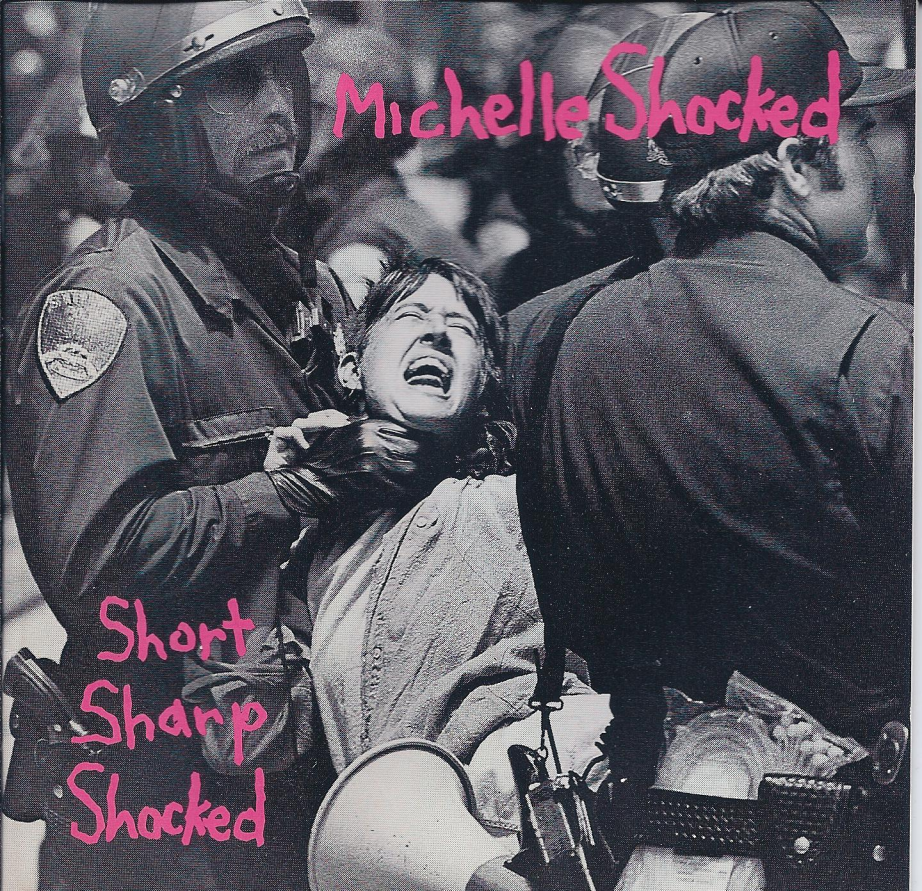




Michelle Shocked

Short
Sharp
Shocked



Michelle
Shocked

Short Sharp Shocked

Herself... Acoustic Guitar,
Vocals
Pete Anderson... Electric
Guitar, Six String
Bass (Hopeville)
Jeff Donovan... Drums
Domenic Genova... Electric
and Acoustic Bass
Skip Edwards... Piano,
Hammond Organ
Mike Tempo... Percussion
Al Perkins... Dobro
Byron Berline... Mandolin
Don Reed... Fiddles
Rod Piazza... Harmonica

(Courtesy of "The Mighty
Flyers")

Kristina Olson... Hammered
Dulcimer

Banjo Jim (Crace)... Banjo
Sophia Ramos... Vocals

(Courtesy of "The Grunge")

M.D.C.... ♡ ♢ ♣ ♠ ♧ ♦; Mixed
by Peter Doell

Engineered by Peter Doell at
Capitol Studio B, Hollywood, CA
Additional Engineering by
Leslie Ann Jones
Mixed by David Leonard at
Larabee Sound, L.A., CA.
2nd Engineer Andy Batwinds
And the Sound Castle, L.A., CA.
2nd Engineer Bobby Lacivita
Mastered by Eddy Schreyer at
Capitol Studios, Hollywood, CA.
Production Asst. Michael Dums
Special Thanks to Peter "Lube
Job" Lubin, Martin Goldschmidt,
Tom Greenhalgh, Banjo Jim,
Sophia Ramos, Pete Lawrence,
Rod Kennedy, Sue Drew, M.D.C.

