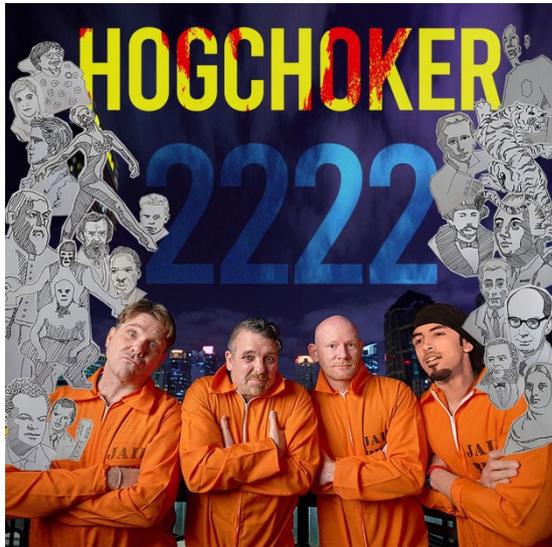


**2222 by Hogchoker**

**Released on 2/2/2022 at 22:22:22**

**Album track order with lyrics, pics and bios**



0 In the Year 2222 (Introduction)

1 This Be the Verse

2 Bring on the Law

3 Raise Up Your Voice

4 Days Before Radio

5 Crip Camp

6 Adolfo and Omar (Get Up Off the Mat Tango)

7 Black Arrow

8 Year of the Tiger

9 Million Dollar Legs

10 Every Day is a Carnival

11 Diggin' in Deep

12 Nikolai Basov (could lazer your face off)

13 Wild Roses

14 Professor of Harmony

15 Hannibal Goodwin, Episcopal Priest

16 Fredrik Hasselqvist Oi Oi Oi

17 Put Your Dukes Up, Neville

18 Ujamaa

19 After Larkin

20 Murdering Nurse

21 The Death of Lev Mei

22 The Killer

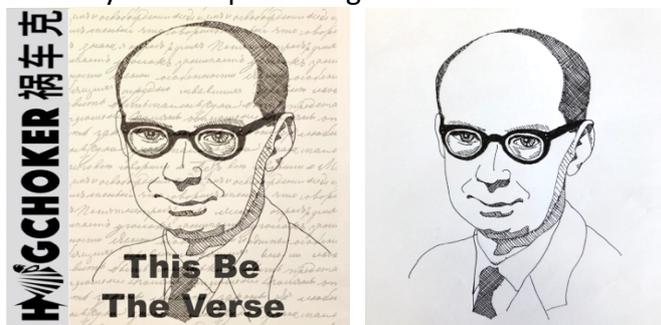
Bonus Tracks

23 Sleeping with the Enemy

24 They Love a Man with an M16

25 E is Transcendental

1 **This Be the Verse** – **Philip Larkin** (b. 9 Aug 1922), librarian of Hull University, possibly my favourite poet; crude, memorable, a jazz connoisseur (as well as being a miserable, misogynistic grump). When I first read his poem 'This Be the Verse' aged 15 I knew it should be the lyrics to a punk song. Now it is.



They fuck you up, your mum and dad.  
 They may not mean to, but they do.  
 They fill you with the faults they had  
 And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn  
 By fools in old-style hats and coats,  
 Who half the time were sappy-stern  
 And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.  
 It deepens like a coastal shelf.  
 Get out as early as you can,  
 And don't have any kids yourself.

2 **Bring on the Law** – **Gloria Claire Cumper**, born Carpenter (b. 1922) was a Jamaican barrister, educationist and social reformer. She was the first black woman to study at the University of Cambridge and started the first Law School in the West Indies.



You need a written affidavit that you better than an aphid  
 Don't believe no deposition in yo' compromised position  
 Caught you pants to the floor, I testify yo' a liar, No-lo-

contendere, de facto, Cos I caught you in the act-oh!

Chorus: Bring on the law! Bring on the law!  
Gonna give you what for! So bring on the law!

Baby your case gonna fall Guess you better call Saul  
You need at least a QC To plead a no-guilty plea,  
I ain't granting you parole, Yo' balls are my collateral  
Cos you guilty as Weinstein, Gonna fry you on Prime Time

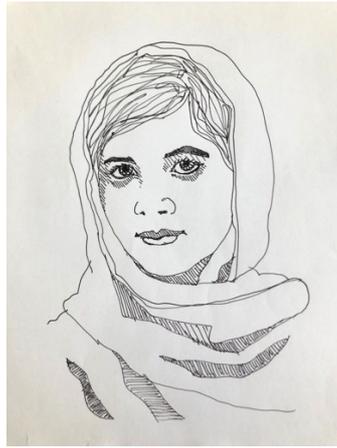
Chorus: Bring on the law! Bring on the law!  
Debellatio – de facto, Bring on the law!

Gloria Cumper accomplished barrister  
First black lady to study at Cambridge,  
Sisters, shows we can achieve anything  
From London to Jamaica, Toronto to West Indies, we

Judges, lawyers, leaders, barristers,  
Pilots, police, presidents, hod carriers  
Scientists, soldiers, sailors, detectives  
Saints and sinners, Nobel prize winners

And baby, it's true –  
We do it better than you...  
So don't think male hegemony  
Will let you fool around on me! Oh no!

