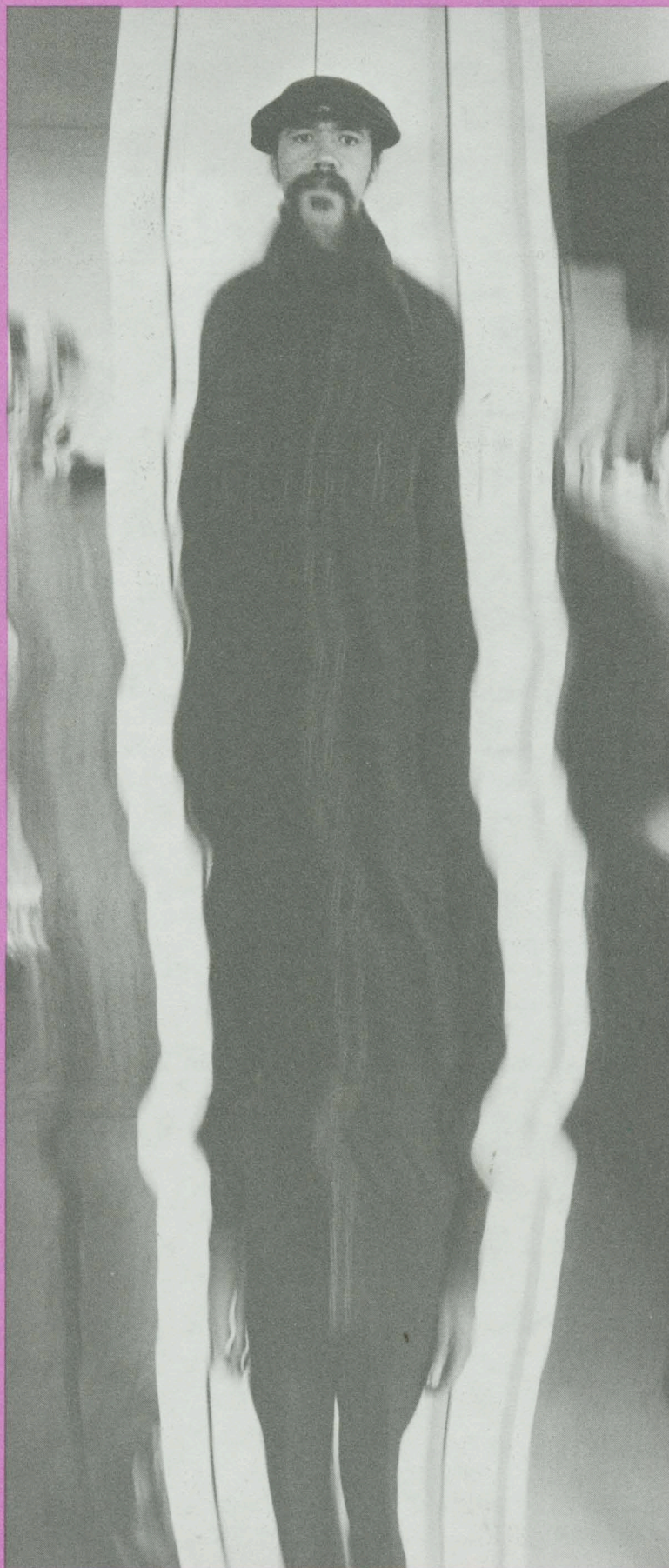


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9722

LOOSE JOINTS

Poetry by Pedro Pietri

PRODUCED BY CHARLES AVERETT



PS
3566
I424
L66
1979
c.1

MUSIC LP

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

PHOTO BY GEORGE MALAVE

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A. 10023

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9722

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FL 9722
1979 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 43 W. 61st St., NYC, USA 10023

LOOSE JOINTS by Pedro Pietri

Produced by Charles Averett

Pedro Pietri In His Own Words

I am a native New Yorker born in Ponce, Puerto Rico. I started writing poetry in the 1940's, the same decade I proclaimed New York City a state of the Republic of Puerto Rico, for giving me the privilege to exist in a free state of mind.

I wrote Rock 'n Roll songs that will live forever in the hallways and rooftops of tenement buildings demolished before the pre-meditated panic of the 60's.

Frank Pietri, manager of a baseball team I once struck-out for, inspired me to become the greatest living poet to make ends meet in the 1970's. Dr. Willie Pietri, poet and free lance gynecologist influenced the development of my earlier and future works.

