

LPO



DES CHANSONS POUR UN TIGRE

A NOTE FROM THE LABEL

Nothing's Happened To It Yet

Somewhere in this building there is a box of things that used to be alive. A bicycle bell.

A jar with air holes punched in the lid. A tiger with a seam coming loose along one shoulder, mended once, badly, by a boy who did not want anyone to know it had ever needed mending.

The girls found the box. They did not open it — Élodie said opening it would be cheating. They wrote around it instead, in two languages, the way you walk around a sleeping animal.

What they came back with is a record about the arithmetic nobody teaches you: that the days are just packed and the days are numbered, and both are true, and the second one is the reason the first one matters at all. Margaux sings the dark's side of it. She is very good at the dark's side of it.

There is a line in here where a boy asks his tiger whether he is real, and the tiger says: tonight, yes. That is this label's entire business, in four words.

Go outside.

— Simon Ore'

HEAD OF ONE HAND CLAPPING RECORDS

LES PETITES OREILLES - DES CHANSONS POUR UN TIGRE - 02

Les Journées Sont Comptées

Élodie, as Calvin · Hobbes: Margaux, low · EN · FR

VERSE

Seven a.m., and the sun's already ours,
no school, no Wormwood, just hours and
hours,
the bike on its stand, the tiger on the rack,
a list as long as my arm and no intention of
coming back

HOOK

The days are just packed —
the creek, the woods, the wagon, the
wonder,
treasure everywhere, the whole wide world
to plunder,
and the sun won't set, you wanna bet?
the sun won't ever set

HOBBS

...mais les journées sont comptées.

VERSE

We dug for treasure all morning and struck
it rich —
dirty rocks, a weird root, and some
disgusting grubs
caught a genuine specimen (a frog, for the
pocket, for later),
there's so much weird stuff to find and love
(hook, as before — then Hobbes)

BRIDGE

And there's still so much more nothing
that we haven't gotten to
And the minutes go like seconds
and there's still so much to do

VERSE

There are foreign lands to conquer
and the wagon rides await
and there's not enough tomorrows
for all the stuff that's on our plate
(hook, as before)

HOBBS

...mais les journées sont comptées.

Mon Tigre, Mon Ami

Élodie · Clémentine, spoken · FR · EN

VERSE

Le bus me dépose
je remonte l'allée
je sais qu'il est tapi
prêt à bondir, quelque part
Et il décolle
à six mètres de moi
on roule dans l'herbe
il a gagné — encore une fois

HOOK

My tiger, my friend,
the only one who waits at the door.
My tiger, my friend —
he knocks me flat on the floor,
and that's how I know.

VERSE

Un sandwich au thon
c'est tout ce qu'il réclame
la boîte à l'envers
le wagon rouge, et la pente
réunion dans la cabane
mot de passe, et serment
deux membres, un seul club
moi, dictateur — lui, président

CLÉMENTINE

(Sur les photos : un jouet.)
(Dans la maison : un tigre.)
(Nous ne commentons pas l'Incident des Nouilles.)
(hook, as before)

BRIDGE

at night, the monsters
drool underneath the bed
but the two of us, under the sheets
we're afraid of nothing
(final hook, as before — and then:)
That's how I know
he's real

Let's Go Exploring

Élodie, as Calvin · full band, Lila rising · EN

VERSE

It snowed all night — the world came
back brand new,
not a footprint on it, not a word, not a
clue,
a page so white it's almost a dare;
the tiger grabs the sled, I grab his paw,
and we're already there.

PRE-CHORUS

We lost a few things this year,
we cried, we got scared, we held on —
but look at the hill this morning:
nothing's happened to it yet — come
on —

HOOK

it's a magical world,
so let's go exploring,
you and me and the whole white hill,
no map, no brakes, no looking back,
the best part hasn't happened yet —
let's go exploring.

VERSE

yes, it all ends — yes, the snow turns to
rain,
yes, maybe I grow up and forget your
name,
but not tonight, not this hill, not this
sled —
we've got a whole white world to wreck
instead.

BRIDGE

ready?
ready.
you sure?
never — let's go.
just you and me,
to the bottom of the hill,
to the bottom of everything,
and then we drag it back up and go
again —
(hook, as before — biggest, all four)
...let's go exploring.

My Homicidal Psycho Jungle Cat

Élodie, deadpan · Hobbes: Margaux, low · EN

VERSE

Three-fifteen, and the bus lets me off at the curb,
and I already know how this goes.

He's behind the door, or the drapes, or the
hedge —

flat as a rug, holding his breath, on his toes.
I could take the long way. I could come through
the back.

