

Program

The Show Must Go On ('74) Amy Babbs (on)

The Marilyn Mirage ('74)

Yin & Yang ('72) Amy Babbs (on)

Drag Queen ('73)

Tighter ('75)

Change For A Dying Queen ('75)

They Wanna ('77)

What Does It Do To You ('77) Amy (Back)

Charity ('86)

Macho Blues ('77)

The Song of the Islands ('78)

Pink Cupcakes ('77) → (all sing)

INTERMISSION

Rimbaud ('78)

Rhinestone Stockings ('78)

The Black Question ('84)

Middle Clash ('82)

Soul ('84)

Max Factor ('78)

The Cocktail Waitress Song ('82) Amy (Back)

Worried ('86)

Born Again ('87)

Lady Lib ('73)

Anonymous Me ('87)

Anonymously Yours ('87)

Victorian Queen ('78)

Love ('77)

Lavender Balloon ('77)

Amy  
Bridget



MASTER OF CERAMONIES:

GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND WELCOME TO THE HOT PEACHES REVUE. WE'VE GOT THRILLS, WE'VE GOT CHILLS, AND - FOR YOUR VERY OWN PERSONAL BENEFIT - WE'VE GOT FRILLS TO TICKLE YOUR FICKLE-FATED FANCY FOLKS: OUR CHORUS LINE OF ANGELS, THOSE HEAVENLY BEAUTIES, THOSE CELESTIAL BODIES, THE FABULOUS PEACHETTES.

**W E G E T D I D**

(Arabian flute music as the PEACHETTES enter)

YES LADIES AND GENTS, THEY WIGGLE, THEY GIGGLE, THEY DANCE ON THEIR BELLIES; STARTING WITH EVE, NATURALLY, AND THEN ANTOINETTE, AND THE YOUNGEST OF THE LOT, YES, SANTA, THERE IS A VIRGINIA. AND HERE THEY ARE TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.

"THE SHOW MUST GO ON"

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

by J. Camicia

THOUGH I THINK YOU'RE HEAVEN IF YOU ASK ME OUT AT SEVEN

I'LL SAY 'NO. I'VE GOT A SHOW.

WHEN THAT CURTAIN GOES UP I DON'T MEAN TO TURN MY NOSE UP

BUT YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT A SHOW.

THOUGH I THINK YOUR DIAMONDS ARE DIVUNE

AND I KNOW YOU PROMISE ME THE MOON

THE FACT IS:

IRREGARDLESS THE SHOW MUST GO ON

I'VE BEEN AT THIS THING FROM DUSK 'TIL DAWN

I GAVE UP MY DATE

I GAVE UP MY MATE.

MAUL ME, BALL ME, YOU CAN'T STALL ME WHEN

TWO, THREE,

THOSE FOOTLIGHTS CALL ME.

GET RID OF YOUR MARYS AND YOUR JOHNS

EVEN CON YOUR FAVORITE DON JUAN.

CALL THE MUSES, GET THE GODS

DISREGARD THOSE RISKY ODDS

SHINE OR SNOW THE SHOW MUST STILL GO ON.

Yes 2's + 6's here they are  
The Facts:  
Amy! It's 1988 it's N.Y.C and it's late down to  
jolie reality: Christ I hope I remember all my things  
The ending: I go all to Fab darling  
Baby Girl: it's Amy, we are driven

Babs  
Julia  
Everyone  
Amy  
Everyone  
Julia  
Everyone



Music

Slow Must

like

M.C.

YES LADIES AND GENTS, THERE IS BOOZE AT THE BAR, STARS ON THE STAGE AND A MOTIVE TO OUR MADNESS. THIS EVENINGS SHOW WILL BE PERFORMED IN TWO GRAPHIC ACTS. THE FIRST IS THE A.M. ACT; BRIGHT, CHATTY, A COUPLE OF CHUCKLES, AND A RAY OF SUNSHINE OR TWO SUPPLIED BY OUR LIGHT TECHNICIAN.

THE SECOND IS THE P.M. ACT AND THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE OF TWO THINGS: SEX OR SLEEP AND THE MANAGEMENT FROWNS UPON SNORING IN THE HOUSE, SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. SEX. AH, YES, I REMEMBER IT WELL. AND, TONIGHT, LS & GS, RIGHT HERE, ON THIS VERY STAGE, SO TO SPEAK, WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT FOR YOU NOT SIMULATED, BUT REAL, LIVE, CEREBRAL SEX ACTS WHICH WILL HURL YOU INTO THE OUTER LIMITS OF PSYCHOTIC ECSTASY - AND FURTHER IF YOU STOP TO THINK ABOUT IT.

