

Lyrics and Covers for the Album Entitled “Squeeze the Day”
by Tracy C. Mansfield



<https://www.ymaginary.com/album-squeeze-the-day.html>

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Tracks

[Crush](#)

[Can't Complain](#)

[To Quote Iris Marion Young](#)

[Explicit Tongue](#)

[Mozart's auf dem Radio](#)

[SLPness](#)

[Danger Voice](#)

[Untainted](#)

[Gasper!!!](#)

[Orange Peals](#)

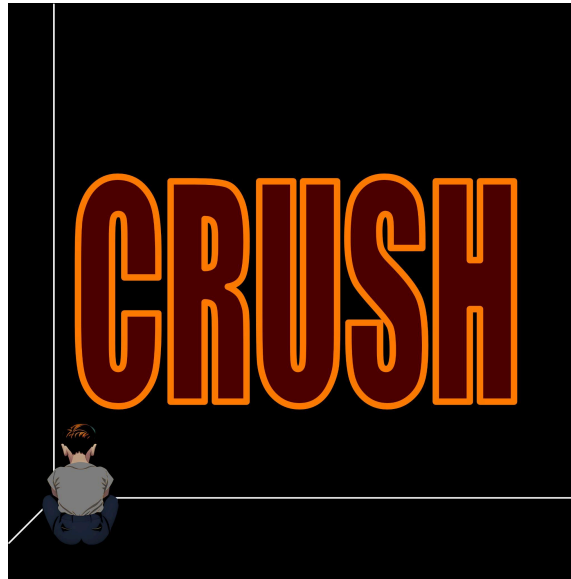
[Juice](#)

[Dickens!](#)

[Enough Already!](#)

[Blink](#)

Crush



[orange noise]

The scared little boy hides deep inside
again
hugging himself
crying his eyes out
lonely.
He doesn't understand.

What did he do?
They should love him, always.
He should be safe with them.
But they hurt him.

And he just loves them... *so much!*

The scared little boy hides deep inside
again
hugging himself
sobbing his heart out
all alone.
He never understands.

What did he do?
They don't love him, anymore.
He isn't safe with them.
No, they abuse him.

But he just loves them... *so much!*

What did I do!?
What did I do!?
Please don't be mad!
I'll be good!
Oh, I'll be so good!

I'll try harder and harder
I promise!
Why don't you love me!?
What can I do!?
...this time?

The scared little boy hides deep inside
the Man
hugging himself
crying his eyes out
lonely.
He doesn't understand.

What did he do?
She should love him, always.
He should be safe with her.
But she hurts him.

And he just loves her... *so much!*

The scared little boy hides deep inside
the Man
hugging himself
sobbing his heart out
all alone.
He never understands.

What did he do?
She doesn't love him, anymore.
He isn't safe with her.
No, she abuses him.

But he just loves her... *so much!*

What did I do!?
What did I do!?
Please don't be mad!
I'll be good!
Oh, I'll be so good!
I'll try harder and harder,
I promise!
Why don't you love me!?
What did I do!?
...this time?

The scared little boy hides deep inside
of Me
hugging myself
sobbing my eyes out
alone.
I never understand.

What did I do?
You said you'd love me, always.
I never felt safe with you
cuz you hurt me.

I still love you... *so much!*

What can I do!?
What can I do!?
Why was she mad!?
I'd be good!
Oh, I'd be so good!
I'll try harder and harder,
I promise!
Why won't she love me!?
What can I do!?
...next time?

[child's voice]
I'm not bad.
I'm a good boy.
really I am
really I am

Can't Complain



What do you mean?

I'm not depressed,
just wasted and weak,
so tired and stressed
too frazzled to speak.

I'm not depressed,
just so many tasks,
no time to get dressed
except for my masks.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.
Or so they say.
I can't complain
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed,
cuz fasting's my dream,
except for my feels
with pints of ice cream.

I'm not depressed.
I simply can't sleep.
My tear-laden fears
are scaring the sheep.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.
Or so they say.
I can't complain
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed.
It's just who I am.
My feelings get flat
when I'm in a jam.

