

Music Issue

Rock

Rock

Rock Hype Heavy Metal C&W Bubble Gum
Groupies Dope and Roll

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NATIONAL LAMP OON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



*Good-bye Pop
1952-1976*



Linear Notes

Side One

1. Roger de Swanns takes his name from the first line of W.B. Yeats' favorite limerick. His is the voice of Lord Christopher Haden-Guest.
2. **Good-bye, Pop** is our bullet and main title theme. The significant lyrics are by Sean Kelly. The elaborate music and vocals of the verse and chorus, by Paul Shaffer. The deceptively simple bridge and coda, music, and vocals, by Paul Jacobs. Historically interesting piano stylings, organ, and percussion, courtesy Mr. Shaffer. All guitars, including the difficult-to-master pedal steel, played by Mr. Jacobs. Tenor sax by Michael Brecker. Drums, Richard Crooks. Bass, Christopher Guest. Conga, Jimmy Maelen.
3. Bill Murray's unspeakably laid-back FM deejay, Mel Brewer, was a regular on the late, lamented "*National Lampoon* Radio Hour." A frequent guest on his show was Ron Fields (aka Ira Schnarrs), who is Christopher Guest's tribute to A&R men he has known and loved. Guest and Kelly believe the "Whaling Song," all ten minutes of it, should be on the album.
4. Gilda Radner and Christopher Guest give the lie to all those racist sociologists with their prejudiced statistics about black family life. Miscellaneous radio static through the magic of Bob Tischler, and the cast.
5. **Kung Fu Christmas** was written by Brian Doyle-Murray, with a little help from his friends, especially Gilda Radner and brother Bill Murray. The music is by Paul Shaffer, based on a spirited set of hums by Christopher Guest. Lead vocal by David Hurdon, backup vocals by Sammy Turner, J.R. Bailey, Ken Williams, and Susan Collins. Guitars, Paul Jacobs, Kiev Ginsberg. Pianos and Royal Canadian sleigh bells, Paul Shaffer. Drums, Russ Kunkel. Bass, Christopher Guest. Conga, Jimmy Maelen. With the Thunder Bay Symphony Orchestra, under the personal direction of Mr. Paul Shaffer.
6. Hey, man, I just got this really far-out flash. Like, suppose we put together a history of rock and roll on tape? Can you dig it? And, like, we syndicate it to progressive FM stations, 'cause everybody's into the whole nostalgia thing now, man. It could be really hip and still make a lot of bread, you dig? Flash Bazbo (Christopher Guest), the fifth Beatle, tells it like it was.
7. **The B Side of Love** has lyrics by Sean Kelly and music by Christopher Guest. Ken Kosek and Larry Packer played fiddles, Paul Shaffer, piano, Marc Horowitz, pedal steel, John Wall, drums, Paul Jacobs, bass. Guest plays acoustic guitar and sings lead. Backup vocals are by Kay Cole and Rhonda Coulet, backup noises by Harold Ramis, Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Judy Jacklin, and Tony Scheuren. It was the first song recorded for the album, and no one now quite remembers what the point was. But it's always been one of your favorites and we hope that real soon, it'll be one of ours.
8. **I'm a Woman** is, frankly, the one cut on the album that isn't a put-on, or anything. Some of the greatest entertainers, the greatest *people* we've met in the music business, are, or have been, or will be, women. Paul Jacobs and Sean Kelly had their consciences lifted (click!) and wrote this one just for Ms. Gilda Radner. The little lady really sings her ass off (hiss hiss) on this one, with some supportive help from Jacobs on piano, Guest on bass, and Bill Murray as her manager, husband, and better half.



