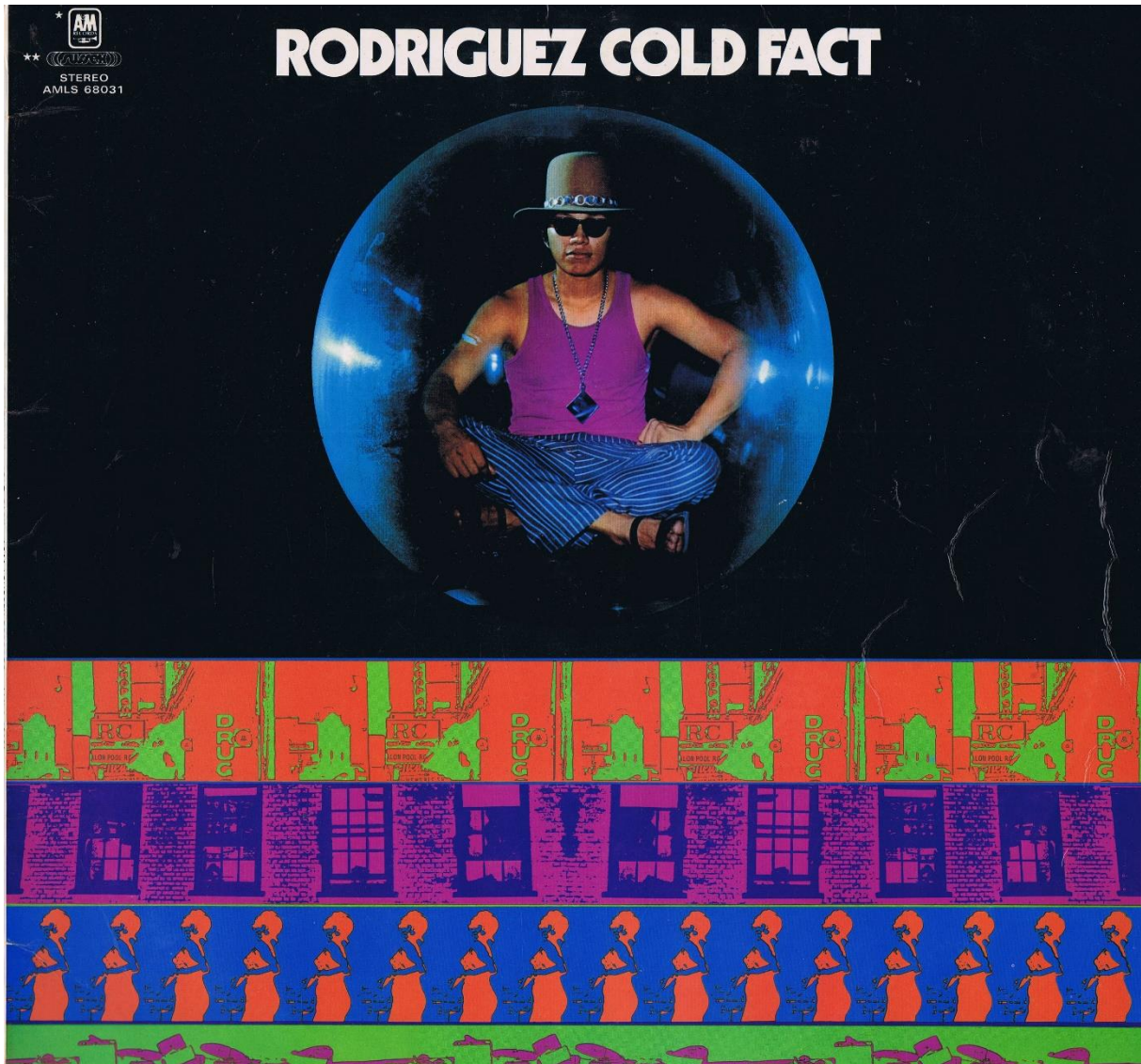


## Sixto Rodriguez nous revient

Un amateur du Mont-du-Lac s'intéressait déjà à Sixto Rodriguez en 1973. L'homme, après une apparition fugitive, devait sombrer dans l'oubli pour ne réapparaître qu'au XXIe siècle. Curieux destin pour un immense talent.