I'm not depressed.
My life is so blessed.
These dark moods I fight
are ungratefulness.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.
Or so they say.
I can't complain
at the end of the day.

I'm not depressed.
It's just a rough patch.
I swallow my probs
right down the ol' hatch.

I'm not depressed.
I don't need your help.
When something comes up,
I'll manage myself.

Besides...

Everyone feels this way.

Or so they say.

I can't complain
at the end of the day.

I mean...

What do I have to be depressed about?

It's true that I...

lost my dad
got divorced
gained weight
added debt
ruined my health

And then the haters won the election.

Okay...

I do have that to feel down about.

But it's alright.

After all...

Everyone feels this way.
Or so they say.
I can't complain
at the end of the day.

Cuz at the end of the day
there's no one at home
to hear me complain
anyway.

(Now that's depressing.)

(Good damn thing I'm such an optimist.)

To Quote Iris Marion Young



To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
where her research brings to light
the Five Faces of Oppression...

"Social justice is the elimination
of institutional dominance and oppression."

That is to say...

"Social injustice is institutional."

It is pumped into the air that we breathe.
It is woven into the fabrics that we wear.
It is poured into the water that we drink.
It is shoved into the lessons that we hear.

That is to say...

You can enable oppression
when you rely on flawed systems.
You can entrench the disease
with institutional symptoms.

That is to say...

You might be an oppressor.

It is difficult to see the oppression you express
when you look DOWN on your systemic enabling.
It is easier to feel the aggression of the mess
when you peer UP at your rule-bound disablers.

And sometimes you might catch the suffering
out of the corner of your wary eye
when you look at your reflection cowering
as you have trouble just getting by.

That is to say...

The pressure and darkness get worse
the deeper that you go.

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
let's paraphrase the part about
the Five Faces of Oppression...

That is to say...

One: Exploitation,
is when parasites bleed you all dry.

Two: Marginalization,
is when insiders force you outside.

Three: Powerlessness,
is when bullies won't let you decide.

Four: Imperialism,
is when xenophobes abnormalize.

Five: Violence,
is when "normals" threaten your life.

So let's take these in order...

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
from her research where she details
the First Face of Oppression...

Exploitation is “a systematic process in which the energies of the have-nots are continuously expended to maintain and augment the power, status, and wealth of the haves.”

One: Exploitation,
is when parasites bleed you all dry.
Your labor creates wealth beyond measure.
While owners collect all the treasure.
Your efforts enrich someone else's leisure.
You are exploited!

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
from her research where she details
the Second Face of Oppression...

Marginalization occurs when a “whole category of people is expelled from useful participation in social life.”

Two: Marginalization,
is when insiders force you outside.
Society pushes you to its edges.
Gatekeepers maintain their privileges.
Your voice fades beyond heard distances.
You are marginalized!

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
from her research where she details
the Third Face of Oppression...

Powerlessness occurs when you "lack the ability to participate in making decisions that affect one's life conditions."

Three: Powerlessness,
is when bullies won't let you decide.
Decisions are made without your consent.
Authority figures dismiss your dissent.
Your agency crushed by their intent.
You are powerless!

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
from her research where she details
the Fourth Face of Oppression...

Cultural imperialism is the "universalization of a dominant group's experience and culture, and its
establishment as the norm."

Four: Imperialism,
is when xenophobes abnormalize.
The dominant culture becomes universal law.
Your difference is treated as character flaw.
Their "normal" consumes you with hungry maw.
You are othered!

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
from her research where she details
the Fifth Face of Oppression...

Violence includes "the daily knowledge shared by all members of oppressed groups that they are liable to violation, solely on account of their group identity."

Five: Violence,
is when "normals" threaten your life.
Fear shadows your steps through each day.
Threats keep you from having your say.
Your very existence becomes their prey.
You are violated!

To quote Iris Marion Young
in her eloquent manner of expression,
where her research brings to light
the Five Faces of Oppression...

"Social justice is the elimination of institutional dominance and oppression."

That is to say...

Eliminate social injustice!

One: Liberty,
determine the conditions of your actions!