I never do. I walk right up the drive.
Some part of me wants it — the worst part of
me —

the part that likes feeling alive.

CHORUS

Here comes my homicidal psycho jungle cat,
six feet of murder with a purr to match.

He's gonna put me flat on the lawn —
grass in my teeth, half my buttons gone —
and God help me, God help me,
it's the best part of the day I had.

VERSE

He leaves the ground at a dead sprint, full
extension,
claws out, ears back, all teeth and intention,
and we roll down the yard like a wreck on the
evening news,

and I land on my back, out of breath, and
confused.

The neighbors don't get it. My mother's
appalled —
says one of these days he'll do actual harm.
And maybe. And sure. But you should see his face
when I open the door and he's suspended in space.

HOBBS

*I could end you, you know. I'm a tiger. It's true —
ten thousand years of teeth all pointing at you.
And I use every ounce of it, every claw, every pound,
to put one boy, gently, on the ground.*

FINAL CHORUS

(as before — and then, pulling back to a whisper:)
the deadliest, sweetest, dumbest thing I've got.
One far-off day he will be gone —
but that's not today. Not today. Not yet.
Today it's still me and my jungle cat.

Adulthood

ensemble, bratty singalong · EN

HOOK

becoming an adult
is the dumbest thing you could ever do,
they hand you a briefcase
and they take the sky from you —
so no thank you, no thank you,
I've reviewed the offer, and I'm through —
becoming an adult
is the dumbest thing you could ever do.

HOOK, BIGGER

(as before, but:)
is the dumbest thing that there ever was,
they force you to be miserable
no reason, just because —
...I've reviewed the offer, and I'm good —

BRIDGE

Everyone worth anything
is beautiful and wild
and that's mainly because
they like to feed their inner child.
your inner child's the reason
that you're funny and you're brave
adulthood sounds exhausting
it's more fun to misbehave

FINAL HOOK

(as before, but:)
they tell you to grow up
and they take the joy from you —

ÉLODIE
we're keeping the sky. all of it. and the tiger too.

Quelque Chose sous le Lit

Élodie · the Dark: Margaux, low · FR · EN

VERSE

quand la lumière s'en va
le sol devient un océan
et le bord du lit
la dernière terre ferme
il y a une frontière
là où finit le drap
de l'autre côté, ça respire
et ça connaît mon nom

THE DARK

*(nous n'avons pas de forme
encore.*

*donne-nous un pied.
on commencera par là.)*

HOOK

But I'm not alone in the dark —
there's a tiger in this bed,
and the dark is afraid of tigers,
so it stays on its side of the sheet,
and I keep to mine,
and we both wait for the light.

VERSE

j'ai appris la géographie de la peur
rien ne doit dépasser
ni une main, ni un rêve
sauter par-dessus le vide
et puis, surtout
tenir le tigre contre le noir
il est chaud, il est vrai
il est plus grand que la nuit

THE DARK

(le tigre est patient.

*nous le sommes plus.
nous avons la forme du temps.
un soir, il sera de la laine.)*

BRIDGE

alors je respire dans sa fourrure
là où le noir n'entre pas
je demande : tu es réel ?
il répond : cette nuit, oui
et cette nuit suffit
(hook, as before)
« ...demain. »

Réel ou en Peluche

Élodie · Margaux, low · FR · EN

VERSE

dans leurs yeux, tu te plies
tu deviens du tissu
une chose qu'on oublie
sur un lit défait
dans les miens, tu respires
tu pèses, tu as chaud
le même corps, deux mondes
selon qui le regarde

HOOK

Real, or not —
it was never the question.

What is held is real.

I held you, so you are.

VERSE

on me demande : il est vrai ?
je n'ai pas de réponse
seulement le poids
d'un tigre dans mes bras
le doute, c'est pour ceux
qui n'ont jamais porté
quelque chose qui n'existe
que parce qu'on y croit

MARGAUX

*la vraie question
ce n'est pas s'il est vrai
c'est si moi, un jour
j'arrêterai de voir
(hook, as before)*

VERSE

un jour je t'ai cru perdu et le monde a pesé
tout est devenu vrai
et rien n'était vivant
c'est là que j'ai compris
ce que veut dire aimer :
donner du poids
à ce que les autres traversent

BRIDGE

je pense, donc je suis
disait l'autre
moi : je t'aime
donc tu es
*therefore you are
(final hook, as before — all four)*

The Boy and His Tiger

Élodie, tender · FR · EN

VERSE

sur la page, il neige encore
un garçon, un tigre, un traîneau
ils ne vieillissent jamais
ils m'attendent quand je veux
je ris à la troisième case
et à la sixième, j'ai le cœur en vrac

CHORUS

oh, the boy and his tiger —
funny, strange, sad and beautiful,
the whole wide world in a Sunday page;
I close the book and I go outside
and I love it harder every time.

