



S T O R I

T E L L A S

spoken word songs
(most lyrics included)

compiled
by
proper
manky

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Regina Spektor – “Whisper”

Regina

Regina

What?

When is that song gonna start?

Which song?

The song that goes like da na na na na na da na na na

Oh, it's gonna start in a minute, you just gotta wait.

Ok.

Regina start it already.

It's gonna start in a second you just gotta wait.

It's gonna start...now!

The Velvet Underground – “The Gift”

Waldo Jeffers had reached his limit. It was now Mid-August which meant he had been separated from Marsha for more than two months. Two months, and all he had to show was three dog-eared letters and two very expensive long-distance phone calls. True, when school had ended and she'd returned to Wisconsin, and he to Locust, Pennsylvania, she had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity. She would date occasionally, but merely as amusement. She would remain faithful.

But lately Waldo had begun to worry. He had trouble sleeping at night and when he did, he had horrible dreams. He lay awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his pleated quilt protector, tears welling in his eyes as he pictured Marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the smooth soothing of some neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion. It was more than the human mind could bear.

Visions of Marsha's faithlessness haunted him. Daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts. And the thing was, they wouldn't understand how she really was. He, Waldo, alone understood this. He had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. He had made her smile. She needed him, and he wasn't there (Awww...).

The idea came to him on the Thursday before the Mummers' Parade was scheduled to appear. He'd just finished mowing and etching the Edelsons lawn for a dollar fifty and had checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from Marsha. There was nothing but a circular from the Amalgamated Aluminum Company of America inquiring into his awning needs. At least they cared enough to write.

It was a New York company. You could go anywhere in the mails. Then it struck him. He didn't have enough money to go to Wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true, but why not mail himself? It was absurdly simple. He would ship himself parcel post, special delivery. The next day Waldo went to the supermarket to purchase the necessary equipment. He bought masking tape, a staple gun and a medium sized cardboard box just right for a person of his build. He judged that with a minimum of jostling he could ride quite comfortably. A few air holes, some water, perhaps some midnight snacks, and it would probably be as good as going tourist.

By Friday afternoon, Waldo was set. He was thoroughly packed and the post office had agreed to pick him up at three o'clock. He'd marked the package "Fragile", and as he sat curled up inside, resting on the foam rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully included, he tried to picture the look of awe and happiness on Marsha's face as she opened her door, saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then opened it to see her Waldo finally there in person. She would kiss him, and then maybe they could see a movie. If he'd only thought of this before. Suddenly rough hands gripped his package and he felt himself borne up. He landed with a thud in a truck and was off.

Marsha Bronson had just finished setting her hair. It had been a very rough weekend. She had to remember not to drink like that. Bill had been nice about it though. After it was over he'd said he still respected her and, after all, it was certainly the way of nature, and even though, no he didn't love her, he did feel an affection for her. And after all, they were grown adults. Oh, what Bill could teach Waldo - but that seemed many years ago.

Sheila Klein, her very, very best friend, walked in through the porch screen door and into the kitchen. "Oh gawd, it's absolutely maudlin outside." "Ach, I know what you mean, I feel all icky!" Marsha tightened the belt on her cotton robe with the silk outer edge. Sheila ran her finger over some salt grains on the kitchen table, licked her finger and made a face. "I'm supposed to be taking these salt pills, but," she wrinkled her nose, "they make me feel like throwing up." Marsha started to pat herself under the chin, an exercise she'd seen on television. "God, don't even talk about that." She got up from the table and went to the sink where she picked up a bottle of pink and blue vitamins. "Want one? Supposed to be better than steak," and then attempted to touch her knees. "I don't think I'll ever touch a daiquiri again."

She gave up and sat down, this time nearer the small table that supported the telephone. "Maybe Bill'll call," she said to Sheila's glance. Sheila nibbled on a cuticle. "After last night, I thought maybe you'd be through with him." "I know what you mean. My God, he was like an octopus. Hands all over the place." She gestured, raising her arms upwards in defense. "The thing is, after a while, you get tired of fighting with him, you know, and after all I didn't really do anything Friday and Saturday so I kind of owed it to him. You know what I mean." She started to scratch. Sheila was giggling with her hand over her mouth. "I'll tell you, I felt the same way, and even after a while," here she bent forward in a whisper, "I wanted to!" Now she was laughing very loudly.

It was at this point that Mr. Jameson of the Clarence Darrow Post Office rang the doorbell of the large stucco colored frame house. When Marsha Bronson opened the door, he helped her carry the package in. He had his yellow and his green slips of paper signed and left with a fifteen cent tip that Marsha had gotten out of her mother's small beige pocketbook in the den. "What do you think it is?" Sheila asked. Marsha stood with her arms folded behind her back. She stared at the brown cardboard carton that sat in the middle of the living room. "I dunno."

Inside the package, Waldo quivered with excitement as he listened to the muffled voices. Sheila ran her fingernail over the masking tape that ran down the center of the carton. "Why don't you look at the return address and see who it's from?" Waldo felt his heart beating. He could feel the vibrating footsteps. It would be soon.

Marsha walked around the carton and read the ink-scratched label. "Ah, god, it's from Waldo!" "That schmuck!" said Sheila. Waldo trembled with expectation. "Well, you might as well open it," said Sheila. Both of them tried to lift the staple flap. "Ah sst," said Marsha, groaning, "he must have nailed it shut. They tugged on the flap

again. "My God, you need a power drill to get this thing open!" They pulled again. "You can't get a grip." They both stood still, breathing heavily.

"Why don't you get a scissor," said Sheila. Marsha ran into the kitchen, but all she could find was a little sewing scissor. Then she remembered that her father kept a collection of tools in the basement. She ran downstairs, and when she came back up, she had a large sheet metal cutter in her hand. "This is the best I could find." She was very out of breath. "Here, you do it. I-I'm gonna die." She sank into a large fluffy couch and exhaled noisily. Sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard flap, but the blade was too big and there wasn't enough room. "God damn this thing!" she said feeling very exasperated. Then smiling, "I got an idea." "What?" said Marsha. "Just watch," said Sheila, touching her finger to her head.

Inside the package, Waldo was so transfixed with excitement that he could barely breathe. His skin felt prickly from the heat, and he could feel his heart beating in his throat. It would be soon. Sheila stood quite upright and walked around to the other side of the package. Then she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both handles, took a deep breath, and plunged the long blade through the middle of the package, through the masking tape, through the cardboard, through the cushioning and (thud) right through the center of Waldo Jeffers head, which split slightly and caused little rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the morning sun.

Belle & Sebastian – “A Space Boy Dream”

I dreamt I had to go to mars. I'm always kidding on about going to mars for the day, but faced with the reality of it, in a dream, I was terrified. And it wasn't going to be like a moon trip. There was three of us going, but we couldn't all go on the same ship. We had to go one at a time with a day between us. I had to go first, and it was the thought of passing through all that black space. All the darkness with nothing in it, and then being the first one to land there, all alone... I knew it was supposed to be all dark around, with just a red surface. But what if I got there and it was light, all civilized and populated and stuff? So I made a plan. The other two astronauts were going to be my dad and my sister. And my dad would come first after me. So I decided when I landed I would just stay in my seat until he got there. And then we could get out together and have a look around. And see what sort of things were there. And when I woke up and I was lying in the darkness, I thought I had landed. And I just lay still for a while, waiting for my dad to get there too.

Looper - "Columbo's Car"

We kept seeing Columbo's car around
First of all we saw it outside Burger King on Byres Road
Badly parked, about five feet away from the curb
And at the craziest angle, as if he'd stopped there in a hurry

Then my brother saw it outside the place
Where the swimming pool and the badminton courts are
And later again I saw it parked outside the off-license
Closer to the pavement this time, and parallel too

We only ever saw the car parked
But it always seemed to be outside somewhere I liked to go
And then, when we went out for dinner on wee Karn's birthday
And we were hanging our coats up on the coat-rack

We saw Columbo's old mac already hanging there
In amongst all the expensive fur and leather and things
I had a quick look around while we were being taken to our table
To see if he was there, but I couldn't see him anywhere

But then one night
While I was sitting outside on the steps
Playing my Gameboy
I heard a car stopping on the gravel in front of me

And while I tried to decide
Which way 'round to put the L-shaped Tetras piece
That was falling, I felt someone sit down on the steps beside me
And I heard them scratching their head
And then, on the reflection on the screen, I saw that it was him

"Those really are the most fascinating little machines", he said
But I'd built up a whole high pile, which needed a single line
For down the side, and I couldn't look up in case it came

"It certainly is nice around here", Columbo said
And I heard his mac moving as he looked around
The single line I'd been waiting for didn't come though
And soon my screen was filled all the way to the top

So I put it down and asked Columbo
If someone from around here had been murdered

"Not murdered, sir, no", he said, "I don't think you could call it murder"
"Well, what are you investigating?", I asked him

"Well, sir, it's a case of counterfeit notes
Perhaps you'd call it theft, but I'm not rightly sure
It's new for me, I'll tell you that"
Then he picked up the Gameboy and stared at it, all fascinated

"Could I? Would you mind?", he said
And I showed him how to start up a game
But pretty soon the screen was full and he shook his head
"Well, well", he said

"You know, Mrs. Columbo, she's great at these sorts of things
But me, I just can't seem to get the hang of them"
And he stood up and handed it back to me
"I'm sorry to have troubled you, sir", he said

"I'll let you get back to your game
You know, this really is a lovely area"
And as he walked off down the steps
I watched until he opened the door of his car
And I went to start up another game

But then he stopped, "Oh, I'm sorry", he said
Holding one hand up in the air, with a cigar between his fingers
And looking down at the ground, "Just a little thing", he said
And he scratched the back of his head
With the hand that had been up in the air

"With something like that, sir, that little machine you have there
Would someone be able to make samples with that
From records and stuff?", I laughed and shook my head
"That's fine, sir", he said, "I was just curious"
Then he got into the car and drove away

I didn't think I'd see him again after that, but I was very wrong
I began to see his car around a lot more
Quite often outside the houses of people I knew
And not only that, but just lately he's started turning up - wherever I might be

Asking me all kinds of crazy questions
About technology and sampling and stuff
Pretending he's trying to learn all about it
It got me quite worried for a while, but I think I'll be alright
I think I've got him foxed, I think I've been way too clever for him

Moby - "If Things Were Perfect"

[sample: "give me summer" x2]

[sample: "give me summer" x2]

broken darkness my cold end
i look for places i've never seen
nothing moves but the quiet on the street
now I open my eyes to this
isolated walking long hard hours
winter cold just brings me winter showers
it's so brutal with the cold sky
wrapped in cold late at night

[sample: "give me summer" x2]

come clean, there's no sun yet
the only lights here are made
i can't speak, i can't hear, but i know i'm real
there's no warm here anyway
the darkest lights before the dawn
you remember the sun but it sank
in the water that eats the light
wrapped in cold, late at night

[sample: "give me summer" x2]

i open my eyes, it's cold
the only souls go by
lift the bridge out of the water
the stone black light
living is easy when it's night
the cold has covered the rain
i can see forever, to the deep
wrapped in cold, late at night

[sample: "give me summer" x4]

Touch and Go – “Tango in Harlem”

now i just
i just got home
one evening
and i um
yeah i was just walking home
and it was really horrible
snowing
cause I lived on riverside drive
in harlem
in harlem
in harlem
i had this dream to become a dancer
in harlem
and nobody was there and nobody was nowhere
it was really horrible
snowing
in harlem
in harlem
i come to my flat
and i stand in front of the door
and all of a sudden
somebody points a knife at my throat
and then it was like ,whoops', you know
i had only fifty dollars to survive because I was so poor
in harlem
in harlem
i was just actually like thinking about my fifty dollars
all i had to survive
in harlem
and then i was like, you know,
fuck you

Ralph – “Acid Jazz on a Rainy Day”

Gotan Project – “Notas”

Africanos en las pampas argentinas
toques y llamadas de tambores
candombe, tango

Un gaucho y una guitarra
la payada milonguera y el fantasma de la indiada
china, cebame un mate
tango

Marineros, inmigrantes,
bandoneón, violín y flauta
habanera, canzonetas de los tanos
piano piano nació el tango

Nació el baile compadrito y orillero
guapo, futurista y nostálgico
mestizaje de europeos, negros, indios
en el Río de la Plata
hace mucho, no se sabe justo cuándo
un buen día nació el Tango

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “An American Prayer”

Do you know the warm progress under the stars?
Do you know we exist?
Have you forgotten the keys to the Kingdom?
Have you been borne yet & are you alive?
Let's reinvent the gods, all the myths of the ages
Celebrate symbols from deep elder forests
[Have you forgotten the lessons of the ancient war]
We need great golden copulations
The fathers are cackling in trees of the forest
Our mother is dead in the sea
Do you know we are being led to slaughters by placid admirals
& that fat slow generals are getting obscene on young blood
Do you know we are ruled by T.V.
The moon is a dry blood beast
Guerilla bands are rolling numbers in the next block of green vine
Amassing for warfare on innocent herdsmen who are just dying
O great creator of being grant us one more hour to perform our art & perfect our lives
The moths & atheists are doubly divine & dying
We live, we die & death not ends it
Journey we more into the Nightmare
Cling to life our passion'd flower
Cling to cunts & cocks of despair
We got our final vision by clap
Columbus' groin got filled with green death
(I touched her thigh & death smiled)
We have assembled inside this ancient & insane theatre
To propagate our lust for life & flee the swarming wisdom of the streets
The barns are stormed
The windows kept & only one of all the rest
To dance & save us
With the divine mockery of words
Music inflames temperament
(When the true King's murderers are allowed to roam free a 1000 magicians arise in
the land)
Where are the feasts
We were promised
Where is the wine
The New Wine
(dying on the vine)

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “Hour For Magic”

Resident mockery give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight & velvet hour
We of arabic pleasure's breed
We of sundome & the night
Give us a creed
To believe
A night of Lust
Give us trust in
The Night
Give of color
Hundred hues
A rich Mandala
For me & you & for your silky pillowed house
A head, wisdom & a bed
Troubled decree
Resident mockery
Has claimed thee
We used to believe in the good old days
We still receive in little ways
The Things of Kindness & unsporting brow
Forget & allow

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “A Feast of Friends”

Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain
South
Cruel bindings
The servants have the power dog-men & their mean women
Pulling poor blankets over our sailors
I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the T.V.
Tower. I want roses in my garden bower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies must now replace aborted
Strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
For the plant that's plowed
They are waiting to take us into the severed garden
Do you know how pale & wanton thrillful
Comes death on strange hour
Unannounced, unplanned for like a scaring over-friendly guest you've brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all & gives us wings where we had shoulders smooth as
raven's claws
No more money, no more fancy dress
This other Kingdom seems by far the best until its other jaw reveals incest & loose
obedience to a vegetable law
I will not go
Prefer a Feast of Friends
To the Giant family

Ginger Baker Trio – “East Timor”

Bob Dylan – “Three Angels”

Three angels up above the street
Each one playing a horn
Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out
They're been there since Christmas morn'

The wildest cat from Montana passes by in a flash
Then a lady in a bright orange dress
One u-haul trailer a truck with no wheels
The tenth avenue bus goin' west

The dogs and pigeons fly up and they flutter around
A man with a badge skips by
Three fellows crawling on their way back to work
Nobody stops to ask why?

