
Original Broadway Cast Recording track list

There are so many people who have the original 1968 release of this album, either that they found at a garage sale, used record store, parents' collection, etc. and they don't bother getting the 1988 reissue. So rather than go into track-by-track detail as I did with the more obscure cast recordings, I'll let the readily-available liner notes for the Broadway album speak for themselves, only making comments where necessary, for the convenience mainly of those who don't have the 1988 release. Click away for the lyrics!

ACT I [Side 1]

AQUARIUS

DONNA

HASHISH -- When the album was reissued in 1988, a different mix was used--especially note the extra harmonies on the opening "hashish." Also, on the original issue of the album, "Hashish" fades quite early, despite the liner notes' claims that the songs are complete. On the 1988 issue, the song is complete.

SODOMY

COLORED SPADE

MANCHESTER ENGLAND -- On side 2 of the 1988 reissue, a short edit of this song comes after "Electric Blues," and they have the nerve to call it a "reprise."

I'M BLACK

AIN'T GOT NO

I BELIEVE IN LOVE--Sheila's intro song. Trivia: this is one of two *Hair* songs that parodies part of an American patriotic song--"America." [Or, if you're from Great Britain, "God Save The Queen!"] Unreleased until 1988. For whatever reason, Melba Moore sings this song on the cast album as Sheila, while Lynn Kellogg is Sheila on the rest of the album.

AIN'T GOT NO (reprise)--another song that was in the vault until 1988. Starts with Sheila's protest rally, then a rather raucous reprise of "Ain't Got No."

AIR

INITIALS -- A rather bad mix was used on the 1988 reissue. Notice how the sound quality is rather "murky" and the voices seem to be distance, then in the final "LBJ" the mix sounds normal. Dig this -- the mix on my quadrophonic LP sounds like a totally different take!

I GOT LIFE--Claude's answer to the question "What the hell have you got, 1968, that makes you so damn superior and gives me such a headache?" Claude replies to his [three] mother[s] with this song, conceivably a flip-side sequel to "Ain't Got No." The 1988 reissue includes extra dialog before and after the song, and a coda that hadn't been released before. And dig this--my quadrophonic copy on vinyl has the extra dialog at the beginning, starting with Claude saying "This

is 1968, dearies..." rather than Mother saying "What the hell you got..." as the original issue does...but the quad doesn't have the coda! Go fig...

GOING DOWN--Berger gets expelled from high school and sings this song to "celebrate" his freedom. Unreleased until 1988.

HAIR

MY CONVICTION -- Not much to comment on, but perhaps this is valuable to collectors. I've been listening to my 1988 reissue of the Broadway album for about seven years now, and I finally played my quadrophonic LP version, and they are two completely different takes -- Jonathan Kramer's phrasing is different!

EASY TO BE HARD -- This song originally appeared on side 2.

DON'T PUT IT DOWN

FRANK MILLS

BE-IN -- Maybe it's just my ears, but the mix sounds a lot fuller on the 1988 reissue than on the original album.

WHERE DO I GO? -- If you know how to set up your player for out-of-phase stereo [OOPS], do it and listen to the amazing piano track. [Note: If you have Surround Sound, listen through the Surround Sound speakers on a normal setup.]

ACT II [Side 2]

ELECTRIC BLUES--The explosive opener of the second act. Paul Jabara sounds really good on lead. And it REALLY rocks after the line "We sell our souls for bread." Unreleased until 1988. [WHY was this song left off the cast album originally?!]

BLACK BOYS

WHITE BOYS

WALKING IN SPACE -- A short edit also appears after "What A Piece Of Work Is Man" on the 1988 reissue.

ABIE BABY -- On the 1988 reissue there's a remix of the song--you can hear more "Slaves? Where?" comments before the Gettysburg Address. Also, you can hear someone say "Tell it like it is" at the end--which is not audible on the original issue. However, the last comment [made by Ronnie Dyson?] "You tell 'em!" that was on the original release was chopped off on the 1988 reissue.

The quadrophonic mix of the song has barnyard animal sounds during the second verse.

THREE-FIVE-ZERO-ZERO

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE

THE BED--Sung by the entire cast, this song lists every conceivable use for a bed. Unreleased until 1988.

THE FLESH FAILURES (LET THE SUNSHINE IN)

"Aquarius"

performed by Ronnie Dyson and the Tribe

*Photo (l-r): Ronnie Dyson, Gerry Ragni (Berger),
Jim Rado (Claude), Lynn Kellogg (Sheila), Steve
Curry (Woof)*



[intro] Bbm Db Eb Db [repeat a few times]

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
When the moon is in the seventh house

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
And Jupiter aligns with Mars

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
Then peace will guide the planets

Db Eb7 Ab [tacet]
And love will steer the stars.

Gb
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius,

Bbm
The age of Aquarius

Eb7
Aquarius

Bbm
Aquarius

Ab7 Db
Harmony and understanding,

Ab7 Db
Sympathy and trust abounding,

Ab7 Db
No more falsehoods or derisions,

Bbm Cdim Db
Golden living dreams of visions,

F7/C Bbm
Mystic crystal revelation,

Bbm7 Ebm Fm
And the mind's true liberation.

Eb
Aquarius

Bbm
Aquarius

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
When the moon is in the seventh house

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
And Jupiter aligns with Mars

Bbm9 Eb7 Fm
Then peace will guide the planets

Db Eb7 Ab [tacet]
And love will steer the stars.

Gb
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius,

Bbm
The age of Aquarius

Eb7
Aquarius

Bbm
Aquarius
Aquarius
Aquarius

Ab7 Db
Harmony and understanding,

Ab7 Db
Sympathy and trust abounding,

Ab7 Db
No more falsehoods or derisions,

Bbm Cdim Db
Golden living dreams of visions,

F7/C Bbm
Mystic crystal revelation,

Bbm7 Ebm Fm
And the mind's true liberation.

