

Doonesbury's

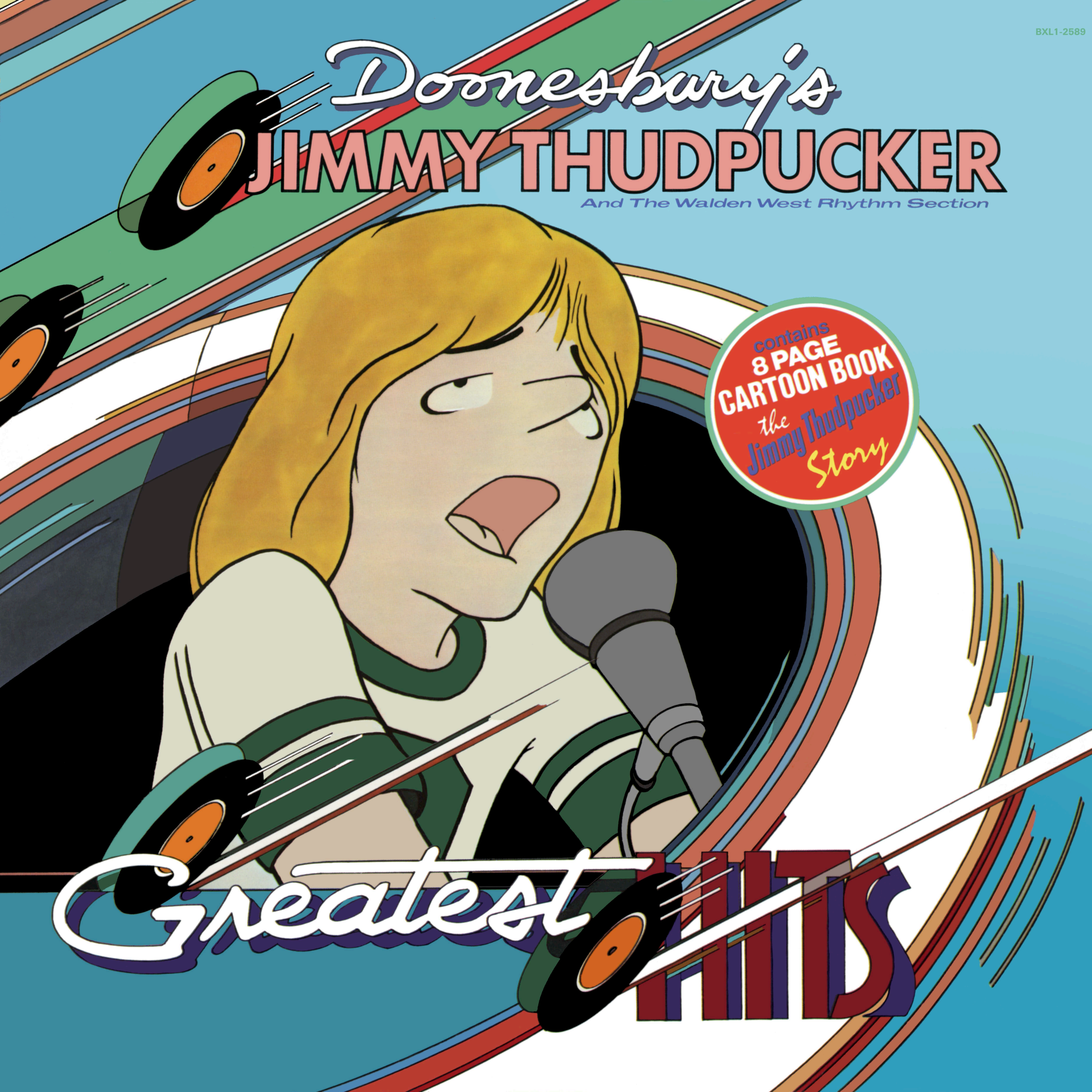
JIMMY THUDPUCKER

And The Walden West Rhythm Section

contains
**8 PAGE
CARTOON BOOK**
*the
Jimmy Thudpucker
Story*

Greatest

HITS



INCLUDES MUSIC FROM THE NBC-TV DOONESBURY SPECIAL

RXL 1-2583



PRODUCED BY STEVE CROPPER FOR MIDNIGHT HOUR MUSIC
ENGINEER: AUSTIN GODSEY
BACK-UP ENGINEERS—GENE MEROS AND TOBY SCOTT
PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATION—LEE HOUSEKEEPER
RECORDED AT CLOVER STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
COVER DESIGN: PETER PALOMBI / GRIBBITT!

