

Another title by which the file just seen can be googled is *Overground, tragicomix in space-movie format* Its continuation is *Onground, tragicomix in road-movie format* but we won't include it in the present study guide, it's easy to google anyway. Their sequel is *Mount Bushmore, farcitragedy in soap-opera format*, but any part of this "*farcitrilogy*" is self-contained and does not need the rest to make sense except in the following way: OK, we saw what e.g. Amanda did in space but how did she end up? Or: OK, we saw how Amanda became president of USA but how had she started in life?

In this ending to Chapter 2a we just want to give links to youtube videos playing the melodies of the songs used in *Overground* (the songs will be sung in Greek but this doesn't change much since the lyrics we saw were written so as to be singable in those melodies. In some cases the original lyrics too were translated but this happened only when there was a reason inside the story to do it)

Before we write down again those lyrics with a link near the song titles so as to listen to them while reading them, let's see a kind of brief outline of the nature of *Overground* that can be given through visiting 2+1 links, i.e. two links that at first sight might seem unrelated to the story since neither of them is part of the soundtracks of this book plus one that proves that the core of what it is about is not fictional but factual.

First let's go to the following two links:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cnBejfpIntk&feature=related>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w5020IHzriY&feature=related>

The title of both links is "Voyage to Kythira" which, among other things, is a French idiom. To be on a "Voyage to Kythira" means to be deeply in love. It also means voyage to an unreachable destination or to somewhere where the destination is the trip itself as other idioms go. In the links it refers to the film "Voyage to Kythira" (written and directed by Theodoros Angelopoulos, who of course knew the French idiom too!). The music (by Eleni Karaindrou) is the soundtrack to the last scene of the film, the one seen through the 1st link above. The music to the 2nd link is the same, in a different performance, but its visual part seems unrelated to the film.

Before we continue let's briefly recount this film: The context of the film is that a political refugee returns to Greece (where he had been long ago condemned to death) after 30 years in Russia where he also has raised three kids to adulthood and comes back to meet his old wife (who had even gone to jail for him) and his now adult son and daughter. His presence creates problems, ranging from bureaucratic to emotional, most of his friends are names in his village's graveyard, the film hardly has dialogs it's all full of very poetic images and strong emotions, the only one who can relate to him with hardly any words is his wife, the authorities try to ship him back to Russia but the ship's captain does not accept him since he has not himself asked for a ticket, and they finally give him an umbrella (it's raining) and leave him on a platform tied to a buoy in the international waters and go back to the port to hold a celebration for something fixed, due to weather people don't come but the magicians etc have to be paid, so the organizers dedicate the fiesta to the "old man out there" and also call his wife to start the fiesta but she only says on the microphone that she wants to go near him, so they do take her there. In the morning the rain has stopped, they are sitting, holding each other, on the wet platform that rocks them lightly like a cradle, he rises and asks her if she can stand up, she says she is ready, he unties the platform from the buoy, the platform recedes in the horizon until sky and sea are one and they two are little standing shadows (one could say like Beatrice and Dante (or Romeo and Juliet too) facing God's infinite Light far at infinity surrounded by angel's choir, my friend from Army service Vangelis (of p.7 chpt 2a) more than 20 years ago had told me it was the best film ever made, but in the time that DVDs did not exist one could only wait for them to be replayed, last week I went out and found the DVD. The old actor (Manos Katrakis, a Cretan) had himself done years in torture islands like Theodorakis the composer, "escorting" the people who "were writing history in first names" as the expression goes for people not renowned but doing most of the "job"). At the time of the filming this actor was dying of lung cancer. The 2nd link, with the same music and what it caused in a person from "another walk in life", has among the comments posted one saying that this version makes us feel the music as angels' choir singing a hymn to God, so let's do include here too the famous gravure, by Gustav Doré, with Beatrice and Dante being there where we said on the previous page; and on the next let's see it again as a step in a ladder that can be seen as a bridge connecting the two links about the film; These pictures Amanda too had seen in "Overground" but here let's traverse the bridge they form in both directions, one close-up on its (non obscure but quite luminous) "object" going from the Cubrick-like photo and passing to the choir around the Center in Gibran's painting and then zooming on the pupil of that eye,

i.e. reaching the gravure from Dante's Paradiso, and then , going from that Center to the Cubrick-like photo subtitled with the last verse of the Divine Comedy. But let's start with Beatrice and Dante as two little shadows at the bottom of Doré's gravure:







And I found myself again under the sky
that is full of the love that moves the stars

By connecting pictures one can make an artistic bridge even over hiatuses, but to also answer some very natural questions arising in the process, something like Overground might be very helpful (at least to those natural questioners). But there is one more question, even more natural, about the issue we had mentioned, concerning fictionality versus factuality of characters like the one in the film recounted (thus also relevance versus irrelevance of “overcloudcuckoolands” (like Overground also is).

A factual such character, who is also well known so as to convince of his factuality more people than his friends and relatives who know him from a close distance, is Mikis Theodorakis.

Let's go to a much more well known link

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I4JfmThg8wQ>

and then, let's also ask if there is a bridge between the phrase of Anthony Quinn “The music of Mr Theodorakis is the music of life” and the dimension of life we saw in the link of Buddhist inspiration that we saw a while ago. Isn't that walk of life usually associated with quietistic or autistic or navel-contemplatory or womb&nirvana seeking practices instead of with struggles? (or at least with struggles of the type one sets himself on fire?) . What does that have to do with Zorbas or fighters like Theodorakis? Well, both the space-movie and its road-movie sequel help towards that bridging too, with Theodorakis and his non-musician similars as their main factual core and backbone. The next chapter, 2b, focuses on Theodorakis himself, with no fictional accompaniment, so as to be readable by itself and without questions about the relevance of fiction etc.

