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1. The Lamb lies down on Broadway

Presto \( \frac{J}{=125} \)

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

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cresc.

And the lamb lies down.
lamb
lies
down
on

Broadway
p The lamb seems right

out of place, yet the Broadway street scene finds a
focus in its face.

Some-how it's

ly-ing there, brings a still-ness to the air.

Though

man-made light at night is very

bright,

there's no white-wash victim as the
Night-time's flyers feel their pairs.
Drugstore take down the chains.
Metal motion comes in bursts,
But the gas station can quench that thirst.
Suspension ' racked on unmade road
The truckers eyes read "Overload"
And out of the subway.
Rael Imperial Aerosol Kid
Exits into daylight, spraygun hid,
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.

Suzanne tired, her work all done,
Thinks money-honey - be on neon
Cabman's velvet glove sounds the horn
And the sawdust king spits out his scorn.
Wonder women you can draw your blind!
Don't look at me! I'm not your kind.
I'm Rael!
Something inside me has just begun,
Lord knows what I have done,
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.
On Broadway
They say the lights are always bright on Broadway.
They say there's always magic in the air.
They say the lights are always bright on Broadway.
2. Fly on a windshield

Andante $= 44$

(12 String guitar)

\[\text{(Musical notation)}\]

\[\text{etc.}\]

\[\text{P sottovoce}\]

Something solid's forming in the air -

And the

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wall of death is lowered in Times Square

No one seems to care

They carry on as if nothing was there

The wind is blowing harder now blowing

dust into my eyes

The
dust settles on my skin making a crust I cannot move

And I'm hovering like a fly waiting for the windshield on a free way

(Guitar)
Attacca subito "Broadway melody of 1974"
3. Broadway melody of 1974

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

Andante \( \frac{2}{3} = 70 \)

E-choes of the Broad-way E-ver-gla
de with her my-thi-cal ma-don-nas still

Secco

wal-king in their shades Len-ny Bruce de-clares a truce and plays his o- ther hand

Marshall Mc Luhan casual viewin', head bu- ried in the sand Sirens on the rooftops wailing

but there's no ship sai-ling Grou-cho with his mo-vies trai-ling stands a- lone with his punchline fa-

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ling. \textit{pp} Klu Klux Klan serves hot soul food and the band plays "In the mood"

The cheer-le-der waves her cy-a-ni-de wand, there's a smell of peech blos-som and bit-ter al-monde

Ca-ryl Chessman sniffs the air and leads the pa-rade, he knows in a scent you can

bottle all you made. \textit{mf} Howard Hugues in blue suede shoes
smiling at the majorettes smoking Winston cigarettes
And as the song and dance begins the

children play at home with needles: \textit{p} needles and pins.

\textit{rit.}
4. Cuckoo Cocoon

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

Andante mosso  \( \frac{1}{4} = 60 \)

Wrapped up in some powdered wool I guess I'm losing touch.  
Don't tell me this is dying 'cos I ain't changed that much.  
The only sound is water drops I
Wonder where the hell I am some kind of jam?

Coo Coon have I come to, too soon for you?

There's nothing I can recognise this is nothing that I've known.

With no sign of life at all I guess that I'm alone.

And I feel so secure that I know
this can't be real but I feel good

-ckoo coo coon have I come to too soon for you?

(Flute)

mf
I wonder if I'm a prisoner locked up in some Brooklyn jail
Or some sort of Jonah shut up inside the whale.
No - I'm still Rael, and I'm stuck in some kind of cave,
What could have saved me?
Cuckoo Cocoon have I come to, too soon for you?
5. In the cage

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

Andante \( \frac{\text{I've got sunshine}}{\text{in my stomach}} \) Like I just rocked my baby to

\( \text{p espr.} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{sleep} \) \( \text{I've got sunshine} \) \( \text{in my stomach} \) but I can't keep me from

\( \text{creeping sleep} \) \( \text{sleep, deep in the deep.} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{cresc.} \)

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Più mosso \( \frac{\text{b} \text{b} \text{b} \text{b}}{\text{b} \text{b} \text{b} \text{b}} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

(Vocals)

Rockface moves to press my skin Whi- te liquids turn sour within turn
fast turn sour turn sweat turn sour. Must

tell myself that I'm not here I'm drowning in a liquid fear

Bottled in a strong compression My distortion shows obsession

At the end repeat ad libitum and fade

In the cave! Oh - - - Get me out of this
ca - ve! Oh If

I keep self control I'll be sa - fe in my so - ul And the

child - hood be - lief brings a mo - ment re - li - ef But my

cy - nic soon re - turns and the life - boat bur - ns My
cry out help! before he can be gone

And he

looks at me without a sound

Più mosso

And I shout out "John please help me" but he does not even want to try to

I'm helpless in my violent rage

And a
Stalactites, stalagmites
Shut me in, lock me tight.
Lips are dry, throat is dry.
Feel like burning, stomach churning,
I'm dressed up in white costume
.Padding out left-over room.
Body stretching, feel the wretching
In the cage
Get me out of the cage!

