



DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED THE MOODY BLUES

With
THE LONDON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
conducted by PETER KNIGHT

DERAM

THE DAY BEGINS • DAWN: Dawn is a feeling • THE MORNING: Another morning • LUNCH BREAK: Peak hour
THE AFTERNOON: Forever afternoon (Tuesday!) Time to get away • EVENING: The sun set: Twilight time • THE NIGHT: Nights in white satin





PINK FLOYD

Pink Floyd – “Astronomy Domine” - *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*



Lime and limpid green, a second scene,
A fight between the blue you once knew,
Floating down the sound, resounds around the icy waters underground.
Jupiter and Saturn, Oberon, Miranda, and Titania
Neptune, Titan—stars can frighten.
Blinding signs: flat flicker flicker flicker blam pow
Stairway, scale down, dare whose lair
Lime and limpid green, the sound surrounds the icy waters underground
Lime and limpid green, the sound surrounds the icy waters underground

The Pretty Things – *S. F. Sorrow* “Private Sorrow – Balloon Burning”

Heavens rain falls upon faces
of the children who look skyward,
Twisting metal through the air,
Scars and screams,
so you might know his fury.
See shells whistle.
Let your mind drift away.
See shells whistle.
Let yourself hide away.



Men walking tall, looking so small. Green trees of life disappearing.
Mouthing the sounds, face clowning the frowns,
black the lips of command. ... Grey and sorrow there to meet her.
Night sky hangs around to greet her. She throws down lifeline of kisses.
Anchored to the ground, balloon descending.
Then I see: balloon is burning, turning 'round burning.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention



Frank Zappa



STEREO

SPIRIT



DAVID BOWIE



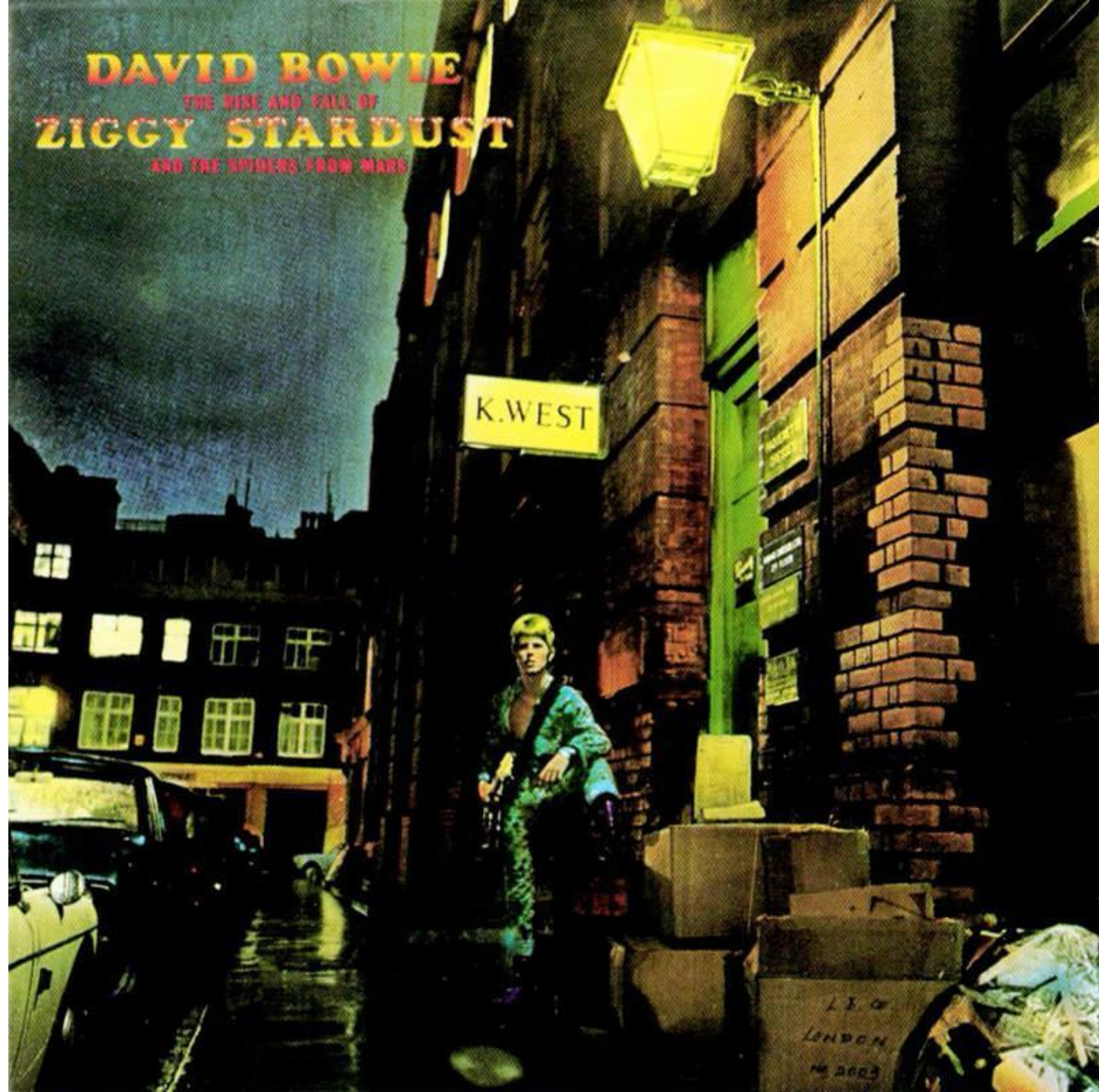
Space Oddity
(original U.K.)