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SIDE A

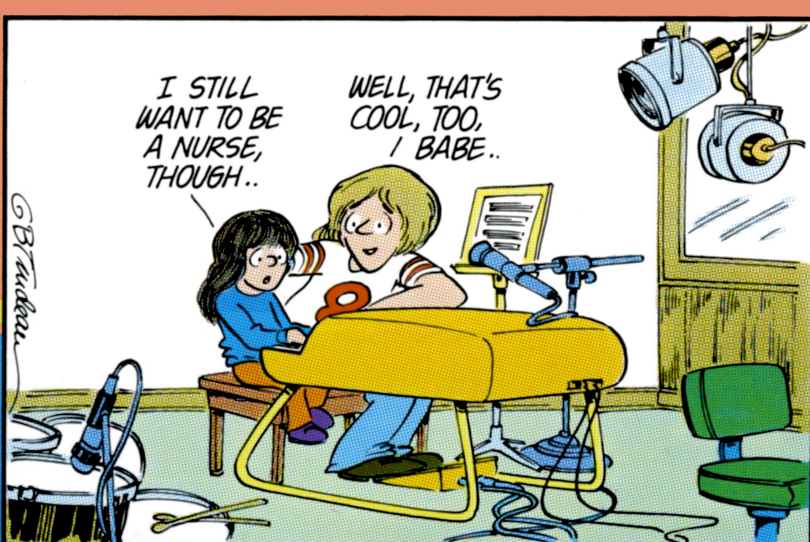
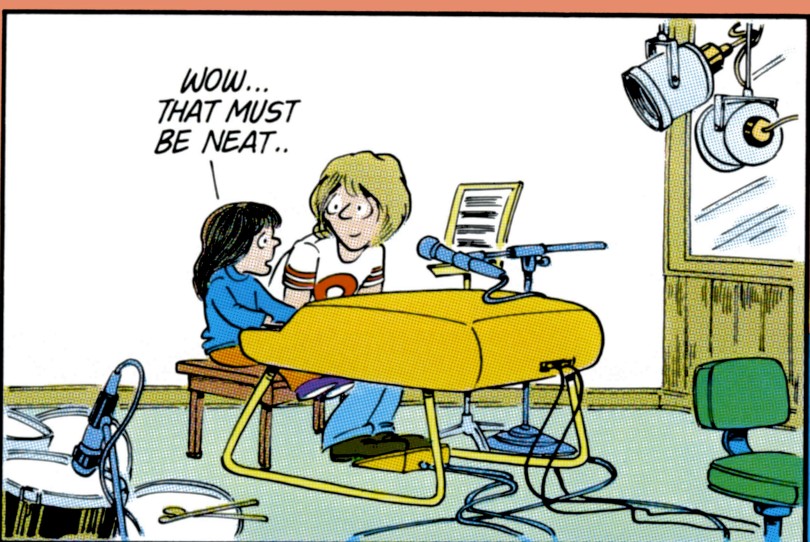
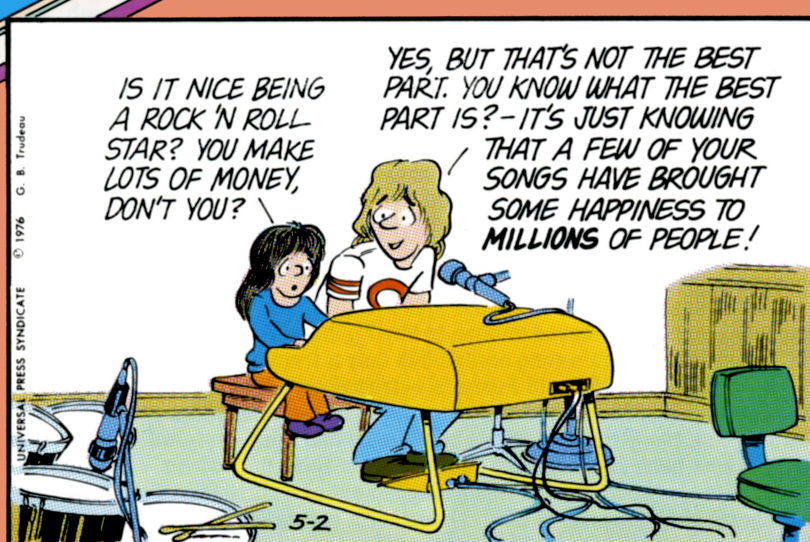
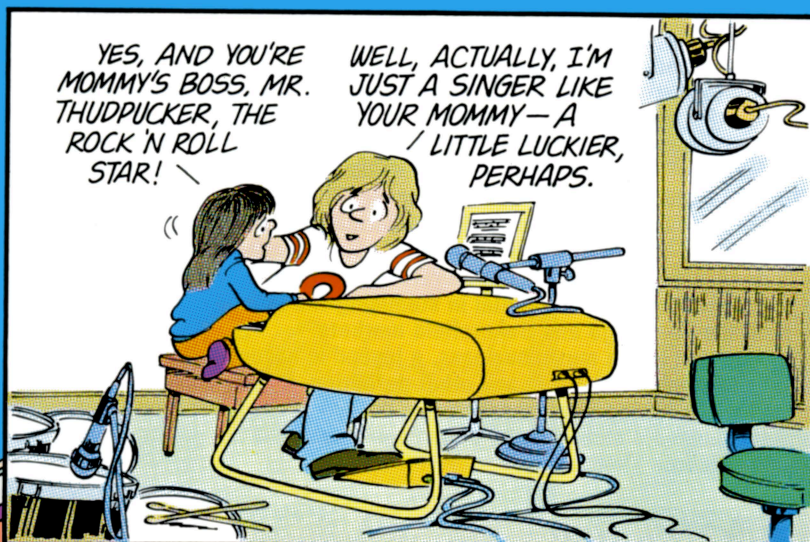
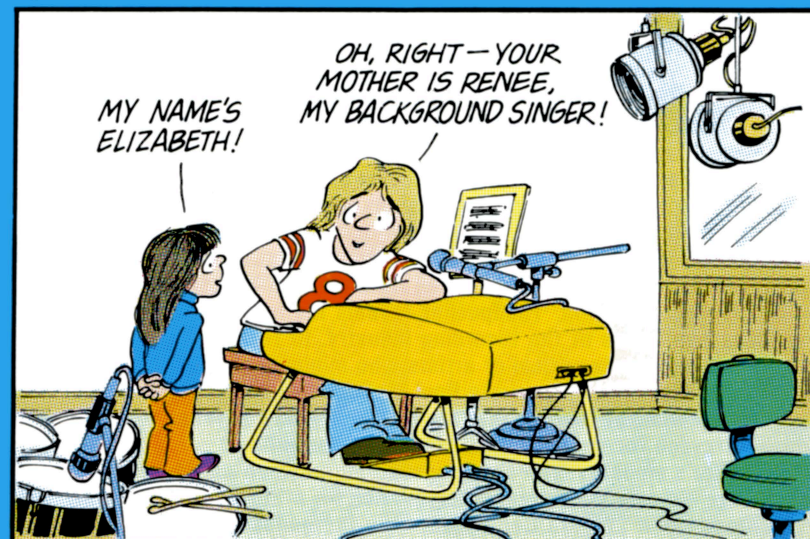
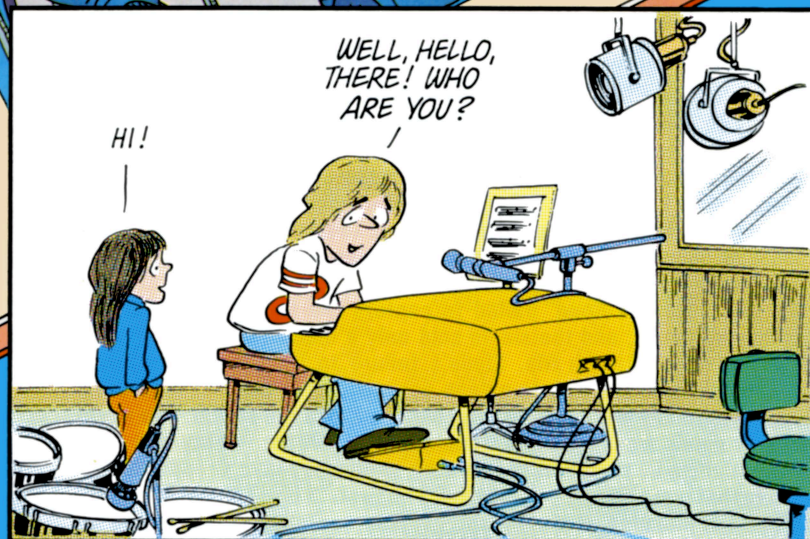
YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT
TAKE YOUR LIFE
I DON'T KNOW MY LOVE
STOP
INDIAN BROWN

SIDE B

WHERE CAN I GO
I DO BELIEVE
FRETMAN SAM
GINNY'S SONG
SO LONG / OVERTURE '73



the "JIMMY THUDPUCKER STORY"



the Jimmy Thudpucker Story...

Through the years, much has been made of that bleak November day in 1969 when Jimmy Thudpucker first electrified an audience of some 200,000 demonstrators huddled on the grounds of the Washington Monument. The ballad he performed that afternoon, "I Do Believe," is less likely to be remembered for its virtuoso guitar changes than for the galvanizing effect it had on a nearby unit of the National Guard, but for whatever reason, Jimmy Thudpucker has been a national musical fixture ever since. From those first strains of outrage to his current runaway hit about swinging singles, "Can't Fight It," Thudpucker has been part of our lives, a sensitive troubador gently mocking the follies of our times.

Deciding which of Thudpucker's numerous hits belong in a collection such as this is a thankless task. There are, of course, dozens which qualify, but any collection worth purchasing would have to include "Fretman Sam." In "Fretman Sam" (1970), a thinly veiled tribute to the legendary sessionman "Wah-Wah" Graydon, Thudpucker reveals his indebtedness to the anonymous hired guns of the recording industry. In recent years, Thudpucker has been openly critical of artists who minimize the contributions of studio musicians. (He once wrote Paul McCartney an angry open letter in *Crawdaddy* when he learned that the former Beatle had failed to credit guitarist Graydon for the acoustical track on "Yesterday.")

Thudpucker's empathy with these unsung journeymen no doubt stems in part from his own considerable experience as a studio organ player, wryly chronicled in "Where Can I Go?" This thoroughly ingenuous party song gave fans a rare glimpse into the spiritual aspects of Thudpucker's musical roots, from his early infatuation with Gregorian chants through his ill-conceived participation in Reverend Moon's first Garden Concert. Although the song stops short of shedding any light on the arrest of his band in the Palm Court of the Plaza, "Where Can I Go?" posed a number of intriguing musical hypotheses that Thudpucker was not able to fully test until two years later with "So Long/Overture '73."

It was worth the wait. Savvy fans recognized almost immediately that "So Long" was Jimmy's long expected major opus and a clear signal to both the music establishment and the Nixon Administration that he had to be taken seriously. Refusing to indulge in either *J'accuse* or *Mea Culpa*, Thudpucker fashioned as eloquent a post-mortem of the war in Indochina as could be found anywhere on the music scene, and Anti-war fans on three continents were moved enough to buy 7½ million copies.

Although Thudpucker's song earned him only a fraction of what it might have (in recognition of David Foster's extraordinary contribution on the instrumental, Jimmy insisted that the song change publishers after the first 32 bars), the little superstar's confidence had been restored. A year later, he was back in the studio recording the third part of his Vietnam Trilogy, "Stop in the Middle," a wrenching lament of a close friend's failure to integrate the concerns of another era with his new, mellow lifestyle. While many Thudpucker purists have suggested that the song suffers from certain baroque excesses, there is little dispute that "Stop" has replaced "Hey Jude" as the standard against which all future rock 'n' roll codas will be compared. One measure of how pleased Thudpucker himself was about the song's ending was his spontaneous decision to turn over