**3 Raise Up Your Voice - Pandita Ramabai**, (b.23 April 1858-died 5 April 1922) Indian women's rights and education activist and **Malala Yousefzai** (b.12 July 1997). This song is a celebration of the fight for the right of all women to receive education. It is dedicated to the great Indian women's rights and education activist Pandita Ramabai who died 100 years ago on 5 April 1922 and to Malala Yousefzai, the Nobel Peace Prize winning Pakistani women's rights and education activist who will reach a quarter of a century this year. The lyrics are all adapted from Malala's inspirational speeches and her book 'I Am Malala'.



Life is dangerous  
People are afraid  
Some people stall  
Frozen by their fear  
But some step forward  
We have no choice  
We see our sisters' tears  
We listen and we hear.

And we read!  
Books show injustice  
In a way that stays with you  
And makes you feel a need to do  
Something about it.  
Books are powerful  
They spread the light  
We feel the need for light  
When all we see is darkness.

Chorus: I raise up my voice  
Not 'cos I want to shout  
But so that those without a voice  
Have the right be heard  
And we must fight on  
Not with bullets  
But with the power of peace and truth  
and books and pens and words.

Let us lift up  
Our hearts and books and pens  
These are our powerful weapons  
Extremists are afraid of them  
They thought the bullet  
Would silence us – but they failed  
Weakness and fear were killed  
Strength and love prevailed

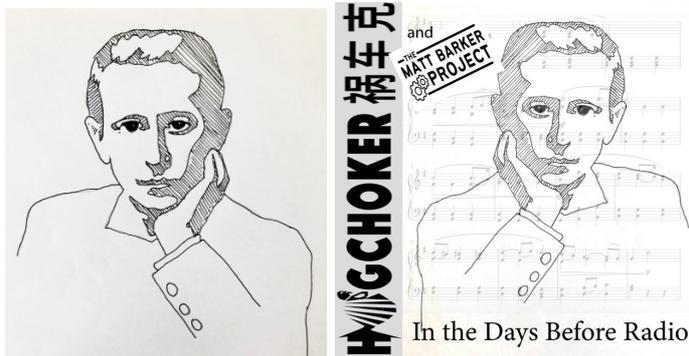
Chorus:

I raise my voice

Pandita Ramabai, Malala Yousefzai,  
They tried to hold you down  
crush your spirit  
with bullets, fear and lies

But you are stronger than fear  
They called you insignificant women  
Look at you now, you stand  
tall as the sky!

**4 In the Days Before Radio** – On Feb 15, 1922, the first regular wireless broadcasts for entertainment began on Radio 2MT, from a hut at the Marconi Company laboratories in the UK. In November Radio 2MT was renamed the British Broadcasting Company. The image behind Marconi is 'Largo' by Handel, the first song sent by radio on 24 December 1906 by Reginald Fessenden, followed by him playing Holy Night on the violin.



How can you tell your  
Lover that you love her  
When she's far away?  
Marconi's Miracle waves  
Will send your love her way

How can you ever  
Listen to the music  
Your heart longs to play?  
Marconi's Miracle waves  
Will send it your way

So what did you – used to do  
Back in the radio-less days?

You had to sit around declaring war on your neighbours  
In the days before radio  
You had to hear the latest news 40 days later  
In the days before radio

Paint your cave, carve some Stone Age models  
Entertain yourself by stacking pebbles  
In the days before radio

Learn to play banjo if you want to hear a ballad  
In the days before radio  
Find out who's king by the time their son's sworn in  
In the days before radio

Who's Top of the Pops? By the time you know  
In the days before radio  
They're playing down in Cemetery Row  
In the days before radio

**5 Crip Camp – Judy Heumann, b. 18 December 1947, 75 in 2022.**

Judy Heumann is a lifelong civil rights advocate for people with disabilities. She had [polio](#) at the age of 18 months and has used a wheelchair most of her life. The local school refused to allow her to attend, calling her a fire hazard. She went to Camp Jened, a camp for children with disabilities, known by them as 'Crip Camp', every summer from ages 9 to 18 and it was the first place her and her friends felt normal and free.

In 1970, when Heumann was denied her New York teaching license because the Board claimed she could not get herself or her students out of the building in case of fire, she sued the Board of Education, and went on to take on two Presidents of America to win equal rights for disabled people. As my dad spent much of his life fighting for disabled rights and equality it's a song that's close to my heart.



The polios were always seen as the best  
I guess because they looked the normalest  
Us CPs were crouched down below the tree

Couldn't even be on the lowest tree limb  
I'm not even talking metaphorical things

Even at Crip Camp there was hierarchy

But at Crip Camp, Judy treated me like a king  
Like a person, not a thing  
At least something like a human being

So don't talk about me as if I'm not there  
Don't talk to my carer, I wanna share  
My own thoughts - but I'm not even seen

You're all so busy, keeping me safe  
You never ask me what I want to say  
Or think or do - you're scared you'll get the blame

Well I wanna get drunk, and I wanna get laid  
Want a fuck-you punk band, and I want to play  
Guitar - I might be crippled, but I am not lame!

Chorus: Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa - down at Crip Camp

We were locked up, hidden, neglected, beaten,  
Shut up wards, penned up, weakened  
Like mindless cattle corralled, the whole herd

At meals spoon fed 3 minutes, ignored  
We didn't have hands that could hold our own forks  
We were unseen, unwanted, unwatered, unfed and unheard

Well Judy was a warrior, Judy had no fear  
Judy was a lawyer and Judy was a seer  
She saw a future where our freedom could be found

Judy was a punk, she wouldn't play by the rules  
Wouldn't be constrained by society's views  
Wouldn't let a twisted metal birdcage wheelchair keep her down

Well for you every door has always been open  
You've no idea how it feels to be broken  
From birth - but you won't turn the key

To let us exist in society  
As an almost equal, does it make you feel uneasy  
Does it lower your worth? Does it make you feel less free?

