

# Lyrics for

## ***Be Free— The Fugs Final CD (Part 2)***

1. Be Free Ed Sanders, Steve Taylor, Coby Batty,  
Musical arrangement by Scott Petito 3:42
2. Backward Jewish Soldiers Tuli Kupferberg,  
Arthur Sullivan 3:36
3. My Darling Magnolia Tree Coby Batty, Ed Sanders 3:33
4. Goofitude Ed Sanders 2:55
5. This is a Hit Song Tuli Kupferberg 2:22
6. The Laughing Song William Blake, Ed Sanders  
—dedicated to Meredith Monk 2:38
7. Hungry Blues Steve Taylor 4:29
8. Loose Peach Gown Ed Sanders 2:50
9. Bartleby the Scrivener Ed Sanders  
—adapted from a story by Melville 6:08
10. ImGrat Ed Sanders 3:44
11. The CIA Made Me Sing Off-Key  
Ed Sanders 3:40
12. The British Journalist Humbert Wolf,  
Tuli Kupferberg 1:48
13. I Am An Artist for Art's Sake  
Tuli Kupferberg 3:29
14. Greenwich Village of My Dreams  
words: Tuli Kupferberg  
music: Scott Petito 4:42

## Be Free

—Scott Petito, Coby Batty, Steve Taylor,  
Ed Sanders

Roll up your woes      woh woh woh!  
No time to fold it up      Come on people, let's go  
Hold on to your brothers & your sisters  
We're all Fugs now      We're all Fugs now

What's gone?  
Democracy, said William Burroughs  
No one asked him 'fore they dropped the bomb.  
What's left?  
Rock and roll music  
The song of the poet goes on and on    The song of the poet goes on and on  
and on and on and on

Be Free Be Free Be Free Be Free Be Free  
I walked around the country mile after mile  
So many in jail for pot or lifestyle  
Be Free    Act Free    Talk Free    Think Free

Roll up your woes      woh woh woh!  
No time to fold it up      Come on people, let's go  
Hold on to your brothers & your sisters  
We're all Fugs now      We're all Fugs now

What's gone?  
Democracy, said William Burroughs  
No one asked him 'fore they dropped the bomb.  
What's left?  
Rock and roll music  
The song of the poet goes on and on and...  
The song of the poet goes on and on and on and on and on and on

Be Free Be Free Be Free Be Free  
I walked around the country mile after mile  
So many in jail for pot or lifestyle  
Be Free    Act Free

ahh ahh (Be Free    Act Free    Talk Free    Think Free  
                  Be Free    Act Free    Talk Free    Think Free)

Be Free Be Free Be Free Be Free

The song of the poet goes on and on  
The song of the poet goes on and on

## Backward Jewish Soldiers

—Tuli Kupferberg/traditional hymn

Backward Jewish soldiers  
Strolling back from War  
Hug your Gentile brothers  
As you've done before.

Pres'dents and Premiers perish  
Empires rise and fall  
But hearts of old compassion  
Still might save us all.

Yeshu and Kohelet  
Blend wisdom and fresh love  
Kiss the hand that helps you  
Blue sky's still above.

Backward Jewish soldiers  
Marching from all wars  
Embrace your Gentile sisters  
As you've done before.

Kings and Presidents perish  
All Empires fade and fall  
But hearts of sweet compassion  
Still may save us all.

Yeshu and Kohelet  
Blend wisdom and fresh love  
Kiss the hand that helps you  
Blue sky's still above.

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All Empires fade and fall  
But hearts of sweet compassion  
Still may save us all.

# My Darling Magnolia Tree

—Coby Batty/Edward Sanders

“Does the Secret Mind Whisper?”

—Bob Kaufman

My magnolia tree! My best friend!  
Right out back by where I  
had my garden of raked white sand

My tree was dead! My darling pearl of life!  
My God My God My darling tree!  
poisoned by the brine-brown Pontchartrain

Oh, my Darling Magnolia Tree!  
I've stacked your wood in my living room  
I can't let you go, oh my darling!