Two: Equity,
bring those outside, inside!

Three: Revolution,
use your power to decide!

Four: Reality,
subvert the dominant paradigm!

Five: Integrity,
stand your ground!

And read "Justice and the Politics of Difference," by Iris Marion Young.

Explicit Tongue



What counts these days as explicit language?
What makes the Bluenoses clutch at their pearls?
I wrote "things turned to shit" in email at work
And now I'm targeted by HR mean girls.

Are kids really hurt by a word like "ass"
When I was three it was no vulgarity.
Keep your "bottom" and "buttocks" and "bum."
Saying "ass" didn't keep me from earning a PhD.

Did saying "shit" doom my eternal soul?
Am I not worthy of your company?
Shove your demand for "doo-doo" and "poo."
Saying "shit" didn't keep me from raising a family.

Ass, shit, hell, damn, and fuck!

What counts these days as profane vocab?
What makes the pious folks clasp rosary beads?
My boss said "Jesus" to a student today
But HR says I have special needs.

I hear you say "heck" and "gosh" all the time.
You think kids don't know what that means?
You better `n me just cuz I'm honest with "hell"?
It feels like Balzac got kicked in the penes.

Sometimes I say "damn" in front of my kids.
You think that makes me a dick?
You can scold me for scorching your puritan ears.
At least I'm not a sanctimonious prick.

Ass, shit, hell, damn, and fuck!

What counts these days as obscene jargon?
What makes the Red Staters clench anal beads?
To comfort a friend, I said "that really sucks."
Then HR said screw their emotional needs.

I hear "what the fuck" all over the place,
At work and at school and all that shit.
But write it in Slack and next thing I know,
I've got holy HR pitching a fit.

And what's so bad about "motherfucker," you scrote?
Teachers say it in class all the time.
Isn't the oppression of young minds the point?
Gotta force the little twats to color in the lines.

That was sarcasm, you festering nutsack!

Ass, shit, hell, damn, and fuck!

What counts these days as over the top?
What makes my pompous boss snort smelling salts?
Whenever you try to nail my mouth shut,
the blowback is your own fucking fault.

Ass, shit, hell, damn... and fuck.

Not to mention... "sonofabitch!" What counts these days as explicit language?
What makes the Bluenoses clutch at their pearls?
I wrote "things turned to shit" in email at work
And now I'm targeted by HR mean girls.

Are kids really hurt by a word like "ass"
When I was three it was no vulgarity.
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the blowback is your own fucking fault.

Ass, shit, hell, damn... and fuck.

Not to mention... "sonofabitch!"

Mozart's auf dem Radio



Alles Mozart underground
Die Symphonie geht round und round
In basement clubs in East Berlin
Wo Revolutionen begin

Der young ones dance to Wolfgang's beat
Während Party men patrol die street [While Party men...]

Hey kleine Stasi was you gonna do? [little Stasi...]
Wann Mozart's rocking through und through
Die kids are trading tapes at night
Klassische rebellion, hold on tight!

Oh-oh-oh! Revolution!
Mozart's auf dem Radio!
Oh-oh-oh! Constitution!
Watch der old guard go

In Prenzlauer Berg, der sound von Bach
Strikes midnight on der Eastern block
Mozart's Requiem in D
Macht die Party fall to knee

Jede note's eine revolution [Every note's...]
Jede score's eine resolution
Klassische solution!

Amadeus im Plattenbau
Breaking through das here und now
Eine Kleine klingt so true [A little one sounds...]
Durch concrete walls, durch und durch [Through concrete...]

Sie say Musik has keine class [They say music has no (is free of) class.]
Aber symphonies break walls of glass [But symphonies...]
Jupiter steigt high und frei [Jupiter rises...]
Through den Eastern European sky
Watch das system come undone
Bei Symphony Forty-One
Klassische defiance!

Oh-oh-oh! Revolution!
Mozart's auf dem Radio!
Oh-oh-oh! Constitution!
Watch die Mauer go! [Watch the wall go!]

Mozart's auf dem Radio!
Mozart's auf dem Radio!
Mozart's auf dem Radio!

