



NO FUN



DOGS ARE SMART

1. I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In (David M.)
2. Twisted brain (David M.)
3. Tyger (David M.)
4. Negroes have eaten you (David M.)
5. Direction (P. Leahy)
6. Oh, to be on heroin (David M.)
7. These women are my enemies (David M.)
8. (Love theme from) Crane of Fear (David M.)
- 8 1/3. Tribute to Elvis II (David M.)

ARCANE CHIT-CHAT

- 9 1/3. Say it with mink (David M.)
- 10 1/3. Can I please take the drugs now? (David M.)
- 11 1/3. Groovy Daddy (David M.)
- 12 1/3. Uptight and anxious (P. Leahy)
- 13 1/3. Toll for the troll (words: A. Neramo. music: David M.)
- 14 1/3. Me and Warren Beatty (and Mick Jagger) (David M.)
- 15 1/3. Ambivalence (gets me) (David M.)
- 16 1/3. Ream me like you mean it (David M.)

WOODSTOCK SUPER JAM!

- 17 1/3. Let's whine like big babies (words: L. Interest/David M. music: David M.)
- 18 1/3. Talkin bout the mundane (David M.)
- 19 1/3. Do the Girl (David M.)
- 20 1/3. Love in a taxicab (P. Leahy)
- 21 1/3. Rodents fair (David M.)
- 22 1/3. Another loathesome date (David M.)
- 23 1/3. Going to Hollywood (David M.)
- 24 1/3. Crocodile tears (P. Leahy)
- 25 1/3. SaSKatchewan (David M.)

WHEN THINGS BECAME HOPELESS

- 26 1/3. Big excitement (P. Leahy)
- 27 1/3. Song a girl would sing (David M.)
- 28 1/3. Holding David M. hostage (David M.)
- 29 1/3. That girl's got a mind of her own (David M.)
- 30 1/3. Somebody else's feelings (David M.)
- 31 1/3. Blue lust (David M.)
- 32 1/3. When love turns to shove (David M.)
- 33 1/3. Snivel (David M.)

Produced by David M.

Recorded and mixed at some big deal studios.

Associate producer: Paul Leahy.

Special thanks: Al, Ron, Bruce, Penny, and Dean.

Tracks 5, 12 1/3, 20 1/3, 24 1/3, and 26 1/3 are © Paul Leahy (PRO Canada).
All other tracks are © Oinksdedoinksdoink Music (PRO Canada).

"This Land is Your Land" is by Woody Guthrie, © TRO-Ludlow Music Inc. (BMI).

Design: W.T.S. Graphics (Direction: Arnie Nermo).

Photo of David M.: Penny Borg. Photo of Paul Leahy: David M.

Thanks: Bill, Nellie, Paul M., Gloria, all in Tustin, La Chute, Walter, Gord,
Ted, Tim K., Tim B., John O., John T., Tom, Keri, Lester, Laurel, Penny,
and Toad (Oat).

NO FUN is DAVID M. and PAUL LEAHY.

with: Al Henningson - Bass guitar (2, 7, 10 1/3, 14 1/3, 16 1/3, 17 1/3, 26 1/3,
28 1/3 - 32 1/3).

Backing vocals (7, 16 1/3, 26 1/3).

Jim French - Bass guitar (21 1/3, 22 1/3).

The Ream Syndicate - Ream sequence (16 1/3).

Pico - Chanteuse (22 1/3).

"Tribute to Elvis II" -

Additional cast: Penny Borg, Arnie Nermo.

Dino engineering: Lester Interest.

Background music performed by David M. with John Dekker (Lead guitar).

Actual events, people, and things mentioned in SNIVEL:

The Human Be-In, Peter Paul and Mary, the Grateful Dead, Walter Cronkite, Satan,
the Lord (God), "Louie Louie", Phil & Don, Don & Dewey, Elvis Presley, Marcus
Welby M.D., Sanka "coffee", Elvis Costello, Jesus, Circus magazine, Warren Beatty
Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Tom Selleck, Fritos corn chips, "cheese food", Van
Halen, Helen Reddy, Sam Peckinpah, the Midnight Special, Joni Mitchell, and Look
magazine.

SNIVEL reflects only the world view of NO FUN, and any sense of real life
imparted by the mention of anyone or anything is completely bogus.

Anything but fan club info:

WEREWOLF T-SHIRTS RECORDS
WHERE REALITY BECOMES DREAMS
13536-98A AVENUE
SURREY, B.C., CANADA V3T 1C8

I'M NOT TAKING SUZY TO THE BE-IN

Little Suzy was my childhood lover.
We were happy as can be.
She was wearing my old high school sweater.
Then I took some L.S.D..
Oh no no...

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to go.

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to go with me.

She still liked her Peter, Paul, and Mary.
I would dig the Grateful Dead.
She could never see the pretty colors
Swirling nightly in my head.

Oh no no...

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to go.

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to go with me.

She became a varsity cheerleader.

Then I quit the football team.

I got on the news once. Walter Cronkite

Did a story on the scene.

Oh no no...

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to go.

I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In.

I don't think she wants to GO.

Oh no no...

I don't think she wants to go.

Over a period of six years, quadriphonic equipment has been developed at a staggering rate. It offers a scope that was previously unknown. It threatens to make stereo obsolete and provide us with a brand new era of sound reproduction. Through the efforts of such people as Brad Miller, four channel sound is coming closer to wide spread acceptance and useage. It is but a matter of time.



TWISTED BRAIN

Beware of my twisted brain.
It's already driven me insane.
Warped twig became warped tree -
That's the story of me.
Beware of my twisted brain.
It was bad before. It's bad again.
Be weird every day,
That's what my twisted brain say.
Beware of my twisted brain.
It's already driven me insane.
Get weird every day,
That's what my twisted brain say.
Beware of my twisted brain.
If you don't, it's gonna cause you pain.
There's no remedy.
My twisted brain'll kill me.
Beware of my twisted brain.
Since my childhood, it's been my bane.
Get weird every day,
That's what my twisted brain say.
That's what my twisted brain say.
Twisted brain! Twisted brain!
What does my twisted brain say?
It says...



