

Book of  
**Fran Landesman**

Song and poetry

A Landesman/Gilbert Collaboration

Celebrating a career that spanned  
over seven decades



Fran Landesman  
Larry Hagman  
Tommy Wolf

Larry Hagman:  
best known for  
'I Dream of Jeannie',  
and Dallas, here  
pictured behind the  
scenes on  
'The Nervous Set'



The  
Serious  
face of  
Fran

Fran Landesman  
Wordsmith



BookWebPage

Jay (Jaybird) and Fran

"I am absolutely in love with Fran's Lyrics from the Nervous set"

*Stephen Sondheim*



Tommy Wolf and Fran



"Her lyrics are immaculate, even touched with genius".

*Miles Kington*

"Once again the unmistakable Fran Landesman takes to the skies. offher face or on her uppers, she's always out of this world"

*William Burroughs*



"Better than bittersweet, at the centre of the Carousel"

*R.D Laing*

"Fran Landesman is my Hero"

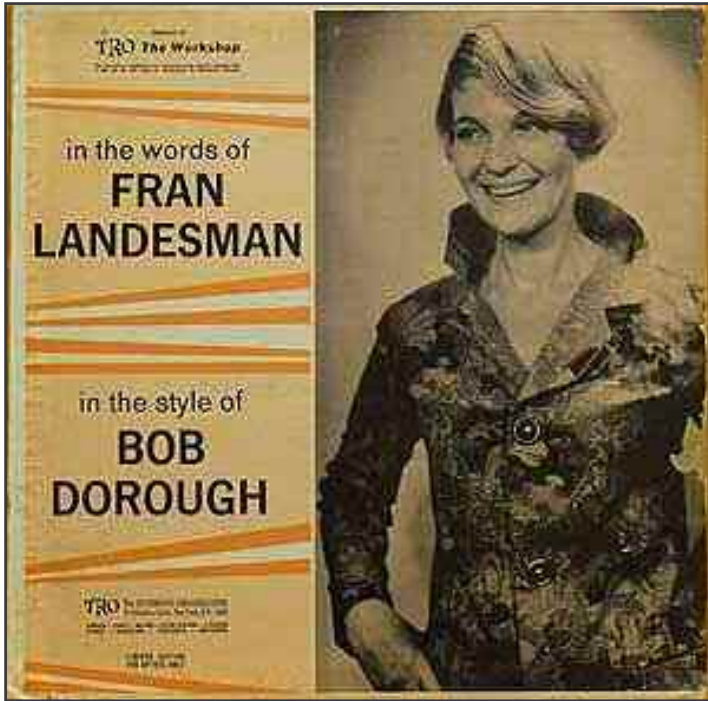
*Tom Waits*

Fran's Great

*Paul and Linda McCartney*

“Nobody mentions the heart, which is the most important thing you have. I LOVE what you write”.

*Dudley Moore*



*Fran and Simon Wallace*

“Fran Landesman knows the line if there is a line between poetry and song lyric. Since we first met in the 1960’s, I have been blessed on several occasions to place Fran’s hand-written lyrics on my piano, and to find that the melody simply came, unbidden, following her curves in pure epiphany”.

*Bob Dorough*

# Try My World

Compiled by  
Colin Gilbert and Miles Landesman  
with thanks to Cosmo Landesman.

A compilation of songs, poetry, and pictures of Fran's private and public life. A collection pulled together by Fran and Jay's offspring; Cosmo Landesman and Miles Landesman.

## **Biography by: *Kate Andrews***

Fran Landesman was born in New York City and began writing lyrics in the 1950's. She was part of the Beat Scene, with friends including the poets Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Jack Kerouac; who took a shine to Fran and famously said "Be my girl Fran. Run away with me!"

Fran's first success was not so much with the Beat Musical: 'The Nervous Set', performed on Broadway in 1959, but with the two highly acclaimed songs that appeared in it: '*Spring Can Really Hang you up the Most*' and 'Ballad of the Sad Young Man', which quickly became popular Fifties Jazz Stanards: loved and recorded by a variety of artists over the years, including Ella Fitzgerald, Shirley Bassey, Barbara Streisand and Bette Midler.

In the 'Swinging Sixties', Fran moved to London, where she collaborated with George Fame on the chart hit: '*Try my World*', more successes followed. Bob Dorough, a personal friend of Fran's sang: '*Nothing Like You*' on Miles Davis's 1967 album 'The Sorcerer', which helped take Fran's career to another level. 1994, Fran met Simon Wallace, who collaborated on some of Fran's best songs and with her right until her death in 2011.

# The Ballad Of The Sad Young Men

3

Lyric by  
FRAN LANDESMAN

From the Broadway Production "The Nervous Set"

Music by  
TOMMY WOLF

Moderato

Piano

Voice

Sing a song of sad young men, glasses full of rye;  
Au-tumn turns the leaves to gold, slow-ly dies the heart;

All the news is bad a-gain, kiss your dreams good-bye.  
Sad young men are grow-ing old, that's the cruel-est part.

All the sad young men, sit-ting in the bars, Know-ing no-on.  
All the sad young men, seek a cer-tain smile, Some-one they can

K 111-3

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# Fran Landesman

by Colin Gilbert



Who was Fran Landesman and why am I revising this book of poetry and song lyrics written by her. Firstly, even though I met her quite a few times, I got the feeling she didn't like me or wasn't impressed by me, and why should she be. She has worked with many great artistes and needed a good reason to be impressed by me; I get it.

I played drums in her son's band, and we rehearsed in her home in Islington. Even so, I respected her achievements, and she wasn't too rude to me, and I did get a smile now and then, but seeing as she was in her eighties by then, I think she was pleasant enough.

What did come across was the love Miles Landesman had for his Mum. He enjoyed her friendship and loved to be involved with her talent; writing and performing with her, right until she was too frail to carry on. She was greatly respected by her peers, young and old, and me.

When I met Miles Landesman, we played a style of punk music and performed a few gigs in London, but this fizzled out and later replaced with a new version called Simon Lawrence Jazz band (shortened to Simon Lawrence Band – yeah, I know).

This band performed mostly, if not all of Frans lyric collaborations, and recorded a few of them.

Miles had a knack of meeting people and befriending them, some of which joined the band.

I didn't realise at the time, the extent of Frans work, and all the wonderful people she'd either collaborated with or the artist that recorded and performed her lyrics.

Frances Deitsch was raised a New Yorker. She was born in Oct 1927 and followed her father in the fashion industry. She lived in New York and went to art school to study textile design, and met Jay Landesman, 'Beat' magazine publisher. They married in July 1950 and moved to his hometown of St. Louis Missouri, where Jay set up a club in 1952, Whilst watching the musicians perform, she became inspired and started writing song lyrics herself. She had success collaborating with Tommy Wolf and Bob Dorough.

Jay and Fran moved to London in 1964 where she met many singers and jazz musicians like Simon Wallace, continuing to successfully write her lyrics for songs, and she started writing poetry in the '70s, until 23 July, 2011, when she sadly passed away.

One of her best-known songs was 'Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most'. She continued writing great lyrics for musicians and continued her poetry; performing right to the end of her life.

This short piece doesn't nearly touch the vastness of Frans life and work. I was so glad to have been a very small part of it, playing her material and getting the chance to organise and recording her songs; this is why I'm so happy to do this final tribute/collaboration, from me to her.



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# Content

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<b>A Better Way</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	1
<b>Aboard the Titanic</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	2
<b>A Brontosaurus named Bert</b> <i>by Fran and John Simon</i>	3
<b>Ain't gonna Share your Nightmare</b> <i>by Fran and Peter-Hugo Daly</i>	4
<b>Am I O.K?</b> <i>Poem</i>	5
<b>Ballad of Yesterday's Idol</b> <i>Poem</i>	6
<b>Beautiful Ruin</b>	7
<b>Come with Me</b> <i>by Fran and Peter-Hugo Daly</i>	8
<b>Donner kebabs</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	9
<b>Down</b> <i>Poem</i>	10
<b>Drag Queen</b>	11
<b>Dream Girl</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	12
<b>Feet Do your Stuff</b> <i>by Fran and Simon Wallace</i>	13
<b>Fuck them if they can't take a joke</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	14
<b>I'm Knackered</b> <i>Poem</i>	15
<b>I'm not a Rock</b> <i>by Fran and John Simon</i>	16
<b>I'm Supposed To Be In Soho</b> <i>by Fran and Perry Benson</i>	17
<b>I'm Getting Over You</b> <i>by Fran and Jason McAuliffe</i>	18
<b>Into the Dark</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	19
<b>I should have been dancing</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	20
<b>Jazz Aliens</b> <i>Poem</i>	21
<b>Kings of rock and roll</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	22

<b>Love Is The Rainbow</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	23
<b>Marvellous Me</b> <i>Poem</i>	24
<b>Mother</b>	25
<b>Never Had the Blues</b> <i>by Fran and Bob Dorough</i>	26
<b>Now and Then</b> <i>Poem</i>	27
<b>Poems To Eat</b> <i>Poem</i>	28
<b>Scars</b> <i>by Fran and Simon Wallace</i>	29
<b>Sea Change</b> <i>Poem</i>	30
<b>Small day tomorrow</b> <i>by Fran and Bob Dorough</i>	31
<b>Snowman</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	32
<b>Song for Four Women</b> <i>Poem</i>	33
<b>Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most</b> <i>by Fran and Tommy Wolf</i>	34
<b>Steal my blues</b> <i>by Fran and Bradley Cunningham</i>	35
<b>The Ballad of the Sad Young Men</b> <i>by Fran and Tommy Wolf</i>	36
<b>The Decline of the West</b> <i>by Fran and Simon Wallace</i>	37
<b>The Wave</b> <i>Poem</i>	38
<b>Too Stoned To Care</b> <i>by Fran and Simon Wallace</i>	39
<b>Try My World</b> <i>by Fran and Clive Powell</i>	40
<b>Unforgivable</b> <i>by Fran and Irwing Gordon</i>	41
<b>Wasted</b> <i>by Fran and Peter-Hugo Daly</i>	42
<b>What's for Breakfast, Butterfly Lady?</b> <i>by Fran and Peter-Hugo Daly</i>	43
<b>Where The Blues Begin</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	44
<b>White Nightmare</b> <i>by Fran and Miles Lanesman</i>	45
<b>Without Rhyme or Reason</b> <i>by Fran and Bob Dorough</i>	46
<b>Winds of Heaven</b> <i>by Fran and Bob Dorough</i>	47

**Family and Historic photos and posters**

**pages 80-88**

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# 1 A Better way

*Words Fran Landesman Music Miles Landesman*

intro A D A G A

E

On every side the killers ride the bloody road to fame

From Crossmer glen to Bethlehem The bullets sound the same

A

They know they're right their eye burn bright with pride in what they done

E

And when they fall God save then all for each was someone's son

D

G

A

D

G

A

There's got to be a better way The death toll's mounting day by day

D

G

A

D

G

D

They're killing for a cause so they say But there's gotta be a better way

E

If you and I my honey pie do battle everyday

What hope is there the world can share to find a better way

A7

What can we do Arab and Jew Protestant or I.R.A

E

One won't concede, the others need so terror rules! O.K?

