

THE WORDS OF
FRENCH EXIT

**AND PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN**



TV GIRL

**THIS BOOKLET CONTAINS LYRICS
FROM FRENCH EXIT:
AN ALBUM BY MUSICAL ENSEMBLE
TV GIRL**

**THE LYRICS CAN BE ENJOYED ON THEIR OWN
BUT ARE NOT EFFECTIVE WHEN READ ALONG
TO THE MUSIC**

**STYLIZED RENDERINGS OF BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN HAVE BEEN ADDED FOR
VISUAL PLEASURE**



PANTYHOSE

Boys marching to war
To certain defeat
They were younger than me

Guns poke through the trees
Death on a whim
They were aiming at him

And when the bullets came he didn't duck
He wrapped her pantyhose around his neck
And he could feel their magic working
Keeping him from harm
Away to some place mystical and warm
His lucky charm

He got caught
No cover at all
He'd breathe in her scent
Not even a scratch

He didn't die
When he stepped on a mine
They were violet and soft
It didn't go off

And when her letter came
He didn't cry
He wrapped her pantyhose around his eyes
And he could feel their magic working
Keeping him from harm
Even though she didn't love him anymore.
You can't kill a lucky charm



BIRDS DONT SING

She said how could you joke at a time like this
I know why
'Cause this is what you wanted all along
Now isn't it

I think that all you ever really ever wanted
Was a reason to complain
That never stopped you before
Don't let it get in your way

Those are her words not mine
As far as i'm concerned
We could have had a good time
So if you walk out that door in disgust
I guess there's nothing more to discuss

Birds don't sing
They just fall from the sky
Girls don't call and they never tell you why
That's just how they say goodbye

Don't listen to my music
Don't lie in my bed
Don't listen to the references
To things you might have actually said

'Cause those are my words
Not yours
As far as i'm concerned
It could have been a lot worse

I wasn't trying to avoid the confrontation
She isn't crying
She's just making conversation



LOUISE

Louise she just wasn't thinking
When she climbed into his bed
She only wanted to lie beside him
To hell with his best friend

She woke him up and she whispered
But the answer wasn't good
Whatever made you think
I could ever love you
Even if I could

Louise
You can't be anybody's friend
Louise
I'll love you til I'm dead
Louise
Not even if she likes the way you dance
Louise never heard about puppy love
Cause they don't know that word in France

She came from across the country
Just to stare into her phone
She came to the same apartment
She only wanted to be left alone

And she could catch anybody's attention
But it never won her friends
And love could kick you out on the streets
But it never paid your rent



HATE YOURSELF

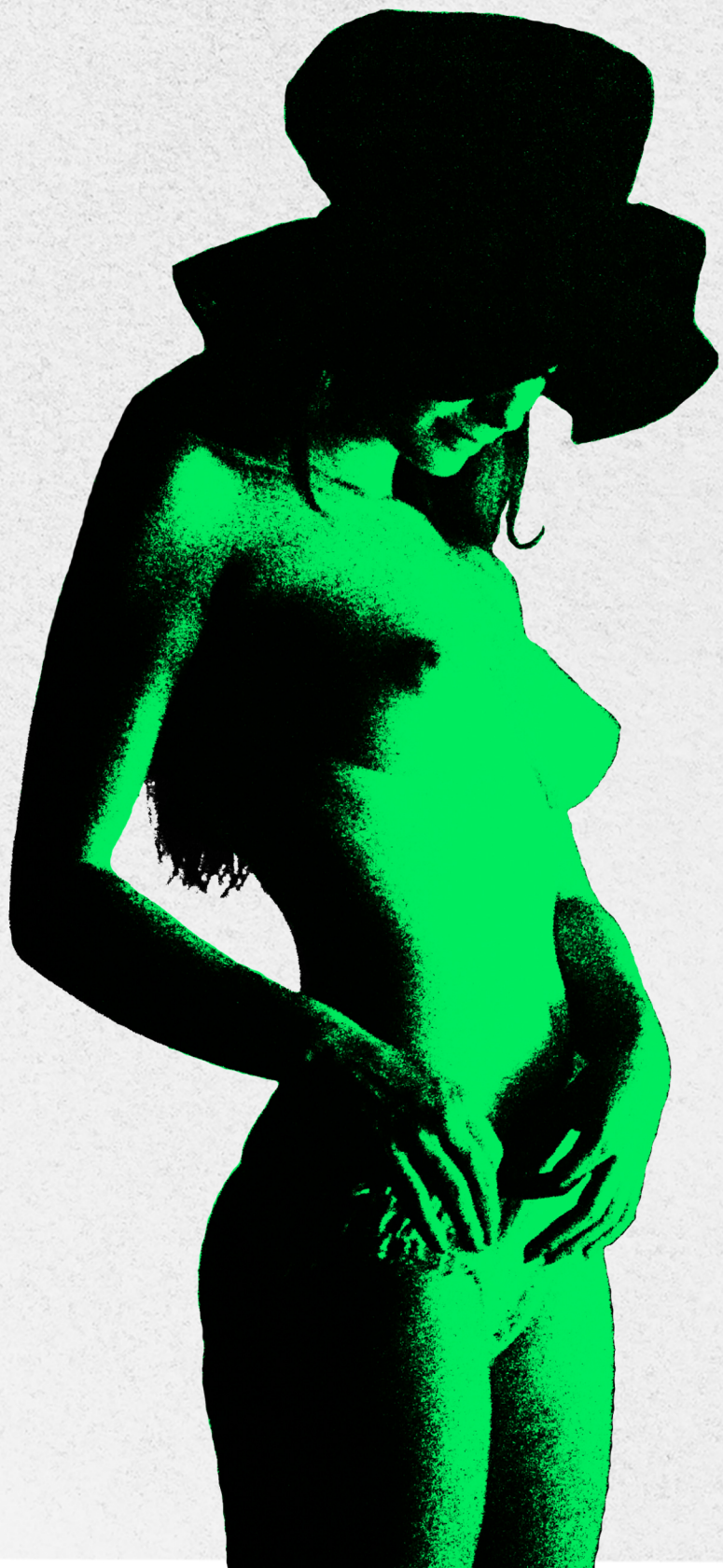
You
You'd fall in love with anyone
I think you'd fall in love with anyone
Who fell in love with you
And they frequently do