The bakery truck stops outside of that fence
Where the angels stand high on their poles
The driver peeks out tryin' to find one face
In this concrete world full of souls

The angels play on their horns all day
The whole earth in progressions seems to pass by
But does anyone hear the music they play?
Does anyone even try?

Belle & Sebastian – “A Century of Elvis”

We were sitting in the living room on the sofa, the wrong way round, looking out the window. It was quiet, and then in the car park across the road we saw Elvis - look, there beside the postman's van, and he was walking round the postman's van, looking in the open door. He looked as if he was thinking about getting in, but then the postman came back, and he swaggered off, walked past the window and down the stairs, and then at the bottom of the stairs right by the caretaker's office, he started licking the pavement. Every night now since we moved in that new house there's this noise outside the door at just about half seven or eight o' clock every night. And if we go and look outside the door, Elvis'll be standing there waiting to be let in. And then he wanders into the living room, maybe sits down on one of the chairs or even lies down on the floor. He doesn't say much, he just stays there for an hour or two, watching the TV. We talk to him a bit, and then around ten o' clock, he'll go away again, and not come back until the next night. There's a lot of lanes and stuff around here, around the house - although it's right in the middle of the city it seems quite like the country, it's dead hidden - safe I suppose, made for night living. There's a lot of squirrels and birds, and Stuart says he's seen about nine foxes there when he's jumped over the fence on his way to Byres Road. Sometimes you can go out walking, and when you've been out for a wee while even you don't know where you are anymore, so it would be pretty hard for anyone else to find you. I suppose that's why he spends so much time there, that's why he's come to live there, or maybe it's just the squirrels. I read about somewhere that he likes squirrels quite a lot. There's these two videos that we got for wedding presents - called the e-files, e-files one and e-files two about how Elvis is supposed to be still alive. And one time when he came round we were watching one of those, but he didn't say anything he just sat on the armchair. He was playing with his collar a bit, and we watched it right through and then when it finished he just got up and walked off into the mist and didn't say anything. The first few times he came round I didn't speak to him at all, I wasn't really sure what to say. And Karen spoke to him quite a lot - she seemed to know what to do more than I do. He had quite a strange manner though, he'd go into your stuff and look through it, then he'd maybe pick something up and play with it for a wee while, but he'd never make any comment about any of it. Seemed pretty rude to me. I just watched whatever Karen did, and listened to how she talked to him and then, after a while I started to copy that, and tell him a few things, not really bothered about whether he responded or said anything back or not. I think the first time I spoke to him we were sitting up on the mezzanine and I said that I would tell him about me and wee Karen, and how it was that we'd come to be living there. I thought he probably liked the fact that we were living there because he came round so much, so I thought he might want to know how it was that it came about. We did it all over backwards, I told him. First of all we got to know each other, and then a while after that we met, and when we'd known each other for about seven years we decided to have an anniversary, and that went quite well, so after the anniversary we had a honeymoon, and that went well too, so after that we decided that we would get

married. That's why we're living there now. I used to think my dad was Elvis, but I haven't told him that yet. I haven't told my dad either...

Quincy Troup – “Change”

used to be eye would be lying there
in margaret's lap, longside her sweet
soft thighs, on sunday mornings, sipping
champagne, sucking on her soft, open lips
drinking in the love from her moist, brown eyes
now, porter's there, giggling, twenty month old
squirring squeals-a tiny, spitting image of me-
his eyes kissing everyone, including me, & me?
well, eye'm sitting here, apart from them
alone, hungry, in my favorite chair
watching television
& watching them, watching me.

Tom Waits – “Frank’s Wild Years”

Frank settled down in the Valley,
and he hung his wild years on a
nail that he drove through his
wife's forehead.

He sold used office furniture out
there on San Fernando Road and
assumed a \$30,000 loan at
15 1/4 % and put a down payment
on a little two bedroom place.

His wife was a spent piece of used jet trash
Made good bloody-marys, kept her mouth
shut most of the time, had a little Chihuahua
named Carlos that had some kind of skin
disease and was totally blind.

They had a thoroughly modern kitchen;
self-cleaning oven (the whole bit)
Frank drove a little sedan.
They were so happy.

One night Frank was on his way home
from work, he stopped at the liquor store,
picked up a couple of Mickey's Big Mouth's.
Drank 'em in the car on his way to the
Shell station; he got a gallon of gas in a can.

Drove home, doused everything in
the house, torched it.
Parked across the street laughing,
watching it burn, all Halloween
orange and chimney red.

Frank put on a top forty station,
got on the Hollywood Freeway
headed North.

Never could stand that dog.

Frederico Aubele – “Mona”

Up, Bustle & Out – “Havanna’s Streets”

Kevin Johansen – “Volutas de Humo”

Volutas de humo que flotan
Alrededor de mi cuerpo
Con que simpleza se desintegran
En cuanto las toca el viento
Conversar, conversar con vos quisiera
Decirte, decirte lo que yo siento...
¿Por qué siempre te necesito
Cuánto más solo me encuentro?
Éste, éste, tu encanto fatal
Es lo único que no entiendo
Sabiendo que, poco a poco
Mi vida estás consumiendo...
Cigarrillo forrado de blanco
El color de la pureza y,
¿Qué llevás en el alma? Lo negro...
¡Cuántos somos los que nos aferramos
A tus pitadas profundas y exhalamos de una vez!
(Mientras tragamos tu veneno...).
Apartarte, apartarte yo quisiera
Pero sé que no puedo
Porque en cada devenir de esta vida que padecemos
En mi propia cobardía más me aferro
A tu maldito veneno...
Te tomé como juguete de purrete
Y hoy, que sos parte mía
No sabés cuánto me arrepiento
Ya sin vos, ya sin vos no sé vivir
Porque sos mi companero
Ese amigo que busqué en la noche solitaria
Mientras contemplaba los cielos
Y que hablaba de mis sueños, mis tristezas y alegrías
Mientras vos, poco a poco
En mis dedos te consumías
Y así, así me quitaste el aliento
No me dejás respirar
Manchaste todos mis dedos
Y por dentro devoraste gran parte de mi cuerpo...
Pero, ¿qué te puedo reprochar?
Si fuiste mi compañero...
Y otra vez, otra vez te vuelvo a encender
Y mientras miro tus volutas de humo
Que envuelven todo mi cuerpo

Te tengo que decir, a mi pesar
Que seguís siendo mi mejor compañero...

Leo Ferre – “La Vie D’Artiste”

Je t'ai rencontrée par hasard,
Ici, ailleurs ou autre part,
Il se peut que tu t'en souviennes.
Sans se connaître on s'est aimés,
Et même si ce n'est pas vrai,
Il faut croire à l'histoire ancienne.
Je t'ai donné ce que j'avais
De quoi chanter, de quoi rêver.
Et tu croyais en ma bohème,
Mais si tu pensais à vingt ans
Qu'on peut vivre de l'air du temps,
Ton point de vue n'est plus le même.

Cette fameuse fin du mois
Qui depuis qu'on est toi et moi,
Nous revient sept fois par semaine
Et nos soirées sans cinéma,
Et mon succès qui ne vient pas,
Et notre pitance incertaine.
Tu vois je n'ai rien oublié
Dans ce bilan triste à pleurer
Qui constate notre faillite.
" Il te reste encore de beaux jours
Profites-en mon pauvre amour,
Les belles années passent vite."

Et maintenant tu vas partir,
Tous les deux nous allons vieillir
Chacun pour soi, comme c'est triste.
Tu peux remporter le phono,
Moi je conserve le piano,
Je continue ma vie d'artiste.
Plus tard sans trop savoir pourquoi
Un étranger, un maladroit,
Lisant mon nom sur une affiche
Te parlera de mes succès,
Mais un peu triste toi qui sais
" Tu lui diras que je m'en fiche...
que je m'en fiche..."

Looper - "Dave The Moon Man"

Drunk and lying outside on the lawn
Dave, the moon man

He'd look up at the blurred stars
As the dew on the grass
Soaked through the back of his jacket
And the back of his trousers
And then he'd look towards the moon

All that distance from the surface
He was pinned down on
To the surface glowing in the darkness
With nothing but space all the way in between

Nothing to hold onto and yet somehow
Someone had managed to get there
Someone had managed to do that
A truly impossible thing

So he'd get up out of the grass
Light hearted again
It made everything else possible
Anything you could think of
Anything you were stuck with

It could be done because that had been done
Someone had got up and gone to the moon
And nothing else was more impossible than that
Dave, the moon man

But sober and playing around on the Internet
He started to find bits and pieces
Dave, the moon man

Things about the Van-Allen Belt
And about Kodak film and dual light sources
And he talked to people who knew about similar stuff
And he read bits in magazines and books

First time I met him was at a party
He was surrounded by a group of people
And he was giving short lectures

About all the stuff he had learned

Going 'round the party one group at a time
With all the energy of someone newly born to a religion
You had to wait your turn
If you wanted him to tell you about it
So I waited my turn

The first thing was the Van Allen Belt
He said, an outer layer of the atmosphere
That all the shuttle flights stay inside
That protects the earth from radiation

He read somewhere that if the astronauts
Had really gone beyond that
And gone all the way to the moon
The radiation would have killed them soon afterwards

Then there were the photographs
Of astronauts walking on the moon
He said you could tell from the shadows
That the light sources were all wrong
Which suggested studio lighting

And there was something about
The photograph of the footprint too
[Incomprehensible] could leave such
A deep impression on the surface of the moon

Then the thrust of the rocket when it was landing
Should have forced two big mounds
Up on either side of the rocket
But there are none in the pictures

There was a whole load of stuff
A whole load of stuff more than that
And so he was coming to believe it was a hoax
And that no one had ever been to the moon

I thought he had a mission
Dave, the moon man
To prove to everyone that no one
Had ever landed on the moon

But that wasn't it at all, he was telling everyone
All this stuff he'd learned 'cause he hoped that

Someone could prove to him it was wrong

And it wasn't just a hoax
Because dreaming was so much harder otherwise
And it was so much harder to find the belief
To get things done

Lying out on the lawn at night
Drunk, with the dew soaking
Through the back of your jacket
And all that distance between here and there

And he really wanted to believe
That people had traveled to the moon
In that crazy rocket
That looked as if it was made
Out of tin foil and cardboard

He really wanted to believe
That they'd managed to get it there
Just by strapping enough fuel on

Even though today
You probably wouldn't trust it
To get you down the shops

Dave, the moon man
Dave, the moon man

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “Lament”

Lament for my cock
Sore and crucified
I seek to know you
Aquiring soulful wisdom
You can open walls of mystery
Stripshow

How to aquire death in the morning show
TV death which the child absorbs
Deathwell mystery which makes me write
Slow train, the death of my cock gives life

Forgive the poor old people who gave us entry
Taught us god in the child's prayer in the night

Guitar player
Ancient wise satyr
Sing your ode to my cock

Caress its lament
Stiffen and guide us, we frozen
Lost cells
The knowledge of cancer
To speak to the heart
And give the great gift
Words Power Trance

This stable friend and the beast of his zoo
Wild haired chicks
Women flowering in their summit
Monsters of skin
Each color connects
To create the boat
Which rocks the race
Could any hell be more horrible
Than now
And real?

I pressed her thigh and death smiled
Death, old friend
Death and my cock are the world
I can forgive my injuries in the name of

Wisdom Luxury Romance

Sentence upon sentence
Words are the healing lament
For the death of my cock's spirit
Has no meaning in the soft fire
Words got me the wound and will get me well
I you believe it

All join now and lament for the death of my cock
A tounge of knowledge in the feathered night
Boys get crazy in the head and suffer
I sacrifice my cock on the alter of silence

Gianmaria Teste – “Plage du Prophète”

Plage du Prophète à Marseille
ils se sont arrêtés.

D'abord la fille aux yeux gris verts
des mers du Nord
et au sourire mûri sur les berges du Nil
L'ami ensuite
le poète des Hauts Pays
attentif aux murmures des passeurs
sur les sentiers arides des exils
Le plus âgé enfin
homme aux semelles de vent
tantôt Afghan, tantôt Mongol
porté par des mondes d'hier entrevus

Plage du Prophète
ils ont porté leurs pas
vers le soleil couchant

Une vague est venue lécher leurs pieds
Bénédiction du Prophète
Prophète anonyme
de ceux qui croient
aux vérités de la beauté.

