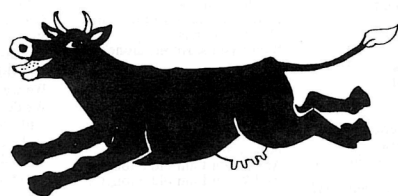


*Stroppy Cow Records*



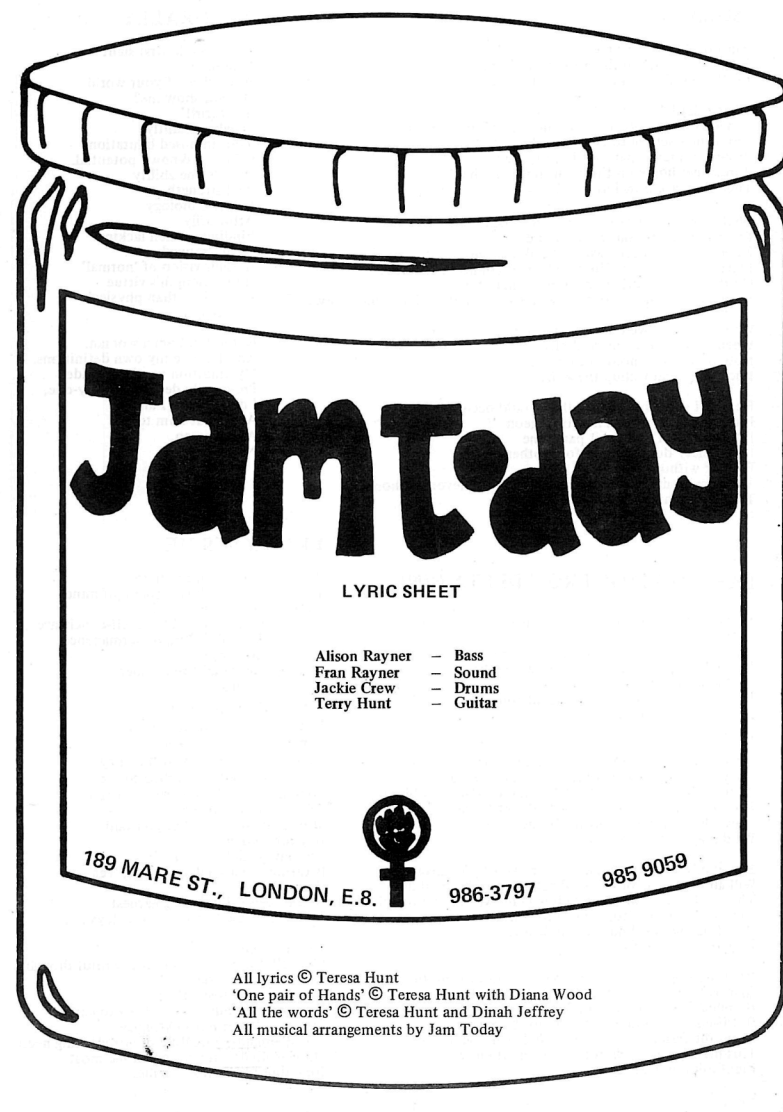
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Stroppy Cow Records is a feminist record label.

We are anti-commercial, aiming to make a living as musicians, rather than a profit as a business.

#### RELEASES

1. 'STEREOTYPING' by Jam Today  
(4 Track E.P. Feb '81) £1.20 inc. p&p
2. 'OUT OF BOUNDS' by OVA  
(L.P. Feb '82) £4.00 inc. p&p
3. 'SIREN PLAYS' by Siren Theatre Co.  
(L.P. Dec '82) £4.00 inc. p&p



## ISOLATION

Am I really thirty-three?  
Is that tired face in the mirror really me?  
Kettle's boiling, I'll make myself my hundredth cup of tea . . .

What a day! They're all like this  
I haven't really talked to anyone since I dropped the kids  
From their school to the shops on Bus 29  
Buying dinner I chat, but I always say  
'I must get home on time'. In time for what?  
Then they ask how I am – Mrs O. is feeling fine

That's the extent of my day's conversation  
I'm going quietly out of my mind  
Nobody cares or asks what I think any more  
I give my opinion on life to whoever comes to the door  
On the bus – at the shops, I do it there too  
Desperately reaching out for validity – I matter, I also have views

Weren't we in love once-upon-a-time  
When we opted for marital bliss?  
Now we mostly shout at each other  
Look tired and wallop the kids.