Chorus: Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa - down at Crip Camp

But at crip camp we were just a bunch of teens  
Who liked to dance and make out and dream  
And get drunk and get high and try to be free

Halloween Party 1966  
We went out on the town, No-one saw us as crips  
'Cos everyone was looking as fucking weird as we  
And I felt, maybe, we can be in this society.

The Bill of Rights, section 504  
Tricky Dicky Nixon threw it out the door  
He was anti-commie, anti-socialism  
And anti-anti-discrimination.

So we took the streets and we took ourselves  
And our twisted limbs up off the shelves  
And out into the daylight, and it was a revelation!

Well Carter and Califano kept blocking the bill  
So we took over the San Fran government hall  
'Be grateful you're American, Now go home' is what they said.

'We can't afford to help We've got bombs to buy  
Vietnamese peasants we must blow to the sky'  
And we knew, like those peasants, The world wants us silent or dead.

We took over their buildings FBI cut the phones  
The deaf signed messages Out the windows  
They blocked our medicine and food  
But we refused to leave.

Black Panthers bought us breakfasts And meals every day  
I said, 'why are you doing this? It's not your war to wage'  
They said, 'You want to make this world a better place  
And so do we.'

Chorus: Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa - down at Crip Camp

Gonna wheel wheel wheel ourselves up to your parliament  
Stick your veto right up your firmament  
Disabled in Action and we're gonna camp right here –

Lady and the ramp, you hear!

25 of us left the San Fran melee  
We flew all the way to Washington, DC,  
Judy led the charge right into the head of state

Carter and Caifano sneaked out the back door  
Police tried to arrest us for breaking the law  
But we locked ourselves in for as long as it would take

We barricaded ourselves inside  
more afraid of disappointing Judy, than of the FBI  
Judy said 'Hold fast, it's do or die'

Sleeping rough on the floor, us crips got more unwell  
But the press began to build into a mighty swell  
Against gov'n indifference, and cruelty

Chorus: Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa badabadaba  
Bababaa - down at Crip Camp

It was more damaging politically to die on TV  
Than to pass the bill allowing us to society  
So Carter signed The Bill of Rights, section 504

The biggest minority group in the USA  
For the first time in history will have a say  
To be treated equally under the law.

And we can be heard, and we can make a fuss  
When you build a building, you must first think of us  
Happy Birthday Judy, we love you, more and more!

**6 Adolfo and Omar (Get Up Off the Mat Tango) - Omar Blebel (b. 4 March 1922) and Adolfo Ramirez (b. 25 March 1922)**

Argentina's greatest wrestlers of their time, both competed in 1948 and 52 Olympics. Both won gold medals in their categories in the 1951 Pan American Games and Omar also won again in 1955. Get up off the mat, like Adolfo and Omar!



The way you walk, like you know that  
You've got something to prove  
Makes them want to pile-drive your skull into dust  
They all want you to lose  
You'll be lucky, much more than simply lucky  
To even get out of here alive  
This ain't a tag-team, and it's certainly not cricket  
no- one is on your side

Who do you think you are? Adolfo and Omar?  
Want to take on all the world, wrestle it to the floor, oh

Chorus: Quien pienses que eres? Adolfo y Omarcito  
Quieren matarte asi, como un rabioso perrito

Cuando el mundo te arrastra  
Hacia abajo  
Y el veneno de la vida te muerde  
Tienes que luchar desde el suelo

You gonna headlock this city? Gonna pin it right down  
With your double head slam Hogchoker you think you gonna amaze us  
Puddles holding you aloft like you're lighter than Jesus

Who do you think you are? Adolfo and Omarcito?  
Twin towers, the size of Acocagua  
Poderos y despacitos

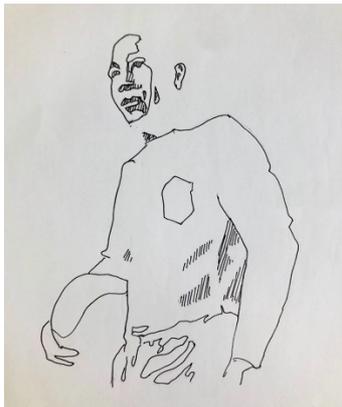
Chorus:

But they don't want you here, they keep putting you down  
Lock you in a half-nelson, crush your face in the ground  
Choke-slam your ambitions, and break both your arms  
They plan to power-slam you into the concrete, leave you spineless as steak tartar

Get up off the matt! Like Adolfo and Omar

Lock your worries and fears into a Pentagonam Choker  
Get up off the mat! Be Adolfo and Omar  
Tie your insecurities into an Argentine Backbreaker  
Get up! Get up! Like Adolfo and Omar  
Put your fear into a hammer lock, flying head scissors  
Get up off the mat! Be Adolfo and Omar  
Hit the haters with a dragon whip, koronco head buster  
A somersault senton, double slap rolling Hogchoker

**7 Black Arrow – Gil Saint Elmo Heron** (9 April 1922) A Jamaican professional footballer, he was the first black footballer to play for Glasgow club Celtic and was the father of, perhaps my favourite poet and singer, Gil Scott Heron. He scored on his debut for Celtic on 18 August 1951 in a League Cup tie against Morton, earning the nickname "The Black Arrow". He met the singer Bobbie Scott in Chicago, but left for Scotland before their son, Gil Scott Heron was born. Like his son, he also became a published poet. Excelled at boxing, cricket, running and other sports, but was an absent, shite father.