The Velvet Underground



DAVID BOWIE
THE RISE AND FALL OF
ZIGGY STARDUST
AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS



David Bowie – “Ziggy Stardust”

-The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars



Ziggy played guitar, jamming good for Weird and Gilly:
they're the Spiders from Mars.

Well, he played it left-hand, but he made it too far,
became the special man, then we were Ziggy's band.

Now, Ziggy really sang, screwed-up eyes
and screwed-down hairdo, like some cat from Japan.

He could kill 'em by smiling, he could leave 'em to hang.

Came on so loaded, man, well-hung and snow-white tan.

So, where were the Spiders,

while the fly tried to break our balls?

Just the beer-light to guide us,

so we bitched about his fans,

and should we crush his sweet hands?

Ziggy played for time, jiving us that we were voodoo.

The kids was just crass.

He was the Nazz, with God given ass.

He took it all too far, but boy could he play guitar.

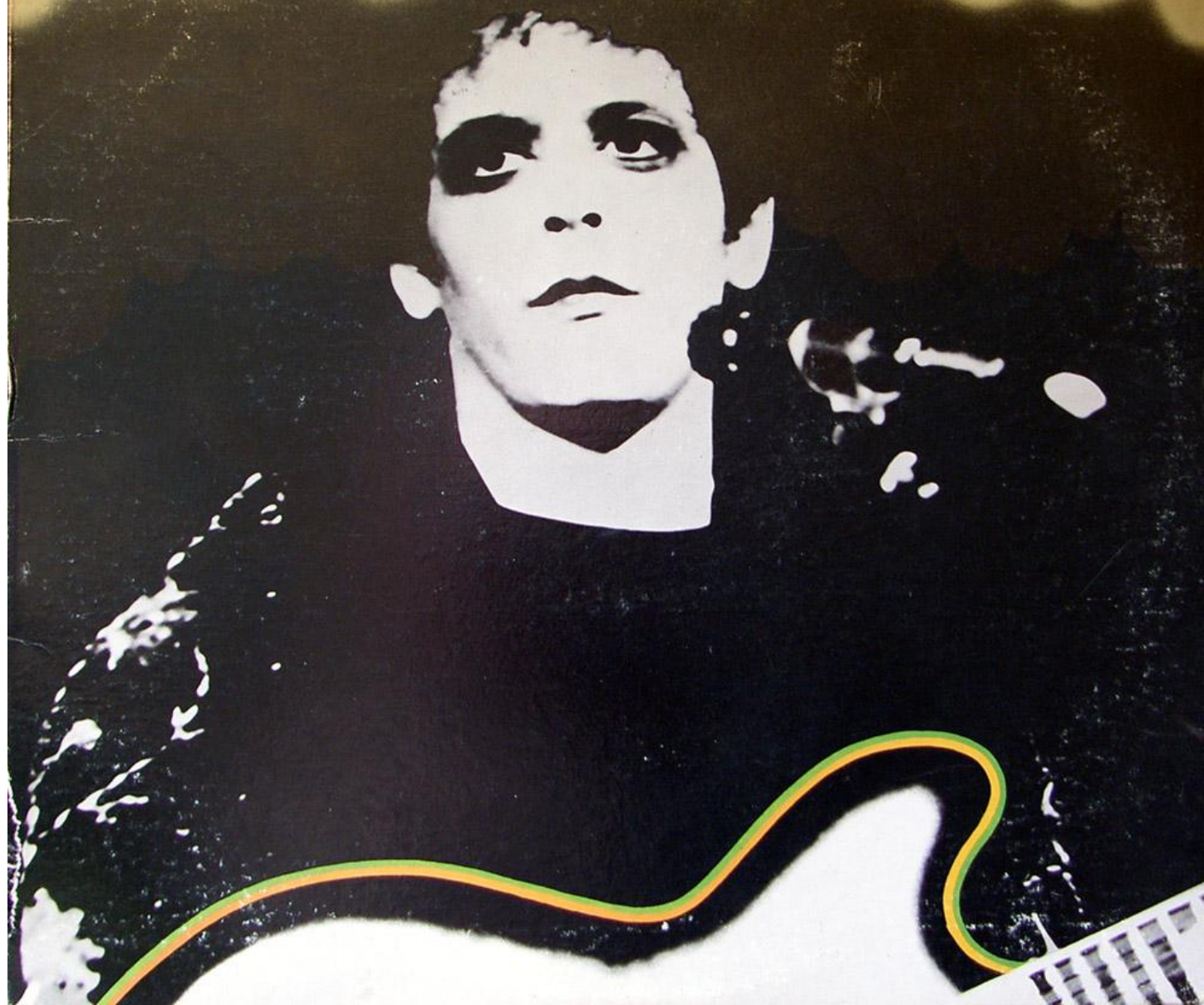
Making love with his ego, Ziggy sucked up into his mind.