He says I should get a job, that would occupy my mind  
I wanted to be a great neuro-surgeon  
I don't think I'll make it part time  
Our society doesn't cater for mothers  
With or without degrees  
They complain of a brain drain – well we never left home  
The brain drain is women like me.

## LAST MESSAGE FROM DELTA NINE

Delta 9, this is Delta 9 calling, come in please, over,

This is a message going out across the sky  
Help us, help our people before we all die  
We have tempted fate too long  
Used up our resources, they're all gone  
Now our planet is an empty shell  
A waterless well!

We selected from our planet's greatest minds  
They must find a new world we can colonize  
As we watched them lift-off, we knew we'd been blind  
Even if they could, how would we get there in time?  
Now we're paying the ultimate sacrifice  
We'd played with loaded dice!

Somebody answer, please answer, won't you answer us?  
Will all that's left of our civilization, be ashes and dust?  
The existence of life-forms elsewhere, we refused to believe  
Now we transmit, hoping our S.O.S. is received  
But if our world should crumble away  
Pray for us, pray for us. . . .

"This message was received, but we can't locate the source  
first we thought it came from a plane that was off course  
It appears it emanates from deepest unknown space  
But it ends so suddenly, it can not be traced  
From the basic facts, our computer read-outs show  
This message was transmitted by an unknown race  
Eight-million years ago!"

## NATURALLY

First breath, first sight,  
I am new,  
What view of your world  
Do you show me?  
'It's a girl!'  
Speaks instantly  
Your imposed limitations  
On my unknown potential.  
Men define ability  
And strength  
By their biology  
Arbitrarily  
Finding women lacking.  
We're trapped  
In their vision of 'normal'  
(But) strength's virtue  
Is far more than physical  
Naturally . . .

Naturally, I am a woman.  
And I create my own definitions.  
My ambition won't be guided  
Pre-natally decided by any-one,  
I decide who I am,  
And what I am to be,  
As a woman,  
Naturally . . .

## I KNOW IT'S ME

This is not an ordinary time  
I am not in an ordinary frame of mind  
Everything I grasp is elusive  
Every situation, ultimately, self-conclusive  
And I've lost all feeling of permanence  
I whirl and whirl  
And through it all I remember –  
I can dance alone

Is there anywhere to stay?  
I can't pretend I've never felt  
Some of what I feel today  
And it builds on itself this feeling  
And it's painfully revealing to me  
Sometimes you're loud in my head  
And I believe I understand  
More and more of what you said  
In your distress  
And my panicked 'NO'  
Is turning to a small accepting 'yes'  
I'm so afraid  
And it feels safer feeling earnest  
To feeling how I feel on these days . . .

This is a song for me  
Fuck all you time consuming painful thoughts  
I'm tired of eulogies  
For disruptive love affairs  
Hurting, pretending to and not to care  
I'm out of your power struggle  
The all engulfing muddle of our clashing needs  
There is no doubt who needs me most  
Sometimes I know – it's me.

## TALKING TO MYSELF

Out on a limb, at the edge  
Talking to myself  
Talking to myself – again

Seems years ago – growing up  
Impatient for that time  
You finally take charge  
Of your own life

Promised choices never materialize  
A random few "make-it"  
On unspecified credentials  
Except for the affluent  
Who buy their ambitions  
When you have collateral  
Dreams are immaterial

I still feel a child – powerless  
Real change is rare or slow  
And out of my control – again

What of technology's many benefits?  
Attitudes still revolve around  
"The Family" and "Work" ethic  
Machines relieve us of the jobs  
We're taught to take pride in  
Delaying change just guarantees  
Who is obsolete  
In a mechanised society . . .

## ISN'T IT SAD

There is no doubt  
Someone else is fading in –  
I'm fading out  
We both know it'll end  
It's just a question of when  
Isn't it sad?