But here let's finally do go to those lyrics and links that accompany Overground...

Go to next page:

MIKE THE MIDWIFE:

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IJR5iO9Yk9g>)

Downtown Bronx just after midnight (or: Overtown Bronx a smart space cop
Mike was caught in just a kid trap. saw Mike caught in a groove-like space trap.
Had escaped feds in Nebraska Had escaped feds in Nebraska
who had found him through Alaska. who had found him through Alaska.)

One plus one for us is two,
say to Mike good bye to you.
Two plus one is three for copsters,
Mike's arrest took top tough monsters.

What went wrong and Mike was captured?
His thick skull liked to get fractured.
He escaped his rival's batmen
just to have a jerk's entrapment.

Now he looks like king Tut's mummy,
send his jail hard sticks of candy.
He can suck or bang his thick skull,
as he walks behind his thick wall.

One plus one for Mike is two,
say to us good bye to you.
Two plus one is three we're sorry,
but that's it for all that story.

BEFORE MIKE'S OFF FOR REAL
OR
LET'S KISS MIKE'S ASS GOODBYE
([link:same as for the previous song](#))

Downtown Athens well b'fore midnight
Mike was caught in just a kid trap.
Had escaped Afghans and space cops
who had seen him in two spacecrafts.

THE BALLAD OF MESSLESS PLUCKY

(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_4kaWaucfuo&feature=related)

Messless Plucky was adopted to replace a crazy son
when he found the mess he signed off and went out to get some sun.

Some tail chase and his karate mixed him up with FBI
and he thought some greater mix-up could help get him off their eye.

So he mixed up with Amanda and her drummer and hot dogs
and together they decided to apply as astronauts.

Overground they met Miyaki and then mixed up NATO bombs
then they mixed up with Bin Laden and just closely missed their tombs.

For a while to catch their breath back they found shelter with a nerd
village squares became their classrooms till the day the news was heard.

He was summoned to serve sentence for his somewhat sinful past
this he saw like food for thinking up solutions that would last.

Having known no messless parents of his own DNA
for the mess he asked his own heart if some mix-up cleared the way.

Clear and loud his heart responded and she showed him the way out
straight and messless not quite painless in our years much talked about.

Left his kids inside their mother and he gave the cops his ash
for he thought this was less messy than to kiss goodbye his ass.

Junior Plucky and Amanda have two daddies and one mom
one is earthly like dad Joseph and can teach them how to drum.

I have known their messless father of their own DNA
so they ask their heart or ask me when my beat is not their way.

MILK AND HONEY, HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY
(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=shPET-znvnk&feature=related>)
In Oriental times and places, they say, once upon a time
people hardly filled their hunger and to drink they stood in line.

And a young man of some lineage, true descendant of Sindbad,
doesn't think that what they suffer is a punishment from God.

Bedouins look at him with sorrow but their hopes begin to flare
and he takes an oath before God that to help change times he'll dare.

In Mossul, Baghdad and Basra all built 'round an old palm tree
people pray and are preparing to fight, to die, and to live free.

When the nerve of the young fellow reached the ears of sheikh and lord
wolf-toothed thugs and lion-skin bullies left to pass him chain and ball.

Overwhelmed by dogs in fury with no leash and pitch-dark look
to the caliph he's now brought to have him fixed upon the hook.

It was black milk and black honey that he swallowed and he drank
till his last breath on the gallows left him when he rested hanged.

Hand in hand they now are walking and the sky is dark with clouds
but the company of their prophet as a star they feel around.

In a month or in a year they reach Allah their true God
at the side of whom the brainless sees his kin captain Sindbad.

My defeated mocking smart-bird what is changed is not the times,
the world was, is and always will be lifted through such flames and knives.

GHOST DOGS, BROTHER HOUNDS AND FELLOW ROCKERS

(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ifz57Y_OL-4)

My feelings are real brotherly and best
for all poor hounds who all the time surround my nest,
who, with snow or even rain,
my keepers all around the clock have been ordained,
who have to use their bugs and mikes to hear
whatever passes through my mouth or even near,
songs, swears, and jokes stupid or clever
within the kitchen or the toilet or wherever.
My brother cops and hounds you do remain
listeners and knowers of my every human pain,
you are and will remain the main witness
that my passion for my cause and that my sweetness
are as constantly with me as I with them.
Words that otherwise would be forgotten,
all in your tapes have been recorded and safeguarded
and when at home in bed at least you're free to sleep
through whispers from your lips my songs can find some leaks.
My gratitude to you for this is really deep.
Dear colleagues, my colleagues, faithful and most dear colleagues.
Dear colleagues, my colleagues, faithful and most dear colleagues.

SWIMMING IN VOID'S WAVES:

(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZFdQTB_Q-Oo)

In outer world beyond all space,
a baby soul is strolling,
wondering why it's still up there
when other souls are falling,
falling to earth through starlit sky,
invited by their mothers,
it seems that passwords for downloads
are only for the others.

Mother in Overground, fighting void spaces, (or: Mother in Overground, in cosmic spaces,)
woman of two young dads exchanging places,
between your trio and me flames rise like fences,
unborn and unconceived I guess your faces,
how come I reminisce without my senses?

(same link as above)

Mother who worked around in ports and harbors,
full of your pride and smile well kept behind doors,
mother whose trip to here makes my voice tremble,
displaced from house and bed you just remember,
you could not take with you your daughter's cradle.

THE TIME OF THE SATELLITES. OVERCLOUD GAS STATIONS AND CANTEENS

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XKfcQ60OMB8>)

If we sold hot dogs overcloud with flat vibes nowhere to be found
sex and rock would be all around, even when drugs would not be found.
Metro-Goldwyn and Paramount could take care as we went Greyhound.

