1-1-2007

Mexico City Blues - Part II

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Two -

Strict Time \( \frac{1}{4} = 100 \)

text: Jack Kerouac

Road

Randall Snyder
2007

Butte

Butte Magic of Ignorance

Butte Magic
Is the same as no-Butte

All one light
Old Rough Roads  
One High Iron Main-way

Playlet: freely  
Denver the same

like a joke  "The guy I was with his uncle was the governor of Wyoming"

"Course he paid me back"
Ten Days  Two Weeks  Stock and  Joint

open

"Was an old crook any way"

The same voice on the same ship  The Supreme Vehicle

S. S. Excal-i-bur  May nard  Main line
Is a very old God
What older God could you get

GLED ZAL-WAD-LE

The Sound of the Feathered Serpent
cause of the flood.

He came from:

"Destroyed Over Flooded Land Exiled Him Water Pour"

Which means:

He is Water He is the Flood He is the Ocean that
Floods

Serpent as the sign of Flood,

Ah

Double Time \( \downarrow = 144 \)

Sax

Half Time \( \downarrow = 72 \)

Bired-feather is a sign of escape flight, exile

a tempo

The Feathered Serpent
Snakes that fly  
Nail E-ter-ni-ty  
To bye/

Propulsive $j = 132$

TO NA TI UH:  "Of the Sun-ken Your Ear"

The Big En-gines In the night

The Die-sel on the Pass  
The Air-plane in the  
Pan A-mer-i-can night
Night The Blazing Silence

in the Night the Pan Canadian Night

Eagle on the Pass the Wire on the Rail the Hight Hot Iron of my

heart The blazing chicka-ball Whap - by
Where bed bugs got in my hair
In the Heat wave Night

And all I saw
on the long Avenue

were Negroes

Once I went to a
movie at midnight

Nineteen Forty Mice And Men

the name of it

The Red Block Box-cars

Rolling (on the Screen) Yes-sir

Rubato

life fin(a)lly gets ti-red of living
Swing Tempo 1  $q = 112$

On both occasions I had wild Face looking into

lights Of Streets where phantoms Ha-

(s)tened out of sight

In-to Me-mor-i-al Cello Time
Glenn Miller and I were heroes.

When it was discovered that I was the most

beautiful Boy of my generation.

They told Glenn...
Where he got inspired
And wrote the saxophone

Wrote the reed sections like sauter-gain and finn

and then they all did dance and kissed me

moon ing stars and I be-came the Yo-kum of the wall gang
flow-ers and be-lieved in truth

open

and loved the snow-y earth and had no truck and no re-spon-si-bil-i-ty

bhikku in my heart waiting for the phi-lo-sophy's dread-ful murderer

BUDDHA

Mad a-bout the Boy Tune Fu-e

Go ing a-long with the dance
Les-ter Young in e-ter-ni-ty blowing his horn a- lone

Alone - Nobody's alone

Growl low - ten - or - man

Work out your tune - till the day is break smooth - out the rough night

Wa-il

Beat but - ton bones
On the Bank of Broad England Ah Pa-too-ty Tea ward

Time Of Proust and beard-ed Ma-jes-ty

In rooms of dun a-go in long a lash a-lar-um speak um

man-sions tenn-es-see of gor-y will-iam tree (remember that little box of tacks?)
I am not Greg-or-y Cor-so  The I-tal-ian Minn-e-singer

Of the Song of Cor-si-ca  Su-bi-o-so Gregor-i-o Cor-so

The Haunt-ed Verse mak-er King  Of Brat-tle Street  In streets of

snow  He wove the show  And wor-ried in tun-nels and
mad dog barked KIND KING MIND

Al-lan Ginsberg called me William Burroughs Is William Lee

Samuel Johnson Is under the sea

Sardonic $\downarrow = 88$

Who was it wrote "Mon-ey is the root of all e-vil?"
Os- car Wilde_ in one of his wit-ties?