I want the Secret Mind to  
whisper to me, and say it's cool like it was  
but the Secret Mind won't talk to me

My legs are trembling. I feel so lost  
I'm gone to the place where the Lake can't be crossed

Nothing is going to help me get back my mind  
My darling magnolia tree was killed in the brine

# Goofitude

—Edward Sanders

I want to go back to the golden days  
 of Goof Goof Goof Goofitude  
 Goof Goof Goof Goofitude

Read a book Listen to a record  
 Working on a painting at the very same time  
 Goof Goof Goof  
 Goof Goof Goof

Unpremeditated  
 Unpreprogrammed  
 Unregimented  
 Goofitude!  
 Goof Goof Goofitude

I want to go back to the days  
 When we lived in a purple haze  
 Dancing on the head of a bobby pin  
 Happy in the body like a crazy grin  
 Goof Goof Goof  
 Goof Goof Goof

We were beating on our drums in a midnight glow  
 While you read your poems to an overflow  
 When the time came up for the sax to blow  
 All of us were shouting Go! Go! Go!  
 Goof Goof Goof  
 Goof Goof Goof

—break—

Take me back to those golden days  
 of Goof Goof Goof Goofitude  
 Goof Goof Goof Goofitude

Build a dome stare at the creek  
 Take a vacation for 25 weeks  
 Goof Goof Goof  
 Goof Goof Goof

Unpremeditated  
 Unpreprogrammed  
 Unregimented  
 Goofitude!  
 Goof Goof Goof Gone Gone are the days  
 Goof Goof Goof Gone Gone Gone  
 Goof Goof Goof Gone Gone are the flowers  
 Goof Goof Goof Gone Gone Gone  
 Goof Goof Goof Gone Gone are the hours  
 Goof Goof Goof Goof Goof Goof

**“This is a Hit Song”**

—Dedicated to the Free Enterprise System

—Tuli Kupferberg

This is a hit song  
Gonna make me rich  
Why don't ya buy it  
Ya sonnovabitch.

Why don't you play it  
You DJ jerk?  
Then I won't ever  
Have to work.

& why don't you sell it?  
You record store shmuck  
Then I won't ever  
Be down on my luck.

Hey this is a hit song  
Gonna make me rich  
Why doncha buy it  
Ya sonovabitch.

Break

Why don't ya play it  
Ya teen-age bore?  
Wear it out  
& buy another at the store?

Why don't ya sing it  
Ya so-called “STAR”  
Becuz yr 2 stoned  
To leave the bar.

This is a hit song  
Gonna make me rich  
Why don't you record it  
Ya sonovabitch.

& why aint my video  
On MTV  
That's what ya promised  
While fucking me.

If this doesn't top ten  
Well, I'll suicide  
But if I go  
You'll be by my side.

This is a hit song  
Gonna mak me rich  
Why don't ya buy it  
(retard)  
Ya fuckn sonofabitch

## The Laughing Song

—William Blake, Edward Sanders

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
 When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
 And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

Ha Ha Hee Ha Ha Hee  
 Ha Ha Hee

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
 And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
 When Mary and Susan and Emily  
 With their sweet round mouths sing

Ha Ha Hee

Ha Ha Hee Ha Ha Hee  
 Ha Ha Hee

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
 Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
 Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
 To sing the sweet chorus of

Ha Ha Hee

Ha Ha Hee Ha Ha Hee  
 Ha Ha Hee

Close with Verse of Ha Ha Hees

# Hungry Blues

—Steven Taylor

I can't lay down any more  
 Worry all the time  
 Can't relax anymore  
 Worry all the time  
 Waiting for an angel like the muse  
 Looks like a friend of mine.

Sunrise in the morning  
 Finds me wide awake  
 The goddess of the sunrise  
 Finds me wide awake  
 Looking at the Daily News  
 Reading William Blake.

Papa's feeling poorly  
 No matter how Mama tries  
 He's feeling a little confused  
 She's got worry in her eyes  
 He tells the same joke over and over  
 She shakes her head and cries.

I called up the doctor  
 To get some kind of relief  
 Try to see my doctor  
 Secretary gives me grief  
 Won't take my insurance  
 Even though it costs \$300 hundred a week.

Someday the revolution  
 Blow all this grief away  
 Going to be a revolution  
 Take all my cares away  
 Bring back my Daddy's genius  
 Triple my weekly pay.

There's 15 million children  
 Are going to die this year

A third of the world is hungry  
They could be fed my dear  
The price of a B-1 bomber  
Could feed hundreds for years.

100 million starved in the 90s  
They could have been saved  
100 million people  
Could have not gone to the grave  
On what the military budgets  
Spends world wide in two days.

When the wars are over  
When all governments are gone  
When we wash in life's river  
And we shine in the sun  
There'll be no more hungry children  
Then the hungry blues will be done.

