

# folk city

The Greenwich Village Musical

Liner Notes & Lyrics

By Robbie Woliver

***FOLK CITY: The Musical***

***Liner Notes and Lyrics***

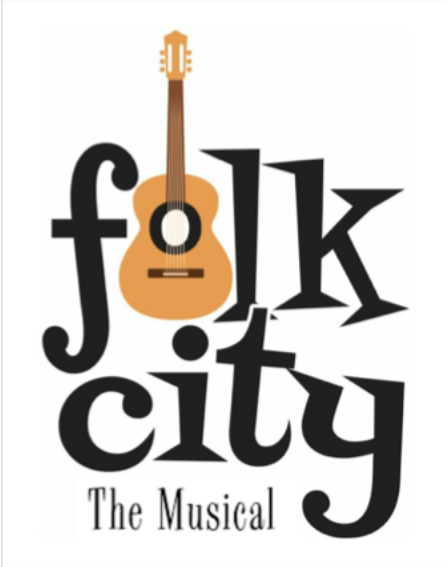
***By Robbie Woliver***

Abundant thank you's to Marilyn Lash and Bernadette Contreras.

*“Folk City: The Musical” cast album can be found on Jay Records, in all download, streaming and DVD formats.*

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***Folk City: The Musical*** brings its audience into the fascinating world of Beatniks, bohemians, hippies, folkies, blues players, singer-songwriters, poets, painters and rockers, all drawn to New York's Greenwich Village in the 1960s to realize their creative dreams. The play takes place in Gerdes Folk City, the now legendary music venue, where, for three decades, we follow six young, creative hopefuls in the turbulent and exciting '60s, '70s and '80s, through dynamic musical, cultural, political, social and personal changes.







After a sold-out New York run, the production had just completed its critically acclaimed sold-out run in Portland, Oregon (and celebrating its five “Portland Area Musical Theater Awards” nominations, including “Outstanding Original Show” and its impressive 10 “BroadwayWorld Awards” wins, including “Best Musical”), attention turned to returning to the New York stage, when the COVID-19 pandemic hit. Quarantine. Theater stopped. Music performances stopped. Business stopped. The world stopped.

This time in quarantine and the following still-shaky return to normal life, however, gave my co-creator Bernadette Contreras and my Folk City partner and wife, Marilyn Lash, time to pause, regroup and re-create. We knew it would take theater a while to get back on its feet. We knew that we had to rethink this play. Think outside of the box. And we recalled an interesting trend prior to the pandemic—hit productions were launching through mixtapes or recorded cast albums. That’s what was driving some of the biggest Broadway shows like *Hamilton*, *Be More Chill* and *Hadestown*, which all started off with the help of the popularity of their “soundtracks.”



So, we took a longstanding simmering idea of creating a second version of our show—eschewing the jukebox musical playlist of established hits for having all new and original songs. Why? Well, to start off with, the performing rights costs for the well-known songs were ridiculously prohibitive and could take years to secure them all. We had 25 songs in the play (*Moulin Rouge* has 70!!!) and it would make it impossible to enter festivals and launch the play with those rights' concerns, costs and timeline. But the biggest driving factor was that we remembered the core purpose of the show—to give a glimpse of the life of a group of singer-songwriters who came to Greenwich Village to find camaraderie and, hopefully, artistic success. We needed a new organic original playlist.

And over the next two years, we developed a new version of the play with 30 original songs and a new cast for the recording.

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF FOLK CITY: THE MUSIC VENUE



### ≡ HISTORY ≡

It's the '60s. Beatniks, bohemians, hippies, poets, singers, musicians, actors and artists are flocking to Greenwich Village and its hip little night spots. The legendary Folk City was a music venue in New York City's cultural bullseye.

In 1952, Italian immigrant brothers, Mike and John Porco and their cousin Joe Bastone, bought William Gerdes' restaurant "Gerdes" on West 3rd Street. About four years later, they moved Gerdes to 11 West 4<sup>th</sup> Street on the corner of Mercer. It remained there until 1969, until it moved to 130 West 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, off Sixth Avenue, its final location. Mike began gradually presenting occasional incidental music and by January 26, 1960, the little cabaret turned into a full-fledged music venue called The Fifth Peg, under the supervision of Izzy Young, proprietor of Greenwich Village's popular folk music clearinghouse, The Folklore Center. On June 1, 1960, Gerdes Folk City was officially born with a bill featuring folksingers Carolyn Hester and Logan English. English and folk enthusiast, Charlie Rothschild (who later became Judy Collins' longtime manager) booked Folk City's talent at the start.

Taking a cue from the hootenannies taking place in nearby Washington Square Park, where musicians gathered from around the world, to share their songs with the public, Folk City began its renowned Hoot Nights, the open mic nights, from which many musicians began their career, hoping to move on to be opening acts and eventually headliners. Much of the action in the play takes place at these anything-can-happen Hoot Nights.

As depicted in the play, Folk City soon became home away from home to many young creative types. Folk City was certainly home to a young Bob Dylan. His professional debut at the club received a rave review from *The New York Times*' Robert Shelton on September 29, 1961. That review had one of the greatest impacts on contemporary music—it changed everything. All eyes (and ears) were on Folk City and the Greenwich Village music scene. Folk City was an important venue to Dylan for other reasons as well—he met Joan Baez there, and he kicked off The Rolling Thunder Tour there in 1976.

After September 29, 1961, Gerdes Folk City was suddenly one of the central music venues of the era. As Joan Baez told me, "Gerdes Folk City was the heart of it all. It was the ultimate of hip. It was the pure thing."

The club flourished through the '60s, introducing many now-famous names to the ravenous music audiences filing into the Village. The 1960s were exciting times. Music was constantly changing. Fashion was changing. Attitudes toward sex were changing. Anti-war sentiments were growing as was feminism. The Civil Rights Movement was in full force. Recreational drugs became ever present. Flowers, peace signs, psychedelia, activism, free love, and electrified music soon became the background tapestry of the times. The Village was the epicenter of it all, and the air was highly charged in Folk City as its family of musicians began expressing these changes in song.

By the time Folk City moved to its final location on West 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, the '70s were hard on the Village, especially the folk clubs. Change for the better came slowly. Fortunately, about midway through the '70s, a second folk revival occurred, thanks to acts like The Roches, Loudon Wainwright, Phoebe Snow, Emmylou Harris and Steve Forbert.

In the mid-'70s, I began running a new series at the club called the Sunday Songwriters Showcase, which helped catapult several new artists into the public eye, and I soon began to book the club full time. In 1980, Marilyn, my longtime friend Joe Hillesum and I bought Folk City, bringing new genres of music (and comedy and theater) into the venue. Folk City closed in 1986, after the landlords, who lived on the floors above, decided they no longer wanted music in their building. So much for booking The Smithereens and Sonic Youth.