Like a leper Messiah, when the kids had killed the man,

I had to break up the band.

... Now, Ziggy played guitar.

LOU REED-TRANSFORMER



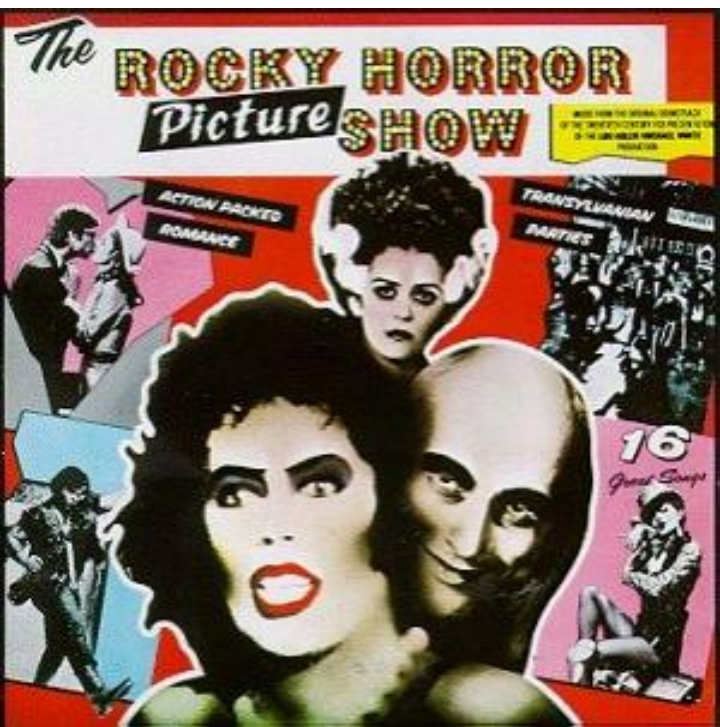


Roxy Music – **“Do the Strand”** **- *For Your Pleasure***



There's a new sensation, a fabulous creation
A danceable solution to teenage revolution
Do the Strand, love, when you feel love.
It's the new way, and that's why we say: "Do the Strand."
Do it on the tables, Quaglino's place or Mabel's
Slow and gentle, sentimental. All styles served here.
Louis says he prefer "laissez-faire le Strand."
Tired of the Tango, fed up with Fandango.
Dance on moonbeams, slide on rainbows, in furs or blue jeans.
You know what I mean: Do the Strand ...

“Sweet Transvestite”



How do you do?

I ... see you've met my ... faithful handyman.

He's just a little brought down, because when you knocked,
he thought you were the “candyman.”

Don't get strung out by the way I look.

Don't judge a book by its cover.

I'm not much of a man, by the light of day,

but by night I'm one hell of a lover

I'm just a sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania.

Let me show you around, maybe play you a sound.

You look like you're both pretty groovy.

