

MANNY'S MUSIC STORE

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2009

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Now Manny was a music man sellin' Selmer Saxophones
Lettin' black musicians in Harlem buy their horns at no cost loans
Tucked away on 48th off 7th Avenue
Where boys from Beat Generation, jammin' up somethin' new
Yeh, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker upstairs blowin' all night
Manny had a song in his heart, and helped Bebop come to light

He sold Clarinets and Oboes and a standard line of Brass
But Rock 'N' Rollers were here to stay; and those kids all paid in cash
Buddy Holly came with his good buddy Buddy Knox
Mike Smith and the Dave Clark Five, scored a Continental Vox
Corky Laing and Leslie West sat on a Mountain of gear
Alvin Lee and Lee Michael's rocked so loud, I couldn't hear

Down at Manny's Music Store, Sunn and Hi Watt Amps galore
Talkin' Manny's Music Store, Pearl Drums piled from ceiling to floor
At Manny's Music Store, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh....

Mott The Hoople & 10 Wheel Drive browsed the store for deals
Sneaky Pete and Gram Parsons checkin' out Sho-Bud Pedal Steels
Jimi Hendrix sat a top; a tall Jim Marshall stack
James Taylor strummed a Martin; that guy's so damn laidback
Springsteen gazed in the window; and only dreamed of Born to
Run
Rod Stewart persuaded the cashier girl; some guys have all the fun

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Down at Manny's Music Store, saw Alice Cooper soaked in
bloody gore

At Manny's Music Store, hey that's Captain Beefheart at the
door

Talkin' Manny's Music Store, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...

Voice Over: Manny's Music Store is Proud to salute the follow-
ing music industry pioneers:

For The Electric Guitar: Orville Gibson & Les Paul, Leo Fender
& Frederich Gretsch

For Drums: William F. Ludwig, Bud Slingerland

For The Electric Piano: Rudolf Werlitzer, Harold Rhodes

For Cymbals: Armand Zildian

For Harmonica: Mathias Hohner

Stone the Crows, Jethro Tull and Spooky Tooth were there
Jeff Beck set the record straight; with some low down funky
faire

Some psychedelic ego trip, swore he was in the Bloos Magoos
John Mayall and Robin Trower tried to reinvent the blues
Bonnie Raitt waltzed in; hell, she was taller than I thought
Her roadies packed those Anvil Cases with all the stuff she
bought

Down at Manny's Music Store, look! It's Black Oak Arkansas
At Manny's Music Store, Motorhead's rippin' some hardcore
Down at Manny's Music Store, all of 'em kids in a candy store
Talkin' 'bout Manny's Music Store, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh

EINSTEIN'S IN LOVE

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2008

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His equations on the blackboards of Heidelberg
The Illuminati of Science soon got word
That parallel lines would interface
Light beams would bend, in the warping of space
This braniac of math's in a whole other place

His epiphanies hit him while playin' his violin
In cryptic melodies deciphered by him
Pipe dreams paned out in his psychic lab
And, eureka! $E=mc^2$
How he'd waltz those fair ladies, on the faculty staff

Einstein, Einstein's in Love, Albert's in love, yes Einstein's in love
The good doctor's in love, head over heels he's in love
Seduced by the mysteries of the man up above

A chain reaction of neutrons, blew up his dream
For Japan, the Guinea Pig, 'Good Night Irene'
But Einstein saw a world without military might
My head says he's nuts; my heart knows he's right
This lone pacifist's, in the fight of his life

Those mental machinations his Frankenstein
To some his pretzel logic seemed asinine
Lost in the rhythms of mathematical dance
With a penchant for flyin' by the seat of his pants
Philosophy's the mistress; that he loved to romance

Einstein, Einstein's In Love, Albert's in love, yes Einstein's in love
The good doctor's in love, head over heels he's in love
Seduced by the mysteries of the man up above

EINSTEIN'S IN LOVE

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Bridge:

He could mount a light beam and gallop straight to the center of the sun

At last count this Renaissance man was a romanticist, physicist, humanist rolled into one

Instrumental:

Thought his genius 'id be used to build wonderworks
But Machiavellian men and young driven Turks
Had other agendas and plotted all-out assaults
Their clandestine plans in Los Alamos vaults
Still Einstein loved mankind, for all of its faults

Einstein, Einstein's In Love, Albert's in love, yes Einstein's in love
The good doctor's in love, head over heels he's in love
Seduced by the mysteries of the man up above