Eb
Aquarius

Bbm
Aquarius
Aquarius
Aquarius



Photo ©
Dagmar

"Sodomy"

performed by Steve Curry and the Tribe

Photo (l-r): Mary [Lorrie] Davis, Michael [Walter] Harris, Hiram Keller, Jonathan Kramer [hidden!], Paul Jabara, Melba Moore

D G Bm Em7 A
Sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus, pederasty,

C D7
Father, why do these words sound so nasty?

G Dm G7
Masturbation can be fun.

C Cm G C G
Join the holy orgy kama sutra, everyone.

"Donna"

performed by Gerome Ragni and the Tribe

[intro] Bb7 F7

Bb7
Oh! Once upon a, lookin' for Donna time,

F7
There was a sixteen-year-old virgin.

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb
Oh Donna, Oh oh Donna, oh oh oh lookin' for my Don-na.

Bb7
Just got back from lookin' for Donna, San Francisco

F7
Psychedelic urchin.

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb
Oh Donna, oh oh Donna, oh oh oh lookin' for my Don-na.

Eb Db Eb Db Eb Db Eb Eb7
Have you seen my sixteen-year-old tattooed woman?

Ab Ab9 F7
Heard a story, she got buster for her beauty.

Bb Bb7
Oh-oh-oh-oh Oh-oh

Once upon a, lookin' for Donna time,

F7
There was a sixteen-year-old virgin

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb
Oh Donna, oh oh Donna, oh oh oh lookin' for my Don-na.

Eb C7 F
I've been to India and saw the yoga light.

D Gm Bb
In South America the Indian smoke glows bright.

Bb7 Eb A7
I'm reincarnated and so are we all.

Eb Ab
And in this lifetime we'll rise before we fall.

F7
(Before we fall)

Bb7
Just got back from lookin' for Donna, San Francisco

F7
Psychedelic urchin.

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb
Oh Donna, oh oh Donna, oh oh oh lookin' for my Don-na.

Eb C7 F
And I'm gonna show her life on earth can be sweet.

D7 Gm Bb
Gonna lay my mutated self at her feet

And I'm gonna love her, make love to her

Eb A7
'Till [sic] the sky turns brown.

Eb Ab
I'm evolving, I'm evolving thru the drugs that you put down.

F7
(That you put down)

Bb7
Once upon a, lookin' for Donna time,

F7

There was a sixteen-year-old virgin.

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb

Oh Donna, oh oh Donna, oh oh oh lookin' for my Don-na.

Ab Eb

Lookin' for Madon-na.

Lookin' for Madon-na.

Gm Gm7 C Gm

DONNA!...

"Hashish"

performed by The Tribe

[intro] Gm Gm7 C Gm Gm7 C Gm

Gm7 C Gm

Hashish,

Cocaine,

Gm7 C Gm

Marijuana,

Gm7 C Gm

Opium, L.S.D,

Gm7 C G,

D.M.T., S.T.P., B.M.T.,

Gm7 C Gm

A and P, I.R.T., N.B.C., alcohol,

Gm7 C Gm

Cigarette, shoe polish, cough syrup, peyote,

Gm7 C Gm

Equinol, dexamyl, compozine, kemadrine,

Gm7 C Gm

Thorizene, trilophon, dexedrine,

Gm7 C Gm

Benzodrene, metha--drine,

Gm7 C Gm C

S-E-X, Y-O---U, wow!

"Colored Spade"

performed by Lamont Washington and the Tribe

G7

I'm a colored spade, a nigra, a black nigger,
A jungle bunny, jigaboo, coon, pickaninny, mau mau,

D7

Uncle Tom, Aunt Jemima, Little Black Sambo,

G7

Cottin pickin' swamp guinea junk man, shoeshine boy,

D7

G7

Elevator operator, table cleaners at Horn & Hardart,

Slave, voodoo zombie, Ubangi lipped

D7

Flat nosed tap dancer, resident of Harlem

G7

D7

And president of the United States of Love.

G7

D7

G7

Said president of the United States of Love. Shiiiiit!

D7

(and if you ask him to dinner, you're gonna feed him:)

G7

D

Watermelon, hom'ny grits and shortnin' bread,

Alligator ribs,
Some pig tails,
Some black-eyed peas,
Some chitlins,
Some collard greens

G7

D7

And if you don't watch out this boogie man will get you.

G7

D

Boooooooooooooo, yeah!

G7

D [no chord]

Boooooooooooooo!

So you say!

"Manchester, England"

performed by Jim Rado and the Tribe

[intro] A D A7 D A D A7 D

A

D

A7

D

Manchester England, England,

Across the Atlantic sea,

G D7 G
And I'm a genius, genius,

E D E D E
I believe in God.

D E D E D7 A D A7 D
And I believe that God believes in Claude, that's me. That's me.

A F#m
Claude Hooper Bukowski

A F#m
Finds that it's groovy to hide in the movie,

A F#m
Pretends he's Fellini and Antonioni

A F#m
And also his countryman Roman Polanski,

A F#m A E
All rolled into one, one Claude Hooper Bukowski.

A D A7 D
Manchester England, England,
Across the Atlantic sea,

G D7 G
And I'm a genius, genius,

E D E D E
I believe in God.

D E D E D7 A D A7 D
And I believe that God believes in Claude, that's me. That's me.

A D A7 D
Now that I've dropped out,

A D A7 D
Why is life dreary, dreary!

G D7 G
Answer my weary query,

E D E E7 A
Timothy Leary, dearie.