*(Runs out H.H.)*

Marilyn Heivage (74)



MARILYN MIRAGE

1974

One day I'm going ✓ ✓ - a beautiful blond  
to be A STAR,  
Who becomes famous as a bombshell.

Then, when all the world wants me, wants my body,

I'll become serious.

I'll become an actress.

I'll take courses with Stravinsky and

They'll all say I can't act, and I'll love it.

But I'll pretend it hurts.

I'll have a nervous breakdown and they'll love me for that.

Me the person.

And then, when they love me the person, and me the body;

I'll become confused,

Unable to understand why they won't accept my talent.

Then I'll turn to booze or drugs or something.

And when my looks go,

And my body is wracked and ruined they'll all say —

What an actress!

What an entertainer!

What a star!

M.C.

SO LIGHT UP, DRINK UP AND JUST SAY 'YES', OR IF YOU'RE  
FEELING INTERNATIONAL, C'EST OUI. AND NOW, ON WITH THE  
SHOW. MUSIC, MEASTRO, IF YOU PLEASE.

(a little music)

1972. 135 dollars gets me a 3 flight walk up on East 13th  
Street with the tub in the kitchen. I work as a typist for  
150 a week and I do shows at night in any space I can get  
hold of: someone's loft, defunct clubs, church halls - you  
name it, I took it.

*Get up*  
*Niddle*  
*get up*  
*to the*  
[The big thing in ~~the~~ East Village right now is androgyny.

Everybody's talking about it so I want to put it into a  
show but I don't know what the hell it is. I call up John  
Hayes because his hair is longer than anyone elses and he  
spelled it out for me.

"YIN & YANG" ('72)



Music (B. H. B. St Du Schou)

hulie

street transvestite

Lady L

S.T.A.R. Street Transvestite Activists

revolutionaries? I don't know I can't explain, But I just don't  
think I could get into it. Black Liberation is more my style.

For now I still go to women's lib meetings. But right now  
I'm really into G. L. The meetings are really  
boring. And remember that Indian guy

we met at the women's lib meetings last week.  
He goes to see

Lady

Star. Street

M.C.

1973: For 150 a month I rent a small loft in Chelsea.  
Half of it is filled with theater seats. The other half  
doubles as a stage and my bedroom, and the toilet is out in  
the hall. I'm typing part time <sup>DURING the DAY.</sup> in mid-town  
offices. <sup>^</sup> On the sly, I write about the people I'm  
meeting at night.

Fantasy ('73)

"DRAG QUEEN" ('73)



DRAG QUEEN SUPERSTAR

Honey  
There's only one way to make it out of the pits.  
Take your fantasy and make it real.  
Be whatever you feel inside  
And don't let nobody stop you.  
Because as long as you play their rolls,  
They'll only push you deeper into the hole.  
I tried being a man for them.  
Where did it get me?  
They hustled me  
Hastled me and  
Harrassed me to the lugge.  
So I became a woman.  
But that didn't work either.  
They clocked me  
and kicked me out the door.  
They bugged me as a man and  
Battered me to death as a woman.  
So I decided  
To hell with them.  
It's time to tune into myself.  
So I stopped playing their games  
And became what I always wanted to be.  
A DRAG QUEEN.  
A sexy, sassy, silicone, super-drag queen.  
And I'm proud of it, 'cause now I'm a superstar.  
A DRAG QUEEN SUPERSTAR.  
And I love it.

DRAG QUEEN

by

J.L. Camila

intro

I WAS DOWN, MESSED AROUND, CLOCKED, AND READ TO THE DIRT;

SO ABUSED AND MISUSED, BABY, HOW IT HURT.

I TRIED TO HIDE WHAT I FELT IN MY SOUL.

NOW I FEEL I CAN BE REAL.

I'LL PLAY MY OWN ROLE...

vs 1

CALL ME DRAG QUEEN 'CAUSE IT'S MY CLAIM TO FAME.

I'M NOT A WOMAN. I'M NOT A MAN. IT'S MY OWN GAME.