In the glare of a light,
I see a strange kind of sight;
Of cages joined to form a star
Each person can't go very far;
All tied to their things
They are netted by their strings,
Free to flutter in memories of their wasted wings.

In a trap, feel a strap
Holding still, Pinned for kill.
Chances narrow that I'll make it,
In the cushioned straitjacket.
Just like 22nd St,
And they got me by my neck and feet.
Pressure's building, can't take more.
My headache's charged. Earaches roar.
In this pain
Get me out of this pain.
If I could change to liquid,
I could fill the cracks up in the rock.
But I know that I am solid
And I am my own bad luck.
Outside John disappears and my cage dissolves,
And without any reason my body revolves.

Keep on turning
Turning around just spinning around.
Down, down, down...
6. The grand parade of lifeless packaging

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

Moderato \( \frac{3}{4} \)

It's the last great adventure left to man-

\( mp \) staccato

kind screams a drooping lady offering her dream-dolls at less than ex-tor-tionate

prices and as the notes and coins are taken out I'm taken in to the factory

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profit potential marked by a sign I can recognise some of the production line

bite at all in labour bondage wrinkled wrappers or human bandage

**Great parade of lifeless packaging all ready to use**

It's the grand parade of life-less pack-a-ging

just need a fuse

The hall runs like clock-work their
hands mark out the time emp-ty in their full-ness like a
frozen pan-to-mime Eve-ry-one's a sell re-pre-sen-ta-tive
wear-ing slo-gans in their shrine Di-shing out fail-safe su-per-la-tive
bro-ther John is num-ber nine For the great pa-rade of life-less pack-a-ging all
ready to use It's the great parade of life less packaging

just need a fuse $ff^3$ And the decor on the ceiling planned out their future day I

see no sign of free will so I guess I have to pay my way for the

grand parade Grand parade Oh the
grand parade

Yes the grand parade of life less packaging ready to use

It's the

grand parade of life less packaging just need a fuse

Grand parade

Rit.

Grand parade Grand parade Grand parade

Rit.
7. Back in New York City

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

Allegretto con moto  \( \text{\textit{J. = 88}} \)

\( \text{spoken} \)

\( \text{pp} \) I see traces of

home

Back in New York City

\( \text{ff} \)

So you think I'm a tough kid?

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Is that what you heard?

Well I like mean.

Repeat 4 times

Yeah
You say I must be crazy

più f
'cos I don't care who I hit
who I hit
But I
Repeat 3 times

As I cuddled the por-cu-pine
He said "I had none to blame but

1. me".
2. off.

No time for ro-man-tic e-scape when
To Coda φ

your fluffy heart is ready for rape.

No!

Off we go.

Off we go.

Off we go.
Well I like to see some action and it gets into my blood.
They call me the trail blazer-Rael-electric razor.
I'm the pitcher in the chain gang, we don't believe in pain,
'cos we're only as strong, as the weakest link in the chain.
Let me out of Pontiac when I was just seventeen,
I had to get it out of me, if you know what I mean, what I mean.

You say I must be crazy, 'cos I don't care who I hit, who I hit.
But I know it's me that's hitting out, and I'm not full of shit.
I don't care who I hurt, I don't care who I do wrong.
This is your mess I'm stuck in, I really don't belong.
When I take out my bottle, filled up high with gasoline,
You can tell by the night fires where Rael has been, has been.

As I cuddled the porcupine,
He said I had none to blame, but me.
Held my heart, deep in hair,
Time to shave, shave it off, it off.
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape. No!
Off we go.

You're sitting in your comfort, you don't believe I'm real,
You cannot buy protection from the way that I feel.
Your progressive hypocrities hand out their trash,
But it was mine in the first place, so I'll burn it to ash.

And I've tasted all the strongest meats,
And laid them down in coloured sheets.
Who needs illusion of love and affection
When you're out, walkin' in the streets
With your mainline connection? connection.
8. Hairless heart

Moderato \( \text{\( \breve{s} \)} = 60 \)

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

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9. Counting out time

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

Vivace \( \text{L} = 100 \)

Coun- ting out time.

