GENESIS

FOXTROT
COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

RUGGINENTI
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His is a world alone no world is his own

He whom life can no longer surprise

Raising his eyes beholds a planet unknown
Creatures shaped this planet's soil
Now their reign has come to end
Has life again destroyed life,
Do they play elsewhere, do they know more than their childhood games?

Maybe the lizard shed its tail

This is the end of man's long union with earth
Judge not this race by empty remains. D'you judge God by his creatures?
when they're dead? For now the lizard's shed his tail

This is the end of man's long union with earth

fate is your own.
Molto moderato

From life alone to life as one,
Think not now your journey's done
For though your ship be sturdy
No mercy has the sea,
Will you survive on the ocean of being?

Come ancient children, hear what I say!
This is my parting counsel for you on your way

 Sadly now your thoughts turn to the stars
Where we have gone you know you never can go -
Watcher of the skies, watcher of all
This is your fate alone, this fate is your own.
Time Table

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andantino \( \dot{=} 84 \)

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mp} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mp} \\
\end{array}
\]

A carved oak table
tells a tale
of times when kings and queens sipped

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
\]

1.

wine from goblets gold,
and the brave would lead their ladies from out the room

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
\]
to ar-bours cool.

And the days knew on-ly

strife to tell right from wrong through lance and sword.

Why, why can we ne-ver be sure till we die, or have killed for an an

swer._ Why, why do we suf-fer each race to believe.
that no race has been grander
It seems because through
time and space Though names may change each face re-

takes the mask it wore.
(El piano)
A time of valour, and
legends born
A time when honour meant
much more to a man than life
A dusty table, musty smells
Turnished silver lies discarded upon the floor
Only feeble light descends through a film of grey
That scars the panes.

Gone the carving, and those who left their mark,
Gone the kings and queens now only the rats hold sway
And the weak must die according to nature's law
As old as they.
Get 'em out by Friday!
You don't get paid till the last one's well

on his way.
Get 'em out by Friday!
It's important that

we keep to schedule, there must be no delay.
I represent a firm of gentlemen who recently purchased this house and all the others in the road. In the interest of humanity we've found a better place for you to go. go-woh, go-woh.

Oh no. This I can't believe.
Oh, Mary they're asking us to leave
Get 'em out by Friday! I've told you before

't's good many gone if we let them stay. And if it isn't easy

we can squeeze a little grease and all our troubles will soon run away
After all this time they ask us to leave

And I told them we could pay double the
I don't know why it seemed so funny.

Seeing as how they'd take more money.
Now we've got them! I've always said that cash, cash, cash, can do a

- ny-thing well. Work can be re-ward-ing when a flash of in-tu-

-i-on is a gift that helps you ex-cell sell sell sell sell sell
Here we are in Harlow New Town did you recognize your block across the square over there.

Sadly since last time we spoke we've found we've had to raise the rent again just a bit.

Oh, no!

This I can't believe.
Mary, and we agreed to leave.
This is Ann-ounce-ment from Genetic con-trol
Spoken: It is my sad duty to inform you

of a four foot restriction on humanoid height I hear the direc-tors of Ge-netic Con-trol have been

buying all the pro-per-ties that have re-cently been so ld ta-king risk so, so bold. It's
said now the people will be shorter in height they can fit twice as many in the

same building site. They say it's all right. Beginning with the tenants of the
town of Harlow in the interest of humanity they've been told they must go—
told they must go, go, go, go.
f Tempo

I think I've fixed a new deal.

A dozen properties we'll buy at five and sell at thirty-four.

Some are still inhabited.

It's time to send the winkle to see them. He'll
have to work some more.

land in your hand you'll be happy on earth.

Molto moderato

vest in the Church for your Heaven.
The winkle called again, he came here this morning,
With four hundred pounds
And a photograph of the place he has found.
A block of flats with central heating.
I think we're going to find it hard!
Can-Utility and the Coastliners

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andante

Allegro $j=84$

The scattered pages of a book by the sea.

Held by the sand washed by the waves.

A shadow forms

cast by a cloud.

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eyes of the past. But the rising tide absorbs them effortlessly claiming.

They told of one who tired of all singing "Praise him, praise him". "We heed no flatterers" he cried. "By our command waters retreat. Show my power, halt at my feet"
But the cause was lost, now cold winds blow. Far from the north

O'er-cast ranks advance. Fear of the storm accusing with

Rage and soon. The waves surround the sinking throne. Singing

"Crown him, crown him." Those who love our majesty
But he forced a smile even though his hopes lay dashed where offering fell.