A D A7 D
Manchester England, England,
Across the Atlantic sea,

G D7 G
And I'm a genius, genius,

E D E D E
I believe in God

D E D E

And I believe that God believes in Claude,

D7 A D

That's me (that's he)

A7 D

That's me (that's he)

A D

That's me (that's he)

A

That's me.



"Abie Baby"

performed by Lorrie Davis, Donnie Burks, Lamont Washington and Ronnie Dyson

[intro] Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7 G9

CM7 G9 CM7

Guess I's finished on y'all's farmlands,

G9 CM7 G9 CM7

With yo' boll weevils and all,

G9 CM7 G9 CM7 G9 CM7 F D7

Pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in grease.

G9 CM7 G9 CM7

I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln,

D G C F C

Emancipator of the slave.

F Em CM7 G9 CM7

Yes, I's finished on y'all's farmlands,

G9 CM7 G9 CM7

With yo' boll weevils and all,

G9 CM7 G9 CM7 G9 CM7 F D7

Pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in grease.

G9 CM7 G9 CM7
I's free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln,

D G C A7
Emancipator of the slave, yeah yeah yeah,

D7 G7 C A7
Emanci, motherfuckin', pator of the slave, yeah yeah yeah

D7 G7 C [no chord]
Emanci, motherfuckin', pator of the slave.

Slaves? Where?

[Okay, now listen carefully...Lamont Washington starts a bass vocal:
"Oh...bee-doo...wah...wah..." in the key of F, with the first "Oh" starting
on a C note, and the pattern is:

C F D E E <-- Top: melody
F Dm Bb C7 <-- Bottom: chord pattern
Oh.....bee-doo....wah...wah...

Washington does one iteration alone, then Donnie Burks and Ronnie Dyson join
in harmony, as follows:

A C Bb C C <-- Donnie Burks
F A G A A <-- Ronnie Dyson [high harmony]
C F D E E <-- Lamont Washington [bass]
Oh.....bee-doo....wah...wah...

repeats during the following Gettysburg Address, as given by Lorrie Davis as
"Abie Baby." She starts during the second harmonized iteration.]

Fourscore...I said fourscore and seven years ago...oh, sock it to 'em, baby,
you're soundin' better all the time! Our forefathers...I mean ALL our
forefathers brought forth upon this here continent a newwwwwww nation! Oh,
come on, it's true! Rope me, Stokely!...Conceived...conceived, like we all
was, in liberty and dedicated to the one I love. I mean dedicated to the
proposistion that alllllll men, honey, I tell you ALL men are created equal!

F Bb C7 Bb Bb F
Oh...wah wah wah wahhhhhh....

F Bb C7 F
Happy birthday, Abie, Baby, happy birthday to you. Yeah!
Happy birthday, Abie, Baby, happy birthday to you.

[no chord]
Bang!

[ABIE BABY:]
"Bang"?! Ha ha! "Bang"?! Shiiiiit, I'm not dyin' for no white man!

[LAMONT WASHINGTON???)
Tell it like it is, baby!

[RONNIE DYSON???)
You tell 'im!

"I'm Black"

performed by Lamont Washington, Steve Curry, Gerry Ragni and Jim Rado

[intro: 2 bars of Em]

G

HUD: I'm black, I'm black.

Em G

WOOF: I'm pink, I'm pink.

Em G D/A G7/B

BERGER: I'm Rinso white.

C D Em

CLAUDE: I'm in-vis-i-ble.

"Ain't Got No"

performed by Steve Curry, Lamont Washington, Melba Moore and the Tribe

[WOOF:]

Em

Ain't got no home (so)

G

Ain't got no shoes (poor)

Em

Ain't got no money (honey)

G

Ain't got no class (common)

D

Ain't got no scarf,

Bm

Ain't got no gloves (cold)

Em

Ain't got no bed (beat)

C

Ain't got no pot (busted)

G C D

Ain't got no faith (Cath'lic)

[HUD:]

Em

Ain't got no mother (orphan)

G

Ain't got no culture (man)

Em

Ain't got no friends (lucky)

G

Ain't got no schoolin' (dumb)

D

Ain't got no shine,

Bm

Ain't got no underwear (bad)

Em

Ain't got no soap (dirty)

C

Ain't got no "A" train,

G C D

Ain't got no mind (lost it)

[DIONNE:]

Em

Ain't got no smokes (shit)

G

Ain't got no job (lazy)

Em

Ain't got no work,

G

Ain't got no coins,

D

Ain't got no pennies (hustler)

B,

Ain't got no man (horny)

Em

Ain't got no ticket,

C

Ain't got no token (walk)

G

Ain't got no God. (good)



"Ain't Got No (reprise)" -- Lyrics & Chord Pattern

performed by The Tribe
thanks to Michael Harris (that's the guy
on the far right, by the way!) , Thomas
King, Dagmar and God knows how
many other people assisted!
*Photo (l-r): Melba Moore, Lynn
Kellogg, Shelley Plimpton, Steve
Gamet, Gerry Ragni, MWH*

[SHEILA:] What do we want?

[TRIBE:] Peace!

[SHEILA:] When do we want it?

[TRIBE:] Now!

[SHEILA:] What do we want?

[TRIBE:] Freedom!

[SHEILA:] And when do we want it?

[TRIBE:] Now! Peace now! Freedom now! Peace now! Freedom now! Peace
now!

Em

Ain't got no grass (Can't take no trip)

G

Ain't got no acid (Can't blow my mind)

Em

Ain't got no clothes (You're full of pus)

G

Ain't got no pad (You're full of piss)

D

Ain't got no apples (We got balls)

Bm

Ain't got no knives (Can't cut you up)

Em

Ain't got no guns (We got bananas)

C

Ain't got no garbage (White trash!)

G

F#

Ain't got no draft card, burned it, burned it, burned it.