Feed me information both live and on the screen,
lustfully I'll drink,
like lovers taste their Spring.
Why such little favors you had postponed for me,
letting me be driv'n crazed into an orbit's ring?

We might as well just forget about flat ground to even wonder,
it's such a pain in the ass in cosmic space where we wander.
Fires, hearts, junk , rust for just and unjust
and let God take proper care of that,
may He keep us out of mess and crap
through information and nothing but.

THE TIME OF THE GYPSIES

([link:same as for the previous song](#))

A gas station way overcloud might still help me from laws on ground,
my unfair star's still not around, yet my heart now in chains is bound.
Heart like junk, heart in ice and rust, safer void than the lawful just.

Broken glass and bottles now give me for my sips,
let me cut my lips,
now I'll get drunk for keeps.
Why such little favors you had postponed for me,
madness driving me to skybound destiny?

I might as well just forget to come back to healthy sane world,
in gypsies' time on the road who can bear such heavy burden?
Fires, hearts, junk , rust for just and unjust
and let God take proper care of that,
leave me on a gas station overcloud,
for my unfair star I now am bound.

THE FISHNET

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PmmLmqIMFw0>)

Each time you open a new path in your life's walk
don't wait until you are surrounded by deep darkness,
keep your eyes open all night long, even all day,
a few steps further comes a fishnet out of blackness.

If ever you get caught within its mesh
there's no one who can get you out of trouble,
you'll have to find the thread's end by yourself
and if you're lucky start a better struggle.

This net has names whose mention brings fear of bad luck
hidden in books with seven keys and eerie covers,
some people call it evil, cunning, underworld,
and others call it the first Spring of skybound lovers.

If ever you get caught within its mesh
there's no one who can get you out of trouble,
you'll have to find the thread's end by yourself
and if you're lucky start a better struggle.

AIN'T GOT NO MAYDAY

(the beginning of the following link:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PmmLmqIMFw0>)

Aaaaaaaaaa.....aaa.....

I ain't got no...

ain't got no home to come back to

and no bed to sleep on

ain't got no street ain't got no neighborhood

to walk around on a sunny day-off 's cool.

Aaaaa

I ain't got no saint to pray to

and no icon in empty sky

ain't got no stars no moonlight and no sun

over my songs to sing when all is done.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

HIKMET VERSUS FEYNMAN OR FEYNMAN VERSUS HIKMET?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0u7PT7heg6o>)

What now, I have to say and let you know,

somewhere in Indies within the city of

Calcutta

they put in chains a man, a man like

you and me

they put in chains a man like us

as he was walking

That's why I don't and I will never

condescend

to raise my eyes to see what shines

in starlit spaces

You'll counter: Our earth is just

a teeny weeny moon

and there are stars that shine so bright

your mind spins dizzy

Well, whatever all those stars may be

I stick my tongue out to

their brightness

For me, the most amazing thing,

the most imposing ,the most grand,

and most uncanny

is man obstructed in his walk

Young, still in the team for the atom bomb

I heard a preaching by Oppenheimer to

von Neumann

To be irresponsible is conscious choice

for me

I heard von Neumann say and thought

I could outfrank him

Here's how I thought my brilliance

could afford

what others thought was only afforded

by von Neumann

I thought: We're all worms in a jar

in empty space

a clear glass jar that is just hung among

real wonders

Well, ungrateful that we can see through

we only care for which worms crush us

or vice versa

For me, the most exciting thing

the most imposing ,the most grand

and awe inspiring

is wonder reaching at the

Your parcel came two days ago, ago, ago,
please don't spend all that much for me.
My whole life was like open doors, open doors, open doors
when I was near you and you near me.

FACTS OF LIFE TO A KID OF 19

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YwAqXRRcrI>)

You're just a kid of eighteen or nineteen years,
you're just a kid but hairsnow already is near,
hard times have just knocked on our door.
You're going to walk on the edge of rough unbound waves
as sea starts swelling, foaming and turn wild,
don't let the blows of slavery bend proud ways,
hold on the clarity of your mind,
don't let the blows of slavery bend proud ways,
hold on the clarity of your mind,
you're just a kid of eighteen or nineteen years.

Don't sit and wait for help from gods and fathers,
don't sit and wait for truth to come from others,
it's you who'll walk up Golgotha.
At nights the scent of flowers comes out heady
and breeze spreads all 'round their desire for life
and that's just what we also will be spreading
in peace, in fight, dead or alive,
and that's just what we also will be spreading
in peace, in fight, dead or alive,
don't sit and wait for help from gods and fathers.

Keep straight in times like this, in times of hardship,
keep straight in times of storm like times of fascism,
some people see you as a guide.
Just arm your thought with knowledge and its powers,
ask some old timers with experience in such fight
and from your sad defeat just fight to raise like towers
the beauty of victory and of right,
and from your sad defeat just fight to raise like towers
the beauty of victory and of right,
keep straight in times like this, in times of hardship.

FACTS OF LIFE TO A BABY IN ARMS

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nKriX1Po5p4>)

Sleep calm my little angel love, my baby nanny-nanny,
sleep to grow fast like tall plane trees,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Sleep as to grow a man in body and mind
so you can walk straight and keep on the road of right.
Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

Sleep calm my little angel dove, my baby nanny-nanny,
to feel your heart grow big like Christ's,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Grow not to ever say "I just cannot"
and be like steel if you must lift a cross and walk.

Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

YOU'LL SEE THEM AGAIN

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xBBPpaE-kxQ>)

Each one you see now you're going to see again, maybe on another ferry,
one's name may then be Tom or Dick, another's Harry.
Each one you see now you're going to see again, the way to tell it is them
will be a prouder way to walk on all roads of this world.