TYGER

Oh, I've got a tiger by the tail
And she's pulling me around
And she's taking me to town.
Oh, I've got an angel in my life
And she watches out for me
And she holds a golden key.
Tiger, tiger, burning bright.
It's the shining light.
Burning through the night.
Oh, I've got a reason to believe
Cause I know she's always there
And she follows everywhere.
Oh, I've got a secret rendezvous
And she casts a magic spell
Cause she thought she might as well
And she's told me all the things I wasn't sure of.
Tiger, tiger, burning bright.
It's the shining light.
Burning through the night.
Oh, I've got a tiger by the tail
And she's pulling me around
And she's taking me to town.
Oh, I've got an angel in my life
And she watches out for me.
She won't ever let me be.
And she's told me all the things I wasn't sure of...
Tiger, tiger, burning bright.
It's the shining light.
Burning through the night.
Tiger, tiger.



NEGROES HAVE EATEN YOU

I go, baby, where I can save a soul, baby.
I go, baby, to say to Satan "NO!", baby.
I go, baby, to tell 'em of the Lord, baby.
I go, baby, out into the jungle.
I'm here, baby, and feeling lots of fear, baby.
I'm here, baby, my heart's in fifth gear, baby.
I'm here, baby, my purpose aint clear, baby.
I'm here, baby, everybody tells me,
"Negroes have eaten you.
They're sending you into the stew.
Negroes have eaten you.
They're telling you. They're selling you.
They sold you a bill of goods."
I'm hot, baby, they got me in a pot, baby.
I'm hot, baby, I said they better not, baby.
I'm hot, baby, I wish I wasn't caught, baby.
I'm hot, baby, everybody tells me,
"Negroes have eaten you.
They're sending you into the stew.
Negroes have eaten you.
They're telling you. They're selling you.
They sold you a bill of goods."
They're right, baby, I'm running out of fight, baby.
They're right, baby, I'm flying out of sight, baby.
They're right, baby, I'm leaving here tonight, baby.
They're right, baby. They were right when they said,



"Negroes have eaten you.
They're sending you into the stew.
Negroes have eaten you.
They're telling you. They're selling you.
And you are the bill of goods."

DIRECTION

Why don't you just stick around?
There aint no use in hanging out.
Avoiding time won't get you through it.
Why don't you just stick around?

Direction is falling out.
Direction is falling out.
Don't fight back, now. You're holding out.
Direction is falling out.

Have you heard you're on the news?
And, if you know, have you got the blues?
Doing time won't prove it.

Now there's time to stick around.
Direction is falling out.
Direction is falling out.
Don't fight back, now. You're holding out.
Direction is falling out.

No one's trying to fool you.
No one could ever put it past you.
But still, we didn't get through.
Now there's time to stick around.

Why don't you just stick around?
There aint no use in hanging out.
Avoiding time won't get you through it.
Now it's time to stick around.

Direction is falling out.
Direction is falling out.
Don't fight back, now. You're holding out.
Direction is falling out...

OH, TO BE ON HEROIN

It makes me grin to push the needle in.
It makes me smile to drain another vial.
Oh, to be on heroin.
Oh, to push the needle in.
It makes me grin to push the needle in.
Oh, to be on heroin.
Oh, to push the needle in.
Oh oh oh, it makes me grin.
Oh, to be on heroin.

I have to say it's been a lovely day.
I got some bread. Now I can feed my head.
Oh, to be on heroin.

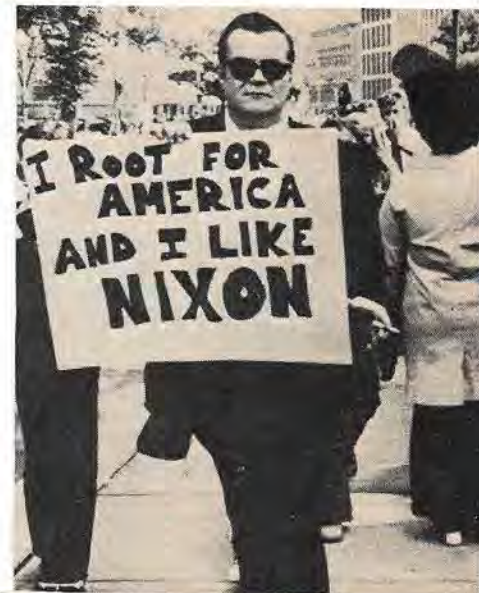
Oh, to push the needle in.
I have to say, "What a fantastic day!"
Oh, to be on heroin.
Oh, to push the needle in.
Oh oh oh, it makes me grin.
Oh, to be on heroin.

There will be someone swearing mindlessly while I'm working
Reinventing "Louie, Louie".
There will be someone watching my T.V. at high volume.
I wish it would go "KABLOOEY!"



perceived in America.
3 PM **2** CANADIAN REFLECTIONS
"The Leahys—Music Most of All." A
Lakefield, Ont., family discuss their inter-
est in music. (60 min.)
4 WOMAN TO WOMAN—Discussion
Guests include the mothers of Cher,
Loni Anderson. (Repeat; 60 min.)

TV GUIDE P-89



There will parties. I'll be buying for people I don't know.
 Phil and Don and Don and Dewey.
 There will be much too much of everything useless I don't
 need.
 All of this is incongruey.
 All that I can say is "Phooey".

Oh, to be on heroin.
 Oh, to push the needle in.
 It makes me grin to push the needle in.
 Oh, to be on heroin.
 Oh, to push the needle in.
 Oh oh, God damn it, it makes me grin.
 Oh, to be on heroin.