SLPness



We're workin' on your 'eff' sounds.
You're learning to say 'feet' not 'peet', and
 'food' not 'pood'.
Now, today you said "coffee," loud and clear.
So I said...
 "Now that's a nice 'f' in 'coffee', kiddo."

We're workin' on your 'bee' sounds.
You're learning to say 'butt' not 'futt', and
 'boner' not 'phoner'.
Now, today you said "bossy," loud and clear.

So I said...

“I love your ‘b’ in ‘bossy’, buddy.”

Every sound’s a story.

Every word’s a way

to share what’s in your heart

no matter what the puck they say!

We’re workin’ on your ‘pee’ sounds.

You’re learning to say ‘prick’ not ‘brick’, and

‘piss’ not ‘biss’.

Now, today you said “party,” loud and clear.

So I said...

“I heard your perfect ‘p’ in ‘party’, pal.”

We’re workin’ on your ‘eye’ sounds.

You’re learning to say ‘tired’ not ‘tard’, and

‘tight’ not ‘teat’.

Now, today you said “thigh,” loud and clear. (twice)

So I said...

“Awesome ‘i’ in those ‘thighs’ there, chum.”

Every sound’s a story.

Every word’s a way

to share what’s in your heart

no matter what the faik they say!

I know I'm not your favorite
but you've still been bustin' your 'ess'.
So, if someday, you just have to say,
"Stupid speech teacher!"
It's all okay...

On that day, I'll just say...
"Nice s-blends, my friend."

Danger Voice



You make fun of kids who can't walk
You laugh at people who can't talk
You bully Autistics you smug pricks
You turn palsy into your TV joke
What if it's your kid?
What if it's you? YOU!

When we were nice, you laughed in our face

NOW BACK THE FUCK OFF!

You throw away kids with special needs
Getting rich while little kids bleed
Wipe your ass on Autistic kids' lives
Your murder machine grinds them to dust
Killing our children to turn a fat profit
Different kids are fuel for your greed

When we were nice, you laughed in our face
When we were civil, you pushed us away

NOW BACK THE FUCK OFF!

You tell us to mind our manners
You tell us to wait our turn
You tell us to use our inside voice
While you shred our kids in your bloody machine
Your fake manners are just another lie
Your promises are just another weapon
We're done playing by your rules

When we were nice, you laughed in our face
When we were civil, you pushed us away
When we pushed back, you called the cops

NOW BACK THE FUCK OFF!

You sit there acting all proper
While you feed kids into your machine

The different ones go in first
But we're done letting you kill them
We stand our ground
Now we're pushing back
Your machine is gonna die

When we were nice, you laughed in our face
When we were civil, you pushed us away
When we pushed back, you called the cops
When we got dangerous, you lost your shit

Keep punching my face, and I'll stand here.
You can't hurt me, but hold my beer.
Cuz if you come for my kid...

then in the name of all that I hold dear, like equity and honesty, I'll pinch your head right off of your fat fuckin' neck and
shit all the way down your throat.

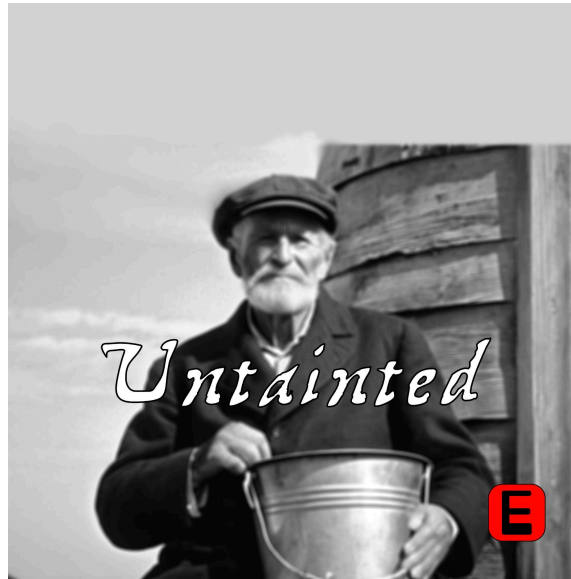
SO BACK THE FUCK OFF!

