KAMAKIRIAD

is an album of eight related songs. The literal action takes place a few years in the future, near the millennium.

In the first song, “Trans-Island Skyway,” the narrator tells us he is about to embark on a journey in his new dream-car, a custom-tuned Kamakiri. It’s built for the new century: steam-driven, with a self-contained vegetable garden and a radio link with the Tripstar routing satellite.

The next six songs describe his adventures along the way. In the last song, “Teahouse On The Tracks,” the narrator lands in dismal Flytown where he must decide whether to bail out or to rally and continue moving into the unknown.

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TRAN-S-ISLAND SKYWAY

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

It's not a freeway bullet
Or a bug with monster wheels
It's a total bushwhack
The farm in the back
Is hydroponic
Good, fresh things
Every day of the year
Good, fresh things
Every day of the year
With all screens and functions
In sync with Topstar
This cool rolling bubble
Is all set to samba
This route could be trouble
(If this route could be trouble)
Chorus:
Steamin' up
That Trans-Island Skyway
Tryin' to make that final deadline
And all the lanes are clear
We're gonna drive a little harder.
We'll be deep in the Zone by cryin' time
Say, there's a week
On the side of the road
Lots of blood and broken glass
The kid who was driving
I know from somewhere
Some kids just drive too fast
Wait just a minute
There's a beautiful survivor
With danche's legs and laughing eyes
C'mon, son, it's all over now
Stop in right cause it's a long, long ride
Relax - put some sounds on
I'll brew up some drink
C'mon, kid, what are you a-growlin' at?
Now breathe in and sigh out
Let's get with the program
(Does he talk about the good times)
Chorus:
We reach the sproinge
Just at dawn
Those little streets I used to know
Is that my car?
Movin' the fan
(C'mon daddy, get in let's go)
C'mon, kid, let's go
(C'mon, kid, get in let's go)
C'mon, kid, let's go
(C'mon, kid, get in let's go)
C'mon, kid, get in let's go
(C'mon, kid, get in let's go)
We pull into Five Zoos
Past motels and drive-thru's
That noon sun is blinding
The sidewalks are boiling
Below plates are grinding
(He talks about the good times)
Chorus:
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SPRINGTIME

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Here at Laughing Pines
Where the party never ends
There's a spicy new attraction
On the Funway
You can scan yourself
For traces of old headaches
The details are eerie
Shimmering - shimmering
You feel - it's Connie Lee
At the wheel of her Shark of the Villa
We're cruisin' about a thousand miles an hour
But the car is standin' still
So good to hear that crazy laugh
To hear her whisper, hold me tight
To beam to love all over again
On that warm and April night
Chorus:
Swing out
To Lake Nostalgia
Nashua
Easter Break '86
A shuck on Cape Sincere
Mad Mon's biker gospel candy
It was a radical year
We get a little silly
And fall into insomnia
It's even better this time around
With Catherine on the K.L.H.
Chorus:
It's you and me honey, in a crowded booth
At the Smokehouse in the Santa
I'm droppin' out some bad out gag
When you touch my hand
At 6 a.m. we go out of this place
You look absurdly sweet
We hike downtown to Avenue A
Like we own the street
Chorus:
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FLORIDA ROOM

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN and LIBBY TITUS

Start on Key Mraint
Walk a tropical mile
You'll see a house
In the Spanish style
There's a room in back
With a view of the sea
Where she sits and dreams
Dress the dream of me
When summer's gone
I get ready
To make that Corinna run
I've got to have
Some time in the sun
Chorus
When the cold wind comes
I go where the daisies bloom
I keep drifting back
To your Florida room
She's dressed too warm
For this laketrude
We go out to lunch
With some Jamaican dude
A sunshower breaks
We come in out of the rain
But in her Florida room
There's a hurricane
While the city freezes over
We'll be strolling down the shore
Can she bring me back
To life once more
Chorus

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SNOWBOUND

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN and WALTER BECKER

At Nervous Time
We roll downtown
We've got scenes to crash
We're gonna trick and trash
We're gonna find some fun
We hit the street
With doors down
With our thermasuits
Sealed up tight
We can beat the freeze
And just solved tonight
Let's stop off at the Metropolis
That little dancer's got some style
Yes she's the one I'll be waiting for
At the stage door
Chorus
Snowbound
let's sleep in today
Wake me up
When the wolves come out to play
Heat up
These white nights
We're gonna turn this town
Into a city of lights
We take the tube
To Club Hi Ho
It's about dead space
It's a marketplace
And a party house too
Something new
From Charlie Tokyo
It's a kind of pyramid
With a human heart
Beating in an iron grid
A cry goes out
And says without a smile
The work seduces us with light
Eva laughs and we step out
Into the blue-white night
Chorus
We sell our icecubes on the frozen river
Some lazy fumes off a lore, amen
For seven seconds it's like Christmas day
And then it's dark again
And then it's dark again
Chorus