Side Two

1. The history of rock and roll continued, with a tribute to Neil Young. One can only wonder what new directions Neil would have given to popular music, had he but lived
 2. **Southern California Brings Me Down** is copyrighted under the title of "Old Maid." You figure it out. Tony Scheuren wrote the words and music, sings lead and backup vocals, and plays acoustic guitar. He allows Ben Fried to play bass, Richard Crooks, drums, Marc Horowitz, pedal steel, and Paul Jacobs, lead guitar, because that's the kind of guy Tony is. He also wrote a dynamite Grateful Dead parody which probably should be on the album, but isn't.
 3. Roger de Swanns returns briefly to interview a working-class English nitwit with income tax problems, also played by Christopher Guest.
 4. **Art Rock Suite** is soon to be a major motion picture by Ken Russell. There are twenty-eight groups wrong with this song. Can you name them? Guest, Jacobs, and Shaffer share responsibility for the music. Kelly remembers writing some of the lyrics on End Dust. Jacobs and Guest, guitar and vocals. Jacobs and Shaffer, bass, piano, and Arp synthesizer. Drums, Richard Crooks. Sound effects, Bob Tischler.
 5. Mel Brewer gets to meet Ron Fields again, and we get to meet the superstar who makes Bruce Springsteen look like Bette Midler. Well, *somebody* did, didn't they?
 6. **Down to Jamaica** is our sure-shot reggae number, to Rass, you bet you bumba clot! Lyrics by Sean "Family Man" Kelly, music by "Rasta" Christopher Guest, also lead vocal, acoustic guitar, and mouth harp by he, too. Paul "Mister Premise" Shaffer, bass and organ. Paul "Ganja" Jacobs, lead guitar. Richard "Backside" Crooks, drums. And "Prince" Peter Kaminsky sittin' in on phone.
- Our special thanks, and they know why, to Dan Aykroyd, Diana Feldman, Tony Hendra, Rupert Holmes, Janis Hirsch, Juan Marquez, Alice Playten, Jerry Taylor, Loudon Wainwright, John Weidman, and the Dover, home of the Comb.
- This album was written and performed by the *National Lampoon* music and humor commune, working as a closely knit unit. Paul Shaffer and Paul Jacobs would just like to add that they helped Guest a little with the music in the middle part of "The B Side of Love." Guest says, oh yeah, well, he wrote some of the words to "Kung Fu Christmas." Jacobs says, anyway, he played more lead guitar on "Art Rock Suite" than Chris did, but Shaffer says the bridge part of "Good-bye, Pop" wasn't all that important, and fuck you, Jacobs. Sean Kelly can be reached c/o General Delivery, the Arran Islands.
- Sean Kelly, Issue Editor
Bob Tischler, Producer, Engineer (except "Good-bye, Pop" and "Kung Fu Christmas," coproduced with Paul Shaffer)
Judy Jacklin, Associate Producer
Karen Wegner, Copy Editor
John Hechtman, Studio Manager
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Guitar case: courtesy Terminal Music

Nonlinear Notes

Good-bye, Pop

You were born in a shack in a slum,
Like a hero's s'pized to be.
You were funny and tough and dumb,
And loud and wild and free.
Your friends were Chuck and Bo,
And that red-necked Presley kid,
And you went where you liked to go,
And you dug the things you did.

La la la, la la la. Good-bye, Pop,
And thanks for all you gave,
And the least I can do
Is to dance here
On your grave.

You hung around jukebox bars,
And danced and sang and grew,
You learned about love in cars,
From Rhonda and Runaround Sue.

Then you got the business smarts,
And a tailored English suit,
With a wall full of plaques and charts,
And a briefcase full of loot.
And forty floors above,
You were putting the coast on hold,
Buying and selling love
And turning plastic into gold.

In the end you were fat and rich,
Living for creepy thrills.
A swaggering, butchy bitch,
Screaming for needles and pills.
You took a long time dying, Pops,
And it wasn't a pretty sight,
With your wires and paints and glitter props...
But it's over now, all right.

La la la, la la la. Good-bye, Pop,
And thanks for all you gave,
And the least I can do
Is to dance here
On your grave.

Kung Fu Christmas

Midnight in the ghetto street.
Desperate boy wants something to eat,
'Cause he's dead on his feet.
To the Man in the squad car,
It's just his beat.
He don't care, he don't live there,
He lives in Queens.
(Not Manhattan or the Bronx or Brooklyn)
He lives in Queens.

Thief on the roof,
Mugger in the hall,
(Stick 'em up, stick 'em up.)
Baby on the floor,
Eatin' paint off the wall.
(How's he gonna grow tall?)
But there's one time of year
That brings joy to one and all,
When every race has a smile on its face.

Junkie on the corner, the pusher uptown,
Diggin' the Yuletide, Santa's gettin' down.
Holiday colors of red and green,
Turkey's big and fat and the gangster's lean.
Numbers runner stops for a chat,
The Apollo doorman tips his hat,
And he says,
"Have a Kung Fu Christmas!"

Livin' in the ghetto, you always lose,
They'll shoot you for your socks,
And they'll stick you for your shoes.
When you're a Super Bad dude,
You pay Super Bad dues,
Where fear and strife is a way of life.

But there's a man coming today
With lots of loot,
He's got a Pimpmsleigh,
A red-and-white fur suit,
He's a Super Fly guy,
And he's awful cute.
He's about to arrive,
Bringin' jingle bell jive.

Santa Claus makin' the "Soul Train" scene,
Slickin' down his beard with Afro-Sheen.
Eenie, meenie, and minie moes,
Frost in the air and snow up your nose.
Diamond in the back, trimmed with holly,
My girls are on the street and I'm feelin' jolly.
Christmas eve comin' with its last-minute bustle,
Santa tells the elves, "You better do the Hustle!"
You better be bad, and that means good,
So Santa brings you something that's really Hollywood.
Spandin' Christmastime in a Kung Fu way,
Dashin' and dancin' while you maim and slay.
Pimpin' Bad Daddy with his big red nose,
Sellin' Joy to the world in her pantyhose.
Baby, baby, make your day complete,
With lightnin' hands and lethal feet.
Lavender Caddy and Super Fly clothes
Kung Fu fightin' under mistletoes ...