Or if you want something visual that's not too abysmal,

we could take in an old Steve Reeves' movie. ...

Well, you got caught with a flat, well how 'bout that!

Well, babies, don't you panic.

By the light of the night, it'll all seem all right.

I'll get you a satanic mechanic.

Why don't you stay for the night? Or maybe a bite?

I could show you my favourite obsession:

I've been making a man, with blond hair and a tan,
and he's good for relieving my ... tension.

So, come up to the lab, and see what's on the slab.

I see you shiver with antici ... pation.

But maybe the rain isn't really to blame.

So, I'll remove the cause, but not the symptom.

“The Musical Box” (excerpts)



Play me “Old King Cole,”
that I may join with you.
All your hearts now seem so far from me,
it hardly seems to matter now.
And the nurse will tell you lies
of a kingdom beyond the skies.
But I’m lost within this half-world,
it hardly seems to matter now.
Play me my song. Here it comes again.
...
She’s a lady, she’s got time.
Brush back your hair,
and let me get to know your face.
...
Why don't you touch me, touch me?
Now ...



Genesis

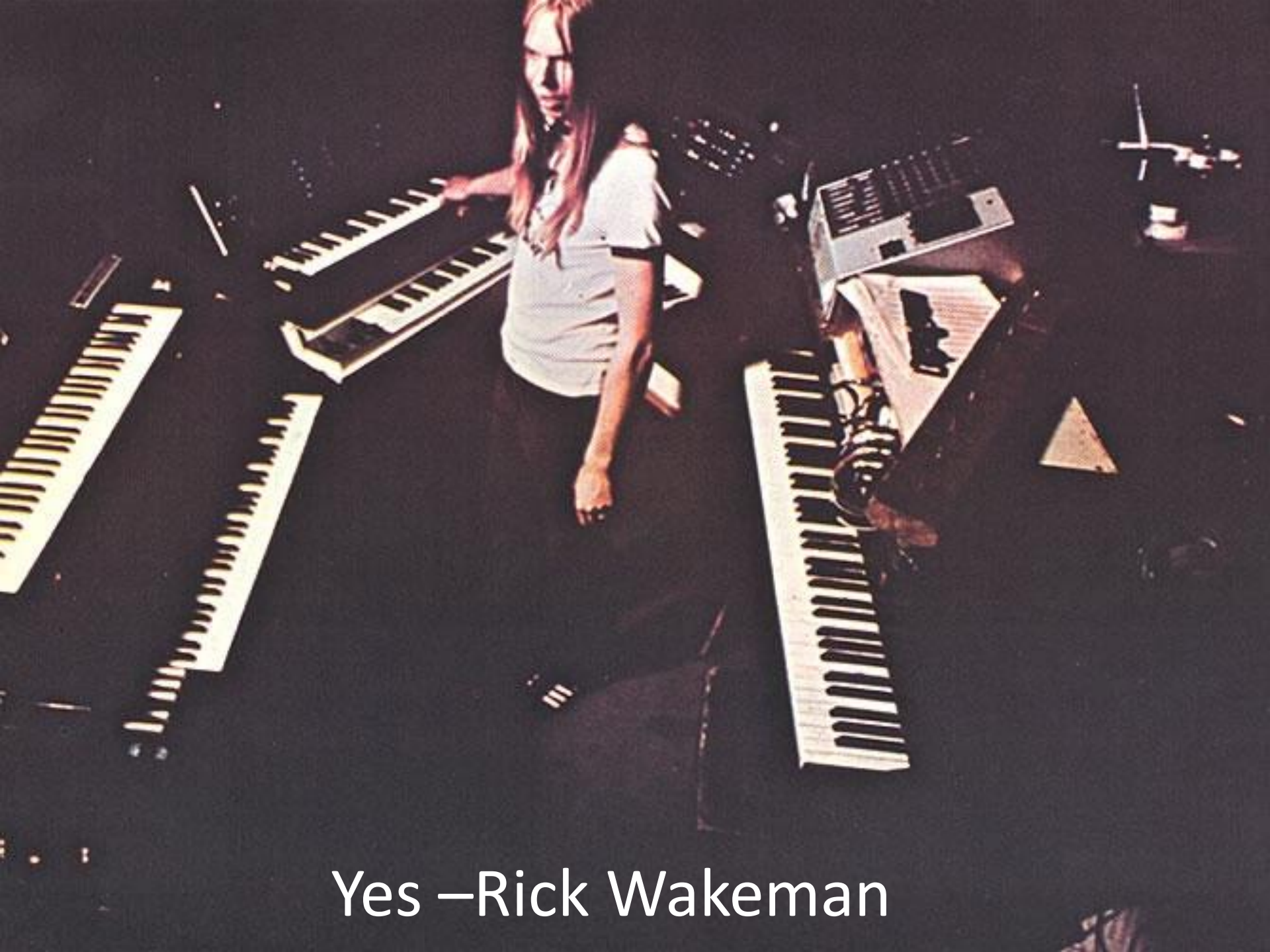
Close to the Edge

YES



Yes – *Close to the Edge*, album art-work (inner)