Plage du Prophète
Du Prophète

Barry Adamson - "Vermillion Kisses"

Once upon a time a very handsome prince was walking
Along dead man's trail. Once upon a time a very Handsome
Prince was walking along dead man's trail.
Morning had just about broken and the wings of tiny
Birds cut through the rays of the sun casting slithering
Shadows as they went about their pleasure.
The Handsome Prince was preparing to engage in this
Splendor when all of a sudden he noticed a beautiful
And quite voluptuous maiden travelling towards him
In slow motion. "Oh my god" thought the Handsome Prince
With shameful excitement "She's incredible and so very...
Stimulating." As the Beautiful Maiden approached him
He gathered all of his resources,
Plucked up courage, and gave her one of his special
Curtsys that would hope to see him in with a chance
When he realised she was very tearful if not completely
Crushed. The Handsome Prince swallowed a wave of guilt
As the Beautiful Maiden now openly stood before him
Sobbing her heart out. Realising that something was terribly
Wrong the Handsome Prince put all of his hangups on
The shelf and asked "What are you so inconceivably
Sad about if I may be so bold to enquire?"
". The Beautiful Maiden gave a big sigh,
Which seemed to last a lifetime,
As the Handsome Prince sat upon the edge of his metaphorical
Seat in preparation for her answer.
She announced, "I've just seen my Therapist,
Who is convinced I have a borderline personality disorder
With narcissistic traits which means I'll be unhappy
All my life as nobody will be able to measure up to
The fantastically high standards that I just can't
Help but impose on them." The Handsome Prince's heart
Exploded with joy as in this moment he fell strangely
And completely in love. "Why that's outrageous,
Who is this Doctor of misery? "
The Beautiful Maiden had broken into the tiniest
Of smiles and seeing she had the Handsome Prince by
The short and curlies she began to weave a little magic
Here and a little magic there "I've never met anyone
Like you before. Not only are you compassionate but
You're also very handsome.
I've lost my purse and the keys to my hovel and it

Looks like storms and I was wondering.
..." The Handsome Prince floundered slightly and then
Ejaculated "You're so very beautiful,
I think I might die if I don't invite you to my castle
At the end of this trail."
"Would you like to kiss me my Handsome Prince?
" His knees began to knock as he lent towards the voluptuous
Maiden in implicit expectation.
When they kissed the Handsome Prince felt a wave of
Nausea and a pain in his chest as blood began to now
Pour from it and the tiny birds dipped in the morning
Light and said "Goodbye" to the Handsome Prince,
Who folded into a heap on Dead Man's Trail.
The Beautiful Maiden exclaiming there is one born every minute.

Herbie Hancock (featuring Leonard Cohen) – “The Jungle Line”

Rousseau walks on trumpet paths
Safaris to the heart of all that jazz
Through I bars and girders-through wires and pipes
The mathematic circuits of the modern nights
Through huts, through Harlem, through jails and gospel pews
Through the class on Park and the trash on Vine
Through Europe and the deep deep heart of Dixie blue
Through savage progress cuts the jungle line

In a low-cut blouse she brings the beer
Rousseau paints a jungle flower behind her ear
Those cannibals-of shuck and jive
They'll eat a working girl like her alive
With his hard-edged eye and his steady hand
He paints the cellar full of ferns and orchid vines
And he hangs a moon above a five-piece band
He hangs it up above the jungle line

The jungle line, the jungle line
Screaming in a ritual of sound and time
Floating, drifting on the air-conditioned wind
And drooling for a taste of something smuggled in
Pretty women funneled through valves and smoke
Coy and bitchy, wild and fine
And charging elephants and chanting slaving boats
Charging, chanting down the jungle line

There's a poppy wreath on a soldier's tomb
There's a poppy snake in a dressing room
Poppy poison-poppy tourniquet
It slithers away on brass like mouthpiece spit
And metal skin and ivory birds
Go steaming up to Rousseau's vines
They go steaming up to Brooklyn Bridge
Steaming, steaming, steaming up the jungle line

Antipop Consortium vs Matthew Shipp – “Monstro City”

Ruth Forman - "Stoplight Politics"

check out sista
on de corner
bar b q Fritos Fanta soda
dookie braids
knee high boots
Raiders jacket
talkin shit

she embarrass you, huh?

go ahead sista
roll on by
you
rollin somewhere
you gonna conquer the nation world
in yo hand
with yo education

you
better den sista
on de corner
thank god
you never did hang wit de brothas
goin nowhere
talkin shit
waitin for de light to turn green

go ahead
turn yo head
look straight ahead
and roll that Lexus home
to your fifty g man three hundred g crib

pray for the light to turn green
before you look back over one more time

and realize you both the same thing
hoping on the same thing
you just got a car.

The Shangri-Las – “Past, Present, and Future”

The past, past, well now let me tell you about the past
The past is filled with silent joys and broken toys,
laughing girls and teasing boys,
Was I ever in love? I called it love- I mean, it felt like love,
There were moments when, well, there were moments when

Present, Go out with you? Why not
Do I like to dance? Of Course,
Take a walk along the beach tonight? I'd love to,
But don't try to touch me, don't try to touch me
Cos that will never happen again,
Shall we dance

Instrumental

The future, Tommorrow? well tommorows a long way off
Maybe someday I'll have somebody's hand
Maybe somewhere someone will understand
You know I used to sing- a tisket a tasket a green and yellow basket
I'm all packed up and I'm on my way and I'm gonna fall in love,
But at the moment it doesn't look good
At the moment it will never happen again

I don't think it will ever happen again.

Tom Waits – “Army Ants”

The Whirligig Beetles are wary and fast with an organ to detect the ripples.

The Arachnid Moths lay their eggs inside other insects along the borders of fields or roads in clusters of white cocoons.

The Ribbed Pine Borer is a longhorn beetle, their antenna's are half the length of their body and they feed on dead red pine.

Robber Flies, with their immobile heads, inject a paralyzing fluid into their prey that they snatch from life in mid-air.

The Snow Flea's mode of locomotion, strange and odd, with a spiny tail mechanism with hooks and a protracted tube from the abdomen to enable moisture absorption.

The female Praying Mantis devours the male while they are mating. The male sometimes continues copulating even after the female has bitten off his head and part of his upper torso.

Every night wasps bite into the stem of a plant, lock their mandibles into position, stretch out at right angles to the stem and, with legs dangling, they fall asleep.

If one places a minute amount of liquor on a scorpion, it will instantly go mad and sting itself to death.

The Bombardier Beetle, when disturbed, defends itself by emitting a series of explosions, sometimes setting off 4 or 5 reports in succession. The noises sound like miniature popgun blasts and are accompanied by a cloud of reddish coloured vile smelling fluid.

It is commonly known that ants keep slaves. Certain species, the so-called Sanguinary Ants in particular, will raid the nests of other ant tribes and kill the queen and then kidnap many of the workers. The workers are brought back to the captor's hive where they are coerced into performing menial tasks.

And as we discussed last semester, the Army Ants will leave nothing but your bones. Perhaps you've encountered some of these insects in your communities, displaying both their predatory and defense characteristics, while imbedded within the walls of flesh and passing for, what is most commonly recognized... as human

Serge Gainsbourg – “Melody”

Les ailes de la Rolls effleuraient des pylônes
Quand m'étant malgré moi égaré
Nous arrivâmes ma Rolls et moi dans une zone
Dangereuse, un endroit isolé
Là-bas, sur le capot de cette Silver Ghost
De dix-neuf cent dix s'avance en éclaireur
La Vénus d'argent du radiateur
Dont les voiles légers volent aux avant-postes
Hautaine, dédaigneuse, tandis que hurle le poste
De radio couvrant le silence du moteur
Elle fixe l'horizon et l'esprit ailleurs
Semble tout ignorer des trottoirs que j'accoste
Ruelles, culs-de-sac aux stationnements
Interdits par la loi, le coeur indifférent
Elle tient le mors de mes vingt-six chevaux-vapeurs
Prince des ténèbres, archange maudit,
Amazone modern' style que le sculpteur,
En anglais, surnomma Spirit of Ecstasy
Ainsi je déconnais avant que je ne perde
Le contrôle de la Rolls. J'avais lentement
Ma voiture dériva et un heurt violent
Me tira soudain de ma rêverie. Merde!
J'aperçus une roue de vélo à l'avant,
Qui continuait de rouler en roue libre,
Et comme une poupée qui perdait l'équilibre
La jupe retroussée sur ses pantalons blancs
"Tu t'appelles comment ?
- Melody
- Melody comment ?
- Melody Nelson."
Melody Nelson a des cheveux rouges
Et c'est leur couleur naturelle.

Tindersticks – “My Sister”

Do you remember my sister? How many mistakes did she make with those never blinking eyes? I couldn't work it out. I swear she could read your mind, your life, the depths of your soul at one glance. Maybe she was stripping herself away, saying

Here I am, this is me
I am yours and everything about me, everything you see...
If only you look hard enough
I never could.

Our life was a pillow-fight. We'd stand there on the quilt, our hands clenched ready. Her with her milky teeth, so late for her age, and a Stanley knife in her hand. She sliced the tyres on my bike and I couldn't forgive her.

She went blind at the age of five. We'd stand at the bedroom window and she'd get me to tell her what I saw. I'd describe the houses opposite, the little patch of grass next to the path, the gate with its rotten hinges forever wedged open that Dad was always going to fix. She'd stand there quiet for a moment. I thought she was trying to develop the images in her own head. Then she'd say:

I can see little twinkly stars,
like Christmas tree lights in faraway windows.
Rings of brightly coloured rocks
floating around orange and mustard planets.
I can see huge tiger striped fishes
chasing tiny blue and yellow dashes,
all tails and fins and bubbles.
I'd look at the grey house opposite, and close the curtains.
She burned down the house when she was ten. I was away camping with the scouts.
The fireman said she'd been smoking in bed - the old story, I thought. The cat and our mum died in the flames, so Dad took us to stay with our Aunt in the country. He went back to London to find us a new house. We never saw him again.

On her thirteenth birthday she fell down the well in our Aunt's garden and broke her head. She'd been drinking heavily. On her recovery her sight returned, a fluke of nature everyone said. That's when she said she'd never blink again. I would tell her when she stared at me, with her eyes wide and watery; that they reminded me of the well she fell into. She liked this, it made her laugh.

She moved in with a gym teacher when she was fifteen, all muscles he was. He lost his job when it all came out, and couldn't get another one. Not in that kind of small town. Everybody knew everyone else's business. My sister would hold her head high, though. She said she was in love. They were together for five years until one day he lost his

temper. He hit over the back of the neck with his bullworker. She lost the use of the right side of her body. He got three years and was out in fifteen months. We saw him a while later, he was coaching a non-league football team in a Cornwall seaside town. I don't think he recognized her. My sister had put on a lot of weight from being in a chair all the time. She'd get me to stick pins and stub out cigarettes in her right hand. She'd laugh like mad because it didn't hurt. Her left hand was pretty good though. We'd have arm wrestling matches, I'd have to use both arms and she'd still beat me.

We buried her when she was 32. Me and my Aunt, the vicar, and the man who dug the hole. She said she didn't want to be cremated and wanted a cheap coffin so the worms could get to her quickly. She said she liked the idea of it, though I thought it was because of what happened to the cat, and our mum.

Slint – “Good Morning Captain”

Let me in, the voice cried softly,
from outside the wooden door.
Scattered remnants of the ship could be seen in the distance,
Blood stained the icy wall of the shore.

I'm the only one left. The storm, took them all,
He managed as he tried to stand.
The tears ran down his face.
Please, it's cold.

When he woke, there was no trace of the ship.
Only the dawn was left behind by the storm.
He felt the creaking of the stairs beneath him.
That rose, from the sea, to the door.

There was a sound at the window then.
The captain started, his breath was still.
Slowly, he turned.

From behind the edge of the windowsill,
There appeared the delicate hand of a child.
His face was flush and timid.
He stared at the captain through frightened eyes.

The captain reached for something to hold on to,
Help me, he whispered, as he rose slowly to his feet.
The boy's face went pale,
He recognized the sound.

Silently, he pulled down the shade against the shadow.
Lost in the doorstep of the empty house.

I'm trying to find my way home.
I'm sorry...
...and I miss you.

I miss you.
I've grown taller now.
I want the police to be notified.
I'll make it up to you,
I swear, I'll make it up to you.
I miss you.

