

# *Let Us Start a Band*



by  
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MY NEW BOOK, TOM, IS A DANDY  
I'D LIKE TO DEDICATE IT TO MY KIDS  
C.J. AND MILO. AND TO MY WIFE  
DONNA. HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

GEE, THAT'S SWELL!



*What better pursuit than music, I say*



*even if you've no need  
for distraction*

*We'll sing and dance  
till light of day*

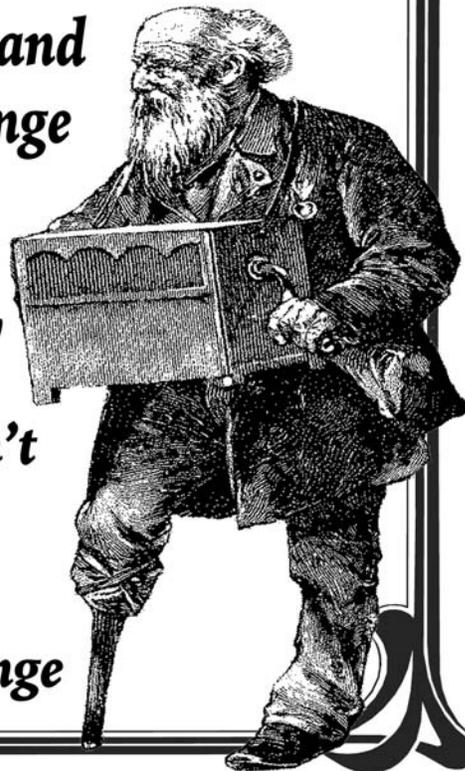
*And gain the townfolks keen attraction.*

*A one man band is something quite dirty*

*Covered in grime and  
begging and strange*

*We'll find some fellows  
who'll make good comp'ny*

*One's who won't  
make it look  
like we're  
begging for change*



*Hello young beggar bedraggeled in rags*

*Tell your belly to stop all it's growlin'*

*Come, be rejoiced,  
and leap like great stags*

*In my band  
you will be the  
flute  
fountain!*



*Hello, what's this, a pachyderm man?*

*In tuxedo and tails  
with a horn*

*I simply must  
have him  
in this my grand band*

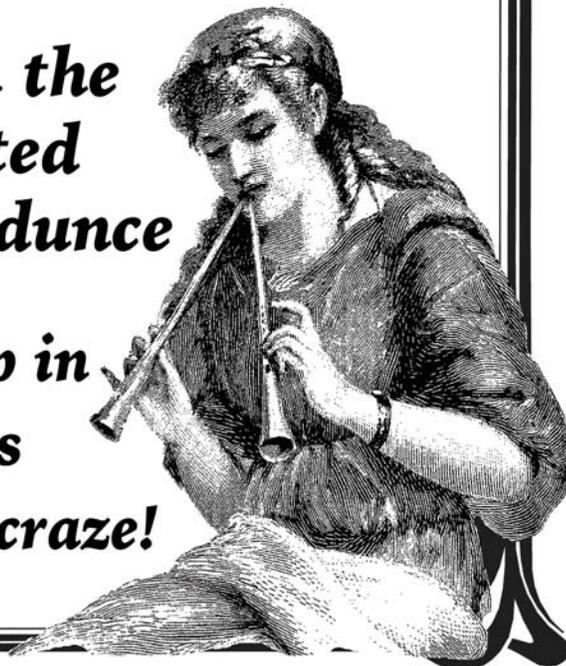
*I just know  
this great brut  
can perform*



*Two tin flutes you can play at once?  
Call me struck dumb and amazed*

*Out with the  
one fluted  
beggerdly duncce*

*Let's jump in  
on this  
two fluted craze!*



*Drums and cymbals and sandals and frocks  
These fellows will do quite nicely*

*They've  
musical  
passion,  
yet are  
lacking  
socks*



*And  
men  
wearing  
dresses  
are  
spicy*

*A tuba is something you don't see a lot*

*A big man with a big brass horn*



*He's cheery and sprightly  
with suit coat so taut*

*That you might  
guess his trousers  
are torn*

*Say haloo! to the filthy man coverd in rags*

*The one who takes things that are smashed*

*Beg him come hither, now my band is here*

*All your records are  
nothing but trash*



*So partner up couples, be ready to swoon  
And dance the whole blue night away*

*The band is just tuning  
so they'll be in tune*

*For we simply must  
do things that way*



*In tune and in tails, we're ready to play*

*The audience grows ever silent*

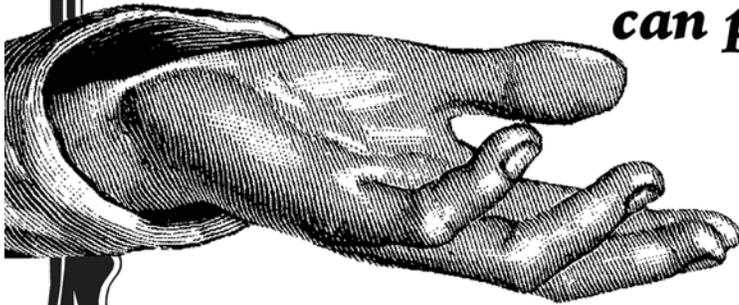
*Now where is the kind sir who handles our pay*

