

A photograph of Tom Parrott playing a violin. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark vest. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a cave. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and the instrument.

**Tom
Parrott**
Neon Princess

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1968

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS FT 1009

Tom Parrott

Neon Princess

This is Tom Parrott . . . feet that wander from Virginia to Colorado to Boston to the Village and on and on . . . the irony of melodies that comfort the mind and warm the heart, and lyrics that assault the conscience and uproot the facade of tranquility . . . a man that weaves through many musical bags with a song for all to hear . . . for all to hear.

— The Bird

Side I

Band 1 — WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BOY? 2:20
Words and Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

Came to this city, hope in my heart;
Find this town will only be the start.
Chorus: Where are you going, boy? I don't know
and what's more I don't think I care.

New York City, 'Frisco Bay,
And all the country along the way.
Chorus

Love when I can, fight when I must,
Die if it's needed, life is a lust;
Go where I want to, live how I can,
Somewhere along the way, I may
become a man.
Got to be going, you know why;
May never find myself but I know
I've got to try.
Chorus

Band 2 — GROOVY & LINDA 4:35
Words and Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

Groovy was a rambling boy who came to Tompkins Square,
Who sometimes had a crash pad, everyone was welcome there;
And he helped a thousand people, he'd have helped a million more,
But they found his broken body on the bloody basement floor;
And Groovy was a free man, so beautiful to see,
With a love for everybody that was there for all to see.

And Linda was a young girl who painted with her soul;
Who lived a life of luxury till she just had to go;
And she loved all of her people, until the day she died,
Though the straight folks in Connecticut could only wonder why;
But Linda was a free girl, so beautiful to see,
With a love for everybody that was there for all to see.

And Jesus was a drifter who went from town to town,
And all the evil, up-tight people knew when he was around,
For he showed us what we ought to be, till
they nailed him on the cross,
Though they knew, somewhere within their hearts,
they paid too high a cost;
For Jesus was a free man, so beautiful to see,
With a love for everybody that was there for all to see.

And those who've tasted Groovy's love, and Linda's quite the same,
Have also known of Jesus' love,
though they shun the Christian name;

For they had love that so few people ever understand:
The love of those who give themselves to help their fellow man;
So let us all be free men, then, so beautiful to see,
With a love for everybody that is here for all to see.

Band 3 — THE ABERFAN COAL TIP TRAGEDY 5:04
Words and Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

The mining men of Wales are hardy, strong, and bold,
And they tunnel in the earth and make it yield its coal;
But in the town of Aberfan it's dearer now than gold,
For one generation for profit has been sold.

Chorus: How many died in Aberfan when the coal tip came
tumbling (other choruses: rumbling) down,
How many children will never grow old,
And how many lives purchase how many tons of coal.

The little school of Pantglas* lay where the mountain loomed,
And some two hundred children took their classes in its rooms,
But the day fall recess was to begin, they went to meet their doom,
Not knowing "the green hollow" would soon become their tomb.
Chorus

It was just 9:00 a.m. when they opened up the door,
And in came the children, two hundred, maybe more,
But nobody knew what the mountain had in store,
The lucky ones were tardy, the others are no more.
Chorus

"I played with my big dog and I played with my cat,"
Signed "Paul, October 21," there's nothing after that,
For the whole mountain came down, and everyone was trapped,
And now there's only coal slag where little Paul once sat.
Chorus

In eighteen hundred and seventy-four, the first pit shaft went down,
And they started piling mining waste on the slopes above the town,
And everybody knew that the practice was unsound,
But for ninety-two years no better place was found.
Chorus

The children all were pretty, the children all were fine,
The children went to school in the shadow of the mine,
But with the slag heap up above them
they were running out of time,
And they were "buried alive by the ministry of mines."
Chorus

*Pantglas is the Welsh word for "the green hollow."

Band 4 — MISTY MORNING MAIDEN 4:55
Words and Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

On the misty Monday morning of the dawn of my release,
While searching through the shadows for
some sign of inner peace,

I found a Misty Morning Maiden with flowers in her hair,
Smelled a cooling, soothing fragrance, I heard music everywhere,
And the Misty Morning Maiden softly took my searching hand,
Sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, led me through her
misty morning land.

From the melding of a mirror with the vision of its face,
We went slipping down a mossy bank where
a swirling brooklet raced;

And there upon the sandy shore, where the mountain flowers lie,
We counted all the pebbles as we watched the clouds roll by,
And the Misty Morning Maiden warmly took my wandering hand,
And laughing through her teardrops called
me her misty morning man.

Side II

Band 1 — NEON PRINCESS 6:17
Words and Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

The Neon Princess smiles a smile that's numb with nothingness,
Her eyes, a sea of molten masquerade;
And she moves her mouth in greeting, and she kisses you to show
You are welcome to her gruesome, small parade;
But her words have little meaning,
and her kisses have no feeling,
And she doesn't really see you there at all,
For her neon youth is flying, and she knows
there's no use crying,
And she doesn't really care which way she falls.

Though the Neon Princess drinks the beer you buy her on the sly,
She's tasting mead in an Arthurian dream;
And though she sits beside you on the bench against the wall,
She sees herself beside a Scottish stream;

And she goes on with her dreaming
though she knows what you are scheming,
For your hands are asking silent questions of her;
And her neon world is dying, and she knows
there's no use crying,
And she doesn't really care who is her lover.

The Neon Princess climbs the stairs up to the room you show her,
Her feet reluctant to the work of walking,
And she takes the drink you offer, and she nibbles at your ear,
And you know she doesn't feel too much like talking;
And you think you know her yearning, for your own lust
is a-burning,
But that isn't really what she feels at all,
It's just: her neon world is dying, and she knows there's
no use crying,
And she doesn't really care which way she falls.

Though the Neon Princess burns you with the presence of her body,
You feel the passion of the moment go;
For though she's there beside you her presence is a chore,
For her spirit left her body long ago;
And you finish what you started, but you do it now half-hearted,
For you know she doesn't feel you there above her,
And you know that you are plying a princess who is dying,
Who doesn't even care who is her lover.

And she's gone now and you're lonely, but you know
you do not miss her,
For she was gone before you found her on the corner;
And you know that she's a martyr, a phantom orphan in the night,
And you know that no one else will ever mourn her.
The Neon Princess is defiled, she's
a lost and a lonely child,
Who'll come to anyone who cares to call;
And she's done her share of crying for her neon
youth that's dying,
And she knows there's nothing left now but to fall

Band 2 — THE LONESOME DEATH OF HATTIE CARROLL 4:45
Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Witmark (ASCAP)

Band 3 — WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, GO 3:45
Arr.: Tom Parrott

O the summer time is comin' and the trees are sweetly bloomin',
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.
Chorus: Then we'll all go together,
to pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather, will you go, lassie, go.

I will build my love a bower by yon pure crystal fountain,
And around it I will plant all the flowers of the mountain,
Will you go, lassie, go.
Chorus

If my new love should prove false, I will surely find another,
Where the wild mountain thyme grows
around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.
Chorus

O the summer time is comin' and the trees are sweetly bloomin',
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.
Chorus

Band 4 — I'VE BEEN LONESOME (PONY BLUES) 0:50
Words by R. E. Parrott
Music by Tom Parrott
Stormking Music, Inc. (BMI)

TOM PARROTT — vocal, guitar, harmonica
DON ROBERTSON, JR. — lead guitar, sitar
SHEL WEBER — electric piano
ADAM TEPPER — bass
BOBBY GREGG — drums
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