Cover Photo by Chris Hardy / Courtesy of the San Francisco Examiner / Thanks to Suzanne Locke
Creative and Printing Services by Chris Hardy / Back Cover Photo by Jeffrey KATZ / Design Layout by Helen Namm

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Booking Agency: Steve Martin, Music Business Agency 212 477 2320
Int'l Management: Martin Goldschmidt, Cooking Vinyl U.K.

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1. When I Grow Up 3:29
2. Hello Hopeville 2:54
3. Memories of East Texas 3:33
4. (Making the Run to) Gladewater 3:03
5. Graffiti Limbo 3:27
6. If Love Was a Train 4:03
7. Anchorage 3:21
8. The L&N Don't Stop Here Anymore 4:07*
9. Vx Fx Dx 2:47
10. Black Widow 2:36

Produced and Arranged by
Pete Anderson

V. F. D.

A
Me and my friend and this boy named Eddy
We were bored one afternoon
We was sitting in the hay
It was a hot Texas day and
We was playing with matches
Like some kids do
We would throw our matches in the high dry grass
Close our eyes and count to ten
Then race the burning field
Doin' the toe and heel
We'd die laughing we'd do it
All over again
I'm singing:
Where there's smoke there's sure to be a fire
Ready steady go it was
Down to the wire
We was racing Inevitability
We was making trouble for the V.F.D.
I'm sure you know how this story goes
Our little fire ran out of control
Somebody called for the V.F.D.
It was not me (Wasn't me, Jack)
They drive from fifteen miles away
So when they arrive, I'm sorry to say
The field was black
The sky was grey
And you know those barns they store hay in?
The volunteer all shook their heads
So I recall one of them said
This fire was no accident, no
This fire started with a match
I slowly backed into the crowd
Me and Eddy we looked at each other
We never mention it to this day
But my friend, she went and
Told her mother Jesus!
She said:

Where there's smoke there's sure to be a fire
Ready steady go it was
Down to the wire
We was racing Inevitability, ma
We was making trouble for the V.F.D., ma
We was raising insurance premiums, ma
We was spreading fear of arson
All around Kelsey

Black Widow

Em
Time is red
Time is deadly
Time under glass
Time will tell

The tale of the Widow
Who walks her web
Mourning the night
Mourning the dead

Did you lose him to a broom
Trapped in a corner of the Room
Or was it under the foot
Of the Marching Black Boot

Is it the loneliness of night
That makes you reach out and bite
The unawakened flesh
You lady in distress

You poor poor suffering
Murderess

When I Grow Up

E

When I grow up I want to be
an old woman

Then I think I'm gonna find myself
an old man

Then I think I'm gonna marry myself
that old man
a really old man

We're gonna have a hundred and
twenty babies

A hundred and five ten fifteen
twenty babies

Unhuh that's what I did
a hundred and twenty babies

We'll raise 'em on tigers milk and
green bananas

Mangos and coconuts and
watermelon

We're gonna give 'em that watermelon
when they starts yellin'

Here's what they'll yell

In the summer we'll sit in a field and
watch the sun melt

In the winter we'll sit by a fire and
watch the moon freeze

Me my old man and a hundred and
twenty babies

When I grow up I want to be
an old woman

Hello Hopeville

A

Down at the Cold War Institute
They were signing new recruits
He went down to the station
In his three piece suit

She had cried for him to stay, now
There was nothing more to say
She was waving a white kerchief
As the train pulled away singing
Bye bye baby boy
I hope they treat you well

It was another situation
As the train left the station
It was hello Hopeville
I need a vacation

The world's been cruel
This time she really let me down
I thought I'd go back to school
Try to clean up this town and now it's
Hello Hopeville
I know you're gonna treat me well well well

Get gone!..