Breakdown sung with just acoustic guitar:

Like Jesus who turned water to wine
Einstein reached up and touched the divine
This beacon of light wore his heart on his sleeve
Walked the straight and narrow path, then took his leave
His love of God's plan, finally earned him its Key
Einstein, Einstein's In Love, Albert's in love

POP GOES THE SUPERSTAR

Words & Music: Mike Appel ©2004

Momma's on her bedspread, starin' at the boob tube
Said to me come, look and see
There's a new boy band tryin' to dance and do a lip synch
Star struck wannabes
Well momma I play rock 'n' roll for love, so I won't change a note
I ain't rehearsed these years for this, so hand me that remote
Yet who's to blame, well I don't know, yes it seems so lame
Just pass an audition on one of these cookie cutter star search shows & then it's,
Pop Goes The Superstar, hey, a few days practice and there you are
Pop Goes The Superstar,
You'll have the babes in a stretch and a heat packin' personal bodyguard
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Me and my band mates recordin' in the basement; momma says to, turn it down
Then an A&R rep came round to see us said; hey man, that ain't the sound
While I keep cryin' about sellin' out, another pop teen diva is born
Used to be you could tell a guitarist's chops by how his fret board been worn
Now who's to blame, well I don't know, is it all that fame
I'm surfin' channels but there it is, another star search show & so it's
Pop Goes The Superstar, well we just keep a rockin', but no cigar
Pop Goes The Superstar, it's a kiddie revolution, an adolescent idol maker's coup d'etat
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Now here come the suits, and the bean counters with their widget men
With streamlined quarterly earning reports and dressed in Ralph Lauren
With copycat mentalities they're all lookin' for a trend
Where artists used to call the shots, it's nuts but now it's them

So pluggin' our music's gonna be tough, 'cause we ain't got no clout
But we'll keep a rockin' and do it for love, let the rest of 'em figure it out
So who's to blame, well now I know, it's a ratings game
And when in doubt for somethin' new they'll be another star search show & then it's Pop Goes The
Superstar
Be the flavor of the month, be the Grand Pooh Bah
Pop Goes The Superstar, if you missed a show momma's taped 'em all on the VCR

Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh

Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar, There you go

RU UP 2 IT?

Words and Music: Mike Appel ©2004

Some girls think they'll get by on their looks,
others like voyeurs readin' romance books
What I know about love, I learned on the job,
now is there somethin' for me beneath your cool façade?
United States Marines need a few good men,
me I need a woman who can do it again
'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP 2 IT?

Some girls insist on wearin panty hose,
while other girls hardly wear any clothes
If you're the kind of woman's got all the right stuff,
I dare you to flaunt it and call my bluff
So if you wanna find out if you're up to speed/if you wanna own a
piece of me, I got the deed; 'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP
2 IT?

Instrumental:

Some girls are like Eve before the fall,
others in the backseat give it their all
Love like mine it don't come too cheap, the price to you,
one night of lost sleep
Let me ask you straight are you up to the task, 'cause baby yours truly
ain't afraid to ask, 'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP 2 IT?

If there're any girls out there that still got doubts, take it from me I'm
gonna wear you out, 'cause I can't get enough of it, RU UP 2 IT?

Can you keep up with me baby, Can you keep it up baby?
You're getting' the hang of it now; I can see that, that's it baby
You got it now, fine tune it for me, that should do it,
Easy does it, oh love's the aphrodisiac, you can use all the tools at
your disposal baby, see it I care, that's it baby ride with me, that's it,
surely is

THE TEMPLES OF TIBET

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2008

PAGE 1

I'd just touched down in Katmandu from the Oklahoma plains
It's summer in Nepal and I was drenched from southerly monsoon rains
It's a short lay over then off to Lhasa, in a Prop Jet on Dragon Air
I pictured the Dalai Lama, sippin' tea with Richard Gere

I walked into a musty room in the Himalayan Hotel
Used a rotary phone on a teakwood desk etched in tortoise shell
Called the Mongol guide to pack the Yaks to cross the great plateau
Through the Khyber Pass like Genghis Khan, off we rode

It's an eight-day ride on horseback in this pony caravan
I had to pitch a pup tent with salt merchants in the Gobi Desert sand
My saddlebags were crammed with books on Eastern enlightenment
I figured I could bridge the gap between the Occident and Orient

