

Great Tit & Grey Pussy – Rock, Blues & Poetry by Olle_XXL

A 'CD' can be bought and downloaded – see <http://sites.google.com/site/ollexxl/> and links from there

Great Tit & Grey Pussy was a title that came to me when I realized that the



photo of my little studio pussy chewing on a newly caught great tit (left pic!, by L. Andrén; the right one by Zhao Xueyong) would make a nice cover photo. I think Frank Zappa would have approved.

The album covers different aspects of my life: Pumping iron, being tough, cat philosophy, car cruising, making fun of 'artists', working in Africa, having mixed feelings about (American & Danish) women...listen to the lyrics...and download them.

Musically the songs are bluesy rock and I sing, play guitar, harp and some electric bass. The backing drums, organ, piano etc are from various anonymous but legal sources. A large collection of vintage guitars, amps and effects were used (Strats, Les Pauls, Martin Backpacker, Traveler Speedster, Dunlop Wah, Marshalls, Mesa Boogies, Supros, Soldanos, Blackfaces, Tweeds). Some were hardware, some were modelled - you can never spot the difference.

Certain guitar solos may be a bit daring, but mostly the music is enjoyable for your dining & dancing & friday nite cruisin'.

Olle_XXL

Here are the songs:

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|---|-------------------------|------|
| 1 | Happiness is a Warm Gym | 2:43 |
| 2 | Northern Man | 3:22 |

3	Grey Pussy (Where's That Studio Cat?)	3:07
4	Bee Em Dubya	3:56
5	Subsidize Placebos (Idiot Song)	4:53
6	Nairobi May Not Be the Ideal Place For the Naïve	3:58
7	Blues Africana	4:57
8	American Women	4:57
9	Stupid Boss Women	3:08
10	Danish Wife	3:17

Lyrics:

Happiness is a Warm Gym

You have hellhounds on your trail / and you want to slap your bitch
 you are flabby, weak and pale / like a dead frog in a ditch
 ...happiness - is a warm gym

Let me be your teacher man / be your guru and your guide
 Without pain there is no gain / muscles cramping, blistered hide
 ...happiness - is a warm gym

*Ch: My friends work out with Spandex girls / I just sit doing my biceps curls
 they watch girls with more than affection / I just watch my own reflection
 Pumping it slow / like an old hymn
 thinking that happiness / is a warm gym*

Northern Man

*Ch: Northern Man/home town drowned by the dam
 green electricity/ is a big city scam
 No jobs at home / so we all have to roam*

Northern man / just says yes to booze
 shovels the snow / and kills the odd moose
 wrestles the bear / and will never lose

Northern men / will always be high
 drunk on the air / and on the blue sky
 eating his snuff / don't try you will die

Forty below / and 8 feet of snow
 there is one thing / that you gotta know

just do not eat /that soft yellow snow

Grey Pussy (Where's That Studio Cat?)

There's a light side and a dark side / and they do mix to a grey
Well we all are kind of greyish / in a not so simple way

See my grey cat he has black stripes / but his paws are kinda white
so he is a friend and lover / who will also pick a fight

He is friendly when he wants to / he will purr and stretch his back
but we both know any moment / he can make a fierce attack

*Ch: Hey hey hey / we are black, white and grey
don't believe - that all he has / are the white'n grey spots - he will kick your ass
(Fat bass player: Where's That Studio cat? - he drank my Jack Daniel's)*

BeeEmDubya

Life can be dull / depressing and slow
Life can be better / this much I know

Don't bother with / relations and such
friends that have four wheels / don't ask for much

*Ch: Roll out the Bee Em Dubya / straight six under hood
fat tires on chromed mag wheels / inside with lots of wood
don't give a damn 'bout the weather / ass is on black leather
Drive into the sunset / hear the motor roar
mind goes out the window / troubles out the door*

Cops are a drag / so lose them behind
you have a fast car / and a fast mind

Never look back / eyes on the road
look out for wildlife / flatten that toad

Then when you crash / try to survive
driving is better / when you're alive

Subsidize Placebos (The Idiot song)

Ch: I'm a self-claimed artist / and my music is kinda loud
Give me all I long for / take it from the common crowd
Subsidize placebos / distribute all wealth
eat organic products / take care of your health