## AND AFTER ALL

And after all, we're only friends.  
We should we pretend  
We're still lovers?  
All things finally do end  
And we'll go our separate ways  
Seems there's nothing more to say . . .  
And yet you matter in my life  
Why do people lie  
Who need each other?  
All those years won't be denied  
Seems I was too close to see  
Everything you are to me

And it really matters  
Yes it really matters  
Would have been so easy  
To chuck out the old  
And bring in the new  
Without ever trying  
to hold on to the things  
That aren't wrong  
And I'm glad I held on  
And in so many ways –  
I still have you.

## NURSERY RHYME

When you were young  
You might have surprised  
All those who thought  
You'd not realize  
What they were saying  
Avoiding your eyes  
You felt your being  
Disrupted their lives

'Go to your room  
And don't mess up the home  
Play by yourself  
Won't you leave me alone?'

Mummy's sad – Daddy is mad

### Chorus

"I'll go to my room and play  
Pretending I'm far away  
And When I am old enough  
And When I am old enough . . ."

She wanted her freedom  
He demanded her life  
Her duty, he said  
Was as mother and wife  
And to teach you to be  
Exactly the same  
If the mould didn't fit  
Well, he knew who to blame

'You: spoil her too much  
She's out of control  
A difficult child  
And so strangely cold . . .'

Mummy's sad – Daddy is mad

### Chorus

Now you have 'Grown-up'  
You're left to work out  
All of life's problems  
And what they're about  
Filled with the patterns  
Now so well ingrained  
They never felt right  
How could you complain?

'We gave you so much  
We went without  
You had it all  
How can you doubt

Mummy's there – Daddy cares?'

## SONG ABOUT MYSELF

I'll write this song about myself  
Not hide behind the words  
I wrote for someone else  
No politics obscured in wordy rhyme  
I'll simply say  
That any time I see a woman's pain  
It feels like mine.

## GIRLS DO

What do you see  
When you look at me  
Do I fit your category of 'Girl'?  
If how I dress  
Doesn't fit what you think  
Don't kid yourself *you* got it right  
And *you* know best.  
Who knows best?

### *Chorus*

Girls do  
What we do  
Because we want to  
Anything  
We want to do  
We do  
Girls do  
Make a choice  
We'll do our choosing  
Anything  
We want to choose  
We choose.

What do I hear  
About girls like me?  
A lot of stuff  
That doesn't fit the bill  
I'm telling you  
I've got my own mind  
And I decide  
It's time for you  
To realize.  
It's no surprise . . .

## INSPIRATION

I'm looking back at America  
And it's anonymity  
Seems confusion is fertile  
And knowing, is leaving me  
Without a song –  
That is, no words,  
That say enough.

I'm wondering why I feel so stuck  
When there is so much to say  
Nothing seems quite good enough  
And it always goes this way  
Now in a song,  
Looking for words –  
There is too much.

Yet I know what it means to me  
Yes I know what it means to me

Minutes turn to hours then days  
And still the paper's bare  
or at my feet discarded  
Filled with words that won't appear  
In any song –  
Seems those good lines  
Just won't be rushed.

## BEHIND THE SMILES

Behind the smiles of kindness and the tolerance  
That's grown within our lifetime  
I wonder what has happened  
As I look upon your silent silhouette  
Hiding in the shadows of the evening  
You pretend that you are sleeping  
And I pretend that tolerance  
Is more than apathy, and plain regret.

Once-upon-a-time, when I was young  
Full of the dreams all girls are fed on  
I gave you all my life 'to take and mould  
So it would grow beside your own'  
Dad said he and mum had conquered worlds  
And shared wonderful memories  
And I would do the same  
But all I do is mourn my youth with you – all gone

I had so many plans, so many dreams my own  
I vividly remember  
Goals never achieved  
Because the baby had to have a 'proper home'  
Settling down is not easy  
When you're twenty-one, and full of ambition  
I can forgive you some things  
But not my opportunities all gone

Now the kids have grown and we're alone again  
What have we but each other  
It's only use that makes me stay  
And the fact that all we have – you own  
I never needed your strength  
I had to cope when all we had were your big plans  
And if I had it all again  
I wouldn't say 'I do' to any man.

## AUTONOMY

When you're alone  
And nowhere seems closer to home  
Than you'll ever be  
When darkness falls  
There's no-one at all  
And loneliness  
Is the only reality

### Chorus

Autonomy carry me,  
Through this seemingly endless day  
There's really no other way.