Faster than the wind through an arrow's flight  
Racing down the flank onto centre right  
Shoot the ball harder than a cannon ball  
Burst into the night and it's another goooaaal!

Black Arrow! Black Arrow!

Brought the first shades of black to the Scottish green  
Boxing, running, cricket, loving, he's on every team  
Fathered the father of rap, poet of his generation, revelation  
It will not be televised this football revelation

Black Arrow! Black Arrow!

They call him Black Flash,  
The Black Arrow he crash  
Through defences, the fences they fall,  
They defenceless when he shoots with a smash! Crash! Bash!

Like an arrow he shoots  
Going straight for the loot! (he got the golden boot)  
Like Saint Elmo's fire  
He sets the stadium alight – burning higher!

**8 Year of the Tiger** – Yup, it's the Year of the Tiger again!



How many moons have crossed the sky  
Hanging over us tonight  
Like some fair-skinned beauty's parasol

Since the Hundred Schools of Thought  
Since Siddhartha Gautama  
Since the Gardens of Babylon

How many suns have set  
Sinking softly in the west  
Like so many ships been lost at sea

Since we sang the hero's fall  
Since the emperor built the wall  
Since the Garden of Gethsemane

How many things have changed  
How much has stayed the same  
To bring us here tonight  
As the sky explodes with light

**9 Million Dollar Legs** – **Cyd Charisse** (b. Mar 8 1922)

American dancer and actress (Singin' in the Rain), born in Amarillo, Texas (d. 2008) Danced with Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire who called her 'beautiful dynamite... when Cyd danced with you, you stayed danced with good'. She was the first performer to insure a part of her body for over a million dollars, insuring her legs for two. Tricky Dicky Nixon was a great admirer of her physique and her Republican politics.



It wasn't all singing but it wasn't all rain,  
She leapt on the bandwagon and danced across Broadway  
Only she could compare Kelly with Fred Astaire  
She danced circles round both, they ran hands through her hair.

If smoke gets in your eyes, she'd say blink it away  
Wraps her legs round your waist, you'll forgive anything  
She was beautiful dynamite, silk womanhood  
And if Cyd danced with you, you stayed danced with good.

Tula Finklea, you're a slayer  
Tula Finklea, ahh!  
Tula Finklea, you're a slayer  
Tula Finklea, deep in my heart

With her million dollar legs  
She had million dollar legs

It's always Fair Weather when you're in Brigadoon  
Meet Me in Saint Louis, Two Weeks in Another Town  
But it's not always easy when your legs are worth gold  
With Empire State Murders, Assassination in Rome

Silk Stockings, Black Tights, you're so Easy to Love  
Richard Nixon adored you, his Republican dove  
You were a Kissing Bandit, with a Renegade Mark,  
In Twilight of the Gods Hudson was Deep in your Heart.

### **10 Every Day is a Carnival - Luiz Bonfa (b. 17 Oct 1922)**

Written for my wife, Jana, about a trip to Brazil while we were living in Peru. It was the first time I'd heard the beautiful bossa nova guitar of Luiz Bonfa or drunk caipirinhas and I am still a great fan of both. And of my wife.



Our first time on Copacabana  
Caipirinhas in a beachside bar  
Watching Brazilian bodies tan  
The beautiful girls from Ipanema

Lying naked on a mattress  
In a penthouse, the air like cream  
Feels we're breathing caracol soup  
Floating in some submarine dream

Clinging so close we're bleeding sweat  
into one another's pores  
'Amanazar de Carnival' plays  
Every day I love you more.

Chorus: When I'm with you  
Every day is a carnival!  
Every day is a song!  
Every day is our first kiss!  
Every day is a carnival!

You tell me: He was born in the outskirts of Rio  
To the song of palms and surf  
He travelled 6 hours every week  
Bare foot on the sun cobbled dirt

To his guitar tutor in Santa Theresa  
Who knew this child couldn't pay  
But Savio saw his spark  
and taught him anyway

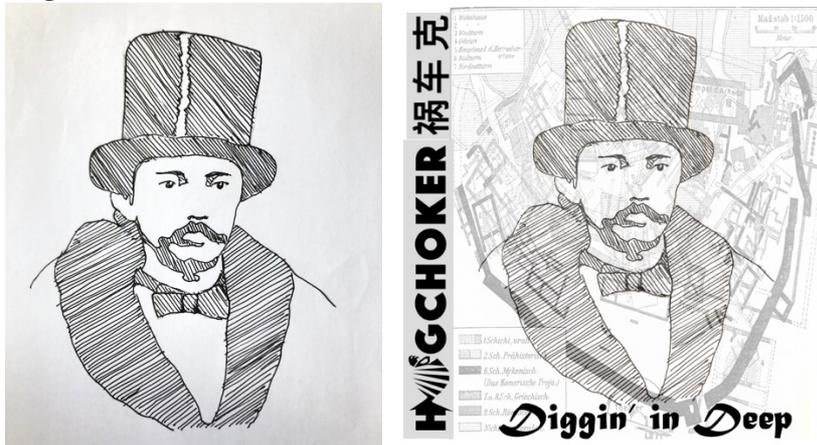
You know so much more than me  
Bonfa's 'Amanazar de Carnival' plays  
I can't speak a word of your native tongue  
But I love you more each day

Chorus: When I'm with you  
Every day is a carnival!  
Every day is a song!  
Every day is our first kiss!  
Every day is a carnival!