Yes –Rick Wakeman

Yes – “Close to the Edge” (excerpts)

A seasoned witch could call you from the depths of your disgrace,
and rearrange your liver to the solid mental grace,
and achieve it all with music that came quickly from afar,
then taste the fruit of man, recorded losing all against the hour.

And assessing points to nowhere, leading every single one,
a dewdrop can exalt us, like the music of the sun,
and take away the plain in which we move and choose the course you're running.

Down at the edge, round by the corner. Not right away, not right away.

Close to the edge, down by a river. Not right away, not right away .

Crossed the line around the changes of the summer, reaching out to call the colour of the sky.
passed around a moment, clothed in mornings, faster than we see.

... Sad courage claimed the victims, standing still for all to see,
as armoured movers took, approached to overlook the sea.

There since the cord, the licence, or the reasons we understood will be:

Down at the edge, close by a river. Close to the edge, round by the corner.

...In her white lace, you could clearly see the lady sadly looking,
saying that she'd take the blame for the crucifixion of her own domain.

I get up, I get down. I get up, I get down.

Two million people barely satisfy. Two hundred women watch one woman cry, too late.

... I get up, I get down.

...The time between the notes relates the colour to the scenes.

A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, so it seems.

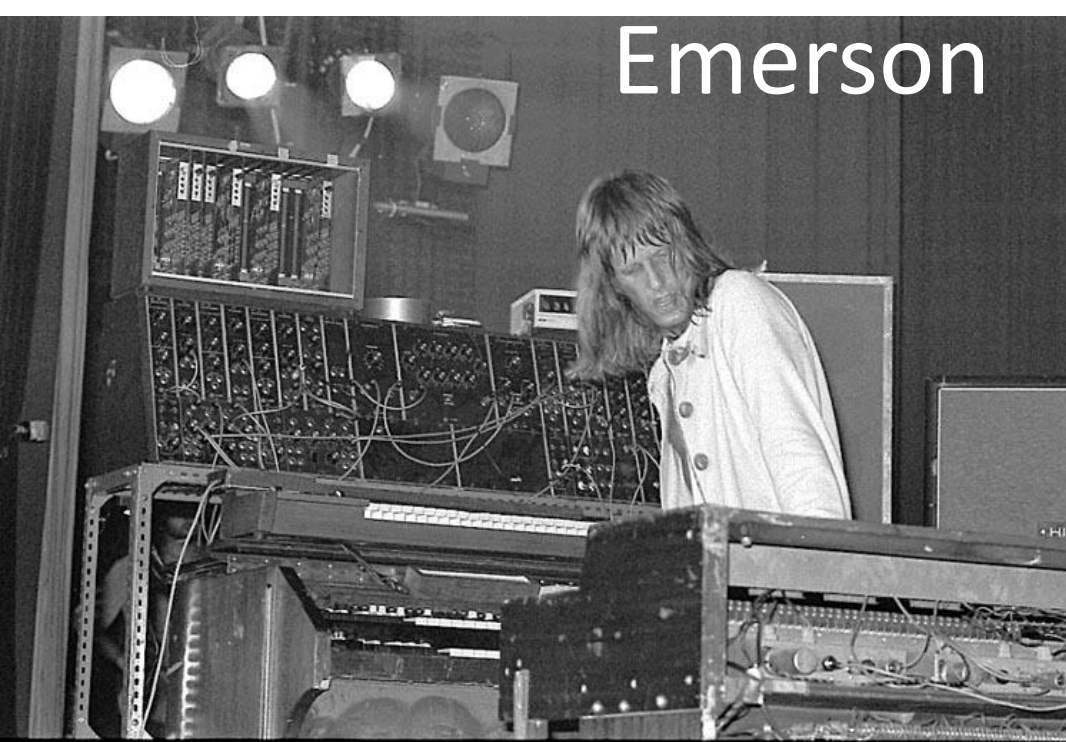
... Now that you find, now that you're whole.

