

Introductions

Back in the Day
There were seven famous friends
South of Market
Where the Sidewalk Ends

Once the Leading Edge
Of the pretentious arts
Now the bleeding remains
That the media tore apart

Meet the Soma Seven:

Max was a painter of notable acclaim
Hayden was a writer with a philosophic aim
Katja was an indie queen, a bullet without a gun
Sherman, performance artist, his pieces always stun
Jack was a photog whose specialty lay in death
Leslie, farmgirl sculptor, wise with every breath
Raven, was a rock star, a metal polyglot
Soma Seven best friends down but not forgot

[key change]

Introducing the others

Wendy was the muckraking Queen of Spin
Twisting truths together so that Knox would win

Daryl Knox was the evil Depopulation Czar
Pseudo Environmental Zealot media whore

Early this century,
San Francisco barbary
We begin this comic tragedy

Back in the Day

With a Little Pain

Music and lyrics by Haddock

Open: Dm-F-Cdm/D-G7

D-G-D-G-D-G-F-D

Heeeyyy, Mr. Rock Star
Where are you goin' to?
There is no chance
that I was through with you

G-D-G-F

I've been thinkin' '
bout the world in the news
Yeah, I've been drinking
To kill these writer blues

D-G-D-G-Dm

Have a seat,
let's talk
You know
the world's
gone to shit

F-G-F-G F-G-F-G-Dm

Were crazy lab rats in a one way Skinner box
And it's time for a change

With a little pain
We can make this land pure

Open: Dm-F-Cdm/D-G7

D-G-D-G-D-G-F-D

Heeeyyy, Mr. Rock Star
Where are you goin' to?
There is no chance
that I was through with you

Export A's and Chekov Plays

Words and music by Haddock

Loungin' in the coffee shop
Gettin' nothin' done 'cept readin' some.
Thinkin' maybe I should stop
My intellectualizin', hypothesizin'

Education never came to much
just another philosophic crutch
Cool goatee and dressed in black
Smokin' Export A's, readin Chekov plays

And I'm useless in the real world
And I'm clueless in the feeling world
And I fill my hours with the empty words of ice-cold minds

And I'm helpless in the real world
And I'm selfish in the feeling world
Screaming quotes from any dead sage that I can find

Loungin' in the coffee shop
Got my feet propped up near my coffee cup
Spewin' existential slop
Like a Ph.D. short order cook

Flirtin' with a euro-chick
She breaks my heart cuz she reads Descartes
Over next to her I sit
Spark a cigarette, play my part

And I'm useless in the real world
And I'm clueless in the feeling world
And I fill my hours with the empty words of ice-cold minds

And I'm helpless in the real world
And I'm selfish in the feeling world
Screaming quotes from any dead sage that I can find

Loungin' in the coffee shop
Gettin' nothin' done 'cept readin' some
Comes time to pay my check
Make a wise-crack, slip out the back

Put on my dark black shades
Hop on the bus, I'm anonymous
Pull Camus from my backpack flap
And it looks so good sittin' on my lap

Loungin' in the coffee shop...

I'm Dead

You've tried to kill me so many times
This time it worked

You've tried to break my will, tried to snap my spine
This time it worked

You've picked and picked my brain
I've no gray matter left
It's all gone

You kicked and kicked me, kicked me in the head
And It's all gone

Chorus

I'm Dead
I'm Dead
I'm Dead
I'm Dead
I'm Dead

Hey Rembrandt Lazy Boy did you like my stunt?
It really rocked
Hey Katja do you think this dog will hunt?
Or did it suck
Hey Jacky, did you get the money shots?
Did they sell?
Hey Leslie Hayseed will you join the cause? Another skill.

Chorus

Just FYI my friends there was so little pain
Four motor horsemen left behind quite a stain
Do you think my message worked?
Do you think it read?
Damage control is so very tough, especially when you're dead.

[solo]

Fanatic is as fanatic does.
The party's on.

The final solution is the buzz du jour.
Try it on.

I've tried to kill me so many times
This time it worked

I need to know, who's next in line?
Step right up.

Chorus

You've tried to kill me so many times
This time it worked

Trust In Me

Trust in me, just in me
Shut your eyes and trust in me
You can sleep safe and sound
Knowing I am around

Slip into silent slumber
Sail on a silver mist
Slowly and surely your senses
Will cease to resist

Trust in me, just in me
Shut your eyes a
nd trust in me

Rare Form, Indeed

They are coming to see me fall
This will be my final curtain call
There is so much I'd like to say
I love you all each in my own way

Lazarus, will you forgive my trespass?
Will you forgive her open-hearted path
Actress, you are a bullet without a gun
I won't ever forget for me what you have done

Jacky-boy, spirit of the earth
I hope it won't be my name that you curse
Kansas girl, hands so strong
I knew about your wisdom all along.