Each one you see now you're going to see again, again you're going to hate them,
one, strong and youngest won't be found,
for the most bitter turn he's bound,
the lonely one, lonely and brave and the most beloved.
This one you'll never find again, this one the world now misses,
you will not torture him next time nor his big heart tear into pieces.
This one you will not see again, this time he's safely guarded,
the stars are guarding him from you, his sun and moon are watching, too,
now that they've taken him from here,
the lonely one, the young, the brave, the one the most beloved,
for him only I,
I, I, I, I am waiting.

For the following song's links see [the instructions just after the end of the compact text](#)

*When my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside (the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in span and pass of time), into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country, my soul caught fire as if, as if space suddenly was all made of copper, made of red copper or as if I had the holy cell of Heraclitus around me, where, for long years, for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts and hung them like arms in the Temple of Ephesos... Gigantic thoughts passing, like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset, sunset of myth and tale, were flaring up in my mind, for my whole life was flared up burning at once, at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country! That's why I didn't say: "This now is the light of my cremating fire". "A torch of your History I am", this I cried out, "and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver, and with this firebrand now still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour light the farthest corners where men are living and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Country!" So said I and kept walking holding in my two hands my lighted liver in Your Caucasus and my every step was the first, first but I also felt as if it was the last, for my bare foot, my Country, was treading on splashes of Your blood, and was stumbling on Your dead. Because my face and my body and all my spirit, was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored in Your blood, my Country! There in scarlet mirror glass, in such a bottomless mirror, of the abyss of Your Liberty and Freedom and of Your abysmal thirst for life, my Country, I saw myself firm solid made of red soil moulded into clay, brand new Adam of the brand new creation of our world that we're going to create for You, my Country! And I said: "I know, yes I know, that even Your Gods of Olympus have now become a chthonic foundation, because we buried them deep, very deep where strangers cannot find them. And all the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid with all the bones our enemies have heaped and kept heaping upon it... I also know that for the libations and the vows of the new Temple we have dreamt for You, my Country for nights and days, so many brothers were slaughtered among them as lamb had never been slaughtered for Easter!"... Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to my entrails! And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love, behold, my soul became real hard, and is entering now whole in mud and in Your blood, to mould the new heart, the new heart needed in Your new fight, my Country! The new heart that I have already closed in my breast, and with that heart I'm calling out today to all companions:
"Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries;
come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world!
Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered,*

and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!
 Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power;
 push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud,
 push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood.
 We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers!
 Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire's now closing upon us,
 go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed, brothers, brothers!
 Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power, support it with your heads and legs, to keep the
 sun from sinking! Also help me, brothers, from sinking along! For now the sun is over me and inside me
 and around me, for now in holy dizziness I'm following him in whirling. A thousand backs of bulls support
 from below; two headed eagle, and flaps his wings on me, his battle din is groaning next to my head and
 inside my soul, for me now near and far are one! I'm encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on,
 companions, help the sun to rise to become Spirit! The new Word is coming closer, the Word ready to paint
 all things in its new flame, mind and body will now be pure steel. Our earth was fertilized enough with flesh
 of man! Rich soil, to bear rich fruit, let's not let this soil dry of this deep moisture brought down by this
 bloodshed no rain in any fall would make it as rich or as deep! Tomorrow let each of us go outside with
 twelve pairs of oxen and plough this land, land watered with blood... Make laurel blossom on it and be the
 tree of our life and make our Vine spread to every place on earth where men are living... Come boys, come
 on, the sun just can't, the sun can't rise without us. Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's
 now all get him out of mud; push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of
 blood; push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!" Thus, when my
 last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside (the brand of my whole life bound
 and enclosed in span and pass of time) into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country,
 shout filled with soul left loud, as if space suddenly was all made of copper, of sounding copper or as if I had
 the holy cell of Heraclitus around me, where, for long years, for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy
 thoughts and hung them like arms in the Temple of Ephesos, all the way to You I was calling, companions!

For the next song's links see pages 34-37 of Chapter 2b

2011 Note: Translating "country" with "humanity", with the latter meaning both "human-ness" and
 "mankind" may have been OK ten years ago, but seeing more and more clearly what a global hoax the so-
 called "fall of borders" in effect was, we underline that below we only mean it in the "human-ness" sense.

MARCH OF THE SPIRIT IN THE '40s

MARCH OF THE SPIRIT IN THE '00s

Saviors of Life in the latest Brave Old Times

Saviors of Life in the Times of Human Shields

When my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside

When our last shield was made, when we joined hands in our last shield made out of our lives
 (the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in span and pass of time),

(our lives ready to burst out of their bounds of span and pass of time)

into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country,

shielding the altars of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity
 my soul caught fire as if, as if space suddenly was all made of copper,

our souls caught fire as if we were true helpers even saviors of God like every Bruno
 made of red copper or as if I had

the holy cell of Heraclitus around me,

whose hands joined back to embrace

where, for long years,

the holiest altar made of fire like ours we were defending

for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts

or as if our heartbeat

and hung them like arms

followed the drum and whisper of Life Herself

in the Temple of Ephesos

singing like a flag

«don't ask if we win or lose. Go on!»

Gigantic thoughts passing,
like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset,
sunset of myth and tale,
were flaring up in my mind
for my whole life was flared up burning at once
at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country!

*Gigantic thoughts passing,
like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset,
sunset of myth and tale,
were flaring up in my mind
for my whole life was flared up burning at once
at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity!*

That's why I didn't say:
This now is the light of my cremating fire...
A torch of your History I am, this I cried out,
and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver,
and with this firebrand now
still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour
light all the farthest corners where men are living
and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Country!