To fully understand the role destiny casted me for, I joined a motorcycle club entitled The Latin Insomniacs, a Roman Empire inspired gang of writers determined to prove through their flawless literature that we are on the moon already.

Like all humorous writers I work better alone. I do most of my drinking with Sir Jesus Papoleta Melendez, Duke of the Bronx and smoke Loose Joints with Jose Argel Figueroa, great poet and greater friend. I learned all there s to know about theatre from renowned unknown playwright Juan Valemzuela.

I used to memorize all my material until I met David Henderson who when I asked "Why don't you memorize your poetry?" he replied, "Because it keeps changing all the time."

Pedro Pietri

ABOUT PEDRO PIETRI

Pedro Pietri is a full-time artist always reading, writing, or contemplating a poem or a play. He has written several books and his works are included in some impressive anthologies:

The Puerto Rican Poets, Bantam Books 1972

Borinquen: Anthology of Puerto Rican Literature, Random House 1974

Giant Talk: An Anthology of Third World Writing, Random House 1975

Also Pedro Pietri conducted workshops for SUNY at Buffalo, C.E.T.A., New York State Council on the Arts, El Museo del Barrio, and other organizations.

Among his theatrical productions are "THE LIVINGROOM" and "LEWLULU," both directed by Jose Ferrer, "JESUS IS LEAVING" and "YOUR MAMA," which was staged at Cafe La MaMa in Greenwich Village.



SIDE A Band 1

WARNING

the surgeon general has determine that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health...now we do not know how educated the surgeon general is ...we do not know if the surgeon general finished high school...we do not know if the ford foundation pull him through to be given the opportunity to determine that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health...we do not know if it was a sex problem that made him come to that conclusion... we do not know if the surgeon general fell asleep with a lit cigarette & when he woke up the following morning he calls up the news media from the hereafter to inform them that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health ...we do not know if cigarette smoking gave the surgeon general lung cancer & his last words were CIGARETTE SMOKING IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH...what we do know is that the surgeon general has a terrible handwriting so he cannot be too educated...reliable sources has informed us that the surgeon general has heart transplants 3 times a week before taking off on his private jet bomber to drop napalms wherever excellent grass grows because if grass was legal the liquor industry will have a nervous breakdown... so the surgeon general flies through the air destroying scenes that are a threat to cigarette machines...what we do know is that the surgeon general's breath is more hazardous to your health...we will not have a few moments of silence for the surgeon general...anyone who destroys grass instead of enjoying it is a monace to the international security of humanity...may the surgeon general rot in hell...que viva la yerba buena for now and forever

**SIDE A
Band 2**

How Do Your Eggs Want You (?)

At the age of empty spaces
I removed my new and used furniture
Away from the planet earth
To learn how to walk through walls

The fire department was called
By concerned citizens
To make me stop hallucinating
And turn me over to the police
To be formally arrested
For breaking the law of gravity
Without carrying certified
Diplomatic immunity credentials

Innocent bystanders fall-out
The windows of catatonic elevator
Wondering if it was something
They forgot to light up and smoke
Responsible for the false illusions
The weather was reported vomiting

The fire engine arrived
At the scene of the crime in reverse
Blasting away 31 different sirens
Trying to locate the whereabouts
Of my indefinitely missing head

After speeding around in circles
For 72 hours they used a telescope
To press charges against me
For possession of dangerous visions
Flying without an airplane
Impairing the morals of senior citizens
And resisting contact lenses

I was handcuffed in exile
To the rear view mirror
Of the patriotic fire engine
Whose firemen wore long black robes
And quoted the old testament

An unexplainable explosion
Returns everything back to normal
(99 minus 99 plus 99 equals 99 again)
I wake up rocking and rolling
On the ceiling of an emergency ward
A few weeks before this incident

The head doctor
Of the mental institution
Snorted un-cut cocaine
Under an opened beach umbrella
That was suspended in midair

When he noticed I was there
He told me to stick my tongue out
As far as it will stretch:
I responded immediately
Thinking he was going to share
The medication with me

But instead the head doctor
Brings out a can of spray paint
From his medical bag
And sprays on my tongue "Doc 73"

I scream as loud as I could
Without making a sound
Until his head falls off
His shoulder on the ground above

The headless doctor
Is demoted to a patient
By forces beyond his control;
I steal the cocaine
He left behind and escape
From the insane asylum
By lighting up 13 candles
Invisible to everybody but me

