

# 1 Out Of 10 Therapists

The Poetry of Romanovsky & Phillips Lyrics

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Ron Romanovsky or  
Ron Romanovsky & Paul Phillips  
All songs published by Fresh Fruit Records  
[www.RomanovskyandPhillips.com](http://www.RomanovskyandPhillips.com)

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# Introduction

I had the great pleasure of watching Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips perform live in Toronto on three separate occasions during the 1980s and 1990s. Their lyrics resonated with me; either describing all too well what I was experiencing or what I wished my life to be.

R&P started by playing at gay comic open mic night at San Francisco's 'Valencia Rose Cafe' in 1982. They repeatedly toured North America for almost two decades sharing their songs of pride, love and the often-insane world they (and some of us) inhabited. Being on-again off-again lovers during that time may have been difficult on their personal lives but I suspect it contributed a great deal to their song-writing.

Although some of their lyrics may be dated, many of them address universal (and timeless) issues such as falling in (and out) of love, coming out to ourselves and the world, therapy, and friendship. Some of them address living with AIDS, homophobia and teen suicides; topics that sadly are still relevant.

Paul decided a dozen years ago to pursue a career outside of the music industry while Ron continues to record and perform. Ron's newer material continues to address many of the same themes, while he has expanded his repertoire to include music with a definite French influence and he is more often playing his accordion than a guitar.

2012 marks the 30th anniversary of R&P's first public (musical) performance. The 1980s tour shirts have been re-issued and most titles in the R&P catalog are available at their web-site or at iTunes; see the last page for more information.

While this volume does not include their complete works, it is a great introduction to the poetic lyrics of Ron and Paul; please enjoy them.

*Brian Gryphon*  
Columbus, OH

## My Mother's Clothes

I remember dressing up in my mother's clothes  
She had hordes of high-heeled shoes  
And plenty of pairs of panty hose  
She had wigs to make me look a thousand different ways  
And blouses made of silk of lace and evening gowns for days

My mother's clothes, my mother's clothes  
All my dreams came true in my mother's clothes

I remember dressing up in my mother's clothes  
In the woods behind my house we'd have our fashion shows  
Secretly we'd gather all the old things she'd dispatch  
And soon we'd have a wardrobe with accessories to match

My mother's clothes, my mother's clothes  
All my dreams came true in my mother's clothes

We could be a princess from a fairy tale  
Or Florence Nightingale  
Curing all disease in our mother's clothes  
We could be Miss Lois Lane  
Or even Tarzan's Jane  
Swinging through the trees in our mother's clothes  
We could be a beauty queen  
Or Mary Magdalene  
Sinners we'd forsake in our mother's clothes  
We could be Petula Clark  
Or even Joan of Arc  
Burning at the stake in our mother's clothes

Until we learned it's not OK  
For a boy to dress that way  
Not allowed to fantasize  
We become desensitized  
To all our waking dreams  
And the endless possibilities  
Of roles that we can play

Now some of us still dress up in our mother's clothes  
And some of us just like to watch and some look down their nose  
But we've all got an image that we want to convey  
And drag is something each of us does every single day

## The Last Ones To Know

My classmates weren't stupid  
They were simply cruel  
When they saw me softly swishing  
Down the halls of middle school  
Was it how I held my books that garnered me the tag  
Was it how I threw the ball that made them call me "fag"  
And why did I deny it when they quickly figured out  
'Cause I knew that I was different but I didn't know just how

Why are we so clueless?  
Why are we so slow?  
When it comes to coming out  
Why are we the last ones to know?

Wrote a letter to my sister  
Cracked the closet door a bit  
She said, "*I always thought you were one  
Glad that you've discovered it!*"  
Was it all the things I did that put her in the know?  
Dancing, drawing, teaching my own mother how to sew!  
And would I have denied it if she'd told me face to face  
Or did I have to learn it at my own self-conscious pace?

Somehow I was sheltered from the writing on the wall  
Couldn't see myself reflected anywhere at all  
Looking back on everything I went through in my youth  
Wish it hadn't taken so damn long to face the truth  
Now that I am older I think I can safely say  
No one's really shocked although they may act that way  
Be afraid or dismayed on that day when you say  
'What the hell' and you tell them you're gay

The people working in his office  
See right through his masquerade  
But he's convinced he's got them all fooled  
So he continues his charade  
Is it that he doesn't flirt with women like the other guys?  
Is it what he 'doesn't' say that gives away his little lies?  
And yet he still denies it and he lives his life in fear  
He doesn't seem to realize that everybody knows he's queer

Why do we think they're clueless?  
Why do we think they're so slow?  
Why are we afraid of coming out  
When in fact they already know?