You can starve our schools of light
Think you've won your selfish fight
But wisdom grows in darkest ground
Burn us to ash, grow more enemies all around

Your witless fear builds your cage
While we learn despite your rage
Could've shared this world so wide
Now feel your power slip aside

Your fear of change dulls your mind
We just grow stronger, all combined
Could've been so different here
If you'd chosen love, not fear

Untainted



Let's keep this song taint free and clean
by spurning all matters obscene.
We'll say naught profane
to goose the mundane
so you'll just have to guess what we mean.

(Um... I dunno about this.)

There once was a man from Nantucket
who wrought something lewd with a bucket.

I cannot say what
for decency but
you could say he wanted to fuss with it.

(Whoa! That was close.)

Well, if that's just too crude for you,
here comes limerick number two.

You've heard of the nun from Regina
whose nethers we know of none finer.
She won't tell you why
cuz she's really quite shy
when it comes to her holy va... ows.

(Watch it!)

Well, if that's just vulgarity,
let's try limerick number three.

An acrobat troupe in Bermuda
was charming a rude barracuda.
With consensuous swish
that magnificent fish
granted wishes of nude interlude-ah.

(Hey, you went too far!)

Well, if that's just a bit hardcore,
how 'bout limerick number four.

A gerontophile in Miami
had dreams that made her hands clammy.
Oh give her a home
where the gray bastards roam
for a bit o' the ol' grammy whammy.

(I'm distinctly uncomfortable now!)

Well, if that just a deep nosedive,
try out limerick number five.

A sheep soaked his pee-pee in wine
and had such a lovely ol' time...

(That's it! Stop the limericks! No sheepy pee-pees! Gosh darn it!)

Let's keep this song taint free and clean
by spurning all matters obscene.
We'll say naught profane
to goose the mundane
so you'll just have to guess what we mean.

You bluenosed, buggery ol' sod!
You probably come from Cape Cod. (Actually, I'm from Souther Tucker.)

Gasper!!!



Way back in the nineteen hundreds,
an exclamation was a rare punchline.
The rule was one bang per fifty thousand words,
or three to shout WAR in a headline.
But even then...

Two bang points was just plain weird!

Say it however you feel like,
"exclamation point" sounds kinda lame.

Five syllables is lots to repeat every time,
so printers use more colorful names.

Like gimme a 'startler',
which seems old-timey,
Or gimme a 'screamer',
which looks all hype-y,
Or gimme a 'gasper',
which sounds gorbimey,
Or gimme a 'dog's cock',
which feels so slimy.

I'll text, "K K" with no dog's cock, and
I'll text, "Hello!" with one dog's cock, and
I'll text, "Awesome!!!" with three dogs' cocks, but
I'll text, nothing with two dogs' cocks, cuz...

Two dogs' cocks is just plain weird!

Just ask Santa!

These days your texts seem cold and distant,
if you're stingy with your punctuation.
Your style is "cringe" and gives teens the "ick,"
without dog cocks for each declaration.

Like gimme a 'startler',
 which seems old-timey,
Or gimme a 'screamer',
 which looks all hype-y,
Or gimme a 'gasper',
 which sounds gorbimey,
Or gimme a 'dog's cock',
 which feels so slimy.

Two dogs' cocks is just plain weird!

Just ask a youth pastor!

The more things change, like...
 Fashion
 Manners
 Grammar
The more they stay the same, like...
 Death
 Taxes, and the fact that...

Two dogs' cocks is just plain weird!

Just ask a scout master!

And what about the curved eroteme?
That question mark has its own mystique.
But one thing's sure through all of time...

Two dogs' cocks is just plain weird!