**SIDE A
Band 3**

Pedro Juan Pietri

To Get Drunk You Have To Drink

Unseen faces keep appearing
In the evening of the sky
No one saw what they were hearing
Unseen faces keep appearing
Those who were not born were fearing
That they too will someday dy
Unseen faces keep appearing
In the evening of the sky

There was never no tomorrow
It was all about today
When yourself and yourself quarrels
There was never no tomorrow
Return all those dreams you borrowed
From remote control highways
There was never no tomorrow
It was all about today

This planet is still unknown
Though it may seem very clear
Mysteries are all we own
This planet is still unknown
Everyone alive stays stone
Until it is time to disappear
This planet is still unknown
Though it may seem very clear

Start driving without a car
All the lights are turning red
If you want to get real far
Start driving without a car
Move by staying where you are
The ticket is in your head
Start driving without a car
All the lights are turning red

Inside darkness there is light
Inside water there is fire
Black magic is out of sight
Inside darkness there is light
Turning left is turning right
Coming down is getting higher
Inside darkness there is light
Inside water there is fire

Blue was never really blue
Pink was never really pink
Somebody was fooling you
Blue was never really blue
What is false is really true
To get drunk you have to drink
Blue was never really blue
Pink was never really pink

**SIDE A
Band 4**

telephone booth number 102

you and your bottle
and your smoke
and your coke
are cordially invited
to attend a party
if you cannot make it
send your bottle
and your smoke
and your coke
to keep the party going
until you are able
to party with us

**SIDE A
Band 5**

telephone booth number 905½

woke up this morning
feeling excellent,
picked up the telephone
dialed the number of
my equal opportunity employer
to inform him I will not
be into work today
"Are you feeling sick?"
the boss asked me
"No Sir" I replied:
I am feeling to good
to report to work today,
if I feel sick tomorrow
I will come in early

**SIDE A
Band 6**

telephone booth number 580

I will not be over
for breakfast
like I promised you I would,
but don't feel too bad
take the pancakes
glue them onto the ceiling
and when you get hungry
jump up a few times

Band 7

telephone booth number 722

I came over
to comfort you,
I just heard
about your husband,
kindly accept
my condolence,
I am very glad
that it happened,
now you and I
can get it together

Band 8

telephone booth number 190

this is a true story
it really happened:
I was talking with this friend
of mines on the stoop
of the building I live in
when all of a sudden
I forgot what I was going to say next

Band 9**Puerto Rican Obituary**

Pedro Juan Pietri

They worked
They were always on time
They were never late
They never spoke back
When they were insulted
They worked
They never took days off
That were not on the calendar
They never went on strike
Without permission
They worked
Ten days a week
And were only paid for five
They worked
They worked
They worked
And they died
They died broke
They died owing
They died never knowing
What the front entrance
Of the first national city bank
looks like

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
And will die again tomorrow
Passing their bill collectors
On to the next of kin
All died
Waiting for the garden of eden
To open up again
Under a new management
All died
Dreaming about america
Waking them up in the middle of
the night
Screaming: Mira Mira
Your name is on the winning lottery
ticket
For one hundred thousand dollars
All died
Hating the grocery stores
That sold them make believe steak
And bullet proof rice and beans
All died waiting dreaming and hating

Dead Puerto Ricans
Who never knew they were Puerto Ricans
Who never took a coffee break
From the ten commandments
To KILL KILL KILL
The landlords of their cracked skulls
And communicate with their Latino Souls

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
From the nervous breakdown streets
Where the mice live like millionaires
And the people do not live at all
Are dead and were never alive

Juan
Died waiting for his number to hit
Miguel
Died waiting for the welfare check
To come and go and come again
Milagros
Died waiting for her ten children
To grow up and work
So she could quit working
Olga
Died waiting for a five dollar raise
Manuel
Died waiting for his supervisor to
drop dead
So he could get a promotion

Is a long ride
From Spanish Harlem
To long island cemetery
Where they were buried
First the train
And then the bus
And the cold cuts for lunch
And the flowers
That will be stolen
When visiting hours are over
Is very expensive
Is very expensive
But they understand
Their parent understood
Is a long non profit ride
From Spanish Harlem
To long island cemetery

