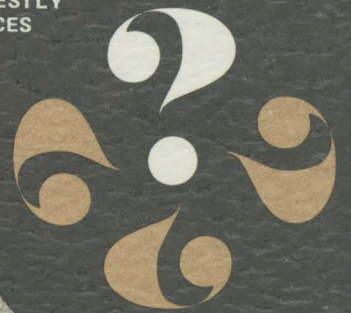


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8582 STEREO

MICHAEL COHEN WHAT DID YOU EXPECT

SONGS SENSITIVELY AND HONESTLY
DEALING WITH THE EXPERIENCES
OF BEING GAY, WRITTEN AND
SUNG BY THIS BRILLIANT
YOUNG ARTIST.
SOLOS AND GROUP.



M
1630.18
C678
W555
1973

MUSIC LP

Songs sensitively & honestly dealing with the
experiences of being gay, written and sung by
this brilliant young artist. Solos and group.

SIDE 1

1. The Last Angry Young Man (5:04)
2. Gone (4:55)
(Lyrics: Michael Cohen & Warren Selinger)
3. Play to Your God (4:30)
4. Bitter Beginnings (3:37)
5. Praised Be (3:56)

Total time: 22:05

SIDE 2

1. Bitterfeast* (3:20)
(Based on a poem by Leonard Cohen)
Stranger Music Inc.-Common Thread Music
© 1973 BMI
2. When I Grow Cold (4:35)
3. Orion (4:40)
4. Couldn't Do Without (5:08)

Total time: 17:43

All songs composed by Michael Cohen

Produced by Judith Sherman

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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT

MICHAEL COHEN



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MICHAEL COHEN
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT-?

Photograph by RON NORMAN, 1973

Andromeda

A foul wind mixed with the fair Jamaica day a presentiment of danger swirled through me and Pictures of the Great Spiral Galaxy in Andromeda paraded before my sleepy swollen eyes: only fifteen Jamaica Sale days left! Andromeda I cling to your image, like vomit splashed on black tile you persist forever. Don't doubt me! whisper your nameless eternal myriad suns. My wings are frozen and the brief plunge in this intergalactic birdbeth is vanished - like supernova degenerating to crab nebulae. Japanese transistor Spouts atmospheric information in the blackest soul house of burnt chickens: snow t'night. I pass on like some wounded refugee. I say like love is economical, and I've extended far too much credit, returns seem unlikely, the risk is lost, but it's all in the game (sic), the revolving doors on our savingsbank have ground shut on a cigaret butt. Andromeda I expand in a breath and lapse while the million cortical images of windy street stray and converge without focus all people stare at words at neon at santas at buses and jewelers. I see the afternoon as lie! Michael sang it all one Queens night in the dinty youth. He supported that stupid proletariat-longshoreman cap all pretenders where while metamorphoozing. He sang and we i dent defyed, can I say it and mean it? Like some messenger goose from Andromeda loose he moaned and intoned and wailed and impailed IF WE ONLY HAD LOVE, THEN... etc. It wasn't his shyness impressed me. A large tonsil and some moldy fillings were all one could see for often hours. Demonic clock radio picks this seared moment to click on to "pork n beans" we set it for 8 some weeks ago, isn't that just like a malfunction? Cause no care for parking lots and paytoilets, thats why cause no care for people dying when they shoulda been sighing... happily. Jamaica you inverted wretch! Cast your fibrous nets of selling gain on the poor and working energy, gobble up souls on a lay away plan, grow nothing green! "Michael, so you're a latent homo, so what!?"

You really think that Warren? I mean you really think that I'm, eh, gay? Flashback: 45s spinning in a backyard social, party dresses and rose-tipped tresses, and dance thigh presses, cohen after concussion probably from some UFO amok, pushes me to the floor spewing security pretzels and chinese lanterns - whathehell! Later they told me in intensive care among the basement furniture, he's mad you're amakin' eyes at his g.f. *

Yes, michael, what's it matter how ylove as long as you do? But in Jamaica with Andromeda pressed against my IBM, like some cosmic backdrop, I sing some michael songs and feel a whole lot better. really, and if you don't believe me, just try to get your gas connected some Jamaica christmas after you've lost your true love to the postman without it.