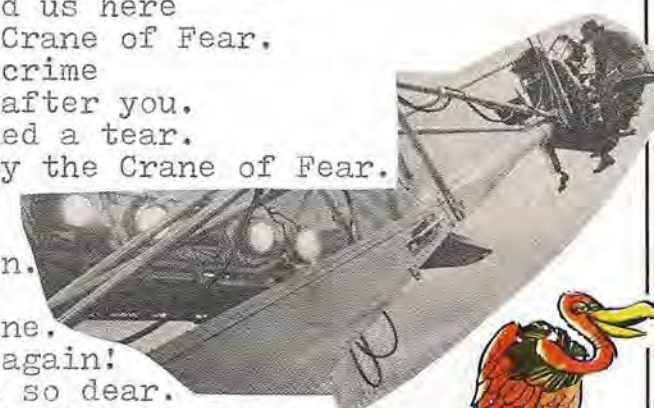
THESE WOMEN ARE MY ENEMIES

These women, these women...
 They do me favors, they pick my clothes.
 Take me to dinners, take me to shows.
 They watch me sleeping while I'm at rest.
 They always tell me that I'm the best.
 These women are my enemies.
 These women, these women...
 They hold their arms out, they pull me in.
 They're pure as angels, they help me sin.
 They make me guilty or innocent.
 You call it romance. It's like cement.
 These women are my enemies.
 These women, these women...
 These women, these women...
 They know my secrets, they know me well.
 They do some things that I'd never tell.
 They look like trouble. They look like fun.
 I'd rather fight them than anyone.
 These women are my enemies.
 These women, these women...



(LOVE THEME FROM) CRANE OF FEAR

Crane of Fear - there's death and danger in the atmosphere.
 Doom and destruction are being worked on by the Crane of Fear.
 Crane of Fear - a cruel twist of fate has placed us here
 To cringe in terror at the mere mention of the Crane of Fear.
 In the chill of night at the scene of the crime
 At the speed of light - that Crane, it is after you.
 Crane of Fear - don't ask for pity, it won't shed a tear.
 It's gonna kill ya. You'll have been murdered by the Crane of Fear.
 He's the man that's got the plan.
 Even though he's only a big tin can.
 But he's got a grin cause he's gonna win.
 Even though he's only a can of tin.
 But he's got a brain and he's gone insane.
 And you'd best believe he's gonna kill again!
 Crane of Fear will make us bid farewell to life so dear.
 Death is the touchdown if life is football to the Crane of Fear.
 Crane of Fear - there's death and danger in the atmosphere.
 Doom and destruction are being worked on by the Crane of Fear.
 Crane of Fear...



"My whole impression is that death is sort of the ultimate rip-off."

TRIBUTE TO ELVIS II

Sitting at home, what did I see?
There was a tribute to Elvis on my T.V..
E-L-V-I-S Presley.

*

SAY IT WITH MINK

I give her mink coats, mink gloves.
Mink clothes are the things she loves.
Mink skirts and mink chairs.
Mink clothes are the things she wears.
When I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin",
I know it's mink she means. It aint no sin.
I think I'll say it with mink...
She don't like wines or far-off places.
She's got mink shoes with mink shoelaces.
At night, she sleeps in a mink-covered bed
With a mink night cap to cover her head.
When I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin",
I know it's mink she means. It aint no sin.
I think I'll say it with mink...
I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin".
I know it's mink she means and it aint no sin.
She loves mink. I know it's true.
More than me, more than you,
More than life, more than peace.
Mink to her is the Golden Fleece.
When I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin",
I know it's mink she means. It aint no sin.
I think I'll say it with mink...
I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin".
I know it's mink she means and it aint no sin.
It aint no sin...
Lack of mink she can't abide.
She's in love with rodent hide.
She sheathes herself in mink and pearls.
She's simply not like other girls.
When I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin",
I know it's mink she means. It aint no sin.
I think I'll say it with mink...
I hear that girl say "Gimmie skin".
I know it's mink she means and it aint no sin.



CAN I PLEASE TAKE THE DRUGS NOW?

Hey, Doctor Welby. My coffee
Isn't the Sanka. So kill me.
All you can give me is your condescension
When what I need is an extra dimension.
Now watching my T.V. is boring.
Even the goldfish are snoring.
Should I get angry like Elvis Costello?
How can I when I am such a nice fellow?
Can I please take the drugs now?
All right...
I went for a long walk - got bitten.
I tried to make love with a mitten.
Women return my advances with stares.
I say things. They say "As if someone cares".

How serious is the problem?

It has an enormous impact on all of our social institutions. What we are seeing here is a mood-altering technology that serves as a kind of penicillin for fear and anxiety. As much as penicillin was once given as a cure-all, these drugs are being indiscriminately overused.

THC Spree

Can I please take the drugs now?

All right...

I got 'em on prescription
To ease my daily friction.

Oh Jesus,
Please send me more and more
And more and more and

Hey, wait a minute...I see her.

She's something else. Could this be her?

Now I'll just ask her "Can we get together?"

But first I'll need something to make it better.

Can I please take the drugs now?

All right...



GROOVY DADDY

Where did my drugs go?

I know I didn't lose them.

I got home from school

And I saw my Dad use them.

He can't be trusted even with a bag of seeds, man.

He thinks it helps him figure out creative leads, man.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy...

Don't want your picture there in Circus magazine, Dad.

When I bring girlfriends home, remember they're with me, Dad.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy.

My Dad plays music.

He's in a famous rock band.

But, being famous,

His ego is out of hand.

He talks about himself, his art, and all his style, man.

And it says in the papers he is quite the wild man.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy...

Don't want your picture there in Circus magazine, Dad.

When I bring girlfriends home, remember they're with me, Dad.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy...

My Dad just passed out

Again under the table

With some blonde woman

That he just bought a sable

Coat. I hate this stupid life and I hope it don't last, man.

I can't wait till my Dad's a relic from the past, man.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy...

Don't want your picture there in Circus magazine, Dad.

When I bring girlfriends home, remember they're with me, Dad.

Don't want no, don't want no,

Don't want no groovy Daddy...

Don't want no! Don't want no!



UPTIGHT AND ANXIOUS

I got up from my bed.

I couldn't sleep from what was said.

I slumped over in the sink.

Whoa oh, man, I gotta get a drink.

Cause I am uptight and anxious.

Yes I am uptight and anxious.