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
And will die again tomorrow
Dreaming
Dreaming about queens
Clean cut lily white neighborhood
Puerto Ricanless scene
Thirty thousand dollar home
The first Spics on the block
Proud to belong to a community
Of gringos who want them lynched
Proud to be a long distance away
From the sacred phrase: Que Pasa

These dreams
These empty dreams
From the make believe bedrooms
Their parent left them
Are the after effects
Of television programs
About the ideal
white american family
With Black maids
And Latino janitors
Who are well train
To make everyone
And their bill collectors
Laugh at them
And the people they represent

Juan
Died dreaming about a new car
Miguel
Died dreaming about new anti
poverty programs
Milagros
Died dreaming about a trip to
Puerto Rico
Olga
Died dreaming about real jewelry
Manuel
Died dreaming about the irish
sweepstakes

They all died
Like a hero sandwich dies
In the garment district
At twelve o'clock in the afternoon
Social security number to ashes
Union dues to dust

They knew
They were born to weep
And keep the morticians employed
As long as they pledge allegiance
To the flag that wants them destroyed
They saw their names listed
In the telephone directory of
destruction

They were train to turn
The other cheek by newspapers
That misspelled mispronounced
And misunderstood thier names
And celebrated when death came
And stole their final laundry ticket

They were born dead
And they died dead

Is time
To visit sister lopez again
The number one healer
And fortune card dealer
In Spanish Harlem
She can communicate
With your late relatives
For a reasonable fee
Good news is guaranteed

Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
Those who love you want to know
The correct number to play
Let them know this right away
Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
Now that your problems are over
And the world is off your shoulders
Help those who you left behind
Find financial peace of mind
Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
If the right number we hit
All our problems will split
And we will visit your grave
On every legal holiday
Those who love you want to know
The correct number to play
Let them know this right away
We know your spirit is able
Death is not dumb and disable
RISE TABLE RISE TABLE

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
and will die again tomorrow
Hating fighting and stealing
broken windows from each other

Practicing a religion without a roof
The old testament
The new testament
according to the gospel
of the internal revenue
the judge and jury and executioner
protector and eternal bill collector

Secondhand shit for sale
Learn how to say Como Esta Usted
and you will make a fortune

They are dead
They are dead
and will not return from the dead
until they stop neglecting
the art of their dialogue
for broken english lessons
to impress the mister goldsteins
who keep them employed
as lavaplatos porters messenger boys
factory workers maids stock clerks
shipping clerks assistant mailroom
assistant, assistant assistant
to the assistant's assistant
assistant lavaplatos and automatic
artificial smiling doormen
for the lowest wages of the ages
and rages when you demand a raise
because it's against the company
policies to promote SPICS SPICS SPICS

Juan
died hating Miguel because Miguel's
used car was in better running
condition than his used car
Miguel
died hating Milagros because Milagros
had a color television set
and he could not afford one yet
Milagros
died hating Olga because Olga
made five dollars more on the same job

Olga
Died hating Manuel because Manuel
Had hit the numbers more times
Than she had hit the numbers
Manuel
Died hating all of them

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
And Olga
Because they all spoke broken english
More fluently than he did

And now they are together
In the main lobby of the void
Addicted to silence
Off limits to the wind
Confine to worm supremacy
In long island cemetery
This is the groovy hereafter
The protestant collection box
Was talking so loud and proud about

Here lies Juan
Here lies Miguel
Here lies Milagros
Here lies Olga
Here lies Manuel
Who died yesterday today
And will die again tomorrow
Always broke
Always owing
Never knowing
They are beautiful people
Never knowing
The geography of their complexion

PUERTO RICO IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE
PUERTORRIQUENOS ARE A BEAUTIFUL RACE

If only they
Had turned off the television
And tuned into their own imaginations
If only they
Had used the white supremacy bibles
For toilet paper purpose
And make their Latino Souls
The only religion of their race
If only they
Had return to the definition of the
sun
After the first mental snowstorm
On the summer of their senses

If only they
Had kept their eyes open
At the funeral of their fellow
employees
Who came to this country to make a
fortune
And were buried without underwears

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
Will right now be doing their own
thing
Where beautiful people sing
And dance and work together
Where the wind is a stranger
To miserable weather conditions
Where you do not need a dictionary
To communicate with your people
Aqui Se Habla Espanol all the time
Aqui you salute your flag first
Aqui there are no dial soap commercials
Aqui everybody smells good
Aqui t v dinners do not have a future
Aqui the men and women admire desire
And never get tired of each other
Aqui Que Pasa Power is what's happening
Aqui to be called Negrito
Means to be called LOVE

