Supper's ready

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Lovers' Leap

Allegro ♩= 130

mf

Wal-king a - cross the sit-ting room I turn the te - le - vi - sion off.

mf

sit - ting be - side you, I look in - to your eyes.

As the sound of mo-tor-cars fades in the night time I

swear I saw your face change, it di-d'nt seem quite right. And it's

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f

Hal-lo babe, with your guar- dian e - yes so blue

mf

Hey my ba - by don't you know my lo-ve is true

mp

1.

2.

mp

I've been so far from here, far from your

mp

f

lo - ving arms. It's good to feel you a - gain.

3 3

p

It's been a long, long time.

mp

Ped. * Ped.

(spoken): *Hasn't it?* **Più mosso**

mf

p mf p

Ah Ah

p mf p p

Ah

f

mf

mf p

Ah

mf f

Ah

(El. piano)

mp

mf

(Synth)

mp

mf

mp (Flute)

mf (El. piano)

mf

p

(El. piano)

mp

p

mf

mf

Allegretto

p *mp*

mp

I know a far-mer who looks

mf

mf *mp*

a - fter the farm. With wa - ter clear he cares for all his

3

f

har - vest. I know a

mf *mp*

mf

fi-re-man who looks a - fter the fire

mf

f

You, can't you see he's fooled you all

f

Yes he's here a - ga- in.

mf

Can't you see he's fooled you all. Share his peace. Sign the lease

mf

1.

He's a su-per - so-nic scien - tist, he's the gua-ran-teed e - ter-nal sanct-u - a - ry

f

2.