*That's why I didn't say:
This now is the light of my cremating fire...
A torch like the towers' Firemen I am, this I cried out,
and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver,
and with this firebrand now
still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour
light all the farthest corners where men are living
and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Humanity!*

So said I and kept walking
holding in my two hands my lighted liver
in Your Caucasus
and my every step was the first
first but I also felt as if it was the last one,
for my foot bare was treading on splashes of Your blood
for my foot bare when walking was stumbling on Your dead
because my face and body and all my spirit
was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored, mirrored in Your blood!

*Like them said I and kept walking
holding in my two hands my lighted liver
in Your Caucasus
and my every step was the first
first but I also felt as if it was the last one
for my foot bare was treading on splashes of Your blood
for my foot bare when walking was stumbling on Your dead
because my face and body and all my spirit
was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored, mirrored in Your blood!*

There in scarlet mirror glass in such a mirror my Country
There in scarlet mirror glass in such a mirror my Humanity
a mirror bottomless, a mirror of the abyss
a mirror bottomless, a mirror of the abyss
of Your Liberty and Freedom and Your thirst for life,
of Your Liberty and Freedom and Your thirst for life,
I saw myself firm solid
I saw myself firm solid
made of red soil moulded into clay
made of red soil moulded into clay
Adam brand new of new creation of our world
Adam brand new of new creation of our world
that to create for You we're going, my Country!
that to create for You we're going, my Humanity!

And I said:
I know, yes I know, that even Your Gods
of Olympus have now become a chthonic foundation,
because we buried them deep, very deep where strangers cannot find them.
And all the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid
with all the bones our enemies have heaped and kept heaping upon it...
I also know for the libations and the vows
of the new Temple that we have dreamt for You, my Country
for nights and days, so many brothers were slaughtered among them
as lamb had never been slaughtered for Easter!...

*And we said:
We know, yes we know,
that even the Gods of Humanity have now become a chthonic foundation,
because our slain and the slain of the strangers buried them deep, very deep
where slayers cannot find them
and because our slayers and the slayers of the strangers buried them deep, very deep
where the slain cannot find them.
And the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid
with all the bones all slayers have heaped and kept heaping upon it.
We also know that some of the Indians Christianized celebrate Easter only up to Good Friday
because for them then Miracle of the Resurrection has not yet happened
and we know that for them Christ's Cross was made
out of the wood of the tree of the Knowledge of Freedom
watered and fed by the blood and the flesh of people who were their own flesh and blood
and were hanged by Columbus as ripe fruit.*

Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to my entrails!
Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to our entrails
And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love,
And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love,
behold , my soul became real hard, became hard, and is entering
behold ,our souls became real hard, became hard, and are entering
now whole in mud and in Your blood, and in Your blood,
now whole in mud and in Your blood, and in Your blood,
to mould the new heart ,the new heart, needed in Your new fight, my Country!
to mould the new heart ,the new heart, needed in Your new fight, my Humanity!
The new heart that I have already closed in my breast,
The new heart that we have already closed in our breasts,
and with that heart I'm calling out today to all companions:
and with that heart we're calling out today to all companions:

Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries;
 come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world!
 Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered,
 and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!
 Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power;
 push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud,
 push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood.
 We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers!
 Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire is now closing upon us,
 go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed ,brothers, brothers!

Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power,
 support it with your heads and legs, to keep the sun from sinking!
 Also help me, brothers, from sinking along!
 For now the sun is over me and inside me and around me,
 for now in holy dizziness I'm following him in whirling.
 A thousand backs of bulls support from below;
 two headed eagle, and flaps his wings on me,
 his battle din is groaning next to my head and inside my soul,
 for me now near and far are one!
 I'm encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on, companions,
 help the sun to rise to become Spirit!

*Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power,
 support it with your heads and legs, to keep the sun from sinking!
 Also help us, brothers, from sinking along!
 For now the sun is over us and inside us and around us,
 for now in holy dizziness we're following him in whirling.
 Birth trips and death trips around us and inside us.
 Angels taking our souls and angels putting souls inside new flesh.
 Death rattles and cries of newborn beside us and inside us
 for us now near and far are one!
 We're encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on, companions,
 help the sun to rise to become Spirit!*

The new Word is coming closer, the Word ready to paint all things
 in its new flame, mind and body will now be pure steel.
 Our earth was fertilized enough with flesh of man!
 Rich soil, to bear rich fruit, let's not let dry this soil
 dry of this deep moisture brought down by this bloodshed
 no rain in any fall would make it as rich or as deep!
 Tomorrow let each of us go outside with twelve pairs of oxen
 and plough this land, land watered with blood...
 Make laurel blossom on it and be the tree of our life
 and make our Vine spread to every place on earth where men are living
with pain-push-joy start Peace's breath like new life's and end both Hers and our strife.
 Come boys, come on, the sun just can't, can't rise without us.
Come boys, come on, the sun just can't, can't rise without us.
 Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's now all get him out of mud;
Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's now all get him out of mud;
 push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of blood;
push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of blood;
 push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!»
push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!»

Thus, when my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside
Thus, when our last shield was made, when we joined hands in our last shield made out of our lives
(the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in space and time),
(our lives ready to burst out of their bounds of span and pass of time)
into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country,
shielding the altars of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity! My Humanity!,
shout filled with soul left loud, as if space suddenly was all made of copper,
shout filled with soul left loud, just as if suddenly Life Herself had spoken
of sounding copper or as if I had
spoken clear and loud not just whispering
the holy cell of Heraclitus around me,
spoken through us joining hands around Her,
where, for long years,
as we were being saved
for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts
even by Death Himself who had carved bullets
and hung them like arms
with the names of each of us
in the Temple of Ephesos,
as Saviors of God,
all the way to You I was calling,
all the way to You we were calling,

all the way to You I was calling, companions!

all the way to You we were calling, companions!