Bm

Ain't got no earth, ain't got no fun,
Ain't got no bike, ain't got no pimples,

D

Ain't got no trees, ain't got no air,

A

Ain't got no water, city, banjo, toothpicks,
Shoelaces, teachers, football, telephone,
Records, doctors, brother, sister,
Uniforms, machine guns, airplanes, germs,

D A

M-1, bang bang bang
M-2, bang bang bang

A-bombs, H-bombs, P-bombs, Q-bombs,
Chinese, Czechs, Hindus, Bindus,
Italianos, Polacks, Germans,
Youse Jews, ups and downs,
Vietnam, Johnson, high school, sex,
Coffee, books, food, scissors, magazines, news, cigarettes,
Hollywood, T.V., Tuesday Weld, Burton-Taylor,
Pop art, pop off, popcorn, Popsicle,
Andy Warpop, pop paper, pop up, Popeye,
Poppers, napalm, England, outer space,
Astronauts, Jesus, air air air air air,
Air, air....

"Air"

performed by Sally Eaton, Shelley Plimpton and Melba Moore

[intro] G C D G C D G

C D G

Welcome, sulphur dioxide,

C D C

Hello, carbon monoxide,

D C G C

The air, the air is ev'rywhere.

D G

Breathe deep while you sleep, breathe deep.

C D G

Bless you, alcohol blood stream,

C D C

Save me nicotine lung steam,

D C G C

Incense, incense is in the air.

D G

Breathe deep while you sleep, breathe deep.

C D G

Cataclysmic ectoplasm,

C D C

Fallout atomic orgasm,

D C

Vapor and fume, at the stone of my tomb,

D C

Breathing like a sullen perfume,

D G

Eating at the stone of my tomb.

C D G

Welcome, sulphur dioxide,

C D C

Hello, carbon monoxide,

D C G C

The air, the air is ev'rywhere.

D

Breathe deep while you sleep,

G

Breathe deep (cough) deep (cough) deep de deep (cough).



"I Got Life"

performed by Jim Rado and the Tribe

Photo: The Mothers (l-r): Paul Jabara, Jonathan Kramer, Sally Eaton. Steve Curry (Woof) holds the mic for Jim Rado (Claude).

CLAUDE:

This is 1968, dearies, not 1948!

CLAUDE'S MOTHER[s]:

1968! What have you got, 1968, may I ask?! What the hell you got, 1968, that makes you so damn superior, and gives me such a headache?!

CLAUDE:

Well, if you really wanna know, 1948...

Gm

I got life, mother.

Dm

I got laughs, sister.

F

I got freedom, brother.

Am7 D9 G7

I got good times, man.

Gm

I got crazy ways, daughter.

Dm

I got million-dollar charm, cousin.

Am D E7 Am G7 C7

I got headaches and toothaches and bad times too like you.

F Bb F Bb

I got my hair, I got my head, I got my brains, I got my ears,

F Bb Am C7

I got my eyes, I got my nose, I got my mouth, I got my teeth,

F Bb F Bb

I got my tongue, I got my chin, I got my neck, I got my tits,

F Bb Am C7

I got my heart, I got my soul, I got my back, I got my ass.

E7 Am Dm E7 Am Dm

I got my arms, I got my hands, got my fingers, got my legs,

E7 Am Dm G7 C7 F
Got my feet, I got my toes, I got my liver, got my blood.

Gm
I got life (he's got life), mother,

Dm
I got laughs (he's got laughs), sister,

F
I got freedom (he's got freedom), brother,

Am D9 G7
I got good times, good times, man.

Gm
I got crazy ways (he's got crazy ways), daughter,

Dm
I got million-dollar charm, cousin,

Am D E7 Am G7 C7
I got headaches and toothaches and bad times too like you.

F Bb F Bb
I got my hair, I got my head, got my brains, got my ears,

F Bb Am C7
Got my eyes, got my nose, my mouth, I got my teeth,

F Bb F Bb
I got my hair, I got my [Rado flubs], got my neck, I got my tits,

F Bb Am C7
got my heart, got my soul, my back, I got my ass.

E7 Am Dm E7 Am Dm
I got my arms, I got my hands, got my fingers, got my legs,

E7 Am Dm G7 C7 F
Got my feet, got my toes, got my liver, got my blood.

Am
Got my guts (guts)

Bb
Got my muscles (muscles)

F Bb
I got life (life)

F Bb
Life (life)
Life (life)
Life (life)
Life (life)
Life (life)

F
Life!!!!

[no chord]

CLAUDE'S PARENTS: And you got a lot of nerve, baby!

CLAUDE:

Dm Eb
And I'm gonna spread it 'round the world, mother,

Dm F
And I'm gonna spread it 'round the world, sister,

Dm C F
And I'm gonna spread it 'round the world, mother,

Bb Eb F
So everybody knows what I got.

Bb F Bb F
TRIBE: A---men, a---men.

"Frank Mills"

performed by Shelley Plimpton

[intro] A E

A E F#m
I met a boy called Frank Mills on September twelfth,

D A
Right here in front of the Waverly,

Bm7 E7 A
But unfortunately I lost his address.

E
He was last seen with his friend, a drummer;

F#m D
He resembles George Harrison of the Beatles,

A Bm7 Bm7/E A D A
But he wears his hair tied in a small bow at the back.

Em7 A7 D D#dim A
I love him, but it embarrasses me to walk down the street with him.

C#m D#m7 G#7 C#7 F#7 B7 E
He lives in Brooklyn somewhere, and wears this white crash helmet.

E7 A A7
He has gold chains on his leather jacket,

D D#dim A
And on the back are written the names,

C#m F#m D A
"Mary" and "Mom," and "Hell's Angels."