gua- ran- teed e- ter-nal sanct - u - a - ry

Molto moderato

mp

Children voices

We will rock you rock you lit-tle snake,

mp

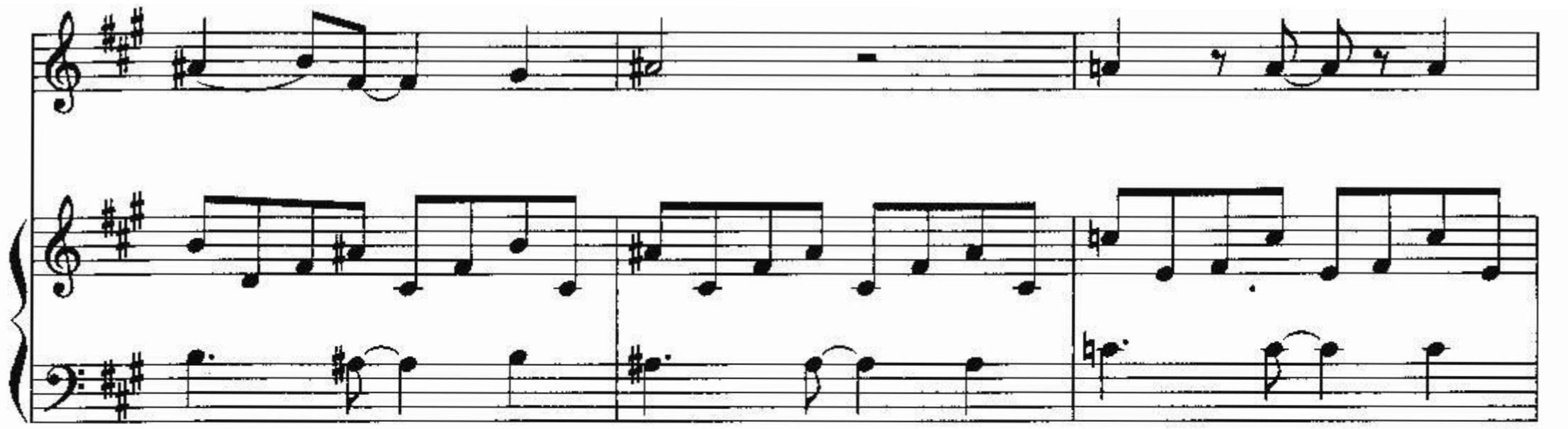
Tempo I

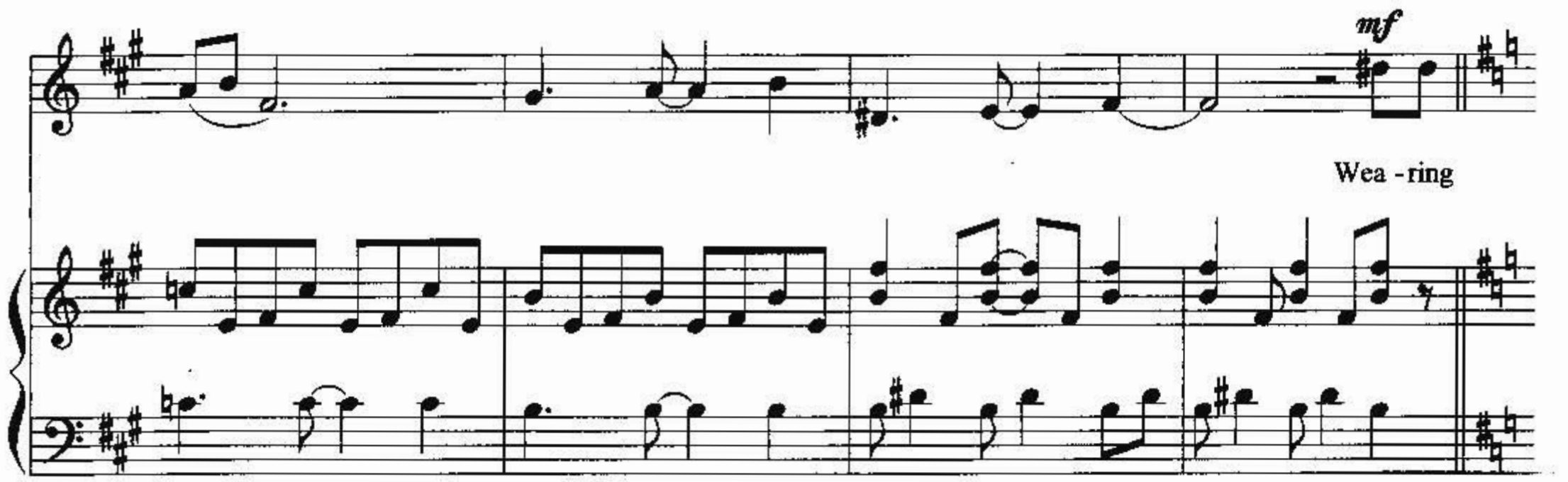
(Flute)

we will keep you snug and warm.

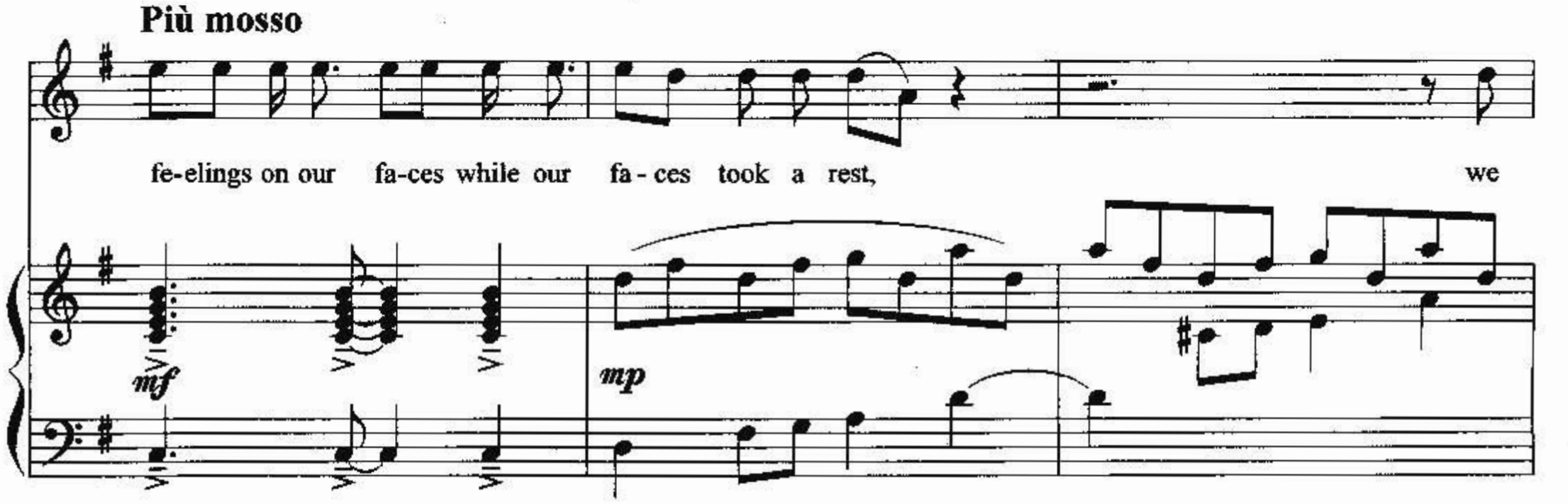
mf

mf





Ikhnaton and Itsacon and their Band of Marry Men



host of dark skinned war-riors stan-ding still be-low the ground

mf

mp

mf

f

Wai-ting for bat - tle.

(Organ)

cresc.

f

(Guitar)

f

f

The fight's be-gun, they've been

re - leased, kil-ling foe for peace... Bang, bang, bang.

Bang, bang, bang. And they're gi-ving-me a won-der-ful po

- tion 'cause I can-not con-tain my e - mo - tion

mf

And e-ven though I'm feel-ing good some-thing tells me I bet-ter a - cti-vate my pra-

yer - cap sule.

(Guitar)

f

f

f

3 3 3

mf

3

3

3

3

3

mf

mf

f

mf

mf

mf

To- day's a day to ce - le - brate the foe have met their fate.

(Guitar)

mf

3

3

The or - der for re- joi - cing and dan - cing has

(Guitar)

come from our war – lord.

mp

mf *mp*

diminuendo

mf *mp* *diminuendo*

pp

pp

ppp

ppp

Fade out

How dare I be so beautiful?