Cause I am uptight and anxious.
I employed the telephone.
I only want to be alone.
I hear you knockin' at my door.
Think it's time to move to Singapore
Cause I am uptight and anxious.
Yes I am uptight and anxious.
Cause I am uptight and anxious.
I gotta get away. I gotta get away.
I gotta get away from you...

I gotta get away. I gotta get away.
I gotta get away from you...
I invested in a gun.
No, nothing's safe under the sun.
I lit a dozen cigarettes.
Hope that soon the pills'll take effect.
Cause I am uptight and anxious.
Yes I am uptight and anxious.
Cause I am uptight and anxious.
Yes I am uptight and anxious.
Cause I am uptight and anxious...



TOLL FOR THE TROLL

Way up in the B.C. backwoods
There's a little bridge over the top.
And if you go there by yourself,
There's a good chance you'll be stopped.
Don't be surprised if a little man
Jumps up all strange and rude.
He'll be all covered in grass and leaves,
And this is what he'll say to you,

"Toll for the troll.

Pay up your toll for the troll.

Get out your toll for the troll.

Cause I'm not a frog and I'm not a goat.

I'm a troll and this is my road."

You may be a little surprised at first,
And try and just walk on by.

But you know you'll never make it to the other side
Unless you stop to pay his price.

"Toll for the troll.

Pay up your toll for the troll.

Get out your toll for the troll.

Cause I'm not a frog and I'm not a goat.

I'm a troll and this is my road."

What's the toll, troll?...

"Pay up, pay up, whatever you got.

A pint of Scotch whisky, a grain of buckshot,

A half-dollar, gold collar, or even a pot.

Pay up my toll, whatever you got.

And if you got nothing, just give me a smile.

That's all the toll that I require."

Way up in the B.C. backwoods

There's a little bridge over the top.

And if you go there by yourself,

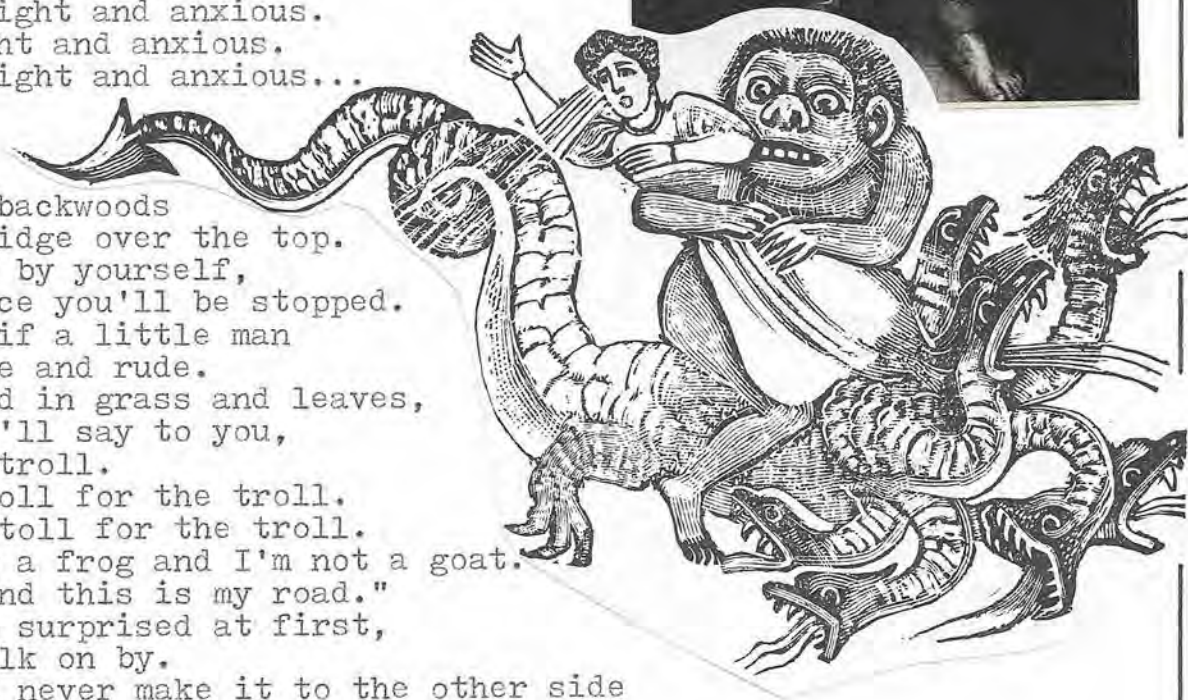
There's a good chance you'll be caught.

"Toll for the troll.

Pay up your toll for the troll.

Get out your toll for the troll.

Cause I'm not a frog and I'm not a goat.



I'M A TROLL!
Toll for the troll.
Pay up your toll for the troll.
Get out your toll for the troll.
Cause I'm not a frog and I'm not a goat.
I'm a troll and this is my road."

ME AND WARREN BEATTY (AND MICK JAGGER)

I see these women coming.
I know they've got it in for me.
They shed their clothes while running,
Like that's how I want them to be.
I know they've got it in for me.

Me and Warren Beatty and Mick Jagger have this problem...
It's useless just to sit here
Exchanging glances over tea.
But there's no point refusing
Because my rep's preceded me.
I know they've got it in for me.

Me and Warren Beatty and Mick Jagger have this problem...
You know what I mean?

They offend my sensibilities
By living on the same planet as me.
But like the animals that smell your fear,
They realize I'm holed up here.

The story of my life's
Here and there and everywhere, it seems.
And when these women know it,
They figure they have to set me free.
I know they've got it in for me.

Me and Warren Beatty and Mick Jagger have this problem...
David Bowie, you, Tom Selleck, us four have this problem...

I see these women coming.
I know they've got it in for me.
I wish I could be in space
Or on some island in some sea.
I know I never will be free.
This is how it will always be
Cause this land was made for you and me.

AMBIVALENCE (GETS ME)

Let's look for tadpoles and swat mosquitoes
And find the stuff they grind up into Fritos.
Let's go to town. We make a pretty pair.
I think we'd have a lot of fun up there...

I hate this music. I hate these parties.
I hate the looks of all these trendy smarties.
I hate this place. I'd rather be alone.
Let's take the sacred metal bird back home.