*I'd hate for this band to grow violent*



*I flatten my palm face up to the sky  
And wait for the weight of the coin  
When nothing does fall  
we run from the hall*

*With all that my band  
can purloin*

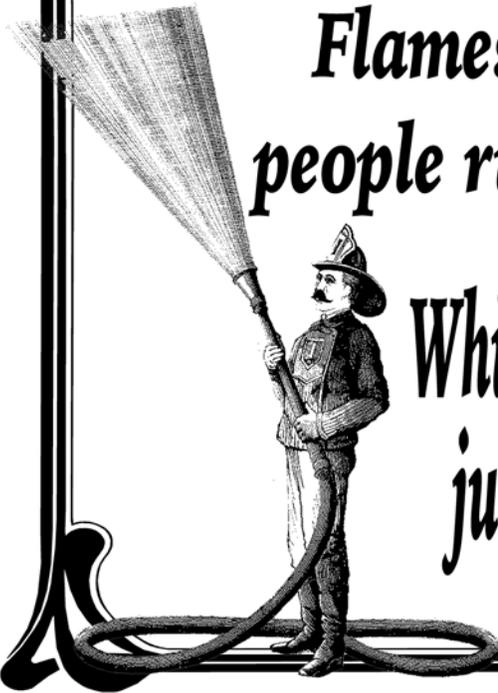


*Within the frenzy of fleeing with loot*

*A lantern is tipped by my shoe*

*Flames erupt and  
people run screaming*

*While the firemen do  
just what they do*



*The screams of pain, the townsfolk in flames  
and the cavelry swiftly upon us*

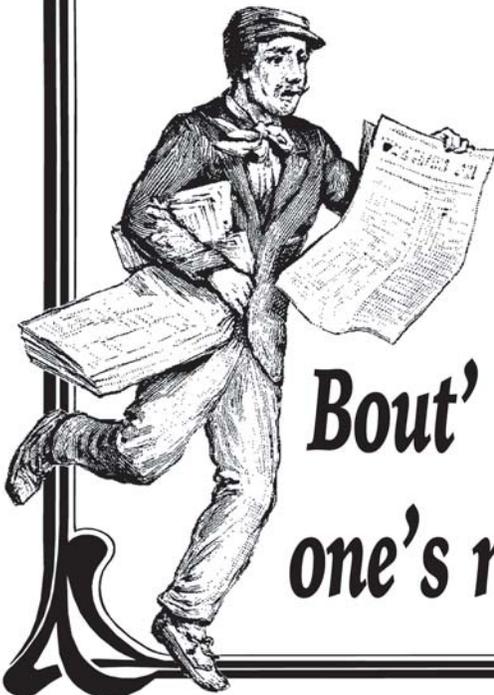
*They slap on the irons  
I say, "Music's no crime"*

*As they're  
cursing the demons  
which spawned us*



**Extra! Extra! Musicians condemned!**

*Our fate has been swiftly decided*



*It's not at all  
how I hoped  
it would end*

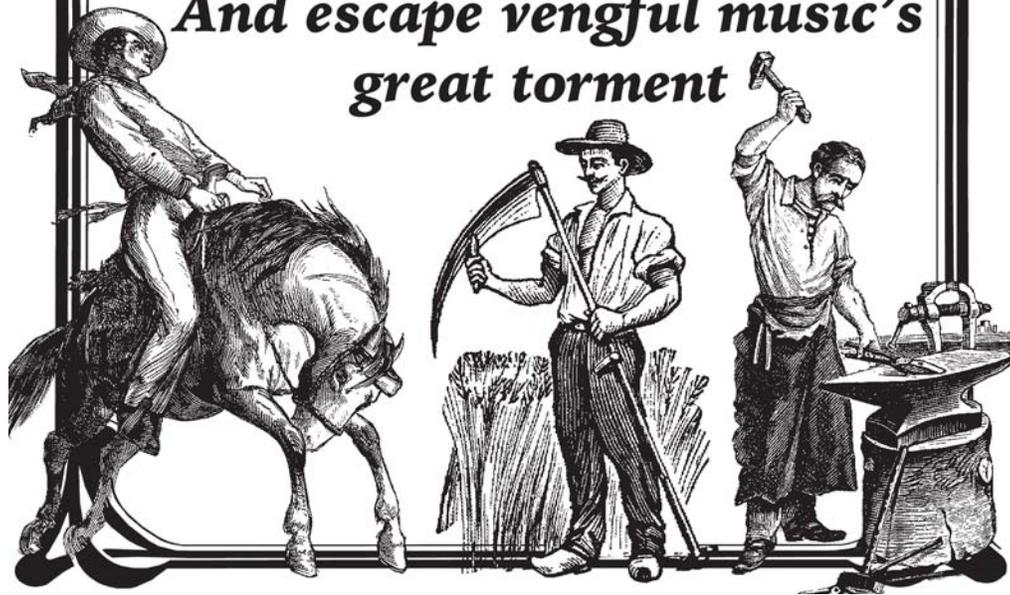
**Bout' the gallows  
one's ne'er excited**

*I blame no one else but music itself*

*So flee its keen grasp in this moment*

*Be a cowboy, a farmer,  
a blacksmith my friend*

*And escape vengful music's  
great torment*





*The End*