E
I would gratefully appreciate it;

F#m D
If you see him, tell him

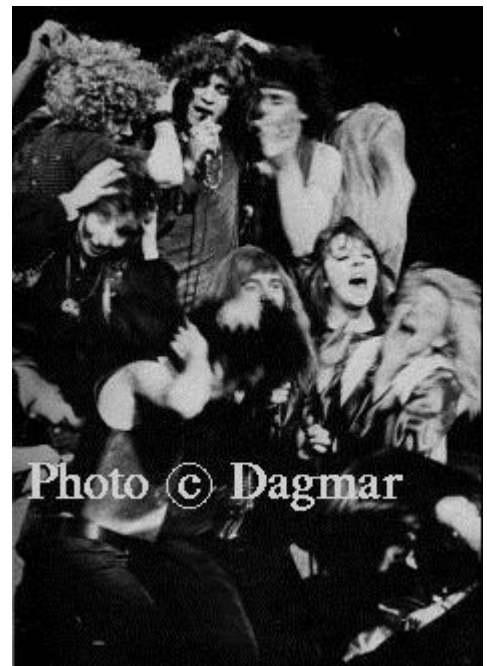
A Bm7 E7(sus4) E7
I'm in the park with my girl friend, and please

A E F#m D E7 A
Tell him Angela and I don't want the two dollars back, just him.

"Hair"

performed by James Rado, Gerome Ragni and The Tribe

Photo (clockwise from Berger): Gerry Ragni, Steve Curry, Lynn Kellogg, Diane Keaton, Suzannah Norstrand, Natalie Mosco, Paul Jabara, Shelley Plimpton, Marjorie LiPari, Steve Gamet. Center: Jim Rado.



Cm Abmaj7
She asks me why,

Cm Eb
I'm just a hairy guy.

Cm Ab
I'm hairy noon and night,

Cm Eb
Hair that's a fright.

Gm Eb
I'm hairy high and low,

Gm Bb
Don't ask me why, don't know.

Gm Eb Gm Bb Ab Bb
It's not for lack of bread, like the Grateful Dead, darlin',

Cm Ab
Give me a head with hair,

Cm Eb
Long beautiful hair,

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Shining, gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen,

Gm Eb
Give me down to there hair,

Gm Bb
Shoulder length or longer,

Gm Eb Gm Bb7
Here, baby, there, momma, ev'rywhere, daddy, daddy,

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair.

Bb7 Eb7 Ab Bb7 Eb Bb11
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair.

Cm Ab Cm Eb
I let it fly in the breeze and get caught in the trees,

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Give a home to the fleas in my hair,

Gm Eb
A home for fleas (yeah)

Gm Bb
A hive for bees (yeah)

Gm
A nest for birds,

Eb Gm
There ain't no words for the beauty, the splendor,

Bb7
The wonder of my

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair.

Bb7 Eb7 Ab Bb7 Eb Bb11
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair.

Dm G7
I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy,

Dm G7
Snaggy, shaggy, ratty, matty,

Gm Cm
Oily, greasy, fleecy, shining,

Gm Cm
Gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen,

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
Knotted, polka dotted, twisted, beaded, braided,

Cm F7
Powdered, flowered and confettied,

Cm F7 Bb7
Bangled, tangled, spangled and spaghettied.

Eb
Oh say, can you see my eyes?

Bb Eb
If you can then my hair's too short.

Cm Abmaj7
Down to here, down to there,

Cm F Bb
Down to there, down to where it stops by itself.

Cm Ab Cm Eb
They'll be ga ga at the go go when they see me in my toga,

Cm Ab Cm Eb
My toga made of blond, brilliantined, biblical hair.

Gm Eb
My hair like Jesus wore it,

Gm Bb
Hallelujah, I adore it,

Gm Eb Gm Bb7
Hallelujah; Mary loved her son, why don't my mother love me?

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair.

Bb7 Eb7 Ab Bb7
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair.

Bb7 Eb7 Ab Bb7
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my

Cm Ab Cm Eb
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair.

Bb7 Eb7 Ab Bb7 Cm
Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair.

"Initials"

performed by The Tribe

C Am F C F C
L-B-J took the I-R-T down to 4th Street, U-S-A.

Am F Am F
When he got there, what did he see?

Am F G7 C
The youth of America on L-S---D.

Am Dm G7 C
L-B-J, I-R-T, U-S-A, L-S-D.
L-S-D, L-B-J, F-B-I, C-I-A.

F C FCF G C
F-B-I, C-I-A, L-S-D, L-B-J.

"Electric Blues"

performed by Paul Jabara and the Tribe

A E A D A
Tell me, who do you love, man?

E A D A
Tell me, what, man?

E A D A B G B E
Tell me, what's it you love, man?

A F#7 Bm7
An old-fashioned melo-deee

C#m7
Dee-dee-deeeee

D
Dee-dee-deeeee

Dm
Dee-dee-deeeee

A
Dee-dee-deeeee

E A D A
Tell me, what's it that moves you?

E A D A B G B E
Tell me, what's it that grooves you?

A F#7 Bm7
An old-fashioned melo-deee

C#m7

Dee-dee-deeeee

D

Dee-dee-deeeee

Dm

Dee-dee-deeeee

A

Dee-dee-deeeee

A7 D

But old songs leave you dead,

Dm A E7 A G D E A G D E

We sell our souls for bread.

A G

We're all encased in sonic armor,

D E

Beltin' it out through chrome grenades,

A G

Miles and miles of Medusan chord,

D E

The electronic, sonic boom.

E [no chord]

It's what's hap'ning, baby, it's where it's at, daddy.

A G

They chain you and brainwash you

D E

When you least suspect it.

A G

They feed ya mass media,

D E

The age is electric.

G A

I got the electric blues!

I got the electric blues!

G A7

I got the electric blues!

D A

I got the electric blues!