**HUMAN SHIELDS, FIREMEN AND FIREWOMEN
DYING IN SOUTH AMERICA, IN NORTH AMERICA, IN EUROPE,
IN IRAQ, IN PALESTINE, IN....., IN..., IN...**

INTO THE FIRE

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PKuRGt7LnzU&feature=related>)

The sky was falling and streaked with blood
I heard you calling me, then you disappeared into dust
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need your kiss, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love
You gave your love to see, in fields of red and autumn brown
You gave your love to me and lay your young body down
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need you near, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love
It was dark to see, you held me in the light you gave
You lay your hand on me, then walked into the darkness of your smoky grave
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need your kiss, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love...

PRAISED BE IT, IT'S WORTH IT

(at the end of <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=28GzARSTNFA>)

PRAISED BE the hand deciding the horrible sacrifice knowing now
which the world that is really superior
which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
which the world that is really superior which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
NOW the myrtle's wild animal Now the cry of May
FOREVER the utmost conscience Forever the full light
Now now the hallucination and the mimicry of sleep
Forever forever the world and forever the astral Keel
Now the moving cloud of lepidoptera
Forever the circumgyrating light of mysteries
Now the crust of the Earth and the Dominion
Forever the food of the Soul and the quintessence
Now the Moon's incurable swarthinness
Forever the Galaxy's golden blue scintillation
Now the amalgam of peoples and the black Number
Forever the statue of Justice and the great Eye
Now the humiliation of the Gods Now the ashes of Man
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world
the Great!

MARCH OF THE SPIRIT

(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UKE_EbtZnQ0&feature=related)

Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries;
come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world!
Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered,
and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!
Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power;
push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud,
push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood.
We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers!
Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire's now closing upon us,
go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed ,brothers, brothers!

*...y e dios de los altares impregnados
devolvía las flores y las vidas...*

Translation: ...and the gods of the impregnated altars restored flowers and lives...

(first two verses of e.g. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3qUsH51LKJM> ,

To the whole that this belongs to (Canto General) and the links to it we'll return at length in Chapter 2b)

Same goes for all the verses of Neruda that follow)

THE POET'S WAY OF PHILOSOPHIZING ON "GENESIS THROUGH WORDS"
AND ON THE EVER CONTINUING BIRTH OF LANGUAGE;
AND HIS WAY OF FINALLY REACHING
THE WORDS THAT WERE STILL UNBORN IN HIS MOUTH

*"A tongue like a javelin darted into the verdure
it was the night of the iguana..."*

*My land without name, without America,
equinoctial stamen, purple lance,
your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips,
up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth"*
Pablo Neruda in "Canto General"

EXCERPTS FROM
NERUDA'S ACCOUNT OF THE GENESIS IN "CANTO GENERAL"
AND FROM
HIS GOSPEL OF FREEDOM (IN "CANTO GENERAL" AGAIN):

"...a tongue like a javelin darted into the verdure...it was the night of the iguana...to the lands without names or numbers the wind blew down from other domains ,the rain brought celestial threads, and the gods of the impregnated altars restored flowers and lives... in fertility time grew.... the jacaranda raised its froth of transmarine splendor...the araucaria bristling with spears was magnitude against the snow ...the primordial mahogany tree, distilled blood from its crown and to the South of the cypress...the thunder tree, the red tree, the thorn tree, the mother tree, the scarlet ceibo, the rubber tree, were earthly volume, sound, were territorial existences...a newly propagated aroma suffused through the interstices of the earth... the breaths transformed into mist and fragrance: wild tobacco raised its rosebush of imaginary air...like a fire-tipped spear corn emerged , and its stature was stripped, and it gave forth again, disseminated its flour, had corpses beneath its roots and then, in its cradle, it watched the vegetable gods grow wrinkle and extension , sown, by the seed of the wind over the plumes of the cordillera, dense light of germ and nipples, blind dawn nursed by the earthly ointments of the implacable rainy latitude of the enshrouded torrential nights, of the matinal cisterns...and still on the prairies, like laminas of the planets, beneath a fresh republic of stars...the ombu , king of the grass, stopped the free air, the whispering flight...and mounted the pampa, holding it in with a bridle of reins and roots...green uterus...seminal savanna, dense storehouse, a branch was born like an island...a flower was shaped like a sword, a flower was lightning and medusa...a cluster rounded off its resumé a root descended into the darkness...the monastic anteatrator trod the jungle with melodious feet...the guanaco fine as oxygen in the wide brown heights was wearing boots of gold...while the llama opened candid eyes in the delicacy of the world covered with dew...the monkeys wove an unendingly long erotic thread on the shore-like borders of dawn...leveling walls of pollen and startling the violet flight of the butterflies from Muzo... the night pure and pullulating with snouts emerging from the ooze...and from the somnolent swamps an opaque thud of armor returned in the earthly origins...the puma bolts through the foliage like fire of devouring hunger while in him burn the jungle's alcoholic eyes...badgers scratch the river's feet, sniff out the nest whose throbbing delight they'll attack with red teeth...and in the depths of the almighty water like the circle of the earth lies the giant anaconda covered with ritual mud devouring and religious...all was flight in our land...like drops of blood and feathers the cardinals bled the dawn of Anahuac...the toucan was a lovely box of shining fruit... the humming bird preserved the original sparks of dawn and its miniscular bonfires burned in the still air...illustrious parrots filled the depths of the foliage like ingots of green gold newly minted from the paste of sunken swamps, and from their circular eyes yellow hoops looked out old as minerals...all the eagles of

the sky nourished their bloody kin in the uninhabited blue and on carnivorous feathers flying over the world, the condor, murderous king, solitary monk of the sky, black talisman of the sky, hurricane of falconry...the ovenbird's engineering made of the fragrant clay sonorous little theater, where it burst forth singing...the night jar kept whistling its wet cry on the bank of the cenotes...the Chilean pigeon made scrubby woodland nests where it left its regal gifts of dashing eggs...the southern lark, fragrant sweet autumn carpenter displayed its breast spangled with a scarlet constellation... and the austral sparrow raised its flute recently fetched from the eternity of water...wet as a water lily, the flamingo opened the doors of its rosy cathedral and flew like the dawn far from the sultry forests where the jewels dangle from the quetzal which suddenly awakens, stirs, slips off, glows, and makes its virgin embers fly...

