

# Frankly, Mr. Shankly

I am not sure when it all began, but for some reason lyrics to songs run wildly through my head, all the time, everyday. Usually preceding my own thought in a situation.

For instance, when someone says something to me that is rude or judgmental, I THINK, "*Frankly, Mr. Shankly*" (The Smiths) and then say whatever comeback I can think of after that.

If a person asks me simply, "What time is it?" I think, "*Does anyone really know what time it is?*" (Chicago)

Or, if I see an older, coifed, tanned man on the street cue "*and his hair was perfect.*" (Warren Zevon)

So it goes. All day. Everyday.

This really isn't bad. I'm sure everyone has her own little dialogues with herself. Inside jokes, really inside—just between you and yourself.

Then the summer of '95 it all went tragically wrong for me. This internal record was scratched and skipped, repeating the same phrase endlessly. Every quiet moment in my brain, every silent respite from the noise of The City it would come...."*You put the boom boom into my heart.*" (George Michael, well, Wham! really.) Sometimes the beginning of "Wake me up before you Go-Go" that goes like this, "*Jitterbug. Jitterbug*", but usually it was just "*You put the boom boom into my heart. You send my soul sky high when your lovin' starts.*"

Truly some of the most inane lyrics ever written.

I mean why couldn't my mind be fixated on a song that was more meaningful, like "*You are in my blood. You're my holy wine.*" (Joni Mitchell) Or well-crafted, like "*The finger of blame has turned upon itself and I'm more than willing to offer myself.*" (Neil Finn)

Oh, nooo... *"You put the boom boom into my heart,"* night and day.

I decided to face the problem head-on. Cleverly, I figured, the only way to get George out was to get someone else in. But who? Who could stand up to *"You put the boom boom into my heart?"*

Let me take this opportunity to apologize to everyone who knew, lived with or dated me during that summer, because when I say "repeateded listen to" this artist: I mean Rainman-style.

Let me give you a lyric geek hint *"Jodi wears a hat although it hasn't rained for six days."* That's right, Lloyd Cole. Turtleneck wearing, solemn-faced, self-pitying Lloyd.



Now, I am possitvie in a true fight, fist-to-fist, George could send Lloyd running, eyes swimming in tears, to the nearest pub or tearoom, or where ever English men go to cry. But in this arena, with repetitive play, I thought Lloyd might just take him.

It was the singing of *"Looking like a born again. Living like a heretic. Listening to Arthur Lee records. Making all your friends feel so guilty, about their cynicism. And the rest of their generation. Not even the government are gonna stop you now"* (Actual lryic to Lloyd Cole song) against *"You put the boom boom into my heart."* And darn it, if I was going to let Mr. Shakey Bottoms win.

In the end, my method worked. Lloyd, with his endless obscure references and persistent grouching beat George out of my brain for good. The true wisdom in my choice was there was NO way a Lloyd Cole song could EVER get stuck in anyone's brain. Probably not even Lloyd's himself. (Love you Lloyd! Really LOVE you.)

I hope I never have to live through that again. It's nice to have the freedom to pick and choose my lyrical intrusions. Ah, Freedom. *"Freedom, I won't let you down. Freedom, I will not give you up. Gotta have some faith in the sound. It's the one good thing that I've got."* OH, CRAP...