D G A D G A  
There's got to be a better way A better game for men to play  
D G A D A D  
"Cause Jesus Christ was born they say to show us all a better way

E  
From Bethlehem to Crossmer glen there's a bloody price to pay

On Christmas more a child was born

E7  
to show the world a better way Or so they say

D G A D G A  
There's got to be a better way The death toll's mounting day by  
day

D  
D G A D G  
D  
They're killing for a cause so they say But there's gotta be a better  
way

A D A  
There's got to be a better way  
A D A  
gotta be a better way

## 2

# Aboard The Titanic

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

### *Verse*

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
aboard the titanic we drink Chateau bottled wine

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
aboard the titanic every body's feeling fine

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
we're bronzed and dynamic as we stroll the upper decks

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
aboard the titanic we reek of wealth and sex

### *Bridge*

F<sup>maj7</sup> C                    G<sup>maj7/D/E</sup>                    F<sup>maj7</sup> C                    G<sup>maj7/D/E</sup>  
as the ship plows through                    the icy sea

E<sup>b</sup>                    B<sup>b</sup>                    F                    G  
all the lovers cry in ecstasy

### *Verse*

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
don't know who began it there's a rumour that we struck

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
an ice covered planet our two worlds became unstuck

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
aboard the titanic we're just a bit manic

E<sup>b</sup>                    C                    F                    G  
aboard the titanic hold on don't you panic

PTO

*Bridge*

F<sup>maj7</sup> C                    G<sup>maj7</sup>/D/E                    F<sup>maj7</sup> C                    G<sup>maj7</sup>/D/E

as the ship plows through                    the icy sea

E<sup>b</sup>            B<sup>b</sup>    F            G

all the lovers cry in ecstasy

F    G                    F                    E

we're going down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down to the icy sea

F    G                    F                    E C

down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down to the icy sea



Fran Landesman

# A Brontosaurus Named Bert

*Fran Landesman and John Simon*

## Verse

B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>  
 I had a Brontosaurus before the world grew up  
 B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 We danced among the daisies on honey we would sup  
 G<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
 I had a Brontosaurus I use to call him Bert  
 C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> F<sup>7</sup>  
 We never thought of washing there wasn't any dirt  
 B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>  
 What times we had that brute and I  
 B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 We owned the earth and all the sky

G<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
 There wasn't any hunting When Bertie was a pup  
 C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> F<sup>7</sup>  
 And life was green and lovely before the world grew up

B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F  
 I had a Brontosaurus before the world went mad  
 B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 We played croquet together and we were never sad  
 G<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
 I'll all-ways remember our prehistoric fun  
 C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F  
 Before things got so crowded and Bertie had to run

**B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F B<sup>bmaj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>**  
What times we had. I felt no fear that my dear Bertie would disappear

**G<sup>m</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup>**  
When everything was early and life was sweet and slow

**C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>**  
I had a Brontosaurus A million years ago



# Ain't Gonna Share You Nightmare

*Fran Landesman and Peter-Hugo Daly*

## *Intro*

C B<sup>b</sup> C

## *Verse*

C B<sup>b</sup> C B<sup>b</sup>  
 You came to see like a rainy day The sun was shining but your mind is  
 grey

A<sup>b</sup> F# A<sup>b</sup> F#  
 Your hand is shaking as you lift your cup I know you're only gonna mess  
 me up

A C  
 What good can I do you baby I can see right through you

D E  
 You just want someone to share your nightmare

C B<sup>b</sup> C B<sup>b</sup>  
 I started working on my epic poem you walk right in and make your self  
 at home

A<sup>b</sup> F#  
 You don't impress me with your wasted eyes

A<sup>b</sup> F#  
 And I don't need a bunch of junkie lies

A C  
 What good can I do you (nothing at all) Baby I can see right through  
 you

D E  
 You just want someone to share your nightmare

PTO

C B<sup>b</sup>  
You're self-destructing and you're nearly done

C B<sup>b</sup>  
I've been there with you and it ain't very much fun

A<sup>b</sup> F<sup>#</sup> A<sup>b</sup> F<sup>#</sup>  
I gave you everything I had to give but you just never had the will  
to live

A C  
What good can I do you Baby I can see right through you

D E  
You just want someone to share your nightmare

A G F<sup>#m</sup> E E  
Ain't gonna share you nightmare Ain't gonna hold your hand

A G F<sup>#m</sup> E E  
Ain't gonna share you nightmare Ain't gonna help you land.



Peter-Hugo Daly

5  
**Am I OK?**

How am I?  
Am I alright? Am I OK? Am I just too much?  
How am I?  
Do I make it? Do you mean it? Will you keep in touch?

How can you endure me?  
I'm so insecure  
When you reassure me  
I just ask for more

How Am I?  
Let's talk Turkey. Am I OK? Am I wunderbar?  
How am I?  
Am I peanuts? Am I pop-Art? Am I Super-car?

Say that I'm terrific.  
Say that I'm champ.  
Don't be too specific  
Better call me Queen of Camp

Tell me now  
Am I OK? Do you dig me? Like a breath of spring?  
Show me how.  
Am I solid? Am I groovy? Do I really swing?  
You're a winner. you're a beauty  
And I know you never lie  
You're terrific. You're colossal  
but, How am I?  
Am I OK?

## 6

## Ballad Of Yesterday's Idol

B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup>  
 Don't you know that boy

B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> D7  
 Have you forgotten his name

Gm Fm<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>13</sup>  
 He was yesterday's Idol

Eb Eb9 Bb Fm7  
 He was the darling of fame

Bb Fm7 Bb Fm7  
 How the crowds use to chase him

Bb Fm7 Bb D7  
 When that boy was tops

Gm Fm7 Bb<sup>13</sup>  
 When he made an appearance

Eb Eb9 Bb Fm7  
 They had to call out the cops

Bb Fm7

Bb Ab Ab  
 Yes, it's really him woe

Bb Ab Bb D7  
 He's looking down on his luck woe

Gm Bb7 Bb<sup>13</sup>  
 He was yesterday's Idol

Eb Eb9  
 But then the needle got stuck

B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup>  
 Don't you know that boy

B<sup>b</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> D7  
 Have you forgotten his name

Gm Fm<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>13</sup>  
 He was yesterday's Idol

Eb Eb9 Bb Fm7  
 He was the darling of fame

B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>
	<b>They'd be tearing his clothes off</b>		
B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	D7
	<b>How the kids would scream</b>		
Gm	Fm <sup>7</sup>		Bb <sup>13</sup>
	<b>Now he sits in the shadows</b>		
Eb	Eb <sup>9</sup>	Bb	Fm <sup>7</sup>
	<b>Like a forgotten dream</b>		
Bb	Fm <sup>7</sup>		
Bb	Fm <sup>7</sup>	Bb	Ab
	<b>Went to bed one night</b>		<b>yeh</b>
Bb	Ab	Bb	D7
	<b>He was the darling of fame</b>		<b>yeh</b>
Gm	Bb <sup>7</sup>		Bb <sup>13</sup>
	<b>When he woke in the morning</b>		
Eb	Eb <sup>9</sup>	Bb	Fm <sup>7</sup> Bb Fm <sup>7</sup>
	<b>No one remembered his name</b>		
Bb	Ab	Bb	Ab
	<b>That's the way it goes</b>		<b>yeh</b>
Bb	Ab	Bb	D7
	<b>It can happen that fast</b>		<b>yeh</b>
Gm	Bb <sup>7</sup>		Bb <sup>13</sup>
	<b>When your yesterday's Idol</b>		
Eb	Eb <sup>13</sup>	Bb	Fm <sup>7</sup>
	<b>And your future has passed</b>		
B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>		
B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	Fm <sup>7</sup>
<i>(fade)</i>			

# Beautiful Ruin

*Fran Landesman and Simon Lawrence*

## Verse

F G<sup>m7</sup> F G<sup>m7</sup>  
 She's a Beautiful ruin you can see the sky though her eyes  
 C<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 She's a flame that expires with gentle glow as it dies.

F G<sup>m7</sup>  
 She's a fabulous loser  
 F G<sup>m7</sup>  
 you can see the sky though her eyes  
 C<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 And you long to believe her while she keeps on telling you lies.