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TOMORROW'S GIRLS

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Our town it's just like any other
Good citizens at work and play
Normal folks don't business in the normal way
This morning was like any other
Mammies kissing daddies goodbye
Then the milkman screamed
And pointed up at the sky
Chorus
From Stellus to the reefs of Kizmar
From Starstop and the Other Worlds
They're speeding towards our sun
They're on a party run
Here come Tomorrow's Girls,
Tomorrow's Girls
You see them on the grass at lunch hour
Soaking up the vertical rays
In their summer dresses
A little smile can really make your day
Their knees feel like real kisses
And when they cry they cry real tears
But what's left in your arms
When the atomic beams
Chorus
They're landing on the Jersey beaches
Their engines make the white sand swirl
The heat is so intense
Earthmen have no defense
Against Tomorrow's Girls
In the cool of the evening
In the last light of the triple sun
I wait by the go-tree
When the day's busy work is done
Soon the warms night breezes
Start rolling in off the sea
Yes, at lantern time
That's when you come to me
Come to me
Our home is just like any other
We're grillin' burgers on the back lawn
Some time goes by
We fill asleep with the trum
I dream about a laughing angel
Then the laugh becomes a furious whoop
Look out fellas
It's shredding time
Chorus
They're mixing with the population
A wise wearing pumps and pearls
Lord help the lonely guys
Hooked by those hungry eyes
Here come Tomorrow's Girls,
Tomorrow's Girls

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ON THE DUNES
Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Drive along the sea
Far from the city's light and smoke
To a misty beach
That's where my life became a joke
On the dunes
On the dunes
(Became a joke on the dunes)
Where rents are high
And seagulls cry
On the dunes

As you spoke you must have known
It was a kind of homicide
I stood and watched my happiness
Drift outwards with the tide
On the dunes
On the dunes
(Homicide on the dunes)
It wasn't fair
It's brutal there
On the dunes
Pretty boots
Swimming along the shore
In the following light
Pretty woman
With her layers by their sides
It's like an awful dream
I have every night
In the summer all the swells
Join in the search for sun and sand
For me it's just a joyless place
Where this loneliness began
On the dunes
On the dunes
(Loneliness on the dunes)
I'm pretty tough
But the wind is rough
On the dunes

Cut on the fringe
Where the shallows meet the scratchlands
Cut where hope and the highway ends
You can park or cruise
Both ways you lose
This is Flytown now my friend

CHORUS

TEAHOUSE ON THE TRACKS
Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

You take a walk on Bleak Street
Tonight could be the night you crash
Then you turn and stop
Start to linger
You think you hear a walkin' combo
You climb a flight of twisted stairs
Some cat says buddy

Chorus:
If you've got eyes
To rhymetize
Bring your flat hot and your ox
'Cause tonight at ten
We'll be works' again
At the Teahouse on the Tracks
The Siegel Bros. were slammin' out a bawan
So slick it should have been a crime
Irene and Flicka and little Amy, ohm
Lead off the big front line
The crowd was bouncin' in sync with the pulse
You get a case of party feet
And then from somewhere deep inside you
Some frozen stuff begins to crack
Better hurry

Chorus:
Take the T-Line to Bleak and Divine
Just above the Good Time Flats
It's your last chance
To learn how to dance
At the Teahouse on the Tracks
On Sunday morning
You're back at the wheel
You're feeling calm and crisp and strong

Chorus
If it fails right
Just drive for the light
That's the graceful suicide
Some day we'll all meet at the end of the street
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

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TRANS-ISLAND SKYWAY

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Moderate funk

I was born yesterday,
Say, there's a wreck on the side of the road,

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when they handed me the keys.

lots of blood and broken glass.

It's a steam powered 10-

The kid who was driving the I

frame is out of Glasgow,

know from somewhere,

the tech is Balinese.

It's not a

freeway bullet or a bug with monster wheels.