John Cooper Clarke – “Beasley Street”

Far from crazy pavements -
the taste of silver spoons
A clinical arrangement
on a dirty afternoon
Where the fecal germs of Mr Freud
are rendered obsolete
The legal term is null and void
In the case of Beasley Street

In the cheap seats where murder breeds
Somebody is out of breath
Sleep is a luxury they don't need
- a sneak preview of death
Belladonna is your flower
Manslaughter your meat
Spend a year in a couple of hours
On the edge of Beasley Street

Where the action isn't
That's where it is
State your position
Vacancies exist
In an X-certificate exercise
Ex-servicemen excrete
Keith Joseph smiles and a baby dies
In a box on Beasley Street

From the boarding houses and the bedsits
Full of accidents and fleas
Somebody gets it
Where the missing persons freeze
Wearing dead men's overcoats
You can't see their feet
A riff joint shuts - opens up
Right down on Beasley Street

Cars collide, colours clash
disaster movie stuff
For a man with a Fu Manchu moustache
Revenge is not enough
There's a dead canary on a swivel seat

There's a rainbow in the road
Meanwhile on Beasley Street
Silence is the code

Hot beneath the collar
an inspector calls
Where the perishing stink of squalor
impregnates the walls
the rats have all got rickets
they spit through broken teeth
The name of the game is not cricket
Caught out on Beasley Street

The hipster and his hired hat
Drive a borrowed car
Yellow socks and a pink cravat
Nothing La-di-dah
OAP, mother to be
Watch the three-piece suite
When shit-stoppered drains
and crocodile skis
are seen on Beasley Street

The kingdom of the blind
a one-eyed man is king
Beauty problems are redefined
the doorbells do not ring
A lightbulb bursts like a blister
the only form of heat
here a fellow sells his sister
down the river on Beasley Street

The boys are on the wagon
The girls are on the shelf
Their common problem is
that they're not someone else
The dirt blows out
The dust blows in
You can't keep it neat
It's a fully furnished dustbin,
Sixteen Beasley Street

Vince the ageing savage
Betrays no kind of life
but the smell of yesterday's cabbage
and the ghost of last year's wife

through a constant haze
of deodorant sprays
he says retreat
Alsations dog the dirty days
down the middle of Beasley Street

People turn to poison
Quick as lager turns to piss
Sweethearts are physically sick
every time they kiss.
It's a sociologist's paradise
each day repeats
On easy, cheesy, greasy, queasy
beastly Beasley Street

Eyes dead as vicious fish
Look around for laughs
If I could have just one wish
I would be a photograph
on a permanent Monday morning
Get lost or fall asleep
When the yellow cats are yawning
Around the back of Beasley Street

Talking Heads – “Seen and Not Seen”

He would see faces in movies, on T.V., in magazines, and in books ...
He thought that some of these faces might be right for him ... And that
through the years, by keeping an ideal facial structure fixed in his
mind....Or somewhere in the back of his mind....That he might, by
force of will, cause his face to approach those of his ideal....The
change would be very subtle....It might take ten years or so....
Gradually his face would change its shape....A more hooked nose...
Wider, thinner lips....Beady eyes....A larger forehead.
He imagined that this was an ability he shared with most other
people....They had also molded their faces according to some
ideal....Maybe they imagined that their new face would better
suit their personality....Or maybe they imagined that their
personality would be forced to change to fit the new appear-
ance....This is why first impressions are often correct...
Although some people might have made mistakes....They may have
arrived at an appearance that bears no relationship to them....
They may have picked an ideal appearance based on some childish
whim, or momentary impulse....Some may have gotten half-way
there, and then changed their minds.
He wonders if he too might have made a similar mistake

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “A Feast of Friends”

Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain
South
Cruel bindings.
The servants have the power
dog-men and their mean women
pulling poor blankets over
our sailors

I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the TV
Tower, I want roses in
my garden bower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies
must now replace aborted
Strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
for the plant that's plowed.

They are waiting to take us into
the severed garden
Do you know how pale and wanton thrillful
comes death on a strange hour
unannounced, unplanned for
like a scaring over-friendly guest you've
brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all
and gives us wings
where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's
claws

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
until it's other jaw reveals incest
and loose obedience to a vegetable law.

I will not go
Prefer a Feast of Friends
To the Giant Family.

Ben Watt & Estelle – “Pop a Cap In Yo' Ass (Radio Edit)”

In the old shoplifting days Mikey used to do expensive linen and towels. There would be three of them. One for the sting, one standing at the blind spot. They'd agree on the location upfront. The third would be checking for cameras in case they missed one on the stake-out.

The next day Mikey would take the goods back. He'd pretend he'd thrown the receipt away in the bag, say they'd been a present for his mum and she didn't like the color. He'd end up with a credit note and then choose a CD player or a watch, something nice from under the glass counter, something he could get rid of easily later.

Always carry cash, he said. That way if you get caught they can only arrest you for theft. If you suspect someone's onto you, use the lift, press all the buttons, then get out and use a busy exit. If you do the surveillance, suss out the traps, it gets handed to you on a piece of cake. That's what Mikey used to say.

Things are different now. The kid in the flat next door got an air pistol last week. He was picking off pigeons and satellite dishes from the walkway. Next thing I know he's got it locked and loaded and he's strolling around. 'Pop a cap in yo' ass'. That's what he said to me. He walks into the room now and they all pay attention. It must feel good with his chops and his Shox, no longer just another kid from the blocks.

The boy me and Mikey had will be eleven months in January. He's got his dad's eyes. I haven't seen Mikey for weeks. I don't really listen when people say the things they say about him. He's not a bad man. I want him back whatever.

Cake – “Short Skirt/Long Jacket”

I want a girl with a mind like a diamond
I want a girl who knows what's best
I want a girl with shoes that cut
And eyes that burn like cigarettes

I want a girl with the right allocations
Who's fast and thorough
And sharp as a tack
She's playing with her jewelry
She's putting up her hair
She's touring the facility
And picking up slack

I want a girl with a short skirt and a lonnnng jacket.....

I want a girl who gets up early
I want a girl who stays up late
I want a girl with uninterrupted prosperity
Who uses a machete to cut through red tape
With fingernails that shine like justice
And a voice that is dark like tinted glass

She is fast and thorough
And sharp as a tack
She's touring the facility
And picking up slack

I want a girl with a short skirt and a lonnnnng.... lonng jacket

I want a girl with a smooth liquidation
I want a girl with good dividends
At Citibank we will meet accidentally
We'll start to talk when she borrows my pen

She wants a car with a cupholder arm rest
She wants a car that will get her there
She's changing her name from Kitty to Karen
She's trading her MG for a white Chrysler La Baron

I want a girl with a short skirt and a lonnnngggggggg jacket

Tom Waits – “Nirvana”

Not much chance, completely cut loose from purpose,
he was a young man riding a bus through North Carolina on the way to somewhere.
And it began to snow.

And the bus stopped at a little cafe in the hills and the passengers entered.
And he sat at the counter with the others, and he ordered, the food arrived.
And the meal was particularly good.
And the coffee.

The waitress was unlike the women he had known.
She was unaffected, and there was a natural humor which came from her.
And the fry cook said crazy things.
And the dishwasher in back laughed a good clean pleasant laugh.

And the young man watched the snow through the window.
And he wanted to stay in that cafe forever.
The curious feeling swam through him that everything was beautiful there.
And it would always stay beautiful there.

And then the bus driver told the passengers that it was time to board.
And the young man thought: "I'll just stay here, I'll just stay here."
And then he rose and he followed the others into the bus.
He found his seat and looked at the cafe through the window.
And then the bus moved off, down a curve, downward, out of the hills.

And the young man looked straight forward.
And he heard the other passengers speaking of other things,
or they were reading or trying to sleep.
And they hadn't noticed the magic.
And the young man put his head to one side,
closed his eyes, and pretended to sleep.

There was nothing else to do,
just to listen to the sound of the engine,
and the sound of the tires
in the snow

Arab Strap – “New Birds”

You just have to be sure you're doing the right thing.

I mean it's very easy to forget - she's just sitting there in the pub with her new friends and her new life and her new hair, and it may've been five years but you'd know just to look at her.

I wasn't even sure it was her at first, I was ready to walk away but she smiled and called me over and we said hello for a bit. When we back to our tables we were trying not to look over at each other and told our friends to stop staring. I didn't see her for the rest of the night, but by closing time the beers kicked in so I go up and speak to her and we end up talking about our new homes, our new jobs, our new friends, and our new birds.

She says she's been going out with him now for about two and a half years, but they don't live together so he'd never find out. And you think about chasing her about school when you were wee and lying in your bed and listening to love songs and pretending they were about you. And the first time you asked her out she said no but one night you went to a wedding and when you came back to the pub she's changed her mind and you went out. You remember the way she swung her arms when she held your hand but you can't remember how she kissed and now you've got the chance to find out.

But you have to remember there's this other kiss. She's at home, wondering where you are and what you're doing. And you work hard on this kiss and you know it inside out, it's as much yours as it is hers, And it took a long time to get right, it took months of practice and months of embarrassment but now you've got it perfected and you've been looking forward to that kiss all week.

You can see her breath in the air between your faces as you stand in the leaves and she just asks you straight out if you want to come and stay at her flat. But you make sure you get separate taxis and you go home and there might be a slight regret and you might wonder what you missed but you have to remember the kiss you worked so hard on - and you'll know you've done the right thing.

William S. Burroughs – “A Thanksgiving Prayer”

Thanks for the wild turkey and the passenger pigeons, destined to be shit out through wholesome American guts.

Thanks for a continent to despoil and poison.

Thanks for Indians to provide a modicum of challenge and danger.

Thanks for vast herds of bison to kill and skin, leaving the carcasses to rot.

Thanks for bounties on wolves and coyotes.

Thanks for the American dream,

To vulgarize and to falsify until the bare lies shine through.

Thanks for the KKK.

For nigger-killin' lawmen, feelin' their notches.

For decent church-goin' women, with their mean, pinched, bitter, evil faces.

Thanks for "Kill a Queer for Christ" stickers.

Thanks for laboratory AIDS.

Thanks for Prohibition and the war against drugs.

Thanks for a country where nobody's allowed to mind his own business.

Thanks for a nation of finks.

Yes, thanks for all the memories-- all right let's see your arms!

You always were a headache and you always were a bore.

Thanks for the last and greatest betrayal of the last and greatest of human dreams.

DJ Vadim (featuring Sarah Jones) – “Your Revolution”

Your revolution will not happen between these thighs
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs
Not happen between these thighs
Not happen between these thighs
The real revolution ain't about booty size
The Versaces you buys, or the Lexus you drives
And though we've lost Biggie Smalls
Baby your notorious revolution
Will never allow you to lace no lyrical douche, in my bush
Your revolution will not be killing me softly, with Fugees
Your revolution ain't gonna knock me up without no ring
And produce little future emcees
Because that revolution will not happen between these thighs
Your revolution will not find me in the backseat of a jeep
With LL, hard as hell, you know doin it and doin it and doin it well
doin it and doin it and doin it well, nah come on now
Your revolution will not be you smacking it up, flipping it, or rubbing it down
Nor will it take you downtown or humpin around
Because that revolution will not happen between these thighs
Your revolution will not have me singing, ain't no nigga like the one I got
And your revolution will not be you sending me for no drip, drip VD shot
And your revolution will not involve me, feelin your nature rise
Or helping you fantasize
Because that revolution will not happen between these thighs
No no, not between these thighs
Oh, my Jamaican brother, your revolution will not make you feel bombastic
And really fantastic
And have you groping in the dark for that rubber wrapped in plastic
You will not be touching your lips to my triple dip of french vanilla,
butter pecan, chocolate delux
Or having Akinyele's dream, m-hmm a 6-foot blowjob machine m-hmm
You want to subjugate your queen? uh-huh
Think I'm a put it in my mouth, just cuz you made a few bucks?
Please brother please
Your revolution will not be me tossing my weave
And making me believe I'm some caviar-eating ghetto mafia clown
Or me giving up my behind, just so I can get signed
And maybe having somebody else write my rhymes
I'm Sarah Jones, not Foxy Brown

You know I'm Sarah Jones, not Foxy Brown
Your revolution makes me wonder, where could we go
If we could drop the empty pursuit of props and the ego
We'd revolt back to our Roots, use a little Common Sense
On a quest to make love De La Soul, no pretense
But your revolution will not be you flexing your little sex and status
To express what you feel
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs
Will not happen between these thighs
Will not be you shaking and me *yawn* faking
Between these thighs
Because the real revolution, that's right I said the real revolution
You know I'm talking about the revolution
When it comes, it's gonna be real
It's gonna be real
It's gonna be real
When it finally comes
When it finally comes
It's gonna be real, yeah yea

James Brown – “King Heroin”

Ladies and Gentlemen

Fellow Americans

Lady Americans

This is James Brown

I wanna talk to you about one of our

Most deadly

Killers in the country today

I had a dream the other night, and I

Was sittin' in my living room

Dozed off to sleep

So I start to dreamin'

I dreamed I walked in a place and

I saw a real strange, weird object

Standin' up talkin' to the people

And I found out it was Heroin

That deadly drug that go in your veins

He says:

I came to this country without a passport

Ever since then I've been hunted and sought

My little white grains are nothin' but waste

Soft and deadly and bitter to taste

I'm a world of power and all know it's true

Use me once and you'll know it, too

I can make a mere schoolboy forget his books

I can make a world-famous beauty neglect her looks

I can make a good man forsake his wife

Send a greedy man to prison for the rest of his life

I can make a man forsake his country and flag

Make a girl sell her body for a five-dollar bag

Some think my adventure's a joy and a thrill

But I'll put a gun in your hand and make you kill

In cellophane bags I've found my way

To heads of state and children at play

I'm financed in China, ran in Japan

I'm respected in Turkey and I'm legal in Siam

I take my addicts and make 'em steal, borrow, beg

Then they search for a vein in their arm or their leg

So, be you Italian, Jewish, Black or Mex

I can make the most virile of men forget their sex

So now, no, my man, you must (you know) do your best

To keep up your habit until your arrest

Now the police have taken you from under my wing

Do you think they dare defy me, I who am king?
Now, you must lie in that county jail
Where I can't get to you by visit or mail
So squirm - with discomfort - wiggle and cough (hack!)
Six days of madness, hah! You might throw me off
Curse me in name! Defy me in speech!
But you'd pick me up right now if I were in your reach
All through your sentence you've become resolved to your fate
Hear now! young man and woman, I'll be waitin' at the gate
Don't be afraid, don't run! I'm not chased
Sure my name is Heroin! You'll be back for a taste
Behold, you're hooked!
Your foot is in the stirrup
And make -- haste!
Mount the steed!
And ride him well
For the white horse of heroin
Will ride you to Hell!
To Hell!
Will ride you to Hell!
Until you are dead!
Dead, brother! Dead!
This is a revolution of the mind
Get your mind together
And get away from drugs!
That's the man!
Back! Back

Tom Waits – “What’s He Building?”