Throughout its storied three decades, Folk City became one of the most influential American music clubs. In 1987, "*Rolling Stone* Book of Lists" called Folk City one of the three top music venues in the world, along with The Cavern, home of the Beatles, and CBGB, home of punk. Folk City helped introduce many of today's world-renowned musical stars from Dylan and Collins to Lucinda Williams, Shawn Colvin and Suzanne Vega, on to the Violent Femmes, 10,000 Maniacs and Husker Du. The club showcased numerous music styles from folk to alternative rock as well as theater and comedy nights. Folk City was one of the main national venues for the then-burgeoning women's music movement.

Being present at Folk City was a living, ongoing history lesson, as is evidenced in the play. It was the place where hand-me-down traditional folk music met the blues and gospel, and then wed with country music, and soon the original singer-songwriters showed up and they started singing about social issues and romance, and those songs turned more poetic, personal and complex and soon it melded folk with rock, and then drugs started turning it all psychedelic, and rock took over the scene, and as rock got edgier, punk brought it back full circle to its topical folk roots. This evolution is the foundation of the *Folk City: The Musical* soundtrack.

Who better to discuss this full-circle evolution with than Bob Dylan? I met him in 1984 and one of the things we talked about was the musical circle of life, what goes around comes around. It was an interesting conversation in light of two things that proved his point. One, was that only an hour prior to our conversation, Dylan made his first public appearance on *Late Night With David Letterman*, surprisingly backed by the dynamic L.A. Latino punk band, The Plugz. The coincidence was interesting, because the Plugz had recently performed at Folk City; a far different act than when Dylan was holding court there. And here he was working with them. But,

two: the more things change, the more they stay the same. I was in the midst of writing my book *Bringing It All Back Home*, a history of the Greenwich Village music scene and Folk City, in particular, and I was deep into the chapter about Suzanne Vega whose inspired reinvention of folk music somewhat mimicked Dylan's rise at the same club decades prior and how a review (by Wayne Robins in *Newsday*) announced her to the world the way Shelton announced Dylan in 1961. I was amazed having this conversation about circular coincidences with the icon who defines the Greenwich Village music scene (well, music altogether) still to this day.

Just look at the wide variety of artists who performed at Folk City:

Mose Allison, Dave & Phil Alvin, David Amram, Eric Andersen, Louis Armstrong, Joan Baez, The Band, Pat Benatar, Bermuda Triangle, Beau Brummels, Otis Blackwell, Ronee Blakely, David Blue, David Bromberg, Bunky & Jake, Bill Burnett, T-Bone Burnett, Paul Butterfield, Buskin & Batteau, The Byrds, Lori Carson, Johnny Cash, Judy Castelli, Alex Chilton, Frank Christian, Meg Christian, Judy Collins, Shawn Colvin, Bernadette Contreras, Larry Coryell, Elvis Costello, Elizabeth Cotton, Marshall Crenshaw, David Crosby, Barbara Dane, Guy Davis, Rev. Gary Davis, Deadly Nightshade, Dr. John, Dream Syndicate, Bob Dylan, Cliff Eberhardt, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, John Fahey, Mimi & Richard Farina, Jose Feliciano, Ferron, The Floor Models, Erik Frandsen, George Gerdes, Ronnie Gilbert, Mike Glick, Jeff Gold, Julie Gold, Cynthia Gooding, Bev Grant, Greenbriar Boys, Nanci Griffith, Arlo Guthrie, John Hammond, Jack Hardy, Richie Havens, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Richard Hell, Jimi Hendrix, Carolyn Hester, Barbara Higbie, Mississippi John Hurt, Husker Du, Janis Ian, Ian & Sylvia, David Johansen, Mark Johnson, Danny Kalb, Lucy Kaplansky, The Knitters, Al Kooper, Barry Kornfeld, Jim Lauderdale, Christine Lavin, Michael Lesser, The Lovin' Spoonful, Rod MacDonald, Tommy Makem & the Clancy Brothers, Mamas & Papas, Susan Martin, Carolyn Mas, David Massengill, Frank Maya, Deidre McCalla, the McGarrigles, Roger McGuinn. Ellen McIlwaine, Melanie, Natalie Merchant & 10,000 Maniacs, Bette Midler, June Millington, Elise Morris, Maria Muldaur, Holly Near, Fred Neil, Tracy Nelson, Bob Neuwirth, Willie Nile, NRBQ, Phil Ochs, Odetta, Susan Osborn, Jaco Pastorius, Tom Paxton, Pentangle, Peter, Paul & Mary, Vicki Randle, The Replacements, Jean Ritchie, David Roche, The Roches, Robert Ross, Linda Ronstadt, Tom Rush, Buffy Ste. Marie, John Sebastian, Pete Seeger, Carly & Lucy Simon, Simon & Garfunkel, Patti Smith, The Smithereens, Patty Smyth, Phoebe Snow, Sonic Youth, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Peter Spencer, Staple Singers, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Taj Mahal, Richard Thompson, Big Mama Thornton, Happy & Artie Traum, Theresa Trull, Dave Van Ronk, Townes Van Zandt, Suzanne Vega, Violent Femmes, Vincent Vok, Loudon Wainwright, Muddy Waters, The Weavers, Ilene Weiss, Josh White, Josh White Jr., Lucinda Williams, Cris Williamson, Jesse Winchester, Yo La Tengo, The Youngbloods, John Zorn. Comedians and actors found a home at Folk City: Robin Williams, Larry David, Susie Essman, Chris Rock and Adam Sandler; actors like Steve Buscemi and Mark Boone Jr. and poets like Allen Ginsberg and Poez. Andy Breckman, the creator of the Emmy-winning *Monk* (you might have caught my name come up on the show several times), also began his career at the club as one of the most funny and clever singer-songwriters around. The Broadway hit *Pump Boys and Dinettes* also got its start at Folk City. And even our staff found success: a waitress named Emmylou Harris and our gentle, beloved doorman, Steve Coulter, who has found great TV and movie success. They, and countless others, have songs and performances that inform and inspire *Folk City: The Musical*, along with the interviews in *Bringing It All Back Home*. They all keep alive the spirit of the club, its music, inhabitants and the special era of time.

## GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY:



One looming character in the play is Greenwich Village itself.

Greenwich Village is a 0.289 square mile neighborhood in New York City. Yes, only 0.289 square miles. And what an impact this tiny community has had on American culture.

It's been called the "Bohemian capital," a "Hippie haven," the "Beat Generation's East Coast birthplace," an "artists' sanctuary," the "cradle of the modern LGBT movement" and the "Folk Music Capital of the World."