I hate those smart people / with their productive minds
I get sick from cell phones / and PCs of all kinds

Doctors say I'm healthy / but their machines are wrong
I have many syndromes / just listen to this song

Miss the Soviet Union / love every freedom fight
hate globalization / never drink Pepsi Light

Noone understands me / my music does not sell
give me welfare money / or you can go to hell

Nairobi May Not Be the Ideal Place For the Naïve

So you bumped through all the potholes / from the airport into town
And a lowlife snatched your necklace / while you were in traffic jam
You were stuck for thirty minutes / could not breathe for diesel smoke
I say welcome to Nairobi / where the life just ain't no joke//

Ch: Love it, hate it, I don't care / this place just ain't anywhere
Dig the sun and city life / just don't tease that guy with knife
Grab a Tusker and chill out / this is what it's all about
Don't be scared, enjoy your stay / but don't cross Wayaki way

So you wonder 'bout the potholes / why they cannot be repaired
Yes we do have tax on petrol / you can smell it in the air
But the bosses have their own tax / and their pockets are so deep
Nothing left to fix the blacktop / so you'd better drive a Jeep

You go downhill, watch matatus / you go uphill, smell that truck
You go South on James Gichuru / don't go North, you will get stuck
Then again, if you are patient / you can get from A to B
Just relax, put on your Ray-Bans / then good things are there to see

See the flower salesmen running / spotting all the Mzungu cars

Park your silly 4WD truck / check out restaurants and bars
Walk around, but not in darkness / talk to people, have some fun
You may even love Nairobi / then you have had too much sun

Blues Africana

Ch: Africa - bottomless sorrow, topless joy
People proud - rising, but still the boss-man's toy
Ruthless sun / and soothing rains / people seem free / while still wearing chains

We all want - peace and prosperity
All we want - health and democracy
How long will you wait - for a whole eternity?

Look inside - there is your enemy
You're the boss - life without slavery
Don't blame it on North - blame your own kleptocracy

Just forget - old tribal rivalry
Don't get fooled - just demand honesty
Things will stay the same - if you vote for crookery

Just demand - accountability
Don't accept - big bossman's thievery
Get up and stand up - your road to prosperity

American Women

We kind-a like your or-tho-don-tic smiles / and kind-a like your new sí-li-con
tits
but there is this cul-tu-ral diffe-rence / that makes me lose my wits

Ch: Why / Oh Lord, Oh why
Why / Oh Lord, Oh why
Why do A-me-ri-can wo-men / sound like pigs when they see a litt-le child

Can't say I like your use of our male names / Call a girl Sam - as bad as call a
boy Sue
well this is so wrong and so stupid / I can't believe it's true

Your pa-rents give you bull-shit for a name / e-v'ry-one knows, this is not re-ally
your choice

still Chel-sea and Me-lo-dy bug me / these are not names - just noise

Don't give a damn that you use up all our oil / and that you think I'm just an a-li-en fool

I'll live with your world do-min-ation / but this is my own rule

Just call your-selves Anne, Mon-í-ca or Sue / and ne-ver make those (oink) dis-so-nant sounds

then e-ven some cool Eu-ro-pe-ans / may start to make their rounds

Stupid Boss woman

So you tell me wo-man / is poor and man is so rich

Now lis-ten good to me now / just don't for-get the bitch

A de-cent man who lis-tens and cares / is bet-ter than a sour bitch with tem-per that flares

Ch: I hate all these stu-pid boss wo-men / with po-wer hung-ry ego-tis-tic minds
you call it af-fir-ma-tive ac-tion / but I will say we need to have all kinds

The boss-man can well be a wo-man / I don't want a good ole boys clan
but psy-cho-path boss-ess just scare me / that's e-qual for wo-man and man

So you tell me wo-man / is down and man is on top

then may-be you can tell me / how we should run the shop

when fe-male bosses treat us so bad / and if we try to talk to them they just go mad

Danish Wife

Ch: My long-term Danish wife / we share a happy life

I wanna be with her every day / but I don't get what she tries to say

She smokes a fat cigar / hangs in a sailor's bar

I try to call on the telephone / but she just answers like: ror-ror-ror

This may seem strange to you / but you would love her too

If you abuse her, you scream and howl / she will not yell - she can only growl

Text and music: O. andrén 2009[©]

