

TOP BEAT

THREE EXCERPTS

NOTHING

An excerpt from “Nothing” (a spoken piece) and “Deep Treble” (a song)
from *Top Beat* (a musical revue)

Come on in tonight people
This is just a run-through
Our sound check
Wait until you hear the real thing
And tonight, as a something extra special
Just for you
We’ve got a sale on nothing
Nothing has value
Nothing has a price
Be prepared to pay
But be prepared to reap the benefits
Of nothing
Nothing is taking over
Nothing is coming into its own
It's like nothing that's happened before
Nothing has been like this
Nothing is brand new

Come on in
You got nothing to lose
We offer nothing to you
At a cost much less
Than ever before
Nothing is real
Nothing is the real thing
If you are excited by nothing
Come to Deep Treble
We got nothing for you
Like nothing you’ve had before

COMPONENTS

An excerpt from “Components” (a spoken piece) and “I’ve Got an Idea” (a song)
from *Top Beat* (a musical revue)

I know you
I recognize you
By the way you are looking at me
You're the audience
Maybe you don't necessarily like being one
Sometimes it takes too much work
And it's hard to justify paying for that
You already don't get enough
For the work you do
Right?
But if you're like me
Being you is okay
If you get that feeling
Of being moved
You know what I mean
When you get taken somewhere else
Then it's like falling in love
Which can be risky too
Though

I've got an idea
Maybe this will help
If it doesn't
It could be you are beyond help
And that's not a good thing
If you are an audience
You may not want to leave yourself wide open
But you better be a little
Or life just doesn't add up

Love is more than one feeling
It's made up of separate components
Piece it together
Make it
Good enough

DELIVERANCE

An excerpt from “Deliverance” (a spoken piece) and “Close to Home” (a song)
from *Top Beat* (a musical revue)

Trust anarchy
Let anarchy testify
In the court of public opinion
Where ideas with savage pride
Stand erect
In a forest of dementia
Hopes glitter
Like light through the leaves
Tight together
And wishes erupt as weeds
From a trampled ground
Of indifference
Let them speak

Tangled thoughts
Branch out in a crisscross
Of chaos
Until the air can barely
Hold itself up
Under its own weight
This is the power of the people
That cannot be stopped
If it refuses to give sway, make way
Lie down, acquiesce, or surrender
To the night

The night
That lifts through this mulch of forest
A frostbitten moon
Raised shivering into blackness
A flag of scorn
Like a baby held high
Aloft in the hands
Of obstinate fate
The one that was never born
Screaming with the loss of a severed connection
That never was
Helplessly delivered from
The yearning yawn
Of unnamable darkness
That is the past

There is no past
There is no future
There are no roots
There is only now
Use your memory
Use your sense of humor
Use drugs

Separate yourself from the dust
That is your remains
And your beginning
One way or the other
You will remember your way
Back to where you already are
You’re coming closer
Closer to home