Well well well looky here looky here
Well well well what have we got here

Got me a runaway kid
Got no money never did
Got no sense to come in out
Out of the rain
He was waitin' for a station just like
Some people wait for a train

And I'm singing
Bye bye baby boy
I hope they treat you well

Memories of East Texas

G

Memories of East Texas and those
pine-green rolling hills
Covered in the springtime with
golden daffodils
Rowing on Sandy Lake come April
Harvesting hay in June
Sitting by the road watching
well-fires burn,
By an old October moon

I learned to drive on those
East Texas red clay backroads
And I mean to tell you my friend
they weren't no easy roads
You had to watch out for all the curves
down by Kelsey Creek
And detour thru the Lindsay's Pasture
When the waters ran too deep

Memories of East Texas and Gilmer
County Seat of Upshur
Looking back and asking myself,
"What the hell'd ya let 'em
break your spirit for?"
Their lives ran in circles so small
They thought they'd seen it all so
They couldn't make a place for
a girl whod seen the ocean

But those memories of East Texas and
those pine green rolling hills
Covered in the springtime with
wild daffodils
Sitting in those Piney Woods playing
my guitar
Thinking back on the roads I come
Thinking I had not come that far...

(Making the run to) Gladewater

G

Upshur County is drier than an empty bottle
Since the Mormons come to town
And to run out of beer means a run to Gladewater
Hwy. 79 thirty miles on down

Now, fair is fair but Life's a Gamble
When it's eleven forty-five
By a toss of the coin to see who's got
Fifteen minutes to make a thirty minute drive

Something like this:
It was Saturday Night
You was sitting 'round the Square
Small town Texas' Sons and Daughters
But you lost the toss
That means you're taking up the money
That means you're making the run
Making the run to Gladewater

Here's what you do:
You hustle all your buddies off
The back of your truck
You grab your girl, and say,
"Come on, let's..."

Tuck your jeans in your boots
~~That's~~ what you do
Slap your gimme cap on
Turn the country music radio station
Louder than you ought ta

But its okay, you're on your way
You lost the toss
You're taking the money
You're making the run to Gladewater

Run, boy!

It's 79 to the county line
It's the Minit Mart with not one to spare
And your friends back in Gilmer, they're your
Friends, indeed Why?
Well, 'cos you got their money
And their 6-pack of beer that's why

It was Saturday Night
You was sitting 'round the Squadre
Small town Texas' Sons and Daughters
But you lost the toss
That means you're taking up the money
That means you're making the run
Making the run to Gladewater

Graffiti Limbo

E
Lay down your burdens
Lay down your cares
The Holy Virgin, she's
Gonna greet you up there

With a big can of spray paint
And a big blank wall
And I can guarandamntee you
There aint no cops around at all

Graffiti Limbo
Where do you go
Graffiti Limbo
When there aint no justice

I only speak for myself
But the word around town
Is that something's shakin'
In the Underground'

I only speak for myself
But the word on the street
Is that the writings on the wall
And the cop is on the beat

Graffiti Limbo
Where do you go
Graffiti Limbo
When there aint no justice

You can have your little Style Wars
You can keep your little dance
But These Crazy Writers
Don't have a ghost of a chance

It's 'Color them Cons' (Mayor Koch sez)
Call it a crime
It's steer clear of the engineer
On that Midnight Special Line

If Love Was a Train

8'
If Love was a train
I think I would ride a slow one
One that would ride thru the night
Making every stop
If Love was a train
I would feel no pain and
I would never get off

If Love was a train
I think I would ride me a long one
Hear me talking
I'm talking fifty boxcars long
Aw, what's the use?
Most trains these days
Aint got no engine
Much less a caboose woo woo!

Look out here she comes
Look out there she goes

If Love was a train
I'd throw my body on her tracks
If Love was a train I'd throw
My body right down on her tracks
If Love was a train
I would feel no pain as she
Rolled right down my back

But Love dint no train, naw
More like a broncing bull
And the most you got's 15 seconds
In that saddle
And even if you manage to ride
You are all shaken up inside
And it's gonna be a long time
Before you ride that bull again

If Love was a train
But Love aint no train.