The first known history is only from the 1600s. The land that was originally a tobacco field was cleared into pastureland by the Dutch settlers and their former African slaves. In 1644, the 11 Dutch African settlers brought the first Black legal protest in the U.S. and they all ended up receiving parcels of land, "Land of The Blacks."

During the 19<sup>th</sup> century and into the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century, the neighborhood's progressive residents helped forge new cultural, political, social and arts movements. Experimental theaters, provocative "little magazines" by small publishers and avant garde art galleries bloomed as did the bohemian population. Bohemians valued a quiet, personal creativity and expression, apart from conventional life, and they were drawn to the Village in droves.

In the early 1900s, the Hotel Albert became known for its distinguished clientele who lived there. Throughout the decades its inhabitants included Walt Whitman, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Anais Nin, Thomas Wolfe, Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol and others. Other Greenwich Village denizens include Isadora Duncan, Eugene O'Neill and William Faulkner. And artists flourished here too. The original Whitney Museum was founded in the Village and the area still remains a harbor for artists.

Politics was never a stranger to Greenwich Village. All sorts of progressive political movements found a hungry audience among the free thinkers here, from anti-war organizations to social justice causes to feminist, racial equality and gay rights movements, the Village was a hotbed of activity. Remember: 0.289 square miles. The elite of American culture and activism was flourishing here.

Greenwich Village was always a magnet for creative souls. Louisa May Alcott, Edgar Allan Poe to Eleanor Roosevelt, Emma Goldman, Lorraine Hansberry and Jackson Pollack, found Greenwich Village a fertile and flourishing location to live. Bob Dylan and Suze Rotolo lived on West Fourth. John Lennon made his home on Bank Street, Woody Guthrie on Charles. Janis Joplin lived on 10<sup>th</sup> Street. Lou Reed on Christopher. Even Buddy Holly had a home and recording studio in Greenwich Village. From Jimi Hendrix to Pete Seeger to Barbra Streisand, Greenwich Village was an inspiration. Even Taylor Swift rented an apartment on Cornelia Street.

Echoing the Lost Generation of the '20s, Greenwich Village began to emulate Paris, with its colorful, alternative lifestyle and crowded streets and cafes on Bleecker, MacDougal, Eighth Street and West Fourth, all arteries to the heart of the Village, Washington Square Park.

The unconventional Beatniks (a ragtag collection of nonconformist writers, artists, poets and students) started populating Washington Square Park and the local cafes and coffeehouses in the 1950s. Jack Kerouac brought his poetry to the jazz clubs, artists helped develop what was soon to be called the New York School of painting, the park hosted musical hootenannies, which soon became legitimized in club and concert settings. It was also a clash of personalities: the blue-collar locals looked askance at the influx of Beatniks and musicians and their "Happenings" and other unconventional artistic, musical and theatrical events (many of which were staged at the Judson Memorial Church). But the Beatniks had peevs of their own. They were irked by the ever-growing tourist trade and growing migration of folk singers.

Folk icon Dave Van Ronk, considered by many to be the unofficial "Mayor of Greenwich Village," put it best when he explained to me, "The whole Beatnik thing had become a mass-media preoccupation. The Beatniks hated folk music, The real Beats liked cool jazz, beebop and hard drugs and the folkniks would sit around on the floor and sing songs of the oppressed masses."

At the start, the folkies sure did take their music themes seriously. Dave continued, "When a folk singer would take the stage between two Beat poets, all the finger-poppin' mamas and daddies would do everything but hold their noses. And when the Beat poets would get up and begin to rant, all the folk fans in the house would do likewise."

But the media portrayed folk music and Beats as one and the same. The Village became a major tourist destination, and everyone who came to see the Beatniks, ended up discovering the folkies. Folk artist Richie Havens, a Village resident, recalled bus companies being hired by restaurants for Village “Beatnik-tours” where out-of-towners would gawk at the Beats walking the streets. But soon the Beats started gathering on streetcorners waiting for those bus tours, so they could point and gawk back.

Maria Muldaur, who grew up in the Village recalled people flocking there, attracted by the promise of “free love” and marijuana. “There were lots of wild parties,” she said, “involving bongos, jazz, poetry readings, loose women, horny men and lots of cheap Italian wine...and the passing around of a few joints.” Soon the Beatnik clubs that featured poetry and bongo drums were now turning into folk clubs.

Like Maria, Mary Travers of Peter Paul & Mary, grew up in the Village, and she remembered when things began to change. “There was a tremendous cultural explosion of rural American folk music being sung in Washington Square Park.” Arlo Guthrie, also remembered it well: “There was a lot of good folk music going on outside in the park. It was just as much for ending up and playing in the park that we came down to the Village. There were all kinds of people—Dylan, Bill Monroe. Anybody, you could hear anybody. It was a good time. We would just hang around, and when things would start cooling off, we’d just go down the block and hang out at Gerdes.”

In March 1957, Izzy Young opened the Folklore Center, a clearinghouse and meeting place for folksingers. Everything they would want from guitar picks to camaraderie (and of course *Sing Out!* And *Broadside* magazines, which featured many of their songs) was available at that world-famous MacDougal Street storefront.

The Village was now the domain of folksingers. Often earnest, consistently traditional. But they were soon joined by blues singers and gospel singers. Then Midwesterners and Southerners who grew up listening to country music and bluegrass began to arrive in large numbers. The Village was bustling and vibrant throughout the late '50s and early '60s. The quaint streets were packed with baskethouses (where performers would literally pass a basket to collect tips), coffeehouses (no booze!) and legit cabarets like Folk City, the Bitter End and the Village Gate. You could hardly walk 10 steps without passing another music venue like the Gaslight, Café Wha?, the Four Winds, The Lion, Tin Angel, Café Bizarre, the Purple Onion, Bon Soir, the Night Owl, Café Au Go Go, Village Vanguard, Max’s Kansas City, and the nation’s first racially integrated nightclub, Barney Josephson’s Café Society, along with European-style cafes like the Reggio. Borgia and Figaro; theaters like Circle in the Square, Provincetown Playhouse, Greenwich House Theater, Cherry Lane Playhouse (converted by Edna St. Vincent Millay and others), the controversial and provocative Living Theater, the Sullivan Street Theater, home of *The Fantasticks*, the world’s longest running musical, and the historic LaMaMa. There were restaurants everywhere, specialty food shops, antique stores and unique boutiques. There were cinema arthouses like the Bleecker Street Cinema, Eighth Street Playhouse (home of *Rocky Horror*) and on the other end of the spectrum, the popular, commercial Waverly. Iconic bars like The Kettle of Fish, White Horse Tavern and The Stonewall dotted the streets and avenues. Hotels like the Earle (now Washington Square Hotel) and Village Plaza were well-known for

their famous and eccentric clientele. And then there were the head shops galore as the early '60s evolved into the psychedelic '60s.