When there are days  
You feel uninspired and confused  
Everything's stale  
A bad situation, with all motivation lost –  
Or slipping away

### Chorus

It's not self obsession to be caring for yourself  
It's not because I'm smug that I drink to my health  
When the phone stops ringing  
And you know there's no one else to depend on –  
Got to keep on living . . . . .

## ONE PAIR OF HANDS

Didn't sleep too well last night again  
Wish I had an extra hour in bed  
Wake up love, it's after seven  
Kids are up – I'm going to be late again . . .

Hurry up, your dad will do his nut if he can't shave,  
Here's your shirt – breakfast ready soon  
I'll mend that tonight – sit down you two  
You'll be late for school

### Chorus

Only one pair of hands, only two hours till nine  
Only one pair of hands, always too little time

Another pile of washing to be done  
I'll have to do it when I'm home from work  
What d'you want for supper?  
I'll do the shopping in my lunch-hour, if there's time

Christ I'll miss the bus  
They'll really tell me off at work  
Here's your lunch  
Run, the bus won't wait  
Ten to nine  
Kids dropped at school  
Will I make work in time . . . . .?

## STARSTRUCK

The music world plays on basic fantasies  
They trade in make-believe  
And the endless sweat  
Of those who should know better –  
But still fall prey  
To alluring dreams of fame  
"All those who made it good,  
Why shouldn't it be me?"

Some simply revel in  
the idea of great renown  
And give it all for a chance  
To become a face well known  
They'll do whatever's required  
To climb those mythical heights  
All package and sale  
And carefully tailored success – overnights.

Others love to sing of change  
Revolution, blood and pain  
None of which ever touch  
The bastions they help to uphold  
Just as long as their complaints  
Keep bringing in the cash  
They'll get all the play they need  
On a shrewdly measured, anchored rope.

The music world bosses  
rake the profits in  
They grin a knowing grin  
All you need's a phone  
and a venue charging plenty  
And some starstruck tools –  
These are the basic tools  
Just as long as it sells, sing of change –  
But there won't be any.

## FRIEND IN YOU

Love, think you control our lives too much  
And in a negative way  
I'm not caring – I'm full of needs  
Though when I'm clear  
I can really believe in my own strength  
I can want you to be yourself  
And not feel injured or bruised  
By others you choose to love, as well as me –  
When I'm clear it's so easy . . . . .  
Time – we're obsessed by the when and then  
Of all we do  
And now just slips away  
We're not trying enough to care  
We expect someone will always be there  
To pour our needs on –  
We're devastated when they're gone . . . . .

But if it all slows down and down  
And if it all goes where it goes  
Must we call it 'The End'  
Weren't we always good friends too?  
I love the friend in you

Jealousy  
You've made my good intentions sag at the knees  
You've made me feel love is a silly disease  
Can I be over it please, and get on with living?  
I've wanted to own all your intimacy  
I've wanted your deepest feelings all for me  
And a guarantee – it's all so crazy . . . . .  
Can we meet in the middle, and try to be strong  
I don't want to own you – I don't want to be owned  
Let's talk about sharing  
And not be obsessed with our own wants

Then if it all goes down and down  
And if it all goes where it goes  
It's not a loss or a win  
If it's an end, it's a beginning too  
I love the friend in you.

## ALL THE WORDS

I bought it today – your latest L.P.  
A victim of those sell boys  
I heard that you'd died – and everyone cried  
The mourners were in good voice

They knew all the words  
Every line you ever wrote  
They knew all the words  
And they sanctified each note

I heard it today, the last interview  
It shattered my illusions  
The money you made, the way you played  
Justified intrusion to your life

We knew all the words  
Paid you very well St. John  
We knew all the words  
All that's changed now is you're gone.

## STEREOTYPING

She's got no sense, she's frail and small  
She hasn't got a brain at all  
She's a dumb chick  
She's a lousy driver, she's a frigid frump  
She's a bitch – she's butch, a useless lump  
She wants a prick

### Chorus

Stereotyping!  
I'm totally sick to death of all this  
Stereotyping!  
Be a fulfilled Mrs or a frustrated Miss  
Stereotyping!  
Don't confuse the boys by stepping out of your  
Stereotyping!  
You'll be ostracized, a sore thumb –  
Be like your mum –  
What was she really like?

