

76 Music

BY ALAN J. RUDNER

PROFITS

profits up profits down
round and round i'll be damned

another tax another form
another house another worm

have pity on my soul
you wild index unholy scroll

dow jones outdated that we know
replaced with what

a big black hole

profits up profits down
round and round i'll be damned

dun and bradstreet who's who
social black list me and you

have pity on our minds
you compulators unfaithful kinds

citations tarnished in the wars
replaced with what

some petty scores

MOUNTAINS

in the mountains among the trees
close to heaven in the breeze
all alone with what to do
write a poem just for you

who's that you i hardly know
seen in fields and soho
your ways are strange though that's not new
no complaint but how i stew
and screw and blue sometimes
when you're not there i'm surely blind

NEW YORK '76

walking down the avenue
drunks and ladies me and you
there's the station i hear the port
another newspaper to report
so many things i cannot see
i guess they're happening
though not to me

here i am in this grand town
the whole world knows there's death around
all i see this lovely day
is smiling faces kids at play
in central park the horses run
the grass is green and songs are sung
by some black faces that no doubt
scare whitey whiter than a ghost
having read the new york post

DOCTOR

doctor doctor tell me where
is my heart and medicare

my headache lungs and lower back
drive me crazy you big quack

aspirin rest and moderation
oh you genius you sensation

i know the truth is simple too
but not so simple me and you

let's disengage let's go our way
trade our wives throw in our pay

take the children from the school
laugh and play and be the fool

but what you say of higher ends
best reach the middle from there it bends

the past the future now are one
in iron-lung no songs are sung

HERE MY SON

here my son it's all for you
i sweat and toil worry stew

my love for you is oh so strong
i wake at night i know no wrong

why don't you do just as i say
i know the best in every way

why doubt my word my good intent
what you say, to be content
you need your freedom

who pays the rent

MEDICAL ATTENTION

i want medical attention
i want medical attention
give me medical attention
i want medical attention

doctor doctor tell me please
about oedipus and my sneeze
sibling rivals you and me
doctor doctor tell me please

be my father be my priest
be my lover it's so neat
no one else can i confide
i want you so will not hide

i want medical attention
i want medical attention
give me medical attention
i want medical attention

sometimes i love and sometimes i hate
i swing faster than a gate
but i'm honest straight and true
believe me doc i'd not lie to you

hate my mother and the maid
father loved and father laid
up and down this vast parade
i dream all night and i dream all day

i want medical attention
i want medical attention
give me medical attention
i want medical attention

cont'd >>>

you're so famous you're so brave
i'm so nothing i'm your slave
tell me doctor what to do
that's what i am so used to

i kill everyone in my heart
they're so callous they're so smart
i'm so loving i'm so dear
give me pills the end is near

i want medical attention
i want medical attention
give me medical attention
i want medical attention

VERMONT

you need the money you up there
in green vermont no place to care
for future needs that never come
except in dreams the scary ones

there's the rivers mountains too
vast green fields sky so blue
there's food enough there's always been
worry is the hidden sin
the devils joke the devils play
it's not so funny by the way

turn the earth and plant the seed
water too and sun's the need
have faith in nature's gift
when eat the food spit out the pip

ANGRY

angry should i run away
angry should i stay and pray
angry angry all for naught
spring time growth and autumn rot

caught in one, one thousand pulls
working out like stubborn mules
abused mind abused heart abused bodies
what a start

what will be with me they cry
would they believe that they must die

JUST ONE MORE

another building two or three
when we're safe oh glory be
then we'll write another play
help the children save the day

but now it's dark so very cold
within all this we are so bold

another buck another rent
another curtsy to the gent

another buck another rent
another curtsy to the gent

they think it's real i think it play
save us all to see the day the light
the truth i'll surely speak
is this the road to reach that peak

LEONARD

i saw leonard he's so thin
oh my god what's wrong with him
on a beach with shikse too
stage and limousine woo-hoo

first a prince and then a joke
then a pain but thus the yoke
thick as pus and yellow sore
dog-paddle to distant shore

up the ladder with such care
marking each and every stair
no fair to scare the others though
it's not your fault it's not your show

POOR JEW

i drive a car from germany
gassed by the sheik of araby
i have no use for all that hate
but something in me says don't wait
for that cycle to return
when the masses start to burn

That's true that all must die
but seems to me that open eye
beyond the current little creeps
beyond the foggy nauseous sleep
the pain may serve to stimulate
the final push through heaven's gate

ISRAEL 1976

they've come from all around the globe
sometimes young and sometimes old
scattered to the winds were they
when the romans came to prey
then they fought and then they died
temple sacked no place to hide

how long ago how very far
it really happened for here they are
back again a ragged bunch
most of them by some mere hunch
that fate had called this must be it
for sure they know the rest is shit

they've seen the wars
they've seen the games
they've seen the gory truthy rains
what will happen they all cry
have we been brought here just to die