SIDE B Band 1

Suicide Note From A Cockroach In A Low
Income Housing Project

I hate the world
I am depress
I am deprive
I am deprave
I am ready to propose to the grave
Life is too complicated to proceed
Fate is the only medicine I need to
feel good

Seriously Speaking
I am seriously seeking
The exit to leave this eerie existence
My resistance is low and will not grow

Rent Control My Ghost Will Haunt You

I hate the world
I am dejected
I am rejected
I am neglected and disrespected
Ever since these damn liberals got
elected
And corrected nothing really important
I am starving
I am no good at robbing
I have no ambitions
These damn housing projects
Are responsible for my nervous condition

I hate you credit cards
Because of you there is a pain in my
brain
Because of you all the minority group
Own a television set and will not let
me sleep
At night watching the late late show
at full blast

I hate the world
I hate the world
I hate the world
I am disgusted
I totally busted

The welfare department
Will not handle my case
I am homesick for the past
When radios use to be a luxury
For the minority groups
And there were no such things
As the late late show
Oh how I hate those damn
Anti poverty programs

I am hungry
My folks are hungry
My friends are hungry
Every member of our generation
Is a victim of starvation
We are down and out without a future
To look forward to WE ARE THROUGH
I attend over ten funerals everyday
I don't have time to send my black
Melancholy suit to the cleaners
anymore
That is how bad the situation is
And all because all of a sudden
Everybody wants to be somebody

This is ridiculous this is absurd
Why should our race be erased to make
America a beautiful place for everyone
but us

We are the real American
We was here before Columbus
We was here before general electric
We was here before the Ed Sullivan show
We are older than Adam and Eve
Noah also took Cockroaches into his ark
Why should we be denied co existence???

I use to come
From a very large family
And now I am down
To my last second cousin in-law
I have been married seven times
I have never been divorced
All my wives and husbands
Are now resting in peace
None of them died from natural cause
They have all been fatal casualties
Of the games the great society plays
This so called civilization nation
Has made a lonely cockroach out of me

My insurance company
Has informed me that they will not
insure another wife or husband I take
They think I am trying to make
A living out of this/THEY ARE DEAD
WRONG

I come from a good Non catholic
Non protestant Non Jewish Home

I have never read the holy bible
I will never read the holy bible
Cockroaches in their right minds
Will never go near the holy bible
Bible reading is a dangerous mission
Is like committing suicide to get to
heaven

I once had this uncle
Who was very religious
He read the good book all the time
One day he fell asleep reading
The twenty third psalm and woke up
In the hereafter the following morning,
The owner of the bible close the book
on him

If those are the kind of people
That go to heaven/You can send me to
hell lord

My first wife
Lived a very short life
Tragedy came
Separated our name
The first year
We started our atmosphere
She was ambushed
By this retarded boy
Who destroyed her pride
And swallow her body
After she died

My second wife
Lived a shorter life
When tragedy came
And separated our name
She was still a virgin
We married in the afternoon
And somebody stepped on her
On our way to the honeymoon

My third wife
Was taking a short cut home
Thru the kitchen sink
A homicidal maniac saw her
While taking a drink
And turned on the hot water

My first husband
lost his sacred life
in a DDT strike
coming home from the A&P
for insects only
I was in tears
for one whole year
after he disappear
from the atmosphere
because the day before
his destiny came near
his insurance policy lapsed
I mailed a payment
a week before he died
but somebody stepped on the mailman
and the payment never arrived

My second husband
was suffocated
by this complicated
mentally constipated
fire engine impersonator
who got his kicks
kidnapping cockroaches
molesting them sexually
and throwing them
into empty coca cola bottles
and putting the cap back on
and keeping them without air
until their life was gone

My third husband
Lived a miserable life
He had lung cancer
Ten wooden legs
One glass eye
Fifty Fifty vision
On his good eye
A weak heart
A broken back
Respiratory ailment
Undernourished
Mentally discourage
unemployed eardrums
condem features
And bad breath galore
from a bottle of
Weight reducing pills
He shoplifted
At the drugstore,
I gave him a divorce
Not because his health
Was hazardous
To my health
I gave him a divorce
Because he wanted
Me to sell my body
To science
And give him the money
For plastic surgery,
One week before
Celebrating his last
Unhappy birthday
At the funeral parlor
He hit the numbers
For one thousand dollars
Went to the hospital
And paid cash for
A heart transplant
An eyes transplant
A face transplant
A legs transplant
A lung transplant
A rear end transplant
A breath transplant
And he was all set
To live and let live
For one hundred years