Every day is a carnival!  
Every day I adore!  
Luiz Bonfá plays like heaven  
Every day I love you more

### 11 Diggin' in Deep - Heinrich Schliemann (b. 6 Jan 1822)

German, self-funded, amateur archaeologist who kept following the clues from The Iliad to become one of the discoverers of the site of Ancient Troy. Lost a few archaeological fans by using dynamite to excavate the site. His original map of Troy is printed behind him on the single.



Schliemann was no layman  
He would dig in dirt all day, man  
He would never rest or play, man  
Cause he had something to say, man.

Chorus: Diggin' in deep, diggin' in deep  
Dig it!  
Diggin' in deep, diggin' in deep

Digging was his joy, man  
Happy as a little boy, man  
With his trowel, his favourite toy, man  
Till that day that he found Troy, man

Chorus:

He didn't play no billiard  
He didn't make a milliard  
Clever, not a silly ass,

He learnt it from the Illiad.

Schliemann was no hoi polloi  
He had his plans, he had his ploys  
And yet he always had no joy, man

He dug the Greeks, he dug with joy,  
Dug deep till he discovered Troy  
Suddenly, the Golden Boy, man

Chorus:

So dig in deep to what you love  
Don't give up till you've got enough  
Believe it when you know your stuff  
When doubters doubt, you call their bluff,

Chorus: Keep diggin' in deep, diggin' in deep – dig it!  
Diggin' in deep, diggin' in deep.

### 12 **Nikolai Basov (could lazer your face off)** (b. 2 April 1922)

Soviet physicist who specialized in quantum electronics (lasers and maser) and won the 1964 Nobel Prize. Fought on the Ukrainian Front, shoulder to shoulder with his Ukrainian brothers, against the Nazis in the Second World War. Sad and ironic today.



From fighting the Nazis in the Second World War  
To the Nobel Prize in 1964  
It was quite a journey for young Nikolai  
His quantum electronics making light that could fry

Uh huh huh – uh – huh (Nikolai Basov)

On the Ukranian Front the cold would make blood freeze  
Turn your tears to ice, bring a man to his knees  
Nicolay steadied his rifle, he had to push through  
There were so many things he knew that he had to do

Uh huh huh – uh – huh (Nikolai Basov)

The war was finally over, he fought through hard times  
To share the Nobel Prize with Prokhorov and Hard Townes

Made a molecular oscillator based on ammonia  
Population inversion through quantum insertion  
Of inhomogeneous electro-magnetic fields  
With his three-level laser and coherent light yields

With his laser and maser he'll phase and amaze yer  
The strength of invention, but watch out for the danger!

Uh huh huh – uh – huh

Nicolay Basov could laser yer face off –  
Nicolay Basov could laser yer face off, yeah

---

### 13 **Wild Roses - Morten Nielsen** (b. Jan. 3, 1922)

Morten Nielsen was a Danish poet who was killed during a weapons drop-off in 1944 while fighting for the Danish Resistance against the Nazis. He published only one collection of poetry during his short life, *Warriors without Weapons* (1943), and many of the lyrics of this song are taken from his poem *Moment*.



Wild roses in day-long rain  
And the train has stopped,  
And the panes are streaming  
With dazzling rain-gleam

Diagonal streaks of light  
And the rose bushes' wild glow  
In the wet and green.

Happily great and straightforward our lives will be –  
The seconds open up like a long memory:  
Paths on the moors, leading straight from you to me  
Girls' voices and the sea.

I taste them on my tongue  
The vanished summers...  
The kiss of years long gone  
Cool, rainfilled happiness

Wild roses  
In day-long rain,  
Panes streaming  
In the wet and green.

What marks the moment  
Wild youth will shake it's head  
Fate howl it's gaping maw wide  
In dizzying accident

The howling thunder roars  
The monstrous anger of our times  
And stars fall into coldness  
Beyond the frozen hand of space or time

Wild roses in day-long rain  
And the train has stopped,  
And the panes are streaming  
With dazzling rain-gleam

Diagonal streaks of light  
And the rose bushes' wild glow  
In the wet and green.

---

**14 Professor of Harmony – Henry Wylde** (born in Bushey, in Herts, 27 May, 1822)  
Gentleman composer of church organ music. I liked that he was appointed 'Professor of Harmony' but mostly I was just playing with words on this one over Tom's electronic backing.



Henry Wylde, the mild self-styled  
gentlemanly conductor, composer,  
notes all filed in a leather-bound file,  
a folding folder, the gold soundz holder

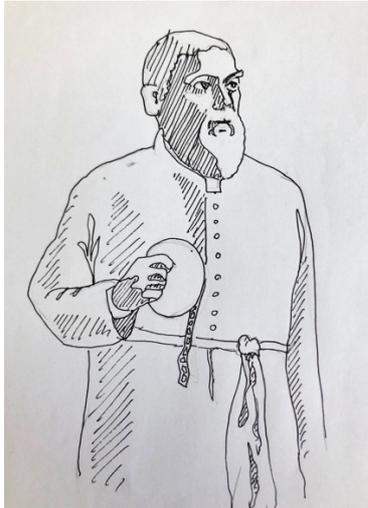
the golden sounds it's proposed he composed  
he disclosed the enclosed to his church, unopposed  
he transposed the supposed golden sounds with renown  
on the choral organ found down in his hometown

Born in the heart of a bush, in Bushey, in Herts,  
though they say Wylde was not wild at heart  
from the start he preferred to defer to the pure Monseigneur  
Ciprani who blithely concurred as he lured his tutee on to be  
the Academy's appointee as Professor of Harmoneeeeey

Hen-ery Wylde did you long to go wild  
To break free from the church, to swim nude in the sea?  
Oh, Hen-ery Wylde were you happy to be  
A mild Victorian child, Professor of Harmony?