# Loose Peach Gown

—for Miriam

—Edward Sanders

She was  
    in her  
        loose peach gown

'neath a nearly full moon  
at midnight

she asked me  
to waltz barefoot  
        on the lawn

& do th' polka  
then lock hands  
        & twirl  
till the summer stars  
        were streaks

I owe her many things  
'mong them  
    a fresh lesson  
        on the power of

*homo ludens*

## Bartleby the Scrivener

—Edward Sanders

Sitting in my cubicle  
 to pay for my life style  
 water my begonia  
 staring at the sales report  
 with eyes of void  
 empty my trash  
 check on my M&Ms stash  
 till I think maybe it's time  
 to head downtown  
 to hang out with Bartleby the Scrivener  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

One job to pay for poetry  
 One job to pay the rent  
 One job to pay for food and lights  
 And a final job to pay the medical bills  
 Come home too tired to finish my sonnet  
 too tired too tired too tired too wired!  
 Tonight I'm off to the open reading at the Happy St. Café  
 to listen to the soft laments of Bartleby the Scrivener  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

I was raised a workaholic  
 to find salvation through the formula:  
 "Happiness comes from unhappiness"  
 You know, "Fun through No-Fun"  
 What kind of philosophy is that  
 for the cubicle rat?  
 First I'll attend my Workanon meeting  
 and then I'm going to head downtown  
 to shoot some pool  
 with Bartleby the Scrivener  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

When I was young  
 I chose the wrong path

down a dead end arroyo  
 carpal tunnel malady of the soul  
 Please help me mail the invitations  
 to my Pity Party  
 I can't really tell if the state is  
 withering or dithering  
 but I'm like Bartleby: no more slithering  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

Work 60 years  
 get myeloma get in arrears  
 brain full of fears  
 and a tool box of tears  
 Lose everything lose your house  
 your dignity all your savings  
 to pay for your pain  
 There's supposed to be  
 light at the tunnel's end  
 But someone has sealed it  
 just around the bend  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

The winds of destiny smell like waste  
 The bread of derision has a painful taste  
 I hate the bourgeois  
 with the same credit card  
 the bourgeois despises me  
 but a credit card is an ancient shard  
 when we play some poker real soon  
 with chips of broken boon  
 in our upstairs lair at Bartleby's Saloon  
 I'd prefer not to  
 I'd prefer not to  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

At present I prefer to give no answer  
 I have given up copying  
 I would prefer not  
 I would prefer not to make any change  
 I would prefer to be doing something else  
 At present I would prefer not to make any change at all  
 I know where I am and I prefer not to dine today  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time  
 It's Bartleby the Scrivener time

# ImGrat

—Edward Sanders

Most of life is learning to say no  
 Get rid of the Id for the Superego  
 Eternity's Gun says "not too much fun!"  
 But isn't it true what you really want to do  
 —you might as well say it— Come on! It's okay—  
 Isn't it true what you really want  
 is Immediate Gratification

ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!

It feels so good  
 Up on the hood  
 No regrets! No regrets!  
 Cancel your bets

ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!  
 ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!

The guidance counselor told a friend of mine  
 that even minor problems of self-control  
 could lock him down in an existential hole  
 But then he turned to the counselor, and "man," said he  
 "I'll give you a truthful confession, you see  
 all I really really want  
 is Immediate Gratification"

ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!

It feels so good  
 Up on the hood  
 No regrets! No regrets!  
 Cancel your bets

ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!  
 ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!

Bridge:

Since the sun is going supernova in 4 billion years  
 isn't it true that from the standpoint of eternity  
 everything we do is Immediate Gratification  
 so what's the big deal?

Everything's a mystery, just ask any sage  
so why not break out of our golden cage?  
It's even good for the economy

Last night I heard the Voice from the Sky  
It said, "The path of ImGrat is NOT the Right Path  
You better prepare for Wrath!" Oh, no!

Well, here's my answer, Mr. Voice from the Sky!  
Just got my tee shirts from the printer today  
Red white and blue, and you know what they say?  
"Immediate Gratification"

ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat! ImGrat!

It feels so good  
Up on the hood  
It's time to relax  
without any tax

ImGrat! ImGrat!  
ImGrat ImGrat  
ImGrat! ImGrat!  
ImGrat! ImGrat!



## The British Journalist

—Humbert Wolf, Tuli Kupferberg

Tee da dee da tee da dee da dee da  
Tee da dee da tee da dee da dum

Tee da dee da tee da dee da dee da  
Tee da dee da tee da dee da dum

(This is also known as the Niggun [hymn] of the Rabbi of  
the Fleet St. Chapel)

You cannot hope to bribe or twist  
Thank God, the British journalist  
But seeing what the man will do unbribed  
There's really no occasion to

Tee da dee da tee da dee da dee da  
Tee da dee da tee da dee da dum

Tee da dee da tee da dee da dee da  
Tee da dee da tee da dee da dum

## I am an Artist for Art's Sake

tune: *Eekh Bin Ah Boarder by Mine Vibe*

(I'm a Boarder at my Wife's Place, c. 1910)

—Tuli Kupferberg

*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

And it was God who gave my my Big Break  
Told me: "You were meant for a higher purpose....  
To sweep the Stables of Pegasus!"