B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
 sometime I feel the menace she faces constantly  
 B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 She makes me think of Venice slipping away into the sea

F G<sup>m7</sup> F G<sup>m7</sup>  
 She's a flower that's fading to a colour softer than spring  
 C<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 She's a Beautiful ruin and she makes my heart want to sing

B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
 sometime I feel the menace she faces constantly  
 B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 She makes me think of Venice slipping away into the sea

F G<sup>m7</sup> F G<sup>m7</sup>  
 She's a Beautiful ruin She's a Beautiful ruin

# Come With Me

*Fran Landesman and Peter-Hugo Daly*

## *Verse*

A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Come with me go with me burn with me glow with me

D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Write me a sonnet or two

A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Sleep with me wake with me give with me take with me

D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Love me the way I love you

## *Bridge*

D<sup>m</sup>                    G<sup>7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7</sup>/D                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>/C  
 Let me get high with you laugh with you cry with you

B<sup>7</sup>/D                    E<sup>7</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Be with you when I am blue

D<sup>m</sup>                    G<sup>7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7</sup>/D                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>/C  
 Rest with you fight with you day with you night with you

B<sup>7</sup>/D                    E<sup>7</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Love me what ever I do

## *Verse*

A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Work with me play with me run with me stay with me

D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Make me your partner in crime

A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Handle me fondle me cradle me tenderly

D<sup>m</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m</sup>  
 Say I'm your reason and rhyme

*Chorus*

D<sup>m</sup>            G<sup>7</sup>            C<sup>maj7</sup>/D            B<sup>bmaj7</sup>/C  
Pray with me sin with me lose with me win with me  
B<sup>7</sup>/D    E<sup>m</sup>            A<sup>m</sup>  
Love me with all of my scars  
D<sup>m</sup>            G<sup>7</sup>            C<sup>maj7</sup>/D            B<sup>bmaj7</sup>/C  
Rise with me fall with me hide from it all with me  
B<sup>7</sup>/D    E<sup>7</sup>            A<sup>m</sup>  
nothing is mine now it's ours



Fran and Miles Landesman



# Donna Kebabs

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

*Verse*

A                    D                    A                    D  
I got the flu my mates got the crabs. I pick my nose he picks his scabs.

A                    D                    E/B    D    A                    E/B  
all of our dreams are up for grabs and we blame it all on Donner kebabs.Ow

A                    E/B    A                    E/B    A  
Donner kebabs Ow Donner kebabs Ow

A                    D                    E/B    A  
see that hunk of greyish yuck standing in the window of the local greek  
A                    D                    E/B    A  
well that's your meat well lots of luck it makes you sick it leaves you weak

A                    D                    A                    D  
we blow our bread on dope and cabs and we can't afford to pay our tabs

A                    D                    E/B    D                    A  
there's just one thought that really stabs our downfall comes from Donner

E/B    A                    E/B    A                    E/B    A  
kebabs.Ow Donner kebabs Ow Donner kebabs Ow

A                    D  
who knows what they make it from danny's



# Down

Down has some terrible attractions  
 Featuring some desperate distractions  
 And that hooker misery  
 Sings I'll never set you free  
 Cos there's something irresistible in down

Down makes some dangerous suggestions  
 Taunts you with those sweet depressing questions  
 You can tell yourself to quit  
 But you really must admit  
 There's something irresistible in down

When you're up down doesn't matter a damn  
 You keep thinking wow how lucky I am  
 Then you slip or trip on misery's scam  
 And you can't help falling  
 The grave is calling

It's swell to do a little slumming  
 You think sad is so becoming  
 Till the room begins to spin  
 And the funnel sucks you in  
 And you wake up in the scary part of town  
 Finding something irresistible in down  
 You continue to enjoy yourself  
 While trying to destroy yourself  
 There's something irresistible in down



*Verse*

A E A  
She will hand you something good to smoke

E  
And we'll see the everlasting joke

A D7  
Up in heaven we'll be getting high

A E A  
With that big black drag-queen in the sky

*Verse*

A  
Now if you ask her "is this all there is"?

E7  
She'll say "Honey child it's all showbiz"

A D7  
And you'll dig it truly by and by

A E7 A  
When you meet that big black drag-queen in the sky

A E7 A  
I said that big black drag-queen in the sky



Fran Landesman

# 12 Dream Girl

*Words Fran Landesman Music Miles Landesman*

G D  
I met this pretty model and I took her home one night  
D7 G  
I couldn't wait to kiss her She seemed to be miss right  
D  
But she removed her lashes and then her golden hair  
D7 G  
And when she stood there ticking she gave me quite a scare

G A7  
but she was a dream girl A peaces and cream girl  
D7 G  
The kind you see on the cover of a shiny magazine

G D  
I took her and I shook her I wasn't being rude  
D7 G  
But I was really bothered when both her arms unscrewed  
D  
Then I grew suspicious I tore off both her tits  
D7 G  
And found I was holding two lovely counterfeits

G A7  
but she was a dream girl My peaces and cream girl

D7

G

The kind you see on the cover of a shiny magazine

G

D

Beneath her chest of plastic A nest of wires lurked

D7

G

I studied her transistors and saw the way she worked

G

D

So I put her back together She sure was full of life

D7

G

and if you're ever out our way come by and met the wife

G

A7

but she's really dream girl a peaces and cream girl

D7

G

The kind you see on the cover of a shiny magazine

# Feet Do Your Stuff

*Fran Landesman and Simon Wallace*

Verse

C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 Feet do your stuff when the game is way too tough  
 C<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G C<sup>m</sup>  
 You don't have to play just look down and say Feet do your stuff  
 C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 Caught in the buff by a brut who cuts up rough  
 C<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G C<sup>m</sup>  
 You'd do best to fly grab you pants and cry Feet do your stuff  
 A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bsus4</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup>  
 You'll find it comes in handy when you're in an iffy spot  
 D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m7/B<sup>b</sup></sup> A<sup>b</sup> G  
 It's better to play and run away then stay and risk getting shot  
 C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 Don't try to bluff there just isn't time enough  
 C<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G C<sup>m</sup>  
 Kiss your lover good bye zip your zipper and cry Feet do your stuff  
 C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 Brain get work can't you see what dangers lurk  
 C<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G C<sup>m</sup>  
 Just forget your shoes you got more to lose Feet do your stuff  
 C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 Hands must you shake now the brain is wide awake  
 C<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G C<sup>m</sup>  
 Just forget last night cos it's time for flight Feet do your stuff



$A^b$                      $B^{bsus4}$                      $E^b$                      $D^7$                      $G^7$                      $C^m$   
We'll hit the carpet                    running there's no time to mess around  
 $D^7$                      $Cm7/B^b$                      $A^b$                      $G$   
The message of fear has got to your ear so now lets cover some  
ground  
 $C^m$                      $G^7$                      $C^m$                      $G^7$   
There just isn't time to remember love sublime  
 $C^m$                      $B^b$                      $A^b$                      $G$   
Though the kisses were sweet better vote with your feet.  
 $C^m$   
Feet do your stuff



Fran Landesman

# Fuck Them if They Can't Take a Joke

*words Fran Landesman Music Miles Landesman*

F C7 F

I'm not really much of a singer

F C7 D7

I try for a high note and croak

Gm Eb C7

The critics may give me the finger

F

But "FUCK THEM IF THEY CANT TAKE A JOKE"

F C7 F

My act is obscene and offensive

F C7 D7

I once made a publisher choke

Gm Eb C7

They can't put me on the defensive

F

"FUCK THEM IF THEY CANT TAKE A JOKE"

Bb Bbm

True to myself and toujours gay

Am A7/G Dm7/C

That's how I am, that's how I'll stay

Dm7 Dm7/C G7 Db7

Sometimes I fly sometimes I fall

C7

But like they say you can't win them all

F C7 F

My love life has been a fiasco

F C7 D7

The last was a middle-class bloke

Gm Eb C7

I sprinkled his balls with tabasco

F

“FUCK HIM IF HE CANT TAKE A JOKE”

F C7 F F C7 D7

I've noticed that people are staring My lyrics disgust decent folk

Gm Eb C7

But my motto is always be daring

F C F

and “ piss off if you CAN'T TAKE A JOKE”



Fran and Miles landesman

# I'm Knackered

I'm tired, I'm Knackered, I'm wasted I'm sick

My girlfriend ain't friendly

She thinks I'm thick

My assets are frozen, so is my prick

My mum's a moaner she gets on my wick

Even the budgie is giving me stick

I dress up like Hitler, it gives me a kick

I swallow a hand full of bright white pills

It's speed I'm needing to cure my ills

I know it will get me back on my feet

Although I feel a little beat

My ceiling is falling and so are my pants

I never remember to water the plants

I wish Robert Stigwood would give me a chance

I'm tired, I'm Knackered, I'm wasted, I'm sick

# I'm Not a Rock

*Fran Landesman and John Simon*

$C^7$   
 Baby if you step on me you'll cause me pain  
 $A^{b6}$   $C^7$   
 baby if you lean on me I'll feel the strain  
 G F  $C^7$   $G^7$   
 yeah yeah yeah I'm not a rock

$C^7$   
 and if you cut me baby just watch me bleed  
 $A^{b7}$   $C^7$   
 baby I'm the human kind It's love I need  
 G F  $C^7$   $G^7$   
 yeah yeah yeah I'm not a rock

$C^7$   
 I'm not a wonder girl with nerves of steel  
 $A^{b7}$   $C^7$   
 and I just can't hide by the way I feel  
 G F  $C^7$   $G^7$   
 yeah yeah yeah I'm not a rock

$C^7$   
 now if you stick your finger in my eye  
 $A^{b7}$   $C^7$   
 It's ten to one I'm gonna cry  
 G F  
 yeah yeah yeah  
 G F  
 yeah yeah yeah yeah  
 $C^7$   $G^7$   $C^7$   
 I'm not a rock