#### 15 **Hannibal Goodwin, Episcopal Priest** – (b. 21 April 1822)

He was indeed an Episcopal priest and also an inventor. He invented flexible, transparent film roll with a nitrocellulose base, revolutionising filmmaking. To further his research he had a 6 foot hole cut in the roof of his house to let more light in for developing film. It presumably also got a bit wet.



Hannibal Goodwin, Episcopal priest  
Who patented a method for making film, at least,  
The kind that you find in Edison's Kinetoscope  
Flexible projectable it really was the dope

Flexible transparent film roll, that was cool!  
Nitro-cellulose base, he knew what to do, so true

Cut a 6 foot hole right through his roof, it's the truth  
To let sunlight in and develop his proofs

Hannibal Williston Goodwin, should win  
A prize for the eyes of the footloose footmen  
Who'd watch through the books of a God long dead, man  
Died from pneumonia and a broken leg, man

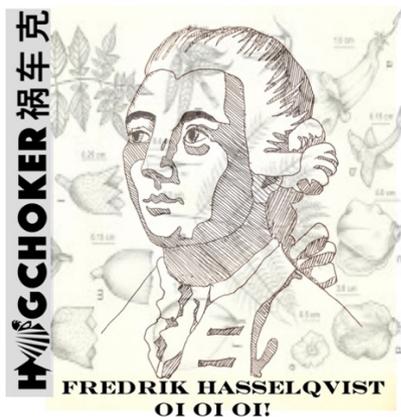
His patent won 5 million bucks from Eastman  
That's the man who set up Kodak film in the East land  
His patent won 5 million bucks from Eastman  
Unfortunately, 14 years after he deceased, man

Flexible transparent film roll, that was cool!  
Nitrocellulose base, he knew what to do, so true  
Cut a 6 foot hole right through his roof, it's the truth  
To let sunlight in and develop his proofs

Hannibal Goodwin, Episcopal priest  
Who patented a method for making film, at least,  
The kind that you find in Edison's Kinetoscope  
Flexible projectable it really was the dope

#### 16 **Fredrik Hasselqvist Oi Oi Oi** – (b. 3 Jan 1722)

Tri-centenary of Sweden's Fredrik Hasselqvist. Tragic protegee of Carl Linnaeus who travelled the Middle East to identify and name flora and fauna, died young before returning home and had a gecko named after him.



Studied Uni, Uppsala,  
Mentored by Carl Linnaeus  
Travelled to Asia Minor,  
Levant, Egypt, and Cypress

Fred-erik Hasselqvist – Oi oi oi!

Collected Natural History

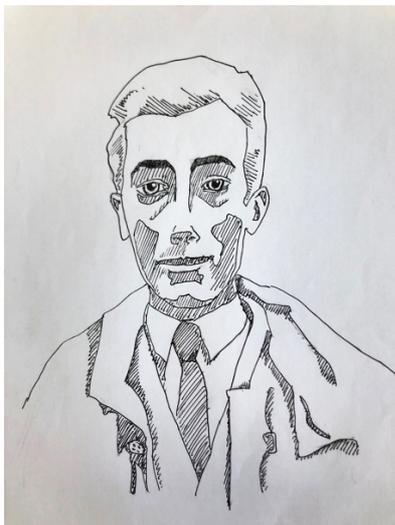
Sent home labeled botany  
Travels published, great acclaim  
Died 'fore he got home again

Fred-erik Hasselqvist – Oi oi oi!  
Ptyodactylus hasselquistii  
Fan-foot gecko named for he!

### 17 Put Your Dukes Up, Neville - Neville Duke (b. 11 January, 1922)

'Put Your Dukes Up Neville' celebrates the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday of Neville Duke, a British fighter ace in WWII, who took his 32<sup>nd</sup> plane on 7 September 1944 aged 22, with 27 clean hits, 2 shared, 1 probable and 2 planes destroyed on the ground. After the war he became one of the world's foremost test pilots, breaking the world air speed record in 1957 when he flew a Hawker Hunter at 727.63 mph. While flying with his wife, aged 85, he suffered a seizure but still safely landed the plane, climbed out of the cockpit and dropped dead from an aneurysm.

The pen and ink sketch of Neville Duke shows him in his flying jacket and the image behind him on the single is, of course, the original design of his plane of choice – the Spitfire.



Shot down 27  
From a burning sky  
Took the air speed record  
With a battle cry

He was the Luftwaffe's bane,  
Swatted them down like flies  
Still flying as a pilot  
Aged 85

Put your dukes up, Neville  
Reach for the skies!

Put your dukes up, Neville  
Gonna punch out Hitler's lights

Put your dukes up, Neville  
You gonna fly high  
Neville put your dukes up!  
Alright.

Birdman

### 18 Ujamaa – Julius Nyerere (b. 13 April 1922)

Julius was one of 25 surviving children of Nyerere Burito, chief of the Zanaki people. Tanzanian anti-colonialist and Prime Minister, President, leader of independence and unification with Zanzibar. He coined the term 'ujamaa' to mean socialist African brotherhood, the whole continent working together to defeat colonialization and create an African commonwealth. The song is largely made up of his slogans and sayings and is heavily indebted to the sound of another great African leader, Fela Kuti.



How do unite a nation? Not only a nation  
How do unite a nation? Not only a nation  
But a whole continent - after colonisation  
But a whole continent - after colonisation

(Ujamaa!) How do you make separate tribes a Pan African Federation?

