

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32852  
STEREO

ROGER MATURA

THE  
OUTRAGE  
GROWS



M  
1630.18  
M446  
095  
1982

MUSIC LP

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STEREO

**SIDE 1**

1. **The Outrage Grows** 5:11
2. **We Wanna Live** 2:31
3. **Harlem** 4:01
4. **Seekers of Paradise** 5:16
5. **Where Every Highway Ends** 4:42  
& Latin Part 0:18

**SIDE 2**

1. **Dead End Kids** 3:57
2. **Between Today and Yesterday** 6:20
3. **That's What Junk Will Do To You** 2:50
4. **Lost Faith In The American Dream** 4:06  
& El Salvador 1:02

**All songs written and  
composed by Roger Matura**

**MUSICIANS**

*Brass*

Heinz Newmann, Heinz Richter (trumpet)  
Bob Willoughby, Karl Petermann (trombone)  
Rudi Kuhbandner (tenor sax, clarinet)  
Herb Franz (tenor, baritone sax)  
Hermann Heidenreich (tuba)

*Woodwind*

Christine Hören, Michael LoRobel (oboe)  
Johannes Feldmann, Werner Ottje (clarinet)

*Strings*

Bruno Merse, Michael Burzan (violin)  
Dieter Orzschig (viola)  
Christine Müller (cello)

*Horns*

Stefan Dohr, Giesela Range, Dorothee Ewert (fr. horn)

**NISS PUK BAND**

Ean Gidman (alto sax, flute, fr. horn)  
Ulli Storck (alto sax)  
Raimund Hütner (trumpet)  
Ralf Bruckhoff (slide guitar/Dobro)  
Jürgen Schafer (elec. guitar/acoustic guitar)  
Robert Maruhn (keyboards)  
Achim Hencke (elec. violin)  
Wolfgang Kaczmarek (bap)  
Martin Lixenfeld (drums)  
Isabel Bittner, Eva Wand, Christine Müller  
(background vocals)

*Cover/Photos by: Wolfgang Grohmann*

*Other Albums by Roger Matura:*

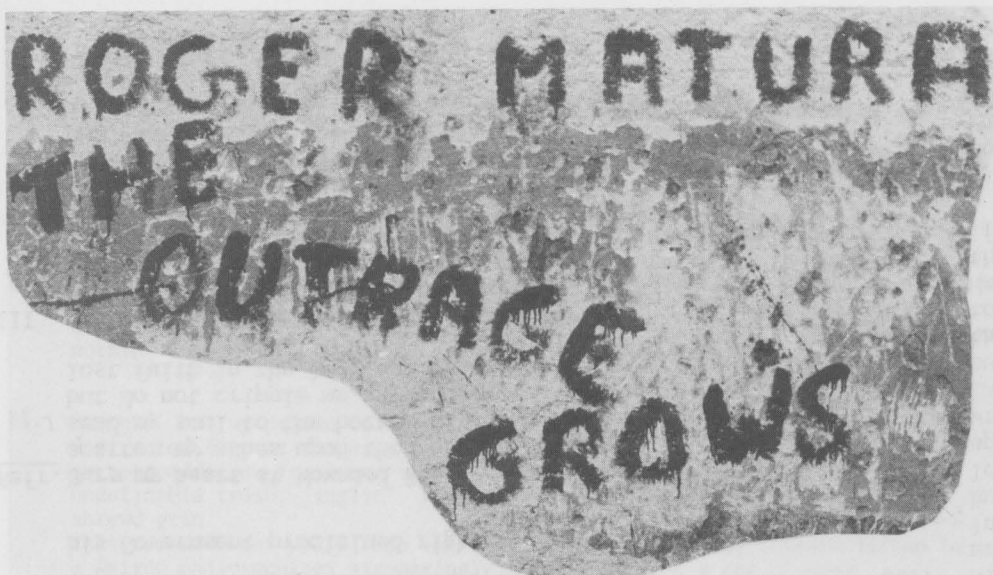
*NO MORE NUKES* Niss Puk Band  
Folkways Records FTS 32850

*TIMES ARE GONNA GET HARDER* Roger Matura  
Folkways Records FTS 32851

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**THE  
OUTRAGE  
GROWS  
ROGER  
MATURA**

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET  
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32852



THE OUTRAGE GROWS

- I. Where did all the promises go? What happened to their noble ambitions?  
Can't you see their ideals crumble and fall?  
How they're raisin' this nuclear balance bullshit, while the situation is slowly gettin' out of their hands  
**now they are leadin' us back into the wilderness**  
where do we crawl from here?  
Paris, Berlin, New York, London  
we're walkin' a tight rope,  
workers, squatters, trashers, true believers  
we've gotta block the bomb
- II. Shock waves will shake the gates of presumption, black rain of hot ash and dust will darken the world  
lethal rays will pierce through human delusion after the madness explodes  
newborn babies will send out their cries to heaven under the hail of shells  
charred bodies wincin' in a pool of blood  
epitaph for the race of man
- III. Nuclear seed might bloom like poppies above the cities of the world  
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT, Mr. REAGAN???  
the outrage grows  
better take care of your own social problems instead of producin' new killin machines  
nothing has changed in the years since Vietnam  
the outrage grows  
you may lock us up in solitary cells, bribe us, but do not underrate our strength  
you may manipulate the public opinion  
make them believe the war's an urgent need  
but our spirit of peace cannot be quenched
- IV. America keep your Neutron bomb and other perverse weapons  
the most horrible things human brains could ever invent  
we're not gonna get involved in a nuclear war  
count us out  
time is overdue to stop the military build up (on both sides)  
Keep the Neutron Cowboy from pushin' the button  
or we're headin' into the last Holocaust  
FIGHT BACK! RESIST! DON'T BE AFRAID