Coming to see me fall
See my final curtain call
The vultures will take it wrong
Cuz I am singing a different song

Look, my friend, what you have caused
You took your life, we've taken it all
If you can hear me, I pity your death
I mourn the pain its caused and the pain it will beget

In the labyrinth of lies
The politicians spin in suits and ties
We, the clueless masses, confused and dazed,
Wander blindly in the sound-bite maze

Coming to see me fall
See my final curtain call
The vultures will take it wrong
Cuz I am singing a different song

If I go in flash of smoke
It is not some stupid political joke
It is my passing and that is all
I want my work to live, not a cross standing tall

I'm no suicide
I'm no messiah
I won't be sanctified
I won't be villified
I'm no promise
I'm no lie
I won't be immortalized
I won't be canonized
I'm no humanist
I'm no idealist
I won't be made no fucking example of because all I did is die

Queen of Spin

You can feed me any line
I'll take it for a spin
Bleed on your own time
And I'll profit from your sin

Savior of the Day
Is the flavor of the week
How much will you pay
To see this circus freak

Twisting the knife
With a shallow sloppy grin
Run for your life
I'm the queen of spin

Don't know much about politics
But I know what sells a rag
Don't know much about anything
S'nough to make you gag

Character assassin
Mud slinging whore
And you keep coming back
Coming back for more

Lying through my crooked teeth
To save my sorry skin
Run for your life
It's Queen of Spin

Break

Three sides and an eye
Is nothing but a wicked lie
Put it through the spin mill
And run it til you die

Character assassin
Mud slinging whore
And you keep coming back
Coming back for more

Lying through my crooked teeth
To save my sorry skin
Run for your life
It's Queen of Spin

This Just In

C-F-A-Bb

Have you heard the headlines
It's the start of suicide art
All over the world
People killing themselves from Soho to Monmartre

They send a message
That the Globe has gone to shat
And with each art suicide
Depopulation will trim the fat

[spoken] A – B – C – F

newscaster: This just in: in Paris today, famous sculptor François Chambeaux, chiseled his own flesh from his body—down to the bone—all the while espousing the need to chisel people from the planet through organized worldwide depopulation. He later bled to death.

newscaster: In Tokyo, an ensemble of modern dancers pirouetted off a sky scraper in protest to a recent Japanese roll back of birth control policies. Amidst their scattered remains, photos of self-styled Depopulation martyrs, writer Hayden Kurtz and performance artist, were found on their bodies.

newscaster: In the Soho district of London, an artist who goes simply by the name Thanatos, painted himself into a corner and proceeded to drink a pint of turpentine—a highly poisonous solvent. His last dying words in the ambulance on the way to the hospital was purported to be, “Depop-abop-bing-bang.”

newscaster: Six Los Angeles Actors committed politically motivated suicide today in a life-and-death portrayal of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Justin Partiér, who portrayed the fated Hamlet, changed his dying line to: “But I do prophesy th'election lights on Daryl Knox. He has my dying voice.”

Try and wrap your head around
The feckless herd, the guileless crowd
Try to track the meaning down
With the lemmings crying out so loud.

Have you heard the headlines
It's the end of rational thought
All over the world
People fooling themselves in the name of naught.

(C – Bb – A – Bb) (Introductions slight reprise)

And the blind lead the blind lead the blind lead the blind lead the blind.

Three Sides and an Eye

I, I feed on fear
I, I lead, you hear

Three sides and an eye
You'll never share a tear that it cries
Now's the time for a change
The human race at the end of its range
Trust in a higher power
Illuminati in an armored tower
Too many people in a crooked steeple
Culling the herd of a legion feeble

My, my time is near
Cry, my blood in your tears

Now it's time for the test
Raise your hand if you wanna be first
The faithful will be saved
The road to redemption and the coffins that pave
Sacrifice isn't jack
A slap on the back and your name on a plaque
Depopulation's our only salvation
A sacrifice to better our nation.

[Middle section][wendy o'neil]

Hurry hurry, step right up
Spun like a top, Spree like a crook
Trade in your license
To choose as you please
Circulation depends on
This cult of personality

You said you'd never change your mind
Look at you now with your plasticene spine
You said you'd never jump the fence
Ethical fidelity is so low-rent

Hurry hurry, step on down
Pundits in the headlights
And media clowns
Pack up your cameras
It's time to leave
No man behind the curtain
There is nothing to see

You said you'd never change your stripes
Look at you now with your plasticene hype
You said you'd never jump the tracks
 This whole freaking place is smoking your
 crack

Heeeyyy, Mr. Rock Star
Where are you goin' to?
There is no chance
that I was through with you

[solo]

My, my greed is here
I, I won't disappear

Three sides and an eye
I'll never shed a tear for your lie
Now's the time to act
Once you've joined you can't come back
Trust in a darker power
Illuminati and the Ruined Tower
Close your eyes, it's time to sleep
The death you sew is the green I'll reap