Wait just a minute there's a beautiful survivor

It's a total biosphere

Well, the
farm in the back, C'mon snake-hips, is hydroponic. Good, fresh things every day of the year. Strap in tight 'cause it's a long sweet ride. Re-

1st time only

day of the year. Good, fresh things every day of the year. With

C13

all lax, pull into screens and functions on. I'll brew up, some
some sounds on. Five Zoos, past motel and
Trip star, this cool rolling bub ble is
de cafe.. C'mon kick off those heels ma'am. Now
drive thrus. That noon sun is blind ing.

all set to samo ba. This route could be the
breathe and sigh out. Let's get with the
tide pools are bo il ing, be low plates are

trou ble (This route could be trou ble.)
prog ram (Let's talk a bout the
grind ing (Let's talk a bout the
good times.)
good times.)
Steam'in up that Trans-Iland Sky-way, tryin' to make that final
dead-line. And if the lanes are clear we're gonna drive a little harder. We'll be
deep in the Zone by cry-in' time—
cry-in' time...
We reach the sprang gle just at dawn,
these lit - tle streets I used to know...

Is that my faith - er mow - in' the lawn?
(C'mon dadd-y, get in let's. go.)

C'mon dad-dy, get in let's. go.

C'mon dadd-y, get in let's. go.

C'mon dad-dy, get in let's. go.

We
Steam-in' up that Trans-Isl-and Sky-way,

tryin' to make that fi-nal dead-line...

lanes are clear we're gon-na drive a lit-tle hard-er. We'll be

deep in the Zone by cry-in' time...
On a night like this, you look up at your lover,
Hand in hand, you walk along the river,
it's like you're in some old cartoon.
you stop to clutch and caress.

Then you detect the
da counter moon-beam comes
A counter moonbeam comes
scent of faded roses
sweeping off the water. She goes, "Your not my Jack-ie, my Jack-ie was the best."

Could that be murder you see in her eyes?
Spite-waves are threat'ning the seaside hotels.
You try a long and desperate
It's nasty weather for Ju-
kiss.

You can't escape it, that beam is sure to find you.

Last night you loved her, tonight you wonder why.

On a night like this the story is told how the women get restless and the men grow cold.

Gotham shudders, there's a chill in the air. There's a countermoon, lovers all beware.
all beware.

At every pay phone there's somebody cryin'.
All the streets are slick with
tears... When you see that blue ray— there's a heart-quake on the way... On a
night like this the story is told how the women get restless and the
men grow cold. Gotham shudders, there's a chill in the air. There's a
counter-moon, lovers all beware. On a night like this the
Story is told how the women get restless and the men grow cold.
Gotham shudders, there's a chill in the air. There's a countermoon, lovers all beware.

Repeat and fade
D7
D7
SPRINGTIME

Words and Music by
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

\[ \text{Bm} \quad \text{A} \]

Here at Laughing

\[ \text{Bm} \]

Pines where the party never ends, there's a

\[ \text{Gmaj7} \quad \text{F7+9} \quad \text{Bm} \]

spicy new attraction on the Fun-way.

\[ \text{Gmaj7} \quad \text{F7+9} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{C5/B} \quad \text{Gmaj7} \]

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You can scan your self for traces of old heartaches. The details of desire shimmering.
Yow- ie! It's Connie Lee at the Easter Break.

You and me honey, in a crowded booth at the wheel of a Shark-de-Ville.

We're cruisin' about a thousand miles an hour, but the car is standin' still.

I'm draggin' out a gospel candy. It was a radical year.

Bad out gag when you touch my hand.
D7 C/D D7 G7
So good to hear that crazy laugh,
We get a little silly
At five A.M. we go out of this place,

D7 C/D D7 G7
hear her whisper hold me tight.
fall into microspace.
you look absurdly sweet.

D7 C/D D7 G7
learn to love even better
hike down-town to this time around
Avenue A

To It's We

D7 C/D D7 G7
over again on that with
warm Col trane on the Apr night
like we own the street
Swing out

to Lake Nostalgia. Take Route Five to Laughing Pines.

(Laughing Pines) Get off at Funway West.
Drive into Spring-time.

Drive into Spring-time.

into Spring, uh huh.
- into Spring. Swing out to Lake Nostalgia. Take Route

Five to Laughing Pines. (Laughing Pines.) Get off at

Funway West. Drive into Springtime.
Drive into Springtime.

Repeat and fade
Cm7  Bb  Abmaj7  Fm7  Abmaj7/Bb

white nights.  We're gonna turn this town into a city of lights.

