

patricia barber modern cool



**Touch of Trash - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)**

the perfect shade of lipstick  
a red that belies  
insouciance  
carefully weaved into a style  
eyeliner drawn with an artisan's hand  
replication makes perfection  
she's just a button short of trash

matching toes and fingers  
the peek-a-boo shoe  
manipulation  
as subtle as the perfume  
a South Beach tan under a sun-streaked do  
orchestration and precision  
the girl works harder than you

primitive inspiration  
packaged in modern disguise  
disposition  
permitting a glimpse of the thigh  
masculine resolve with a feminine plan  
domination and submission  
she smells the gas then lights the match

stylish deliberation  
the chattel of Calvin Klein  
obsession  
calculation of color and design  
glamour defined by supply and demand  
education and graduation  
she's just a culture short of class

a moment of indecision  
cool wind from the edge of the cliff  
intoxication  
feels like love when it looks like this  
if Truth is the price for a superficial charm  
the night is laughing  
watching us turn absolutely nothing  
into form



**Winter** - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

the season changed and the sky  
turned gray  
without the sun there is no night, or day  
the hours stack like sand in a glass  
i suppose i should sleep till spring  
like the grass

but there's reason to believe that spring  
won't arrive  
there's reason to fear that when you left,  
I died

when i look in the mirror,  
my face is too white  
when i check for a pulse,  
i'm afraid of the quiet

definition is blurred by the shadows  
of white  
movement is stalled by the absence of light  
i can't bear the cold without

the heat of my blood  
i can't find my heart without the warmth  
of your love

If i start to cry the tears freeze on my face  
If i start to smile my skin cracks in place  
if i start to scream the snow buries  
the sound  
i slip on the ice that covers  
the ground

like a snowman, with arms open wide  
i'll remember the spring  
i'll remember the light  
i'm petrified, like stone in the cold  
but i'll wait forever, frozen,  
and alone



**You & the Night & the Music** - Dietz-Schwartz (Warner Brothers Publishing  
and Arthur Schwartz Music Ltd)

**Constantinople** - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

**Light My Fire** - Densmore, Krieger, Morrison and Manzarek (Doors Music Company LLC)



**Silent Partner** - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

no one must know  
no one to call  
but for the lipstick and perfume  
there would be no trace here of me at all  
blinded by your tenderness  
crushed beneath your kiss  
i'm your silent partner in this

a ghost in this room  
waiting for you  
but for the naked desire  
that promises to shelter a love-sick fool  
lost inside your wilderness  
exiled by your kiss  
i'm your silent partner in this

intoxicated on the violence  
of this fire  
feeding the greed that burns my fingertips  
suffocated on the sweetest brutality  
and the warmth and breath  
and whisper of a liar

nowhere to go  
beg me to stay  
can't you hide the kindness in your eyes  
that leaves me bleeding  
on and on this way?  
blinded by your tenderness  
crushed beneath your kiss  
i'm your silent partner in this



## Company - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

for company  
i like lots of MTV  
stylish imagery, advised, connived,  
and contrived to  
take me far away from me  
i like a cell-phone conversation  
short enough to slip in the cracks  
of the call-waiting-generation  
i like a foreign film or two  
if that's what everyone else likes to do  
for company

for company  
in the 21st century  
i go to the club, talk through the show,  
i'm so hip there's nothing about jazz  
that I don't know  
i read the critics evaluation  
short enough to mirror the copy of  
expensive public relations  
i like a loud and noisy tune  
if that's what everyone else thinks is cool  
for company

for company  
i like french philosophy  
deconstructive obscurity  
formalized, canonized,  
and dignified by the university  
i like a trendy indecision  
weightless enough to forget  
the forgetting of which  
nothing bears repetition  
i like an expensive aperitif  
if that's what everyone else thinks is neat  
for company

for company  
i like down-sized efficiency  
touch-tone community  
digitalized, expedited, and systemized  
for fiber-optic fraternity  
i like a face-less congregation  
plastic enough to remove  
the discomfort of  
intimate association  
i like an ethnic look and feel  
if that's what everyone else thinks is real  
for company



**Let It Rain** - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

lord, let it rain  
i can't stand the lie of a blue sky  
one more day  
can't you make the pitter, patter  
sweet teardrop splatter  
against my windowpane  
c'mon, bring down the sky  
let those clouds and me have a good cry  
let it rain

lord let it rain  
take away the glare of the empty  
shape of the day  
can't you make that liquid fly, bubbles rise,

heatwave die,  
the water slip and slide me away  
your sun makes me feel like a fool  
god your weather just don't match my  
mood  
let it rain

let the thunder crack,  
let the lightning snap the tension  
of a long, dry afternoon  
wash away the time,  
cover me in shadow, then forgive me for  
lying in bed  
listening to the rain fall on my roof