(Ujamaa!) Can we work as a team? Form African socialism?

(Ujamaa!) To help every person join in unification?

(Ujamaa!) Nyerere almost did it, Arusha Declaration

(Ujamaa!) (Ujamaa!) (Ujamaa!) (Ujamaa!)

Nationalisation...Nyerere Father of the Nation...

Ujamaaaaah! One nation!

When can we join into one celebration?

Without unity, there is no future... for Africa

Without unity, there is no future... Ujamaa!

Without unity, there is no future... for Africa

Without unity, there is no future... Ujamaa!

Godless men would make the colour of a man's skin  
The measure of his rights  
Godless men would make the colour of a man's skin  
The measure of his rights

Democracy and socialism are rooted in our culture  
Democracy and socialism are rooted in our culture  
Democracy is not an imported bottle of Coca-cola  
Democracy is more than a bottle of American Coca-cola  
Unity will not make us rich, but it makes it harder  
For the African people to be humiliated and disregarded

My people slave on hands and knees  
So the owners can hog a banquet  
My people slave on hands and knees  
To lick the crumbs off the carpet

We don't need white man to teach us democracy  
It is the beating heart of our community

Education is not a key to let us flee from penury  
It is the weapon to fight the plight of poverty  
Education will not let us magically escape poverty  
Education is the weapon we'll use to fight relentlessly

Time is now! - Give us corn to eat  
Time is now! - Give us bread and meat  
Time is now! - Give us back our voice  
Time is now! - Give us our vote  
Time is now! - Give us fire  
Time is now! - Give us fuel for our ire  
Time is now! – Let us work together  
Time is now! – Sister and brother  
Time is now! – Africans must help one another  
Time is now! – Africa as one together

We spoke as if we'd make utopias  
Given opportunity  
Instead self-government gives us tools  
To create injustice, even tyranny

### **19 After Larkin – Philip Larkin (b. 9 Aug 1922)**

This is written from the point of view of a virginal school girl studying Larkin and admitting to being rather turned on by his ponderings on 'pill or diaphragm' and mentions of 'tuberous cock and balls'.



They fuck you up, your English teachers,  
And they mean to, it's absurd,  
Reading verse, such sordid vocab  
You'd be expelled, using such words.

So the dangerous romance of Byron lacked  
The balding trout, Hull Uni campus  
But his contraceptive ponderings  
Gave to me a certain dampness.

The what has never but may yet come  
Shares kinship with what will not be,  
No happy slide I rode upon  
But I desired it desperately.

Chorus: The ritual woundings, tuberous cock and balls,  
Had on me an effect some may think barking:  
But in those years between when sex began  
For him and for me, it's crazy, but I was after Larkin.

I'd never trembling sat, but  
We'd share joy beneath Bleaney's quilt,  
Fantasised 'bout fumbled tumbles,  
Both uncertain, unfulfilled.

Planned our reading habits, we'd read  
Porn and poems 'til half blind,  
He'd dedicate me bitter love verse  
Words not untrue, nor unkind.

Chorus: The ritual woundings, tuberous cock and balls,  
Had on me an effect some may think barking:  
But in those years between when sex began  
For him and for me, it's crazy, but I was after Larkin.

I was after Larkin.

## 20 Murdering Nurse - Catherine Wilson (b. 1822)

I couldn't find any picture for Catherine Wilson, though I did date a girl of the same name but with a rather sweeter disposition. I drew a generic, pretty nurse with skull-like the Day of the Dead make-up we wore for the album launch. She was a nurse who looked after aging patients, persuaded them to name her in their will, then bumped them off, usually with the poison colchicine. She was tried but released and killed 7 more before she was arrested again. She became quite a *cause celebre* and over 20,000 came to watch her hang in London.



I suckle up your medicine  
Although it makes me worse  
Your hand upon my forehead is no blessing, it's a curse  
But I don't want to leave your touch, until I travel in a hearse  
I'm addicted to your remedies, my sweet murdering nurse.

1,2,3,4,5,6,7 gulp  
1,2,3,4,5,6,7 gone

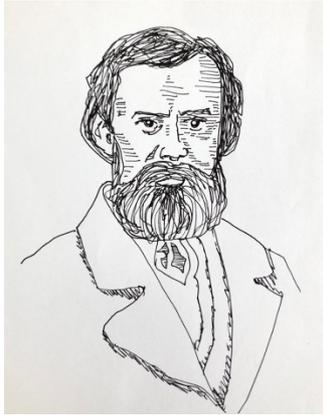
Your kisses burn but I know I'm safe  
Till you have my signature, I have your patience  
The will you slide towards my pillow  
I'll stay my hand, and stay your patient

They freed you once, the gentle public  
To Judge Bramwell's shock and surprise  
But seven more bodies brought you back  
The jurors ruled for your demise

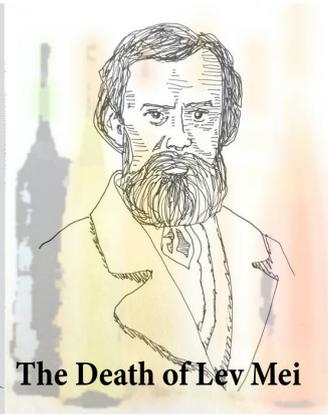
20,000 saw you hang,  
The show of the season and you were the star  
The last woman publicly hanged in London  
And what a finale! What an honour!