*girlfriend

- Warren Stephen Selinger

The Songs

Side One

The Last Angry Young Man

My mother said, the day i came out to her, she said, "you don't want to be the last angry young man," and i said, "i don't know, got so much inside of me that ain't ever come out. I can't sleep at night." She said, "go ahead now, go be anything that you want to be. I can't choose a path for you. I'll try to stick behind thee."

Well, it's just that kind of attitude that i'm suspect of: they got bleeding hearts, needing parts and they demand my love. They got bleeding hearts, needing parts and they demand my love.

Yeah and i can see what's really going on, o behind your sympathetic eyes. you're dragging' round my past with you, when the pain was internalized and you're thinking, "a good doctor could cure you, all you needs a woman to adore you, that's right a good screw'd secure you."

Well take a tip from me: i'm gonna float on the sea. Set the sail, hoist the booms and make waves for me. I said, "Set the sails, hoist the booms and make love for me. Set the sails, baby, hoist the booms and make love to me."

My mother said, o the day i came out to her, she said, "o don't you go be the last angry young man," and i said, "i just don't know about that. Lord, i got so much inside of me, ain't ever come out. I, i just can't sleep at night."

And i've been spending these nights and into the wee small hours talking, making love to the red-haired boy, who had the pain, and now the power... But i still don't know if i'm ever gonna reach that stage; i want to feel such joy! Got so much inside me. Got so much inside me, don't know if it'll ever come out. Got so much inside me, lord, don't know if it'll ever come out...

Credits:

michael cohen - guitar, organ, vocals
michael sahl - piano
michael lobel - electric guitar, flute
john henry curry - bass
kevin kelly - drums
engineered by Judith sherman and michael lobel

Gone

O what a sad woodsmoked morning
to be hanging on to a dream
to a dark and a still misty dawning
but something's been torn at the seams
at the seams

'twas autumn and the leaves were burning
i dreamed i saw a lake and a lawn
i saw some leaves that were turning
the others were raked up and gone
up and gone

Gone like the friend who died
on this grey early morn
gone like the woman's sigh
as her babe was being born
do you think he led a wasted life
my love?

Well i know that he longed for the living
and he'd hardly come out from his shed
but who'll be scorned, lord
who'll be forgiven
as a brother lays in his deathbed?
in his deathbed

Don't you go tell his mother
about all the pain that had come
just that the death shroud's descended
on her poor baby son
the chosen one

Gone is the friend who died
on this grey early morn
gone is the woman's sigh
as her babe was being born

O what a sad woodsmoked morning
to be hanging on to this dream
with my lover lying beside me
but something's been torn at the seams
at the seams

'twas autumn and the leaves were burning
i dreamed i saw a lake and a lawn
i saw the leaves turning
the others were raked up and gone
up and gone

Credits:

michael cohen - guitar, vocal
sam kephart - viola
larry wirth - cello
strings arranged by michael sahl
engineered by judith sherman and
michael lobel

Pray To Your God

Bobby

since you've gone away
i haven't had no peaceful day
in my time
and no one was as good for me
you walked on waters endlessly
you made rhymes

go off to cape cod
pray to your god
stick in the needle
until you find the vein
scratch the 8-ball
climb a grass wall
you'll find me here just the same

y'know i thought wed make the best of friends
i thought the means would meet the ends
was i wrong
cause now i've got my axe to grind
you left me by some empty shrine
babe you just weren't strong

yeah go off to cape cod
pray to your god
stick in the needle
until you find the vein
baby go scratch your 8-ball
climb your brass wall
you're gonna find me here just the same
yeah i'm the same for you

you say you want to be promiscuous
but that'll be just hit and miss
and you'll crumble
and baby i can't let you fall
to the bars, the baths, the trucks and all
the meatrack tumble

yeah go off to cape cod
pray to your god
you can stick in the needle
till you find the vein
scratch your 8-ball
climb your grass wall
you'll find me here just the same