VERSE

c'est essentiel, c'est indispensable
la seule autorité que je reconnais :
un dinosaure en avion,
une luge, une grande question
Bill l'a dessiné, puis il a fermé la porte
et il a eu raison — on ne rejoue pas un
miracle

BRIDGE

some books you read;
this one reads you back —
it knew you were six once,
and it knows you still are,
somewhere under the tie and the drawer,
a kid on a hill —
so go. it's a magical world. go.

(chorus, as before)

...allons explorer.

Boink

Margaux · whisper-sung · FR · EN

oh mon dieu

ooh la la

Scientific progress goes boink!
C'est chokbar

Big Bang dans mon cerveau
Superposition quantique
Hypothèse validée ? Non —
hypothèse — boink

oh mon dieu

C'est quoi ce délire
C'est quoi ce délire ?
C'est quoi ce délire ?!

Effet papillon

Force de gravité
Vitesse de la lumière ? —
boink.

oh mon dieu

Mécanique quantique
Thermodynamique
Électromagnétisme
Principe d'exclusion de — Boink

Scientific progress goes boink!

Conclusion de l'expérience ?
L'expérience continue...

The Cardboard Box

Élodie · choir · Moog vocoder · FR · EN

VERSE

Je suis né dans une usine de Whirlpool
De la taille d'un réfrigérateur
En carton recyclable, aux parois double
épaisseur
Avec une étiquette d'expédition
J'ai été scellé avec du ruban adhésif
d'emballage
Je contenais un réfrigérateur
J'étais très doué pour contenir le
réfrigérateur

CHORUS

I was opened on a Tuesday
The refrigerator was removed
I was put on the curb, I was rescued by a
six-year-old
He told his mother he needed me
He did not say what for
He took me to the basement, he wrote on
my side

I am the cardboard box
I have been trans-mog-ri-fai-eur
I have been duplicator
I have been time machine

VERSE

I have been spaceship, I have been fort
I have been altar, I have been bed
I have been everything a kid has needed
(I have been everything a kid has needed)

BRIDGE

The kid wrote on my side with a magic
marker
trans-mog-ri-faï-eur in shaky letters
I felt the words become true, I felt my
sides expand
I felt the cardboard learn to do impossible
things

This is the magic of being chosen
(this is the magic of being chosen)
(this is the magic of being chosen)

VERSE

Il s'est servi de moi comme piège, il s'est
servi de moi comme bureau.

Il s'est servi de moi comme machine à
remonter le temps pour aller voir les
dinosaures.

Il s'est servi de moi comme duplicateur
pour créer six exemplaires de lui-même.

OUTRO

There will be a day when his mother
throws me out
There will be a day when I become
recycling
There will be a day when I become
another cardboard box
For another kid who will write on my side

That day is not today
Today I am a trans-mog-ri-faï-eur
Today I am a time machine
Today I am everything a kid needs
Today I am holding on to my magic
marker letters
I am the cardboard box
(I am the cardboard box)

Box, can you be a spaceship today?
(yes)

ONE HAND
CLAPPING

MMXXVI

LES PAROLES FRANÇAISES, EN ANGLAIS

Traductions

Rendered as verse, not as gloss. Lines already sung in English are not reprinted — they were never in another language to begin with.

TRACK 01

Les Journées Sont Comptées

H O B B E S

...but the days are numbered.

*comptées carries both counted and numbered. Set against
"the days are just packed," it is the whole argument of the
record in two words.*

TRACK 02

Mon Tigre, Mon Ami

V E R S E

The bus sets me down.
I come up the drive.
I know he's flattened somewhere,
coiled, and biding.
Then he leaves the ground —
six metres out, mid-air —
we roll through the grass.
He's won. Again. Of course.

V E R S E

A tuna sandwich —
that is the whole of his demands.
The box turned over.
The red wagon, and the hill.
A meeting in the treehouse,
a password, and an oath.
Two members, one club:
me, dictator — him, president.

C L É M E N T I N E

(In the photographs: a toy.)

(In the house: a tiger.)

(We do not comment on the Noodle Incident.)

Quelque Chose sous le Lit

VERSE

when the light goes out
the floor turns into ocean
and the edge of the bed
is the last dry land
there is a border
where the sheet gives out
and on the other side, something breathes
and it knows my name

THE DARK

*(we have no shape
yet.
give us a foot.
we will start from there.)*

VERSE

I have learned the geography of fear:
nothing may hang over the edge —
not a hand, not a dream.