E7

(Thump, rackety whomp, rock folk rock, rhythm and blues)

An old-fashioned melody

(Electrons explodin' rackety-clack, plugged in, turned on)

An old-fashioned melody

(Thump, rackety whomp, rock folk rock, rhythm and blues)

An old-fashioned melody

(Electrons explodin' rackety-clack thwump whoop yeah!)

A G
We're all encased in sonic armor,

D E
Belting it out through chrome grenades,

A G
Miles and miles of Medusan chord,

D E
The electronic, sonic boom.

E [no chord]
It's what's hap'ning, baby, it's where it's at, daddy.

A G
They chain you and brainwash you

D E
When you least suspect it.

A G
They feed ya mass media,

D E
The age is electric.

G A
I got the electric blues!
I got the electric blues!

G A7
I got the electric blues!

D A
I got the electric blues!

"Hare Krishna"

[no chord, but perhaps a slight drone in G]

Hare krishna, hare krishna,
Krishna krishna, hare hare,

Cm F Bb Gm
Hare rama, hare rama,

Cm F Gm Gm7
Rama rama, hare hare

Cm F Bb Gm
Hare krishna, hare krishna,

Cm F Gm Gm7
Krishna krishna, hare hare,

Cm F Bb Gm
Hare rama, hare rama,

Cm F Gm
Rama rama, hare hare

G
Love! Love! Love! Love!
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Fm
Drop out! Drop-out! Drop-out! Drop-out!

D
Be-in! Be-in! Be-in! Be-in!

G
Love! Love! Love! Love!
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Fm
Drop out! Drop out! Drop out! Drop out!

D
Be-in! Be-in! Be-in! Be-in!

G
Take trips, get high,

C G
Laugh, joke and goodbye,

D G
Beat drum and old tin pot,

C G
I am high on you-know-what. [2x]

D G
Take trips, get high, High...

C G
Laugh, joke and goodbye, Way up here...

D G
Beat drum and old tin pot, High...

C G
I am high on you-know-what. Ionosphere...

D G
Take trips, get high, High... Hare krishna...

C G
Laugh, joke and goodbye, Way up here... Hare krishna...

D G
Beat drum and old tin pot, High... Hare krishna...

C G
I am high on you-know-what. Ionosphere... Hare krishna...
Oh!

Beads! Flowers! Freedom! Happiness!

Beads! Flowers! Freedom! Happiness!

Fm

Beads! Flowers! Freedom! Happiness!

D

Beads! Flowers! Freedom! Happiness!

[no chord]

Love! Love! Love! Love!

G

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Fm

Love! Sex! Love! Sex!

D

Love! Sex! love! Sex!

Cm F Bb Gm
Marijuana, marijuana,
Cm F Gm Gm7
Juana, juana, mari, mari,

Cm F Bm Gm
Marijuana, marijuana,

Cm F Gm Gm7
Juana, juana, mari, mari...

"Where Do I Go?"

performed by James Rado and The Tribe

[intro: 4 iterations of this pattern:] Dm G7
[CLAUDE:]

Dm G7 Dm C
Where do I go? Follow the river.

Dm G7 C Gm7
Where do I go? Follow the gulls.

C7 Gm C7 Gm7
Where is the something, where is the someone

C7 F C
That tells me why I live and die?

Dm G7 Dm C
Where do I go? Follow the children.

Dm G7 C Gm7
Where do I go? Follow their smiles.

C7 Gm C7 Gm7
Is there an answer in their sweet faces

C7 F C F
That tells me why I live and die?

Eb F Eb F
Follow the wind song. Follow the thunder.

F#m7-5 B7 Em
Follow the neon in young lovers' eyes.

G F G F G
Down to the gutter, up to the glitter

F D7 G7
Into the city where the truth lies.

[CLAUDE & TRIBE: repeat from the "Follow the children..." verse till "where the truth lies."]

[CLAUDE:]

Dm G7 Dm C
Where do I go? Follow my heartbeat.

Dm G7 C Gm7
Where do I go? Follow my hand.

C7 Gm C7 Gm7
Where will they lead me and will I ever

C F C F C
Discover why I live and die? (why)

F C F C
I live and die (why)

Dm C Dm C
Why do I live? \ CLAUDE [together]
BEADS! FLOWERS! / TRIBE

Dm C Dm
Why do I die? \
FREEDOM! HAPPINESS! /

C Dm C Dm
Tell me where do I go? \
BEADS! FLOWERS! /

C Dm
Tell me why. \
FREEDOM! /

C Dm
Tell me where. \
HAPPINESS! /

C Dm
Tell me why. \
BEADS! /

C Dm
Tell me where. \
FLOWERS! /

C Dm
Tell me why. \
FREEDOM! /

"Black Boys"

performed by Diane Keaton, Suzannah Norstrand and Natalie Mosco

[intro: 4 iterations of this chord pattern:] B A D F#

B A D F# B A D F# B
Black boys are delicious, choc'late flavored love.

E D G E D G E
Lic'rice lips like candy, keep my cocoa handy.

A E F#7 B
I have such a sweet tooth when it comes to love;

Bmaj7 B7 E
Once I tried a diet of quiet rest, no sweets,

Em B
But I went nearly crazy,

Abm C#7
And I went clearly crazy

F#7 Abm C#7 F#
Because I really craved for my choc'late flavored treats. Oh!

B A D F# B A D F# B
Black boys are nutritious, black boys fill me up.

E D G E
Black boys are so damn yummy,

D G E
They satisfy my tummy.

A E F#7 B
I have such a sweet tooth when it comes to love.

E B
Black, black, black, black, black, black, black, black, black boys.

"White Boys"

performed by Jonelle Allen, Susan Batson and Alma Robinson

[intro] Eb Ab

Eb Ab Eb
White boys are so pretty, skin as smooth as milk.

