He had life with a belt in the back.
He had a button-down brain.
Wind up a belt in the mouth and a button-down lip.

He coughed blood on this earth.
Now there's a race for space.
We can cough blood on the moon soon.
Tomorrow is dragsville, cats. Tomorrow is a king-sized drag.

Hula fast shorts, swing with a gassy chick,
Turn on to a thousand joys, smile on what happened,
Then check what's gonna happen, you'll miss what's happening.
Turn your eyes inside and dig the vacuum.
Tomorrow, drag.

-2 SWALLOW SONG

MIMI FARINA, RICHARD FARINA

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind
Come here and listen to the sky
Come walking high above the rolling of the sea
And watch the swallows as they fly

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their wings
There is no choir like their song
There is no power like the freedom of their flight
While the swallows roam alone

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand voice?
Hear the trembling in the stone?
Do you hear the angry bells ringing in the night?
Do you hear the swallows when they've flown?

And will the breezes blow the petals from your hand?
And will some loving ease your pain?
And will the silence strike confusion from your soul?
And will the swallows come again?

-5 AT SEVENTEEN

JANIS IAN

I learned the truth at seventeen
That love was meant for beauty queens
In high school girls with clear skinned smiles
Who married young and then retired
The valentines I never knew
The Friday night charades of youth
Were spent on one more beautiful
At seventeen I learned the truth

And those of us with ravaged faces
Lacking in the social graces
Desperately remained at home
Inventing lovers on the phone
Who called to say — Come dance with me
And murmured vague obscenities
It isn't all it seems
At seventeen

To those of us who knew the pain
Of valentines that never came
And those whose names were never called
When choosing sides for basketball
It was long ago and far away
The world was younger than today
And dreams were all they gave for free
To ugly duckling girls like me

We all play the game and when we dare
To cheat ourselves at solitaire
Inventing lovers on the phone
Repenting other lives unknown
That call and say — Come dance with me
And murmur vague obscenities
At ugly girls like me
At seventeen

-3 ALL THE PRETTY HORSES

TRADITIONAL

Hush-a-by, don't you cry,
Go to sleep, little baby
And when you wake, you shall have,
All the pretty little horses

Blacks and Bays,
Dapples and Greys,
All the pretty little horses

Way down yonder
In de medder
There's a po' lil lambie,
De bees an' de butterflies
Peckin' out its eyes,
De po' lil lambie cried, "Mammy!"

Blacks and Bays,
Dapples and Greys,
All the pretty little horses

-6 STRANGE FRUIT

BILLIE HOLIDAY, ABEL MEEROPOL

Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the roots
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh

Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck
For the rain to gather for the wind to suck
For the sun to rot for the trees to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop

-7 SAVE THE CHILDREN

AL CLEVELAND, RENALDO BENSON, MARVIN GAYE

There'll come a time, when the world won't be singin'
Flowers won't grow, bells won't be ringin'
Who really cares?
Who's willing to try to save a world
That is destined to die

When I look at the world it fills me with sorrow
Little children today are really gonna suffer tomorrow
Oh what a shame, such a bad way to live
All who is to blame, we can't stop livin'

Live, live for life
But let live everybody
Live life for the children
Oh, for the children

-9 LITTLE GIRL BLUE

RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART

Sit there and count your fingers
What can you do?
Old girl you're through
Sit there, count your little fingers
Unhappy little girl blue

Sit there and count the raindrops
Falling on you
It's time you knew
All you can ever count on
Are the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue

Won't you just sit there
Count the little raindrops
Falling on you
'Cause it's time you knew
All you can ever count on
Are the raindrops
That fall on little girl blue

No use old girl
You might as well surrender
'Cause your hopes are getting slender and slender
Why won't somebody send a tender blue boy
To cheer up little girl blue

-13 FOUR WOMEN

NINA SIMONE

My skin is black
My arms are long
My hair is woolly
My back is strong
Strong enough to take the pain
inflicted again and again
What do they call me
My name is Aunt Sarah

My skin is yellow
My hair is long
Between two worlds
I do belong
My father was rich and white
He forced my mother late one night
What do they call me
My name is Saffronia

My skin is tan
My hair is fine
My hips invite you
My mouth like wine
Whose little girl am I?
Anyone who has money to buy
What do they call me
My name is Sweet Thing

My skin is brown
My manner is tough
I'll kill the first mother I see
Who messes with me
Life has been much too rough
I'm awfully bitter these days
Because my parents were slaves
What do they call me
My name is Peaches

-10 THE END OF SILENCE

ELAINE BROWN

Have you ever stood
In the darkness of night
Screaming silently
You're a man
Have you ever hoped that
A time would come
when your voice could be heard
In a noon-day sun
Have you waited so long
'Til your unheard song
Has stripped away your very soul

Well then, believe it my friend
That this silence will end
We'll just have to get guns and be men

-10 MERCEDES BENZ

JANIS JOPLIN

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?
My friends all drive Porsches, I must make amends.
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,
So Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a color TV ?
Dialing For Dollars is trying to find me.
I wait for delivery each day until three,
So oh Lord, won't you buy me a color TV ?

-7 LES FLEURS

CHARLES STEPNEY, RICHARD RUDOLPH

Will somebody wear me to the fair?
Will a lady pin me in her hair?
Will a child find me by a stream?
Kiss my petals and weave me through a dream

For all of these simple things and much more a flower was born
It blooms to spread love and joy faith and hope to people forlorn
Inside every man lives the seed of a flower
If he looks within he finds beauty and power

Ring all the bells sing and tell the people everywhere that the flower has come
Light up the sky with your prayers of gladness and rejoice for the darkness is gone
Throw off your fears let your heart beat freely at the sign that a new time is born

-14 VOUS FAITES PARTIE DE MOI

COLE PORTER, JOSEPHINE BAKER

Vous êtes tout mon bonheur
Vous êtes tout au fond de mon cœur
Comme un doux secret
Comme une indicible joie
Vous faites partie de moi
Ce rêve plein de douceur
J'avais voulu, tout au début,
Le chasser de mon cœur
Mais j'ai compris que ce cœur pris
En faisait déjà sa loi

MADELEINE
& SALOMON
A WOMAN'S JOURNEY