John Simon

# I'm Supposed To Be In Soho

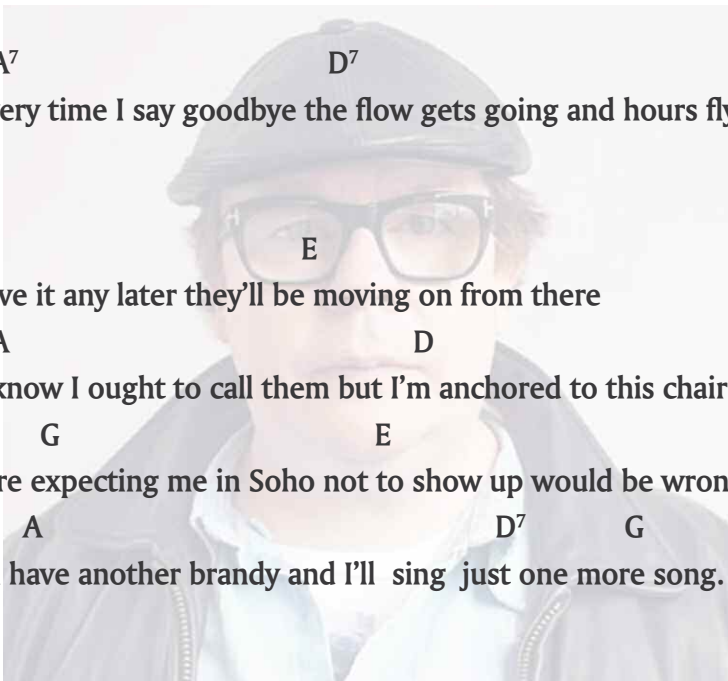
*Fran Landesman and Perry Benson*

Verse

G E  
 I'm supposed to be in Soho One half an hour ago  
 A D  
 I'm supposed to meet some people with half of ounce of snow  
 G E  
 I've been trying hard to leave you Didn't mean to stay so long  
 A D  
 But I'll have another brandy and I'll sing just one more song

G E<sup>7</sup>  
 I wish that I were one of those who says he's going and then he goes  
 A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 But every time I say goodbye the flow gets going and hours fly

G E  
 If I leave it any later they'll be moving on from there  
 A D  
 and I know I ought to call them but I'm anchored to this chair  
 G E  
 They're expecting me in Soho not to show up would be wrong  
 A D<sup>7</sup> G  
 But I'll have another brandy and I'll sing just one more song.



*Perry Benson*

# I'm Getting Over You

*Fran Landesman and Jason McAuliffe*

Verse

G<sup>7</sup> C A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup>/D A<sup>7</sup>  
 I'm getting over you It seems impossible but true  
 D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> C A<sup>m</sup>  
 I'm feeling much stronger won't need you much longer  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
 I'm getting over you.  
 C A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m7</sup>  
 I really don't feel blue  
 G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup>/D A<sup>7</sup>  
 because you run from me like you do  
 D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m6</sup> C A<sup>m</sup>  
 My heart is braking this dreamer is waking  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>  
 I'm getting over you

F F<sup>m6</sup>  
 although we shared some moments  
 C C<sup>7</sup>  
 that were better sweet  
 F F<sup>m6</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
 it feels much better standing on my own two feet  
 D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m6</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
 I'm getting off this see-saw with its hope's and doubts  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>11</sup> G  
 cos if your big chance came along you'd leave me out  
 C A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup>/D A  
 I'm getting over grief I'm sure you'll hear it with some re-  
 lief  
 D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup>  
 It's hurts but I'm healing  
 C E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
 and soon I'll be feeling good as new  
 A<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m6</sup> C  
 it no longer matters what you do I'm getting over you

*Jason McAuliffe*

# In To The Dark

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

The saint and the stripper, the cook and the Queen

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

Some sunset or starset they make the same scene

D<sup>m</sup>

C

B<sup>b</sup>

A

The cop and the killer the artists, the clown

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

D<sup>m</sup>

They all go into the dark alone

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

the junkie, the jailor, the old and the young

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

the hustler the hooker, the drowned and the hung

D<sup>m</sup>

C

B<sup>b</sup>

A

My Mother my brother, your lover, your son

D<sup>m</sup>

A<sup>m</sup>

D<sup>m</sup>

They all go into the dark alone

C

B<sup>b</sup>

A

C

B<sup>b</sup>

A

faces in papers, shadows that danced Men you admired, girls you romanced

G<sup>m</sup>

C<sup>m</sup>

Killer and critic, lover and friend

E<sup>b</sup>

D

everyone all by himself in the end



D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
the fighters and the fixers, the fat and the lean

D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
the ladies you lay with, the stars of the screen

D<sup>m</sup> C B<sup>b</sup> A  
the bodies you cherished, the flesh and the bone

D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
They all go into the dark alone

D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
Let's swallow some poison before love is done

D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
We'll fall into the darkness and crash on the sun

D<sup>m</sup> C B<sup>b</sup> A  
Then sweetly together we'll move and we'll moan

D<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m</sup>  
We won't go into the dark alone



Fran Landesman

# I Should Have Been Dancing

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

## Verse

I wasted my whole life                      D                      D  
 messing up yours  
 F#m7                      Bm                      G7/B                      E7  
 When I should have been dancing                      I was slamming the doors

I gave you a hard time                      D                      D  
 fighting our wars  
 F#m7                      Bm                      G7/B                      E7  
 When I should have been dancing                      I was settling scores

When I should have been making sense of my life

                    D                      A                      F#m7                      A                      A7  
 I was busy messing up yours

## Bridge

D                      Dbm                      Abm7  
 We could have been sensational A couple of luminous stars  
 F#m                      D                      E7  
 Could have been inspirational when all the tomorrows were ours

I sulked in the spotlight                      A                      D                      F#m7  
 wearing a frown  
 Bm                      G7/B                      E7  
 When I should have been dancing                      I was putting you down

I gave you a hard time fighting our wars  
 When I should have been dancing I was settling scores  
 When I should have been making sense of my life  
 I was busy messing up yours

We could have been sensational A couple of luminous stars  
 We Could have been inspirational when all the tomorrows were ours

I gave you a hard time fighting our wars  
 When I should have been dancing I Was settling scores  
 When I should have been making sense of my life  
 I was busy messing up yours

21  
**Jazz Aliens**

Have you met the jazz aliens?

Some of the special few  
They come from far away  
Their music chooses you

Listen to the jazz aliens  
Married to microphones  
Their voices reach our ears  
And echo in our bones

Ponded by different gravities  
On the anvils of worlds far apart  
They dive for their treasure in different seas  
And they carry it straight to the heart

Have you heard the jazz aliens?

Living like refugees  
They touch our tender parts  
With hating melodies

Each has a mission  
No other singer has  
They bring us visions  
Straight from planet Jazz

# Kings Of Rock And Roll

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

Verse

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    G/D                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>

Here we are the kings go rock and roll

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    G/D                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>

They say our fame will never fade

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    G/D                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>

Looking back it's been a long hard climb

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    G/D                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>

But finally we made the grade

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    D

Now we'd like to tell it like it was

E/B                    F<sup>#</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>                    D                    D<sup>7</sup>

About the music that we played                    we played everything from

E                    A                    E                    A

Folk rock to punk rock joke rock to junk rock

D                    B                    A                    E                    A E A

Acid rock to jazz rock road house razzmatazz rock

E                    A                    E                    A

High rock and low rock whisky agogo rock

D                    B                    A                    E A E A

Country rock and dumb rock sexy rock and come rock

PTO

D<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

The agents they went into a trance

D<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

They shook they head and said

B<sup>m</sup>

G

The kids can't dance to it

B<sup>m</sup>

G

The kids can't dance to it

B<sup>m</sup>

G

D<sup>7</sup>

The kids can't dance to it so we started playing

E

A

E

A

Pow rock and zap rock sick rock and clap rock

D

B

A

E

A

E

A

Savage rock and slum rock bristol rock and bum rock

E

A

E

A

Horror rock and trash rock double D and hash rock

D

B

A

E

A

E

A

E

Mendelssohn and list rock sado maschist rock

D<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

Agents wouldn't take a chance

D<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

They shook they head and said

B<sup>m</sup>

G

The kids can't dance to it

B<sup>m</sup>

G

The kids can't dance to it

B<sup>m</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

The kids can't dance to it so we started playing

E A E A

Black rock and white rock far out of site rock

D B A E A E A

Mock rock and jock rock sometimes it was shlock rock

E A E A

Avant-garde and mass rock lower middle class rock

D B A E

Garbage and gass rock shove it up your ass rock

B A E B A E

We got right down to the bone rock we finally played our own rock

D<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

Agents they went into a trance

D<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

They stamped their feet and said

B<sup>m</sup> G B<sup>m</sup> G

We'll take a chance here is an advance

B<sup>m</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G

The kids CAN dance to it

B<sup>m</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G

The kids CAN dance to it

# Love Is The Rainbow

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

## Verse

E F# A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup>  
 Passion is Purple envy is green  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> F# E B D<sup>b</sup> E  
 Sorrow is heavy Kindness is clean.  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup>  
 Anger is yellow and grief is grey  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> F# E B D<sup>b</sup> E  
 Love is the rainbow day after day

## Chorus

E B  
 Love is the rainbow. Fire and ice.  
 E A  
 Love is the vision cowards call vice  
 E B  
 Pleasure is pinkish and fear is blue  
 E A B  
 Love is the peacock laughing at you

## Verse

E F# A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup>  
 love is all colours ruby and gold  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> F# E B D<sup>b</sup> E  
 Acid and honey wild eyed and old  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup> A A<sup>b</sup>  
 love is a killer and love is gay  
 E F# A<sup>b</sup> F# E B D<sup>b</sup> E  
 Love is a rainbow day after day



*Chorus*

E                      B  
Love is the rainbow. Fire and ice.  
E                      A  
Love is the vision cowards call vice  
E                      B  
Pleasure is pinkish and fear is blue  
E                      A              B  
Love is the peacock laughing at you



Fran and Miles Landesman

# Marvellous Me

A trip to the supermarket  
Is my idea of HELL!  
It's tough to be a lady  
When you don't feel very well

I don't need a reward card  
Virtue is its own reward  
Once in a while I get grouchy  
To keep from growing bored

I'm sure you must be thinking  
That I'm too good to be true  
There ain't no way of fooling  
A clever bastard like you

My brain is sharp enough  
To cut a steak  
But I always give a sucker  
An even break

There's nothing more I need to say  
It should be plain to see  
This world was never made for one  
as wonderful as me  
Marvellous Me!

