

Psychedelic Furs tomorrow night

I am starting to get excited about the Pschedelic Furs tomorrow night. I am going to see them at the OC Fair with Larry, Chris from Dharma Bum, Lisa Mertins and he husband.

The Furs were one of my top five bands in high school. Even though Richard Butler wasn't one of MY "High School Husbands" he was my friend Carol's. (Read "Hair You Can See From Space.")

Carol would spend countless hours in class writing out the lyrics to Psychedelic Furs songs on white ruled paper from her notebook. She'd then sign it "Mrs. Bulter," kiss it with her big red lips and pass it to me in the hall between classes. Being the stellar student I was, I would read each one from top to bottom and then write my rebuttal in the form of the lyrics to a Split Enz song. This is how we got through history (or whatever) and probably why we had to repeat more than one class.

She loved The Furs and so did I—still do. I'm starting to get psyched: downloading songs, looking through old pictures, and watching videos on YouTube. Here is one of my favorites. (Though my absolute fav is the song "She is Mine." Hope they play it tomorrow night.)

(And so what if I'm going to wear pink and pretend Richard is singing to me? It's not like I'm wearing a raspberry beret to a Prince concert or anything...but, equally tragic.)