Anchorage

G
I took the time to write to my old friend
I walked across that burning bridge
I mailed my letter off to Dallas but
Her reply came from Anchorage, Alaska

She said Hey girl its about time you wrote
Its been over two years now my old friend
Take me back to the days of the foreign telegrams
And the all night rock 'n rollin' hey Chel
We was wild then

Hey Chel you know its kinda funny
Texas always seems so big
But you know youre in the largest state in the Union
When youre anchored down in Anchorage

Hey girl I think the last time I saw you
Was on mr and Leroy's wedding day
What was the name of that
Love song you played

I forgot how it goes
I dont recall how it goes

Leroy got a better job so we moved
Kevin lost a tooth, hes starting school
I got a brand new eight month old baby girl
I sound like a housewife
I think I'm a housewife

Hey girl whats it like to be in New York
New York City imagine that
Whats it like to be a skateboard punk rocker
Leroy says send a picture
Leroy says hello
Leroy says keep on rocking girl
Yeh Keep on rocking

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All Songs written by
Michelle Shocked
Except " " written by Joan Ritchie

* The L+N Don't Stop Here Anymore Jean Ritchie

Em
When I was a curly headed baby
My daddy set me down on his knee
Saying son you go to school
You learn your letters
Don't you be no dusty miner, boy, like me

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazzard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties
Because the L+N don't stop here anymore

I used to think my daddy was a black man
With scrip enough to buy the company store
But now he goes to town with empty pockets
And, Lord, his face was white
As the February snow

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazzard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties
Because the L+N don't stop here anymore

Never thought I'd live to learn to love the coaldust
Never thought I'd pray to hear those temples roar
But, God, I wish the grass would turn to money
And then them greenbacks
Would fill my pockets once more

I was born and raised at the mouth of the Hazzard Holler
Where the coal cars rolled and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty row of all empties
Because the L+N don't stop here anymore

Last night I dreamed I went down to the office
To get my payday like I done before
But them old kudzu vines was covering the doorway
And there was leaves and grass
Growing right up thru the floor



Das Compact Disc Digital Audio System

bietet die bestmögliche Klangwiedergabe – auf einem kleinen, handlichen Träger.

Die überlegene Eigenschaft der Compact Disc beruht auf der Kombination von Laser-Abtastung und digitaler Wiedergabe. Die von der Compact Disc gebotene Qualität ist somit unabhängig von dem technischen Verfahren, das bei der Aufnahme eingesetzt wurde. Auf der Rückseite der Verpackung kennzeichnet ein Code aus drei Buchstaben die Technik, die bei den drei Stationen Aufnahme, Schnitt/Abmischung und Überspielung zum Einsatz gekommen ist:

DDD Digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme, bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung, bei der Überspielung.

ADD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme; digitales Tonbandgerät bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung und bei der Überspielung.

AAD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme und bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung; digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Überspielung.

Die Compact Disc sollte mit der gleichen Sorgfalt gelagert und behandelt werden wie die konventionelle Langspielplatte.

Eine Reinigung erübrigt sich, wenn die Compact Disc nur am Rande angefaßt und nach dem Abspielen sofort wieder in die Spezialverpackung zurückgelegt wird. Sollte die Compact Disc Spuren von Fingerabdrücken, Staub oder Schmutz aufweisen, ist sie mit einem sauberen, fussel-freien, weichen und trockenen Tuch (geradlinig von der Mitte zum Rand) zu reinigen. Bitte keine Lösungsmittel- oder Scheuermittel verwenden!

Bei Beachtung dieser Hinweise wird die Compact Disc ihre Qualität dauerhaft bewahren.

The Compact Disc Digital Audio System

offers the best possible sound reproduction – on a small, convenient sound-carrier unit.

