

Strip Jack Naked Song Suite

Libretto by Vicki Pepperdine based on an idea by Lore Lixenberg

Song Texts

Birthday Song

Oh how lovely!

Lilly of the Valley Bath Salts.

In a Lilly of the Valley Gift Pack.

The gift that says 'I don't know you'.

Oh how lovely!

Some anti-ageing face cream

With its anti-ageing formula

You'll notice the difference in just two weeks

It's my birthday, Happy Birthday

Thank you, it's just what I've always wanted

It's my birthday, Happy Birthday

Does anyone really know who I am?

Oh how lovely!

A free Weightwatchers membership

'Weekly motivation and inspiration'

'Come to our meetings and watch yourself change'

Oh how lovely!

From my boyfriend Geoff, a gift voucher

'Cosmetic Surgery and Sightseeing in Prague'.

The gift that says 'I don't like you just the way you are'

It's my birthday, Happy Birthday

It's my birthday, Happy Birthday

It's my birthday, Happy Birthday

A very unhappy, Happy Birthday To Me

Mirror Song

Mirror, mirror on the wall,

What the fuck do you think you're playing at?

Look into my blackcurrant eyes

Windows of despair

The pin prick entrance to an awful unclimable pit

Like that scene in Touching The Void

Where he falls down that snow shaft, you know

Clods of clay in your arteries, stones in your throat
It's hard to describe
Is anyone going to ask me to dance?
Stood on my own by the school gym wall, pretending not to mind
But I did and I do

Wake Up Sleeping Beauty, the Prince isn't coming,
The gardens unruly and so is your hair
Sweep up Cinderella, your glass slipper has shattered
Don't tread on the shards
You'll cut your feet to ribbons

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?
Not you

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who am I?
What am I?
Where did I go?
And if I am nothing
Then why do I feel so shit?

Ode to My Plastic Surgeon

I'm afraid of the pain
I'm afraid of the needles
Afraid of the cutting
The danger of dying

But!

I want to look nicer
I want to be gorgeous
I want to be skinny
Get rid of my 'muffin tops'

So!

Take up your scalpel
Slice bits off my niceness
Extract all my essence
And cast me anew

Yes!

I'll be your patta cake
You be my baker's man

Prick me and pat me
And stick me with glue

Go ahead mutilate
Cut off the bits you hate
Slice them to ribbons
For the sake of your art

Hang on! Why?
Oh yes!

You are a hero!
A conquering axe man!
Destroying the evil
Of ugly spare parts

A craftsman! an artist!
Bestower of wonderment -
Make--dreams-come-true man
- come sculptor of flesh

“Let there be light!” you cry
“Pass me my scalpel
For I won’t forsake you
Just make you afresh”

The Nurse’s Arse song

Roll up, roll up!
New arses for sale!
Get a J-Lo, a High-Lo,
A Low-Lo or a Fly-mo
Spanking new arses for sale

If you don’t see what you want, just ask

Roll up, roll up
New vaginas for sale!
Designer vaginas!
Louis Vuitton, Coco Chanel
Vivienne Westwood, Jimmy Choo as well
Try-a vagina today

We can make you whoever you want to be....

There’s nothing we can’t do
There’s no-one who hasn’t been done

If you've got the money - honey
You can write your own history

Got a Caesar waiting to be seduced?
We'll make you look like Cleopatra
Opening a shipping line.
What about the face of Helen of Troy?
You can even look like Lucretia Borgia
Although that's not one I'd personally recommend

We can clone you any part of a celebrity
We can sew on sections, where sections shouldn't be
We can add or subtract, do long-leg division
We can misuse some stem cells if you don't mind going to prison
We don't use anaesthetic but it isn't any wonder
To help you to go under

Roll up, roll up!
Breasts for sale!
The very best of breasts
Some like Jordan's, some like Posh
Double Pammies golly gosh!
Buy one get one free

Everybody who's anybody's having it done,
And everybody who's nobody's having it done too.
Roll up! Roll up!

Actually Being Dead Song

So that's it apparently
Was it all worth it?

All the worry all the heartbreak all the shopping and the cooking, all the cleaning and the scrubbing and the bathing and the drying

All the lying (deceit), all the lying (awake), all the going to sleep, all the sweetdreams and nightmares, all the laughing (at and with) and the crying (because and for)

All the throwing away (of rubbish)
All the throwing away (of opportunities)

All the drinking and the smoking and the giving up the smoking and the hoping and the trying and the giving up the trying and the hoping and the hoping and the giving up the hoping

All the worry all the heartbreak all the shopping and the cooking, all the cleaning and the scrubbing and the bathing and the drying

So was it all worth it?
No.

Goodbye Song

I'm coming to join you
All you long gone
And just gone
And going going gone.
Are you there?
Will you meet me?
Take me somewhere?
On a boat trip?
Like Orpheus In The Underworld
Don't look round

I'm coming to join you
Are you there?
Or are you just part of the people you left behind?
Sinking away as they sat by your bedside
Holding your soon dead hand
Singing a song that neither of you liked
Very much
Now only there in your nearest and dearest
Shadowy stone-aches in hearts or in stomachs
On Birthdays
Or Christmas
Or Suddenly, Sometimes

So where will I go
If nobody loved me?
If nobody knew me at all?
Where am I then?
Lilly of the Valley?
Lilly of the Valley?
Lilly of the Valley of Death

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