Am7+5  D/Eb  Gm7  Dm7  G13-9

At Nervous Time, we roll down

Cm7  Dm  Cm7  Dm  E/F  Dm

town.  We've got scenes to crash... we're gonna trick and trash... we're gonna

Ho.  It's about dead space... it's a market place... and a

E/F  Gm11  Cm7

find some fun... We hit the street... with

par - ty house, too.  Some-thing new... from
D7m7  G13-9  C7m7  D7m/C7

vis      -      ors      lie
Char     -      dow      -      n.  With our  ther      ma      suits
          To      ky      o.  It's a      kind of

C7m7  D7m  E/F#  C7m7

sealed up tight we can beat the freeze and get saved to
pyr      a      mid with a hu      man heart
          beating in an i      ron

Bm7  B/A

night. grid. A crit      ic      grabs us, says... the Met-

D7m/C7  B/A  A7m/GF

ro-plex... that lit      le dancer's got some style
          a smile The work      se      duc      es us with light
She's the one I'll be waiting for at the stage door.
E - vi - va laughs and we step out into the blue white night.

Snowbound, let's sleep in today.

Wake me up when the wolves come out to play.
Heat up these white nights.

We're gonna turn this town into a city of lights.
We sail our ice-cats on the frozen river.

Some loser fires off a flare, amen.

For seven seconds it's like a Christmas day and then it's dark again.

Oh, and then it's dark again.
Repeat and fade
Ebmaj9
Cm7
Bb

Snowbound...
let's sleep in today...

Abmaj7
Fm7
Bb13\(\frac{3}{3}\)

Wake me up when the wolves come out to play...

Ebmaj9
Cm7
Bb

Heat up these white nights

Abmaj7
Fm7
Abmaj7/Bb

We're gonna turn this town into a city of lights
Our town is just like any other; we're good
see them on the grass at lunch hour
home is just like any other,
citizens at work and play...
Nor-mal folks
soaking up the verti-cal rays...
In their sum-mer dress-es,
grill-in' bur-gers on the back lawn...
Some time goes by,
do-in' bus-ness in the nor-mal way.
a lit-tle smile can real-ly make your day.
we fall a-sleep with the T V on.
This
Their
I
morn-ing was like an-y oth-er;

kiss-es feel like real kiss-es

dream a-bout a laugh-ing an-gel,

mom-mies kiss-ing dad-dies good-

and when they cry, they cry real

then the laugh be comes a fu-ri-ous

bye.-

Then the milk-man screamed and point-ed

up at the sky.

But what's left in your arms when the

static clears.

They're

whine.-

Look out, fel-las, it's

shred-ding time.

They're

Shell-us to the reefs of Kiz-mar,

land-ing on the Jer-shey beac-hes,

mix-ing with the po-pu-la-tion,

from Star-gate and the Out-er

their en-gines make the white sand

a vi-rus wear-ing pumps.
Worlds, swirl. pearls.
they're speeding towards our sun on a
The heat is so intense, earth men have
Lord help the lonely guys hooked by those

To Coda

party run. Here come tomorrow's
no defense against tomorrow's
hungry eyes. Here come tomorrow's
girls.

girls.
girls.
tomorrow's

girls.
girls.
you
Am7  F  Gm7  Eb/F  Bb/Ab

To-mor-row's  Girls.

G6  Em7  G6  Em7  G6  Em7

x0 00 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

G6  Em7  G6  Em7  G6  Em7

x0 00 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

G6  Em7  G6  Em7  G6  Em7

x0 00 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

In the cool of the ev'ning in the
last light of the triple sun,
by the grove when the day’s busy work is done.

Soon the warm night breezes start rolling in off the sea.

Yes, at lantern time, that’s when you
come to me,
Girls, 

Tomorrow's Girls...

As/Db  Es/Ab  Repeat and fade (vocal ad lib.)

Bbm7

You're not my Ruth-ie, you're not my Deb-bie,

As/Db  Es/Ab

you're not my Sher- i. Born of Tomorrow's Girls.
FLORIDA ROOM

Words and Music by
DONALD FAGEN
and LIBBY TITUS

Moderate Funk
No chord

(Horns)

L.H. 8vb throughout

Vocal 2nd time only
Cmaj9

cold wind comes I go where the dahlias bloom

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I keep drifting back to your Florida room...