Il nous revient donc par le biais de ce modeste mais utile rajout.



# RODRIGUEZ COLD FACT

## Side One

### SUGAR MAN

4:40  
Sugar man, won't you hurry  
'Cos I'm tired of these scenes  
For a blue coin won't you bring back  
All those colors to my dreams,  
Sugar man, met a false friend  
On a lonely dusty road  
Lost my heart when I found it  
It had turned to dead black coal.  
Silver, magic ships you carry  
Jumpers, coke, sweet mary jane  
Sugar man you're the answer  
That makes my questions disappear  
Sugar man 'cos I'm weary  
Of those double games I hear.

### ONLY GOOD FOR CONVERSATION

2:35  
My pocket don't drive me fast  
My mother treats me slow  
My statue's got a concrete heart  
But, you're the coldest bitch I know  
In the factory that you call your mind  
Graveyard thoughts of stone  
A master thief I wouldn't enter there  
You've nothing I would care to own  
You're pretending that you got it made  
I know you know you know no truth  
You're still serving cookies and kool-aid  
You're so proper and so cute

### CRUCIFY YOUR MIND

2:30  
Was it a huntsman or a player  
That made you pay the cost  
That now assumes relaxed positions  
And prostitutes your loss?  
Were you tortured by your own thirst  
In those pleasures that you seek  
That made you Tom the curious  
That makes you James the weak?  
And you claim you got something going  
Something you call unique  
But I've seen your self-pity showing  
And the tears rolled down your cheeks.  
Soon you know I'll leave you  
And I'll never look behind  
'Cos I was born for the purpose  
That crucifies your mind.  
So con, convince your mirror  
As you've always done before  
Giving substance to shadows  
Giving substance ever more.  
And you assume you got something to  
offer  
Secrets shiny and new  
But how much of you is repetition  
That you didn't whisper to him too.

### THIS IS NOT A SONG, IT'S AN OUTBURST: OR, THE ESTABLISHMENT BLUES

2:35  
The mayor hides the crime rate, council  
woman hesitates  
Public gets irate, but forget the vote date  
Weatherman complaining, predicted  
sun, it's raining  
Everyone's protesting, boyfriend keeps  
suggesting  
you're not like all of the rest.  
Garbage ain't collected, women ain't  
protected  
Politicians' using people, they've been  
abusing  
The mafia's getting bigger, like  
pollution in the river

And you tell me that this is where it's at.  
Woke I this morning with an ache in  
my head  
Splashed on my clothes as I spilled out  
of bed  
Opened the window to listen to the news  
But all I heard was the Establishment's  
Blues.  
Gun sales are soaring, housewives find  
life boring  
Divorce the only answer, smoking  
causes cancer  
This system's gonna fall soon, to an  
angry young tune  
And that's a concrete cold fact.  
The pope digs population, freedom  
from taxation  
Teeny Bops are up tight, drinking at a  
stop light  
Miniskirt is flirting, I can't stop so I'm  
hurting  
Spinster sells her hopeless chest.  
Adultery plays the kitchen, bigot cops  
non-fiction  
The little man gets shafted, sons and  
nannies drafted  
Living by a time piece, new war in the  
far east.  
It's a hassle is an educated guess.  
Well, frankly I couldn't care less.

### HATE STREET DIALOGUE

Woman please be gone  
You've stayed here much too long  
Don't you wish that you could cry  
Don't you wish I would die.  
Seamy, seessaw kids  
Childwoman on the skids  
The dust will choke you blind  
The lust will choke your mind.  
(Refrain)  
I kiss the floor, one kick no more  
The pig and hose have set me free  
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree  
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.  
(Refrain)  
The inner city birthed me  
The local pusher nursed me  
Cousins make it in the street  
Marry every trick they meet.  
A dime, a dollar, they're all the same  
When the man comes in to bust your  
game  
The turn key comes, his face a grin  
Locks the cell I'm in again.