The B Side of Love

I've been into C&W since 1946,
Been a sideman, backup singer, second stringer, overdubber.
I've played the Grand Ole Opry
And I've bus toured through the sticks,
I've met superstars and poets,
Saints and sinners, and money grubbers.
I've hung around, and sung around, with country pickup bands,
I've seen things most folks got no idea of...
But there ain't a lot of future in playing one night stands,
Where clap is just the B side of love.

They call it country singin', and bluegrass white trash folk,
And down home cowboy rockabilly Nashville blues.
There's those that take it serious, some treat it like a joke,
But all I know, it's kept my kids in shoes.

I faked the parts I couldn't read—I wouldn't waste a dime
On a retake in the studio of time.

Because, a snuff queen is a dimestore plastic budget rent-a-wife,
Like a pigeon's just an imitation dove.
I've never had a bullet on the Hit Parade of life,
And clap is just the B side of love.

I'm a Woman

I'm a woman, I'm a human, I'm a sister!
I'm a singer, I'm a person, I am me!
I have to be alone to get myself together!
I have to be myself so I can be
Free!
Free and up from under!
Free!
To sing it right out loud!
Free!
A woman and a wonder!
A female standing single, strong, and proud!

Old Maid (Southern California Brings Me Down)

I need someone to live with me,
To keep my bed warm,
And keep my shorts clean.
I need a maid to give for free,
And sew patches on my jeans.
I dreamed I saw my cowgirl housewife,
I was drivin' in my pickup through L.A.
I wanna love you while I can, babe,
Before I become an old man.
Southern California brings me down.
Southern California brings me down.
Oooh, I need some place to go,
Oooh, North Ontario,
It's safer than Alabama,
It's safer than Ohio.
Gonna go home now,
Where I can grow old,
With the cowgirl of my dreams.
Gonna stay stoned now,
Just stare out of my basement window and scream, aaaaaah!
Southern California brings me down.
Topanga Canyon freaks, you won't see me around, no more.

Art Rock Suite

She was Virgo, I was Sag.
Tangerine policeman flashing crimson crystal badge.
Stallions spinning, chocolate bus,
Startled starfish swimming,
But they're not afraid of us.

I don't want to spend your time...
I just want to be a nursery rhyme...
I want to come and take your mind...away!

The Queen of Hearts said, "Off with his head!"
The Buddha came out to play.
I'll take all night to love you, baby,
But I haven't got all day!

There's a starship leaving for the heart of the sun,
'Bout a quarter after three.
Leave your senses behind when you climb aboard,
Can you trip as fast as me?
(When the Buddha comes out to play, the flowers smile,
They're satisfied, they've seen the way.)

Fall with me up this staircase to a blue electric room
Where towers made of tarot cards tell princesses their doom
And the tears of empty windows are the promises you broke
When you ate the magic cookie and your brain went up in smoke...

A canyon filled with dream whipped cream,
A castle in the air.
The footman knows your secret,
As he meets you on the stair.
The jester gleams with emeralds,
And he juggles in the hall...,
But the unicorn is weeping
On the rug upon the wall.

Someone's dying, someone's born.
Purple fog is drifting over endless fields of corn...

Down to Jamaica

If you love reggae music and that reggae beat,
You got to go down to Jamaica.
Take the "J" train down at Houston Street,
It'll let you off in Jamaica.
Basement reggae got that reggae sound!
Basement reggae gone underground!
Oh, guava jelly! Haile Selassie, too!
Fillet gumbo natty lox...

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R.I.P.

POP
1952-1976

SIDE ONE

GOOD-BYE, POP
KING FU XMAS
THE B SIDE OF LOVE
I'M A WOMAN

SIDE TWO

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRINGS ME DOWN
ART ROCK SHIT
DOWN TO JAMAICA



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**NATIONAL LAMPOON
GOOD-BYE POP**

PE 33956
STEREO

SIDE 1
AL 33956
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1. Roger De Swanns intros: GOOD-BYE POP 3:40
-P. Shaffer - P. Jacobs - S. Kelly-
2. THE MEL BREWER SHOW 2:18
3. Down The Dial To: KUNG FU CHRISTMAS 4:43
-P. Shaffer - C. Guest - B. Doyle - Murray-
4. A HISTORY OF THE BEATLES 1:53
5. THE B SIDE OF LOVE 3:53
-C. Guest - S. Kelly-
6. I'M A WOMAN 3:37
-P. Jacobs - S. Kelly-

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**NATIONAL LAMPOON
GOOD-BYE POP**

PE 33956
STEREO

SIDE 2
BL 33956
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1. A HISTORY OF NEIL YOUNG 1:10
2. OLD MAID (SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRINGS BE DOWN)
4:11 -T. Sheuren-
3. Roger Raps With Sid About: THE ART ROCK SUITE
8:57 -P. Jacobs - P. Shaffer - C. Guest - S. Kelly-
4. THE RETURN OF RON FIELDS 3:03
5. DOWN TO JAMAICA 1:23
-C. Guest - S. Kelly-
6. GOODBYE RON, MEL,
AND POP 1:27

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