She's an old hag, a gossip, a witch,  
She'll give you the clap, she'll give you the itch  
She's a good lay  
She's a contented wife, a nag, a bore,  
She's a prissy cunt, she's a fucking whore –  
You say . . . I say,

## THERE IS A MEMORY

Hot sleepy shore, we lie in the sun  
And I've begun to feel you in my bones  
Now where was 'Home'? How I forget!  
Yet . . . there is a memory . . .

And when your waves, cresting in my mind  
Touch another time  
Who filters through my dreams  
Was it you? Well I forget –  
Yet . . . there is a memory . . .

Yesterdays are empty shells  
Ornaments on dusty shelves  
Or packed in trunks and kept well out of view  
Yesterdays are one-way fares  
I only needed to get there  
I forgot to say, I care for you.

Evening rain, cool my burning head  
All that should be said – and never is  
But never mind: time to forget –  
Yet . . . there is a memory . . .

## (UN)EXCEPTIONAL WOMEN

I reclaim you, I reclaim you  
For the women, for Us  
You were more than exceptional  
You were representational  
Not a rarity, an example  
Of Us, of Us.

To be allowed to fight  
To struggle for the conceded right  
To be individual  
We won't let you be a weapon  
They beat us by  
You help to show what we could do  
If we were all encouraged to try  
Every individual



## GET THE FAX FROM MAX

Do you know the signs?  
Can you feel the strain?  
Does it show in the eyes,  
All the mental drain?  
They clog our pores – they clog our brains.

We apply our 'femininity' from tubes and jars  
To mask the faces unacceptably ours  
And we torture our bodies when they don't conform  
To each currently fashionable, well proportioned 'Norm'...

Hey you!  
Have you been subdued?  
Do you have a clue, about what's going on?

We buy the wares  
We pay the price  
To look like we 'should'  
Above all, we are 'nice'  
Where are we getting our 'good' advice?

Are we passing the information on  
Handing down the chains without questioning  
Some of the reasons hiding behind the roles  
And is acceptability the only goal?

It's true!  
We've all been subdued  
Tranquilized and used  
And very controlled.

Who dresses 'The Woman Of Today'  
Decides what she should eat, wear, think and say,  
Whose values have we swallowed whole?  
Who put us in the Mother/Girl/Chick/Whore/Virgin role?

You squeeze into the mould, only to find  
The subtle, continual, erosion of your body and mind

You find

They've clogged your pores  
They've clogged your brain  
Till you're numb with all the mental drain  
They call it 'being feminine'  
I call it insane.

## MY LOVE

My love lies silent  
In small rooms, in soft beds  
All unmade and warm  
In one-candle glow  
No promises broken  
Strewn on the rag-carpet floor.

My love has no name  
Plays no games  
Ties no chains of unspoken words  
In poems unheard  
There are no locks, no clocks  
Talk of time, in my world.

My love sleeps naked  
Undressing her dreams  
By a flickering fire  
And no-one got burned  
She wrote 'Gone away', on my walls  
And she never returned.

## THIRTEEN

Thirteen, unlucky for some – I'm one  
It brought me acne and misery  
Thirteen, unlucky for some – I'm one  
About that time I began to bleed  
Unexplained agony.

The Doctor smiled, he said,  
'This should not be happening.'  
Daddy used to say  
That I could do anything.  
He lied – or changed his mind  
Now he was saying:  
"Ask your mother."

Doctor why does my body feel this way?  
Don't ask. Don't ask.  
Daddy why do you now turn away?  
Don't ask. Don't ask.

Thirteen, transition clothes and a new nose  
Thirteen, everything seems to grow and grow  
"She used to be such a pretty little girl."  
Thirteen, I hoped the brace would come out soon  
Thirteen, they said loving boys  
was the only thing to do  
And older men behave 'differently'  
Towards you.

The Doctor smiled, he said,  
'This is an awkward stage.'  
Every day I was either under  
Or over age.  
His hand lingered on my breast.  
'Don't be a silly girl,' said Mother.

## MISSING YOU

I'm missing you, this summer's night  
(And) the image is so strong!  
I can't believe that you've been dead so long.