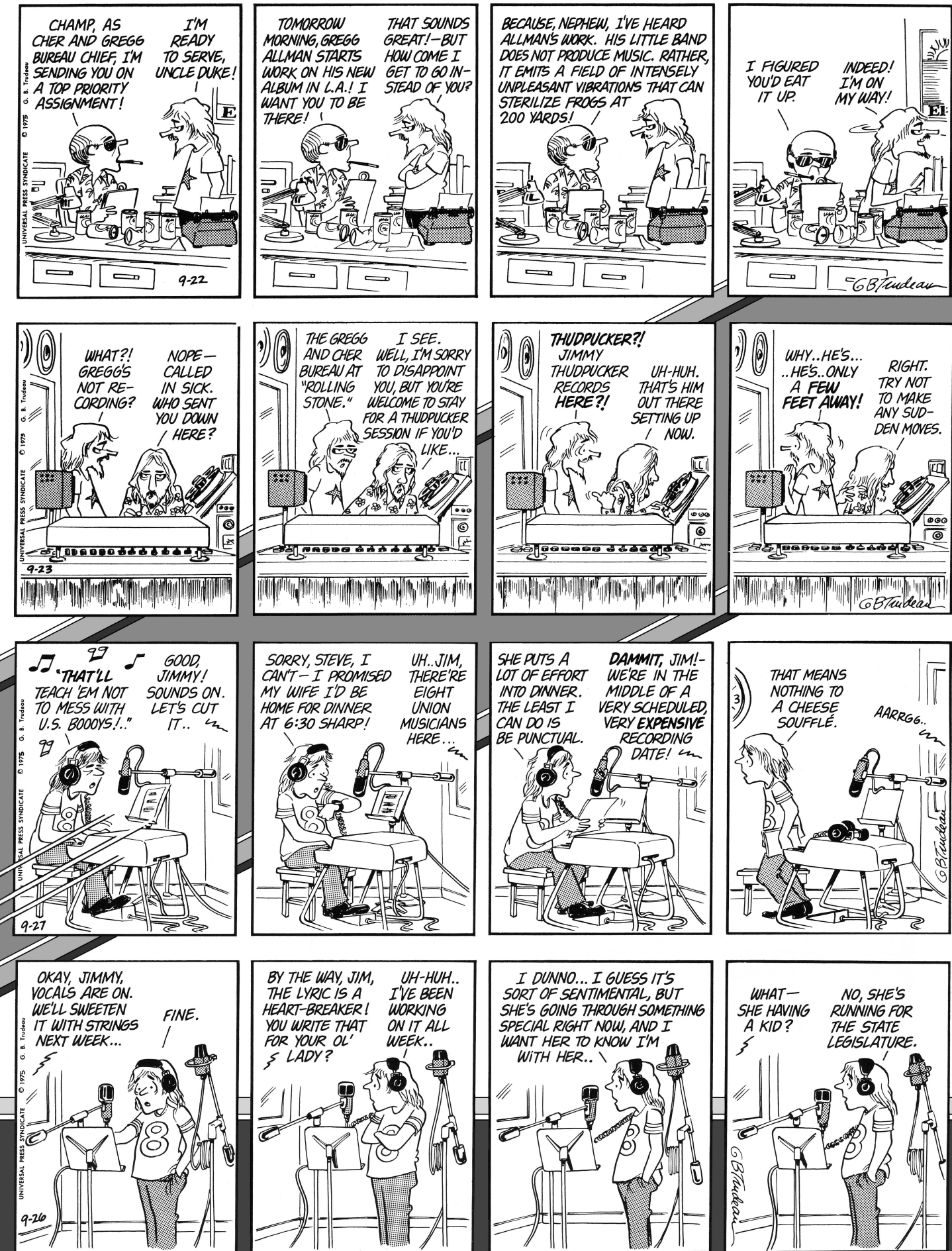
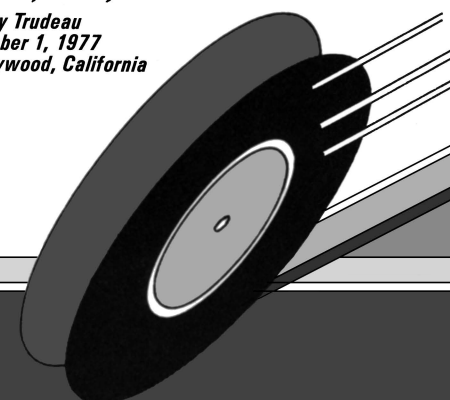
the remainder of the session on which it was cut to another artist, albeit one on the same label. "Indian Brown," sung by Jimmy's favorite background singer, Renee Armand, so delighted Thudpucker that he agreed to cut it from the final version of "Stop" only after his producer threatened court action.