I am looking for a Master, to bring discipline to my life
To tame the fire force to curb my carnal appetite
To teach my body of higher laws than ones that deal with sex
Though Tibetan sages say it's all a matter of the mental muscles you flex

In The Temples of Tibet home of the Yak Butter Crepe Suzette
The place to free my inner child, a chance to reconnect
It's true I'm just a work in progress and not perfected yet
That's why they'll welcome me with open arms in The Temples of Tibet

In Tibet they ring in the New Year with skyrockets and flares
As we found our way to the monastery, right around evenin' prayers
A woman's voice raised a drone to a full-blown mantra's ohm
That angel faced Adept fired up my testosterone

THE TEMPLES OF TIBET

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2008

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Then the Master spoke as the scent of Bhutanese incense filled my nose
There were flickering votive candles, and ringing copper gong singing bowls
“She’s a high Chakra woman, you’re a lower Chakra man
You must reincarnate be reborn my son; yes, do come back again”

She read my naked motives from my dull suggestive stare
Knowin’ full well I was sizin’ up her elegant derriere
I tried to bribe the Master, but I couldn’t pass the buck

In A Deep Voice:

“Out here we only take Rupees Jack, so you’re just plum out of luck”

In The Temples of Tibet, home of the Yak Butter Crepe Suzette
It’s a life of abstinence, but what did I really expect?
And though I’m on the path, as I sit here to reflect
I’m havin’ these second thoughts about, The Temples of Tibet

Exotic Instrumental:

They say that you can levitate; but you need to learn the trick
Well I’ve been in this lotus position for days, still ain’t got the hang of it
Some master’s act as channels, others commute to Kingdom Come
I’m just a womanizin’, jack-of-all-trades and master of none

Now ladies, I was born with this chip inside my head
I live for the opposite sex not the Tibetan Book of The Dead
And this weakness for women’s too intense to keep this boy in check
It just might be, I ain’t cut out for The Temples of Tibet

In The Temples of Tibet, no I never posed a threat
My innate psychic powers, suffered from gross neglect
As for past life regressions, in a trance I overslept
I failed my initiation in The Temples of Tibet
Yes, it’s plain that it’s good riddance to The Temples of Tibet!

JIMBO'S DREAM

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

Jim had a bright future, in corporate high finance
His life laid out before him, with nothin' left to chance
A retirement package filled, with all the usual perks
A platinum parachute, you name it; the works
But sittin' in a board room, settin' corporate goals
Makin' budgets and projections, ain't food for hungry souls
But for once Jim had the good sense to take his heart's advice
He bought himself a Time Share, and one way to paradise

Now he sails the high seas and the isles of the Caribbean
Walks on sun kissed beaches, that nature keeps pristine
With some half naked ladies, and a box of Dramamine
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream, all aboard Jimbo's Dream
Jimbo's Dream

He's the skipper of a schooner, under wind stretched canvas sails
A Bloody Mary to start each day, he swears it never fails
He rents an ocean mansion now, with a private deep-sea dock
Has some user-friendly women come by, hey, why not?
Had a marriage that ended up, in a contentious divorce
He's just happy now to hold the helm, and keep a steady course

So if you've got it in your mind to break that dull routine
Come on down join the party, the place to be, and be seen
If you're not afraid of switchin' horses in midstream
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream, all aboard Jimbo's Dream

The day's awash with blue skies, feel the equatorial sun
Nights so clear you can count the stars, and name every one
(lighten up a little, life's supposed to be more fun) (Instrumental)

If you'd like a Gran Marnier Souffle with heavy cream
Jet Blue says they'll fly you down, to Jim's floatin' canteen
If you're starved for good times, well that's a real big plus
Now maybe there's a bit of Jim in everyone of us
So to all the undisciplined, decadent and obscene
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream
All aboard Jimbo's Dream, come on, all Aboard Jimbo's Dream

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2005

PAGE 1

Duke Kahanamoku

The Huna Code secrets from the land of MU
Were vested in the heart of Duke Kahanamoku
Waikiki, Oahu was the place of his birth
Swam like a sea lion; baptized by the surf

He fashioned him a Koa board that started it all
He stood on that surfboard before he could crawl
With his ancestors in his ears dronin' their chants
He won the 100 meter freestyle; Olympic champ

He's the king of the Queens Break
Prince of the pipelines
With the Duke it was make or break
And whatever his soul divined