Seasons will pass you by. I get up, I get down. ...

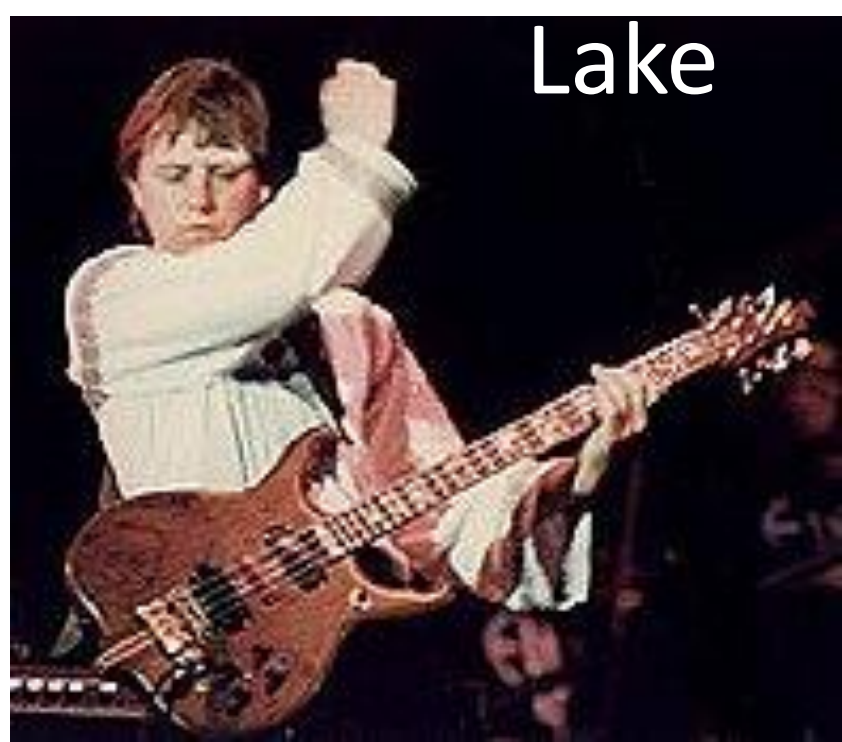
FRAGILE YES



Emerson

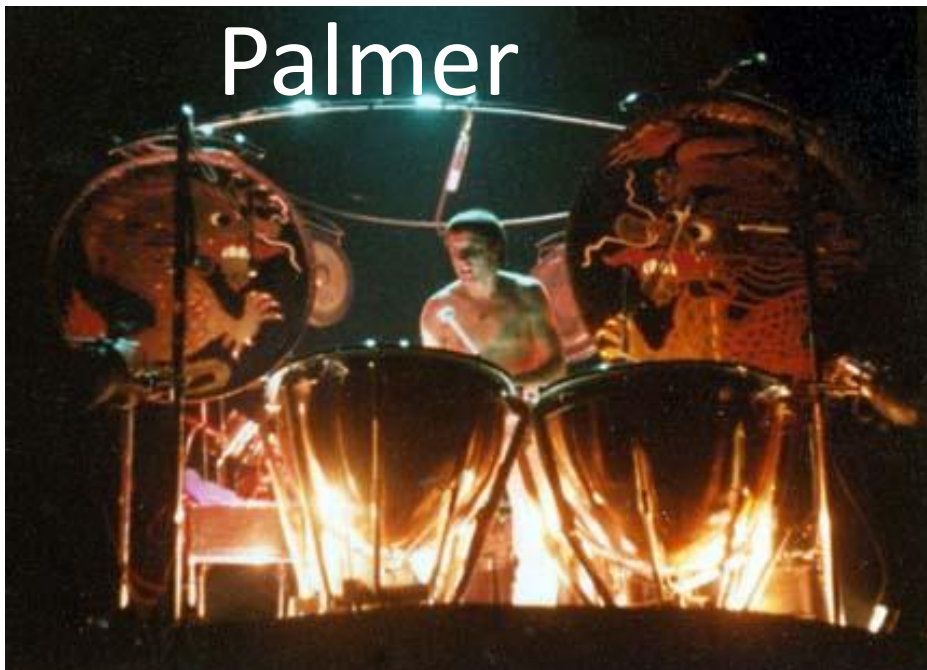


Lake



&

Palmer



(a.k.a. ELP)