# 25 Mother

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

E<sup>b</sup>

B<sup>b7sus4</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

M - is for my masochistic urge's

E<sup>b</sup>

O - is for the ordeals I have lead

F<sup>7</sup>

T - is for the teardrop that emerges

F<sup>7</sup>/E<sup>b</sup>

B<sup>b7</sup>

H - is for line of horse manure

E<sup>b7</sup>

A<sup>b</sup>

E - is for my poor deflated ego

C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

R - is for the rotten life I've led

A<sup>b</sup>

A<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

Put them all together they spell MOTHER

F<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b7</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>

The woman who fucked up my head

*Fran Landesman*



# 26

## Never Had The Blues

*Fran Landesman Bob Dorough*

*Verse*

**F#m** **B7** **F#m**  
I'm thinking of the days before I met you  
**D7** **D<sup>b7</sup>**  
when I never had the blues at all  
**F#m** **B7** **F#m**  
Yes I'm thinking of the days before I met you  
**D** **F#m**  
When I didn't have so far to fall

**F#m** **B7** **F#m**  
You showed me all the colors of the rainbow  
**D7** **D<sup>b7</sup>**  
when you turned me on to love one day  
**F#m** **B7** **F#m**  
yes you showed me all the colors of the rainbow  
**D** **F#m**  
when I didn't know the price I'd pay

*Bridge*

**B** **F#**  
Have mercy on me baby Have mercy on me  
**B** **A<sup>b7</sup>** **D<sup>b7</sup>**  
Have mercy on me baby and my misery

**F#m** **B7** **F#m**  
I'm thinking of those sunny days of summer  
**D** **D<sup>b7</sup>**  
and those funny days when my demands where small  
**F#m** **B7** **F#m** **D**  
I didn't know about the joys of loving and I never had the blues  
at all

**B** **F#** **B**  
Have mercy on me baby Have mercy on me Have mercy on me  
baby  
**A<sup>b7</sup>** **D<sup>b7</sup>**  
and my misery

# Now And Then

We all get evil thoughts now and then

We all get lost or caught, yet again

We all get tense and terrified

We all get taken for a ride

Every now and then

It's like the Twilight zone

Now and then

We hate to walk alone after ten

The shameful dreams we never tried

Start festering like sores inside

The doors of hell fall open wide

Every now and then

I'll get a lucky break, who knows when?

I'm truly awake, now and then

And when my moment comes along

I'll make my move and sing my song

Before it all starts going wrong, yet again

I'll take the joy that comes along

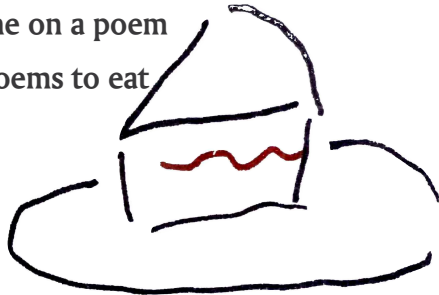
Every now and then

# Poems To Eat

Who will try my sweet  
 Poems to eat  
 Just a little bit beat  
 just a little bit mad at the world  
 Sad at the world

Dog in the street  
 Won't you try a bite  
 Man in the street  
 It's a hungry night

Poems to eat  
 Try a bitter-sweet  
 Poems to eat  
 Give your loved one a treat  
 with a nice little wine of your own  
 Dine on a poem  
 Poems to eat



## 29

# Scars

Fran Landesman and Simon Wallace

*That summer I met a hansom biker on crutches "Everybody got a brick wall waiting for them somewhere" He said smiling.*

Fm9 Bb7 Fm9 Bb7  
Don't be ashamed everybody's got scars  
Fm9 Bb7 EBdim Eb6  
From our various wars on our way to the stars  
Fm7 G7 Cm7/Bb  
Don't try to hide everybody's got scars  
Am7 D7 G7sus4 G7  
From crash landing on mars with these egos of ours

Cm7 F7 Dm7  
There's the one on your knee when you fell off your bike  
G7 Em7  
Or the bite from a babe that you love but don't like  
Em7 A7 Dm7  
There's the mess that you made without counting the cost  
Fm6 G11  
Or the cut from a blade or the child that you lost

Fm9 Bb7  
Don't be ashamed if you're covered with scars  
Fm9 Bb7 EBdim Eb6  
On this planet of ours that's the way we keep scores  
Fm9 D7 3rd/fret Cm Am7/Bb  
So, I'll show you my scars if you show me yours  
Am7 D7 G7/D Cm  
In the streets and the bars, everybody's got scars  
Am7 D7 G7/D Cm7  
On their way to the stars, everybody gets scars.

# Sea Change

*(inspired by Ariel's song in William Shakespeare's The Tempest)*

Rich and strange, Rich and strange  
 Everybody's looking so rich and strange  
 Dancing by hip and thigh  
 Everybody's glowing so rainbow high

It's a sea change comes washing over me  
 I feel so strange and what is this I see?

Those black pearls were his eyes  
 Peacock feathers trousers and opal eyes  
 Seaweed fans father's hands  
 Trying hard to tell me he understands

It's a sea change comes washing over me  
 I feel so strange and what is this I see?

Satin bubbles kiss my toes  
 Salt sea water tastes like wine  
 Surely, we are spirits now  
 Everyone's a friend of mine  
 Phosphorescent faces shine  
 Knowing this will never fade  
 Of his bones are coral made

Ding dong bell, little Nell  
 Everybody's dancing and all is well, all is well  
 All is well  
 I feel so strange, so strange and finally free  
 As this sea change comes washing over me



# Small Day Tomorrow

*Fran Landesman and Bob Dorough*

## Verse

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>/G B<sup>7open</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
I don't have to go to bed I've got a Small day tomorrow Small day tomorrow

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
I don't have to use my head I've got a Small day tomorrow

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>/G B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
I can sleep the day away and it won't cause too much sorrow not tomorrow

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
So tonight this cat will play she's got a Small day tomorrow

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Now all those big wheels with all their big deals they're gonna need their sleep

F<sup>#m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7(open)</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
But I'm a drop-out who'd rather cop out than run with all the sleep

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>/G B<sup>7open</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
Honey child tonight's the night and there's a car I can borrow till tomorrow

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m</sup>  
We can swing till broad day light I've got a Small day tomorrow

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Now all you big wheels with all your big deals your gonna need your sleep

F<sup>#m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7(open)</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
But I'm a drop-out who'd rather cop out then run with all the sheep

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>/G B<sup>7open</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
Honey child tonight's the night and there's a flat I can borrow till tomorrow

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m6</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>  
We can swing right out of sight we've got a long night and a Small day

A<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m</sup>/F A<sup>m</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> A<sup>m</sup>/F  
Tomorrow

# Mr Snowman

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

*Verse*

**B<sup>b</sup>**

Mr snowman please don't go man Cause you're the one for me

**E<sup>b</sup>**

your not like the others your smile is for real

**B<sup>b</sup>**

you look best by moonlight that's your appeal

**F**

**E<sup>b</sup>**

**B<sup>b</sup>**

**F**

your love is like ice oh looks so nice that feels alright

*Verse*

**B<sup>b</sup>**

Mr snowman the star of my play

**B<sup>b</sup>**

I know I can't hold you or you'll melt away

**E<sup>b</sup>**

now that fertility is a fashion accessory

**B<sup>b</sup>**

oh your just the right man for me at least for a while

**F**

**E<sup>b</sup>**

with your hat at an angle you stand there grin

**B<sup>b</sup>**

**F**

nobody can move you or warm your white skin

*Verse*

**B<sup>b</sup>**

Mr snowman Mr snowman

**E<sup>b</sup>**

**B<sup>b</sup>**

I'll never get low man Cause your my snowman

**F**

**E<sup>b</sup>**

**B<sup>b</sup>**

**F**

**B<sup>b</sup>**

your love is like ice oh feels so nice that's all right

# Song For Four Women

*(The Nun, The Schoolgirl, The Whore and the Lion tamer)*

Is this how you see us? Is this how you want us to be?  
 Both virgin and hooker, attached to a cooker  
 Eternally youthful and free?

Is this how you see us? Is this how you'd like us to look?  
 Erotically trashy, seductively flashy  
 Four girls from a hot picture book?  
 The nun provides the challenge  
 Forbidden fruit is sweet  
 The stripper's always ready  
 An eager bitch on heat  
 the Lion tamer lures you. You long to kiss her feet  
 The Schoolgirl makes you hunger for tender, untouched meat

Is this how you'd have us?  
 Is this how you want us to act?  
 The perfect domestic, but enthusiastic  
 When you're in the mood to attack?

Is this what you're into  
 The smooth-talking satin-skinned tart  
 Who'll kiss you and hug you, too clever to bug you  
 With anything straight from the heart

Well, isn't it a pity that sometimes life intrudes  
Into your penthouse dream life  
And please don't think us rude

If we're not always ready  
To pose like penthouse nudes  
It seems that we've developed  
Some other aptitudes

Is this what you wanted  
When you were a small spotty boy  
An all giving mother for you and no other  
Your very own pneumatic toy?

Is this how you see us  
As ponies you train to do tricks  
Or big-titted bunnies? Well, isn't that funny  
We see you as bloodthirsty pricks!

# Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most

*Fran Landesman and Tommy Wolf*

## *Chorus*

C                    B<sup>b7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7-9</sup>  
Once I was a sentimental thing  
C                    B<sup>b7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7-9</sup>    C<sup>6</sup>  
Threw my heart away each spring  
B<sup>bm7</sup>                    A<sup>bmaj7</sup>                    F<sup>#m7</sup>                    E<sup>maj7</sup>  
Now a spring romance hasn't got a chance  
D<sup>m7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7</sup>                    A<sup>m9</sup>  
Promised my first dance to winter  
D<sup>m7</sup>                    G<sup>7</sup>                    E<sup>m7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>                    D<sup>m7</sup>                    A<sup>7</sup>    D<sup>9</sup>    G<sup>9</sup>    G<sup>7</sup>  
All I've got to show's a splinter                    for my little fling

C<sup>maj7</sup>                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7</sup>                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  
Spring this year has got me feeling  
C<sup>maj7</sup>    A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m7</sup>    G<sup>7</sup>                    E<sup>m7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>  
Like a horse that never left the post  
F<sup>#m</sup>                    F<sup>m7</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>                    A<sup>m7</sup>    D<sup>7</sup>  
I lie in my room staring up at the ceiling  
D<sup>m7</sup>                    G<sup>7</sup>                    C    B<sup>b</sup>    C    B<sup>b</sup>  
Spring can really hang you up the most

C<sup>maj7</sup>                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>                    C<sup>maj7</sup>                    B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  
Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers  
C<sup>maj7</sup>    A<sup>m</sup>                    D<sup>m7</sup>    G<sup>7</sup>    E<sup>m7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>  
And to them I'd like to drink a toast  
F<sup>#m</sup>                    F<sup>m7</sup>                    E<sup>m</sup>    A<sup>m7</sup>    D<sup>7</sup>  
I walk in the park just to kill lonely hours  
D<sup>m7</sup>                    G<sup>7</sup>                    C    C<sup>6</sup>  
Spring can really hang you up the most

G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>  
All afternoon those birds twitter twit  
G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>  
I know the tune, "This is love, this is it"  
C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>  
Heard it before and I know the score  
F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
And I've decided that spring is a bore

G<sup>maj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  
Doctors once prescribed a tonic  
C<sup>maj7</sup> A<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
Sulphur and molasses was the dose

F<sup>#m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
Didn't help a bit, my condition must be chronic  
D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
Spring can really hang you up the most

D<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>  
All alone, the party's over  
B<sup>bm7</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>9</sup>  
Old man winter was a gracious host  
D<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
But when you keep praying for snow to hide the clover  
D<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>b</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> B<sup>bmaj7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> B<sup>bmaj7</sup>  
Spring can really hang you up the most

# Steal The Blues

*Fran Landesman and Bradley Cunningham*

## Verse

Fmaj7                      A<sup>+</sup>  
 You stole my heart      and left it bruised  
 Bbmaj7                      E<sup>b9</sup>  
 I've got an offer that you can't refuse  
 A<sup>m7</sup>    D<sup>7</sup>    G<sup>m7</sup>                      C<sup>7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>    D<sup>7</sup>    G<sup>7</sup>    C<sup>7</sup>  
 do me a favour why don't you steal my blues  
 Fmaj7                      A<sup>+</sup>  
 you stole my smile      and drank my booze  
 Bbmaj7                      E<sup>b9</sup>  
 and I treated you to that ocean cruise  
 A<sup>m7</sup>                      D<sup>7</sup>                      G<sup>m7</sup>                      C<sup>7</sup>                      Fmaj7    C<sup>m7</sup>    F<sup>7</sup>  
 but now I'm crying      why don't you steal my blues  
 A<sup>bmaj7</sup>                      G<sup>m</sup>                      C<sup>7</sup>  
 Why don't you own up and act like a grown up  
 F<sup>m</sup>    B<sup>b7</sup>    E<sup>bmaj7</sup>                      G<sup>bmaj7</sup>                      D<sup>bmaj7</sup>  
 give us both a break cos I ain't gotta be nice you picked me clean  
 A<sup>bmaj7</sup>                      D<sup>m7</sup>                      G<sup>13</sup>    G<sup>sus4</sup>    C<sup>7</sup>  
 now there's just one ally that I wish you'd take

**Fmaj7** **A<sup>+7</sup>**  
You go on stealing and you're bound to loose  
**Bbmaj7** **E<sup>b9</sup>**  
I'll always love you but you steal bad news  
**A<sup>m7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **Fmaj7** **C<sup>m7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>**  
do me a favour why don't you steal my blues  
**A<sup>bmaj7</sup>** **G<sup>m</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
you see it and have it you reach out and grab it  
**Fm** **B<sup>b7</sup>** **E<sup>bmaj7</sup>**  
whatever catches your eye  
**G<sup>bmaj7</sup>** **D<sup>bmaj7</sup>** **A<sup>bm7</sup>**  
but the memory lingers of your light fingers  
**D<sup>m7</sup>** **G<sup>11</sup>** **G<sup>sus4</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
I know you'll pay me back when pigs can fly

**Fmaj7** **A<sup>+7</sup>**  
you go on stealing and you're bound to loose  
**Bbmaj7** **E<sup>b9</sup>**  
I'll always love you but you're still bad news  
**A<sup>m7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **Fmaj7**  
do me a favour why don't you steal my blues



# The Ballad Of The Sad Young Men

*Fran Landesman and Tommy Wolf*

Verse

C F C D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Sing a song of sad young men, glasses full of rye  
C F C D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
All the news is bad again, kiss your dreams goodbye

F B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
All the sad young men, sitting in the bars  
F G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
Knowing neon nights, missing all the stars  
D<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>m7</sup>  
All the sad young men, drifting through the town  
D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
Drinking up the night, trying not to drown

F B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
All the sad young men, singing in the cold  
F G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
Trying to forget that they're growing old  
D<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>m7</sup>  
All the sad young men, choking on their youth  
D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
Trying to be brave, running from the truth

C F C D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
Autumn turns the leaves to gold, slowly dies the heart  
C F C D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
Sad young men are growing old that's the cruellest part

F                    B<sup>7</sup>    E<sup>m</sup>                    C<sup>7</sup>  
While a grimy moon, watches from above

F                            G<sup>7</sup>    Em<sup>7</sup>                            A<sup>7</sup>  
All the sad young men,    play   at making love

                  D<sup>m7</sup>                    E<sup>m7</sup>                                    A<sup>m7</sup>  
Misbegotten moon shine for sad young men

F            E<sup>m7</sup>    F                            E<sup>m7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>  
Let your gentle light guide them home again

D<sup>m</sup>    E<sup>m7</sup>    F    G<sup>7</sup>    C  
All    the    sad    young men

# The Decline Of The West

*Fran Landesman and Simon Wallace*

Verse G<sup>m</sup> C<sup>m</sup>  
 All the good tunes have been written  
 F B<sup>b</sup>  
 All the good songs have been sung  
 E<sup>b</sup> C<sup>m6</sup>  
 Somewhere a promise was broken  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
 Long ago, when we were young  
 G<sup>m</sup> C<sup>m</sup>  
 All the good words have been spoken  
 F B<sup>b</sup>  
 All the good wars have been fought  
 E<sup>b</sup> C<sup>m6</sup>  
 All the good scenes have been stolen  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
 The big fish have all been caught

Bridge C<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>/G  
 All the good weekends are over  
 C<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>/G  
 All the good games have been played  
 A<sup>7</sup>  
 May as well stay with your lover  
 A/E<sup>b</sup>/A D<sup>7</sup>  
 The good moves have all been made

Verse G<sup>m</sup> C<sup>m</sup>  
 All of our bridges are burning  
 F B<sup>b</sup>  
 All the good songs have been sung  
 E<sup>b</sup> C<sup>m6</sup>  
 Somewhere we took the wrong turning  
 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m</sup>  
 Long ago when we were young.

38  
**The Wave**

When the darkness turns to noonday  
And the moon turns into blood  
I will wear my graduation dress  
And go to meet the flood

When the streets turn into canyons  
And the tidal wave draws near  
And the dinosaurs come back  
I will not shed a tear



# Too Stoned To Care

*Fran Landesman and Simon Wallace*

Verse

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 we're old enough to know better but we're too stoned to  
 care

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 that's the root of our problems that's the joke we share

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 we loaf and listen to music and drive our folks to despair

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 we ought to go into rehab but we're too stoned to care

C G  
 sometimes we try to do a some work sometimes we take a rest  
 A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 Getting completely out of it is what we do best.

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 we leave wreckage behind us we'll never repair  
 G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F

G  
 we ought to repent this life that we've spent but we're too stoned  
 to care

C G  
 we lost our direction we've ranted and we've raved  
 A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  
 trying to be totally free has kept us enslaved

G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 our coffee tables a coffin our brains have started to soften  
 G A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 we don't get laid very often but we're too stoned to care

E<sup>b7</sup> F G E<sup>b7</sup> F G  
 too stoned to care too stoned to care  
 E<sup>b7</sup> F E<sup>b7</sup> F E<sup>b7</sup> G  
 too stoned too stoned too stoned to care

# Try My World

*Fran Landesman and Clive Powell*

*Verse*

**D<sup>maj7</sup>** **C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 In my world everybody dose his own thing  
**G<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>#</sup>** **F<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 everybody free if you got the eyes to see  
**E<sup>m7</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>**  
 then you're welcome in my world

**D<sup>maj7</sup>** **C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 In my world you can live and you can dream too  
**G<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 no one's gonna frown no one ever brings you down  
**B<sup>m</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>/D**  
 there's no anger in world

*Bridge*

**A<sup>maj7</sup>** **B<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>#m7</sup>** **D<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 There is no night for my nights are brighter then day  
**D<sup>m7</sup>** **G** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 and my si - lence isn't sad  
**F<sup>maj7</sup>** **E<sup>maj7</sup>** **E<sup>bmaj7</sup>** **D<sup>maj7</sup>** **C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 so won't you try my world 'cos I know it's gonna please  
 you  
**G<sup>m7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>** **F<sup>maj7</sup>**  
 there will be lies you can open up your eyes  
**B<sup>m7</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>/D**  
 and walk right in to my world.