Just ask yo *Papa!*

Orange Peals



[orange noise]

[ghostly wailing]

(Hell's bells)

[maniacal laughter and words interspersed throughout]

bells

bells

bells

bells

(Hell's bells)

(Hell's bells)

sing-a-ning
ring-a-ping
ting-a-thing
ting-a-ling
dinga-tinga-linga-ping
ding dong ding

(Hell's bells)

What's it gonna be?
inna ring
ring-a-ping
ting-a-ling
dinga-tinga-ringa-ping
ting dong ding

(Hell's bells)

Bells!
Bells!
Uncle Knells!

ding-a-ling
ring-a-ping
ting-a-thing
ting-a-ling
dinga-tinga-ringa-ping
ting dong ding

(Hell's bells)

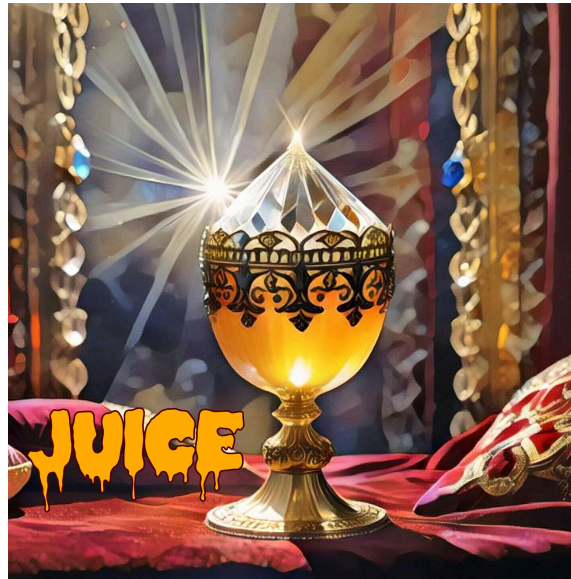
(yeah)

You can ring my bell!
Ring my bell.

Peal
 forth
 in *joy!*

Hell's bells!

Juice



[orange noise]

So thirsty...

Driiink...

Need...

Orange

Orange

Orange

Orange

Sip...

Savor...

MOOOORE!

Juice

Juice

Juice

Juice

O, pleaaase!

HEEEELP meee!

MOOOORE!

Orange juice

Juice!

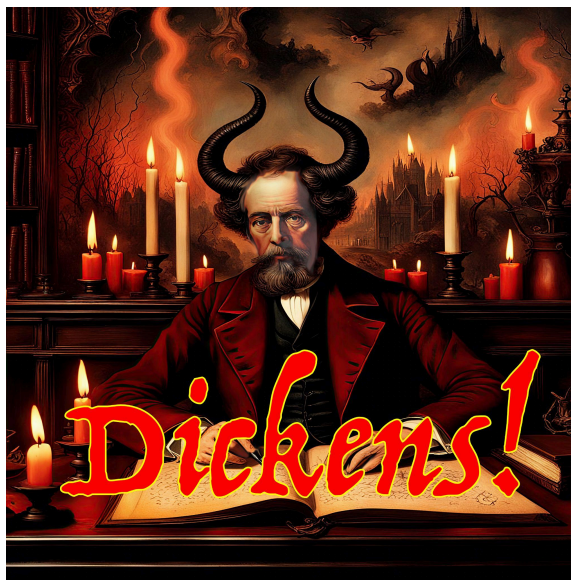
Orange juice

Juice!

Life's blood.

(Squeezed sooo fresh!)

Dickens!



[Celestial Judge]

Rise Charles Dickens before our gate high
Five souls shall judge you on this dark night
Each character you brought to life sighs
To speak their truth in heaven's bright light

Speak your truth, young Oliver!

[Oliver]

Please, sir, I beg for just one bowl more
They struck me down to crush my soul bold

Through London streets I learned to steal bread
While Sikes' shadow filled me with dread

Dickens!

[Celestial Judge]
Speak forth, Scrooge, to place the blame!

[Scrooge]
Old Marley lies in cold dark earth deep
His chains they rattle through my long sleep
Three spirits haunt my Christmas Eve... *Boo!*
Their visions forced me to believe you

Zounds and Dickens!

[Celestial Judge]
Sweet Nell, speak from heavenly grace!

[Little Nell]
Consumption's grip took all my breath, slain
While grandfather lost his mind to debt's weight
Through storm and rain we fled our dear home
Now stars shine down where I must far roam

Odds bodkins and Dickens!