...Before the wig and the dress coat there were rivers, arterial rivers...there were cordilleras, jagged waves where the condor and the snow seemed immutable...there was dampness and dense growth as yet unnamed, the planetary pampas...Man was dust, earthen vase, an eyelid of tremulous loam, the shape of clay he was Carib jug, Chibcha stone, imperial cup or Araucanian silica...tender and bloody was he, but on the grip of his weapon of moist flint, the initials of the earth were written. No one could remember them afterwards: the wind forgot them, the language of water was buried, the keys were lost or flooded with silence or blood...I, Incan of the loam, touched the stone and said: Who awaits me? And I closed my hand around a fistful of empty flint...but I walked among Zapotec flowers and the light was soft like a deer, and the shade was a green eyelid...

...My land without name, without America, equinoctial stamen, purple lance, your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips, up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth...”.

“...When the trumpet blared, everything on earth was prepared and Jehova distributed the world to Coca Cola Inc., Anaconda Ford Motors and the other entities. United Fruit Inc. reserved for itself the juiciest, the central seaboard of my country, America's sweet waist. It rebaptized its lands the “Banana Republics”, and upon the slumbering corpses, upon the restless heroes who conquered renown, freedom and flags, it established the buffoons' opera, it alienated self-destiny, gave as gifts Caesar's crowns, unsheathed envy, attracted the dictatorship of flies, fly Truhillo, fly Tahos, fly Garias, fly Martinez, fly Ubico, flies soaked in humble blood and jam, drunk flies that drone over the common graves, circus flies, clever flies versed in tyranny. Among the blood thirsty flies, the Fruit Co. disembarks, ravaging coffee and fruits for its ships that make disappear like ghosts on serving trays, the treasures of our lands that are submerged. Meanwhile in the sugary abysses of the seaports collapsed Indians, buried in the mist of the morning: a body rolls down a thing without name, a fallen number, a bunch of lifeless fruit dumped in the rubbish heap...

...Here comes the tree, the tree, of storm, the tree of the people. Its heroes rise up from the earth as leaves from the sap, and the wind spangles the whispering multitude's foliage, until the seed falls again from the bread to the earth. Here comes the tree nourished by naked corpses, corpses scoured and wounded corpses with impossible faces, impaled on spears, reduced to dust in the bonfire, decapitated by ax, quartered by horses, crucified in church. Here comes the tree, the tree whose roots are alive. It fed in martyrdom's nitrate, its roots consumed blood and it extracted tears from the soil, raised them through its branches, dispersed them on its architecture. They were invisible flowers, sometimes buried flowers, other times they illuminated its petals like planets. And in the branches mankind harvested the hard corollas, passed them from hand to hand like magnolias or pomegranates, and suddenly they opened the earth, grew up to the stars. This is the tree of the emancipated. The earth tree, the cloud tree. The bread tree, the arrow tree, the fist tree, the fire tree. The stormy water of our nocturnal epoch floods it, but its mast balances the arena of its might. At times, the branches broken by wrath fall again, and a foreboding ash covers its ancient majesty: just as it survived times past, so too it rose from agony until a secret hand, countless arms, the people, preserved the fragments hid invariable trunks, and their lips were the leaves of the immense divided tree, disseminated everywhere walking with its roots. This is the tree, the tree of the people, of all the peoples struggling for freedom. Look at its hair: touch its renewed rays: plunge your hands into the factories where its pulsing fruit propagates its light everyday. Raise this earth in your hands partake of this splendor, take your bread and you apple, your heart and your horse, and mount guard on the on the frontier, at the limit of its leaves. Defend the destiny of its corollas, share the hostile nights, guard the cycle of the dawn, breathe in the starry heights, sustaining the tree, the tree that grows in the middle of the earth...

...My land without name, without America, equinoctial stamen, purple lance, your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips, up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth.

A marine mountain flies toward the islands, a moon of birds winging South over the fermented islands of Peru. It's a living river of shade, it's a comet of countless tiny hearts that eclipse the world's sun like a thick-tailed meteor pulsing toward the archipelago.

*And at the end of the enraged sea, in the ocean rain,
the wings of the albatros rise up like two systems of salt*

establishing in the silence

amid the torrential squalls

with their spacious hierarchy the order of the wilds.

All was flight in our land

like drops of blood and feathers

the cardinals bled

the dawn of Anahuac”



...like drops of blood and feathers the cardinals bled the dawn of Anahuac

Kahlil Gibran On Love, 1923

(I've heard that a great Lebanese singer has sung it but I could not find even her name. Help welcome!)

*When love beckons to you, follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep,
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.
And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden.*

*For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you.
Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning.
Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.*

*Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.
He threshes you to make you naked.
He sifts you to free you from your husks.
He grinds you to whiteness.
He kneads you until you are pliant;
And then he assigns you to his sacred fire,
that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast.*

*All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart,
and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.*

*But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure,
Then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing floor,
Into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not
all of your tears.*

*Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;
For love is sufficient unto love.*

*When you love you should not say,
'God is in my heart,' but rather,
'I am in the heart of God.'
And think not you can direct the course of love,
for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.*

*Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself.
But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:
To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night,
To know the pain of too much tenderness.
To be wounded by your own understanding of love;
And to bleed willingly and joyfully.
To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;
To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;
To return home at eventide with gratitude;
And to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips.*

Three little birds
Bob Marley and the Wailers
(http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LanCLS_hIo4)

Don't worry a-bout a thing, 'cause ev-ry little thing gonna be all right.
Singing': "Don't worry about a thing, 'cause ev-ry little thing gonna be all right!"