A signature highlight of visiting the Village was the massive outdoor art shows where the large population of the Village—painters and sculptors—displayed their talents. Tourists came from all around to experience this wild, unconventional area of downtown New York, where interracial couples walked without fear, gays expressed their pride way before Stonewall and outcasts were accepted and celebrated. All the while, political activism, social justice causes and music, above all, were pervasive.

As the population evolved, so did the music, and soon traditional musicians were expressing topical issues, then personal ones, and, of course, eventually the romantics showed up. The singers were now writing their own songs. The Village was peppered with songwriters like John Phillips, Joni Mitchell, John Sebastian, Richie Havens, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and Eric Andersen. Innovative interpreters like Judy Collins and Peter Paul & Mary were bringing new attention to these writers. Bob Dylan, of course, changed everything. Once the now legendary *The New York Times* review of his professional debut at Folk City was published in 1961, music and Greenwich Village changed forever. Record labels, producers, publishers and critics flocked to the Village looking for the Next Big Thing (a running gag in the play). It seemed like all you had to do was get on a stage and a record deal was waiting. People were getting signed left and right. The camaraderie and ensuing jealousies only grew as the search for fame built, and all eyes were on Greenwich Village.

Soon the Village was almost impossible to navigate with all the attention it was receiving. MacDougal and Bleecker were almost at a standstill. The more commercial Eighth Street stores like the popular bookstore Brentano's and the hip shoe store Fred Braun were packed to the gills. Like years before with the Beatnik tours, there were now long-haired, flower adorned, pot-smoking Hippies to see! They became as much of an attraction as the groundbreaking electric music they were now writing and performing.

When music finally went electric in the Village clubs (lots of archaic cabaret rules still subdued that for a while), thanks to artists like Roger McGuinn, the Village was also electrified in many other ways. There was nothing like the buzz around the colorful, incense-infused, wild 1960s Greenwich Village, where creativity and originality were evident everywhere.

And then the '70s arrived.

Things slowed down. But it gave the musicians a time to turn more introspective and recalibrate. It was the season of the singer-songwriter revival. Bruce Springsteen, Phoebe Snow, the Roches, Loudon Wainwright, Jerry Jeff Walker and Townes Van Zandt and so many others began to breathe life back into the Village. Singers like Emmylou Harris and Bonnie Raitt were ready to interpret the songs of this new generation of songwriters.

Life had begun to calm down after the tumultuous '60s in the Village, but many changes were in the air. In the '70s, NYU was this ever-growing octopus with tentacles everywhere. Rents were being exorbitantly raised. Music clubs started going under. Small businesses shuttered. Korean



food markets and tacky souvenir shops were popping up everywhere. Porn took over western 4<sup>th</sup> Street, Eighth Street was desolate and unrecognizable, Sixth Avenue might have well been Times Square. The quirkiness was diminished. Tourists found other destinations. Billy Joel recalled his reaction to the Village when he returned there after being in L.A. in 1973.

“When I came back to New York, I found the cutting edge was gone,” he explained to me. “Places were more commercial. The kids that were hanging around were teenagers...who had a couple of drinks who decided to go down to the Village and hunt up some drugs or chicks. The signs weren’t very Bohemian looking. The facades of places had been compromised. It looked like 42<sup>nd</sup> Street.”

But the artists who remained still plowed through. With West Village streets now filled with rowdy suburban teens, Yuppie students and drunk NYU frat boys, the attention had moved east to grungier, less commercial digs, like CBGBs. The East Village was now the hip place to be. Outcasts like punk superstar Joey Ramone of The Ramones found his place there, “I had a sense of defiance,” he told me, “and I just felt more comfortable in the [East] Village. I was ... in Queens and [I] shocked the neighborhood. In the East Village no one cared. There was more creativity [there].”

In 1975, it looked grim for the Village, but a year later, something unique helped bring it back to life again. Again, it was music. Again, it was Dylan.

Dylan’s Rolling Thunder Tour debuted at Folk City as an impromptu birthday party for Mike Porco. Suddenly, there on stage was Dylan and Baez. Allan Ginsberg. Eric Andersen. Phil Ochs and David Blue. Bette Midler, Patti Smith...the club was alive, the Village was alive like the old days and it was Dylan who once again breathed life into this community. Soon after that, Mike decided to sell the club (How can you top hosting the premiere of the Rolling Thunder Tour?), and I began to book the club full time and finally bought it, with Marilyn and Joe.

And the timing couldn’t have been better. Thanks to the folk revival of the late ’70s, the Village came to life again musically. Its lifeblood was always music.

New clubs like the Blue Note opened. The Roches had a big recording deal. The Bottom Line opened in 1974. (Its owners, Allan Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky had previously booked Folk City.) It was a concert venue that was both intimate and large enough for big names ranging from Whitney Houston to Springsteen, but still nurturing the local up-and-coming artists. It was as good a concert venue as any and it brought vitality back into the Village. Come to see Marianne Faithfull or Lou Reed at the Bottom Line, you’d maybe start with dinner at Garvins or Panchitos and end with a nightcap at the Kettle. Never forgetting a slice at Ben’s or a falafel at Mamouns. Keeping the Village breathing. Writers, painters, poets and actors helped define Greenwich Village, but nothing was as integral to the DNA of the Village as music was.

Our play (and this cast album), which ranges from 1960 to 1985, follows all the twists and turns listed above, mirroring the music trends and cultural changes of the times. Singers, songwriters, poets, writers, painters and social activists have always been the pulsing heart of Greenwich Village and *Folk City: The Musical* honors them all. Their triumphs, challenges, relationships,

jealousies, and their journeys through a myriad of cultural changes and their ongoing quest for recognition for their music to be heard, shared and to make a difference.

There is no place like Greenwich Village.

## THE SONGWRITERS AND CAST

As we proceeded with plans for the cast album, our challenge was to write new songs to replace the established “jukebox” hits of our original and to find a new cast for the recording. It was a high bar already set by our two previous casts. But, boy, did we luck out. Our new entire male cast performed in our previous productions: George Anthony Papas and R. O. Shapiro were in our New York shows. Morgan Mallory was in our Portland production. One of our favorite actors from our initial investors’ performance, Judah Frank, a spectacular vocalist and terrific actor, was also brought back.

After a months-long virtual audition process for the role of Shelley, the innocent artist/outsider, we found the outstanding actress-songwriter Abby Dormer. I was also fortunate enough to learn that a former student, Emily Blount, was a singer/actress, and she turned out to be the perfect singer and personality for the character Jazz, our resident jaded Beat poet. With the final addition of Paula Brion, a longtime friend and mentor to many R&B gospel and R&B singers, our cast was set.