So take comfort
Cruel comfort
Before you start to wonder
How you got locked inside your room

And how long will it take
Before you start to hate yourself
And go straight
Into the arms of someone else
And I'll just wait
'Til those arms belong to me
I'm not saying that you love me
I'm not saying anything

Tell me
Do you let them down gently
Does it only make it harder
To let the feeling linger
To drag it out a little longer

Does it put your mind at ease
But you're the one who brought him here
You're the one who has to
Take him when you leave



THE GETAWAY

Well this thing that we had built
Was flaying into shreds
It was sharp and it was dry
Like the hair on a shrunken head

And all the king's men
Spread the pieces on the floor
By the time they fit together
We had forgotten what they were for

Pretending like she's beautiful
In the pictures I can see
But she only picks the good ones
That's more than I can say for me

But that's the way it always starts
You feel like Lily and the Jack of hearts
Always making out like bandits
Until you get away and it falls apart

You're always dressed up like a priest
You're always drilling through the wall
Cracking the safe and skipping town
While poor Rosemary takes the fall

You're always looking for the future
And rinsing out the dye
Looking for a moral to the story
That sounded good and happened to rhyme

Rosemary on the gallows
Dressed like nothing's wrong
No funeral no flowers
For an outlaw in a song



TALK TO STRANGERS

There's a beautiful girl
And a handsome guy
She's sitting all alone
He's giving her the eye

They approach one another
They don't realize the danger

What will they say
What do you think
She'll crack another smile
He'll buy another drink

That isn't the important part
That happens later

You should have listened to your mother
Don't ever talk to strangers

Lust turns to boredom
Boredom to lust
Diminishing returns
With each and every thrust

The energy's preserved
Just converted into anger

Don't take candy
Don't get in someone's car
Don't let anybody touch you
No matter who they are

The police are at your door
Turns out the killer was your neighbor

He seemed like such a normal guy
A little quiet, nothing major

You should have listened to your mother
Don't ever talk to strangers



THE BLONDE

**Who's gonna pay attention
To the redheads of the world
Who's gonna call them up at night
When they're naked and alone**

**Who's gonna kiss the brown haired girls
Who's gonna wipe away their tears
And what about the black haired girls
Who's gonna whisper filthy things into their ears**

**Cause anyone who ever had a brain
Wouldn't stand out in the rain
Or keep it up for very long
Just to prove somebody wrong**

**And anyone who ever had a heart
Or sang a lonesome song
Would sell their little souls
Just to make it with the blonde**

**It's just unearned admiration
Are you sick of all the stares
You don't need to hide yourself away
You only need to dye your hair**

**But it won't do you any good
Cause pretty soon your roots will be showing
And anytime you try to leave the room
They'll ask you just where the hell
Do you think you're going**

DAUGHTER OF A COP

**Sneaking the pillow under the sheets
I know a place where everyone meets
But she knows a place
Where the cops don't go
And she'd be the one if anyone knows**

**If half the fun was to cut and run
And the other half was getting caught**

**Then don't stop
She was the daughter of a cop**

**Making love is an easy thing to do
And she didn't feel like pushing herself
But don't be fooled
'Cause it could have been you
Or him or anyone else**

**If half the fun was to cut and run
And the other half was getting caught**

**Then when the fix comes in
She'll get a slap on the wrist
And leave you in a cell to rot**

**So don't stop
She was the daughter of a cop**





LOVERS ROCK

Are you sick of me
Would you like to be
I'm trying to tell you something
Something that I already said

You like the pretty boy
With the pretty voice
Who was trying to sell you something
Something that you already had

But if you're too drunk to drive
And the music is right
She might let you stay
But just for the night

And if she grabs for your hand
And drags you along
She might wanna kiss
Before the end of the song