Old photographs, home films we made  
Perpetuate – and yet  
They trap us all in an eternal 'Then'.

Why should I be euphemistic?  
I want to tell it plain  
You died – I cried  
And nothing  
Was ever quite the same again.

Re-running these good memories  
Of sunny afternoons  
And cups of tea, and laughing loud with you.

The image fades and life goes on  
I put the past away  
The love you gave  
Still gives me strength today.

## LOVE AND ROMANCE

I thought about 'us' today – I'm such a sucker  
Caught up once again  
The painful goodbyes, those shared possessions  
My big red eyes, it's like an obsession with me.

Passion grabs at your heart – it's such a killer  
It spins your head around  
You're walking on air – or aching and lonely  
And yet, here I go, suddenly only  
Falling in love – again ...

### Chorus

Love and Romance, you don't stand a chance  
Now I'm wise to your extremes  
And the havoc you wreak on my senses  
But oh, the thrill you bring to my dreams ...

I find it all such a drain, such an intrusion  
On my well ordered life  
I cannot afford this contemplation  
On my emotions  
It's plain aggravation to me

But I'm susceptible too,  
You see, it's very catching  
I've got a bad case of you –  
I hope I survive – or that you forgive me  
I hope we arrive at some compromise  
Don't you agree?

## MIN'S FANDANGO

Hiding in the duvet, I'm thinking of a new way  
Exploring the potential of all things continental  
Some subtle and melodically changing piece  
Appeals to my stubborn soul –  
A victim of self-inflicted rock'n'roll music.  
I like to think I'm truly diversified – unclassifiable  
Undeniably different – but enjoyable  
Pausing for a sip of tea, then responding urgently  
To calls from my anatomy ...

I wake up in the morning  
Want to make up a samba -- sort of salsa  
There's nothing new in that – it's old hat  
They tell me it won't sell  
But I don't give a damn about 'them'.

Take a funky rhythm  
A jazzy chord or two – it won't do  
They say I'm out of touch – but I like it so much  
It's tropical – if untropical. I'm rebelling again.

I don't get too tanned on Hampstead Heath  
Or feel hot sand between my toes  
There's a certain chill in the air  
And a sneezy feeling up my nose  
Therefore, I wish to reflect on  
Good ice-cream and long, cool drinks

Autumn's coming to Kentish town  
My mind flies south  
As the leaves begin to turn brown ...

## HE SAID

He said, 'I don't care what you believe.'  
And,  
'Your politics are boring me to death – again.  
Why don't you drop it?  
We can still be friends – although we disagree  
There's nothing to be gained  
By arguing with me.' He said.

He said, 'You're such a pretty girl.'  
And,  
'You could have lots of fellas after you.  
Do you all hate men?  
I think this women's lib is just a lot of shit.  
We gave you equal pay –  
And there's an end to it.' He said.

Carve a little niche  
In this patriarchal mess  
Don't you know everything's OK  
– as long as you're I.S.  
(Ideologically sound ...)  
Oh compromise!  
How privilege is ill-disguised  
By battles we can wait to fight ...

He said, 'Feminists are diversive.'  
And,  
'The only struggle's class-based  
It's plain to me. You're naive (stupid woman)  
Self-indulgent – get it right – it's our fight  
When the revolution comes  
Everything'll be just fine – wait and see.'  
He said.

## AT THIS POINT IN TIME

This might be one we cannot use.  
Not because I wouldn't choose to ...  
But because it's for you.  
Oh, oh – it's too close to home,  
It's too near the bone.

I write about things that I feel  
But I'm told it's too revealing  
And not what I should do  
O, oh – so I'll be obscure  
But you'll know, I'm sure.

The bubble bursts and you escape  
From the place I have assigned you  
What am I meant to do?  
Oh, oh – when my feelings are raw,  
And so hard to ignore.

This is my way of defusing the situation  
And if a good song  
Is just well-made observations  
Perspectives on life are one thing  
This is just as relevant,  
Something I want to express  
And in any case, this is 'art'  
And I couldn't care less.

And so I won't apologise  
If this is all (that) I can give you  
Circumstance will allow  
Oh, oh – of an intimate kind  
At this point in time.