I originally started off my career as a lyricist. When I first bought *Folk City*, I put my songwriting aspirations on hold, and I began concentrating on promoting the careers of others. I took it up again in recent years, realizing how much I missed it. So, I became the lyric librettist for the new version of the *Folk City* musical. Marilyn had co-written a song as a lyricist a few years back that I always loved, and it fit a scene perfectly, so we added that.

I’ve been fortunate enough to have had some great collaborators along the way. Nick Lohri has been my steady musical companion and collaborator for five decades, and I used four of our existing songs that were relevant to the play as a foundation to start the play’s new soundtrack. A veteran of numerous rock bands and solo projects, Nick is currently a master guitar teacher who spends all his spare time studying the intricate guitar work of classic jazz and American Songbook classics. Nick also collaborated with Marilyn on “Off My Mind.” Nick’s son Harry passed away unexpectedly in 2019. I am so thankful we were able to recover Harry’s original drum work on “I Heard An Angel Sing.” He lives on in this album.

Another of my original collaborators from the ’70s, Gary English, was a talented LA-based songwriter when I first heard Lucie Arnaz perform a song she co-wrote with Gary on an afternoon TV talk show. Impressed by the song, I contacted her to find out how to reach Gary, and Gary and I ended up writing great songs together for years. The highest/lowest point of our collaboration was receiving a letter from a publisher stating, “You don’t know how close this came to being a duet between Barry Manilow and Barbra Streisand.” Ouch. A typical music-business close-call war story. A talented musician, Gary went to tour with Captain & Tennille as their keyboardist—a very impressive gig, considering the Captain was regarded as one of the best keyboard players around.

For new music written expressly for the play, Nick suggested a mutual friend of ours, Ronnie D’Addario, a multi-talented singer-songwriter on his own, as well as a first-class musician, producer and arranger. Ronnie was also a soundman at *Folk City*, so he knew the scene well and he had written the score for the off-Broadway musical *McGoldrick’s Thread*. He also toured as

the guitarist for the legendary Irish folksinger Tommy Makem, fronted several rock bands (many along with Nick) and released several solo albums on Homburg Records. The Carpenters recorded one of Ronnie's songs, but Karen Carpenter died soon after the recording and the project was shelved. Another typical music-business war story. Ronnie's sons, Brian and Michael, are the rock band sensation The Lemon Twigs. They are currently collaborating on an album featuring Ronnie's songs. The project features guest artists including Todd Rundgren, Sean Lennon and others. Ronnie and I spent 2021 collaborating on 15 new songs for the Folk City play—spanning genres from doo-wop and blues, to folk, '60s pop, folk-rock and rock, representing the three decades from the '60s through the '80s, the timespan of the play's storyline. [RonnieDaddario.com](http://RonnieDaddario.com) is the place to go to find his music.

Pat DiNizio, frontman and songwriter of popular rock band The Smithereens—and another former Folk City soundman—passed away in 2017, and I'm honored to have co-written with him the play's closing song, "It's A Shot." We were also fortunate to have Pat's fellow Smithereen, Jim Babjak, also play guitar and bass on the track. The Smithereens scored hit after hit, earned gold records, were heard on multiple movie soundtracks, collaborated with Belinda Carlisle, Suzanne Vega, Lou Reed, Otis Blackwell, Graham Parker, The Kinks and more. They have a massive fanbase thanks to their hit-filled dozen-plus albums and dynamic live performances. You can find all their music and latest news on [OfficialSmithereens.com](http://OfficialSmithereens.com)

George Anthony Papas, who starred as Ernie the emcee in our New York production, contributed the music for three fabulous new songs. George is an accomplished theatrical actor, singer/songwriter, dancer and pianist who has performed in national tours, on cruise ships, industrials and music venues worldwide. He's had the opportunity to sing in such venues as Lincoln Center, Carnegie Hall and as a backup singer for Sir Elton John at Radio City Music Hall. His music can be found on YouTube, IG and Facebook, all under "George Anthony Papas."

One of the highlights of the original jukebox version of the play was the character Karen's blistering rendition of roots recording artist Tracy Nelson's classic "Down So Low," which also happens to be one of my personal all-time favorites. (While no one beats Tracy's version, other great artists like Linda Ronstadt and Cyndi Lauper also recorded the song.) Of course, we had to ask Tracy, who originally fronted the iconic band Mother Earth, to co-write an original song for the new play to replace "Down So Low"—the result: the gripping showstopper "I Belong Here." Tracy's latest album, *Life Don't Miss Nobody*, was met with universal raves when released in June 2023 and earned Tracy her third Grammy nomination. Do yourself a favor—check out [Tracynelsonmusic.com](http://Tracynelsonmusic.com).

Another favorite musician of mine is award-winning jazz/folk artist Lili Añel, a Folk City alum. I had a lyric that was perfect for her, and I was fortunate that she connected with it, and in a rare collaboration for her, she co-wrote "Lovers Leap," a song we recently released as a video. Lili's critically acclaimed albums are available in all formats and platforms. Check out [LiliAnel.org](http://LiliAnel.org).

Abby Dormer is a singer-songwriter and actress who plays the part of Shelley, the shy artist and "outsider." We realized that Shelley needed an introductory song, so I asked Abby to work with the lyric "Everyone's So Much," and she came up with Shelley's beautiful, haunting signature

song. Abby recently released her impressive debut recording, *Apologue*, which is available on CD, Spotify and other platforms. You can follow her at [AbbyDorner.com](http://AbbyDorner.com) and the video of “Everyone’s So Much” is available on YouTube.

Morgan Mallory, who plays Dean on this recording, added a much-needed new chorus melody to the dreamy “Stars, Baby,” which I originally wrote with Gary English. Morgan is a singer/composer/multi-instrumentalist raised in Portland, Oregon, who now lives in Los Angeles. He won the BroadwayWorld award for “Best Actor” for his performance in our Portland production. He performs as a solo looping artist and revolving member of multiple bands throughout Southern California by night, running a private music school and production studio by day. You can hear his music on Instagram @morgan.mallory.music and his website [www.morganmallory.com](http://www.morganmallory.com).