WE WANNA LIVE

We wanna live            we wanna stay alive  
we wanna survive        we wanna see the mornin' light again

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## LOST FAITH IN THE AMERICAN DREAM

- I. **Johnny came home, dropped out of sky**  
in the middle of some rainy night  
back into America, that has changed a lot  
**an Johnny couldn't understand the reason why**  
America staged no welcome parade, no yellow ribbons flyin'  
no brass band played the home comin' tune  
no cheerin' crowd to hail the warriors  
who were blamed for losin' a war
- II. he joined the army in '69  
he cried out of pride and stood straight as a bayonet  
**a few months later he was sent into the bush**  
for search-and-destroy missions, killin' was his job  
he did what his nation wanted him to do  
**he would have given his life**  
and he did violence in the name of somethin'  
his Government proclaimed right

Refr. **Bury my heart at Wounded Knee**  
scatter my ashes upon the Western Plains  
send my soul to the bottom of the sea  
but do not cripple me any longer  
lost faith in the American Dream

- III **Johnny fought in the name of democracy**  
and returned with wounds that will not heal  
the uniform he wore made him no hero  
it was stained with burden of shame  
War's over, baby killer! Why can't you forget?  
they treated him like shit  
he'd been asked over a thousands times  
How could a young man do such a thing

## HARLEM

- I. Shot's ring out in the heat of the night cuttin' down a man,  
somebody goes wild, life ain't worth too much at times in the  
streets of Harlem  
an argument starts, a knife appears, night animals are lashin'  
out irrationally  
death doesn't mean that much along the streets of Harlem  
beautiful people dressed in finest rags, posin beside elegant restaurants  
struttin' like peacocks in some splendid parade down 7th Avenue  
big-time pimps and movie stars were gettin' out their cadillacs  
smokin' fat cigars
- II. Smashed-in doorways filled with garbage, blocks in shambles  
with boarded-up windows, incredible stench and human zombies  
prowlin' round the battlezone  
candyman sells dope in some dark alley, everybody's gotta make  
**a livin', he blinds your eyes and steals your dreams in the streets of**  
Harlem  
it was a lovely place to live, just a beautiful place to walk  
and people used to party their asses off here  
famous jazz clubs 'round the corner  
man, did those joints swing when Charlie Parker blew his horn
- III. Nihilist guerrillas are stickin' up a rundown store  
never had a straight job before  
locked out by the system, angry, violent and confused  
hustlin' along the streets of Harlem  
left in a cesspool of poverty and drugs  
apathetic towards daily brute force.  
with an identity that seems to be choked  
in the rubbish of the American soul  
but it's gonna be a long hard struggle  
**the will to fight back and survive**  
to keep up self respect and hope  
Harlem's just refusin' to die  
they'll overcome demotion and despair someday soon  
if they ain't gonna give up and keep on tryin'
- Refr. All that's changed in Harlem  
once black man's heaven  
Harlem, now black man's hell

## SEEKERS OF PARADISE

- I. My head gets twisted, foul taste in my throat, unable to formulate a straight thought,  
1. clock's tickin' I'm havin' another cigarette, guess, I've got to make somethin' of myself  
gotta throw up the whole disgust, that's squeezin' the life from me, my eyes focused at the ceiling, mosquitos are buzzin' round the light bulb  
I just have to pick myself up again, but what's the use of plannin' for years  
everthing I ever did had been a fatal mistake  
nothin' worth livin' or dyin' for, once you're failed
- II. Steppin' out my prison cell, cold grey buildings, all wet with rain  
distracted figures surge up'n down to the rhythm of blarin' horns  
street paddlers. frail and seedy, sellin' battered books and undefinable trash, jinglin' the coins in their pockets with a shrewd grin  
this colorado cat yowls some familiar tunes, that nobody caresto listen to  
a weirdo philosophizes stammeringly on the end that's comin' near  
What do they all have in common? Those , who have to stay out in the rain  
those, who must walk in shadows, the booze that levels their pain and heals their wounds of loneliness

Refr. I'm gonna get it all worked out, somehow, someday  
You ain't gonna push me around any longer

- III. Punchcard people, they know nothin' but labor, they think of themselves as being irreplaceable, dispisin' those, who vary from their standards  
with emotions nullified  
bureaucrats and civil servants, always struggelin' for higher positions  
this fat and prosperous brood of mediocrity, ain't better off than me  
Hey, who do you think you are, you think you've got it made  
religion, sex, material wealth, it might be easier to do it your way  
and you feel this mad impulse to smash somethin'  
but you are afraid to make a fool of yourself

1. clock tickin' the hour's are doin' their job,  
waitin' for the phone to ring  
I'm havin' another.....

