

## 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 enjoyably for your dining & dancing & friday nite cruisin'.

*Olle\_XXL*

### Here are the songs:

- |   |                                       |      |
|---|---------------------------------------|------|
| 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 lít-t-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-mín-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-píd boss wo-men / with po-wer hung-ry ego-tís-tíc 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<sup>©</sup>