

"We, We, We"

[Into microphone, one shoulder back]

A lot of people ask us .. stupid questions
A lot of people think that.. what we say
about what why we do what we do
about what did we do
we knew we knew
or what we talk about, that we actually do in real life
or that we really live like that
Or if we say that, we're going to... oh, whatever, that..
We're actually going to do it
or that we believe in it
Well,.. if you believe that
then we'll you
You know why?
Cause we're

(something in capitals)

(something in capitals)

So right

We're (concept from romanticism)

Yeah, we're (something in capitals)

[People 1]

It leaps out of the page

The stage

whether you're wah-wah, shhhh,

Who says I can't be a Lieder

Trumpet

The answer's "yes"

Performaphobic? Nah, you're just (deleted)

Staring at my gear, watching the drrrrrum (Ooh!)

Ya ya no no

Lemme hear y'all go oh

So today I'm just gonna show

you how to

Cos sometimes it is good to have that tool,

to write things down while they cool.

I dedicate to you, dear Mr. Classical Radio,

bars 86 and 88

of the piece I've been writing of late.

That is about how I feel

about the opinions expressed in your

e-mail,

which I received while I was working faster than a snail.

Those bars.
AND as we said
Long live the great struggle of the
Pocket People
With our
Pocket Performances
Chouwww khhhhh
Oh, and please send me a brand new car
Hey, you! Yes you, SUV.
Have no need of manifestos? Happy he!
You cannot just keep on creating
performance after performance
night after night
show in show out
eliciting global feelings,
without stealing,
of political love
without some
bourgeois kumquats.
Ritsch kitsch.

Just as you thought this was dada
It turns out to be high academida
Well preacher preacher, fifth grade teacher
We didn't intend that classical creature.
We no longer wish to work at any rhythm thing.
Until bar 206, keep spinning.
We don't know why, we don't know how.
On this cue, you drop a large amount of scrap metal
And unpack your violin.
You can't stop me from imagining something when I hear this
And you can't stop me from optionally detuning IV
While still playing
In a style considered to be revolutionary in Brazil
And you cannot carry on doing all this without a new
General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.
Duhhh, and to think,
it means a lot of little me,
To be here tonight.
A wall of sound.
Ning nang nong bong boo
Uh huh

[Chorus: People 2 (repeat 2X)]

We're (something in capitals)

Cause every time our music doesn't shine,
Some art-loving people will think it's a crime
to tell em what's our my mind - I guess we're
(something in capitals)
but I don't gotta say a word, I just flip em the bird
and keep going, you can't knock me for the
unremittingly bleak vision
of the
absurd

[Player off-stage]

Ligeti or Varèse?

Pleasure Treasure or Leisure?

For all players, together or at different times, each using a breeze block, hammer
and chisel.

Quarter revolution

Explore the timbre of a tiny sound inside the expressive range of embryonic
hammering

[Interlude Skit, intermittently, various durations]

Look (uh huh) just scan the QR code

[Player on Right] Left

I'll be right here waiting on you

[Player on Right] Left

Yo Right

[Player on Left] What?!

Don't kill anybody this time

[Player on Left] Awwright... cry, baby...

(whistling) how you doin'?

[McPlexity] Hi, how can I help you?

[Player on Left] Yeah I need to make a calculation

[McPlexity] Okay

[Player on Right] Keep the tempo absolutely rigid

irrespective of the many fluctuating rhythms and tempi otherwise going on in the
overall texture!

[McPlexity] What? Oh my god, don't kill me

[Player on Left] I'm not gonna kill you, stop looking around...

[McPlexity] Don't kill me, please don't kill me...

[Player on Right] I said I'm not gonna kill you

Stop when cued by Player in the Middle! *[*BOOM*]* Thank you!

[Player on Right]

Windows tinted on my ride

By the smoke from lighting matches inside

So when I break a rule,

it's not just cos they won't let me into school

It's my serious attempt at a
Half revolution
Come back, they say, all is forgiven
You can have your slight amplification
And your
extra footpedal
You're nearly free but I'm not over yet [**dog whines**]
Full revolution
Soon comes *Arias I*, *Arias II* and *Exits*
performed by Presswood, Win and Maud
(real identity withheld).
We thus advance in the night [**cue: pause**]
Listening to what follows.
By listening.
By listening.
(Mm-mm-mmm!)
Schlaf

[*Chorus 2X*]