ONCE I WAS ASHAMED, IT'S TRUE.

BUT BABY, THIS HERE LADY'S TIRED OF PLAYING WITH YOU.

I'VE GOT WHAT'S HOT. I'M PROUD TO BE DOING WHAT I DO. (YOU LOVE IT.)

vs 2

CALL ME DRAG QUEEN.

YOU'RE GETTING WHAT YOU SEE.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, DON'T WASTE MY TIME OR TEA.

I'VE GOT PLENTY ON THE LINE WHO REALLY DIG MY NUMBER

THEY THINK I'M DIVINE

YOU SEE, I'M ME - A VERY PARTICULAR TYPE WINE (CALLED CHAMPAGNE)

vs 3

CALL ME DRAG QUEEN.

DON'T CALL ME MAN OR GAL, 'CAUSE I'M A DRAG QUEEN,

AND LET ME TELL YOU PAL:

I CAN BE SOFT AS SNOW OR HARD AS NAILS.

MY SHOW'S UNIQUE. IT NEVER FAILS.

SO CALL ME DRAG QUEEN (DON'T YOU LOVE IT)

CALL ME DRAG QUEEN (NOW DON'T GET FRESH BOYS)

CALL ME DRAG QUEEN FROM NOW ON.



Music (Beale St Blues)

heke

13  
M.C.

1975. I move in with my then-current boyfriend. He has a tasty little studio apartment on Hudson and Perry in the West Village where it's all very gay. I never inquired about the rent, I am semi-sad to say. Hey-hey - gay, gay, gay.

Change For A Dying Queen ('75)

"TIGHTER" ('75)

## TIGHTER

by Camicla/Longo

vs.

MONDAY MORNING WOKE UP FREE, WANTING TO BE ME.

SMOKED A JOINT THAT GOT ME HIGH, HIGH AS I COULD BE.

MET SOME GIRLS WHO SCREAMED, 'HEY FAG'.

BROUGHT ME DOWN, MAN WHAT A DRAG.

PUNCHED A HOLE IN MY GAY BAG. JUST CANNOT BE ME.

vs.

MET SOME QUEENS OUT ON THE STREET. ONE QUEEN SAID HOW SHE

GOT BEAT BECAUSE SHE'S GAY BUT INDISCREET.

JUST CANNOT BE FREE.

ch.

AND IT'S GETTING TIGHTER, EVERY DAY.

NOTHING GETTING LIGHTER IN ANY WAY.

AND IT'S GETTING TIGHTER, EVERY DAY.

NOTHING GETTING LIGHTER IN ANY WAY.

JUST CANNOT BE FREE. JUST CANNOT BE ME.

vs.

PASSED SOME MACHOS ON MY BLOCK, HASSELING ME WITH MACHO

MOCK. 'CAUSE I AIN'T NO MACHO ROCK. JUST CANNOT BE ME.

JOCKS FROM JERSEY RIDING BY, THREW A STONE I DON'T KNOW

WHY. I GOT STONED BUT LOST MY HIGH. JUST CANNOT BE ME.

ch.

vs.

TIRED OF ACTING LIKE A CLOWN?

LISTEN, CAN'T YOU HEAR THE SOUND.

IT'S TIME TO PUT THE STRAIGHT MAN DOWN.

SO I CAN BE FREE.

SO I CAN BE ME.





(19)  
M.C.

1977. Amsterdam. I am now on a houseboat, 8 feet below street level in a canal - der Princengracht. The place belongs to a queen who knows a queen who knows I'm having a rough time on the second leg of my first European tour so it's rent free. It's also heat free, water free, electricity free, and totally taste free. I am putting on shows in cheap Dutch cabarets and disreputable theaters. I write at a table which overlooks a canal where swan and ducks float by all day followed by garbage and tourists.

What can I say? That's Lie.

"THEY WANNA" ('77)

"WHAT DOES IT DO?" ('77)

Charity ('88)

"MACHO BLUES" ('77)



THEY WANNA

'77

ON stage left w/ice

(20)

by Camille/Robbins

1. THEY WANNA HIDE YOU IN A CLOSET.  
THEY WANNA STICK YOU IN SOME ROOM.  
THEY WANNA TAKE THE KEYS AND LOCK IT.  
THEY WANNA FILL YOUR LIFE WITH GLOOM.  
THEY WANNA HIDE YOU FROM YOUR CHILDREN  
AND SAY YOUR FACE IS A DISGRACE.  
THEY WANNA HELP KEEP YOU A SECRET.  
THEY WANNA HELP SHOW YOU YOUR PLACE.