Molto moderato

p

p

Wan-dering through the cha- os the bat-tle has left we climb up the moun-tain of hu-man flesh to a

p

1.,2.

3.

pla-teau of green grass, and green trees, full of life.

(spoken)

flo-wer. A flower?

Willow Farm

Allegro vivace ♩. = 110

mf

(here) If you go down to Wil-low Farm to look for but-ter-flies,

mf

f deciso

flut - ter - byes, gut -ter - flies, o - pen your

eyes, it's full of sur- prise, eve-ry-one lies like the fox on the rocks,

and the mu-si-cal box. Oh, there's

Mum and Dad, and good and bad, and eve-ry-one's hap-py to be We've got

eve-ry-thing, we're gro-wing eve-ry-thing, we've got some in, we've, got some out, we've got some

f

wild - things floa - ting a - bout!

(Spoken)
All Change!

Allegro *mf*

Feel your bo-dy melt; Mum to mud to mad to Dad. Dad did-dley of-fice, Dad did-dley

mf

of-fice. You're all full of ball. Dad to dam to dum to Mum. Mum did-dley wa-shing Mum did-dley

wa - shing. You're all full of ball. Let me hear your lies, we're li-ving this up to the eyes

mf

mf

f

oo-ee-oo-ee-ah Ooh - - ah Blah, blah,

f

ff

blah. Mom - ma I want you now!

Allegro vivace

mp

mf Ooh - la la la la la la

And as you lis-ten to my voice to look for hid - den doors

f *mf*

mf

la la Ooh

ti - dy floors more ap- plause. You've been here all the

aah Ooh ah ooh ah ooh ah (spoken) The soil, the soil!
time. Likeit or not, like what you got. You're un-der the soil.

Yes, deep in the soil. The soil, the soil, the soil, the soil! So, we'll

Ooh - ah ah Ooh - ah ah
end witha whis-tle and end with a bang and all of us fit in our pla - ces.

Adagio, liberamente

(Guitar)

Bend

mf

pp

mf

pp

ppp

Andante molto moderato

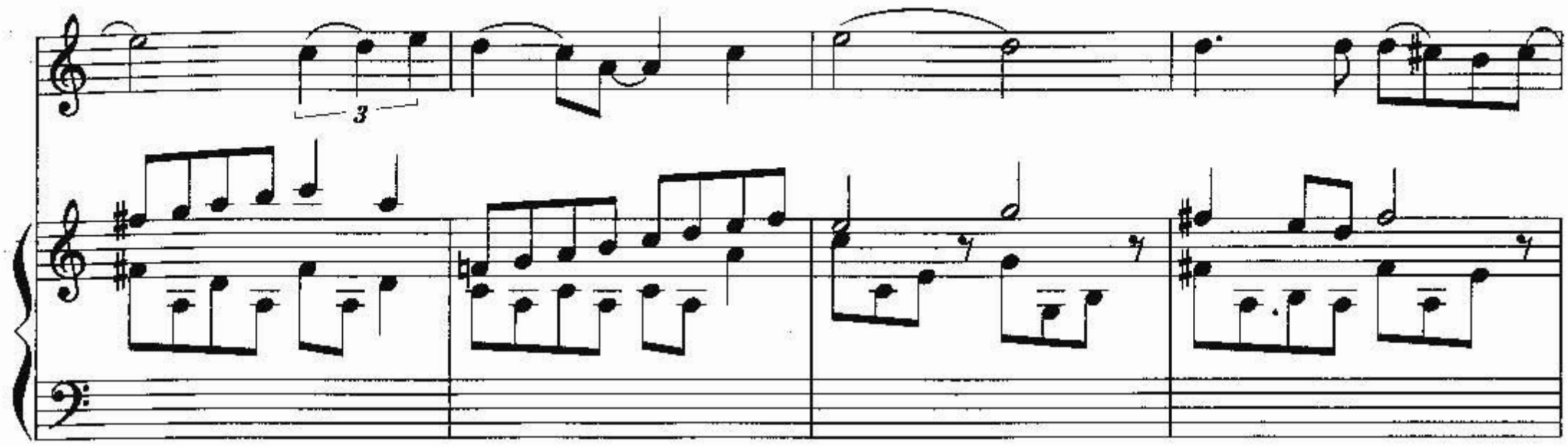
mp

(Flute)

mp

3

3


3
3
3
3
mf
mf

Apocalypse in 9/8 (Co-starring the delicious talents of Gabble Ratchet)

Allegro moderato ♪=♪ (2+2+2+3)

mf *f* *mf* *f*

f

With the guards of Ma-gog, swarm - ing a - round, the Pied Pi - per takes

simile *f*

f

his chil - dren un - der - grou - nd. Dra - gons co - ming out of the sea.