### FORGET IT

1:50  
Don't be inane  
There's no one to blame  
No reason why  
You should stay here  
And lie to me.  
Don't say anymore  
Just walk out the door  
I get along fine  
You'll see.  
(Refrain)  
But thanks for your time  
Then you can thank me for mine  
And after that's said forget it.  
If there was a word  
But magic's absurd  
I'd make one dream come true.  
It didn't work out  
But don't ever doubt  
How I felt about you.  
(Refrain)

## Side Two

### INNER CITY BLUES

2:20  
Going down a dirty inner city side road  
I plotted  
Madness passed me by, she smiled hi  
I nodded  
Looked up as the sky began to cry  
She shot it.  
Met a girl from Dearborn, early six  
o'clock this morn  
A cold fact  
Asked about her bag, suburbia's such  
a drag  
Won't go back  
'Cos Papa don't allow no new ideas  
here  
And now he sees the news, but the  
picture's not too clear.  
Mama, Papa, stop  
Treasure what you got  
Soon you may be caught  
Without it  
The curfew's set for eight  
Will it ever all be straight  
I doubt it.

He's '7 jealous fools playing by her rules  
Can't believe her  
He feels so in between, can't break  
the scene  
I would grieve her  
And that's the reason why he must cry  
He'll never leave her.  
Crooked children, yellow chalk,  
writing on the concrete walk  
Their King died  
Drinking from a judas cup, looking  
down but seeing up  
Sweet red wine  
'Cos Papa don't allow no new ideas  
here  
And now he hears the music but the  
words are not too clear.

Going down a dusty, Georgian side road  
I wonder  
The wind splashed in my face, can  
smell a trace  
Of thunder.

**I WONDER**  
2:30  
I wonder how many times you've been  
had  
I wonder how many plans have gone  
bad  
I wonder how many times you've had  
sex  
I wonder do you know who'll be next  
I wonder I wonder wonder I do  
I wonder about the love you can't find  
I wonder about the loneliness that's  
mine  
I wonder how much going you've got  
I wonder about your friends that are not  
I wonder I wonder I wonder don't you  
wonder about the tears in children's  
eyes  
I wonder about the soldier that dies  
I wonder will this hate ever end  
I wonder and worry my friend  
I wonder I wonder wonder I do  
I wonder how many times you've been  
had  
I wonder how many dreams have gone  
bad

**GOMMORAH (A NURSERY RHYME)**  
2:20  
Come on down and see me  
You know my name well  
I'm everything you've read  
I've got it to sell.  
The ladies on my street  
Aren't there for their health  
Welfare checks don't pave  
The road to much wealth.  
The cats and the rat things  
Go bump thru the night  
They'll come do a dance thing  
Just turn on your light.  
Gommorah is a nursery rhyme  
You won't find in the book  
It's written on your city's face  
Just stop and take a look.  
A story of pure hate  
With pictures between  
A tale for your kids  
To help them to dream.  
Sleep now little children  
Don't lose your way  
'Cos tourists don't see things  
in the clearness of day.

**RICH FOLKS HOAX**  
3:05  
The moon is hanging in the purple sky  
The baby's sleeping while its mother  
sighs

I wonder how many times you've had  
sex  
I wonder do you care who'll be next  
I wonder I wonder I wonder wonder  
I do