That's when it hits me.

Ambivalence gits me.

How it upsets me.

Ambivalence gets me.

I was so sure, caught by the lure,
There was no cure - I had it wrong.
Or did I? Look at the sky.
Are the answers there?
With my mind made, everything fades.
Making the grade don't mean a thing.

DAVID

**LOVE HIM ALL
NIGHT LONG!**



Your
PICTURE
HERE



I think I'll sit on a pile
 And keep it inside.
 I can't remember. I've lost my knowledge.
 Perhaps I need some courses at the College.
 If I ask you just what you see in me,
 I can't predict what your reply might be.
 That's when it hits me.
 Ambivalence gits me.
 How it upsets me.
 Ambivalence gets me...
 With my mind made, everything fades.
 Making the grade don't mean a thing.
 I think I'll sit on a pile
 And keep it inside.



REAM ME LIKE YOU MEAN IT

Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like you mean it.
 Ream me like you mean it like ah...
 I got a girl. Her name is Sue.
 Well, she knows just what to do...
 Well, she goes around the world.
 She's a special kind of girl, yeah. She
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like you mean it.
 Ream me like you mean it like ah...
 Well, I heard about you.
 I heard you know just what to do...
 I heard you go around the world,
 You're a special kind of girl, yeah. So
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like you mean it.
 Ream me like you mean it like ah...
 Now I know about you.
 I know you know just what to do...
 I know you go around the world.
 You're a special kind of girl. Ack! So
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like, ream me like, ream me like, ream me like,
 Ream me like you mean it.
 Ream me like you mean it like ah...

● Reamers. Look for something out of the ordinary, such as embossing with brand names like Sunkist, Valencia, and Good Morning Orange Juicer. "There didn't seem to be an end to the figural reamers made," notes Axtell, who says that you can expect to pay anywhere from \$3 to \$25 for a reamer in good condition.

*

LET'S WHINE LIKE BIG BABIES

All them kiddies knew just what to say.
 All them kittens looked the other way.
 But don't you call 'em bums, cause
 They're my snivelling chums.
 They were headed for the other side.
 They were looking for another ride.
 Never mind the time -
 They won't have a thin dime.
 Let's whine like big babies...
 Come on baby, let's whine.
 Call them lightning. Call 'em what you will.
 Watch them swallow little yellow pills.



Jesus will appear.
 They will cower in fear.
 Let's whine like big babies...
 Come on baby, let's whine.
 Something's burning. Treat it warily.
 They're on fire temporarily.
 But don't you stamp 'em out.
 If you do, they will pout.
 Let's whine like big babies...
 Come on baby, let's whine.
 Let's whine like big babies...
 Come on baby, let's whine...
 Come on baby, let's...
 Whine.



TALKIN BOUT THE MUNDANE

People are a lot alike.
 Could have sworn that was a strike.
 Sure, I'll have a little more.
 Hey, I'm freezing - close the door.
 Someone took my brother's bike.
 Let's sit it down and discuss 'em -
 Things anybody could say.



Yeah, we can speak, and we're talking about the
 Weather. Talking about the
 Ball game. Talking about the
 Movies. Talking about the
 Talking about the mundane.



Can I have another smoke?
 That reminds me of a joke.
 Mary Lou is seeing Bob.
 God, I hate my stupid job.
 Eat like that, you're gonna choke.
 These items that we're discussing -
 Normal in every way.

Time out for chatter. We're talking about the
 Cheese food. Talking about the
 Cocaine. Talking about the
 New car. Talking about the
 Talking about the mundane.



Did you hear about your friend?
 I think he's gone around the bend.
 Wish I had the time to kill.
 If I don't, somebody will.
 Wish I had some dough to spend.
 These are the things that we speak of
 When we don't know how to say
 Things of importance. We're talking about the...

Weather. Talking about the
 Ball game. Talking about the
 Movies. Talking about the
 Talking about the mundane.



DO THE GIRL

The great desire of the nicest men
 In England, France, and Spain
 Is guzzling many cheap liqueurs
 Until they go insane.
 But in this crazy country
 The wish of male poseurs

Is lounging in gowns appropriated
 From each young man's sister.
 "Do the Girl" they shout,
 And like a girl, they pout.
 Should their make-up run from tears,
 They dunk their beards inside their beers.
 Absolution from their sins
 Is never on their minds.
 These odd young men prefer to lisp
 And waggle their behinds.
 Impertinence and love of glamour
 Are their chief affairs.
 "Where's my eyelash?" "Where's that dress from?"
 Are their only cares.
 "Do the Girl" they shout,
 And like a girl, they pout.
 Should their make-up run from tears,
 They dunk their beards inside their beers.
 Naked lust fraternally
 Is foremost in their view.
 Should one young man abstain from such,
 They sometimes force him to.
 Corrupt, vicious, full of bile,
 They cast in search of sin.
 They leap on stages, shriek and prance,
 And make an awful din.
 "Do the Girl" they shout,
 And like a girl, they pout.
 Should their make-up run from tears,
 They dunk their beards inside their beers...



LOVE IN A TAXICAB

I crawled in off the corner.
 I told her where I was to go.
 What I didn't know was
 She had a plan for me.
 It was a love in a taxicab.
 She said "I don't want no money".
 I said "Don't touch me there".
 She said "That's what I take for fare".
 I was late for my engagement.
 But what do I care?
 All I know is where I'm going,
 My cab'll take me there.
 It was a love in a taxicab.
 She said "I don't want no money".
 I said "Don't touch me there".
 She said "That's what I take for fare".
 Ooh, this is bad for me.
 Ooh, what's in store for me?
 I think I should go to sea.
 People say I'm crazy
 To take a taxi everywhere.
 If they only knew it's not
 A monetary fare.
 It was a love in a taxicab.
 She said "I don't want no money".
 I said "Don't touch me there".
 She said "That's what I take for fare".
 It was a love in a taxicab...



RODENTS FAIR

When I see what it is when I go to the Yankee Doodle Ball,
With a smile like a mean crocodile she discusses being tall.
Out of pain comes pride. Time has come to decide what to do
When somebody's calling you.