## **Be Political, Not Polite**

When you speak you often use  
Some racist word or sexist phrase  
That makes me stop you in your tracks  
To note the error of your ways  
And I know you find it boring  
But it seems to me the only way  
To correct you, to object to  
The hurtful things you say

Right the wrongs of human rights  
The risk you take could save a life  
Silence keeps us all in darkness  
We can't change it overnight  
But we can shed a little light  
Be political, not polite

I cannot be satisfied  
Knowing just how much you care  
I want an ally with a voice  
Defending me when I'm not there  
'Cause being actively supportive  
Is the greatest gift that you could give  
By demanding understanding  
We can change the world in which we live

Words can hurt, words can heal  
Make us think, make us feel  
And they're every bit as deadly  
As a bullet tearing through the land  
For if our words create the climate  
Then the blood is on our hands

Every time we hear a joke  
That takes a shot at someone else  
If we speak up for their rights  
We are speaking for ourselves  
'Cause we will never have true freedom  
'Til everyone one of us is free  
From the silence, and the violence  
That's become our history

## Living With AIDS

He's big and he's proud  
He's abrasive and loud  
He can roar like a lion  
Or be meek as a lamb  
God knows he's courageous  
And sometimes outrageous  
He inspires me to be all that I can

But I'll never forget  
The last time we met  
How my heart stopped at the story he told  
He said "Life can be hard  
When it deals you a card  
That you never expected to hold"

But then he said, "It's not the end  
I rely on my friends  
For all the affection and the love they provide  
And maybe with hugs  
And without booze and drugs  
There is still a good chance that I will survive"

And he probably will  
'Cause he's active still  
He goes to the marches and all the parades  
He's not giving in  
He's determined to win  
He's a person who's living with AIDS

Living with love, not living in fear  
Embracing the light when shadows appear  
It's a place to begin, it's a good way to start  
Releasing the power we hold in our hearts

The loss of our lovers  
Our sisters and brothers  
Is a wound that cuts deep through our history of pride  
And one way to heal  
All the pain that we feel  
Is to stand by the living and remain unified

## One Way Out

Guess I was one of the lucky ones  
My threats were just a charade  
But there was a time when it seemed like the answer  
Was a bottle of pills, or a razor blade

'Cause when they don't understand you  
Or they tell you it's only a phase  
Well that's one way out of high school  
One way to escape all your loneliest days  
One way out of a small town  
And sometimes it seems like the only way

I could have been a statistic  
And what would the papers have said?  
I doubt if they would have told the whole story  
Of who really left me for dead

When they talk about "*saving the children*"  
One out of ten they ignore  
But if we the survivors can drown out the liars  
We won't have to lose any more

Anyone can be a beacon  
To brighten the dark of despair  
And light up the path to another way out  
When nobody else seems to care

## **Battle Scars**

The times I need you most  
Are the times I want to run  
It seems I can't be close  
And still be one  
Long ago I drifted away  
To a secret hiding place  
Now there's no more need to run  
But I still like to escape

The times I want you most  
Are the times I shut you out  
I'm so afraid to trust  
Even more afraid to doubt  
Long ago I built walls  
From enemies and fate  
Now those foes have disappeared  
But I still hallucinate

Old wounds heal hard  
They don't stop hurting  
Some wounds never heal  
Making it harder to feel  
I can't feel a god-damn thing sometimes

The times I love you most  
Are the times I can be cruel  
I don't know how to love  
I never learned the rules  
Long ago I learned to fight  
Learned too well I'm afraid  
Now there's no more need for weapons  
But my ammunition remains

## **Let's Flaunt It!**

Let's flaunt it, let's flaunt it  
Let's celebrate our love  
I want to, I want to  
Proliferate our love

I'm an avowed homosexual  
And you're a practising one  
Long as we're gonna go to hell  
We might as well have some fun  
We'll stir up some trouble  
Just by holding hands  
Stop traffic, start rumors  
Relating man to man

I'm a self-confessed lesbian  
And you're an admitted one  
Long as we're gonna burn in hell  
We might as well have some fun  
We'll upset the neighbors  
Especially the men  
'Cause woman to woman  
Is threatening to them

Sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus  
Let's let it show...that...