Tony + Amy  
1st verse  
and Chorus

Ch.

The die is cast, jack  
And you can't turn back  
Get off that rack  
There ain't no time left for foolin' around  
And don't you worry  
If you don't hurry  
They're going to bury you gay soul  
Six feet under the ground.

2. They wanna' faggot for the fire  
Another life gone up in smoke  
They want a witch upon the pyre  
Another dyke for them to stoke  
They wanna' mystify your story  
They wanna help predict your doom  
Ain't nuthin' gonna' make them happy  
Until they're smilin' at your tomb



Ch. Don't hit that head, jack  
 It's time to fight back.  
 Don't take no more flack  
 It's time to get up off your knees.  
 Our hesitation  
 And patient waiting  
 Won't stop them hating  
 And there ain't no time for us saying "please".

They wanna'...

They wanna'...

They wanna'...

They wanna'...

They wanna' southern-fried gay nigger  
 They wanna' hear him scream "Amen".  
 They wanna' send your ass a-packin'  
 Back to them cotton fields again

Ch. The die is cast, jack.  
 And you can't turn back.  
 Get off that rack.  
 There ain't no time left for foolin' around.  
 And don't you worry.  
 If you don't hurry.  
 They're going to bury you  
 (Under-the) ground.

All sins



# THEY WANNA'

p tempo

They Wan-na Hide You In a Clo-set They Wan-na Stide You In Some Room They Wan-na

Take the Keys and Lock It - They Wan-na Fill Your Life With Gloom They Wan-na

Hide You From Your Chil-dren And Say Your Face Is A Dis-grace - They Wan-na

Help Keep Us A Sec-cret - They Wan-na Show You To Your Place They Wan-na

Cotton Fields A-gain - The Die Is Cast - Jack And You Cant Turn - Side Get off That

Rack The Time For Fookh A-Band And Dont You Wor - ry If You Dont Hur - ry Theyre going To

Bury Your Sad Feet Under The Ground Bury Your Feet Under the Ground

VS - CH - VS - CH - VS



Am still on the boat.

Move to center  
mike

Lyrics - J CAMICIA  
Music: J Robijns

WHAT DOES IT DO?

© 1977

When you wake up every morning  
See your gay face in the mirror  
And prepare your head to face another day.  
As you dress up to your tie, <sup>at</sup>  
Looking smart in your gay lie  
Hiding every trace that indicates you are gay..  
Tell me is it such a gas  
To get all dressed up to pass  
Or is it another hassel in your way  
Are you so freaked out by the hate  
You by-pass by acting straight  
You're going to let your real self wait  
Another day.

What does it do to you?  
What does it put you through?

Do you ever wonder why you're just so very well preserved  
You're so very damn good looking  
Do you ever have the nerve  
Not to look a little younger not to look so weak and coy  
Don't you wonder at your hunger  
As you dress up like a toy?

Do you ever wonder why you have to do it on the sly  
Have to do it in the toilets  
Have to keep it all a lie  
Have to keep it all a secret, have to do it in the dark  
Have to do it in the bushes  
Have to do it in some park

Do you ever wonder why you almost never feel too proud  
Go be pretty, go be witty  
But don't ever be too loud.  
All the riddles without reason, all the hell they put you thro  
Don't you ever stop to wonder  
What the whole thing does to you.

When you wake up every morning  
See your gay face in the mirror  
~~And prepare your head to face another day.~~

and then you let your real self wait  
another day.