Rise up this mornin'; smiled with the risin' sun.
Three little birds pitch by my doorstep
Singin' sweet songs of melodies pure and true; saying,
"This is my message to you-ou-ou."

Singin': "Don't worry about a thing, 'cause ev-ry little thing gonna be all right."
Sayin': "Don't worry about a thing, 'cause ev-ry little thing gonna be all right!"

Rise up this mornin'; smiled with the risin' sun.
Three little birds pitch by my doorstep
Singin' sweet songs of melodies pure and true; sayin',
"This is my message to you-ou-ou."

Meanin': "Don't worry about a thing, worry about a thing,
oh! Ev-ry little thing gonna be all right.

Singin': "Don't worry about a thing" - I won't worry!
'cause every little thing gonna be all right."

Meanin': "Don't worry about a thing, 'cause every little thing
gonna be all right" - I won't worry!
"Don't worry about a thing, 'cause ev-ry little thing 'sgonna be all right."

(Baby) Don't worry about a thing,
'cause ev'ry little thing gonna be all right.

Save the Last Dance for Me

Drifters, Ben E. King, Doc Pomus

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n-XQ26KePUQ>)

You can dance
Ev'ry dance with the guy
Who gives you the eye
Let him hold you tight
You can smile
Ev'ry smile for the man who held your hand
'Neath the pale moonlight
But don't forget who's taking you home
And in whose arms you're gonna be
So darlin', save the last dance for me, mmmm

Oh, I know (oh, I know)
That the music's fine
Like sparkling wine
Go and have your fun
Laugh and sing
But while we're apart
Don't give your heart to anyone
But don't forget who's taking you home
And in whose arms you're gonna be
So darlin', save the last dance for me, mmmm

Baby, don't you know
I love you so
Can't you feel it when we touch
I will never, never let you go
I love you oh, so much

You can dance (you can dance)
Go and carry on
'Til the night is gone
And it's time to go
If he asks if you're all alone
Can he take you home you must tell him no

'Cause don't forget who's taking you home
And in whose arm's you're gonna be

Save the last dance for me, mmmm-hummmm
Save the last dance for me, mmmm

Twist it (Shake Your Tail Feather)

Ray Charles

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rN5V-6yCbpg>)

Well I heard about the fellow you've been dancing with
All over the neighbourhood
So why didn't you ask me baby
Or didn't you think I could?

Well I know that the boogaloo is out of sight
but the shingaling's the thing tonight
But if that was you and me a now baby
I would have shown you how to do it right
Do it right (U-huh)
Do it right
Do it right
Do it right
Do it right
Aaah

Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it baby
Hey we gonna loop de loop
Shake it out baby
Hey we gonna loop de li
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Aaah

Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it baby
Hey we gonna loop de loop
Shake it out baby
Hey we gonna loop de li
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Aaah

Come on, come on baby
Come on, yeah, come on babe, alright

Do the twist
Do the fly
Do the swim
And do the bird
Well do the duck
Aaah, and do the monkey
Hey hey, watusi
And, ah, what about the frug
Do the mashed potato
What about the boogaloo
Oh, the bony marony
Come on let's do the twist
Aaah

Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it baby
Twist it, shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it baby

Great balls of fire

Jerry Lee Lewis

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lidFipyLG8k>

You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain
Too much love drives a man insane
You broke my will, oh what a thrill
Goodness gracious great balls of fire

I learned to love all of Hollywood money
You came along and you moved me honey
I changed my mind, looking fine
Goodness gracious great balls of fire

You kissed me baba, woo.....it feels good
Hold me baba, learn to let me love you like a lover should
Your fine, so kind
I'm a nervous world that your mine mine mine mine-ine

I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb
I'm really nervous but it sure is fun
Come on baba, you drive me crazy
Goodness gracious great balls of fire

Well kiss me baba, woo-ooooo....it feels good
Hold me baba
I want to love you like a lover should
Your fine, so kind
I got this world that your mine mine mine mine-ine

I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb
I'm real nervous 'cause it sure is fun
Come on baba, you drive me crazy

Goodness gracious great balls of fire

I say goodness gracious great balls of fire...oooh..

You've seen them before

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xBBPpaE-kxQ>)

Each one you've just seen you had seen before, maybe on a different ferry,
one's name was maybe Tom or Dick, another's Harry.

Each one you've just seen you had seen before, the way to tell it was them
was just a prouder way to walk on all roads of our world.

Each one you've just seen you had seen before, you have already hated them,
one, though, had never ever been,
youngest and sweetest of the team, unique and never ever seen,
brave star beloved, love's star beloved, first time ever hated.

Her, you had never seen before, her love had never lighted you,
her Heart's Joy and Warmth as Cosmic Stars had never guided you.

Her you had never seen before for every star would hold her,
brother Sun to have her as his bride, sister Moon to shine with her beside,
all stars to keep her from here,
that youngest star, that star unique, that star the most beloved,
Heaven and only God Himself
will say when we deserve to love her.

Like a falling star

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=baN23x97QdQ>)

*Into my arms like a star fall tonight till you sleep there
there's no hope left in the world, hopes are gone without trace
as night herself now embroiders your body with kisses
pain is no measure, don't leave our treasure be lost out in space.*

*If I can't make it to your dream
then try to make it to mine*

*I'll wait to hear you come whistling a streetsong like always
like every summer when starlight is brighter to wear light and shine.*