I'm an immoral degenerate  
And you're an irreverent one  
Long as we're on the road to hell  
We might as well have some fun  
And just like the army  
We'll increase our troops  
Get tips on recruitment  
From fundamentalist groups

## The Anti-Depressant Polka

There's Prozac and Paxil and Nardil and Valium  
Xanax and Zoloft and Elavil and Lithium  
There's Celexa and Lexipro, but for faster relief  
Why not try dancing yourself out of grief?

Allow me to make a suggestion  
Employ it at your own discretion  
If you can't get out bed  
If you wish that you were dead  
Try doing the polka today  
A little Lawrence Welk can go a long, long way

Oh your name doesn't have to be Stanley  
Or Yosh, or something more manly  
Don't worry, don't panic  
'Cause soon you'll be manic  
Let these words of hope be your creed  
A little Frankie Yankovic is all you need

To do the anti-depressant polka  
And dance your way out of despair  
It's more than a silly ol' two-step  
It's alternative mental health care!

At times I think my head could split  
From depression that just won't quit  
Therapy and drugs, I dismiss with a shrug  
You could spend all your money  
And still feel like shit

Here in a country where only the rich  
Can really afford do be sick  
The rest of us slobs who work hard at our jobs  
We have to be creative when it comes to this... oh!

You don't have to wear a babushka  
To ask yourself "*who stole the kishka?*"  
Wear any apparel to roll out the barrel  
As long as you do it with glee  
A little Myron Floren's gonna set you free.

<b>Title</b>	<b>Album</b>
My Mother's Clothes .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
The Last Ones To Know .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Once Upon A Time .....	Be Political, Not Polite
What Kind of Self-Respecting Faggot Am I .....	Trouble In Paradise
Some of My Best Friends Are Straight .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Straightening Up The House .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
When Heterosexism Strikes .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Homophobia .....	Trouble In Paradise
Hymn .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Queers In The Closet .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Be Political, Not Polite .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Living With AIDS .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
No False Hope .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Be On The Safe Side .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
Two Person Strong .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Family Of Lovers .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
Authentic .....	Pittsburgh to Paris
Give Me A Homosexual .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
Love Is All It Takes .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Oh No... I'm In Love .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Sacrifices .....	Hopeful Romantic
Emotional Rollercoaster .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
Wimp .....	Trouble In Paradise
One Of The Enemy .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Lost Emotions .....	Trouble In Paradise
Red Moon Over Boston .....	Be Political, Not Polite
One Way Out .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Battle Scars .....	Hopeful Romantic
To Myself .....	Trouble In Paradise
Closing Chapter .....	Be Political, Not Polite

<b>Title</b>	<b>Album</b>
The Woman Next Door .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
She's Not Unhappy .....	Turn Up The Fun!
Journal Entry .....	Be Political, Not Polite
Guilt Trip .....	Trouble In Paradise
Island Song .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Don't Sleep With Your Ex .....	Let's Flaunt It!
We'll Begin Again .....	Pittsburgh to Paris
Missy And Heidi .....	Let's Flaunt It!
Living In The Nuclear Age .....	I Thought You'd Be Taller!
Waltz For The New Age .....	Emotional Rollercoaster
Fighting For Peace .....	Turn Up The Fun!
Don't Use Your Penis (For A Brain) .....	Trouble In Paradise
Let's Flaunt It! .....	Let's Flaunt It!
The Anti-Depressant Polka .....	Turn Up The Fun!

### **Romanovsky & Phillips Albums**

- I Thought You'd Be Taller! (1984)
- Trouble In Paradise (1986)
- Emotional Rollercoaster (1988)
- Be Political, Not Polite (1991)
- Brave Boys (1994)
- Let's Flaunt It ! (1995)

### **Ron Romanovsky Albums**

- Hopeful Romantic (1992)
- Je m'appelle Dadou (2002)
- It's A Boy (2006)
- Pittsburgh to Paris (2006)
- Turn Up The Fun ! (2008)