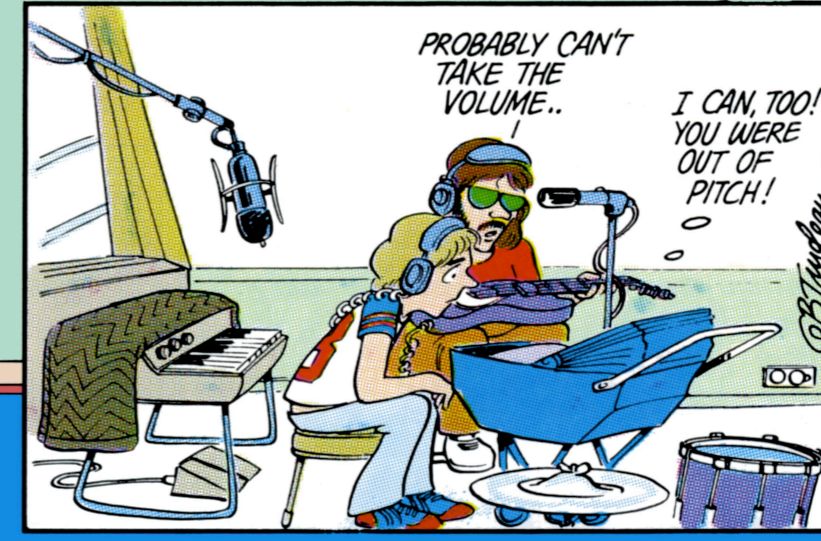
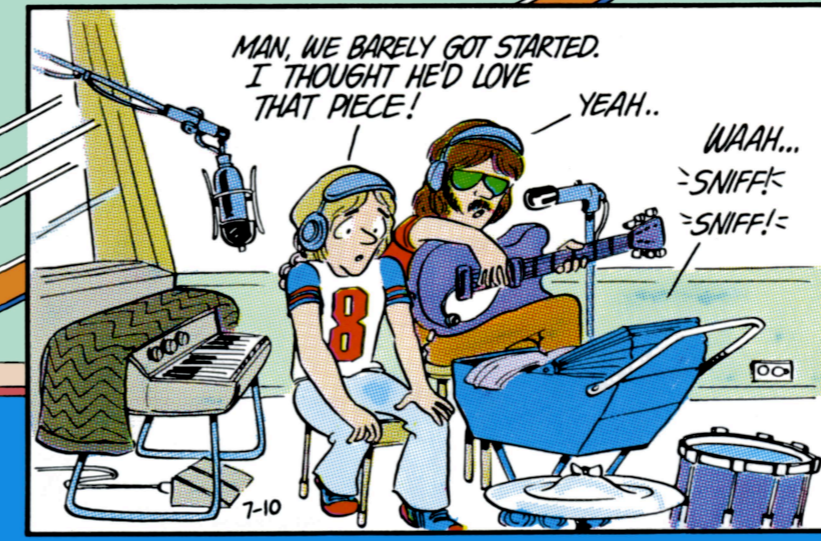
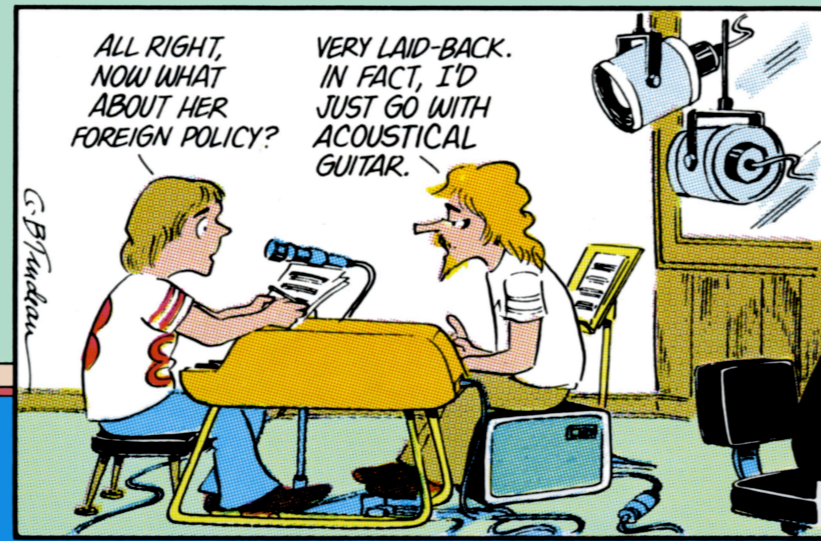
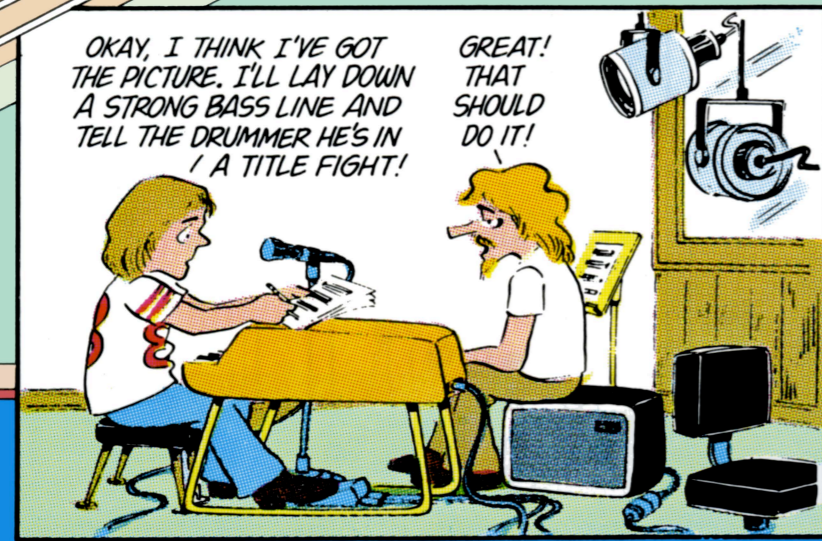
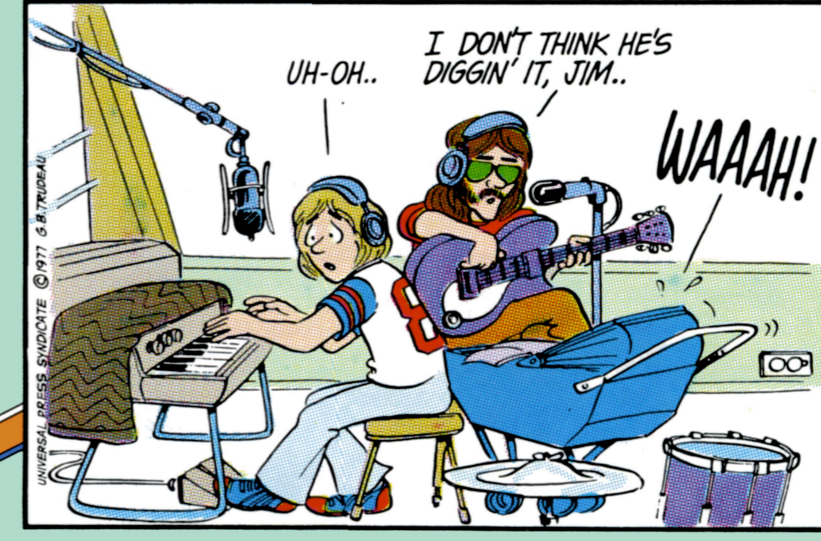
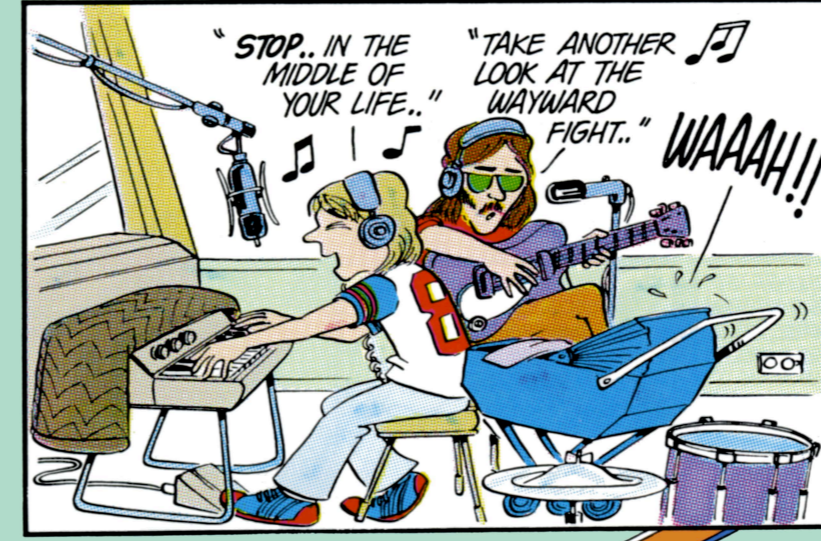
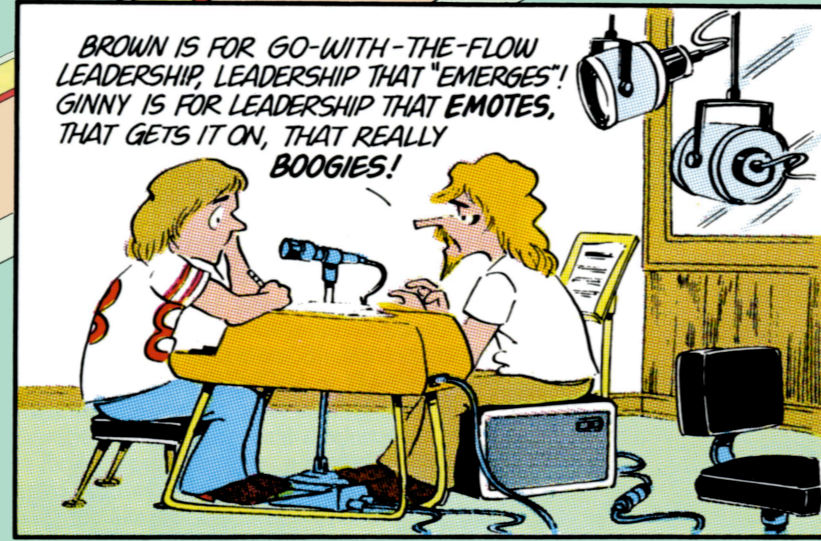
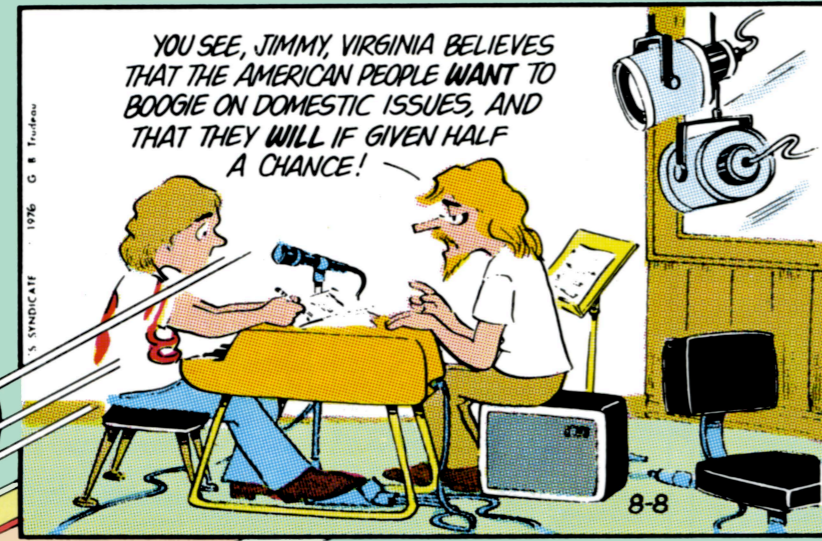
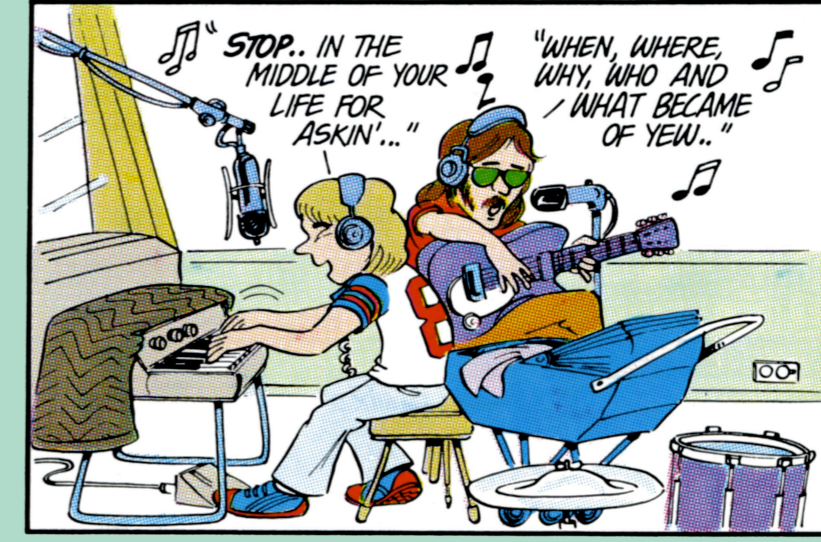
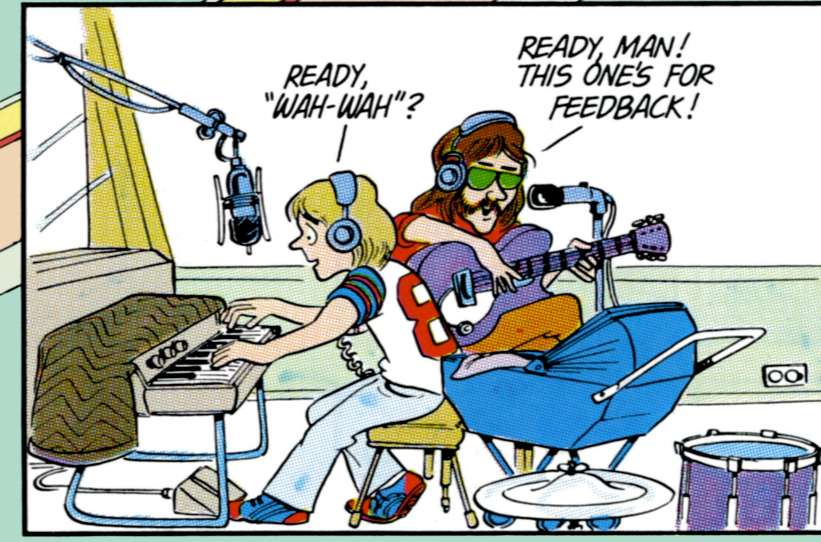
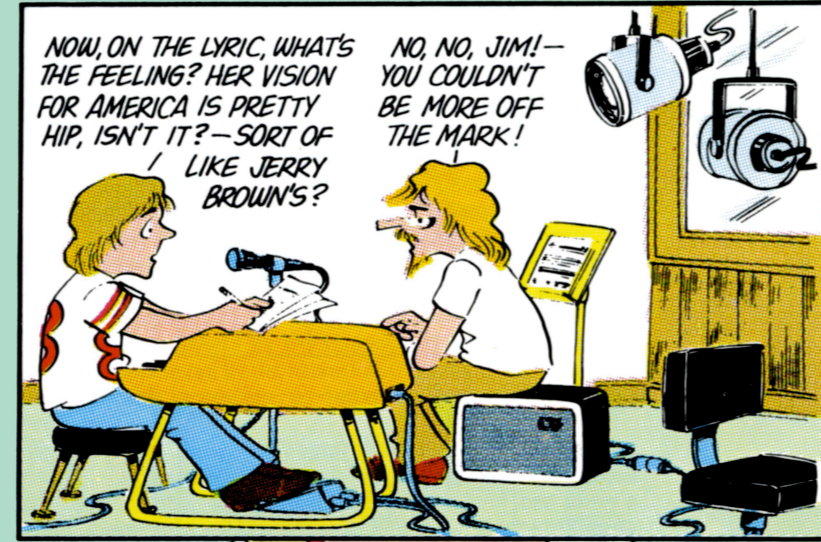
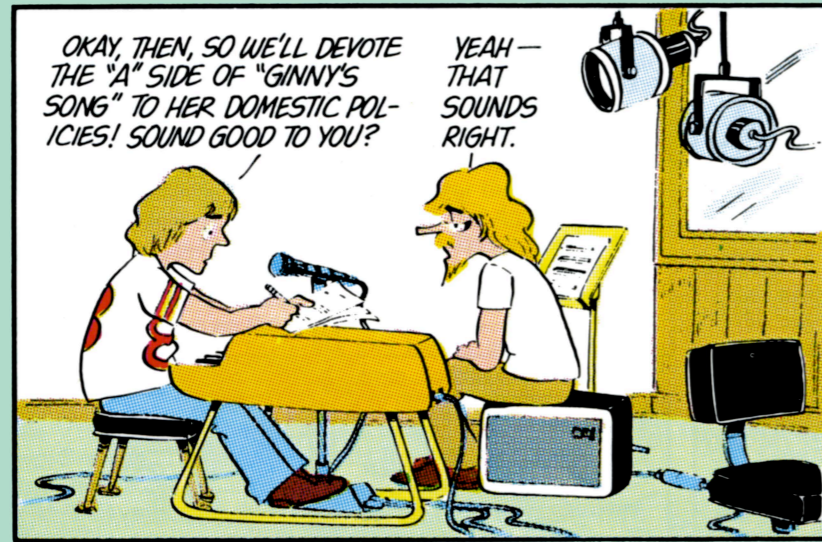
Such unselfishness, of course, was quite characteristic of Jimmy. In the spring of 1976, he wrote and recorded a song for Congressional candidate Virginia Slade purely on the strength of her stand on illegal aliens. Although the recording was claimed by some to be a violation of the new campaign contribution statutes, "Ginny's Song" was nonetheless warmly received by the critical establishment. Wrote Greil Marcus of *Rolling Stone*, "Ginny's Song" tells the story of a campaign worker's unrequited love for his candidate, Ginny Slade, and what is astonishing is how sensitively this potentially disastrous subject matter is handled. Quite obviously, the bass has a great deal to do with it: note the intro and the bridge, and especially the way the throbbing lingers when you turn the record off. Some will be most excited by the guitars, others by the impeccably syncopated drumming. But few will fail to be moved by the remarkable depth of Thudpucker's singing—as emotional as it is precise, as funky as it is well-bred. And isn't that what real music is all about?"