What's he building in there?
What the hell is he building
In there?
He has subscriptions to those
Magazines... He never
Waves when he goes by
He's hiding something from
The rest of us... He's all
To himself... I think I know
Why... He took down the
Tire swing from the Peppertree
He has no children of his
Own you see... He has no dog
And he has no friends and
His lawn is dying... and
What about all those packages
He sends. What's he building in there?
With that hook light
On the stairs. What's he building
In there... I'll tell you one thing
He's not building a playhouse for
The children. What's he building
In there?

Now what's that sound from under the door?
He's pounding nails into a
Hardwood floor... and I
Swear to god I heard someone
Moaning low... and I keep
Seeing the blue light of a
T.V. show...
He has a router
And a table saw... and you
Won't believe what Mr. Sticha saw
There's poison underneath the sink
Of course... But there's also
Enough formaldehyde to choke
A horse... What's he building
In there. What the hell is he
Building in there? I heard he
Has an ex-wife in some place
Called Mayors Income, Tennessee

And he used to have a
consulting business in Indonesia...
but what is he building in there?

He has no friends
But he gets a lot of mail
I'll bet he spent a little
Time in jail...
I heard he was up on the
Roof last night
Signaling with a flashlight
And what's that tune he's
Always whistling...
What's he building in there?
What's he building in there?

We have a right to know...

John Cale & Lou Reed – “A Dream”

It was a very cold clear fall night.

I had a terrible dream. Billy Name and Brigit were playing under my stair case on the second floor about two o'clock in the morning I woke up because Amos and Archie had started barking. That made me very angry because I wasn't feeling well and I told them. I was very cross the real me, that they just better remember what happened to Sam the Bad Cat that was left at home and got sick and went to pussy heaven.

It was a very cold clear fall night. Some snowflakes were falling, gee it was so beautiful, and so I went to get my camera to take some pictures. And then I was taking the pictures but the exposure thing wasn't right and I was going to call Fred or Gerry to find out how to get it set but oh it was late and then I remembered they were still probably at dinner and anyway I felt really bad and didn't want to talk to anybody but the snowflakes were so beautiful and real looking and I really wanted to hold them. And that's when I heard the voices from down the hall near the stairs. So I got a flashlight and I was scared and I went out into the hallway. There's been all kinds of troubles lately in the neighborhood and someone's got to bring home the bacon and anyway there were Brigit and Billy playing. And under the staircase was a little meadow sort of like the park at 23rd street where all the young kids go and play Frisbee, gee that must be fun, maybe we should do an article on that in the magazine, but they'll just tell me I'm stupid and it won't sell, but I'll just hold my ground this time, I mean it's my magazine?

So I was thinking that as the snowflakes fell and I heard these voices having so much fun. Gee it would be so great to have some fun. So I called Billy, but either he didn't hear me or he didn't want to answer which was so strange because even if I don't like reunions I've always loved Billy. I'm so glad he's working I mean it's different than Ondine. He keeps touring with those movies and he doesn't even pay us and the film, I mean the film's just going to disintegrate and then what. I mean he's so normal off of drugs. I just don't get it.

And then I saw John Cale. And he's been looking really great. He's been coming by the office to exercise with me. Ronnie said I have a muscle but he's been really mean since he went to AA. I mean what does it mean when you give up drinking and then you're still so mean. He says I'm being lazy but I'm not, I'm just can't find any ideas. I mean I'm just not, let's face it, going to get any ideas up at the office. And seeing John made me think of the Velvets and I had been thinking about them when I was on St. Marks Place going to that

new gallery those sweet new kids have opened, but they thought I was old, and then I saw the old Dom, the old club where we did our first shows. It was so great. And I don't understand about that Velvet's first album. I mean I did the cover and I was the producer and I always see it repackaged and I've never gotten a penny from it. How could that be? I should call Henry, but it was good seeing John, I did a cover for him, but I did in black and white and he changed it to color. It would have been worth more if he'd left it my way but you can never tell any body anything, I've learned that. I tried calling again to Billy and John but they wouldn't recognize me it was like I wasn't there. Why won't they let me in? And then I saw Lou I'm so mad at him. Lou Reed got married and didn't invite me. I mean is it because he thought I'd bring too many people? I don't get it. He could have at least called. I mean he's doing so great. Why doesn't he call me? I saw him at the MTV show and he was one row away and he didn't even say hello. I don't get it. You know I hate Lou I really do. He won't even hire us for his videos. And I was so proud. I was so scared today. There was blood leaking thought my shirt from those old scars from being shot. And the corset I wear to keep my insides in was hurting. And I did three sets of fifteen pushups and four sets of ten sit-ups. But then my insides hurt and I saw drops of blood on my shirt and I remember the doctors saying I was dead. And then later they had to take blood out of my hand 'cause they ran out or veins but then all this thinking was making me an old grouch and you can't do anything anyway so if they wouldn't let me play with them in my own dream I was just going to have to make another and another and another. Gee wouldn't it be funny if I died in this dream before I could make another one up. And Nobody Called. And nobody came.

Cake – “Mr Mastodon Farm”

Birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.

You see birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
I can see their dead weight
Just dropping like stones
For small loaves of bread
Past my window all the time.
But unless I get up,
Walk across the room
And peer down below,
I don't see their last second curves
Toward a horizontal flight.
All these birds just falling from the ledge like stones.

Now due to a construct in my mind
That makes their falling and their flight
Symbolic of my entire existence,
It becomes important for me
To get up and see
Their last second curves toward flight.
It's almost as if my life will fall
Unless I see their ascent.

Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.

Birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
I said birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
But unless I get up,
Walk across the room
And peer down below,
I won't see their last second curves
Toward a, a horizontal flight.
All these birds just falling from the ledge like stones.

Now due to a construct in my mind
That makes their falling and their flight
Symbolic of my entire existence,
It becomes important for me
To get up and see
Their last second curves toward flight.
It's almost like my life will fall,
My life will fall,
Unless I see their ascent.

Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.

The Specials & Rhoda Dakar – “The Boiler”

I went out shopping last Saturday
I was getting some gear, and this guy offered to pay
Who's the hunk? I think to myself
For so many years I've been left on the shelf
An old boiler

Then we went walking back down the high street
And I felt really proud because he looked so neat
He was a real hard man, tough as they come
He said I was cool but I still felt like
An old boiler

He bid me "Come out", how could I say no?
He said "Meet me at eight round at my place, you know"
With my new gear on, and a blow dried hair-do
But in my mind I knew I was still
An old boiler

We danced all night long to a nice steady beat
But my hair went to frizz in the terrible heat
My mascara ran, and so did my tights
Confirming in my sight, I must be
An old boiler

So we came out this club, hot and sweaty
Because we'd been dancing all night
And he says to me "Well babe, what you doing then?"
"Well I think I might get a cab" I said casually
"Nah nah, come back to my place, I only live just round the corner
You can go home in the morning, yeah?"
"Well I don't think so, I've only known you a day, It' a bit soon innit
Give me a ring sometime yeah?"
But then he starts to get mad
"Listen here girl, I bought that gear you got on, I paid you in here tonight
I bought you all them drinks and you wanna go home, I should bleedin coco"
And then he stormed off

Well, I felt a right mug, well you would wouldn't you
So I ran after him, caught him up
And here we are walking down this street about a hundred miles per hour

Arm in arm, no talking, atmosphere you could have cut with a knife

There's no-one about, nothing to take your mind off it you know
No cars, not even the occasional stray animal
It was cold and the wind's whistling through the trees
Blowing newspapers against my legs so I tripped as I tried to keep up with him
And there was all these alleyways and railway bridges, the stink of piss

Then all of a sudden he grabbed hold of my arm
And he starts to drag me up one of these alleyways
Then he starts to hit me really hard across the face, you know
He was hitting me and grabbing at me
It was awful because he was, like, so big
Hitting me he was, and tearing at my clothes
There was nothing I could do honest, I was helpless
And then he tried to rape me, and there was nothing I could do, honest
All I could do was scream, no...

Tindersticks – “Chocolate”

It had been the perfect Friday afternoon,
the job was almost done.

The house we were decorating was owned by a little old man,
always in the same three piece suit he'd probably had since he was demobbed.
He seemed to be forever on his way to the post office,
carrying brown paper and string wrapped parcels under his arm.
He'd bring us out china cups of camp coffee and plates of custard cream biscuits.
The house had belonged to his parents who had both passed away within weeks of
each other, a few years back.
They were the only people he had ever lived with, this was the only house he had ever
lived in.
I wondered what would happen to the house when he's gone.

It was a short walk to my bedsit, once a similar house to the old man's, now broken
into lots of single room accommodation.
It also once had a great garden like his, now occupied by one-storey modern block
building, containing the dentist and chiropodist.

In my room was an electric cooker, which I only used in winter to keep warm,
next to that was a sink with a glass shelf above it, on which was a toothbrush and
carton of marlboro's.
There was a table with a chair in one corner, a single bed in the other, and about four
sq ft in the middle.
There was a wooden drawer under the bed with most of my clothes in, the rest was
over the back of the chair.
I had a record player on a table and boxes of records underneath.
The bathroom for the first and the second floor was opposite my room,
it had a meter for the water which took two 50pence pieces, you'd have to wait half an
hour for the water to heat up, and keep an eye on the door in case some sod pinched
your bath.
There was one toilet upstairs and one outside, but no one used the outside one
anymore, so it was where the local prostitutes would take their clients for a quickie.
I'd spend as little time as I could in my room, my skin was still warm and soft from the
bath as I walked into town.

So I was sat on my usual bar stool in my usual pub by 6.30, the usual twelve or so
regulars in at this time of the evening, nice and relaxed before the post 8.00 o'clock
crush, we'd crowd around the tiny bar then pool tables, the house rule for fool was
winner stays on, you'd chalk your name on the blackboard, and wait your turn. The
challenger would pay for the game, so if you were good, you'd play all night. Tonight I
was great.

She walked into the pool room just as I potted the black, the next name on the list, bent down to the slot on the table and put coins in.

I was used to seeing her surrounded by burgundy flocked wallpaper and red velvet upholstery in the Sunday night pub around the corner; she looked different stood here in the pool room, she looked good, she was looking at me.

I ended the game as quickly as I could, without losing badly and stood near her.

"Would you like a drink?", she asked. "I get them. What do you want?" I replied. "The same as you're having", she said.

The great thing about being a regular when the bars turned deep is it only takes a raised eyebrow and a couple of nods, and two bottles of Holster Pils had been passed over people's heads to you. We did the pool room dance for a while, moving to "excuse me"s bending around elbows and pool cues until we decided to move on

It was too early to go to the club, so we went around the corner to the Sunday night pub. It was still quite busy on a Friday, full of couples and students. It had a reputation as a gay bar, probably why the students came in, to feel safe.

She was my dream, we drank pernod and blacks, talked about John Barry, Ford Cortinas (she preferred the Mark 3), what was best: gel or Brylcream? I preferred the Brylcream.

She even agreed On Her Majesty's Secret Service was the best Bond film, if you accept it as a whole and not just get hung up about George Lazenby.

She smoked Silkcuts, she didn't mind Marlboros, but we both had a fondness for Old Port cigars

We moved down to the club. Upstairs for a couple of onion bhajis went down to the quiet bar, near the dance floors.

We decided to leave early, you wouldn't want to be there in the end, when the lights came on. You'd never sit down in here again. In a depressing shuffle we pushed to the door, now it was good to get up and out, while it was still a black hole, warm, and smokey, full of possibilities...

She lived by the river, the other side of town, queue for taxis was hell as usual, next to the late night chippy, the worst chips you could buy, but at this time of night, full.

Outside fights and throwing up. We jumped in the taxi, nothing mattered but us.

Back at hers, a bedsit in a house similar to mine, she'd done something, painted three walls, put up some old fifties star wall paper, a big Bowie poster and some nice curtains, it would be easy for me to change my woodchip magnolia bedsit standard.

Afterall, it was my job. She had a few lamps here and there were some candles. She made us proper hot chocolate, not the instant shit you get from the machine. She had Fox's biscuits and a small bottle of Cointreau, too. The end of a perfect day. The taste of chocolate, cigarette, and orange liqueur made it even seem better. I undid her tartan miniskirt, pulled off her black wool tights, my lips moved up her legs... What the fuck? I had a large hard dick poking me in the eye. "Shit! you're a chap!" I felt like jumping through the window, screaming, I couldn't move...

She... he...still looked the same... I had a pain in my head, I wanted to do something, say something...

He was holding me, sobbing... "you must have known, how could you not tell?" And "I love you, I can be your woman..." His eyes were still beautiful, deep brown, his lips still chocolatey and orangey.

"Shit!" I said, "I was never a breast man, anyway..."

Gil-Scott Heron – “The Revolution Will Not Be Televised”

You will not be able to stay home, brother.
You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out.
You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and
Skip out for beer during commercials,
Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.
The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox
In 4 parts without commercial interruptions.
The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon
blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John
Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat
hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the
Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie
Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia.
The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal.
The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.
The revolution will not make you look five pounds
thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie May
pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead run,
or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.
NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32
or report from 29 districts.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers on the instant replay.
There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers in the instant replay.
There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being
run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process.
There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy
Wilkins strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and
Green liberation jumpsuit that he has been saving
For just the proper occasion.

Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and women will not care if Dick finally gets down with Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people will be in the street looking for a brighter day. The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock news and no pictures of hairy armed women liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose. The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb, Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth. The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be right back after a message about a white tornado, white lightning, or white people. You will not have to worry about a dove in your bedroom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl. The revolution will not go better with Coke. The revolution will not fight germs that may cause bad breath. The revolution will put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised. The revolution will be no re-run brothers; The revolution will be live.