Got the whole thing down by num- bers all those num- bers Give my gui- dance Oh Lord I need-that

now The day of Judge- ment's come and you can bet that I've been res- ting for this test- ing Di- ge.
- ting ev-ery word the ex-perts say,
  e-ro ge nous zones I lo - ve you with

To Coda

- out you what can a poor boy -
do?

Found a girl I wan - ted to da -
et

Tought I bet-ter get it straight
  went to buy a book be fore it's too late
Don't leave nothing to fate!
I've studied every line every page in the book.
Now I've got the real thing here I'm gonna take a look take a look.
This is Rael!

I'm counting out time, hoping it goes like I planned it 'cos I understand it. Look! I've found the hotspots, Figs 1-9 Still counting out time, got my finger on the button, "Don't say nuttin! Just lie there still and I'll get you turned on just fine."

Erogenous zones I love you. Without you what would a poor boy do?

Touch and go with 1-6. Bit of trouble in zone No. 7. Gotta remember all of my tricks. There's heaven ahead in No. 11! Getting crucial responses with dilation of the pupils. "Honey, get hip! It's time to unzip, to unzips. Whipee!

-Move over Casanova-

I'm counting out time, reaction none to happy, Please don't slap me, I'm a red blooded male and the book said I could not fail. I'm counting out time. I got unexpected distress from my mistress, I'll get my money back from the bookstore right away. Erogenous zones I question you: Without you what would a poor boy do?
10. Carpet crawlers

Andante \( \text{j=73} \)

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

There is lambs-wool under my naked feet

The wool is soft and warm gives

off some kind of heat

A salamander

scurries into flame to be destroyed

etc.

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maginary creatures are trapped in birth

on celluloid

The fleas cling to the golden fleece

hoping they'll find peace Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid
There's no hide in my memory there's no room to avoid
The crawlers cover the floor in the red ochre
corridors Form my second sight of people they've more life blood than before
They're moving in time to a heavy wooden door

Where the needle's eyes is winking closing in on the poor

Carpet crawlers heed their callers

we've got to get in to get out-

Oh oh oh
There's only one direction in the faces that I see,
It's upward to the ceiling, where the chambers said to be.
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing they're free.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.
Through a door a harvest feast is lit by candlelight:
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears attack.
The eager pack lift up their pitchers - the carry all they lack.
The liquid has congealed, which is seeped out through the crack,
And the tickler takes his stickleback.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."
11. The chamber of 32 doors

Allegretto  $j=112$

At the top of the stairs there's hundreds of people

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running around to all the doors. They try to find
find themselves an audience their deductions need applause

The rich man stands in front of me poor man behind

my back They believe they can control the game but the juggler holds another pa-
I need someone to believe in someone to trust.

I'd rather trust a countryman than a town man.

You can judge by his eyes, take a look if you can.
He'll smile through his guard

Survival trains hard

Down here I'm so alone with my fear

With everything that I hear - And every single door
I'd rather trust a man who works with his hands,
He looks at you once, you know he understands.
Don't need any shield,
When you're out in the field.

2.
The priest and the magician, singing all the chants that they have ever heard.
They're all calling out my name, even academics, searching printed word.

My father to the left of me, my mother to the right.
Like anyone else they're pointing, but nowhere feels quite right.

And I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.

I'd rather trust a man who doesn't shout when he's found.
There's no need to sell if you're homeward bound.
If I chose a side, he won't take me for a ride.

Back inside.
This chamber of so many doors.
I've nowhere to hide.
I'd give you all of my dreams, if you'd help me.
Find a door that doesn't lead me back again.
Take me away.
The Chamber was in confusion
all the voices shouted loud I could

only hear a voice quite near say: please help me through the crowd. Said if I

shined. Lilywhite Lilith
She gonna take you 'thru the tunnel of night

Lilywhite Lilith

To Coda

She gonna lead you right.
leaves me in my darkness I have to face face my fear

And the darkness closes in on me - I can

hear a whirling sound growling near I can see the corner of the tunnel Lit
up by whatever's coming here.

golden globes float into the room and a blaze of white light fills the air.