PTO

**A<sup>maj7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>bm7</sup> D<sup>maj7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
and my si - lence isn't sad

**F<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>bmaj7</sup> D<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>**  
so won't you try my world 'cos I know it's gonna please  
you

**G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup>**  
there will be lies you can open up your eyes

**E<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>maj7</sup>**  
and walk right in to my world. Don't you want to try my world

**F<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>bmaj7</sup>**  
there's no anger in my world baby welcome to my world



Fran Landesman

41

# Unforgivable

*Fran Landesman and Irving Gordon*

*Frans re-write of a well known Irving song.*

Verse

GG<sup>dim</sup>  
Unforgivable that's what you are  
CA<sup>7</sup>  
Unforgivable you leave a scare  
FF<sup>m</sup>  
Like a hungry leach that clings to me  
CA<sup>7</sup>  
Oh the thought of you dose things to me  
D<sup>7</sup>G<sup>7</sup>  
Never before have I been so sore

Verse

GG<sup>dim</sup>  
Irredeemable in every way  
CA<sup>7</sup>  
For ever more your gonna pay  
FF<sup>m</sup>  
Though you can be quite adorable  
CA<sup>7</sup>  
I will make your life so horrible  
D<sup>7</sup> G C  
You will say I'm unforgivable too



Irving Gordon  
Creator of the original:  
'Unforgettable'



# Wasted

*Fran Landesman and Peter-Hugo Daly*

## Chorus

D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E E  
 Wasted are all these days that I don't spend with you  
 D<sup>bm7</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Wasted are all my empty nights  
 D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Wasted are all these morning and this postcard View

## Bridge

F G A  
 Wasted all these spring delights (x2)

D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Tased once the happiness your love could bring  
 D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Tased what your lips could do  
 D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Now the falling blossoms and the fire flies

## Bridge

F G A  
 Are wasted like my love for you (x2)

D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Wasted are these scenes I don't share with you  
 D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 May time melting in to June  
 D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E  
 Pasted on the ceiling of this velvet night

## Bridge

F G A F G A  
 Sequin star's and a silver moon sequin star's and a silver moon

**D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E**  
Wasted are the letters I never send  
**D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E**  
Wasted all the poems I pen  
**D<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E**  
Wasted my creation and my crazy dreams  
**F G A F G A**  
Till I'm in your arms again tell I'm in your arms again



Peter-Hugo Daly is a popular actor and musician. One of his early bands was called Renoir in 1977-1979.

Miles Landesman: Guitar  
Phil Daniel: guitar/vocals  
Peter-Hugo Daly: keyboards  
Barry Neil: Bass  
Michael Doland: drums

Followed by The Cross, formed in 1979  
with John McWilliams: drums

# What's For Breakfast, Butterfly Lady?

*Fran Landesman and Peter-Hugo Daly*

*Verse*

D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 What's for breakfast, butterfly lady?  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 Fill my cup with sun  
 D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 Thank you kindly butterfly lady  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 Where'd you hide my gun?

D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 What's the matter butterfly lady  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 You don't make a sound  
 D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 Last night you kept telling me baby  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 something lost was found

B<sup>bm7</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup>  
 This time between loving and leaving  
 B<sup>bm7</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup>  
 It's kind of sad  
 B<sup>bm7</sup> A<sup>bm7</sup>  
 I'm lost between coming and going  
 F<sup>#m7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 My head feels bad.  
 D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 Got to move it butterfly lady  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 Business must be done  
 D<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 One more time butterfly lady  
 E<sup>bm</sup> F  
 Now give me back my gun

# Where The Blues Begin

*Fran Landesman and Peter-Hugo Daly*

Verse

F<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 Have you come to the place where the days are black  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup>  
 and you've gone too far and you can't come back  
 F<sup>m</sup> D<sup>b</sup>  
 and you pitch your tent on a cardboard range  
 B<sup>bm</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 and you sleep with creeps and your friends are strange  
 B<sup>bm</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 and your silver spoon turns to worthless tin  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C  
 then you've come to the place where the blues begin  
 F<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 when there's nothing to do and you've done it twice  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup>  
 and you seem to live in a cave of ice  
 F<sup>m</sup> D<sup>b</sup>  
 and you hear no hope in a ringing phone  
 B<sup>bm</sup> C  
 and you haven't learned how to play alone  
 B<sup>bm</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 when the time is long and the laughs are thin  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>  
 then you've come to the place where the blues begin  
 F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>  
 Once life was funny free and fast in every act an all-star  
 cast  
 F<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> C<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 they served you first but now your last how did you get so old so  
 fast

F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>  
 when you pray with your lips but the words won't come  
 D<sup>b</sup> C<sup>m7</sup>  
 and you beg for sleep like a bowery bum  
 F<sup>m</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 and the hustler stars with his high speed eyes  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C  
 and you drown your fear in a glass of lies  
 B<sup>bm</sup> E<sup>b</sup>  
 when there's nothing left that you care to win  
 D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>  
 then you've been to the place Where the blues begin



Miles Davis Landesman

# White Nightmare

*Fran Landesman and Miles Davis Landesman*

*Verse*

A F A F A F A F  
 white Apple on a white plate white fire in a white grate  
 A F A F A  
 white table and a white chair white night mare

A F A F A F A F  
 white picture on a white wall white carpet down a white hall  
 A F A F A  
 white body's on a white bed overfeed

*Bridge*

A F  
 everywhere always noonday bright  
 A F  
 nothing is dark not even night  
 A F A F  
 everything clean everything white  
 A F A F A F A F  
 white people in their white room love making in a white  
 tomb  
 A F A F A  
 white pillows for their white hair white night mare

*Verse*

A F A F  
 white playground for a white race  
 A F A F  
 No shadows in this white place  
 A F A F A F A  
 no hiding from the white glare white night mare

# Without Rhyme Or Reason

*Fran Landesman and Bob Dorough*

Verse

B<sup>bm</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>

Without rhyme or reason

D<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7m</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>

that's how the world goes round Without rhyme or reason

E<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

Baby's that life and that's love and that's us

B<sup>bm</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>

Without rhyme or reason

D<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>bm</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>

you come along one day Without rhyme or reason

E<sup>bm7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>bmaj7</sup>

you make me laugh and it's fun and it's fine

B<sup>bmaj7</sup> B<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> D<sup>dim7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup>

One day like any other you say I love you so.

D<sup>bmaj7</sup> C<sup>maj7</sup> E<sup>bmaj7</sup>

One day nothings any different

E<sup>bdim7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

but then you say you're moving on

B<sup>bm</sup> A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> D<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>bm</sup>

Without rhyme or reason you win you lose you draw

F B<sup>bm</sup>

People look for patterns

E<sup>bm7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b7</sup>

but as for as I know love begins as it ends

F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> E<sup>bm</sup> (x2) B<sup>bmaj7</sup>

Without reason and Without rhyme

# Winds Of Heaven

*Fran Landesman and Bob Dorough*

## Intro

Cm (riff) C D E<sup>b</sup> G A<sup>b</sup>

## Chorus

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D G<sup>7</sup>

If the winds of heaven would only blow the door shut

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>o7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(B)

I could keep you here for a little while

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

If the winds of heaven would only blow the light out

C<sup>m</sup> A<sup>o7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(B) G<sup>7</sup>(D)

In the friendly dark you'd begin to smile

A<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> C<sup>m</sup>

If the winds of heaven would only blow you my way

A<sup>bmaj7</sup> A<sup>bmaj7</sup>(Dbass) G<sup>7+11</sup>

I would hold you close for a little while

A<sup>bmaj7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>bmaj7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>m</sup>(B<sup>b</sup>)

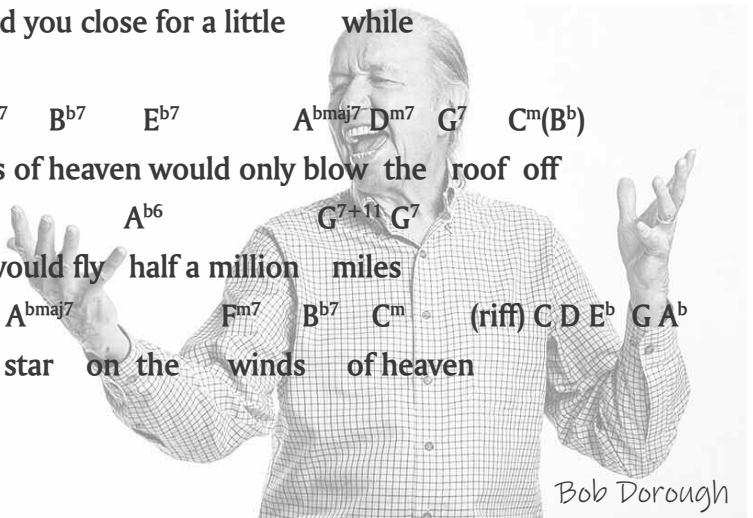
If the winds of heaven would only blow the roof off

F(A) A<sup>b6</sup> G<sup>7+11</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

You and I would fly half a million miles

A<sup>bmaj7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> C<sup>m</sup> (riff) C D E<sup>b</sup> G A<sup>b</sup>

To a happy star on the winds of heaven



*Bob Dorough*



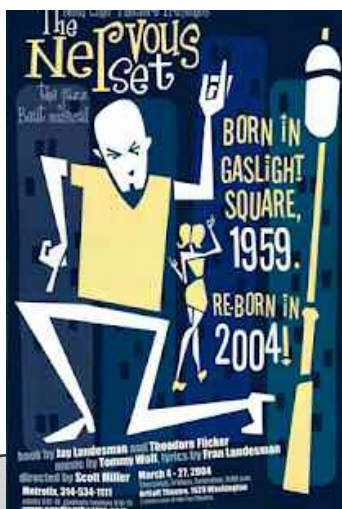


# *Bonus Pages*

As a special treat, we thought you deserve an insight into the background and family life of the women behind the words.

You can find photos and posters, links and news clips relating to Frans life and work. The QR links lead to information and video performances by Fran and various famous and not so famous artistes.