Van Morrison – “Coney Island”

Coney Island

Coming down from downpatrick
Stopping off at st. johns point
Out all day birdwatching
And the craic was good
Stopped off at strangford lough
Early in the morning
Drove through shrigley taking pictures
And on to killyleagh
Stopped off for sunday papers at the
Lecale district, just before coney island

On and on, over the hill to ardglass
In the jamjar, autumn sunshine, magnificent
And all shining through

Stop off at ardglass for a couple of jars of
Mussels and some potted herrings in case
We get famished before dinner

On and on, over the hill and the craic is good
Heading towards coney island

I look at the side of your face as the sunlight comes
Streaming through the window in the autumn sunshine
And all the time going to Coney Island I'm thinking,
Wouldn't it be great if it was like this all the time.

Jim Morrison and The Doors – “The Ghost Song”

Awake.
Shake dreams from your hair
My pretty child, my sweet one.
Choose the day and choose the sign of your day
The day's divinity
First thing you see.

A vast radiant beach and cooled jeweled moon
Couples naked race down by its quiet side
And we laugh like soft, mad children
Smug in the wooly cotton brains of infancy
The music and voices are all around us.

Choose they croon the Ancient Ones
The time has come again
Choose now, they croon
Beneath the moon
Beside an ancient lake

Enter again the sweet forest
Enter the hot dream
Come with us
Everything is broken up and dances.

Indians scattered,
On dawn's highway bleeding
Ghosts crowd the young child's,
Fragile eggshell mind

We have assembled inside,
This ancient and insane theater
To propagate our lust for our life,
And flee the swarming wisdom of the streets.

The barns have stormed
The windows kept,
And only one of all the rest
To dance and save us
From the divine mockery of words,
Music inflames temperament.

Ooh great creator of being
Grant us one more hour,
To perform our art
And perfect our lives.

We need great golden copulations,

When the true kings murders
Are allowed to roam free,
A thousand magicians arise in the land
Where are the feast we are promised?

One more thing

Thank you oh lord
For the white blind light
Thank you oh lord
For the white blind light

A city rises from the sea
I had a splitting headache
From which the future's made

Lazyboy – “Underwear Goes Inside the Pants”

Why is marijuana not legal? Why is marijuana not legal?
It's a natural plant that grows in the dirt.
Do you know what's not natural?
80 year old dudes with hard-ons. That's not natural.
But we got pills for that.
We're dedicating all our medical resources to keeping the old guys erect,
but we're putting people in jail for smoking something that grows in the dirt?

You know we have more prescription drugs now.
Every commercial that comes on TV is a prescription drug ad.
I can't watch TV for four minutes without thinking I have five serious diseases.
Like: "Do you ever wake up tired in the morning?"
Oh my god I have this, write this down. Whatever it is, I have it.
Half the time I don't even know what the commercial is:
people running in fields or flying kites or swimming in the ocean.
I'm like that is the greatest disease ever. How do you get that?
That disease comes with a hot chick and a puppy.

The schools now: It is all about self-esteem in the schools now.
Build the kids' self-esteem, make them feel good about themselves.
If everybody grows up with high self-esteem, who is going to dance in our strip clubs?
What's going to happen to our porno industry?
These women don't just grown on trees.
It takes lots of drunk daddys missing dance recitals before you decide to blow a goat on
the internet for fifty bucks.
And if that disappears, where does that leave me on a Friday night with my new high
speed connection?

Masterminds are another word that comes up all the time.
You keep hearing about these terrorist masterminds that get killed in the middle east.
Terrorist masterminds.
Mastermind is sort of a lofty way to describe what these guys do, don't you think?
They're not masterminds.
"OK, you take bomb, right? And you put in your backpack. And you get on bus and you
blow yourself up. Alright?"
"Why do I have to blow myself up? Why can't I just:"
"Who's the fucking mastermind here? Me or you?"

Americans, let's face it: We've been a spoiled country for a long time.
Do you know what the number one health risk in America is?

Obesity. They say we're in the middle of an obesity epidemic.
An epidemic like it's polio. Like we'll be telling our grand kids about it one day.
The Great Obesity Epidemic of 2004.
"How'd you get through it grandpa?"
"Oh, it was horrible Johnny, there was cheesecake and pork chops everywhere."

Nobody knows why were getting fatter? Look at our lifestyle.
I'll sit at a drive thru.
I'll sit there behind fifteen other cars instead of getting up to make the eight foot walk
to the totally empty counter.
Everything is mega meal, super sized. Want biggie fries, super sized, want to go large.
You want to have thirty burgers for a nickel you fat mother fucker. There's room in the
back. Take it!
Want a 55 gallon drum of Coke with that? It's only three more cents.

Sometimes you have to suffer a little bit in your youth to motivate yourself to succeed
in later life.
Do you think if Bill Gates got laid in high school, do you think there'd be a Microsoft?
Of course not.
You got to spend a long time stuffed in your own locker with your underwear shoved
up your ass before you start to think,
"You'll see. I'm going to take of the world of computers! You'll see I'll show them."

We're in one of the richest countries in the world,
but the minimum wage is lower than it was thirty five years ago.
There are homeless people everywhere.
This homeless guy asked me for money the other day.
I was about to give it to him and then I thought he was going to use it on drugs or
alcohol.
And then I thought, that's what I'm going to use it on.
Why am I judging this poor bastard.
People love to judge homeless guys. Like if you give them money they're just going to
waste it.
Well, he lives in a box, what do you want him to do? Save it up and buy a wall unit?
Take a little run to the store for a throw rug and a CD rack? He's homeless.
I walked behind this guy the other day.
A homeless guy asked him for money.
He looks right at the homeless guy and says why don't you go get a job you bum.
People always say that to homeless guys, get a job, like it's so easy.
This homeless guy was wearing his underwear outside his pants.
Outside his pants. I'm guessing his resume isn't all up to date.
I'm predicting some problems during the interview process.
I'm pretty sure even McDonalds has a "underwear goes inside the pants" policy.
Not that they enforce it really strictly, but technically I'm sure it is on the books.

The Dead Kennedys – “Night of the Living Rednecks”

Ray's guitar broke. No, we won't play Rawhide, won't play anything.
We'll play the theme from the Dinah Shore show.
Who wants to be Dinah Shore? Who's alter-ego is Dinah Shore?
Oh, his fists didn't go up so quickly this time. Yawn...yawn..yawn.
Put them headphones on, it's be-bop time.

I want to tell you a story about the last time I was in Portland.
The night before we played at the Long Goodbye.
I was walking on the street about 10:30 at night.
A lot of people go to bed around here at 10:30 at night.
And well, I was walking along when suddenly these jocks in this
bright blue pickup drove up. It had KC lights, tractor tires,
everything but the CB. It was a life-size Hot Wheels car for some dumb rich kid,
right. Well, they drove up to me
and they yelled what dumb rich kids usually yell, "Hey, faggot,"
and showered me with some water.
So, I stood there thinking, what a bunch of fuckheads and picked up a rock.
Now, I waited, walked down about a block to
where the Kentucky Fried Chicken is, on Burnside,
and sure enough they drove around again.
They said, "Hey, faggot, where's the nearest McDonald's?" I said,
"I don't know" and they squirted me again.
So I threw the rock and put a nice-size dent in their giant Hot Wheels car.
They screamed to a halt in the parking lot of some department store,
who's name I don't remember, it's up the street from Fred Meyer,
and they got out their clubs and they ran after me, yelling,
"We're gonna kill you, you god damn faggot, we're gonna kill you,
you motherfucker."
So I got in a phonebooth by the Kentucky Fried Chicken on Burnside,
held my legs straight out like this so they couldn't open the door
to the phonebooth. So they began charging the phonebooth,
beating on it with their club, yelling,
"We're gonna kill you, you motherfucker, we're gonna kill you,
you god damn faggot." I just looked at them.
So, there was a crowd gathering by this time
and these kids were standing nearby and they said,
"Oh, look at him, he's insane." I thought, ah-hah, here's my way out.
I yelled at them, "Take me to a mental hospital right away.
I wanna be be put away.
Please put me away, c'mon, call the cops and put me away.

Please put me away now."
They said, "Alright, faggot, we're calling the police." So they called the police.
The cop comes out and I go, ah, my savior, I'm away from these jocks.
He opens up the door, "Get out of there, you,"
throws me up against the car, frisks me, shoves me in the back.
Then he goes over to the jocks, "Now what happened here?
It looks like we're going have to take him to jail
but we got to have the full story first"
So the jocks, who had an ace in the hole, ace in the hole
Take down on the bass, a little bit down on the bass. Yeah,
ace in the hole, and they go, "Well, goddammit,
the motherfucker put a dent in my truck, a \$5000 truck, right,
so I got my club, I went out and I wanted to kill him.
I want to kill him. Let me kill him, goddammit.
Let me kill him."
So the cop made them go home, and he drove me home,
and he confiscated their club and my rock as further evidence.
And I thought, so this is Oregon, huh? Tolerant Oregon?

Ray, are you done with your guitar yet? He isn't done yet.
So what else do you want to hear, I'm out of stories.
That's a true story, too. Just ask Bruce Loose.

Tom Waits - "Missing My Son"

I was in a line at a supermarket the other day, and um, you know, I had all my things on the little conveyor belt there. And uh, there's a gal in front of me that is uh, well, she's staring at me and I'm getting a little nervous and uh, she continues to stare at me. And I, uh, I keep looking the other way.

And then finally she comes over closer to me and she says, "I apologize for staring, that must have been annoying. I.. You look so much like my son who died. I just can't take my eyes off you." And she proceeds to go into her purse and she pulls out a photograph of her son who died, and uh...

He looks absolutely nothing like me. In fact he's... Chinese. Uh, anyway, we chatted a little bit. And uh, she says, "I'm sorry, I have to ask you. Would you mind, as I leave the supermarket here, would you mind saying 'Goodbye mom' to me? I know it's a strange request but I haven't heard my son say 'Goodbye mom' to me in so long. It would mean so much to me to hear it. And uh, if you don't mind, I..."

And I said, "Well, you know... okay. Yeah sure. Uh, I can say that." And so, she, uh, gets her groceries all checked out. And uh, as she's going out the door, she waves at me and she hollers across the store, "Goodbye son!" And I look up and I wave and I say, "Goodbye mom!" And then she goes, and uh...

So I get my few things there on the conveyor belt and the checker checks out my things. And uh, and he gives me the total and he says, "That 'll be four hundred and seventy nine dollars". Um, and I said, "Well, how is that possible?! I've only got a little tuna fish, and uh, some skimmed milk, and uh, mustard, and a loaf of bread."

He goes, "Well, you're also paying for the groceries for your mother. She uh, told me you'd take care of the bill for her." And I said, "Well, wait a minute! That's not my mother!" And he says, "Well, I distinctly heard her say as she left the store 'Bye son!' and you said 'Bye mom!' and so what are you trying to say here?" I said, "Well, Jesus!"

And I looked out into the parking lot and she was just getting into her car. And I ran out there. And she was just closing the door, and she had a little bit of her leg sticking out of the door as she was pulling away. And I grabbed her leg and I started *pulling* it!

Just the way...

I'm pulling yours.

Ahahahahaha!

Billy Bragg – “Walk Away Renee”

She said it was just a figment of speech
And I said you mean, 'Figure'
And she said, 'No figment' because she could never imagine it happening
But it did

When we first met, I played the shy-boy
When she spoke to me for the first time, my nose began to bleed
She guessed the rest
The next day we went on a bus ride to the ferry

And when nobody came to collect our fares
Why I knew then this was something special
I couldn't stop thinking about her
And every time I switched on the radio, there was somebody else

Singing a song about the two of us
It was just like being on a fast ride at the fun fair
The sort you want to get off because it's scary and then
As soon as you're off, you want to get straight back on again

But oh, love is strange and you have to learn to take the crunchy
With the smooth I suppose, she began going out with Mr. Potato Head
It was when I saw her in the car park
With his coat around her shoulders, I realized

I went home and thought about the two of them together
Until the bath water went cold around me
I thought about her eyes and the curve of her breasts
And about the point where their bodies met

I confronted her about it
I said, "I'm the most eligible bachelor in town"
And she said, "Yeah, that's why I can never understand
Any of those silly letters, you send me"

And then one day it happened
She cut her hair
And I stopped loving her

The Clientele – “Losing Haringey”

In those days there was a kind of feeling of pushing out of the front door, into the pale exhaust fume park by broad water pond where the grubby road eventually leads to end field. Turkish supermarkets after chicken restaurants after spare pawnshop, everything in my life felt like it was coming to a mysterious close.