But on his way home
From the hospital
Somebody stepped on him
And that was the end
Of his breathing career

So you see
You cannot really blame me
For wanting to seduced my destiny
I have nothing else to live for
In this corrupted world anymore
The employment situation is bad
The starvation situation is worst
It hurts to continue living like this
Cockroaches are starving to death
Ever since incinerators came
Into the life of the minority groups,
In the old buildings the people
Were very close to everything they had
Food was never thrown away,
But today everything is going
Into those incinerators
The last family that lived here
Took the incinerator
To get to the first floor
They do not live here anymore,
Damn these low income housing projects
Years ago suicide was never spoken
But today suicide is a luxury
For a heart broken Cockroach
Trying to make a decent living
In a low income housing project

Goodbye cruel world
I am thru being screwed
By your crossward puzzles,
When the bomb comes down
I will not be around,
Forward my mail to your conscious when
you get one

The last request the cockroach made was to
be cremated
So I lit it up and smoked it

SIDE B Band 2

telephone booth number 23

the next time
you take a long walk
do your best to get lost
so you can see
what other places look like

Band 3

telephone booth number 535

when you receive this letter
do not open the envelope
if you open the envelope
do not take out the letter
if you take out the letter
do not read what it says
if you read what it says
do not tell anybody
if you tell somebody
you are not paying attention
to what I am talking about
and that is perfectly alright
it was nice not knowing you

Band 4

telephone booth number 801

no, of cause not,
I will not look at a man
the same way I look
at a woman, there is a difference,
one makes me very horny
and the other one does not,
but I will not tell you
which one, if you want
that information you will
have to take off your clothes

The Last Game of the World Series

the baseball season
has cometh again,
where will you sit at
in the stadium of
your mind? watching
imaginary ballgames
eating imaginary hotdogs
with imaginary mustard,
only the napkin
you clean the mustard
off your lips with
is not imaginary,
think about something
else immediately,
why should you die
for one or the other?
both sides are evil
both sides hate you
both sides are responsible
for the blown up skulls
coming at you from
inside the picture tube,
LOOK OUT! here comes
a realistic foul ball
in your direction

the telephone has not rang

since the last time somebody
started jumping UP & DOWN
without moving a muscle in their body,
you bring the spoon out of the soup
this is your first meal in weeks,
at the stadium they had to talk about food
because the next of kin was broke
& there was nothing to eat
for the hungry mourners & pall bearers,
you bring the spoon up to your mouth
you see your reflection on the spoon,
maybe the next time somebody
moves their bowels backwards in public
they will leave cold cuts behind,
you do not want to eat yourself
but you are starving to death
so you have to be your own last supper

last night
& the night before
& the night before
& the night
after the night
we are talking about
entire families vanished
inside their apartments
after turning
all the lights on

my FELLOW americans
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM
to bring you a BLAST from the PAST
the score is 99 to ZERO
the newyorkyankees are winning
it's the LAST of the FIRST inning
will everybody come to their feet
the national anthem will
be played again & again & everytime
the newyorkyankees score 99 runs
in one inning, anybody caught
not singing will be thrown out
of the ballgame even if you
do not play for any of the 2 teams
on the ballfield here today

we are flying
at an altitude of
30,000 feet
to your left
there are clouds
to your right
there are clouds
clouds above you
clouds below you
open your mouth
if you want
to see more clouds
we have not
taken off yet
you did not
leave the ground
the ground
has left you

the newyorkyankees have scored
99 more runs in the 2nd inning
the national anthem was played
after every run they scored
in the 2nd inning, all the fans
have sore throats from singing
the same song so damn much &
so damn loud, because if you are
caught not singing you will
be thrown out of the ballgame
& then you will not be able
to find yourself a decent job
the other team will never
even the score (they think)
so you turn the dials to
another station where they
are playing oldies but goodies
to remind you of how broke
you was then & how broke
you still are today:
SHA LALALA SHA LALALALA
yes you remember that night
you wanted to take your
sweetheart to the movies
but you was broke, so you
had to mug her father
who you hit so hard
over the head with lead pipe
that he never recovered
to thank you for helping him
escape from the prison
of his financial problems,
on your way home you can taste
his blood in your saliva
you stole 13¢ from the corpse
you left on the streets
where scars are manufactured

yes those oldies but goodies
remind me of you on trial
for first degree murder:
you was hungry
you was unemployed
it was cold outside
you had no place to go
you had to stuff
old newspapers inside your shirt
to keep your body warm
your eyes were too weak to read

the help wanted ads
you was desperate
you was dying physically
you was dead mentally
you did not want to die
you have not been born yet
you had to do something
you had no other choice

you did what any normal person
in your situation will do
you did not commit a crime
you obeyed the first law
of the universe, & for wanting
to stay alive you got busted