R.O. (Raphael Odell) Shapiro, who plays Brian on this recording, wrote the music to “California (State I’m In).” He is New York-bred soulful singer/songwriter and purveyor of original Americana music. He started performing musical theater at an early age, before picking up guitar at the end of high school. He attended Yale University, still focusing on theater, but spent a lot of his evenings singing with a cappella groups, a rock band and a choral folk ensemble called Tangled Up In Blue, or TUIB. After graduating, he moved to New York City to pursue acting, but realized he was “more excited about playing dive bars than Broadway.” He relocated to California with his fellow TUIB member Jenner Fox, forming the band Odell Fox. They moved to Austin, where they released two records, the *Moon Shiner EP* and *Thank You. King Electric Sessions* was his first release since leaving Odell Fox. He is currently touring solo and was a recent winner of the prestigious 2022 Kerrville Folk Festival New Folk Songwriting Contest.

Former Tommy Boy and Mercury Records recording artist and actress Paula Brion co-wrote “Never Been Taken This High,” a rousing gospel roof-raiser. She, thankfully, brought in Lewis Anderson, as producer (and musician) on her tracks. I first met and worked with Paula around the late ’80s/early ’90s, when Marilyn and I were running the New York Music Awards. Debbie Gibson was all the rage then and I worked closely with her publicist due to her many appearances, performances and wins at our annual award shows. We ended up deciding to work together with Paula, after she was a finalist on *Star Search*. (She was also a seven-time winner on *Showtime at The Apollo*.) Life eventually took over and we lost contact with each other, but thanks to Facebook, Paula and I reunited about five years ago. Paula currently runs the popular gospel podcast *Da Testimony with Paula Brion*. She works for the New York City Board of Education as a singing teacher. Young students are not the only ones she mentors; she works as a vocal coach and has coached such stars as Jennifer Lopez and Brenda K. Starr. Paula helped us audition several actress-singers for the role of Karen, but we soon realized it was Paula who was the perfect one to sing that challenging role.

I came up with a too-ambitious-for-me musical idea for a suite that would introduce our Beat poet character Jazz. My daughter, Emma, who has perfect pitch, helped me translate the music in my head to create, shape and hone the song. Emily Blount, who plays Jazz on this recording, worked tirelessly to capture the complex melodies and nail the intent and personality the song required. I needed a bongo player for this track, so I asked my noise-rock pal Michael Bazini for help. He raved about, and recommended, Filippo De Laura, an accomplished producer, musician

and composer from Italy, now living and working in New York. Filippo added his musical magic, and the theatrical Beatnik suite “Big Deal” was born. There is so much to say about the wildly creative and multi-talented Filippo, and the many impressive international honors and credits he’s achieved, but I can best direct you to his website [FilippoDeLaura.com](http://FilippoDeLaura.com) so you can see for yourself how lucky we were to connect with him. Just the wide variety of instruments he played on the recording was astounding on its own. Then the producing, arranging, mixing and mastering. You can also check him out on IMDB and see all the movies he scored. Filippo and I have since collaborated on a few new songs, not on the cast album.

A few of the songs have been covered by other artists. The sultry “Rising Fahrenheit,” was covered and released as a single by the Sunshyne + The Foxx, as a killer pop-dance recording. (You can find it on iTunes and other streaming services, and the video is on YouTube). Sunshyne + The Foxx also covered the Americana, pedal-steel driven “Lovers Leap,” sung by R.O. Shapiro, as a lush, orchestrated pop song, sung by Judah Frank, and we hope to be releasing that version as well. Those songs were produced by Justin Henry. On Ronnie D’Addario’s recent album *Egg Yolks & Artichokes*, he features his own vocal versions of four tracks from the Folk City album. The folkie protest anthem “Stand Tall,” sung by R.O. Shapiro was released as a video in support of Ukraine. It closed in on 11,000 views in its first month. Paula Brion has included her co-written track, “I’ve Never Been Taken This High” on her latest recording, *Inspirations*. By the time you read this, several other cover versions of our songs should be released. It is a great testament to how well these songs can live outside of the play. “Stand Tall.” “Everyone’s So Much,” “Rising Fahrenheit” and “Lovers Leap,” are all available on the Folk City YouTube channel. Ronnie D’Addario’s radio-ready demo versions of a few songs from the show are available through his YouTube channel.

Ronnie, Morgan, Justin and Lewis, along with Pat DiNizio & Kurt Reil produced and arranged. And, finally, the brilliant Filippo joined us, producing, arranging, singing back-up, playing a million weird instruments and final mastering.

This was a massive undertaking. Tracks were recorded all over the country: New York, California, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Texas, Missouri, Washington, North Carolina, New Jersey and Florida, in professional studios, home studios and, in one case, a NYC closet. Delays came often—many of our talented participants battled Covid along the way.

Thanks to the following talented musicians who added their enormous instrumental skills to the album: Filippo DeLaura, Ronnie D’Addario, Nick Lohri, Harrison Lohri, Morgan Mallory, R. O. Shapiro, Jack Bowden, Pat DiNizio, Lili Añel, Abby Dormer, Dana Marie, Micah Montenko, Ethan Schneider, Lewis Anderson, Jeff Holley, Ricky Boyd, Cedric Shelton, Manny Castaneda, Jim Babjak, Kurt Reill and Kristin Pinell.

There would be no Folk City for me if it were not for ASCAP introducing me to Leslie Berman who introduced me to Mike Porco. There would be no play without Bernadette Contreras, who I first met in the late ’70s, when I was auditioning acts for Folk City’s Sunday Afternoon Songwriters series. She was an impressive singer/songwriter, classically trained musician and talented playwright from Texas, via New Orleans, and we hit it off immediately. She became,

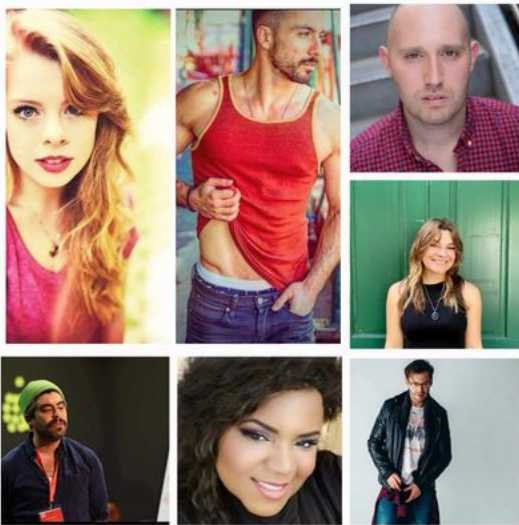
and remains, family. We started working on the play in the '80s and watched it evolve through various decades and showcases and long, long periods of life taking precedence.

I want to also share my gratitude to our original castmembers, who were unable to be part of this project: Kim Vogels, Famecia Fairbanks, JoAnn Coleman, Ryan Rickenbach, Cass Dillon, Jess Ford, Anthony McCarthy, Steve Coker, Sam Jones and, especially, Hallie Griffin, who could not have been more talented and supportive of this play. Thanks to Robin Carus for helping cast our New York production and Kirk Mouser, directing and producing the Portland production. And always, to Marilyn, and our partner at Folk City, Joe Hillesum.