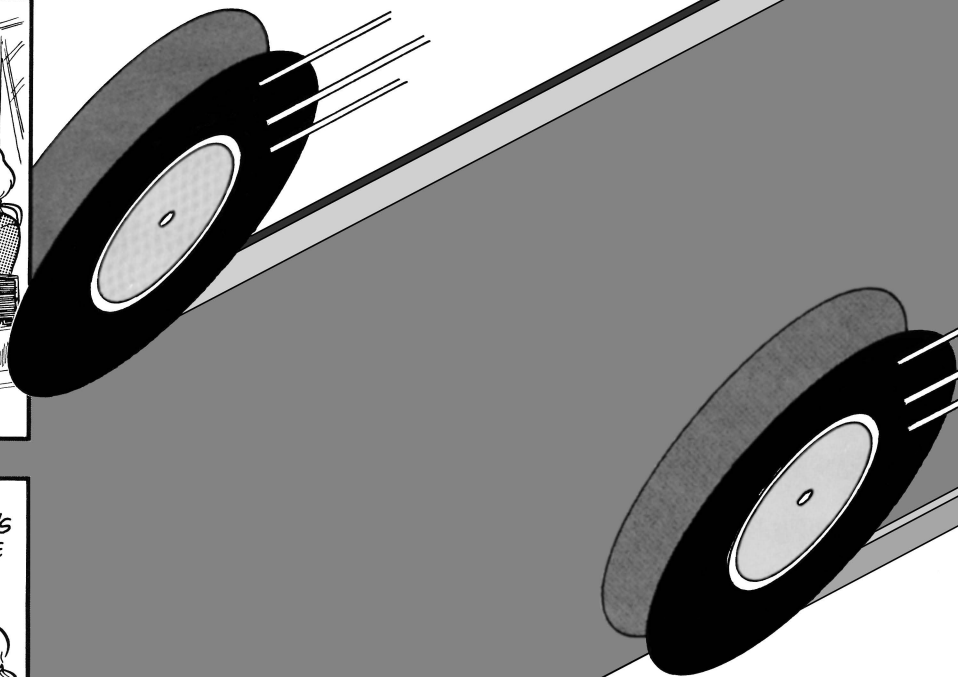
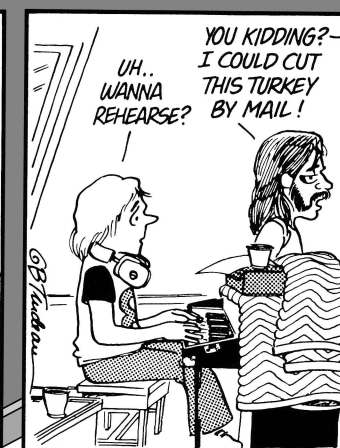
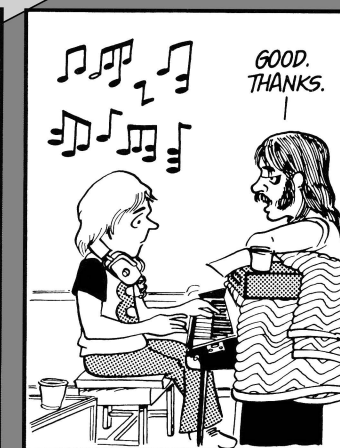
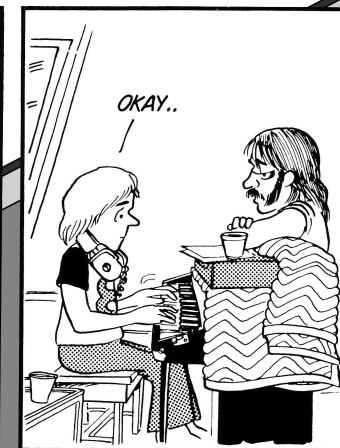
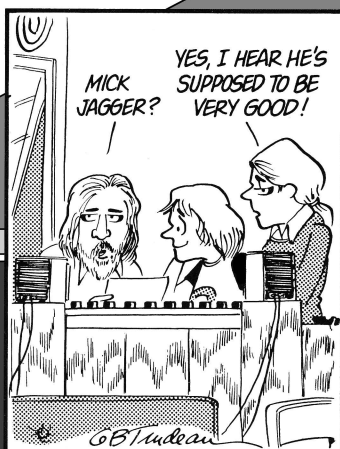
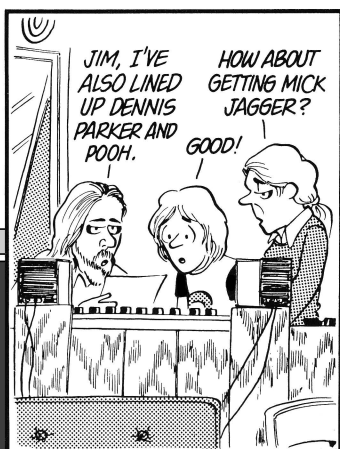
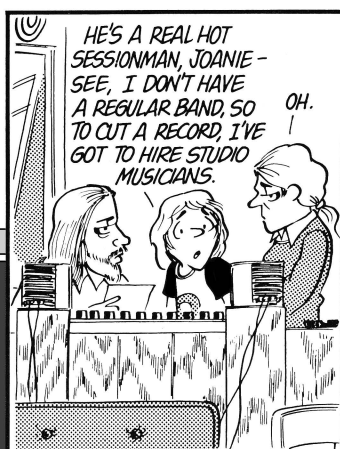
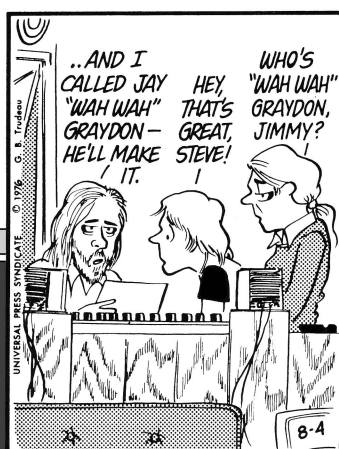
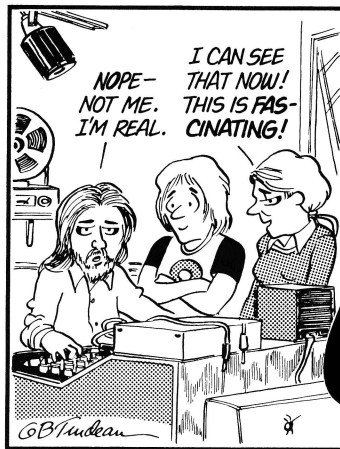
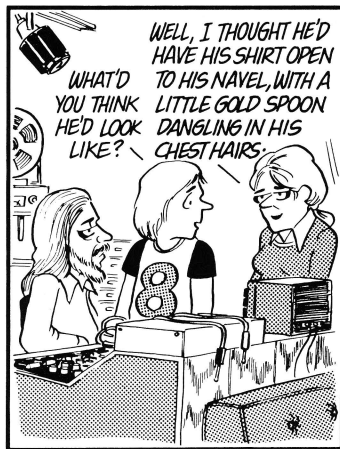
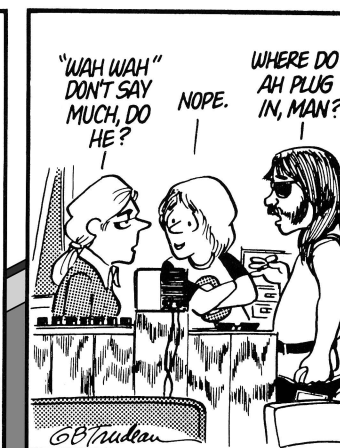
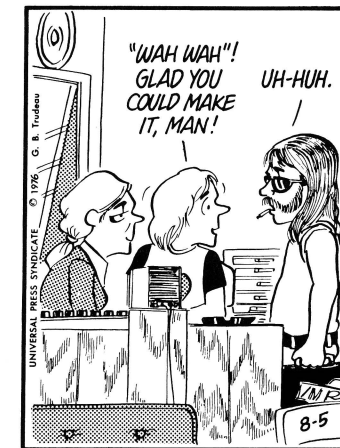
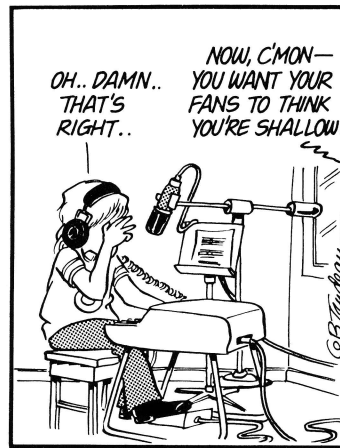
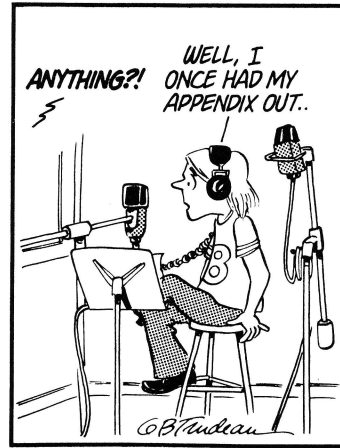
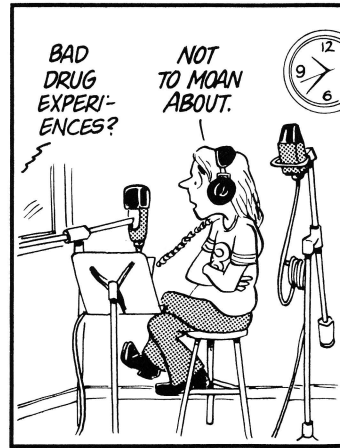
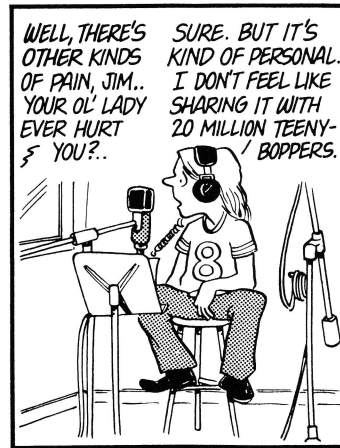
Even still, "Ginny's Song" failed to capture the full attention of the record-buying public, and the single sold only a disappointing 2½ million copies. This coupled with Ms. Slade's failure to even win her party's nomination plunged Jimmy into a deep despair, and it was not until early 1977 before friends were able to coax him back into the studio. The mood of his new music was bleak and troubled, but from the twenty-five odes to existentialism he recorded in February, producer Steve Cropper mixed down two that were clearly commercial. The first, "I Don't Know My Love," describes the dilemma of a man who awakes one morning to find he no longer recognizes his wife of ten years. Released over the protestations of his wife of seven years, Jimmy's "I Don't Know My Love" quickly copped the number one spot on *Billboard's* Top 100, where it presided for an unprecedented three months. Then, in August, a momentum-minded Cropper gave the go-ahead on "Take Your Life," an equally extraordinary ballad and the musical companion piece to "I Don't Know My Love." An embittered response to the growing phenomenon of emotional blackmail, "Take Your Life" was a masterpiece. By refusing to patronize Southern California's fashionable death and dope scene, Thudpucker seemed to be making a clean break from the self-flagellation so prevalent among his peers. If record sales are any indication, Jimmy's unabashed celebration of life dealt a severe blow to the morale of the Elektra/Asylum stable, and was even reputedly influential in stemming the spread of punk rock into both the San Diego and Bakersfield markets.