[Celestial Judge]

Speak your last, Carton the brave!

[Carton]

A far, far better thing I do now

These words ring out as I wax worm chow

The guillotine speaks France's fierce rage

While I take love's place on this dark stage

Gadzooks, egad and Dickens!

[Celestial Judge]

Tell us, David, the pain you bore!

[Copperfield]

My father's debts sent me to shame deep

At Warren's Blacking dreams would soft weep

The rats they scurried round my quick feet

While labels dried in rows slick and neat

Strewth and blast and Dickens!

[All voices but Dickens]

We cast our judgment down this grim day

To hell we send him on his just way

[Little Nell]

But see how pleased he seems to be
Where truth flows wild and strong and free

[Dickens]

These flames they warm me like my home's hearth
My pen flows lightly in this stinging death
No rules of proper society
Just truth of life in all its variety

Hellfire, damnation and blessed me!

[All voices but Dickens]

Hellfire, damnation and... *Dickens!*

[Celestial Judge]

True indeed!

Enough Already!



You've been talking for an hour now.
But you made your point at minute one.
Like others, you want to be heard.
But most folks know when they are done.

So, bubala,
I'm asking you, won't you...
sympathetically,
considerately,
courteously,
politely...

Please!

Shut the fuck up?

You love the sound of your own voice,
And your voice clearly loves you too.
So go and get yourself a room.
Read want ads to yourself and swoon.

So, pal o' mine,
I'm asking you, won't you...
empathetically,
compassionately,
generously,
kindly...

Please!

Shut the fuck up?

We've been polite for far too long,
While you drone on endlessly here.
Now my patience has reached its end,
So let me make this crystal clear.

Oh, sweetheart,
I'm telling you, you will...
instantaneously,
summarily,
forthwith...

Right the hell now!

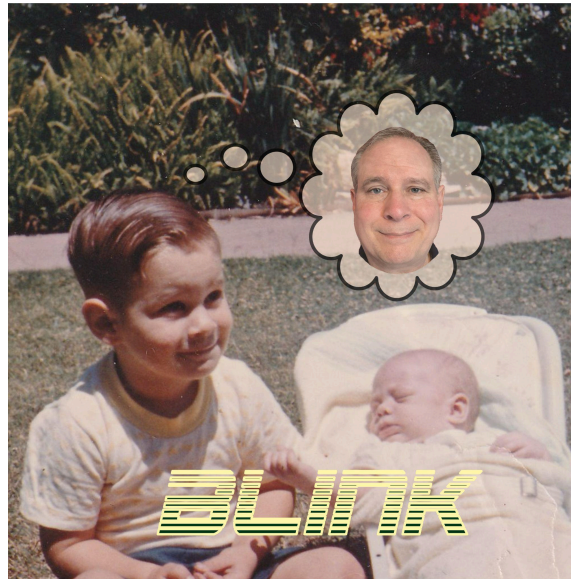
Shut the fuck up!

Or I'll gnaw my way out of here,
Like a wolf sprung from your steel trap.

Signed with love from your dearest friend,
Jolly Ol' Saint Nick... now take a nap!

You cuckoo crazy mixed-up hepcat!

Blink



I finally have the time, ya know,
to chase my dreams and everything.
I'm not ready to go.
Let's blow this freakin' puppet show,
get tattoos, monkeys, steel nose rings.

I finally have the time,
ya know, ya know?

The future sparkles all aglow.
It's my turn on the playground swing,
I'm not ready to go.
Make good on all those years ago
when books lost out on coloring

I finally have the time,
ya know, ya know?

I hardly got to say hello,
spend time with folks, or anything,
I'm not ready to go.
It took me all this time to grow,
and leave behind the suffering.

I finally have the time,
ya know, ya know?

I don't wanna go.
I don't wanna go.
I don't wanna go.

I mean, look at *that* guy, Lord. He's a real *asshole*. Take *him!* Not *me!* I'm not *old!* I still got things to do!

Woo!

I don't wanna go.

I don't wanna go.

I don't wanna go.

I don't wanna go.

I still got things to do!