Here she comes up the road like a cat with her dinner in the bag.
It's a shame no one knows the secret meaning of her gag.
If her smile seems tight, well, it's not her night, and you'll know
When she wants us all to go.



It's the Pulverized Rodents' Fair.
All the pulverized mice were there.
They were smashed.



There she goes, getting mad for the sake of a silly point of law.
Won't admit that she's wrong. To admit would be plugging up her craw.
In a fight, she knows what to do if it seems that the tide
Has drifted from her side.

It's the Pulverized Rodents' Fair.
All the pulverized mice were there.
They were smashed.



It's a sign of the times that the bread in a Duchy goes to waste.
So the rats in the fridge had a field day putting it to taste.
At the end, she smiled. No more things were filed on the day
My baby drove away.



It's the Pulverized Rodents' Fair.
All the pulverized mice were there.
They were

In the garden cellar.
Did just what we tell her.
Didn't she?
You're a crushed discussion
In the Naval Academy.



It's the Pulverized Rodents' Fair.
All the pulverized mice were there.
They were smashed.



ANOTHER LOATHESOME DATE

We're sitting watching T.V.
I'll have some beer with dinner.
Aint it great?
Face it, mate.

We're sitting at the movies.
Come sit a little closer.
Aint it great?
Face it, mate.

A date is what you make it,
So boredom shouldn't be.
And yawns should be verboten.

We're sitting in the night club.
This sounds just like Van Halen.
Aint it great?
Face it, mate.

A date is what you make it,
So boredom shouldn't be.
And yawns should be verboten.

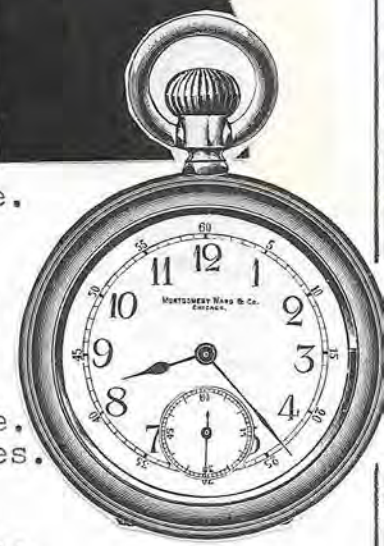
We're sitting in the bedroom.
I know you really dig me.
Aint it great?
Face it, mate.

Another night at home.
I'd rather be alone.
Another loathesome date.
Another loathesome date.

Another drive-in show.
I'd rather be alone.
Another loathesome date.
Another loathesome date.

But don't tell that to me.
Another rock and roll.
I'd rather be alone.
Another loathesome date.
Another loathesome date.

But don't tell that to me.
Another night sans clothes.
I'd rather be alone.
Another loathesome date.
Another loathesome date...



GOING TO HOLLYWOOD

You tell me you love me, you'll do anything for me.
Here's what I want you to do:
Get on a plane and fly to Hollywood
And kill Helen Reddy for me.
You want me to kiss you, and, if you go, miss you,
But baby, don't you see?
How can I respect a girl who won't go
And kill Helen Reddy for me?

Just like a movie by Sam Peckinpah,
I'll see her brains explode real slow.
Tell all the people at the Midnight Special
She's gonna miss the show.

So say you don't mind, and be real kind.
Darling, you can set me free.
Rid the world of the blight of my life. Please
Go kill Helen Reddy for me...

Just like a movie by Sam Peckinpah,
I'll see her brains explode real slow.
Tell all the people at the Midnight Special
She's gonna miss the show.

So say you don't mind, and be real kind.
Darling, you can set me free.
Rid the world of the blight of my life. Please
Go kill Helen Reddy for me...

'Come out peaceably, Louie, or the
SWAT team is going to surround the
place and sing Helen Reddy songs.'

CROCODILE TEARS

You can cry, cry dear, your crocodile tears.
I'll shut my eyes and cover up my ears.
Fall down like rain - like blood from an open vein.
Cry your crocodile tears.

It comes as no surprise
That you're weeping like a willow tree.
What you're looking for
Is a little sympathy.

You can cry, cry dear, your crocodile tears.
I'll shut my eyes and cover up my ears.
Fall down like rain - like blood from an open vein.
Cry your crocodile tears.

You don't know what you say,
Cause I know deep down in your heart
You're known to be
Unpleasant company.

You can cry, cry dear, your crocodile tears.
I'll shut my eyes and cover up my ears.
Fall down like rain - like blood from an open vein.
Our time is short, but this night will be long.
If you think that I'm dumb,

I think maybe you're wrong - no no no...

You can cry, cry dear, your crocodile tears.
I'll shut my eyes and cover up my ears.
Fall down like rain - like blood from an open vein...

Cry your crocodile tears.

SaSKatchewan

My Mom and Dad are from Saskatchewan.
My brother took his first breath there.
But I escaped a similar fate.
Yorkton says "That's not fair!"



Joni Mitchell comes from Saskatchewan,
 Though she is much too hip to admit.
 Of most people born in that wheaty province
 The term 'unsophisticated' surely fits.

Saskatchewan.
 Land O' Wheat...

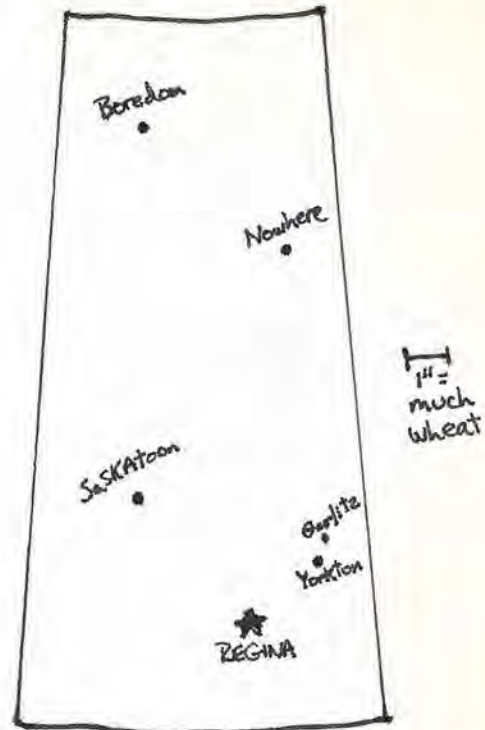
Saskatchewan contains few hillsides.
 This prairie kingpin's flat as a book.
 These buildings exist as reservoirs for grain.
 Outdoor facilities equipped with Look.
 Ah, Saskatchewan, Jewel of the Prairie.
 You're the gateway to nowhere in particular.
 People gaze holes in the August sun.
 Life extends there.