A special thank you to John Yap for signing the *Folk City: The Musical* cast album to Jay Records, the premier record label for quality cast albums. Jay Records was our first and only label choice. We're honored to be associated with John and Jay Records. The double-album cast recording can be found on CD and all download and streaming platforms. Yes, I'll try to talk them into vinyl, too.

Marilyn Lash was the backbone of Folk City when we owned it, as well as the best partner when it came to auditions, backers' showcases and the production of the play. This album would not have happened without her constant encouragement and support.

#### CAST ALBUM VOCALISTS



ABBY DORMER (“Shelley Moore”), JUDAH FRANK (“Tony D’Angelo”), GEORGE ANTHONY PAPAS (“Ernie Davis”), EMILY BLOUNT (“Jazz”), bottom line: R.O. SHAPIRO (“Brian McNamara”), PAULA BRION (“Karen Fairchild”), MORGAN MALLORY (“Dean Graham”)

## **“FOLK CITY: THE MUSICAL” CHARACTERS**

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- ERNIE DAVIS:** Hoot Night MC and club manager. He is gregarious, yet stern. At 30 years old, he relishes being a mentor to the younger performers. He is also a wannabe talent manager. He always thinks he knows “the next big thing,” which comically evolves throughout the play.
- TONY D’ANGELO:** Tony is a 20-year-old ladies man who was born and raised in Greenwich Village’s Italian-American community. He’s a proud blue-collar local, who is a construction worker by trade. He is a Folk City bar regular, but is disgruntled with the social and musical changes happening around him. Give him doo-wop, Elvis or Frank Sinatra, a cold beer, and female companionship, and he’s happy.
- JAZZ:** Jazz is an acerbic, 19-year-old Beatnik poetess with a wicked sense of humor who works as a bartender and waitress. She has the Beat look down pat as well as the anti-establishment attitude. She’s a viable part of the scene, but more a die-hard remnant of the Beat-poet era than the music movement that has taken over Greenwich Village. She forms a close bond with Dean, a talented musician whose world of drugs she comes to share.
- KAREN FAIRCHILD:** Karen is a 19-year-old African-American singer and aspiring songwriter from Los Angeles, who waitresses at Folk City. She dated Lothario Tony, but falls in love with troubled musician Dean. She’s a social activist strongly affected after her family is impacted by Watts riots in LA. She seeks the same recognition as the male folk singer/songwriters and pursues a professional music career despite the odds against her.
- BRIAN MCNAMARA:** A handsome, extremely amiable 19-year-old from Oklahoma, Brian’s a country-folk singer and rock-solid All-American type. He arrives on the Village scene with a naïve sense of fairness, open to the social changes happening around him. He falls in love with Shelley, an introverted artist. He stays true to his conservative upbringing and volunteers to go to Viet Nam, as a medic, because he wants to do good, but he quickly becomes disillusioned. His basic good nature allows him to befriend most everyone on the scene. One friend’s betrayal changes the course of his life, as does his deep off-and-on love affair with Shelley.
- DEAN GRAHAM:** When we first meet Dean, he is a moody, 18-year-old blues and folk singer/guitar prodigy, whose tough upbringing has given him experiences well-beyond his years. He fled an abusive Pittsburgh home at 15, eventually making his way to Greenwich Village and finding a home and “family” at Folk City. Unfortunately, he self-medicates with drink and drugs and, like his nemesis Tony, is a ladies’ man who protects himself by never having real, deep relationships until he falls in



love with Karen. Dean is a sweet, troubled soul who lets his lack of self-confidence turn into disruptive jealousy.

**SHELLEY MOORE:** Shelly is a typical ingenue when she first enters the scene at Folk City, all wide-eyed and uncertain about herself. The pretty 18-year-old Joni Mitchell-type, is an art student in the Village, who represents another segment of the Village scene—the non-musicians. She is in awe of the Village scene. She was raised by a loving, but alcoholic mother, and is self-sufficient, fiercely independent and careful who she opens her heart to. She evolves from innocent introvert to vocal peace activist and early feminist, maturing throughout. She has an ethereal beauty and inner strength and falls in love with Brian.

**SONG LYRICS AND SCENE DESCRIPTIONS:**

*Tony, a born-and-bred, blue-collar Greenwich Village local is not too happy with the influx of Beatniks and hippies. Instead of these long-haired folkies, he prefers doo-wop, Elvis, the Four Seasons and Sinatra. He states his views succinctly in a brief doo-wop intro, and then Ernie, the MC, enters and welcomes everyone to Greenwich Village and Hoot Night at Folk City. He's joined in the song by Karen, Brian, Dean and eventually, the shy newcomer to the scene, Shelley.*

## **GREENWICH VILLAGE DOO WOP: THE INTRO**

Greenwich Village  
It is where I was raised  
Blue-collar doo wop  
But now that's all changed  
Beatniks and folkies  
Taking over my town  
It all looks so different  
As I look...**and you** look... around...

## **THE VILLAGE (SNAP TO IT)**

Come down to The Village  
You'll see such a sight  
It's the younger generation  
In artistic flight  
Come down to The Village  
Snap to it, dig the beat  
Welcome to a new world  
Bongos on every street  
Snap to it

There's a club—Folk City  
Filled with smoke and song  
Singers crooning "Fare Thee Well"  
And you can sing right along  
Come down to The Village  
Snap to it, dig the beat  
Welcome to a new world  
Bongos on every street

It's how Bohemians clap  
SNAP SNAP  
It's how the Beatniks clap  
SNAP SNAP  
It's how The Village claps  
SNAP SNAP  
Man, it's like snap, snap, snap

Oh, light one up, fall back, chill out  
Let your thoughts just freeze  
Drink some joe and pass the hat  
Daddy-o, groovy goatee  
Come down to The Village  
Snap to it, dig the beat  
Welcome to a new world  
Bongos on every street

It's how Bohemians clap  
SNAP SNAP  
It's how the Beatniks clap  
SNAP SNAP  
It's how The Village claps  
SNAP SNAP  
Man, it's like snap, snap, snap

Oh, cool chicks on MacDougal  
Guitar picks on Bleecker Street  
On Sixth and 8<sup>th</sup>, the artists doodle  
The park's where the hipsters meet  
French cigarettes, berets black  
Pass the basket, hope it's packed  
Play blues written in Delta shacks  
Folk songs new and some throwbacks  
Come down to The Village  
Snap to it, dig the beat  
Welcome to a new world  
Bongos on every street  
Welcome to a new world  
Bongos on every street  
Snap to it  
SNAP SNAP