Music: J. Robyns  
Lyrics: J.L. Camicia

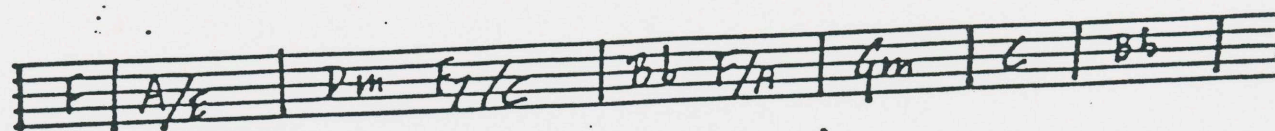
SONG

WHAT DOES IT DO TO YOU Now

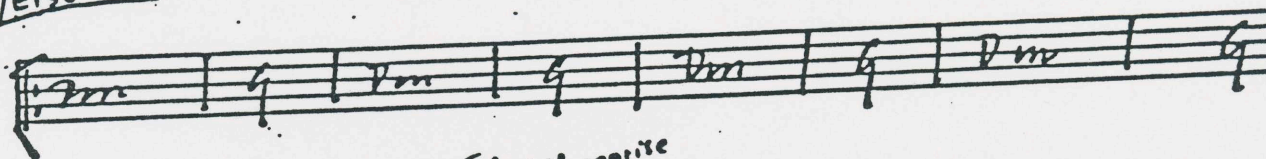
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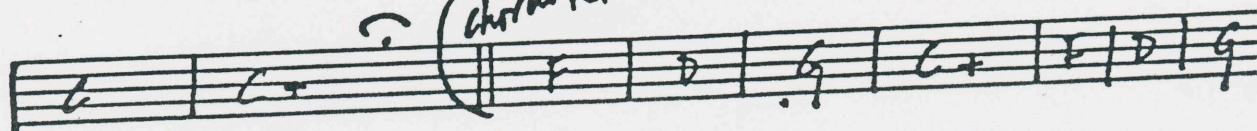
Intro slow



Verse 1 2 3



chorus reprise



Tag



CHARITY

1986

by J.L. Camicia

(Man dials a number on the telephone and waits. When the party on the other end answers, he launches into...)

Darling it's me and I'm demented. Have you heard? George... the guy who lives upstairs from me. He's got AIDS. I'm beside myself. I can't think of anything else.. It's all around me. The guy downstairs has it too.

I don't know what to do. I'm doing everything I possibly can already. I'm at the gym 4, 5 times a week. The more you build up, the more that's got to be ripped down, right? Although, when you stop to think about it, did you ever hear of AIDS before we all started going to the gyms? I mean, it's ridiculous to speculate, but I do stay out of the whirlpool because who knows what people do in there? I'm strictly a Nautalis girl with a little free-weights and running-bikes on the side. Then it's the showers and out. That's safe. Oh, the showers can get intense but I never touch anyone and I never let anyone touch moi.



It's all very 50s frustrating. But darling we must face facts, sex is out. The bars, the baths, the back-rooms. All out, out, out! Not that I ever loved them in the first place, but they did fulfill a need, I guess. Now what you you think ever happened to that need? But a girl can't ask too many questions these days. So I've been staying home a lot. Entertaining here. Dinners for four and all that. Just friends. Nothing exciting. Although one of the guys did say he was still cruising a lot but going for the gray because men over 'a certain' age don't seem to be getting it; and apparently, bald has also become chic. Thank god. Not that it means a thing to me, being the original queen of the Celibate Circuit, more or less, but really, we are in bad shape. Attacked by the moral majority on the outside. Ravaged by AIDS from the inside. A friend of mine just came back from Europe and she was ostracized over there. Because she's American. The clubs, the bars - they all check passports and if you're from New York or San Francisco, they're all filled up. Good night. Thank you and fuck you. Another queen on the international scene, all dressed up and ready to fall. It can get a girl down.

Anyway, what with choruses and marching bands all over the place, I've been feeling rather militia-minded myself lately, so I decided to do my bit and throw a benefit-party with the proceeds, after cost, naturally, all going to AIDS. Although, when you stop to think about that, what does it mean? Does it go to a person? To several people? To one of those groups? The government? Private research? Where? I'll have to figure that out tomorrow.



27

In the meantime, I think I'll invite a few celebs like John, the guy down the hall. As a draw. He sings with the gay men's chorus and to hear her talk, she's a star, my dear. Although between you and me, she did tell me in a loose moment that she only joined to meet other men. And if you saw her, you'd understand. We are talking troll city here, and not one saving grace. But she did just cut a record, or so she claims, and you know these entertainment queens - another stage to mount. Another book to push. Well, this one's got an album to peddle so I'm sure she'll be only too glad to make an appearance and tell us all about it.