### JANE S. PIDDY

2:38  
Now you sit there thinking feeling  
Insecure  
The mocking court jester claims there  
is no proven cure  
Walk up to you chamber, your eyes  
upon the wall  
'Cos you got no one to listen you got no  
one to call  
And you think me curious  
Drifting, drowning in a purple sea of  
doubt  
You wanna hear she loves you, but the  
words don't fit the mouth  
You're a loser, a rebel, a cause without  
But don't think me callous  
Dancing Rosemary, Disappearing  
Sister Ruth  
It's just your yellow appetite that has  
you choking on the truth  
You gave in, you gave out, outlived  
your dream of youth  
So I can't get jealous  
So go on, you'll continue with your  
nose that's opened wide  
Knocking on that door that says Hurry  
come inside  
But don't bother to buy insurance 'cos  
you've already died  
So you can't be serious  
I saw my reflection in my father's final  
tears  
The wind was slowly melting, San  
Francisco disappears  
Acid heads, unmade beds, and you  
Woodward world queers  
I know you're lonely

**GOMMORAH (A NURSERY RHYME)**  
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I'm everything you've read  
I've got it to sell.  
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**RICH FOLKS HOAX**  
3:05  
The moon is hanging in the purple sky  
The baby's sleeping while its mother  
sighs

Talking 'bout the rich folks  
Rich folk 'ave the same jokes  
And they park in basic places.  
The priest is preaching from a shallow  
grave  
He counts his money, then he paints  
you saved  
Talking 'bout the young folks  
Young folks stare the same jokes  
But they meet in older places.  
So don't tell me about your success  
Nor your recipes for my happiness  
Smoke in bed, I never could digest  
Those illusions you think to have going.  
The sun is shining, as it's always  
done  
Coffin dust is the fate of everyone  
Talking 'bout the rich folks  
The poor create the rich hoax  
And only late breast fed fools believe it.

### LIKE JANIS

3:05  
And your measure for wealth by the  
things you can hold  
And your measure for love by the  
sweet things you're told  
And you live in the past or a dream that  
you're in  
And your selfishness is your cardinal  
sin.  
And you want to be held with highest  
regard  
It delights you so much if he's trying so  
hard  
And you try to conceal your ordinary  
ways  
With a smile or a shrug or some stolon  
cliche.  
'Cos emotionally you're the same  
basic trip  
And you know that I know of the times  
that you've slipped  
So don't try to impress me you're just  
pins and paint  
And don't try to charm me with things  
that you ain't.  
And don't try to enchant me with your  
manner of dress  
'Cos a monkey in silk is a monkey no  
less  
So measure for measure reflect on my  
said  
And when I won't see you then measure  
it dead.  
'Cos don't you understand, and don't  
you look about  
I'm trying to take nothing from you  
So why should you act so put out for  
me?