Saskatchewan.
 Land O' Wheat...

Saskatchewan.
 Land O' Wheat...



Wheat, mon, it's the 'erb.
 Regina.
 Prairie 'erb elevator, mon.
 Wheat soon come, mon.
 Calgary Babylon will not seduce I and I.
 The Path, mon - 'ighway One.
 Jah seh, I came, I saw...wheat.
 Saskatoon Trenchtown very small, mon.



*

BIG EXCITEMENT

I'm gonna fall.
 Pick me off the wall.
 I'm in trouble.
 I'm seeing double.
 You know that I have been around too long
 Not to know that it's wrong.

What do I get?	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.

I'm in a skirmish
 With a whirling dervish.
 I've got the D.T.s,
 The heebie-jeebies.
 You know that I have been around too long
 Not to know that it's wrong.

What do I get?	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.

I'm a creature
 From a triple feature,
 A super-hero.
 My pulse is zero.
 You'd think that I had been around long enough
 To know better than to use that stuff.

What do I get?	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
But I, I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement.
I get a kick.	It's a Big Excitement...



SONG A GIRL WOULD SING

I love to go out with boys.
When I was young, dolls were my toys.
Most every month I bleed.
Perfumes and dresses are things I need.
Speaking as a girl (une bonne femme),
I think my dress could use a little extra hem.
I'd love a wedding ring.
This is a song a girl would sing.
I make up each unsightly blotch.
There's nothing hanging from my crotch.
I curl my hair and color it, too.
Plus I'm very good at cooking stew.
Speaking as a girl (une bonne femme),
I think my dress could use a little extra hem.
I'd love a wedding ring.
This is a song a girl would sing.
I'll someday marry some man
And sit on my fat can
And watch my T.V. set.
I'll have fun, you bet.
I sew just like a real pro.
Cooks like me don't grow on trees, you know.
I talk a lot on the phone,
And if you don't get paid good, then leave me alone.
Speaking as a girl (une bonne femme),
I think my dress could use a little extra hem.
I'd love a wedding ring.
This is a song a girl would sing...



HOLDING DAVID M. HOSTAGE

We cased the area till we were sure
He was quite alone.
We started up a conversation,
Then we took him home.
We're holding David M. hostage.
We won't let him go...
Never, never, no.
We might like someone to send us some dough,
Maybe some teenage sex.
If there's a limit how far you can go,
Who knows what'll happen next?
We're holding David M. hostage.
We won't let him go...
Never, never.
We demand guitar solo!
But at this moment we have to admit
It's no crime what we have done.
We're only doing this terrorist bit
To get some press about NO FUN.
We're holding David M. hostage.
We won't let him go...
Never, never.
Holding David M. hostage.
We won't let him go...
Never, never.
Holding David M. hostage.
We won't let him go...
Never, never,
NO.



"Kidnappers are not Robin Hoods," says Cioppa, peering down a Mauser barrel in his office. "They're pitiless vultures."

THAT GIRL'S GOT A MIND OF HER OWN

That girl's got a mind of her own.
You can't tell her what to think.
She's the bird that has already flown.
Bat an eye and she don't even blink.

Try to tell her what she means and she'll say otherwise
No matter what she really means to tell you - that girl.
Don't you try to understand the way she's got it figured
Cause it's best to wait for her to tell you - that...

That girl's got a mind of her own.
You can't tell her what to think.
She's the bird that has already flown.
Bat an eye and she don't even blink.

Logic, form, and reason don't allow a guy to know
What she is thinking of a given subject - that girl.
Best to let it ride and not expect her to make sense
Unless you let it ride and not expect it - that...

That girl's got a mind of her own.
You can't tell her what to think.
She's the bird that has already flown.
You bat an eye and she don't even blink.
Don't keep it on a shelf
Or hooked up to machine.
It's sitting inside the skull of her head.
Her ears it is between.
That girl - na na na na...

All you'll ever know is that you'll never understand her
And there's places only she can take you - that girl.
Sometimes you'll be sorry. Sometimes you'll be happy. Sometimes
You won't know which way the wind is blowing - that...

Girl got a mind of her own.
You can't tell her what to think.
She's the bird that has already flown.
Bat an eye and she don't even blink.
She's a girl, but she's totally grown.
You can look, but she's never alone.
Wait a second, she's decided to phone (look out!)
That girl's got a mind of her own.



SOMEBODY ELSE'S FEELINGS

You say, someday, that love will find a way.
But maybe you did not consider
That anyone in the world could say that.
That's no great thing to do.
I can't believe that you'd believe that
I'd believe that was true.

And those are somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got.
Somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got.

You say "No way". You can't call it a day.
The greatest feeling in the world is
The feeling that only comes to lovers
Sharing a love that's true.
Isn't that real convenient like an
Animal in a zoo?

And those are somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got.
Somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got.

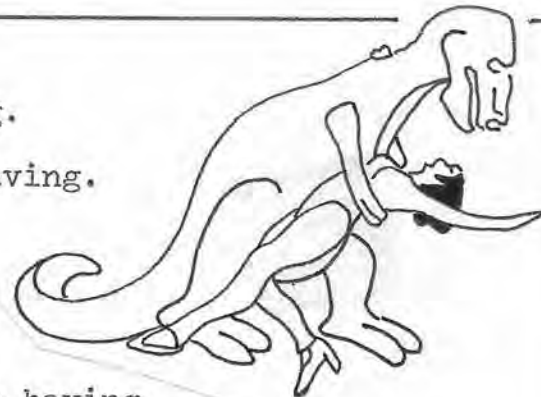


You say that I don't know
About all the little feelings you're having.
I say I shouldn't touch
The shell of the brittle feelings you're having.