Now, what do you think of cocktails with cheese and caviar mineatures and black tie? Or does that sound too maudlin? We wouldn't want to bring everyone down. Which reminds me, I was also thinking of inviting the guys from upstairs and downstairs. I don't know them all that well but it would be decasse to give a benifit party for AIDS right under their feet and over their head and not ask them. But you know what I can't figure? If this is really sexually transmitted then how come the lovers don't have it? I mean, really, you can't get much closer than that.

I had a conversation with one of the lovers last month. He told me how his boyfriend was mistreated and ignored in the hospital and all. And the government doesn't want to know, so what else is new? He looks a bit roughed-up, the one downstairs and I know he hasn't worked in months. Maybe I should give the proceeds from the party to him. Would that be gouche? I'll have to think about it, but he will be the first one I'll invite.

20

I was also thinking about asking Bill since his lover had such a close brush with... Out of town?... Then he comes home for a day and its off to Paris?... Back a day and then rome? What is she running from, or need I ask? Well, scratch Bill. What about Arnie?... Arnie subletted for the summer?... What's he going to do in Idaho?... Well, there goes Arnie. Have you seen Jack?... Moved? Where?... Oh well, Ray will know. After all they've been through together... I don't believe it! When did Ray get married? Funny how many gay men have become so family oriented in the 80s. Well, there's always Tom and his new friend... They never go out?... I wish I could afford to do coke all night.

Incidentally, that reminds me. I met this hippy-type dealer who lives over in the East Village since Joplin and she says all the dealers over there mix coke with meat tenderizer. She thinks that's whats causing AIDS; the cehmicals in the meat tenderizer going striaght to the brain. But everyone has theories. Someone said its in the selzer. Somebody else blamed it on quich. The semonella in the eggs. But I don't know what to think anymore, so I just don't. It's the path of least resistance. None of it makes sense anyway. I mean, if its really sexual how come the last hustler in the city hasn't bitten the dust long ago?



(29)

I wonder if they'd feel comfortable at the party? The guys up and downstairs, I mean. I heard about this party where they invited two guys with AIDS and half-way through the evening the two guys were lounging around around the living room while everyone else 'just happened' to find themselves squashed into the kitchenette. Would people stare? Would they feel awkward? Would you?...

What do you mean you can't come? I thought you were free? To tell you the truth, I was hoping you'd give me a hand. I'd pay you, of course. Out of the gross. After all, I am paying myself a little salary for all the organizing I'll have to do, and I do mean to put every spare drop of energy I have into this. I'm just glad I happen to be laid off right now and have the time, because I decided to have it here in my apartment rather than renting a club. It would be much cheaper if I simply deduct my rent for the month from the gross. It's a saving in the long run and a party at home gives you more of that personal touch. I figure that's worth a lot in times like these.

Well I'm so sorry you'll be out on the Island but I can hardly blame you. If I spent 1500 dollars for a share in a room for a month I'd make sure I used it too.



(30)  
I guess I could put the party off. What with Bill hopping all over the globe and Arnie in Idaho, Jack gone, Ray married, and you being out on the Island, the only people available for the party are the guys upstairs and downstairs. Of coures, I could just give a private little dinner. Just the five of us. But on second thought, maybe I'll just send them each a little check. Anonomously. That's gay.

-the end-



MACHO BLUES

'77

lyrics: J. Camicia

music: J. Robjins

WHEN YOU'RE BORN A BOY AND THE ONLY TOY  
THAT YOU GET IS MACHO BLUE  
THEN THEIR FANTASY OF REALITY  
STARTS TO CRAWL ALL OVER YOU

BECAUSE THEY'RE CALLING ALL THE SHOTS  
AS THEY TIE YOUR HEAD IN KNOTS  
AND THEY SMILE AS IT ROTS  
AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO  
AS IT SLITHERS AND IT SLIMES  
AS IT SLITHERS AND IT SLIMES ALL OVER YOU

AND YOU ARE DEIFIED AND YOU ARE CRUCIFIED  
AND THE CHANGES YOU GO THROUGH  
AS THEIR FANTASY OF REALITY  
STARTS TO CRAWL ALL OVER YOU

CAUSE YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE CLOWN  
AS THEY TURN YOUR HEAD AROUND  
BRING YOU UP TO BRING YOU DOWN  
AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO  
AS IT SLITHERS AND IT SLIMES  
AS IT SLITHERS AND IT SLIMES ALL OVER YOU

AND YOU ARE TRAPPED INSIDE OF THIS FUNGUS HIDE  
AND YOU CANNOT GET THROUGH  
AS THEIR FANTASY OF REALITY  
STARTS TO CRAWL ALL OVER YOU

WELL YOU CAN SCREAM AND YOU CAN SHOUT  
AND YOU CAN MOAN AND YOU CAN POUT  
BUT THE CHANGES AND THE DOUBT  
THEY KILL YOUR CHANCES TO COME OUT  
THEY KILL YOUR CHANCES TO COME OUT  
AS IT SLITHERS AND IT SLIMES ALL OVER  
IT'S ALL OVER ETC.