Because love can burn like a cigarette
And leave you with nothing

While the others talked
We were listening to lovers rock
In her bedroom
In her bedroom

And if you start to kiss
And the record skips
Flip it over
And sit a little closer



HER AND HER FRIEND

I think it's funny how you could find yourself alone
With someone else in an ideal situation
Without a shred of good intentions between you
Much less a decent explanation

I couldn't tell you why she summoned me
Sometimes you get lucky
And they think that you were someone else

I can't remember what she said
Was she trying to tell me something
Or talking to herself

Go upstairs don't close the door
Why don't you give her what she's asking for
Spill the drink onto the bed
That's just between her and her friend

But it made it hard to sleep
'Til her head felt even worse
And I hope that she felt miserable
When it was time to go to work

Her and her friend
Just did it as revenge
So any excess pain you feel
Isn't any consequence

But don't feel bad
Cause you didn't stand a chance
You can make a hasty exit
That's how they handle it in France

Little consolation
Even if you always knew it
So any nasty things I say
Are purely therapeutic

Close the door leave on the light
And kiss her for a little while
The liquor soaked into the sheets
She said it's getting late you'd better leave



COME WHEN YOU CALL

The sound of mass confusion
Reverberated down the hall
Into the ears of a stoic roommate
Who put her headphones on

But in the space between the songs
That's where she paid the most attention
Beneath the crack in the door
The candle flickered and got extinguished

The reassuring hum of the freeway
As she drifted off to sleep
And it was five o'clock in the morning
You had no good reason to leave

Ooh baby
I'll come when you call
I'll come when you call
I'll come when you call
I'll come but that's all

Linda Rondstadt on the stereo
She was singing Warren Zevon
Hold me tighter Carmelita
Make the night not last so long

And if it seems so peaceful now
Why don't you wait until the morning light
And catch the eye of the stoic roommate
As you leave without saying goodbye

And if you're ever left to wonder
Why anything goes right
Thank the god of bad decisions
And the queen of lonely nights



ANJELA

**Standing in the kitchen
Wondering where Anjela's gone
She didn't even drive here
She couldn't have gotten very far**

**But what does it matter anyways
I didn't like her anyways
I only let her crawl into my arms
I wasn't trying to lead anyone on**

I was only trying to stay warm

**Oh Anjela
Can't stand the cold
And it's not summer anymore
I haven't seen the last of her**

**There was euphemisms and arrangements
There was alleged transgressions
She said I'm not very good
At talking about this stuff
So never mind
And she buried her face in the pillow**

**But what does it matter anyways
She didn't like me anyways
I only thought because she climbed
Into my arms
But she wasn't trying
To turn anyone on**

She was only trying to stay warm

**HELLO FRIENDS AND WELLWISHERS
BRAD FROM TV GIRL HERE**

**THANK YOU FOR PURCHASING OR OTHERWISE HAVING
ACQUIRED OUR ALBUM "FRENCH EXIT"**

SOME ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND THANK YOUS ARE IN ORDER

**ALL OF THESE SONGS WERE WRITTEN BY BRAD PETERING
EXCEPT FOR "DAUGHTER OF A COP" WHICH WAS WRITTEN
BY BRAD PETERING BY WAY OF MAT COTHRAN AKA
ELVIS DEPRESSEDLY. LISTEN TO HIS MUSIC**

**THESE SONGS WERE RECORDED AND MIXED BY JASON WYMAN
AND BRAD PETERING IN A SERIES OF COZY ROOMS**

**THE ALBUM WAS MASTERED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE VERY
TALENTED JASON WYMAN**

**THE COVER PHOTOS WERE TAKEN BY PETER GOWLAND
AND USED HERE WITH PERMISSION FROM HIS DAUGHTER MARY LEE
GOWLAND. SHE IS A TALENTED POET. I'M IN LOVE WITH HER BOOK
"TENDER BOUGHS." IT IS BEAUTIFUL. SEEK IT OUT**

**THE ALBUM AND ALL ACCOMPANYING ARTWORK
WAS DESIGNED BY THE INCREDIBLY TALENTED AND MYSTERIOUS
MADDIE KEATON AKA MADISON ACID. GET A WEB PRESENCE MADDIE**

**THANKS TO THE SONGBIRDS WHO TRIED VALIENTLY AND IN VAIN
TO HIDE MY UGLY VOICE WITH THEIR PRETTY ONES:
FAITH HARDING, TRUNG NGO, ALLY HASCHE, WYATT HARMON, MADDIE KEATON**

**THANKS DAN KOMIN FOR PLAYING BASS AND GUITAR ON LOUISE
AND ANJELA**

**A GENERAL THANK YOU TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUPPORTED AND HELPED
ALONG THE WAY**

**AND A COSMIC THANK YOU TO ALL THE ARTISTS WHO
SOMEHOW MANAGE TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AGAINST
TERRIBLE ODDS. SORRY FOR STEALING YOUR IDEAS.**

TVGIRLMUSIC@GMAIL