Now he's The Chairman of the Board
He's The Chairman of the Board, yeh, eh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Fast Forward now to 1963
The Rendezvous Ballroom was the home of the craze
Every surfer on the lookout for the ultimate wave
Dick Dale played a bitchin' Leo Fender guitar
The Ventures rocked 'Perfidia', with a Strat's Wang Bar

They'd show up in their woodies on Hermosa Beach
Like ducks to water gone to practice what they preach
Dewey Weber was a ripper and the best damn slasher
Mickey 'Da Cat' the surfin' Malibu master

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2005

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Boardin' down the waves
In the glory of their youth
From cradle to the grave
Sworn Disciples of the Duke

He's The Chairman of the Board,
He's The Chairman of the Board, yeh eh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Fireknife dancers writhe in rhythmic law
Hear the crying winds whisper on a desolate shore
Sharkskin drums pierce the shadows and the light
The ghosts of Diamond Head shriek his name at night
Sunrise, sundown on Sunset Beach
Those endless summer dreams seem so out of reach (instrumental)

Nowadays it's different they took it up a notch
The Duke won't take less no not on his watch
They can cut back on a wave and hang a riptide
But chargin' down a tidal wave's tsunami suicide

Near the breakers stands the legend his footprints in the sand
His voice callin' out to every woman, every man
'Cause Duke Kahanamoku's still looking for recruits
So grab your surfboards and designer wet suits

And join The Chairman of the Board
He's The Chairman of the Board, Yeh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance, 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Ha 'alele Koa Wa, a Koa Kanaka'
"The canoe has departed, leaving the warriors behind"

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE KING

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

PAGE 1

There was music in the air, in Memphis that night
I'm not sure how many takes; it took 'em to get it right
They'd unleashed their soul's rhythm; and it was anything but
polite
Those cats rocked like proud Peacocks, in a world of black 'n'
white

The sound was a bit country, crossed with the blues of the
South
It had precious little airplay, and hardly any word of mouth
But America had Elvis, its first singin'-bad-boy-roustabout
What Sun Records began to whisper, the world would soon
shout

Hearin' that playback echo, gave 'em all the goose bumps
They'd finally crossed the threshold, and man were they ever
pumped
And God that guy, he could sing

Now I stand here In The Shadows Of The King
I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King

In the twinkling of an eye, came the birth of rock 'n' roll
With its side-burned poster boy, every female's centerfold
A sex symbol for the ages, and starring in King Creole
All his RCA records gone platinum, and certified gold

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE KING

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

PAGE 2

He had a guitar case jammed with desire, and some eighteen carat
gold dreams

Elvis went the distance for the rest of us, so that the music would
be redeemed

He was my everything

Now I stand here In The Shadows Of The King

Yes I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King

But I've found myself and my heart beats to its own special drum
I've searched my soul high and low and found my own place here in
the sun

I made a pledge for the rest of my life, to be the best that I could
become

Now I'm 2000 miles from Graceland, in the footlights of center stage
In this Las Vegas casino's dazzling and mirrored gilded cage
As the past rushes in on me here where Elvis was all the rage
Yes, somehow I still feel anxious and just a little bit upstaged

But God give me the drive to fulfill my own true destiny

'Cause the greatest singer that ever lived is lookin' down and he's
rootin' for me, I know he is

Of Thee I sing

Yes I stand here In The Shadows Of The King

I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King

The world's undisputed Rock 'n' Roll King

I am standing, In The Shadows Of The King

Long Live The King!

SHE PAINTS, I WRITE (JODY'S SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

PAGE 1

The hedgerow's in bloom, this time in June
As we traipse to the beach
The sea rolls in calm, in all its charm
A perfection of peace, with the chaotic world just safely out of reach
Her canvas and stand's, stuck in the sand
She begins to unwind
She sketches things out; then just fleshes it out
From designs in her mind, intuitive sparks dance on subconscious
Ley-lines,
The craft is all hers but its source is divine, as

She Paints her colors like stars and stripe streamers
She Paints as the wind toys with her hair
She Paints for the innocent and wide-eyed dreamers, while I Write

She's finding her space, at her own pace
With a Dutch Master's touch
From inner landscapes, it begins to take shape,
Through the strokes of her brush

A picture's worth, a thousand words
Isn't that what they say?
Her Impressionist greens, mixed in water-colored dreams
Spoken like a true Monet
Though she's new to it and still tryin' to find her own way
She's a renaissance woman and her gift's in full play, as

SHE PAINTS, I WRITE (JODY'S SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

PAGE 2

Paints her palette a blaze now in fuchsia,
She Paints and renders it all by feel
She Paints her artistic fires to infuse her, while I Write

She loses herself in a place somewhere just out of time
Her abstract symmetrical patterns seem to walk such a fine line.