Ab Eb--G-Cm Fm Bb7 Eb
White boys are so pre-e-etty, hair like Chinese silk.

Ab Eb
White boys give me goosebumps, white boys give me chills.

Ab Eb--G-Cm Fm Bb7 Eb
When they touch my sho-o-ulder, that's the touch that kills.

Ab7 Eb
My mother calls them lilies, I call them picadillies.

Ab7 Bb
My daddy warns me stay away.

But I say come out and play-ay-ay-ay.

Eb Ab
White boys are so groovy (Tell me 'bout those groovy white boys!)

Eb
White boys are so tough. (Oh, tell me 'bout those tough white boys!)

Ab Eb--G--Cm Fm Bb7 Eb B7
Ev'ry time they're nee-ee-ear me, just can't get enough.

E A
White boys are so groovy (Tell me 'bout those groovy white boys!)

E
White boys are so sweet. (Oh, those sweet white boys!)

A E---G#-C#m F#m
White boys drive me cra-a--azy (Where do they drive you?)

B7 E
Drive me indiscreet.

A
White boys are so sexy (Tell me about that sex!)

E
Legs so long and lean.

A E---G#-C#m F#m B7 E
I love those sprayed-on trou-ou-ousers, love the love machine.

A7 E
My brother calls 'em rubble, they're my kind of trouble.

A7 B
My daddy warns me, "No, no, no."

But I say white boys go, go, go, go.

E A E
White boys are so lovely, beautiful as girls.

A E--G#-C#m F#m B7 E
Love to run my fi-i--ingers and toes through all their curls,

F#m B7 E
And toes through all their curls (white, white, white)

F#m B7 E
And toes through all their curls (white, white, white)

F#M B7 E
And toes through all their curls...

"Walking In Space"

performed by The Tribe

C7 G7
Doors locked, doors locked.

Bb C
Blinds pulled, blinds pulled.

G7 D7
Lights low, lights low.

F C
Flames high, flames high.

Eb/F Ab/Bb Db/Eb F
My body, my body, my body
My body, my body, my body

Eb E F

Fm Db Ab/Bb Bb
My body is walking in space.
My soul is in orbit with God, face to face.

Ab/Bb Bb Db/Eb Eb
Floating, flipping, flying, tripping,

Fm Db Ab/Bb Bb
Tripping from Pottsville to Mainline

Fm Db Ab/Bb Bb
Tripping from Mainline to Moonville.

Ab/Bb Bb Db/Eb Eb7
On a rocket to the fourth die-mension.

Ab/Bb Bb Db/Eb Eb
Total self-awareness the intention.

Fm Db Ab/Bb Bb7
My mind is as clear as country air.

Fm Db Ab/Bb [no chord]

I feel my flesh, all colors mesh.

Eb Bb7 Db Eb
Red, black. Blue, brown. Yellow, crimson. Green, orange.

Bb F7 Ab
Purple, pink. Violet, white. White, white.

Eb
White, white. White, white.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
All the clouds are cumuloft, walking in space.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
O, my God, your skin is soft, I love your face.

Ebm Gb Cb Gb
How dare they try to end this beauty.
How dare they try to end this beauty.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
To keep us underfoot they bury us in soot.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
Pretending it's a chore to ship us off to war.

Em Gb Cb Gb
In this dive we rediscover sensation.
In this dive we rediscover sensation.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
Walking in space we find the purpose of peace.

Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Gb
The beauty of life you can no longer hide.

Ebm Gb Cb Gb
Our eyes are open, our eyes are open. Cb Gb
Our eyes are open, our eyes are open wide, wide, wide.

"Easy To Be Hard"

performed by Lynn Kellogg

Ebmaj7 C7 Ebmaj7 C7

Ebmaj7 C7
How can people be so heartless?
How can people be so cruel?

F Gm C7 F
Easy to be hard, easy to be cold. Oh,

Ebmaj7 C7
How can people have no feelings?
How can they ignore their friends?

F Gm C7 F F7
Easy to be proud, easy to say "No."

Bb
Especially people who care about strangers,
Who care about evil and social injustice.

C7
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd?

F F7
How about a needing friend? I need a friend.

Ebmaj7 C7
How can people be so heartless?

Ebmaj7 C7
You know I'm hung up on you.

F Gm C7 F
Easy to give in, easy to help out.

Bb
Especially people who care about strangers,
Who say they care about social injustice.

C7
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd?

F F7
How about a needing friend? I need a friend.

Ebmaj7 C7
How can people have no feelings?
How can they ignore their friends?

F Gm F Gm
Easy to be hard, easy to be cold.

C7 F Gm C7 Bb F
Easy to be proud, easy to say "No."

"Three Five Zero Zero"

performed by the Tribe

[intro: 4 bars of Em]

Em Am
Ripped open by metal explosion.

Em Am
Caught in barbed wire, fireball, bullet shock.

Em Am
Bayonet, electricity.

Em Am

Shrapnelled throbbing meat.

G C
Electronic data processing.

G C
Black uniforms, bare feet, carbine.

Em Am Em
Mail order rifles, shoot the muscles.

Bm Em
Two hundred and fifty-six Viet Cong captured.
Two hundred and fifty-six Viet Cong captured.

[Section from "Prisoners..." to "home" is sung three times. First time: whispered.
Second time: sung. Third time: SUNG!!!!]

G
Prisoners in Niggertown, it's a dirty little war,

C G D
Three-five-zero-zero.

F G C
Take weapons up and begin to kill.

G E7 A7 D7 G
Watch the long, long armies drifting home.

Em Am
Ripped open by metal explosion.

Em Am
Caught in barbed wire, fireball, bullet shock.

Em Am
Bayonet, electricity.

Em Am
Shrapnelled throbbing meat.

G C
Electronic data.....