Più calmo

When I'd led her through the people, the angry noise began to grow. She said "Let me feel the way the breezes blow, and I'll show you where to go. So I followed her into a big round cave, she said "They're coming for you, now don't be afraid." Then she sat me down on a cold stone throne, carved in jade.
13. The waiting room

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford
pumping's nearly over for my sweet heart This is the one for me time to meet the chef

Oh boy! The running man is out of death. Feel cold and old it's gettin' hard to catch my breath.

back to ash now you've had your flash boy. The rock in time compress your

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blood to oil, your flesh to coal, enrich the soil not

ev-ery-bo-dy's goal. Anyway they say she comes on a pale horse but I'm sure I hear a train.

ritardando last time

Oh boy! I don't wanna feel no pain. I guess I must be driving myself insane.

Damn it all! Does earth plug a hole in heaven or heaven plug a hole in
earth
How won - der - ful to be so pro - found when
eve - ry - ting you are is dy - ing un - der - ground.

Tempo 1

marcato

63
I feel the pull on the rope, let me off at the rainbow.
I could have been exploding in space
Different orbits for my bones
Not me, just quietly buried in stones,
Keep the deadline open with my maker!
See me stretch; for God's elastic acre
The doorbell rings and it's
"Good morning Rael
So sorry you had to wait.
It won't be long, yeh!
She's very rarely late."
15. Here comes the supernatural anaesthetist

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

Largo a piacere

Andante \( \frac{1}{4} 118 \)

Here comes the supernatural anaesthetist

If he wants you to snuff it
all you have to do is puff it

He's such a fine dancer
The scent grows richer he knows he must be near,
he finds a long passage way lit by chandelier.
Each step he takes the perfumes change from familiar fragrance to
flavours strange. Amagnificent chamber meets his eye.
(Synth)

In side a long rose wa ter pool is shrou ded by fine mist

In side a long rose wa ter pool is shrou ded by fine mist

Pung in the moist si lence with a warm breeze he's gen ly kissed

Pung in the moist si lence with a warm breeze he's gen ly kissed

Thin king he is quite a lone he en ters the room as if it
were his own. But ripples on the sweet pink water reveal some company un-thought of. Rael stands astonished doubting his sight struck by beauty, gripped in fright. Three vermilion snakes of female face the smallest motion filled with grace. Muted melodies
fill the echoing hall, but there is no sign

of warning in the sirens' call:

Rae! welcome we are the Lamia of the pool.

We have been waiting for our waters to bring you cool.
water turns icy blue. The lights are dimmed and once again the stage is set for you.
Putting fear beside him, he trusts in beauty blind
He slips into the nectar, leaving his shredded clothes
behind.
"With their tongues, they test, taste and judge all that is
mine.
They move in a series of caresses
That glide up and down my spine.

As they nibble the fruit of my flesh, I feel no pain,
Only a magic that a name would stain.
With the first drop of my blood in their veins
Their faces are convulsed in mortal pain.
The fairest cries, 'We all have loved you, Rael!'

Each empty snakelike body floats,
Silent sorrow in empty boats.
A sickly sourness fills the room,
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom,
Looking for motion I know I will not find,
I stroke the curls now turning pale, in which I'd lain
entwined.
"Oh Lamia, your flesh that remains I will take as my
food."
It is the scent of garlic that lingers on my chocolate
fingers.
17. Silent sorrow in empty boats

Adagio \( \text{\#60} \)

Tenuto e legato molto

pppppp

pp

p

mp

Repeat and fade

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18. The colony of slippermen

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

Allegro  \( j = 120 \)

To Coda (1)  \( \text{mf} \)

I wandered lonely as a cloud

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

lay.

\( \text{l.h.} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

till I came upon this dirty street.

I've

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

never seen a stranger crowd

Slubbery indulgences on

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

squeaky feet Continually pacing with non-chalance embracing, each

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o-rifice dis-gra-cing and no-one facing me moves to say hel

(spoken) "We like you have tas-ten love.

Don't be alarmed at what you see, you yourself are just the same as

what you see in me."

Me? Like you?

Like
that!

(spoken) "You

better watch it son, your sentence has only just be-

gun.

You better run and join your bro-ther

John."

f-You're in the
There's no colony of Slippermen.

You can get out if you've got the gripe.

To Coda ②

Doktor Dyper re-formed snipper he'll whip off your wind-screen-wiper.
He places the number into a tube. It's a yellow plastic shoo-be-doo-be.
It says: "Though your fingers may tickle you'll be safe in our pickle."

Suddenly black cloud comes down from the sky.

It's a super-sized black-bird that sure can fly!
mf The raven brings

on darkness and night

He flies
	right down
gives me a hel- lu- va fright.