Bobby since you've gone away
i just ain't had no peaceful day
in my time
and no one was as good for me
you walked on waters endlessly
you made your rhymes

credits:

michael cohen - piano, vocal
engineered by judith sherman

Bitter Beginnings

Comes the time now to gather reflections
on a hot folky evening alone
with my lover away
it's this guitar that i'll play
getting away from my hard times
staking a claim on a fast line

Though i know i need all the recognition
it is always inward i turn
and though my mind moves too fast
i've anchored my past
and i look back and it all seems a lesson
i look back and it all seems a lesson

well i learned from my bitter beginnings
that some words, they're best left unspoken
lest you be the token

Of my friends, well some, they followed Leary
yeah and some went to christ and others jail
some finished their schools
some turned out to be fools
but too many i know i lost track of
too many i knew i lost track of

Now me, i never made that kind of commitment
i balanced the wills and the paths
though some questioned my health
i believed in myself

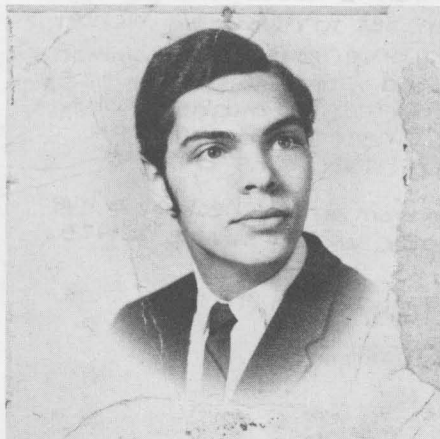
and so out of the slough came a singing
o out of the slough came a singing

i learned from my bitter beginnings
that some words are best left unspoken
lest you be a token

Soon the door to my room will be open
and my lover will be there a standing
then he'll come into my bed
and he'll kiss my forehead
and i'll know that my life is worth living
i will know that my life is worth living

credits:

michael cohen - guitar, vocal
"sailor" bob schmidt - harmonica
jordan kaplan - bass
engineered by judith sherman and michael lobel



Praised Be

Praised be he
across the waters
stands unflinching in his labor
Come to save me from myself
won't someone save me from my saviour

buzzing bomber; hand clamps ear
death is falling; heavy thud
Scamper from the burning houses
lying face down in the mud
woman gonna weep a gasping woe song
a dying baby in her hand
and the blind man stops to gaze and wonder
kicks her over in the sand

and praised be he
'cross the waters
stands unflinching in his labor
Come to save me from myself
won't someone save me from my saviour

please talk to me; this can't be real
the numbers rise i got the feeling
that my murdering hand is moved by
someone other than myself
nothing now could ever smother
angry voices in the air
drop your guns; we got you covered!
we got you covered
try and stop me if you dare

and praised be he
'cross the waters
stands unflinching in his labor
coming to save me from myself
won't someone save me from my saviour
someone save me from my saviour

Praised be he
across the waters
stands unflinching in his labor
Come to save me from myself
won't someone save me from my saviour

credits:
michael cohen - guitar, vocals
jordan kaplan - piano
engineered by judith sherman

Side Two

Bitterfeast

My lover Peterson
he called me Goldenmouth
and i changed him to a bird
and he migrated south

My lover Frederick
he wrote Sonnets to my breast
and i changed him to a horse
and he galloped on west

My lover Jonathon
he named me Bitterfeast
and i changed him to a serpent
and he wriggled east

My lover i'd forgotten
the one who named me death
well i changed him to a catfish
and he swam up north

My lover i imagine
he cannot form a name
and i
i will nestle in his fur
and never be to blame
and never be to blame

Credits:

michael cohen - vocal, string arrangement
michael sahl - piano
jordan kaplan - piano overlays
jon deak - string bass
engineered by judith sherman



When I Grow Cold

where does all the feeling go, my love
when i grow cold?
and lately i've been so cold
do you know?

does it hide like some beggar in the shadows?
lurking behind like a choir of devils
singing, "what did you expect?
did you really think it was gonna be
any different this time?"