## 21 The Death of Lev Mei (b. 13 Feb 1822)

'The Death of Lev Mei' celebrates the 200<sup>th</sup> birthday of Lev Aleksandrovich Mei, Russian dramatist, poet, heavy drinker and brawler, whose celebrated works were almost all turned into operas by Rimsky Korsakov. Born in February, 1822 and died only 40 years later as a result of his love of alcohol.



祸车克  
GCHOKER



The Death of Lev Meï

Oh let's all drink  
To the death of Meï Lev  
He could knock back a bottle  
Before breakfast had left

He would grin as he knocked back  
Each glass through the day  
With wit and a spark,  
Lev Aleksandrovich Meï

A bohemian lay about  
A poet and playwright  
A dissolute, wasted lout  
But a writer of insight

Seducing his students  
He'd laugh at their follies  
He was forced to retire  
When he punched out his colleagues

The Tsar's Bride, Servilia,  
The Maid of Pskov  
His works all turned opera  
By Rimsky-Korsakov

His words take silvered wing  
From his vodka gilded tongue  
Lift you up to the heavens  
Then pop! They are gone

So raise up a glass  
To the artistic mind  
Always the outsider  
Whatever the times

To cry like a poet

Leaves a man short of breath  
So let's all drink  
To the death of Mei Lev

He'll reverse your vision,  
Turn night into day  
So let us all drink  
To the death of Lev Mei

**22 The Killer – Samuel Greene** (b. 1796, executed 25 April 1822)

American Counterfeiter, horse thief, burglar, swindler and serial killer. He was the first criminal to be named 'America's Most Wanted'. Just before he was hanged the priest asked him if he repented of his sins. He shrugged and replied, "If you wish it".



She'd got such pretty pink nails, such pretty white teeth  
Glistening red tongue which slipped underneath  
Her eyes called me, said could I sit by her side?  
Venus fly trap eye lash; "If you wish it" she sighed

You don't run horses or use marked cards  
Your alibi is always a work of art  
They've never found the victims of your gruesome past  
You kill with pleasure, my Madam de Sade,

But I have felt your cold blade start  
To pierce my skin, and I know in your heart  
You're a... killer!

You've left me bleeding like butchered meat  
Can't hardly breath, my heart missed a beat  
The men who loved you lie at your feet  
But your blade is drawn and it's sticking in deep

Yes, I have felt that cold blade start  
To pierce my skin, and I know in your heart  
You're a... killer!

'Cos in your mind you're full insane  
Miss Dorian Grey freed from the frame  
Your face is angelic but your heart is mean  
You got the mind of Samuel Green

After the heists of hearts you've fronted  
Men look at you like you're America's Most Wanted  
Face of an angel, heart of a guillotine  
You've got the mind of Samuel Green

You don't run horses or use marked cards  
Your alibi is always a work of art  
You've never found the victims of my gruesome past  
'Je pense donc je meurtre,' et tu, Descartes

Yes, I have felt that cold blade start  
To pierce the skin, I know in your heart  
You are a... killer!

### ***Bonus Tracks***

**23 Sleeping with the Enemy** – (b. 11 Nov 1922) **George Blake**, spy.

I'm on a mission to find out all I can  
About the inner machinations of my fellow man  
I got my briefing handed down from control  
I'm gonna meet up with my contact gotta find the mole  
Deep under cover behind enemy lines  
And my comrades back on base they only want me for my mind

(So now I'm)  
Sleeping with the enemy  
(A traitor to the cause)

The femme fatale with the inquisitive eyes  
She's digging deep into the details of my alibis  
I missed that safehouse rendez vous late last night  
And the word is out among the brass that something's not right  
I watch my back I'm sure I'm sensing a trap  
Cause I think I'm being followed and I know my phone is tapped

(They know I'm)  
Sleeping with the enemy  
(A traitor to my kind)

24 **They Love a Man with an M16** – (b. 22 Nov 1922) **Eugene Stoner**, gun manufacturer.

Give me your poor, huddled masses  
Set them up in a line  
Then knock them down like tin cans  
It feels so fine, fine, fine

I'm always hard when you need me,  
Never limp or prostrate  
Ejaculating hot lead  
I always penetrate

They love a big man with an M16

I love the morning school run  
I make an impression on teens  
A deep, bleeding incision  
That haunts your bitterest dreams

You're just a frightened child raised  
On Fox news murder and hate  
Need to protect your family,  
Your homeland and race

They love a big man with an M16

Stoner, wid yer boner for hot pulsing steel rods,  
Makes you a man with your impotent wad  
Stoner's got a boner, for his ArmaLite  
M16, shoot you down on sight.

No-one calls you an asshole  
When you're holding a gun  
Or questions your sexuality  
Or ever makes fun

Oh, you're a real man's he man  
You don't never run  
Cos no-one calls you an asshole  
When you're holding a gun

Bababa baaa – I need some more of your hot lead love

---

25 **E is Transcendental** – (b. 24 Dec 1822) **Charles Hermite**, mathematician who created the formula that proved E is transcendental. I'm not sure E had the same meaning as in my clubbing days, but it had to be a rave track.

Sometimes you need a big heart  
To support a big brain  
The kicks the pricks give you,  
The taunts and the shame

You turn it inside,  
look into your pain  
To create crazy theories  
That could drive one insane

Living life in your notebooks  
Un casa de papel  
Till the equations and theories  
And problems all fell

Locked in towers of hypotheses  
They said you were mental  
Till you done the sums that prove that  
E's transcendental

Get mental!

He couldn't dance much, but you couldn't get much higher  
When they named the Hermite crater on the moon in his honour,  
He never leapt and laughed and danced and shook like someone mental,  
Yet he was the man who proved that E is transcendental.