The Compact Disc's superior performance is the result of laser-optical scanning combined with digital playback, and is independent of the technology used in making the original recording.

This recording technology is identified on the back cover by a three-letter code:

DDD Digital tape recorder used during session recording, mixing and/or editing, and mastering (transcription).

ADD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording; digital tape recorder used during subsequent mixing and/or editing and during mastering (transcription).

AAD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording and subsequent mixing and/or editing; digital tape recorder used during mastering (transcription).

In storing and handling the Compact Disc, you should apply the same care as with conventional records.

No further cleaning will be necessary if the Compact Disc is always held by the edges and is replaced in its case directly after playing. Should the Compact Disc become soiled by fingerprints, dust or dirt, it can be wiped (always in a straight line, from centre to edge) with a clean and lint-free, soft, dry cloth. No solvent or abrasive cleaner should ever be used on the disc.

If you follow these suggestions, the Compact Disc will provide a lifetime of pure listening enjoyment.

Le système Compact Disc Digital Audio

permet la meilleure reproduction sonore possible à partir d'un support de son de format réduit et pratique.

Les remarquables performances du Compact Disc sont le résultat de la combinaison unique du système numérique et de la lecture laser optique, indépendamment des différentes techniques appliquées lors de l'enregistrement. Ces techniques sont identifiées au verso de la couverture par un code à trois lettres:

DDD Utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

ADD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

AAD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement et le mixage et/ou le montage, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant la gravure.

Pour obtenir les meilleurs résultats, il est indispensable d'apporter le même soin dans le rangement et la manipulation du Compact Disc qu'avec les disques microfilm.

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'effectuer de nettoyage particulier si le disque est toujours tenu par les bords et est remplacé directement dans son boîtier après l'écoute. Si le Compact Disc porte des traces d'empreintes digitales, de poussière ou autres, il peut être essuyé, toujours en ligne droite, du centre vers les bords, avec un chiffon propre, doux et sec qui ne s'effiloche pas. Tout produit nettoyant, solvant ou abrasif doit être pros crit. Si ces instructions sont respectées, le Compact Disc vous donnera une parfaite et durable restitution sonore.

Il sistema audio-digitale del Compact Disc

offre la migliore riproduzione del suono su un piccolo e comodo supporto. La superiore qualità del Compact Disc è il risultato della scansione con l'ottica laser, combinata con la riproduzione digitale ed è indipendente dalla tecnica di registrazione utilizzata in origine.

Questa tecnica di registrazione è identificata sul retro della confezione da un codice di tre lettere:

DDD Si riferisce all'uso del registratore digitale durante le sedute di registrazione, mixing e/o editing, e masterizzazione.

ADD Sta ad indicare l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione, e del registratore digitale per il successivo mixing e/o editing e per la masterizzazione.

AAD Riguarda l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione e per il successivo mixing e/o editing, e del registratore digitale per la masterizzazione.

Per una migliore conservazione, nel trattamento del Compact Disc, è opportuno usare la stessa cura riservata ai dischi tradizionali.

Non sarà necessaria nessuna ulteriore pulizia, se il Compact Disc verrà sempre preso per il bordo e subito subito nella sua custodia dopo l'ascolto. Se il Compact Disc dovesse sporcarsi con impronte digitali, polvere o sporcizia in genere, potrà essere pulito con un panno asciutto, pulito, soffice e senza sfiliature, sempre dal centro al bordo, in linea retta. Nessun solvente o pulitore abrasivo deve essere mai usato sul disco.

Seguendo questi consigli, il Compact Disc fornirà, per la durata di una vita, il godimento del puro ascolto.

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1. When I Grow Up 3:29
2. Hello Hopeville 2:54
3. Memories of East Texas 3:33
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Also Available on Album and Chrome Cassette

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(but anybody who sings these songs is a friend of mine)

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Short
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Michelle Shocked Short Sharp Shocked

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5 Graffiti Limbo 3:37 6 If Love Was A Train 4:03
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