They say that in the music business, a legend is anyone with two consecutive hit singles. By this or any other definition, Jimmy Thudpucker is a legend's legend, the likes of which this decade is not likely to witness again. It is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to present the greatest hits of James Monroe Thudpucker.

Garry Trudeau
Garry Trudeau
October 1, 1977
Hollywood, California







The Walden West Rhythm Section

most of whom appear courteous, is:

Bass: Donald "Duck" Dunn, Drums: Michael Baird, Jeff Porcaro, Keyboards: David Foster,
Organ: Bill Champlin, Guitars: Steve Cropper, Dan Ferguson, Jay Graydon,
Steve Lukather (Cotaba Music Inc.), Percussion: Steve Forman, Harmonica: Leon Rubenholt.
Strings & Synthesizers arranged & Conducted by David Foster (Cotaba Music Inc.)

Background Vocals: Bill Champlin, Donny Gerrard, Brooks Hunnicutt, Lisa Roberts, Joyce King,
the Champlettes, Jana Lee Dare, Jeanne Anne Chapman, Renee Armand, Verna Richardson, Jim Haas,
Ron Hickland, Stan Farber. Lead Vocal on "Indian Brown," Renee Armand, Harmony Vocal: Jimmy Thudpucker.

Guitar Solo on "Fretman Sam": Jay Graydon
Horns: Chuck Findley, Trevor Lawrence, Steve Madaio, Quitman Dennis, Don Menza.
Viola Solo on "So Long / Overture '73": Doug Atwell, Alto Sax Solo on "Where Can I Go": Jim Horn.

Instrumental in "So Long / Overture '73" Written, arranged and conducted by David Foster,
Synthesizers programmed by Jay Graydon, Synthesizers by David Foster, (Cotaba Music Inc.)

Tip o' the Hat to: Lenny Berman, Clif Evens, Laura Plotkin,
Mo Rodgers, Michael Sherlock and Sandy Sirkus.

Donald "Duck" Dunn and Steve Cropper appear
through the courtesy of Asylum Records

David Foster appears through the courtesy of
Dark Horse Records

DESIGN: PETER PALOMBI
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JIMMY THUDPUCKER

Greatest HITS

SIDE A

YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT

Why sit there on a barstool
When you dance so cute?
Ain't you hip to my double-knit
White leisure suit?
All the lean ladies call me Dacron Daddy
'Cause I've always got the finest crease
A woman like you needs a man like me
If she ever wants a moment's peace.

When, when you will learn
That you can't fight it—you can't fight it.
When, when you will learn
You can't fight it.—You can't fight it.

Why sit there, Let me show you
All the latest trends
I got wheels that'll make you squeal
My Mercedes Benz
All the good buddies call me Downshift Daddy
'Cause I've always got my ass in gear.
A woman like you needs a man like me
If she ever wants to move outa here

When, when you will learn
That you can't fight it—you can't fight it.
When, when you will learn
You can't fight it.—You can't fight it.

You've become the reigning queen
Of the Eastside mating scene
So come on, baby, get up on your feet
Holding you close would be so sweet.

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TAKE YOUR LIFE

I don't want to go my way
Leavin' always brings me down
But stayin' here is taking twice the load
I'd rather take my chances out on the road.

I can't sleep in your bed anymore
So tired of waking to your stares
You say rather die than let me go
Guess I'll just see you in my prayers

So take your life and turn out all the lights forever
So take your life, and maybe you can find a
world that's better

I don't want to play with you
Cause you always want to fly
Snow through the night, That's all we've ever done
It's been a year since I've seen the sun.

I can't stay in this canyon no more
So tired of living L.A. dreams
You say you'd rather die than let me go
I say I'd rather be in Queens.

So take your life and turn out all the lights forever
So take your life, and maybe you can find
a world that's better

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I DON'T KNOW MY LOVE

Lookin' at you there's somethin' real familiar, babe
Somethin' I can't recall, ain't that peculiar, babe?
Somethin' as right as rain
Eased on down the drain
And I don't know my love
I don't know my love

She says she loves me so
Oh yes, she knows it's me
One girl, I gave my word
It might be her
I can't be sure

Baby you say we've had our share of tears and laughs
Maybe I ought to check the family photographs
Cause I'm not sure as yet
That we've even met
And I don't know my love
No, I don't know my love

She's there when I arise
Oh yes, she lies by me
"Ten years," I hear her sigh
Oh I reply, "Just where was I?"

Lately I can't see all of what my life has been
Lately I can't recall the part my wife's been in
Two kids, five and nine
Both insist they're mine
But I don't know, my love
No, I don't know, my love
I don't know my love
I don't know my love

Somethin' as right as rain
Eased on down the drain
And I don't know, my love
No, I don't know, my love

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STOP

Hello, yes it's me
I heard you on the air
You spoke of foreign wars
And how you used to care
I wouldn't want to hold you
To words of way back when
But now is not so very far from then...

Stop-in the middle of your life for asking
Who came of age with youthful rage at My-Lai
Stop-in the middle of your life
Take another look at the wayward fight
Stop and remember what the winds
of change were like

One more chance for breathin'
One more chance for change
Just let it in and let it out like Jude
Each moment had its movement
Each movement had its day
But I'm still a friend who cares enough to say...

Stop-in the middle of your life for askin'
When, where, why, who and what became of you
Stop-in the middle of your life
Take another look at the wayward fight
Stop and remember what the winds
of change were like

Stop-in the middle of your life
for askin'
Is this the man who made
his stand in Levi's
Stop-in the middle of
your life
Take another look at
the wayward fight

Stop and remember
what the winds
of change were like

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INDIAN BROWN

Indian Brown, Give me a ride to the city
Indian Brown, I'm gettin' so sick of the country
Oh, I know he's a good man,
Lord, I'm so tired of that good man,
I just want to dance all night in the bar,

Indian Brown, I'm waitin' around the corner
Indian Brown, You know it doesn't matter
I'm somebody else's woman
And sometimes I'm not his woman,
Baby, You're lucky he's not your friend

If you won't dance with me all night
Then I'll just dance alone
'Cause I been dancin' half my life
All alone up on that hill...
And I dance alright...

Indian Brown, Nobody knows or loves you
Indian Brown, I'll tell you myself if I have to
But I'm not that kind of woman,
And you never needed a woman
Who'd give up her soul just to lie in your arms

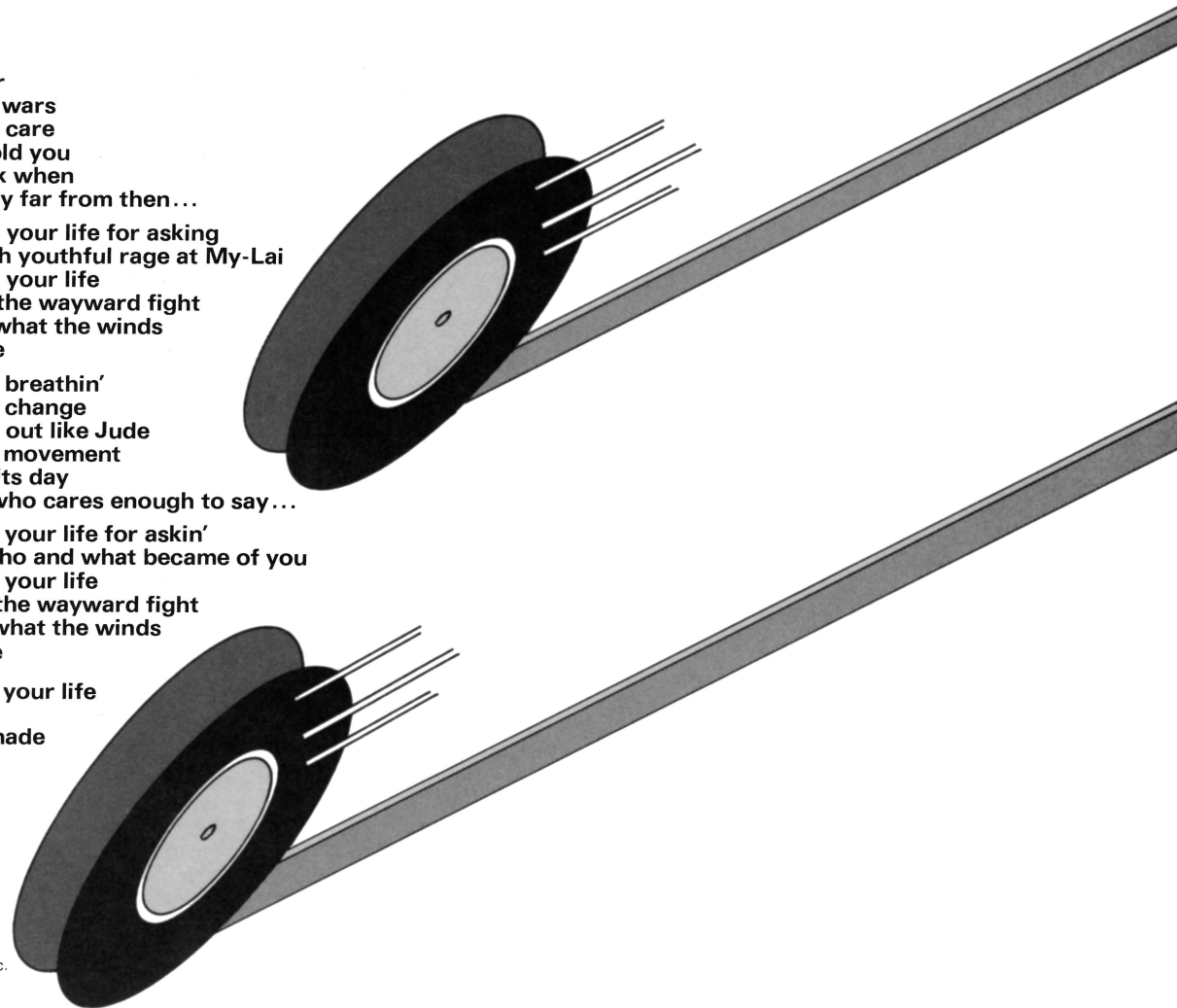
If you won't sleep with me tonight
Then I'll just sleep alone
'Cause I been sleepin' half my life
All alone up on that hill
And I sleep alright

Indian Brown, Give me a ride to the city
Indian Brown...