Shim - me - ring sil - ver head of wis - dom look - ing at me. He brings out the fi - re from

ff

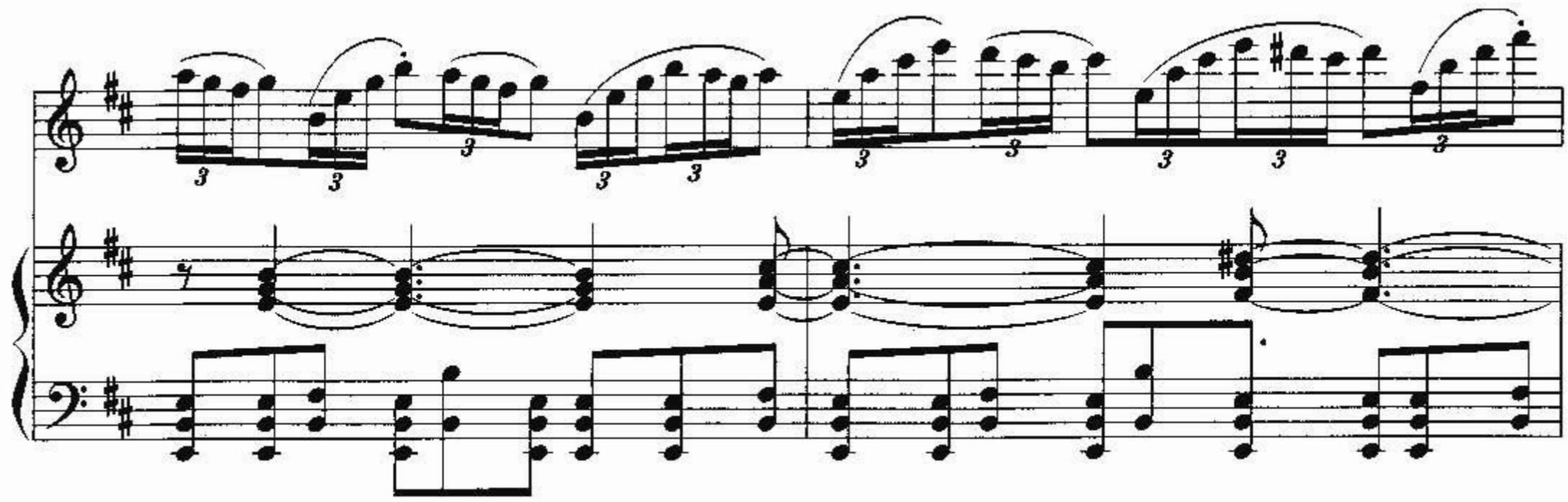
the skies. You can tell he's do - ing well by the look in hu - man eyes.

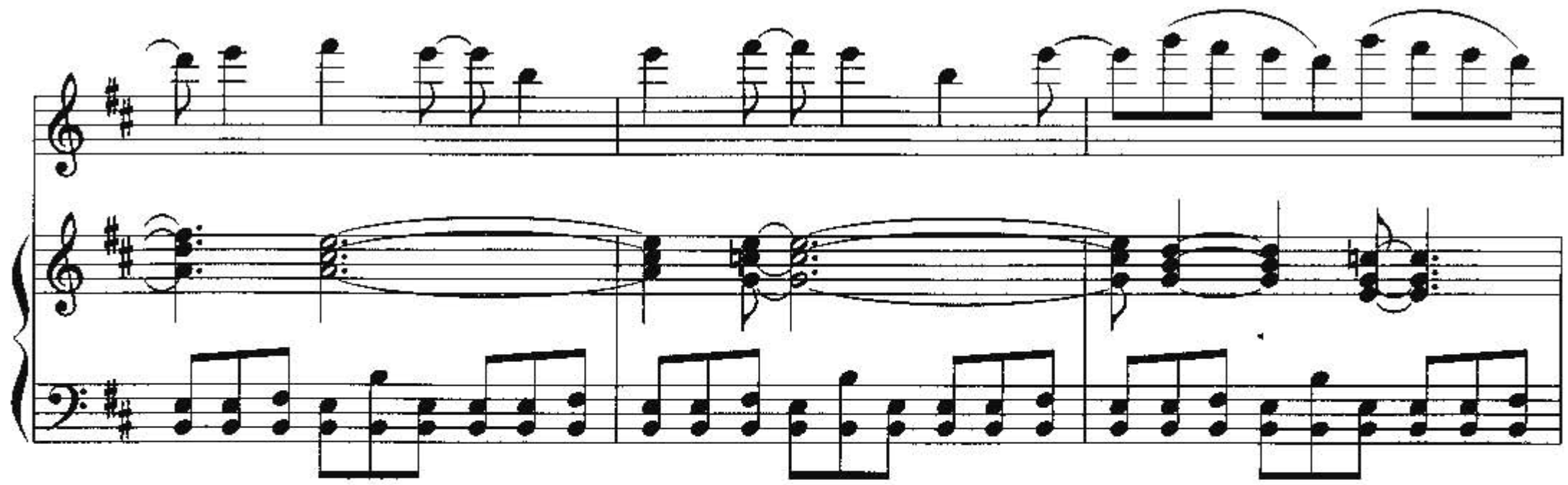
Bet - ter not com - pro - mise it won't be ea - sy.