RAMA LAMA RAMA DING DONG
RAMA LAMA RAMA DING DING
DONG

it's all you can put down
on the examinations they give you
everytime you apply for a job,
for character references
you put down: thunderbird hambre
twister swiss up arriba muscate1
apple wine & gallo port chilled

you try over & over again to impress
the bastards that are destroying you
ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM
ZIP ZIP

but nobody knows what you are talking
about, everybody tuned into something
else, while you blew a lifetime
listening to those oldies but goodies
from Spanish Harlem to times square
to the welfare department, following
memories of the first dispossess
you received in the land of the free
REMEMBER how cold it was outside?
the ice embraced your skin & dis-
tributed pneumonia to your entire family
who had to be fed intravenously
that winter at knickerbocker hospital
where you return many years later
out of your mind screaming that god
is your illegitimate son & you are
his oldest daughter's next abortion,
the doctor tells you to say AHHHHH
& you tell him: Go Fuck Your Self Sir

for the next 8 hours you scream
louder than the ambulance
they brought you to the hospital
in, you overhear the staff
at knickerbocker talking about
sending you to belleuve hospital
for psychiatric treatment,

visions of shock therapy
bring you back to your senses,
you jump from the stretcher
escape from the straight jacket
& start lying to the doctors.
today is monday tomorrow is
tuesday the day after is wednesday
then comes thursday, after
thursday comes friday, after
friday comes saturday, the doctors
were impressed, they were about
to release you from the hospital

yes those oldies but goodies
remind me of the last time
you jumped off the roof & fell
into sewers of broken wine bottles
your eyes rolled onto the street
& were run over by a garbage truck
from the sanitation department
with the american flag on the muffler
& the red white & blue crew on the truck
going beyond oldies but goodies
M-I-C K-E-Y M-O-U-S-Eeeeeeeee
REMEMBER how the traffic cop laughed
when he saw you dead on the street
he laughed so hard that his false teeth
& contact lenses & hairpiece fell off
& he had to go on emergency leave
singing eeee ayyy eee ayyy oooooooh

the manager of the newyorkyankees
was jumping up & down
screaming: hip hip hip hooray
at last he will learn how to play
baseball & we will be able
to use him as a pinch hitter
after we score 99 more runs
in the third inning (newspaper
reporters television cameras
& radio stations dropped everything
to hear what comes after saturday,
schools & banks & peep shows
were given the rest of the day off
the traffic stopped moving
city hall suspended breathing)
when the doctors said: well
come on boy tell america what
comes after saturday? you replied
in 13 different languages
I DON'T HAVE THAT INFORMATION!
everybody at the stadium booed you
they buried you on a holiday
when all your friends were
walking backwards at orchard beach
CAUSE OF DEATH: Rock'N'Roll Revival
OCCUPATION: Fulltime Day Dreamer

SIDE B
Band 6

1 a.m. At All Times

(for Nancy)

We went to where the mountains
stay real high indefinitely,
our feet touched the earth
and the sky every step we took,
the clouds outside our thoughts
gave a slow motion ovation
to the mystery of the vision
whose shadow is inspiration
for the climate of flowers
whose hours of daylight & darkness
are into the highest thousands,
We fell asleep on the grass
that illuminated our feelings
and introduced us to a world
where everybody owns a spaceship
and has been to many planets
to keep up with the latest dance,
when we woke up later on
it was the same exact time
we had fallen asleep earlier,
the wind started undressing
it looked very colorful naked,
We took a bath with smoke
from flames inside glass mirrors,
We laughed as loud as we could
as memories of the future
Convinced us to feel unreal
when it rained we got wet
and started a long conversation
about magic until the sun came out
at night to keep us daydreaming
compliments, to decorate the lyrics
of the experience that allows you
to drown many times and live
to start an endless romance
with who turns you on the most