Commen  
3x of all over



132

verse 1203

When you're born a boy  
and - the on - ly toy  
that you get  
is made  
then their fan-ta-sy  
of - u -  
a. li. ty  
starts to crawl (chorus)  
all o. ver you  
cause they're  
all the snots  
as they vomit in knots  
and they smile  
as it wots  
and there's no. thing you can do  
as it  
slithers and it slimes  
as it slithers and it slimes  
all o. ver you  
And you



THE ISLAND SONG '78

by J.L. Camicla

Intro.

SO I'M SITTING BY MY SWIMMING POOL.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

I'VE DONE THE THINGS; GOT DONE; HAD FLINGS.

BIG DEAL. THAT'S OLD. WHAT'S NEW?

IS IT TIME TO BID THE ISLAND ADIEU?

vs.

I'VE JUST SPENT A WEEK ON THE ISLAND

AND REALLY IT WAS JUST TOO-TOO.

ON CHAMPAGNE AND COCAINE AND ROMAINE AND SUCH,

I SPENT LOTS OF TIME BUT I DIDN'T DO MUCH.

IT WAS SIMPLY A WAY TO STAY FAR OUT OF TOUCH.

WHAT ELSE IS A POOR QUEEN TO DO?

vs.

I'VE JUST SPENT A WEEK ON THE ISLAND

WHERE EVERYONE PLAYED THEIR OWN ROLES.

NOW BIG TOM WAS MACHO, BUT TERRIBLY DISHY.

AND MARY WAS ANGLO AND EVER SO PRISSY,

SO MARK GAVE THEM AIRS MIXED WITH SOUTH HAMPTON PITHY.

WHAT ELSE IS A POOR QUEEN TO DO?

vs.

IF YOU SPEND A WEEK ON THE ISLAND

YOU'LL SEE IT'S GOT ALL OUT OF HAND.

THEY TALK AMAGANSETT ARBITRAGE ART.

THEY WRITE AND THEY PAINT AND THEY'RE INSIDER SMART.

THEN A HOUSEBOY IS HIRED

AND THEY ALL LOSE THEIR HEART.

HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS CAN I STAND?

BETWEEN YOU AND ME.....IT WAS GRAND!



Song

music Rubjins  
words Canicia

Song of the Island

Intro

G G7 C Cm G D7 G      G Bm7 Em E7 A7 A7 D7

So I'm happy my own way what is there to do      I've done the things that I can do I'm not that tall. What's new

D Eb D7 Cmaj      Bm7      Am D7 G

A 1st, 2nd, 3rd verse

Bill & B. Adieu? Cmaj      Bm7      Am D7

I      Just spent a week      on the Island      and really it was just

G Em Am D7      G Em Am D7

too too      on champagne & cocaine and music and such      I spent lots of time

G Em Am D7      G Em Am D7 G

But I didn't do much      It was simply a way      to stay far out of touch      what else is there to do

Am D7      G

**FINE**



M.C.

1978. Before all this graciousness turns into noblesse oblige, I manage to move out and in with another old friend who lives in a 6 story, tenement walk up in the East Village where the kitchen is painted yellow and red and I really don't want to talk about it. Instead, I think this is a great time to a little break and you can visit to our make-shift bar. If you find the <sup>donations</sup> ~~donations~~ a bit pricy remember, proceeds go to a good cause. Aren't we good, girls? (ALL RESPOND: Yes; the best; too good, etc.) And now - before we go into our sleaziod, P.M., get down, nitty-gritty, none-of-this-should-be-allowed section, I'd like to put a little top on part one; a cherry, if you will, and close the A.M. or AM section with a delightful little ditty designed to whet your appetite.

"PINK CUPCAKES" ('78)



INTERMISSION -