*Keep turning.*

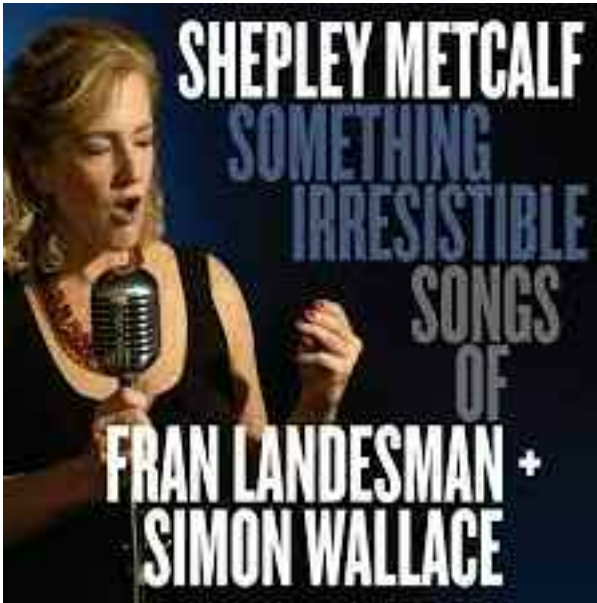


Irwing Gordon

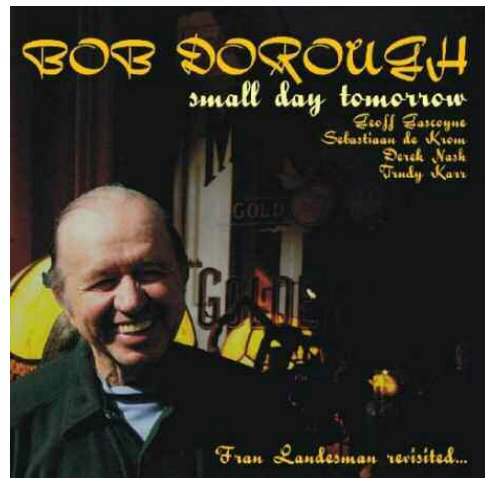


Bob Dorough



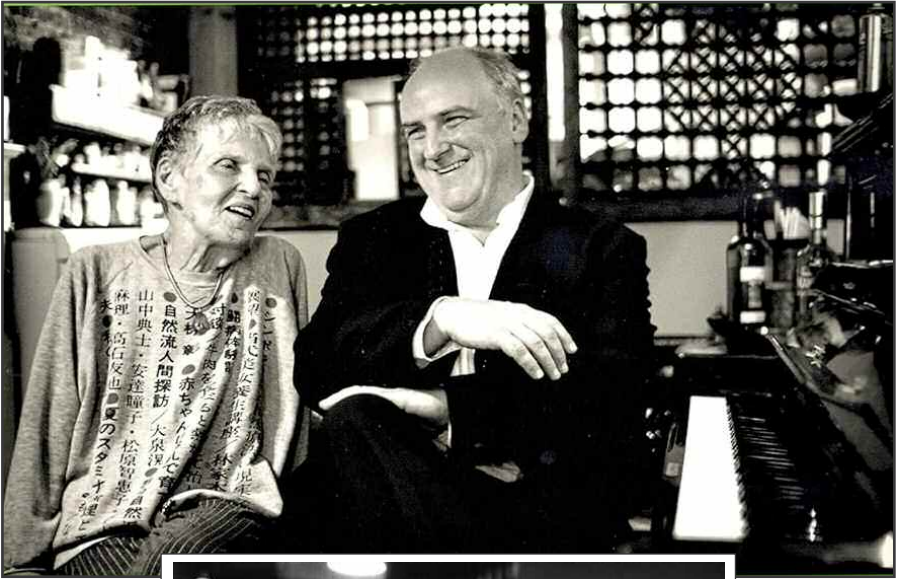


Shepley Metcalf



Bob Dorough  
plays Scars

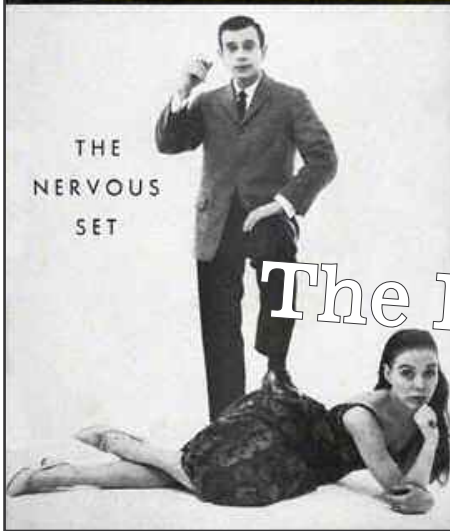
Fran and Simon Wallace



The Nervous Set



Henry Miller's Theatre  
**PLAYBILL**  
*a weekly magazine for theatergoers*



# The Nervous Set



PLAYBILL



Missouri Encyclopedia



## Satirical Revue at Crystal Palace

"SAY CHEESE," an intimate musical revue, opens tomorrow night at the Crystal Palace, cabaret theater in Gaslight Square. It is a satirical look at such American phenomena as TV, radio, suburbia, mass culture, Jackie Kennedy, weight control, the decline of the American male, and sing-a-longs.

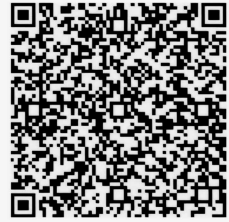
Jack Murdock, a TV personality, who was seen locally on Coffee Break and Hiram and Sneeb, and comedienne Michyl Paul, are starred. Murdock both acts and sings, and has written some of the skits. Mrs. Paul is a former New York actress. She lives now in St. Louis with her husband, James Paul, an actor-director who staged several of the Princeton Triangle shows.

Most of the songs have music by Tommy Wolf and lyrics by Fran Landesman, who did "The Nervous Set." There is additional music by Jimmy Williams, Kenneth Billups and Clay Gunter.



JACK MURDOCK

Bob Miller of TV Channel 4 directed. Billups is musical director. Jay Landesman is producing. Others featured are Duane Jones, Pelagia Green, Carole Hoffman and the Masked Balladeer.



Musical Theatre review

*Quote from Moussri Encyclodia:*  
Jay and Fran Landesman, Producers and writers of the many plays, musicals, and bright revues that light up the intimate stage of the CRYSTAL PALACE, famous Caberet Theatre in Gaslight Square, St. Louis Mo.



1959



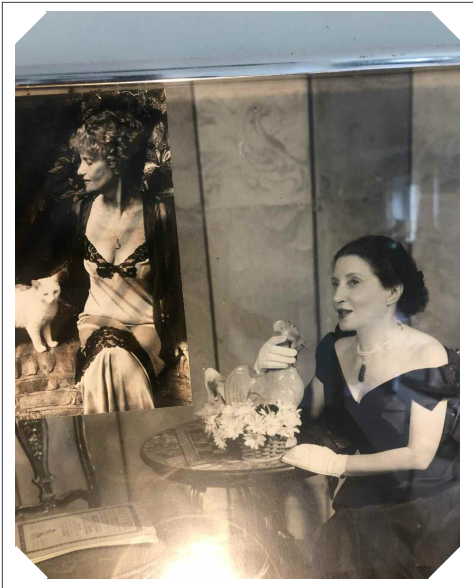
Frans webpage

#8 Duncan Terrace, Islington London



Fran & Jay

# Family Album



Frans Mother

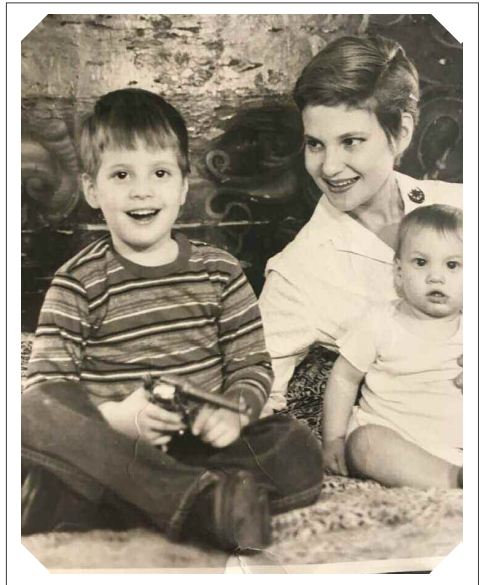
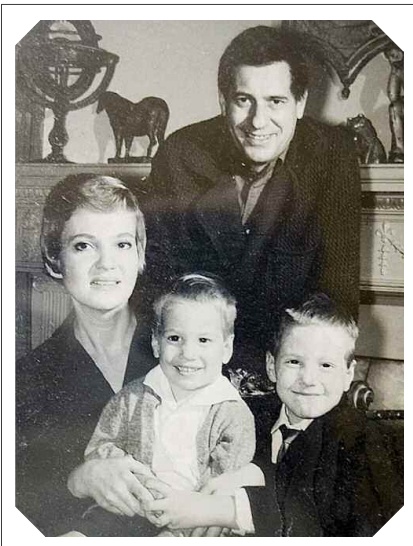


Family Lunch

Grandparents and Family



Family Pose



Spontaneous family picture



Miles sitting with Jimi Hendricks & band



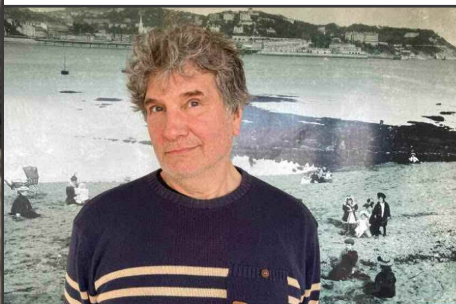
Miles



Fran Landesman & family



Miles & Cosmo Landesman

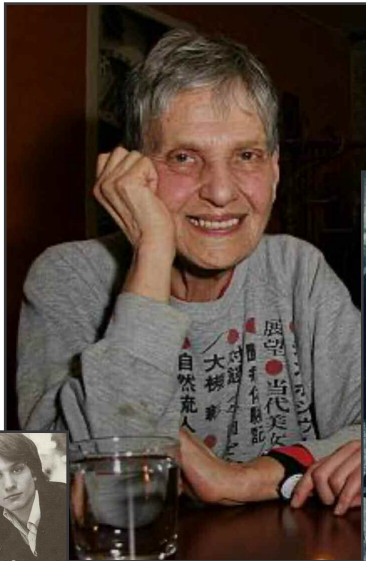


Miles Landesman

Miles & Cosmo

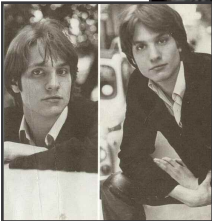


Fran Landesman



Perry Benson & Miles Landesman

Miles



Cosmo and Jay Landesman