I could hardly walk to the end of the street without feeling there was no way to go except back. The dates I had that summer count to nothing, my job was a dead end and the rain check was killing me a little more each month. It seemed unlikely that anything could hold much longer. The only question left to ask was what would happen after everything familiar collapsed, but for now the sun was stretched between me and that moment. It was ferociously hot and the equality became so bad that by the evening the noise of nearby trains stuttered in and fix and storks, distorted through the shifting end. As I lay in my room I can hear my neighbors discussing the world kemp and opening beers in their gardens on the other side someone was singing an Arabic prayer through the thin wall I had no money for the pub so I decided to go for a walk. I found myself wandering aimlessly to the west past the terrace of chicken and bomb shops and long dreads near the tube station. I crossed the street and headed into virgin territory, I had never been this way before grabble Dutch houses alternated with square 60s offices and the white pavements angulated with cracks and litter. I walked in wall because there was nothing else for me to do and by the breeze the light began to fade. The mouth of an avenue led me to the verge of a long greasy A road that rose up in the far distance with symmetrical terraces falling steeply down and up again from a distant railway station. There were 4 benches to my right interspersed with those strange bushes that grow in the area. These blossoms are so pale yellow they seem translucent almost spectral and suddenly tired, I sat down. I held my head in my hands, feeling like shit but a sudden breeze escaped from the terraces and for a moment I lost my thoughts and its unexpected glooms. I looked up and I realized I was sitting in a photograph. I remember clearly this photograph was taken by my mother in 1982 outside our front garden in Hampshire, it was slightly underexposed I was still sitting in the bench but the colors and the plains of the road and the horizon had become the photo but I looked hard and I could see the lines of the window ledge in the original photograph were now composed by a tree branch and the silhouetted edge of a grass barge, the sheens the flash on the window was replicated by gunfire smoke drifting infinitesimally slowly from behind the fence my sisters face had been dimly visible behind the window and yes there were pale stars far off to the west that traced out the lines of a toddlers eyes and mouth. When I look back at this there's nothing to grasp, no starting point, I was inside an underexposed photo from 1982 but I was also sitting on a bench in Haringey, strangest of all was the feeling of 1982, dizzy illogical as if none of the intervening disasters and wrong turns had happened yet. I felt guilty and inconsolably sad. I felt the instinctive tug back, to school; the memory of shopping malls, cooking, driving in my mother's car, all gone, gone forever. I just sat there for awhile, I was so tired that I didn't bother trying to work out what was going on. I was happy just to sit in the photo while it was lasted which wasn't long anyway. The light

faded, the wind caught the smoke, the stars dimmed under the glare of the streetlamps. I got up and walked away from the spot of little benches and an oncoming of Garish kids. Our bus was rumbling to my rescue down that hill with a great big fire Alexandra palace on its front and I realized I did want to drink after all.

Arab Strap – “The First Big Weekend”

So that was the first big weekend of the summer... Starts Thursday as usual with a canteen quiz and again no-one wins the big cash prize. Later I do my sound bloke routine by approaching Gina's new boyfriend to say that he shouldn't feel that there's any animosity between us and then I even go and make peace with her. I shouldn't have bothered. Then on Friday night we went through to the Arches...

There was only one car going, so some of us had to get the train. We got through quite late. Then we went to a pub to take the gear. There was no problems getting in - we saw some others waiting down the front of the queue so we skipped in. It was a good night, everyone was nudded and I ended up dancing with some blonde girl. I thought she had been quite pretty until last night when Matthew informed me that she had, in fact, been a pig. When the club finished we wandered the streets for a while until we got to this 24-hour cafe but I didn't like the look of it so we left and got a taxi back to Morag's flat. I couldn't sleep, so I sat about drinking someone else's strawberry tonic wine and tried to keep everyone else up.

Then at ten o'clock in the morning we went downstairs to buy some drink. We had intended to watch the football in the afternoon but we'd passed out by then and slept right through it, awaking to find that England had won two-nil. Then we went to get the train home and had a few in the Station bar. We had some stuff left from the previous night's supplies so when we got home we decided to go down to John's indie disco. Same story as Friday - lots of hugging, lots of dancing etc. etc. I couldn't sleep again so went up the park to look at the tomb, taking a detour through the playpark. To get in we had to climb over a ten foot steel fence, which resulted in severe bruising of our hands, legs and groins, but we had a good laugh on the stuff, especially the tube-slide, which probably doubles up as a urinal for drunk teens. Then we walked through the woods to have a look at the tomb. It was a big disappointment, but the mist on the lake was cool.

Sunday afternoon we go up to John's with a lot of beer in time to watch the Simpsons. It was a really good episode about love always ending in tragedy except, of course, for Marge and Homer. It was quite moving at the end and to tell you the truth my eyes were a bit damp. Then we watched these young girls in swimsuits have a water fight in the street. "Taping this, aye?" We went up to the pub about ten. It was busy for a Sunday night, lots of people we know, including my first ever girlfriend who I still find very attractive, quite frankly, but I didn't really speak to her. She's probably still a bitch, anyway. Her friend Gillian was there, I had a chat with her, she was still quite pleasant. At the same time I watched Malcolm make some terrible attempt to try and chat up a girl we know called Jo. He made some remark about her skirt that was barely there the previous night or something. I couldn't sleep again that night, thanks to some seriously disturbing nightmares...Matthew says I should cut down on the cheese. "Went out for the weekend, it lasted for ever, high with our friends it's officially summer."

I got some sleep eventually on Monday afternoon. It was a beautiful day, and later that evening Malcolm introduced me to the power of Merrydown - £1.79 a litre, 8.2% -

mmmm..... Judith and Laura came round later and we sat in my back garden and drank.
Then Matthew came round and we went up the town. It's officially summer.

Maximo Park – “Acrobat”

You've got to catch an early plane,
And its no surprise I'm standing still,
Another minute more is all I need,
I'll never have enough,
This room gets so cold in the winter,
What will it take to heat this house?
I just want to feel comfortable,
When there's only the two of us in my bed,
My foot nearly brushes your leg,
I can't draw it away,
I can't push it forward,
It lies stranded,
It belongs to someone else,
We knew each other once,
This can't be what you want,
But you didn't have to demolish me,

I don't remember losing sight of your needs
I don't remember losing sight of your needs

I am not an acrobat,
I cannot perform these tricks for you,
Losing all my balance,
Falling from a wire made for you

The sky is often used as a metaphor,
I suppose its because its so big and expansive,
When a long stranded cloud sits just above the horizon,
Leaving a strip of clear blue beneath it,
It becomes the panorama,
And you turn your head 360 degrees,
And the same line follows you round,
If the land is sufficiently flat,
Really nothing can be compared to it

I don't remember losing sight of your needs
I don't remember losing sight of your needs
Your needs

I am not an acrobat,
I cannot perform these tricks for you,
Losing all my balance,

Falling from a wire made for you

I am not an acrobat,
I cant perform these tricks for you,
Losing all my balance.

William S. Burroughs – “Words of Advice for Young People”

People often ask me if I have any words of advice for young people. Well, here are a few simple admonitions for young and old.

Never interfere in a boy and girl fight.

Beware of whores who say they don't want money. The hell they don't. What they mean is they want more money. Much more.

If you're doing business with a religious son of a bitch, get it in writing. His word isn't worth shit, not with the good Lord telling him how to fuck you on the deal.

Avoid fuckups. You all know the type. Anything they have anything to do with, no matter how good it sounds, turns into a disaster.

Do not offer sympathy to the mentally ill. Tell them firmly, "I am not paid to listen to this drivel. You are a terminal fool."

Now some of you may encounter the devil's bargain if you get that far. Any old soul is worth saving at least to a priest, but not every soul is worth buying. So you can take the offer as a compliment. They charge the easy ones first, you know, like money, all the money there is. But who wants to be the richest guy in some cemetery? Not much left to spend it on, eh, Gramps? Getting too old to cut the mustard. Have you forgotten something, Gramps? In order to feel something, you have to be there. You have to be 18. You're not 18, you are 78. Old fool sold his soul for a strap-on.

How about an honorable bargain? "You always wanted to become a doctor. Now's your chance. Why, you could have become a great healer and benefit humanity. What's wrong with that?" Just about everything. There are no honorable bargains involving exchange of qualitative merchandise like souls. Just quantitative merchandise like time and money. So piss off, Satan, and don't take me for dumber than I look. As an old junk pusher told me, "Watch whose money you pick up."

Linton Kwesi Johnson – “Sonny’s Lettah”

From Brixton Prison, Jebb Avenue London S.W. 2 Ingran

Dear mama

Good day

I hope that when these few lines reach you they may

Find you in the best of health

I doun know how to tell ya dis

For I did mek a solemn promise

To tek care a lickle Jim

An try mi bes fi look out fi him

Mama, I really did try mi bes

But none a di less

Sorry fi tell ya seh, poor lickle Jim get arres

It was de miggie a di rush hour

Hevrybody jus a hustle and a bustle

To go home fi dem evenin shower

Mi an Jim stan up waitin pon a bus

Not causin no fuss

When all of a sudden a police van pull up

Out jump tree policemen

De whole a dem carryin baton

Dem walk straight up to me and Jim

One a dem hold on to Jim

Seh dem tekin him in

Jim tell him fi leggo a him

For him nah do nutt'n

And 'im nah t'ief, not even a but'n

Jim start to wriggle

De police start to giggle

Mama, mek I tell you wa dem do to Jim?

Mek I tell you wa dem do to 'im?

Dem thump him him in him belly and it turn to jelly

Dem lick 'im pon 'im back and 'im rib get pop

Dem thump him pon him head but it tough like lead

Dem kick 'im in 'im seed and it started to bleed

Mama, I jus couldn't stan up deh, nah do nuttin'

So mi jook one in him eye and him started fi cry

Me thump him pon him mout and him started fi shout
Me kick him pon him shin so him started fi spin
Me hit him pon him chin an him drop pon a bin
- an crash, an dead

More policeman come dung
Dem beat me to the grung
Dem charge Jim fi sus
Dem charge mi fi murdah

Mama, doan fret
Doan get depress an downhearted
Be of good courage-acap

Looper - "Impossible Things #2"

So there was this boy and this girl
And they'd never met
They'd never spoken to each other
Or even seen each other
But one day the girl wrote a letter to the boy

The boy was lying in bed one morning
When the letter arrived
He heard the postman, and he hoped it might be
One of the songs he'd sent off somewhere

Coming back with some good news
All that turned up, though
Was a letter from his friend from school
Who'd gone off to art-college in Dundee

But the letter had another letter inside it
In another envelope
And that was the letter from the girl

And they began to write to each other a lot
The boy and the girl
And for a long time
One of them would get a letter every day

They wrote about everything
About themselves and about the world
And they wrote their own world
And they lit the whole thing up

And after a while, they began to meet up in the world
Where other people live, quite nervously
And only about once a year
And they would walk around just watching things
Laughing at stuff that happened

They didn't talk too much
They'd already said
Most of what they had to say in letters
And they were shy
And at the end of those rare days

They would both go back to their own cities
And write about how good their day had been
And say some of the things they hadn't said at the time
And light the whole thing up

And then life began to happen to them
Their separate lives in their separate cities
But although they wrote a little less often
They wrote still just as long, about their lives

And how the world was coming into their world
And they kept going till they realized
They'd been writing for seven years
And because they had once written themselves a beach

On which to dream themselves together
They decided that to celebrate
They'd have another one of their rare days
And for it they would go to a beach

And in his last letter before they went the boy wrote
"It'll be good and if you want
You can take my bony hand along the shore"

And so they went
And they could talk a little bit more by then
They could talk okay
And they spent some money
In the arcade at one beach

And at another beach they built a town
Out of sand and shells
And the girl drew out a puzzle on the wet sand
A puzzle she'd been trying to solve
In a dream the night before

And they walked out
And stood on the edge of the sea there for a while
And when they turned around to walk back to the road
The boy said, "Do you want to take my hand?"
And the girl said, "Take it where?"

And although he afterwards
Thought he should have said
"Everywhere"
He only just mumbled

"My hand's very cold," the girl said as he took it
And as they walked up the beach the boy said
"We only have to do this until we reach the dry sand
Then we can stop"

And for a bit they walked in silence
And although in more than a thousand letters
They had talked of the stars and of rivers and of love
And woven a hundred dreams

All they could think of to talk about
Was a tree in a garden on the other side of the road
How tall it was and how out of place it looked

And when they came to the dry sand
They didn't let go of each other's hand
They just walked on up the beach
Still talking about the tree

And they stepped over the fence
And onto the pavement, falling quiet again
And as they walked along the pavement
They came to a pole
And walked one on either side
And they let go of their hands

Gil-Scott Heron – “Whitey’s On the Moon”

A rat done bit my sister Nell.
(with Whitey on the moon)
Her face and arms began to swell.
(and Whitey's on the moon)
I can't pay no doctor bill.
(but Whitey's on the moon)
Ten years from now I'll be payin' still.
(while Whitey's on the moon)
The man jus' upped my rent las' night.
('cause Whitey's on the moon)
No hot water, no toilets, no lights.
(but Whitey's on the moon)
I wonder why he's uppi' me?
('cause Whitey's on the moon?)
I wuz already payin' 'im fifty a week.
(with Whitey on the moon)
Taxes takin' my whole damn check,
Junkies makin' me a nervous wreck,
The price of food is goin' up,
An' as if all that shit wuzn't enough:
A rat done bit my sister Nell.
(with Whitey on the moon)
Her face an' arm began to swell.
(but Whitey's on the moon)
Was all that money I made las' year
(for Whitey on the moon?)
How come there ain't no money here?
(Hmm! Whitey's on the moon)
Y'know I jus' 'bout had my fill
(of Whitey on the moon)
I think I'll sen' these doctor bills,
Airmail special
(to Whitey on the moon)

Benjamin Biolay – “Brandt Rhapsodie”

Il faut qu'on se revoit. Tu sais depuis mardi j'ai beaucoup pensé à toi. Je suis joignable au 06 06 06 06 ou le soir chez moi.

J'ai passé une nuit délicieuse même si j'ai un peu la migraine. Tu es belle quand tu es odieuse. Je te dis à dans une semaine.

Je rêve de ton corps. Je rêve de ta bouche. Je te veux près de moi, je veux que tu me touches. Je rêve de ta peau et de tes mains. Je ne pense qu'à toi, je ne bosse plus, je fous rien.

Mon amour tu dormais si bien que j'ai pas osé te réveiller. Je travaille jusqu'à 7h20 si tu veux après on peut s'appeler. Je sais pas ce que tu fais ce soir, moi j'ai rien de prévu, si t'as du travail, je te dis à plus tard et j'embrasse ton cul.

Je suis toi je te veux je pense à nous. Tu es mon homme tu es mon idéal. Je te désire, tout le temps, partout. Tu es mon grand projet et je te suivrai n'importe où.