When the

Start on

Key Plantain
dressed too warm
walk a tropical mile,
for this latitude,

you'll see a house
we go out to lunch

in the Spanish style
with some Jamaicanude.
There's a room in back,
And the sun-shower breaks.

with a view of the sea
where she
we come in out of the rain
but in her

sits and dreams...
Flori-da room...

Does she dream of me?
there's a hur-ri-cane.

When summer's gone I get read-y
While the cit-y freeze-es o-ver we'll be
make that Caribbean roll.
Can she
Got to have
some
time in the sun,
When the cold wind comes.
I go where the

dahlias bloom.
I keep drifting back.
to your Florida room.
Well, she's
When the summer's gone, I get ready to make that, Caribbean run...
Got to have some time in the sun.

Repeat and fade

I go where the dahlia bloom.

I keep drifting back.

to your Florida room.
Dmaj9
G7

Drive along the sea—far from the city's twitch and smoke.
As you spoke, you must have known it was a kind of homicide.

smoothly

Bm7
B7-5
Am7
A7-5

to a misty beach, that's where my life became a joke.
stood and watched my happiness drift outwards with the tide.

On the

Fmaj7(no 3rd)/G
G7
Fmaj7(no 3rd)/G
Dm/G

dunes,
dunes,
on the

On the
Bm7  Am7  D7sus4  Gmaj9  C7m9

(Became a joke on the dunes.)

(Behind on the dunes.)

F7-9  Bm9  E9  A7+5  E/D  F13

Where rents are high...
It wasn't fair...
and sea-birds cry,
it's brutal there,...
on the dunes.

Bbmaj9  E0  A7+5 2  Dmaj9  C9  Dmaj9

dunes...
Pretty boats sweeping along the shore,
in the faltering light.

Pretty women with their lovers by their sides, it's like an aw-

ful dream - I have most every night. In the
sum-mer all the swells—join in the search for sun—and sand——

For me it's just a joy-less place—where this lone-li-ness began.

Oh, on the dunes,

(dunes. (Lone-li-ness—on the dunes.) I'm pret-ty tough—
but the wind is rough on the dunes.
TEA HOUSE ON THE TRACKS

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow groove

G7

Fsus(7)

G7

Fsus(7)

G7

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G

G7

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G

G7

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G

G7

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On the fringe where the shallows meet the scratch lands
The Scipio Brothers were slam-min' out a barn on,
out where hope and the highway so slick it should have been a
ends.
climb.
You can park or cruise,
both ways you lose.
This is
Fly town now, my friend.
You take a walk on
The crowd was bouncing in
B♭maj7(no3rd)/C  C7  B♭maj7(no3rd)/C  C7  B♭maj7(no3rd)/C  C7

Bleak Street, sync with the pulse,
to-night could be the night you crash.
you get a case of party feet. Then you
Then the

B♭maj7(no3rd)/C  C7  B♭maj7(no3rd)/C  C7  Ebmaj7(no3rd)/F  F7

turn and stop, start to finger-pop...
room turns bright, fills up with light...
You think you hear a wall-in-
Then from some-where deep in-

Ebmaj7(no3rd)/F  F7  B♭6

com-bo, side you you climb a flight of twist-ed stairs...
some frozen stuff begins to crack...
A₉(add F)
Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7 Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7

Some cat says, "Bad-dy, if you've got
Better hur-ry. Take the T-
eyes___to rhy-thm-a-tize,

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7 Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7 Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7

flat hat and your ax__

Good Time Flats__

'Cause to-night at ten chance we'll be to

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G G7 Bm7-5 E7-5

work-in' a-gain at the Tea-house on the Tracks__

learn how to dance at the Tea-house on the Tracks__
Sunday morning you're back at the wheel.
You're feeling calm and crisp and strong.

When it
Repeat and fade
Fmaj7(no3rd)/G

feels
got
right
eyes
just
to
right
line
to
drive
for
rhythm
the
light,
that's
bring
your

G7
Fmaj7(no3rd)/G
G7

grooves
flat
and
your
sential
hat
facts
ax
Good
time
Flats

some
day
we'll
all
'cause
to
night
at
meet
ten
we'll
be
to

G7
Fmaj7(no3rd)/G
G7

end
of
the
street,
work
in
again
learn
how
to
dance
at
the
Tea-house
on
the
tract.
If
you've

Fmaj7(no3rd)/G
G7

Bm7-5
E7-5
Fmaj7(no3rd)/G
G7

at
the
Tea-house
on
the
Tracks.
Take
the
When
it