For the vanguard of the art scene in Chelsea it was nothin' more
than a well-disguised hard sell
You could hear the gallery owner pontificating about the virtues of
Minimalism for the sake of his rich clientele.
Now you can see the literati and glitterati cuein' up after working
up the courage to bid Andy Warhol a final fond farewell.

With a true artist's call, for the wonder of it all
And far, far from the crowd
Her inner voice speaks; ever gently then peaks
As she paints right out loud
The perfectionist in her says it'll never be complete, well say what
you want but it's your masterpiece, and

She Paints from visions deep in her mind's eye
She Paints on a backdrop of clouds and blue sky
She Paints from some kinetic impulse inside, while I write

She Paints the pageant of life all in rainbows
She Paints in spite of the pragmatic world
She Paints from an interior Louvre draped in Van Goghs, while I
Write

ROMANO MUSSOLINI'S ALL STAR BAND

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2007

PAGE 1

Benito Mussolini speaking to a crowd 1936

Il Duce's sins were passed to his son
But Romano be bopped to a different drum
A self-taught musician who played it by ear
Smooth as Andre Previn like, Italian Cashmere

Colonel Skorzeny from a mountain crest
Sprung Mussolini with commando finesse
While Romano boogie woogied down the Waffen SS
Heinrich Himmler thought Romano was Satan-possessed

The Black Shirts considered him contraband
So hep cats learned to play Jazz on the lamb
Dissonance and counterpoint they had to disguise
To play what they loved they had to improvise
(to hear 'em hit the blue notes and close their eyes) deep voice
A little after midnight it was catch-as-catch-can
In Romano Mussolini's, All Star Band

Romano got hitched to a swarthy gem
When he wed the sultry sister of Sophia Loren
A husband, a father, once a dutiful son
Now a Jazz buff to boot in a, band on the run

Made a name for himself at the Monkey Bar
Say hello to San Remo's new risin' star
He'd transpose standards with effortless ease
Giggin' free form, no fake books, please

ROMANO MUSSOLINI'S ALL STAR BAND

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2007

PAGE 2

With syncopated rhythms that rhymed
These hipsters made refrains run on time
To watch 'em sweat and blow their cool
That swingin' hip vibe gonna hang in the Louvre
(it takes a lot of jammin' to find your groove) deep voice
A little after midnight it was catch-as-catch-can
In Romano Mussolini's, All Star Band

Instrumental:

A little Italian Opera:
L'Italia non ha scordato le tue glorie passate
Italy never forget your glorious past

Che mai piu l'inventivo tuo cor rimanga prigioniero
Never let your creative heart be held captive again

Elevati fino alle cime delle altezze artistiche radianti
Rise to the peaks of those artistic radiant heights

Viva l'Italia! Gloria al Divino! Viva Italy! Glory to the Divine!

Chet Baker told Romano it's a drag about your dad
Then mainlined a hit of some powerful scag
The ultimate sideman sittin' in with 'The Man'
A member in good standing of the All Star Band (drum build)

They were free wheelin' spirits doin' their thing
Hittin' them off notes but makin' them swing
A Jazz patois with a pop familiar ring
Their genius drawn from a bottomless spring
(to be in the zone meant everything) deep voice
A little after midnight it was catch-as-catch-can
In Romano Mussolini's, All Star Band

For they were spawned by the Muse, so 'play it again Sam'
Drink up, and light up a Lucky Brand
Dig Romano Mussolini's, Romano Mussolini's All Star Band

BLUE DÉJÀ VU

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2008

Here comes the light of dawn, I'm feelin' so forlorn
Can't find a way to get over you
I wake and call your name, though we've been so estranged
I feel the heat of our first rendezvous
You are the Opium; with me it's all or none
You're my crush, my total fix, without you babe, I'm so deep sixed
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, Here in my deep Blue Déjà vu

I see two silhouettes, a lover's dance duet
I'm lost in my own smoky reverie
I play old moody songs; I'm restless all night long
Spellbound within my secret fantasy
I was your ingénue; your pretty baby blue
Your image fills my dream montage, then dissolves in a mist mirage
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, here in my deep Blue Déjà vu