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Music, Inc. and Cherry River Music Co.

Public performance clearance—BMI

All songs composed by Jimmy Thudpucker
except "Indian Brown" composed by
Renee Armand and Kerry Chater.



SIDE B

WHERE CAN I GO

Where can I go, Where can I go,
Where can I go to find grace?
Where can I find
Some peace of mind?
Is there such a place?

I used to sing in choir
Of the Brimstone and the Fire,
And serve the Lord with organ riffs.
I practiced and I practiced
Till my fingers turned to cactus
O' St. Paul never had it so stiff.

Where can I go, Where can I go,
Where can I go to find grace?
Where can I find
Some peace of mind?
Is there such a place?

I started out a Mormon
But they didn't like my organ
So I set out to find another way
They said I was a Judas
When I became a Buddhist
I had to shave my head before they'd let me play.

Where can I go, Where can I go,
Where can I go to find grace?
Where can I find
Some peace of mind?
Is there such a place?

I asked the Church of England
To set my soul a 'tinglin'
But they put me in a dress for evening prayer.
So I changed my Christian tune
And signed with Reverend Moon
Here's hopin'
I'll open
At Madison Square

Where can I go, Where can I go,
Where can I go to find grace?
Where can I find
Some peace of mind?
Is there such a place?

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I DO BELIEVE

I do believe, yes I do believe
A day will come
When all mankind will take the time
To understand—
And I do believe, yes I do believe
The peace we'll find
Will multiply itself in us
Until the end of time.

Some say they know the story's over
They say the end is nearing now
If only we could stop—
And think it over
Just try to touch each other's lives
Somehow—
And—

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FRETMAN SAM

Back in town, a big star
Never learned the guitar,
Word goes out he needs a cat.
Word comes back that Fretman's where it's at.
Producer's going crazy,
Calls up his old lady
"How soon can Fretman get on down here?"
Fretman's wife says, "Can you dig next year?"

Fretman Sam
He really makes his guitar wail
Fretman Sam
Ooh, that boy could cut a tune by mail.

Drives up in his T-bird
Plugs into his reverb
Always plays the tune to kill
One fast pass, and that cat's making out his bill.
Never plays it too hard
Learned his licks at Juilliard
Always keeps his lines real clean
And Sam just say, "it's easy as it seems."

Fretman Sam
He really makes a solo sail
Fretman Sam
Last one to the bridge gets scale

Fretman Sam
Hits on demand
Never plays it jerky
Never carved a turkey
Even with a lightweight band
Fretman Sam's the boy to always have on hand

Fretman Sam
He swears he learned it all by rote
Fretman Sam
But now they pay him by the note.

Fretman Sam
He really makes his guitar wail
Fretman Sam
Ooh, that boy could cut a tune by mail.

Fretman Sam
He really makes a solo sail
Fretman Sam
Last one to the fade gets scale

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GINNY'S SONG

People say my lovin' is slowin up your show
Well, all I can say is, baby,
It's hard to keep my profile low
People say, "If you love her,
Step back, and let her shine,"
I can only do harm
With an uncommon karma like mine

So—I'm caught in a one-sided love affair
Trapped by a love for someone who won't care
And I'm lost and alone in a one-sided love affair.

People say you're hazy
On issues you just guess
Well, just like those people, baby,
I'm tired of doin' more with less
People say, "If you love her,
Don't ever let it show,"
So I'm stuck in this groove
When I'd much rather
move with the flow

So—I'm caught in a
one-sided love affair
Trapped by a love
for someone who
won't care
Though you speak
very highly of me
Both the Post and the
Times would agree
That I'm lost and alone in a one-sided love affair.

I'll carry any banner you want
I'll advance any race you choose
But there's no sense in bein' alone
Should you happen to lose,

So—I'm caught in a one-sided love affair
Trapped by a love for someone who won't care
Caught in a one-sided love affair
Trapped by a love for someone who won't care...

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SO LONG / OVERTURE '73

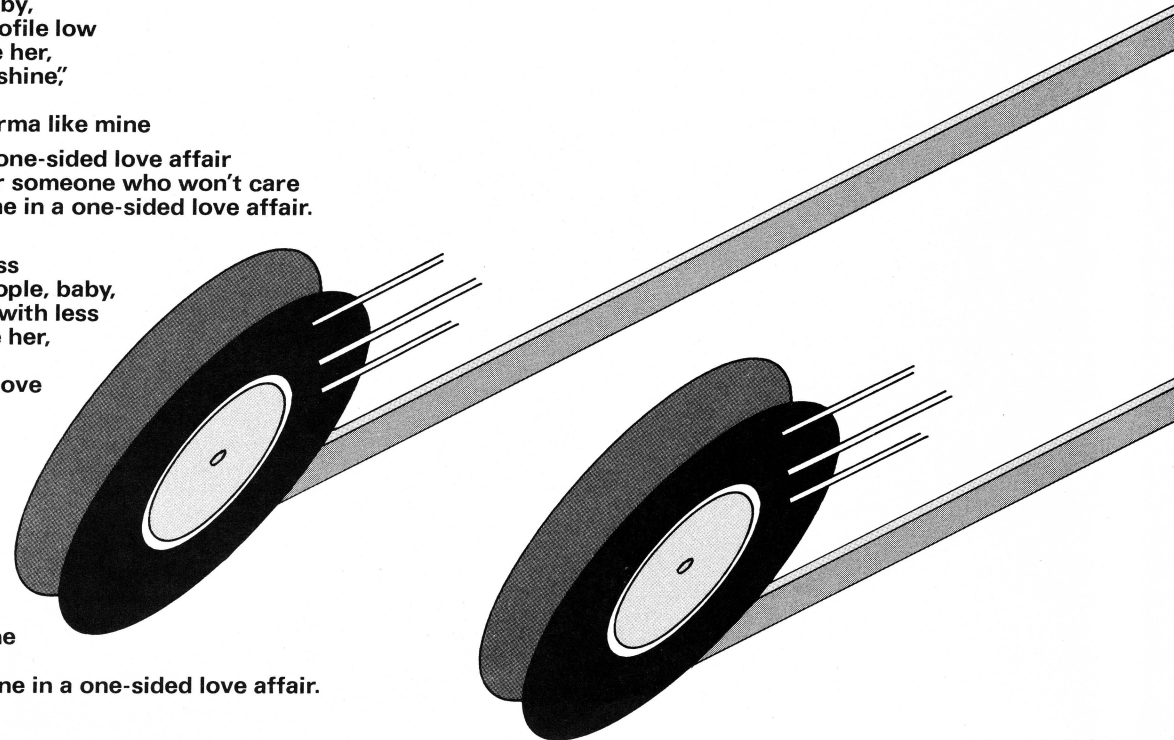
Out from under
Now we wonder
What took so long
It was so wrong
Now we're out from under
Now we're free
And Lord let's hope we've learned
To let it be...
Yes, Lord let's hope we've learned
To let it be...

And it took us so long
so long
so long to see
That it was so wrong
so wrong
so long to see

Torn asunder
Now we wonder
What we lied for
What we died for
Now we're out from underneath the fight
So Lord shine down on Armies of the Night
Yes, Lord shine down on Armies of the Night...

And it took us so long
so long
so long to see
That it was so wrong
so wrong
so long to see
And it took us so long
so long
so long to see
That it was so wrong
so wrong
so long to see

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WINDSONG

Side A
Stereo

BXL1-2589-A

Doonesbury's Jimmy Thudpucker and The Walden
West Rhythm Section Greatest Hits
Doonesbury

- 1 You Can't Fight It (Thudpucker) 3:07
- 2 Take Your Life (Thudpucker) 4:04
- 3 I Don't Know My Love (Thudpucker) 3:30
- 4 Stop (Thudpucker) 3:02
- Indian Brown (Armand-Chater) 3:05

Produced by Steve Cropper for
Midnight Hour Music

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WINDSONG

Side B
Stereo

BXL1-2589-B

Doonesbury's Jimmy Thudpucker and The Walden
West Rhythm Section Greatest Hits
Doonesbury

- 1 Where Can I Go (Thudpucker) 3:44
- 2 I Do Believe (Thudpucker) 2:27
- 3 Fretman Sam (Thudpucker) 3:44
- 4 Ginny's Song (Thudpucker) 3:19
- 5 So Long/Overture '73
(Thudpucker) 6:40

Produced by Steve Cropper for
Midnight Hour Music

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