Leap the void.

And then, above all,
hold the tiger against the dark.

He is warm. He is real.
He is larger than the night.

THE DARK

*(the tiger is patient.
we are more so.
we have the shape of time.
one evening he will be wool.)*

BRIDGE

so I breathe into his fur
where the dark cannot get in
I ask him: are you real?
he answers: tonight, yes
and tonight is enough

...tomorrow.

Réal ou en Peluche

real, or plush

VERSE

in their eyes you fold,
 you turn into cloth,
 a thing left behind
 on an unmade bed.
 in mine you breathe,
 you have weight, you have heat —
 the same body, two worlds,
 depending who is looking.

VERSE

they ask me: is he real?
 I have no answer —
 only the weight
 of a tiger in my arms.
 Doubt belongs to the ones
 who have never carried
 something that exists
 only because it is believed in.

MARGAUX

*the real question
 is not whether he is real —
 it is whether I, one day,
 will stop being able to see.*

VERSE

one day I thought I had lost you, and the
 world went heavy.
 everything became real
 and nothing was alive.
 that is where I understood
 what it means to love:
 to give weight
 to what everyone else walks straight through.

BRIDGE

I think, therefore I am,
 said the other one.
 Me: I love you,
 therefore you are.

The Boy and His Tiger

VERSE

on the page it is still snowing —
 a boy, a tiger, a sled.
 They never get older.
 They wait for me whenever I want.
 I laugh at the third panel
 and by the sixth my heart is in a heap.

VERSE

it is essential. it is not optional.
 the only authority I recognise:
 a dinosaur flying a plane,
 a sled, and one enormous question.
 Bill drew it, then he shut the door —
 and he was right. You do not run a miracle
 twice.

...let's go exploring.

Boink

*oh my god
 ooh la la*

I am flooded
 Big Bang in my brain
 Quantum superposition
 Hypothesis confirmed? No —
 hypothesis — boink
 What is this madness
 What is this madness?
 What is this madness?!
 Butterfly effect
 Force of gravity
 Speed of light? —
 boink.
 Quantum mechanics
 Thermodynamics
 Electromagnetism
 The exclusion principle of — Boink
 Conclusion of the experiment?
 The experiment continues....

The Cardboard Box

VERSE

I was born in a Whirlpool factory,
the size of a refrigerator,
recyclable card, double-walled,
with a shipping label.

I was sealed with packing tape.
I contained a refrigerator.
I was very good at containing the refrigerator.

VERSE

He used me as a trap. He used me as a desk.
He used me as a time machine to go and see the dinosaurs.
He used me as a duplicator to make six copies of himself.

chokbar is Paris slang for stunned flat; the exclusion principle interrupted in 'Boink' is Pauli's.

The record is sung in two languages because the boy thinks in one and the tiger answers in the other. Nothing here is translated to be understood — only so it can be held. What is held is real.

L I N E R N O T E S

Les Petites Oreilles

P A R I S I A N Q U A R T E T - M O N T M A R T R E - M M X X V I

« Pas devant les petites oreilles. » *They were always in front, taking notes. French verses, English hooks, sad words over happy music, and every song ending on one deliberate sonic moment.*

É L O D I E N A K A M U R A

the Dreamer · lead vocals, guitar, ukulele, banjo, harp, sitar

C L É M E N T I N E D U B O I S

the Glue · upright bass, backing vocals, the fine print read aloud

M A R G A U X L E F È V R E

the Mad Scientist · keys, vibraphone, glass harmonica · the low register: Hobbes, and the dark

L I L A M O R E A U

the Storm · drums, percussion, backing vocals

P R O D U C E D B Y S I M O N O R E
S O N G S B Y L E S P E T I T E S O R E I L L E S
O N E H A N D C L A P P I N G R E C O R D S

Ten chansons for a tiger. Lead vocals Élodie Nakamura unless noted; the low register throughout — Hobbes, and the dark — is Margaux Lefèvre. All personas are fictional OHCR canon.

(P) & © MMXXVI One Hand Clapping Records · Kept by August Reyes.

ONE HAND
CLAPPING

MMXXVI

É L O D I E

We made this the way you make a fort — badly, fast, out of whatever was in the room.
And then we lived in it.

C L É M E N T I N E

For the record: no tiger was consulted. A tiger was, however, present. He ate the tuna.

L I L A

I played it like the hill was already melting. It is. Play it anyway.

É L O D I E

If you are grown, we are sorry. If you are grown and you still check under the bed —
you are fine. Go and get your sled.

— Les Petites Oreilles

(il est chaud. il est vrai. il est plus grand que la nuit.)

he is warm. he is real. he is larger than the night.