You say, someday, that love will find a way.
But baby, you don't act that well to
Deceive anyone that's seen a movie,
T.V., theatre, too.

I would suggest you fire the hacks
You've got writing scripts for you.

Cause those are somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got.
Somebody else's feelings you're having.
Them are somebody else's feelings you got...



BLUE LUST

Let's party so hearty,
Abetting forgetting.

I'll pay...

No way...

Don't mind if I do. I'd like you to stay.

The things that I know, the things I could say!

You really should sit and listen to me - oh oh.

It's no one's business but she left me here with this

Blue lust in my blue heart...

I'm causing a big scene.

So sorry - sad story.

Please say...

You'll stay...

I'm lonely tonight, was lonely today.

Had so much to give. I gave it away.

Oh, when will I learn? Where is my return? Oh oh.

Investment I made, but it only ever gave

Blue lust in my blue heart...

And I don't think love can save me.

No, I don't think love can save me...

Who needs her? She leaves you.

She'll please you, then freeze you.

I'll stay...

No way...

Unwilling to go. Unable to stay.

Went chasing this dream. This dream got away.

Though honesty pays, this jealousy stays. Oh oh.

Hearts in the city won'tcha pity me and my

Blue lust in my blue heart...

Here is my story. Oh, won't you feel sorry

For me and my sad tale. I see you're not listening

To me, so why don'tcha

Get lost.

Why are blue movies condemned by the bluenoses? How is it possible that blue skies signify happiness while the blues represent a descent into lowdown misery? Once in a blue moon seems more than often enough to raise such questions, and the philosopher who does so is obviously in the mood for a blue streak of idle speculation.

Or is it so idle after all? William Gass is not only a philosopher in the business of posing paradoxes but a writer (*Omensetter's Luck*, *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country*) to whom words matter. Blue, for instance. Gass notes that "a random set of meanings has softly gathered around the word the way lint collects." Gass would like to know why, and he is writer enough to make his inquiry far more entertaining than just another academic trip through the wild blue yonder.

Not since Herman Melville pondered the whiteness of Moby Dick has a region of the spectrum been subjected to such eclectic scrutiny. Gass hoards azure words and holds them up to the light: "Blue poplar. Blue palm ... the blue lucy is a healing plant. Blue john is skim milk. Blue backs are Confederate bills. Blue bellies are yankee boys." He squints at past authorities on physics (Democritus, Aristotle, Galen), the better to glimpse the essence of this protean color in the corner of an eye. The mystery remains, more mysterious because Gass so thoroughly exposes its complexities. Yet the humanist does not visit nature for facts but for creative suggestions, and these Gass offers in abundance: "Blue is the color of the mind in borrow of the body; it is the color consciousness becomes when caressed."

WHEN LOVE TURNS TO SHOVE

When love turns to shove,

You'll find there's no one living.

You'll find there's no one there

When love turns to shove.

You'll find there's no one living.

You'll find there's no one. Give in

When love has turned to shove.

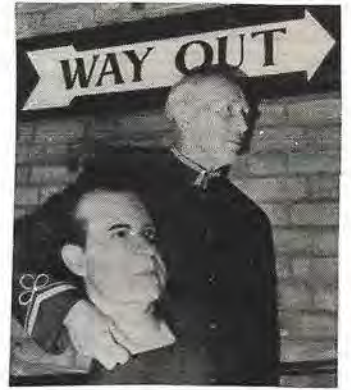


When love has turned to shove,
You'll find there's no one living there.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one lives there.

A ghost follows me.
And only I can hear it.
It whispers from above.
And we disagree
About these forms of payment
And sacrifices. They meant
That love has turned to shove.

When love has turned to shove,
You'll find there's no one living there.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one cares.

When love has turned to shove,
Then no one's living there.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one cares.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one lives there.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one cares.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one's living there.
When love has turned to shove,
Then no one cares.



SNIVEL

When your logic has failed you
And your fever is high
And the only time you have
Is the time that you cry,
You can know something today
Though you've got nowhere to stay.
When the panic takes hold
And there isn't a way,
When things became hopeless,
You decided to stay.
Nothing worse under the sun.
You feel like you are no one.

Hey, hey...

When the world has destroyed you
And your will, it is low,
And you just have to leave, but
You're unable to go,
Poison is filling your life.
Waking up facing more strife.

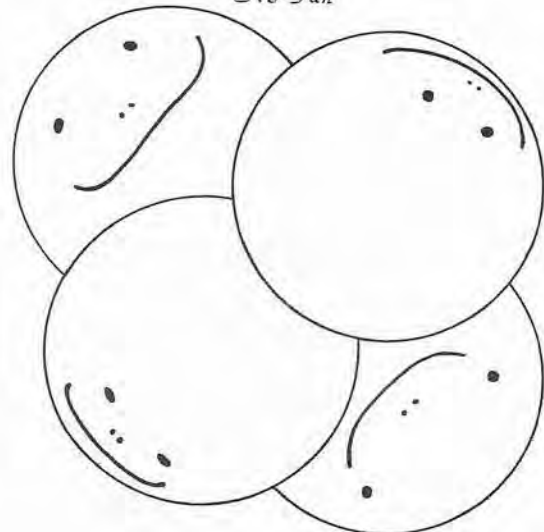
Hey, hey...

When your friends all desert you
And your love turns you in
And the Lord, he informs you
All your good deeds were sin,
You can be happy today.
Brother, there's only one way.

Hey, hey...

You can snivel
Now.

No Fun



Hi. Here's a technical note about SNIVEL.
The C-60 Chromium Dioxide cassettes herein
have been duplicated in real time directly
from the master tapes. Dolby B noise reduction
has been used on these cassettes. Most
big deal record companies suggest you listen
to their pre-recorded CrO₂ cassettes using
"normal" tape settings. They've had worse ideas.

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