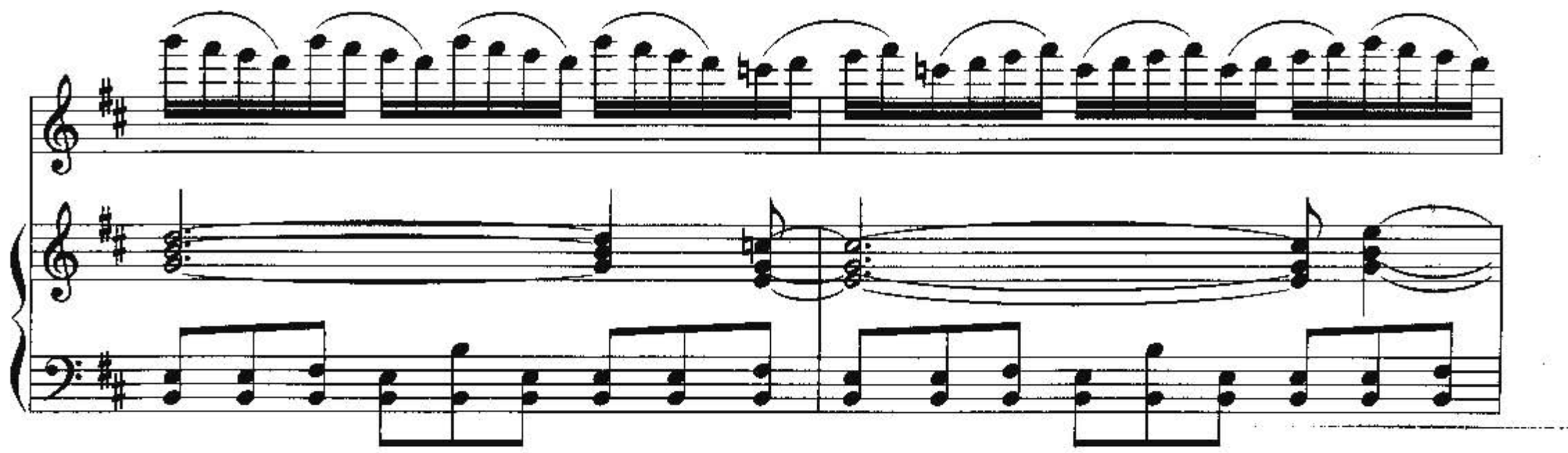
f

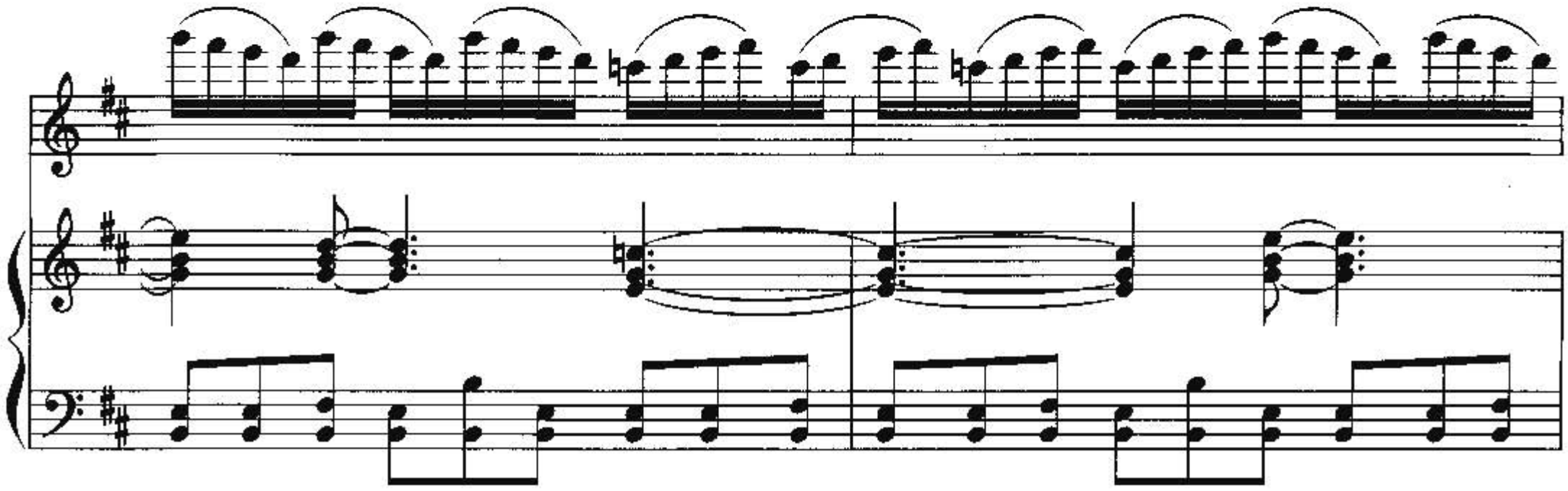
(Organ)