Parce que je t'aime, parce que tu me rends heureux. Parce que des fleurs dans une cuisine c'est joli. Je t'embrasse encore, encore, ouais là aussi.

Mon amour demain matin rejoins moi à l'aéroport, terminal 2 neuf heures et demie. Ne pose pas de questions prends juste ton passeport. Je t'aime, je t'aime bonne nuit.

Chérie y a des trucs à manger dans le frigo, je vais rentrer tard, sans doute après le dernier métro. Tu vas pouvoir enfin te faire une soirée tranquille. Je t' (et là y a un coeur dessiné au stylo bille).

Je suis enceinte.

Mon amour ta mère à téléphoné tout à l'heure. Je crois qu'elle n'a pas encore osé prévenir ta soeur. Ton père a refait une attaque cette nuit. Je t'aime, appelle moi, je pense à toi je pense à lui.

Hier soir j'ai oublié de te parler d'un truc important, est-ce que tu peux m'appeler ? Dès que tu te réveilles à n'importe quel moment (important mais pas grave). Je t'embrasse.

Mon amour ne m'attends pas ce soir, j'ai pas mal de boulot, je risque de rentrer tard. Je crois qu'il doit rester une demie pizza quelque part, mais vérifie la date sur la boîte.

N'oublies pas qu'on dîne chez ma soeur. Si tu peux t'occuper du vin tu serais un coeur parce que là je risque d'être ric rac. Je te redonne l'adresse et le code: 59 boulevard ménilmontant code AB 1981.

La voisine a laissé un mot sur le palier, le chat a gueulé tout la nuit dans l'escalier. S'il te plaît en sortant tu descendras la poubelle, et pense à rappeler ta mère qui me harcèle.

Le mec du câble passe entre 7h15 et 9h15, tâche de te réveiller (en plus gros d'une encre différente, un truc qui n'a aucun rapport style numéro de passeport).

A payer: EDF/Orange/Abonnement canal, plus le cadeau commun pour mon frère le w-e prochain. Je trouve plus le chéquier c'est toi qui l'as non ? Si oui mets le en évidence dans le salon.

La réunion est à 19h30 précises à l'école. F. a encore appeler il m'a parlé d'un chalet j'ai pas compris. Enfin tu dois mieux savoir que moi. A +.

Casser 3 oeufs ajouter 1/2 litre de lait. Incorporer 100g de farine progressivement. Ajouter d'un seul coup 50g de matière grasse (tu mets moitié beurre, moitié margarine) et tu mélanges.

Code réservation QWXXCJ, mot de passe: casablanca, départ orly 9h47, retour le 23 à 7h15, arrivée à Paris 11h03 charles de gaulle, terminal 3.

1 baguette
crevettes
3 avocats
sopalin
tampons normaux
produit vaisselle
lait 1/2 écrémé bio
6 oeufs bio
sacs poubelles 50L

(D'une écriture différente sur le papier à en-tête)
Effexor 75 LP une gélule 3fois/j
Alprazolam 0.50 MG 6prises/j maximum.
(Puis une signature informe suivie d'un caducée)

Je te rappelle que tu as un fils qui va à l'école tous les matins et qui aimerait bien prendre son petit déjeuner avec son père de temps en temps. Salut

La visite est à 16h, il y a encore plein de trucs à toi dans le bureau du fond, tu veux sans doute les récupérer ? Appelle moi. Mon nouveau numéro 06 62 73 49 63.

Eminem (featuring Dido) – “Stan”

[Chorus: Dido]

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I..
got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window..
and I can't see at all
And even if I could it'll all be gray,
but your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's not so bad,
it's not so bad..

[1st Chorus: volume gradually grows over raindrop background]

[2nd Chorus: full volume with beat right after "thunder" noise]

[Eminem as 'Stan']

Dear Slim, I wrote but you still ain't callin
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em
There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em
but anyways; fuck it, what's been up? Man how's your daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm bout to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?
I'ma name her Bonnie
I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't want him
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with Skam
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that shit was fat
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,
just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan
This is Stan

[Chorus: Dido]

[Eminem as 'Stan']

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance
I ain't mad - I just think it's FUCKED UP you don't answer fans
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert
you didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man, he's only six years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you,

four hours and you just said, "No."
That's pretty shitty man - you're like his fuckin idol
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more than I do
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein lied to
Remember when we met in Denver - you said if I'd write you
you would write back - see I'm just like you in a way
I never knew my father neither;
he used to always cheat on my mom and beat her
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs
so when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em on
cause I don't really got shit else so that shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for me
See everything you say is real, and I respect you cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous cause I talk about you 24/7
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does
She don't know what it was like for people like us growin up
You gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan -- P.S.
We should be together too

[Chorus: Dido]

[Eminem as 'Stan']

Dear Mister-I'm-Too-Good-To-Call-Or-Write-My-Fans,
this'll be the last package I ever send your ass
It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters;
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive?
You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air of the Night"
about that guy who coulda saved that other guy from drowning
but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he found him?
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from drowning
Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy
and all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know I ripped +ALL+ of your pictures off the wall
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about it
You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it
And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you SCREAM about it
I hope your conscience EATS AT YOU and you can't BREATHE without me
See Slim; [*screaming*] Shut up bitch! I'm tryin to talk!
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin in the trunk

but I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't like you
cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh shit, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this shit out?
[car tires squeal] [CRASH]
.. [brief silence] .. [LOUD splash]

[Chorus: Dido]

[Eminem]

Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I just been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along is she?
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter that
and here's an autograph for your brother,
I wrote it on the Starter cap
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your wrists too?
I say that shit just clownin dogg,
c'mon - how fucked up is you?
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some counseling
to help your ass from bouncing off the walls when you get down some
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?
That type of shit'll make me not want us to meet each other
I really think you and your girlfriend need each other
or maybe you just need to treat her better
I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches you in time
before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doin just fine
if you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan
why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do want you as a fan
I just don't want you to do some crazy shit
I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago that made me sick
Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge
and had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was pregnant with his kid
and in the car they found a tape, but they didn't say who it was to
Come to think about, his name was.. it was you
Damn!

Leonard Cohen - "Democracy"

It's coming through a hole in the air,
from those nights in Tiananmen Square.
It's coming from the feel
that this ain't exactly real,
or it's real, but it ain't exactly there.
From the wars against disorder,
from the sirens night and day,
from the fires of the homeless,
from the ashes of the gay:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

It's coming from the sorrow in the street,
the holy places where the races meet;
from the homicidal bitchin'
that goes down in every kitchen
to determine who will serve and who will eat.

It's coming to America first,
the cradle of the best and of the worst.
It's here they got the range
and the machinery for change
and it's here they got the spiritual thirst.
It's here the family's broken
and it's here the lonely say
that the heart has got to open
in a fundamental way:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

I'm sentimental, if you know what I mean
I love the country but I can't stand the scene.
And I'm neither left or right
I'm just staying home tonight,
getting lost in that hopeless little screen.
But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags
that Time cannot decay,
I'm junk but I'm still holding up
this little wild bouquet:
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.

Sail on, sail on
O mighty Ship of State!
To the Shores of Need

Past the Reefs of Greed
Through the Squalls of Hate
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on.

Serge Gainsbourg – “Variations Sur Marilou”

Dans son regard absent et son iris absinthe,
Tandis que Marilou s'amuse à faire des volutes de sèches au menthol,
Entre deux bulles de comic strip,
Tout en jouant avec le zip De ses "levi's"
Je lis le vice et je pense à Carol Lewis.

Dans son regard absent et son iris absinthe,
Tandis que Marilou s'évertue à faire des volutes de sèches au menthol,
Entre deux bulles de comic strip,
Tout en jouant avec son zip
A entrebailler ses "levi's"

Dans son regard absent et son iris absinthe dis je,
Je lis le vice de baby doll,
Et je pense à Lewis Carroll.

Dans son regard absent et son iris absinthe,
Quand crachent les enceintes de la sono lançant,
A cor de cartes et de quintes

Tandis que Marilou s'esquinte
La santé, s'ereinte
A s'envoyer en l'air.

Lorsqu'en un songe absurde Marilou se resorbe,
Que son coma l'absorbe en pratiques obscures,
Sa pupille est absente, et son iris absinthe,
Sous ses gestes se teintent extases sous jacentes

A son regard le vice donne un coté salace,
Un peu du bleu lavasse de sa paire de "levi's"
Tandis qu'elle exhale un soupir au menthol,
Ma débile mentale perdue en son exil physique et cerebral,
Joue avec le métal de son zip et la taule de corail apparaît.

Elle s'y coca colle un doigt qui en arrêt au bord de corolle,
Est pris près du calice du vertige d'Alice de Lewis Carroll.

Lorsqu'en songes obscurs Marilou se resorbe,
Que son coma l'absorbe en des rêves absurdes,

Sa pupille s'absente, et son iris absinthe,
Subreptissement se teinte de plaisirs sans l'attente.

Perdu dans son exil physique et cerebral,
Un à un elle exhale des soupirs fébriles parfumés au menthol,
Ma débile mentale fait teinter le métal de son zip,
Et narcisses elle pousse le vice
Dans la nuit bleue lavasse de sa paire de "levi's"

Arrivée au pubis, de son sexe corail écartant la corolle,
Prise au bord du calice de Vertigo, Alice s'enfonce jusqu'à l'os,
Au pays des malices de Lewis Carroll.

Pupilles absente, iris absinthe, baby doll,
Écoute ses idoles, Jimi Hendrix, Elvis Presley, T-Rex, Alice Cooper,
Lou Reed, Les Rolling Stones elle en est folle,
La dessus cette narcisses se plonge avec délice
Dans la nuit bleue pétrole de sa paire de "levi's"

Elle arrive au pubis et très cool au mynthol,
Elle se self control son petit orifice,
Enfin poussant le vice jusqu'au bord du calice,
D'un doigt sex-symbol s'écartant la corolle,
Sur fond de rock & roll s'égare mon Alice
Aux pays des malices de Lewis Carroll

Saint Etienne – “Over The Border”

When I was 10 I wanted to explore the World
There were these older kids at school who'd gone all the way to Somerset
Just to see Peter Gabriel's house, Peter Gabriel from Genesis
They way they'd dressed, the way their hair fell over their coat collars
It all happened because of music, I wanted to know why
I couldn't go to Somerset on my own, so I used Top of the pops as my World
Atlas

In 1974, I bought my first single, from Woollies in Redhill
I started to memorise the charts, to memorise the leagues
Tuesday lunchtime at 12:45, Saturday afternoon at five o'clock
I didn't go to church, I didn't need to
Green and yellow harvests, pink pies, silver bells and the strange and
Important sound of the synthesiser.

Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay
Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay

Kevin drove us to parties in his Morris Minor
And there were boys, and there was booze, and mock Tudor semis
And first kisses, and terrible chat up lines
But in the end, the conversation always turned to music

I was in love, and I knew he loved me because he made me a tape
I played it in my bedroom, I lived in my bedroom, all of us did
Reading Smash Hits and Record Mirror, Paul Morley and the NME,
Dave McCulloch and Sounds, Modern Eon and Modern English
Mute, Why, Zoo, Factory
Cutting them up, sucking them in, managing the story on our own

Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay
Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay

I had my mocks a month later
But I just wanted to listen to Dexys, New Order, anything on postcard
A few weeks and I'd be free
A few weeks and music wouldn't have to be so private, it would be there for
Me

It would be there for me, and when I was married, and when I had kids
Would Marc Bolan still be so important

Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay
Over the border, I'm growing older, heaven only knows what's on it's way
Every single day, love is here to stay

Indran Amirthanayagam - "So Beautiful"

So beautiful that couple
in handsome black and red clothes
walking along the street
her arms folded, his in pockets cold...
Scarves loosely wrapped about white necks,

And in the subway car
a black man takes a black woman's hands,
and her eyes look far away
beyond the walls under the sea,

and his eyes concentrate on her hands
as glasses drop slightly down his nose
as she turns and smiles, as he looks up
at clay made whole,

and she takes her hands about his cheeks
makes a vase, and he smiles
as roses are put in his mouth and hair,

and her brown leather coat crumples
as she kisses him,
and his black windbreaker is crumpled
by her kiss,

And for two subway stops their kiss
moves a man to write
and get up in the morning
and sing an old song

to remember a woman in a dream
who held his hands
wearing ear rings of white moons,
in black hair open as a fan,

blowing honeyed wind about the room
in which they loved and loved,
as kingdoms came and went,
in which they loved and loved

as the black man and woman
left their embrace

to slowly get up to the door
by an old man in the window seat
into whose hands dropped two white moons.

Czeslaw Milosz – “Gift”

A day so happy.

Mgla opadła wczesnie, pracowalein w ogrodzie. (*Fog lifted early, I walked in the garden.*)

Hummingbirds were stopping over honeysuckle flowers.

There was no thing on earth I wanted to possess.

Nie zuałem nikogo, komu warto byłoby zazdrościć. (*I knew no one worth my envying him.*)

Whatever evil I had suffered, I forgot.

To think that once I was the same man did not embarrass me.

In my body I felt no pain.

When straightening up, I saw the blue sea and sails.

Tom Waits – “Children Story”

Once upon a time there was a poor child,
with no father and no mother
And everything was dead
And no one was left in the whole world
Everything was dead
And the child went on search, day and night
And since nobody was left on the earth,
he wanted to go up into the heavens
And the moon was looking at him so friendly
And when he finally got to the moon,
the moon was a piece of rotten wood
And then he went to the sun
And when he got there, the sun was a wilted sunflower
And when he got to the stars, they were little golden flies.
Stuck up there, like the shrike sticks 'em on a blackthorn
And when he wanted to go back, down to earth,
the earth was an overturned piss pot
And he was all alone, and he sat down and he cried
And he is there till this day
All alone:
Okay, there's your story!
Night-night!