"Good Morning Starshine"

performed by Lynn Kellogg and the Tribe

Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb

C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb
Good morning starshine, the earth says "Hello"

C Bb C Bb C F C7
You twinkle above us, we twinkle below.

Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb

Good morning starshine, you lead us along,

A7 Dm F7 Bb Ab7 G7 C11 F
My love and me as we sing our early morning singing song.

Gliddy glup gloopy
Nibby nabby noopy

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
La la la lo lo

Gm C7
Sabba sibby sabba

Gm C7
Nooby abba nabba

F F7
Le le lo lo

Bb Em/A
Tooby ooby walla

Dm7 A7
Nooby abba nabba

Dm Gm F
Early morning singing song

[repeat all of the above]

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
Singing a song, humming a song, singing a song,

Gm7 C7 Gm C7 F F7
Loving a song, laughing a song, singing a song.

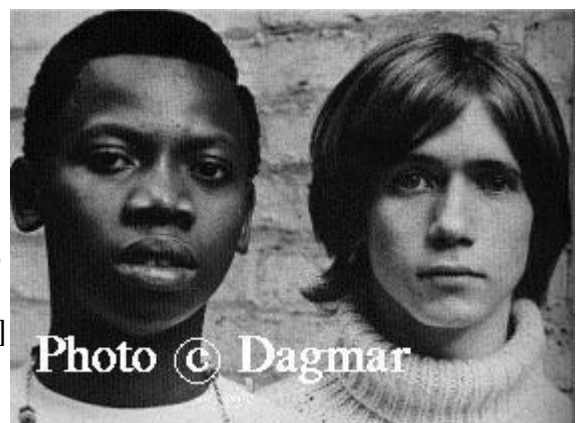
Bb Em/A Dm7 A7
Sing the song, song the sing.

Dm Gm C7 F C F
Song, song, song, sing, sing, sing, sing song.
Song, song, song, sing, sing, sing, sing song.

G C F

"What A Piece Of Work Is Man"

lyrics by William Shakespeare, adapted by James Rado
and Gerome Ragni
performed by Ronnie Dyson (*left*) and Michael [Walter]
Harris (*right*)



C F C F C
What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason,

F C
How infinite in faculties,

[DYSON:]

F Bb F C
In form and moving, how express and admirable,

[BOTH:]

F C
In action, how like an angel,

[DYSON:]

F Bb F C
In apprehension, how like a god.

[BOTH:]

F C F C
The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

[DYSON:]

Dm G7 C
I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth.

C7 F C
This goodly frame, the earth seems to me a sterile promontory.

[HARRIS:]

Am D G
This most excellent canopy, the air, look you,

G7 C
This brave o'erhanging firmament,

[BOTH:]

Em F
This majestical roof fretted with golden fire,

C Dm G11
Why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent

C F C F C
Congregation of vapors.

F C F C
What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason.

"Don't Put It Down"

performed by Steve Gamet, Steve Curry and Gerry Ragni [pictured, l-r]



Om mane padme om
Om mane padme om....

Folding the flag means taking care of the nation. Folding the flag is putting it to bed for the night. I fell through a hole in the flag. I'm falling through a hole in the flag! HELP!!

Eb F7 Bb
Don't put it down, best one around.

F Eb Dm Gm
Crazy for the red, blue and white.

Cm F7 Bb Eb
Crazy for the red, blue and white.

F7 Bb
You look at me, what do you see?

F Eb Dm Gm
Crazy for the white, red and blue.

Cm F7 Bb Eb
Crazy for the white, red and blue.

F7 Bb
'Cause I look different you think I'm subversive.

F Eb Dm Gm
Crazy for the blue, white and red.

Cm F7 Bb Eb
Crazy for the blue, white and red.

F7 Bb
My heart beats true for the red, white and blue.

F Eb Dm Gm
Crazy for the blue, white and red.

Cm F7 Bb Eb Bb Bdim
Crazy for the blue, white and red and yellow fringe.

F Eb Bb
Crazy for the blue, white, red and yellow.

"The Flesh Failures (Let The Sunshine In)"

performed by James Rado, Lynn Kellogg and the Tribe

[intro: 2 bars of Bm]

[CLAUDE:]

We starve, look at one another short of breath,

A

Walking proudly in our winter coats,

Wearing smells from lab'ratories,

Bm D Bm F#7

Facing a dying nation of moving paper fantasy,

Bm G D

List'ning for the new told lies with supreme visions of lonely tunes.

Bm

Somewhere, inside something, there is a rush of greatness.

A

Who knows what stands in front of our lives;

Bm D

I fashion my future on films in space.

Bm F# Bm G D

Silence tells me secretly everything, everything.

Bm Em6 Bm

Manchester England, England

Em6 Bm

Manchester England, England

(Eyes look your last)

Em6 Bm

Across the Atlantic sea

(Arms, take your last embrace)

Em6 A6 Em6

And I'm a genius, genius

(And lips, owe you the 'dors)

F#7

I believe in God

(Of breath. Seal with a righteous kiss)

And I believe that God believes in Claude,

(Seal with a righteous kiss)

Bm

That's me. That's me.

(The rest is silence)

That's me.

(The rest is silence)

That's me.

(The rest is silence)

[SHEILA:]

We starve, look at one another short of breath,

A

Walking proudly in our winter coats,

Wearing smells from lab'ratories,

Bm D Bm F#7

Facing a dying nation of moving paper fantasy,

Bm G D

List'ning for the new told lies with supreme visions of lonely tunes.

[TRIBE:]

Bm

Singing our space songs on a spider web sitar,

A

"Life is around you and in you."

Bm D

Answer for Timothy Leary, deary.

[Five iterations of the following:]

Bm F#7

Let the sun shine,

Bm

Let the sunshine in,

G D

The sun shine in.