- IV. At night you came across dispirited existence, wearily pacin'  
the neon-lit avenues, who'd been sidetracked with their bankrupt ideals,  
livin' in a thousand other hearts as well  
you sense that strange sort of solitude, when you're alkin' amid the multitude,  
the cracked souls and drunken voices  
fillin' the cold night air  
I'm ponderin' on what it would be like to jump from 46th street story right into paradise  
there's this darkness in the crowded neon world  
I've never noticed before  
am I a seeker of paradise or only a lunatic astray

## WHERE EVERY HIGHWAY ENDS

- I. here we go again all day and night, nameless places are flickerin' by  
California awaits us, no matter how long it takes to get there  
crackerbox towns, abandoned farms, midwest plains, Minnesota lakes  
hooves poundin', pioneer wagon's clangin' on route 90 goin' west
- II. Out where rivers meet the sea, where canyon winds are blowin' free  
we don't care for what tomorrow might bring  
down the highways with worn out shoes, movin' on and on, no time to loose  
don'tcha know what drives us freewheelin' beneath the big blue sky
- III. The hungry and the haunted, only seekin' refuge, with their lost and broken dreams  
god knows what they're headin' for  
grains of sand, flakes of snow, we reel onward, off we go  
fartheewell New York City, we ain't comin' back no more
- IV. Sometimes when the road gets rough, you're cold waitin' with your "FRISCO" sign  
pick us up ol' rockin' truck take us away  
you can hear the freight trains hoot long into the night  
when you're stuck out in some crummy hole and nobody gives you a ride

Refr. Hard times in New York City, lets get out a here as fast as we can  
with you by my side, our sorrows left behind, back on the road again  
so grab your bags, pack your things, c'mon lets ride with the wind  
big wheels hummin', west ward bound  
where every highway ends

DEAD END KIDS

- I. There`s a war goin` on  
kids are takin` it to the streets  
time is runnin` out for the authorities  
bricks and mollies are flyin`, shacks turn into rubble  
London`s burnin`, but who cares for tomorrow
- II. Scrap heap generation ain`t got much to loose  
anger scarred into faces, graffiti on naked walls  
we can`t go further down, tanks ain`t gonna stop us  
if one of us gets killed, we`ll send the police to heaven

- III. Get up`n stand up, don`t let them fool you again  
respect our nation? It ain`t gonna get us nothin`  
smash their pompous palaces, crash their bronze doors  
take what you need, we didn`t choose to be born  
How does it feel to have no future

Refr. We don`t need no false promises  
we`re got enough of your hypocrisy  
you can`t bring us back into line  
`cause we`re out in the streets  
and ready to fight

BETWEEN TODAY AND YESTERDAY

- I. When the evening comes, the world grows quiet and the earth  
turns away from the sun,  
with the mist rises from the meadows and veils the weary land  
taciturn moon anchors behind distant mountain tops,  
an old man makes his way homeward in the dark  
alone beneath the sparklin` sky, grievin` over a wasted life,  
still waitin` for what never comes
- II. The wailin` wind blows cold and rude, and sweeps the empty streets  
for those unprotected and exposed, neither rest they find nor peace  
years slip between our fingers into nothingness without leavin`  
a trace  
time, unbribable gypsy, why are you hastenin` away  
from within me something`s cryin` out loud  
Lord, gimme back, what the day wore out  
don`t leave me abandoned when the last light goes out

Refr. You and I we`re still young  
both ragged runaways  
driftin on between today and yesterday  
how could I ever live without you  
how could I ever share these precious moments with another one

- III. There are many bridges to cross, many a mile to walk  
many highways to ride on our journey to the stars  
maybe its time to take another road babe,  
time to take a change, from this place where we been so long  
we`d better go away  
imagine, there must be so much to life than just to exist  
it might not be too late

THATS`S WHAT JUNK WILL DO TO YOU

- I. When you wake up in the morning, feelin` scared an sick  
ain`t got nothin` to put in, but you gotta have a fix  
that`s what junk will do to you  
then you`re roamin` the streets, lookin` for a goddamn fix  
junkman ain`t gonna give you nothin` on credit  
`cause he can`t do business like that
- II. You walk into that store, put a gun to a man`s head  
thats what junk will do to you  
it makes you steal from your family, to keep up the risin` cost of  
the shit  
pressure gets so hard, you don`t feel good about yourself  
you can`t make it, you can`t stand it  
thats what junk will do to you
- III. Suddenly you find yourself lyin` in that cold cell at night  
it`s a bad place to stay `till the end of your time  
they misuse; you and degrade you  
but you ain`t gonna get another chance  
you wanna destroy the walls, you wanna talk to somebody  
ain`t nobody `round you, nothin` but loneliness  
`cause you killed that man  
that`s what junk did to you

All songs (c) 1981 by Roger Matura

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