well i must say i did
yeah and i must confess
i thought it would all flow so easily
but it was too much
for my mind has been toyed with
and tampered and handled
now i know i'm stranded
yeah i'm stranded

like some loner on the street
with his tattoo marks branded
with his tattoo marks branded
and i can still remember the night we met
but now it seems
like it was all out of some grade B movie
where you played romance
and i, and i was the suffering victim
falling high head over heels for you
the unattainable hero
while the audiences laughed
and the critics heaved their adjectives
o all their adjectives

o where does all the feeling go, my love
when i grow cold?
and lately i've been so cold
do you know?
does it hide like some beggar in the shadows?
lurking behind like a choir of devils
singing, "what did you expect?
did you really think it was gonna be
any different this time around?"

o any different this time - round
o any different this time - round

credits:

michael cohen - guitar, vocal
john henry curry - bass
ira epstein - organ
helen lowell and michael cohen -
"choir of devils"

engineered by charles pitts

Orion

i've been digging up the ruins
from all my high school years
the gym locker fantasies
and the mad masturbation fears
and no one ever knowing why
some one who seemed so strong
like me
always had that streamlined tear
stuck in his eye

bobby, i can remember
the night i fell in love with you
at the caberet
singing about the raging war
and the wrathful god we knew
we took a walk; we smoked a joint
heart palpitation, pulse rapidity
overwhelming me soulfully
the common thread

i want to say a prayer for you now
you'd have loved me if you only knew how
now you're on your crusade
me, i'm a gay blade
and we'll get together somehow, my love
we'll get together somehow

feel the mad mist, it's falling down
on my unrequitted love
and the poor panic calls you, lord
the hurt compounds, eludes the dove
but you know, it don't seem that long ago
when we traded that last rainbow
why'd you have to go?
and let all the colours fade away

but i must say i've been patching up the pain
from all those early years
part of you has stayed here with me
there's no more shame, i know, no fear
i don't regret having loved you in the younger times
i only wish those certain stars
had shined upon you
o my poor orion
prisoner of the sky

i want to say my prayer for you now
you'd have loved me if you only knew how
now you're on your crusade
me, i'm a gay blade
and we'll get together somehow, my love
we'll get together somehow

i want to sing my song for you now
i know you'd have loved me
if they gave you a chance to know how
baby, go on your crusade, i'll be a gay blade
and we're gonna get together somehow, my love
o we'll get together somehow

credits:

michael cohen - guitar, vocal
engineered by gary fried



Couldn't Do Without

i will soothe you with my song
and guide you as you travel on
a weary, weary man
gonna sometimes need a helping hand
much as i'd like to say
i could get along without you anyway
that ain't my pride
it's only my defenses
got me trying so hard
to pound you out of my senses
but i couldn't do without you now
i couldn't do without you now

with your sweet hair flowing free
so silently you came to me
saying, "somebody were gonna be free
all the burdens of this lifetime
buried 'neath the sea"
but i don't want to dream no more
hold me like you never done before
and i won't need any wise man's explanation
or a time suspended thought
in contemplation
i couldn't do without you now
i couldn't do without you now

do you know where our demons hide
in a crowd of swallows circling the sky?
like a shell beneath the sand
they hunger for a wisp of land
and as i hold you to my breast
in our sleeping place we take our rest
o winds blow high
blow my love to me
as you kneel before my grace
you bring such joy to me
and i couldn't do without you now
i couldn't do without you now

credits:

michael cohen - guitar, vocal
michael sahl - piano, organ
john henry curry - bass
kevin kelly - drums

engineered by judith sherman and michael label

all songs composed by michael cohen
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"Bitterfeast" which is based on a poem
by leonard cohen, set to music by michael
cohen ©1973 stranger music, inc; common
thread music; and "Gone"; music by
michael cohen, lyrics by michael cohen
and warren selinger ©1973 common
thread music.) all selections BMI.

"orion" is taken from an air-check of a live
performance over WBAI-FM, June 12, 1973.

produced by judith sherman

Booklet Designed by SUE APTER

(6)

LITHO IN U.S.A.

M
1630.18
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W555
1973

MUSIC LP