Was it Celine nah-

Was it Al-ex-an-der Pope Ben ja-min Frank lin or Will iam Shake speare

Was it Pope in one of his cle-ver lines

Be-ja-min in his Al-manac of Peers has
Richard the Chicken Liver Express a private pear

Or is Shakespeare

blowing wild

Con fuius Po lo ni us wit ti cis mi cal Pa-

ter ni ty ad vice
"Money is the root of all evil" 
For I will Write In my will "I regret that I was not able to love money more"
For which reason I go into retreat and monastery all monastic in cell
With devotions and hell pell mell
Slow $q = 60$

Swing Style $q = 84$

Ten-der is the Night

F. Scott Fitz-ger-al-d the Al-a-

mo-an Huck-ster Crock-ett He-ro

Who burned his

Wife Down and tore up the nine-ty-five de-vils
with crash-es of laugh-ter and break-ing of
glass in the mon-o-cled

I-bar ritz the lit-tle grey fox of NEW HA VEN CONN vi-a Prince ton O Sure

Slow

Ten-der is the mar lin spike Ten der is the sea Ten der the
London Fog
That Befalls
Swing Style \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 84

Me
Tender is the Cat's Bath

Blue Meow
The Little Grey Fox

That nibbled at the grapes
Ten-der was his fore - skin tender his nape.

Lowell Canto

Re- mem ber ing my birth in in-fan-cy the
coughs the swal lows the tear-trees growing from your eye-balls of
shame; the gray Im mense morn-ing I was conceived i the womb,

And the red gor- y af- ter- noon
delivered there-from

I could sing you hounds make you bell howl packs Zounds
I'd a lived and lived laughing as a child

If somebody could a told me it was unreal I was scared

The dark was full of phantoms Come from the other side of death to claim the hearts
of Sacri-ficial little children

laying up in the win-ter night In cribs by how-ling

win-dows of the cold and for-lorn Earth of Mass-a-chus-sets

Feb ru-ar-y Mass-a-schus setts March Wild howl Lu-pine Cold the
Moon-y and loon-y nights.

I thought I was a phan-tom me my-self Suf-fer-ing

A Little Faster

One night I saw my old-er bro-ther Ger

ard Stand-ing o-ver my crib with wild hair as if he had just
pee-vis-i-ted the pa-il in the hall of snores and

head-ed back for his room

A Little Slower $q = 88$

ves-ti-ga-tin the Gra-il

Nin and Ma's bed - room Who slept in the same bed
...straight mute

A Little Faster $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 96$

and in the crib a-long-side

O-ily is the

moment so that phantom was my brother only in the

sense that cotton is soft Only in the sense that when you

die you muffle in your sigh the
thorny hard regret of rocks of life belief
I knew I hoped to go be saved.
Meanwhile there's my

Pa alone in street coming for supper under heaven bleak

The trees of March black
twigs against the red and gory sun-down
That blazed
across the River sinking in the ocean to t'accel...

Salisbury latest and last grain of sand
Then all's wet
underneath Eclipse (Ivan the Hea-ven Sea-Ice King Euclid
Blood-y Be Ju - pi - ter  Nu - cle - us Nu - clid~

What's His Name  the sea  The

sea - drang  Schol - ar with mer - maids  Blood - y

blas - ted dad - flap thorn it
Nep-py Tune) All's wet clear to Nep-tune's Seat Sensing the aura the

news of that frost my father Hurries in his Woe-street

Conscious he is a man Doomed to mortal

destiny "Amd my poor lil Ti Pous-se," he thinks of me
"He'll get it too."

My father in downtown red

Walked around like a shadow

Of ink black

With hat nodding in the immemorial lights of my dreams
news-paper in pocket Liquor on the breath

barber shop shines - - - - - - Is the image of

Ignorant Man Hurrying to his destiny which is Death

Arco Pizz
Men know the mist is not their
friend They come out of fields and put coats on
And become businessmen and die stale
My remembrance of my father in downtown. Lo well walking like
card board cut across the lost lights

in the same empty material as my father in the grave.