Somewhere in a perfect world, I'd be your nocturnal girl
Where phantasmagoric dreams come true
A private berth to have my way with you
You'd be my intimate inamorato
Incendiary lover in a tropical grotto
Love on cue 24/7, I'd be your coquette, your little piece of heaven

Was I just too naïve, a naked easy read
Another victim of those bedroom eyes
At night I just daydream, my mind relives the scene
I lie in silence and just agonize
My heart will die of want, so let's end this love détente
I languish here in the afterglow, drowning in this vertigo
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, here in my deep Blue Deja vu
Here in my Blue Deja vu

THE REAL THING

Music: Rob Martin / Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2008

Purest gold is to beauty as copper is to strength
Now somewhere there's an alchemist, who must have gone to
great lengths
'Cause he turned these fair two elements into a woman fit for a
king
I know that I'm a richer man for everything you bring
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

I've been known to stargaze some, take mind shuttles to the moon
I'm brought back down to earth each time that you walk in the
room
I'd go the extra mile for you, sail 'round Saturn's rings
And though I've chased some fleeting dreams, I'm grounded by
one thing
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

This common faith we share, weaves the fabric of our souls
the promise echoes still, in the words 'to have and hold'
our tapestry from the cold

'Til I learned to trust myself, I wore this grand façade
You always saw right through it, for you I dropped my guard
There are sacred signs of the zodiac, there's an equinox of spring
There's a muse that writes through poet's hearts, for a time and
then takes wing
There's a canopy of stars above, yet there's one greater thing
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing
yeh baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2009

PAGE 1

Sleep walking through the vapors in a silent dialogue
The Divine Interloper tried to lead me through the fog
Mine eyes like some Cyclops' having no lateral sight
But the inner eyes were sparked by an everlasting light
Yet I'd resist the nudge to grow, what foreboding made it so?

I played my own Devil's Advocate, an act of self-sabotage
My Boarding Pass to nowhere lads, farewell, bon voyage
But I'm driven like an all-wheel-drive; I'm Frampton "Comes Alive"
A human wake up call, like sticker shock; a self bought ticket to ride

I was a tower of second-guessing, and saw it tumble and fall
Doubting and incertitude, don't tower much at all
No more vacillating in the vestibule in the sludge of stagnant life
I'm summoned to my future mates and by God the End's in sight!

Yes, Momma, Momma your willful strength's in me, so how could I be some Stage
Door Johnny?

Momma, you roused the best in me, so I'll never be A Stage Door Johnny

No more standing in the wings of my life
The foot lights are in plain sight
I'll be a brainchild of the limelight, limelight!

A paralysis of inertia waltzed me down that endless aisle
A pregnant bride of stillborn dreams, in the rigors of his trial
But I'm no conscript of my old shackles, so I learned to walk the line
Now this rogue tiger's in the hunt, primped, pumped and primed!
But no energy's ever lost; the end is worth the cost

My life's infrastructure crashed, as I made my grand descent
I might've been a feudal lord; instead I paid him years of rent
But the fires of pent up passion can, burn with psychotic rage
I stormed the Great White Way, so much for keepin' this beast in a cage

STAGE DOOR JOHNNY

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel ©2009

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Will the gatekeepers try to banish me from takin' that victory lap?
Those leeches can't suck hard enough to bleed my living sap
No I won't cajole the pundits; for I can't betray myself
It only made me stronger when no one answered my cries for help

Momma, Momma you stoked the fires in me, so how could I be
Some Stage Door Johnny?

Momma, you infused the light in me, so I'll never be
A Stage Door Johnny

Bridge:

My gestation period's over; I'm like Alice in Wonderland
I'm giggin' out once again; playin' lead in my old band
God bless this old band, my old band!

Spoken:

As I stand here in the still evening vespers of my life
The Eternal Indwelling stirs my very Essence rousing me once again
May I never be a compliant footnote in these adulterated Times
Let it be said, let it be so

Yes, Momma, Momma your spirit's imbued in me, so how could I be
Some Stage Door Johnny?

Momma, you placed such faith in me; promise I'll never be
A Stage Door Johnny, never

I'm the leading man in my life/Not some puppeteer's marionette
Told to jump and ask 'how high'?
My ears attuned within/To the Arbiter of all that's right, right

Yes, I've finally run the gauntlet; it's all within my grasp
A wind sprint Olympian; and I'm gonna have the last laugh
Thus my past, a dress rehearsal; for a well earned curtain call
It's true I own this stage at last; but Mom to you I owe it all