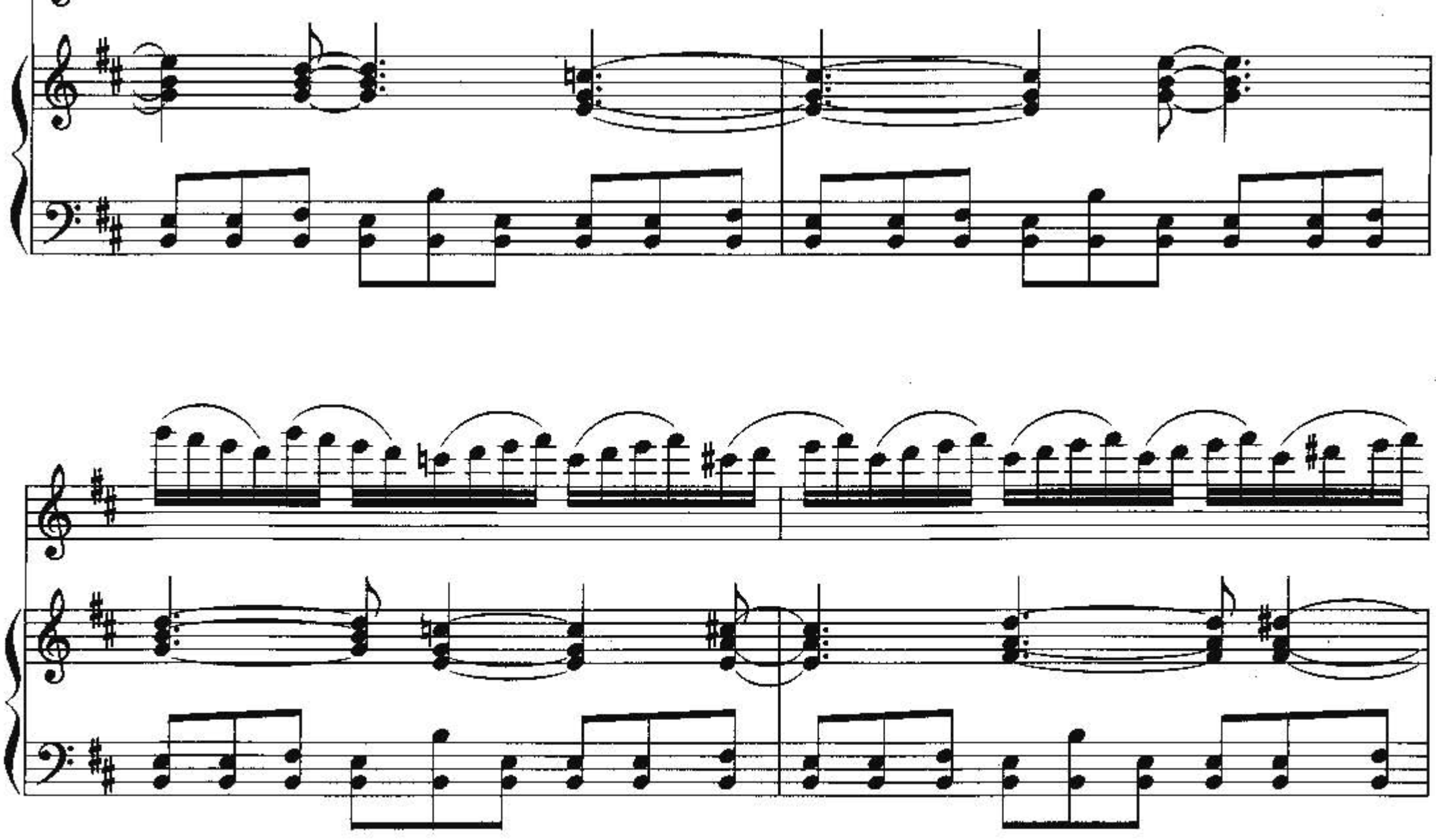
mf

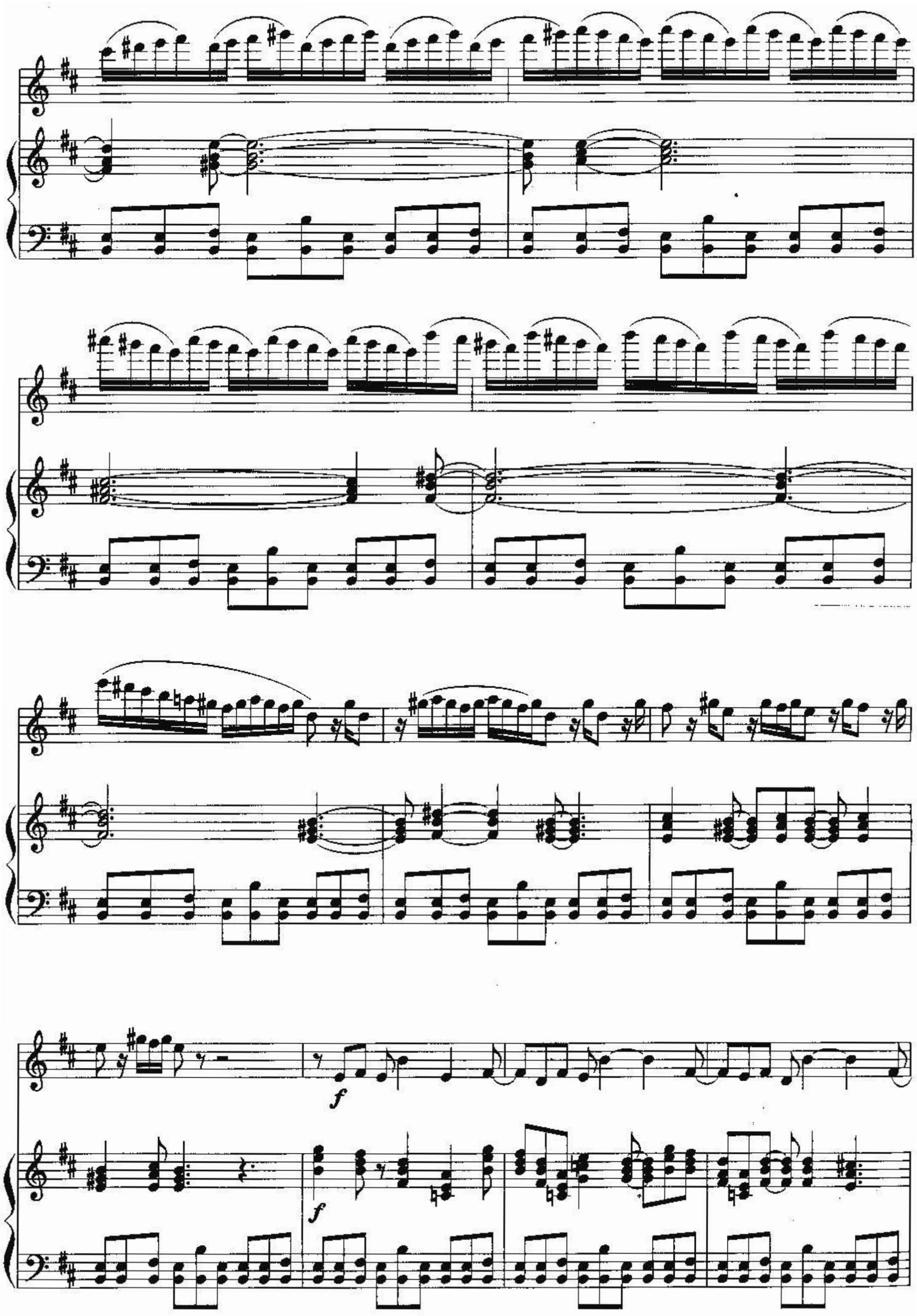











f
f

mf

mf

f

f

ff

ff

f

Six, six, six, is no lon- ger a - lone. He's get-ting out the mar-row

f

in your back- bo - ne. And the se-ven trum-pets blo-wing sweet rock and roll,

gon - na blow right down in - si - de your soul

Py - tha - go - ras with the lo - oking glass re-flects the full mo - on.

In blood he's wri - ting the ly - rics of a brand new tu - ne

f

mf

mf

Più calmo

(Flute)

p

mp

(Organ)

Molto moderato

(Bells)

mf

Andit's Hey, - babe,

mf

mp

with your guar-dian eyes - so blu-e

Hey my ba - by don't you know our lo-ve is

(Bells)

Andante

f

tru - e.

I've been so far from here, far from your lo- ving arms.

(Bells)

mf

Now I'm back a- gain,

and babe it's gon-na work out

(Guitar) *f*

Stesso tempo

mf

fine.

Can't you feel our souls i- gni - te.

f

mf

Shed-ding e-ver chang- ing co - lours,

in the dar - kness of the fa - ding - night - - like the ri-

ver joins the o - cean, as the germ in a se - ed grows, we've

1.

(Guitar)

