





On Sono-Sheet 1 You Will Hear

■ Koto ■ Jazz ■ Subway ■ Traffic ■ Tempura ■ Baseball ■ Sumo ■ Stripshow ■ Kabuki ■ Takarazuka

No city has a sound Quite like the sound of Tokyo The throb of living Held in the amber of yesterday

A wet night
Reflects the colored lights
And amplifies the sound of
Laughter and the music
In all the busy thoroughfares
And in the twisting turning alleys
That beckon us
To seek adventure there







On Sono-Sheet 2 You Will Hear

Ginza

■ Albion
■ Pachinko

■ Coffee Shop ■ Turkish Bath

■ Bar Hostess ■ Minyo Sakaba

The People Move in a steady stream Thru shops that dazzle the mind Down streets ablaze with color Down lantern lined alleys With subtle scents and sounds Across bridges that echo with the past Much as they did when there Was just the moon to peep over Fuji's shoulder At Edo sleeping there below







Turkish baths Hot ... with cool hands To transform you From a tired hulk To a man tuned to pursue The lady Tokyo On any merry chase She chooses

Pachinko ... The Japanese pin ball game That acts like a drug And claims thousands of victims With glassy eyes And musclebound thumbs

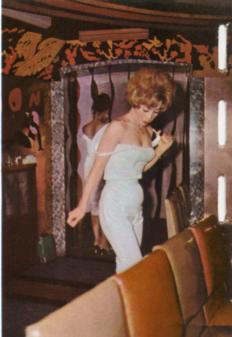


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On Sono-Sheet 3 You Will Hear

- ■Tokyo Tower ■Fishmarket
- Auction Tofu Seller
- ■Sanno Hotel ■JOKR TV
- ■Peggy Hayama
 ■Theatre
- ■Chinzanso Fireworks
- ■Geisha Party







Eastern westerns
And serialized samurais
Kanji commercials
And private eyes that
Unknown to themselves
Speak fluent Japanese

And Peggy Hayama
The lovely star
Whose shining talents
Captivate her audience
Who sit before the television set
On soft tatami floor
Entranced by
All the wonder there



The charm of Tokyo Lies not in the past Or in the present Or even in the constant Pursuit of what must Surely come ... But in the blend Of this and that Of these and those Of ancient customs, Dances, foods All mixed with The charm Of the improbably And the insistence Of the impossible









On Sono-Sheet 4 You Will Hear

■ Temples ■ Demonstrations

■ Nightclubs ■ Sweet Potato Man

■ Soba Man ■ Latin Quarter

■ Fishmarket
■ Tokyo Dawn

The showgirls of Tokyo Moulded by spotlights Wrapped in orange Jazz Or purple shadows Bathed in a pink mood Or flattered by lanternlight Decked in feathers Ablaze with sequins Or unadorned Like butterflies That haven't learned That only moths Invade the festival of night









7.200



The nightclubs
Close at last
The cabarets run down
Except the stubborn few that
Play a little all night long
A woman laughs
A baby cries
A siren sounds across the dark
And night is nearly done

But just before you sleep, tonight
And nights to come
Your mind will hear
The sound of Koto, Saxophone and
Laughing voices thru the Ginza roar
For these are the sounds of life ...
For these are the sounds of love ...
For these are the sounds of
Tokyo after dark