**GOMMORAH (A NURSERY RHYME)**  
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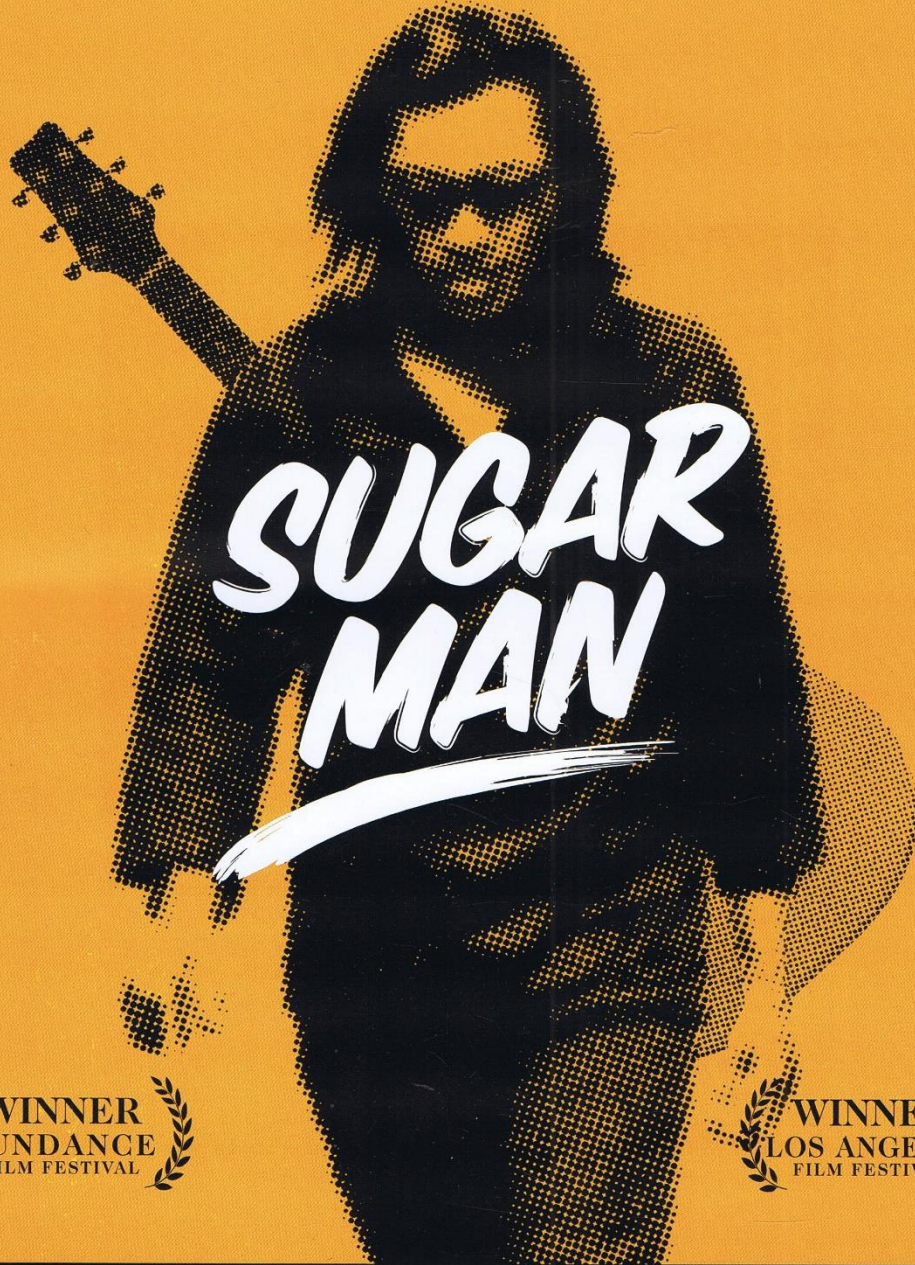
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“LONG TIME, NO SEE, RODRIQUEZ!”

NIKOLAJ NØRLUND, FILMMAGASINET EKKO

UN FILM DE MALIK BENDJELLOUL



A Red Box Films and Passion Pictures Production in association with Canfield Pictures and The Documentary Company

“SEARCHING FOR SUGAR MAN”

ORIGINAL SONGS BY RODRIGUEZ

Co-Producer for Hysteria Film MALLA GRAPENCISSER Co-Producers for Passion Pictures GEORGE CHIGNELL NICOLE STOTT Director of Photography CAMILLA SKAGERSTRÖM Executive Producers HJALMAR PALMGREN SHERYL CROWN MAGGIE MONTIETH Executive Producer JOHN BATTSEK Produced by SIMON GRINN MALIK BENDJELLOUL Written, Edited and Directed by MALIK BENDJELLOUL



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DAILY TELEGRAPH



Au début des années 1970, l'auteur-compositeur-interprète Sixto Rodriguez enregistre deux albums engagés que les experts comparent à ceux de Bob Dylan. C'est un échec commercial et plus personne n'entend parler de lui. Sauf en Afrique du Sud où, sans qu'il le sache, son disque devient un symbole de la lutte contre l'Apartheid et fait de lui une véritable vedette au même titre qu'un Elvis Presley.

Les rumeurs les plus incroyables circulent sur son soi-disant suicide et c'est ainsi que des années plus tard, deux fans du Cap partent à la recherche de «Sugar Man». Leur enquête les mène sur les traces d'une histoire encore plus folle que n'importe quel mythe associé à l'artiste connu sous le nom de Rodriguez...

**DÈS LE 30 JANVIER 2013 DANS LES SALLES!**

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