Where they fell.
Nothing can my peace destroy as long as no one smiles.

opened ears and opened eyes, and soon they
dared to laugh.

See a little man with his face turning red. Though his story's often told you can tell he's dead.
Supper's ready

Lovers' Leap
Allegro \( \text{mf} \)

Walking across the sitting room I turn the television off.

sitting beside you, I look into your eyes.

As the sound of motor-cars fades in the night time I

swear I saw your face change, it didn't seem quite right. And it's
Hallo, babe, with your guardian eyes so blue

Hey, my baby, don't you know my love is true

1.

2. mp

I've been so far from here, far from your
loving arms. It's good to feel you again.

It's been a long, long time.

(sпoken): Hasn't it? Più mosso
The Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary Man Allegretto

I know a farmer who looks

after the farm. With water clear he cares for all his

harvest.

I know a
fireman who looks after the fire

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

Yes he's here again.

Can't you see he's fooled you all. Share his peace. Sign the lease
He's a super-sonic scientist, he's the guaranteed eternal sanctuary

Molto moderato

2.

guaranteed eternal sanctuary

Children voices
We will rock you rock you little snake,

Tempo I
(Flute)

we will keep you snug and warm.
Ikhnaton and Itsaon and their Band of Mary Men

Più mosso

feeling on our faces while our faces took a rest,

walked across the fields to see the children of the west, but we saw a
host of dark skinned warriors standing still below the ground

Waiting for battle.

The fight's begun, they've been
released, killing foe for peace... Bang, bang, bang.

Bang, bang, bang.

And they're giving me a wonderful portion because I cannot contain my emotion.

And even though I'm feeling good something tells me I better activate my pra-
Today's a day to celebrate the foe have met their fate.

The order for rejoicing and dancing has
come from our war-lord.
Wandering through the chaos the battle has left we climb up the mountain of human flesh to a plateau of green grass, and green trees, full of life.

(spoken) A flower?

Willow Farm

Allegro vivace \( \text{L.} = 110 \)

If you go down to Willow Farm to look for butterflies.

\( f \) deciso

flutterbyes, gutterflies, open your
eyes, it's full of surprise, everyone lies like the fox on the rocks,

and the musical box. Oh, there's

Mum and Dad, and good and bad, and everyone's happy to be We've got

everything, we're growing everything, we've got some in, we've, got some out, we've got some
wild things floating about!

(Spoken)
All Change!

Allegro mf

Feel your body melt; Mum to mud to mad to Dad. Dad did-dley off-sce, Dad did-dley

of-sce. You're all full of ball. Dad to dam to dum to Mum. Mum did-dley washing Mum did-dley

wa-shing. You're all full of ball. Let me hear your lies, we're living this up to the eyes
oo-ooh-ee-ah

Ooh - ah

Blah, blah.

Mom-ma I want you now!

Allegro vivace

And as you listen to my voice to look for hidden doors

la dy floors

la more applause.

Ooh: You've been here all the
Ah, time.
Like it or not, like what you got. You're under the soil.

The soil, 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 with a whistle and end with a bang and all of us fit in our places.

Adagio, liberamente

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

**Allegro moderato** \( \frac{f}{4} \) (2+2+2+3)

With the guards of Magog, swarming around,
the Pied Piper takes

his children underground.
Dragons coming out of the sea.

Shimmering silver head of wisdom looking at me.
He brings out the fire from
the skies.
You can tell he's doing well by the look in human eyes.

Better not compromise it won't be easy.

(Organ)
Six, six, six, is no longer alone.
He's getting out the marrow

in your backbone. And the seven trumpets blowing sweet rock and roll,
gonna blow right down inside your soul.
Pythagoras with the looking glass reflects the full moon.

In blood he's writing the lyrics of a brand new tune.
Più calmo

Molto moderato

Andit's Hey, babe,

with your guardian eyes, so blue.
Hey my baby don't you know our love is

Andante

true.
I've been so far from here, far from your loving arms.

Now I'm back again, and babe it's gonna work out
As sure as Eggs is Eggs (Aching Men's Feet)

Stesso tempo

fine.

Can't you feel our souls ignite.

Shedding ever changing colors,

in the darkness of the fading-night like the river

ver joins the ocean, as the germ in a seed grows, we've
finally been freed to get back home.
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 Winston 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.