He takes the tube right out
of my hands. Man, I've got to find where the black-bird lands.

Your skin's all covered in slimy lumps.
With lips that slide across each chin.
His twisted limbs like rubber stumps
Are waved in welcome say "Please join in"
My grip must be flipping,
'Cos his handshake keeps slipping,
My hopes keep on dipping
And his lips keep on smiling all the time.

John and I are able
To face the Doktor and his marble table.
Understand Rael, that's the end of your tail.
Don't delay, dock the dick!
I watch his countdown timer tick...

Look here John, I've got to run
I need you now, you're going to come?
He says to me: now can't you see?
Where the raven flies there's jeopardy.
We've been cured on the couch
Now you're sick with your grouch
I'll not risk my honey pouch
Which my slouch will wear slung very low.
He walks away and leaves me once again.
Even though I never learn
I'd hoped he'd show just some concern.

I'm in the agony of Slipperpain
I pray my undercarriage will sustain.
The chase is on, the pace is hot
But I'm running so very fast
with everything that I've got.
He leads me down an underpass
Though it narrows he still flies very fast.
When the tunnel stops
Catch sight of the tube, just as it drops.

86
19. Ravine

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

Adagio \( \text{\textit{p}p\textit{p}} \) \( J = 50 \)

\[ \text{Tremolo} \]

\[ \text{\textit{p}p\textit{p}} \text{ Ped. sempre} \quad \text{\textit{m}p \quad \text{\textit{p}p}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{m}p \quad \text{\textit{p}p}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{m}p \quad \text{\textit{p}p}} \]

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20. The light dies down on Broadway

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

Andante  \( \text{e} \quad 100 \)

As he walks along the gorge's edge he meets a sense of yester year

window in the bank above his head reveals his home amidst the streets

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Sub way sounds the sounds of complaint
The smell of acid on his gun of paint
as it
carves out anger in a blood red band
destroyed tomorrow by an unknown hand. My home

Is this the way out from this endless scene? Or

just an entrance to another dream? And the light light light light light dies

90
But as the skylight beckons him to leave,
He hears a scream from far below.
Within the raging water, writhes the form
Of brother John, he cries for help.

The gate is fading now, but open wide.
But John is drowning, I must decide
Between the freedom I had in the rat-race,

Or to stay forever in this forsaken place:
Hey John!
He makes for the river and the gate is gone,
Back to the void where it came from.
And the light dies down on Broadway.
21. Riding the scree

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

Allegretto con moto $\frac{\text{4}}{\text{8}} = 52$

(Synth)

r.h.

l.h. Ad libitum

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There's not much hope

I begin to try to ride the scree,

but the rocks are tumbling all around me

If I want John alive

I've got to ditch my fear—take a dive

While I've still got my drive to survive

95
22. In the rapids

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

Largo

(Guitar)

(pp)

p

Moving down the water

John is drifting out of sight

It's only at the turning point that you

find out how you fight

In the cold feel the cold all around

And the

rush of crashing water

surrounds me with its sound

Striking out to reach you

I

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can't get out to the other side
When you're racing in the rapids there's only one way that's to ride
Taken down by the undertow

I'm spiralled down the river bed
My fire is burning low

Catching hold of a rock that's firm
I'm waiting for John to be carried past

We
hold together Hold together and shoot the rapids fast

And when the water slow down the dark and the deep have

no-one no-one no-one no-one no-one left to keep Hang on John! We're

out of this at last Something changed that's not your face It's mine! It's mine!

Attacca subito "It"
It is now

Just a little bit of it can bring you up or down

Like the supper it is cooking in your home town

It is chicken, it is egg it is
in between your legs - It is walking on the moon leaving your cocoon

It is the jigsaw it is purple haze It

never stays in one place but it's not a passing phase It is in the single bar

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in the distance of the face
It is in between the cages it is
always in a space
It is here
It is now

Any rock can be made to roll
If you enough of it to pay the toll
it has no home in words or gold
Not even in your favourite hole
it is hope for the dope
it rides your horse without a hoof
it is shaken not stirred;
Cocktails on the roof.

When you eat right thru it you see everything alive
it is inside the spirit, with enough grit to survive
If you think that it's pretentious, you've been taken for a ride.
Look across the mirror sonny, before you choose, decide
it is here, it is now
it is Real. it is Rael

'Cos it's only knock and knowall, but I like it
Yes it's only knock and knowall, but I like is
Yes it's only knock and knowall, but I like it...