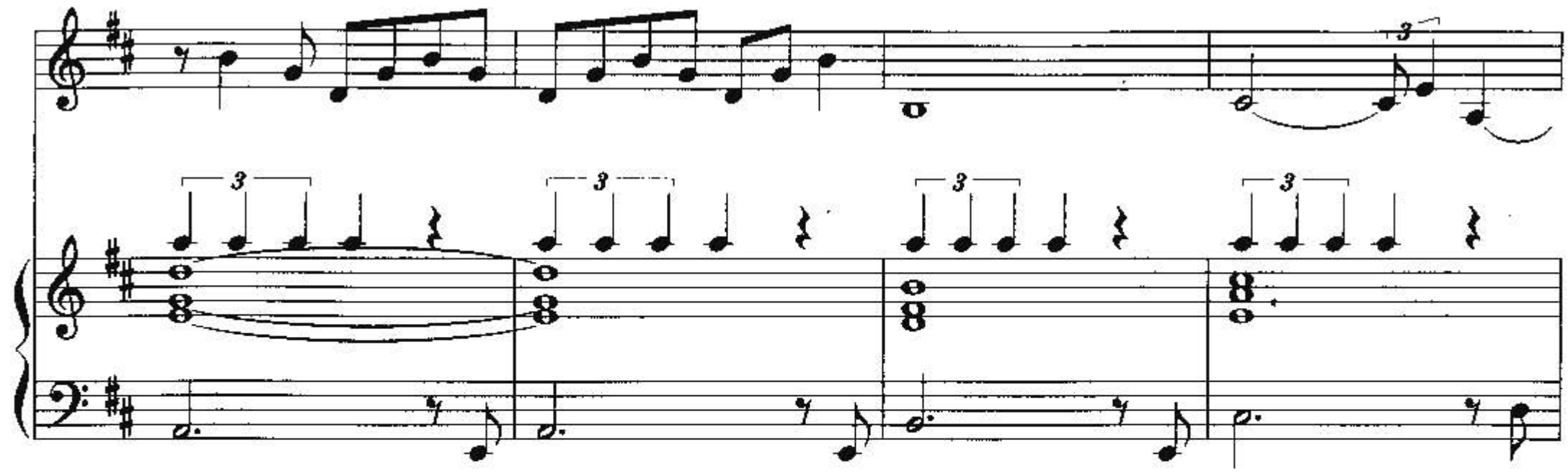
mf

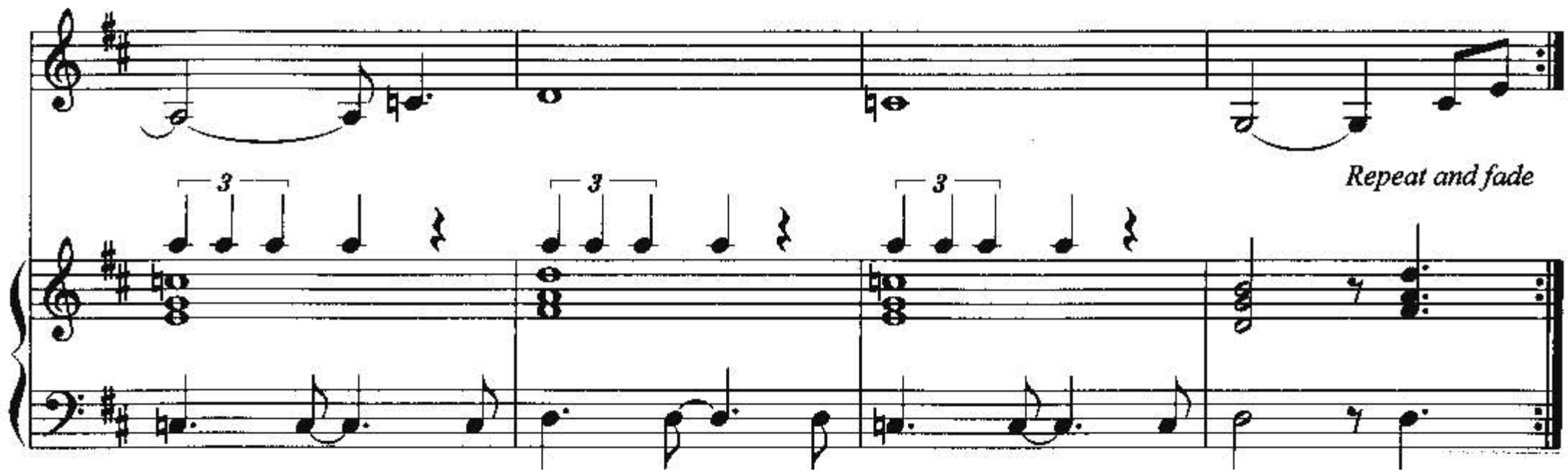
fi - nal - ly been freed to get back home.

2.

(Guitar)

mf





Coming closer with our eyes, a distance falls around our bodies.
Out in the garden the Moon seems very bright.
Six saintly shrouded men move across the lawn slowly,
The seventh walks in front with a cross held high in hand.
...And it's hey babe, your supper's waiting for you,
Hey my baby don't you know our love is true.

Look, look into my mouth he cries,
And all the children lost down many paths,
I bet my life you'll walk inside
Hand in hand, gland in gland
With a spoonful of miracle,
He's the guaranteed eternal sanctuary..

A young figure sits still by a pool
He's been stamped "Human Bacon" by some butchery tool.
(He is you)
Social Security took care of this lad.
We watch in reverence, as Narcissus is turned to a flower.

There's Wiston Churchill dressed in drag,
He used to be a British flag, plastic bag, what a drag.
The frog was a prince, the prince was a brick, the brick was an egg, the egg was a bird.
(Fly away you sweet, little thing, they're hard on your tail)
Hadn't you heard?
(They're going to change you into a human being!)
Yes, we're happy as fish and gorgeous as gees,
And wonderfully clean in the morning.

Everyone, we're changing everyone
You name them all, we've had them here
And the real stars are still to appear.

There's an angel standing in the sun, and he's crying with a loud voice,
"This is the supper of the mighty one"
Lord of Lords, King of Kings,
Has returned to lead his children home,
To take them to the new Jerusalem.