**She's A Lady** - Paul Anka (Chrysalis Standards Publishing)

lord let it rain  
i can't stand the sound of the silent  
sun on my face  
can't you make those downtown  
hopping, grocery shopping  
perky, plodding, cheerful folks  
go away  
c'mon bring on the flood  
let my soul have its day in the mud  
let it rain  
c'mon bring down the sky  
and let those clouds and me have  
a good cry,  
let it rain



## Love, put on your faces

words adapted from the poem "put off your faces, Death: for day is over" by E.E. Cummings;  
music by Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing and Liveright Publishing Corporation)

put off your faces, Death  
for day is over  
not even the darkness  
will outmarch you forever  
and i perceive  
several smoothly gesturing stars  
clever to persuade  
even silence  
wonder opens a gate  
the prisoner dawn embraces  
some few  
most rare  
day being come  
Love, put on your faces



## put off your faces, Death: for day is over - E.E. Cummings

put off your faces, Death: for day is over  
(and such a day as must remember he  
who watched unhands describe what mimicry,

with angry seasalt and indignant clover  
marrying to themselves Life's animals)

but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever  
—and I perceive, within transparent walls  
how several smoothly gesturing stars are clever  
to persuade even silence: therefore wonder

opens a gate; the prisoner dawn embraces

hugely some few most rare perfectly dear  
(and worlds whirl beyond worlds: immortal  
yonder  
collidingly absorbs eternal near)

day being come, Love, put on your faces



## Postmodern Blues - Patricia Barber (Patsy Publishing)

as the century ends and  
tradition turns in on itself  
as Boulez screams and yells  
his music is put on the shelf  
repetition is back,  
a rose is a rose, said herself  
Bill Gates has won  
i've got the postmodern blues

1900 began the obsession  
with function as form  
with a hammer and nail and a  
paintbrush and camera  
they storm  
in Russia and Bolsheviks  
conquer, the masses want  
more  
Karl Marx has gone  
i've got the postmodern blues

line is fragmented, Isadora  
invented modern dance  
philosophers ponder while  
communists squander their  
chance  
illusion is captured in  
Cubism's reign over france  
Picasso's gone  
i've got the postmodern blues

the stock market rallies as  
futures are tallied and sold  
pensions are raided and  
parachutes painted in gold  
conformism packaged to save  
us all from the cold  
Cezanne is gone  
i've got the postmodern blues



**Patricia Barber:** piano, vocal, table knives on strings

**Michael Arnpol:** bass

**John McLean:** guitar

**Mark Walker:** drums, percussion, prepared kit, tin can-o-phone

**Dave Douglas:** trumpet

**Jeff Stitely:** udu ("Constantinople")

**Choral Thunder Vocal Choir** ("Love, put on your faces")

Produced by **Patricia Barber**

Executive Producer: **Michael Friedman**

Recorded and Mixed by **Jim Anderson** at Chicago Recording Company,  
Studio 5/Chicago, IL. January 6-9, February, 1998. Assistant Engineer:

**Jeffrey Lane**

Stereo Mastering Engineer: **David Glasser** at **Airshow**/Boulder, CO

Surround Producers: **Michael Friedman** and **Jim Anderson**

Surround Mix Engineer: **Jim Anderson**

Surround Assistant Engineer: **Robert Gatley**

Surround Mixed at **Skywalker Sound**, a **Lucasfilm Ltd.** company  
Marin County, CA

Surround Mastering Engineer: **Darcy Proper** at **Wisseloord Studios**  
Hilversum, Netherlands

Authoring: **Morten Lindberg** at **2L**, Siggerud, Norway

Original Art Direction/Design: **Mare Earley**

Stylist: **Jeri Delgado/Heidi's Salons**. Clothing by **Jil Sander**

**Thank-you** to Choral Thunder—for your strength, spirit, and support. To my friends at The Green Mill: Amy & André, Beth, Big Bill, Dave, Emily, Felicia, Jason, Jimmy, Kim, Lisa, Nathan, Paul, Pete, Peter, Steve, Tammy, and Stan—for your unflagging support and protection. (Special thanks to Cristina) To Valerie—as always, **you** are everything. To my sister, Ann. I know you're listening.

Producer for Impex Records: **Abey Fonn**

Executive Producer for Impex Records: **James Bantz**

Impex Records Designer: **Robert Sliger @HebegebeStudio**

Photography: Booklet front and rear cover by **Barry Elz**

Booklet inside by **Valerie Booth O**

Choir photos by **Jim Anderson**



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