*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

Born with a Silver Ballroom in my mouth  
A scion of the Olde Plantationist South  
When other kids went out to work  
What I did was pout, sketch, and shirk

*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

I believe in *Beauty* and in *Truth*  
Specially my beauty (and *your* Vermouth)  
While other painters might join the Picket  
I just cry: "Stick wicket!"

*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

Hey! I'm also a *Poet for Poetry's sake*  
(Ya can bet I'm a poet oney for Poetry's sake)  
When other poets are in the street  
I stay home and count my Feet  
I am a Poet for *Putz* sake!

And I'm a Musician for The Muses sake  
(*other voice off*) "*You're a musician for whosis sake?*"  
Well I do sit to a different drum  
And my thumb up my bum makes a wonderful hum  
I'm a musician for *Amusements* sake.

*And I am a writer for Royalties sake*  
I know it is *sales* that make or break  
And I don't write for little presses  
EAT or BE EATEN (I'm a BIG FRESSER!)

*I am an artist for Publisher's Sake*

*And I am a Journalist for the Owner's sake*  
 (It's not exactly that I'm on the take)  
 But why write what The Editor don't like....  
 When there's 50 Cubs coming right down the pike?  
*I am a Reporter for the Advertiser's sake.*

Surely there are more important things  
 Than Africa or the price of beans....  
 I'll explore my Inner Space  
 (And I can't stand your Peasant face!)  
*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

Oh I do let the world pass me right by  
 (The Golden Section runs right thru my eye)  
 Let other people freeze and fight  
*Someone's got to Paint it Right!*  
*I am an artist for Art's Sake*

I am an Artist for Art's sake  
 Twas God who gave me my big break  
 I was born for a Higher Reason  
 And all His Angels I am pleasin'  
 (spoken): I'm an *Artist's* for *God's Sake!*

## Greenwich Village of My Dreams

Tuli Kupferberg/Scott Petito

A rose in a stone.  
 Chariots on the West Side Highway.  
 Blues in the Soviet Union.  
 Onions in times square.  
 A Japanese in Chinatown.  
 A soup sandwich.  
 A Hudson terraplane.  
 Chess in a Catskill bungalow.  
 Awnings in Atlanta.  
 Lewisohn stadium in the blackout.  
 Brooklyn beneath the East River.  
     the waves pass over  
 The Battery in startling sunlight.  
 Kleins in Ohrbachs.  
 Love on the dole, Roosevelt not elected.  
 Hoover under the 3rd Ave El  
 Joe Gould kissing Maxwell Bodenheim  
     & puffing on his pipe  
 Edna Millay feeling Edmund Wilson  
 Charlie Parker & Ted Joans talking  
     in Sheridan Sq Park & it's cold man!  
 The Cedar St Bar with Cedars in it  
     & autos crashing against the cedars  
 The Chase Manhattan Bank closed  
     down for repairs. To open as the  
     new Waldorf Cafeteria.  
 Lionel Trilling kissing Allen Ginsberg  
     after great Reading in the Gaslight  
 The Limelight changes its name to  
     the Electric Light & features  
     Charlie Chaplin as a s(w)inging  
     waiter  
 Edgar Allan Poe becoming the dentist  
     in the Waverly dispensary & giving  
     everyone free nitrous oxide• high  
 Louis getting thrown out of Louis'  
 Sam Remo stepping up to the bar &

asking for a wet Martini  
 The Charleston on Charles St  
 featuring my Sister Eileen  
 & the Kronstadt sailors.  
 Max Eastman & John Reed  
 buying Gungawala hashish candy  
 at the German Delicatessen on 6th  
 Ave & West 4th Street.  
 Tourists bringing pictures to sell  
 to artists in their annual disposition.  
 Civilians telling cops to move on.  
 Coffeehouses that sell brandy  
 in their coffee cups  
 Eugene O'Neill insisting of coffee  
 John Barrymore in offbroadway Hamlet  
 Walt Whitman cruising on MacDougal  
 Ike & Mamie drunk in Minettas  
 Khrushchev singing peat bog soldiers  
 in the Circle (with a balalaika)  
 Everybody kissing & hugging squeezing  
 Khrushchev & Eisenhower a big fat kiss  
 The world an art  
 Life a joy  
 The Village come to life again

I wake up singing  
 I that dwell in New York  
 Sweet song bless my mouth  
 Beauty bless my eyes

*Song of the world*  
*Fly forth from dreams!*

- No longer recommended: causes liver damage, asphyxiation