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Ernie, as the Hoot Night MC who is always searching for The Next Big Thing, introduces the rules of Hoot Night (open mic night) to the incoming crowd and awaiting musicians. He loves mentoring these young musicians, so he informs them that their performance at Hoot Night could actually mean fame...or failure.*

## NEXT BIG THING

Just pass the hat and pick a card  
Then wait your turn to play your part  
Pluck some strings and feed those dreams  
You want to be The Next Big Thing

The spotlight shines on those who pray  
You search for fame most every day  
Scribbled notes, sweaty palms  
The crowd can give you wealth or harm

Fame or fail, it's up to you  
In the spotlight is where you'll break through  
Fame or fail, it's up to you  
In the spotlight is where you'll break through

You can be a pauper or a king  
Enter as a ghost or The Next Big Thing  
It's your shot, don't miss the chance  
Can't be the wallflower at the dance  
You can be a pauper or a king  
Enter as a ghost or The Next Big Thing  
Get up and hum, or chant or sing  
It's your shot, go or not, what you got  
You're The Next Big Thing

Pass that hat and pick a card  
Belt it out or fall apart  
Take a bow to scattered applause  
You try because you want much more

And it will come, you'll hear the roar  
Fame or fail, your goal's to soar  
Good luck on stage, I wish you well  
Can be heaven or can be hell

Fame or fail, it's up to you  
In the spotlight is where you'll break through  
Fame or fail, it's up to you

In the spotlight is where you'll break through

You can be a pauper or a king  
Enter as a ghost or The Next Big Thing  
It's your shot, don't miss the chance  
Can't be the wallflower at the dance  
You can be a pauper or a king  
Enter as a ghost or The Next Big Thing  
Get up and hum, or chant or sing  
It's your shot, go or not, what you got, you're The Next Big Thing

Music by George Papas

*After Jazz explains Tony and Karen's tricky relationship to newcomer Shelley, Tony sings about how hard-to-get Karen was, while he shadows her around the club as she waitresses. She is oblivious to him. The song is a '60s-pop throwback, Tony's favorite genre.*

## LOVE AT THIRD SIGHT

There were two of us  
No one else around  
Just a beat beat beat  
A lonely sound  
Then it struck me  
Struck me instantly  
We should follow up where this could lead  
Love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was when you finally fell

When I first saw you  
We passed so carelessly  
The second time I saw you  
Was time for us to meet  
But love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was all kiss and tell  
Love at third sight

There were two of us  
Neither knew for sure  
How the time would turn  
How the wine was poured  
Then it hit me  
Hit me rapidly  
Isn't this what love's supposed to be?  
Love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was when you finally fell

When I first saw you  
We passed so carelessly  
The second time I saw you was time for us to meet  
But love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was all kiss and tell  
Love at third sight

There were two of us  
Solitude and lust  
A spark, some fire  
Accidental touch  
Then it filled me

Filled me, totally  
Three times the charm, but, oh, so suddenly  
Love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was when you finally fell

When I first saw you  
We passed so carelessly  
The second time I saw you  
Was time for us to meet  
But love at third sight fit us very well  
Love at third sight was all kiss and tell

Love at third sight  
Love at third sight

Music by Ronnie D'Addario



*In this scene, we learn a bit about mysterious Jazz, our resident jaded beat-poet-waitress-bartender-cynic. She's anti everything establishment. But, wait, is there a heart in there?*

## BIG DEAL (BEATNIK SUITE)

Words

I write  
with Ginsberg's quill  
Poetry,  
a jigsaw skill  
Do you care?  
Big deal

Vibes

I'm cool, goddamn, nobody's fool  
I'm way too hip for school  
Big deal

I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik  
But let's get one thing right.  
(But let's get one thing right)  
I'm full of snark and acid  
I abhor the calm and placid  
But my bark's much worse than my bite  
(My bark's much worse than my bite)  
I'm just a regular delight  
who spouts about...  
Everything that's wrong with society  
The rules of impropriety  
Anti-authority  
Fight the majority  
I beat the counter-culture drum  
And fight... materialism  
I'm just your everyday beat chick

Dressed

in black leotards, ironed hair  
a look that takes great care  
Big big deal

Rules

I don't believe in them, no, not for me  
Break them down and let us be  
Big big deal

Me...with my beret  
And way too much to say  
A cigarette that dangles through the day  
I'm just your everyday beat chick  
In every way  
That's it

Snark  
My personality, it might seem sharp  
My spirit's free like the night stars  
Big deal

Rules  
I don't believe in them, no, not for me  
Break them down and let us be  
Big deal

Maybe I'd be better in theater  
Or perhaps real estate  
Maybe give this nihilism  
a break  
Perhaps I'd plan a future  
Away from tending bar  
I think my negative attitude would take me far

Words  
I write poetry, do you care?  
A skill I learned somewhere  
Big big deal

Vibes  
I'm cool goddamn, nobody's fool  
I'm way too hip for school  
Big deal

I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik  
But let's get one thing right.  
(But let's get one thing right)  
I'm full of snark and acid  
I abhor the calm and placid  
But my bark's much worse than my bite.  
(My bark's much worse than my bite)  
I'm Just a regular delight  
who spouts about...  
Everything that's wrong with society

The rules of impropriety  
Anti-authority  
Fight the majority  
I beat the counter-culture drum  
And fight....materialism.  
I'm just your everyday beat chick

I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik  
I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik  
I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik  
I'm just your everyday beat chick  
Typical in every way Beatnik

Big Deal

Music by Robbie Woliver, Emma Woliver and Filippo DeLaura

*Dean has his turn on stage where he sings a blues song in homage to those great blues legends who inspired him. He is enamored with Karen, an under-estimated singer-songwriter who is waitressing, and he calls her up to join him in a sexy duet, where she blows the audience away, to Dean's delight and Tony's jealous anger.*

## MY BABY'S THE GROOVE

My baby's the groove  
Just watch her move  
She dances the snake  
She keeps me awake  
She's a bottle o' rum  
She's a whole lotta fun  
My baby's the groove  
Such a groove.

My baby's the groove  
He's my sweet tooth  
A bottle o' rum  
A whole lotta fun  
He knows how to soothe  
He's nothin' but truth  
My baby's the groove  
Such a groove

Swing me low  
As low as you go  
Down below...  
The room will explode  
Do the grind  
Slink and slide  
The clock says it's time  
To come alive

My baby's the groove  
It's the gospel truth  
She dances the snake  
She keeps me awake  
He's a bottle o' rum  
A whole lotta fun  
My baby's the groove  
Such a groove

Swing me low  
As low as you go  
Down below...

The room will explode  
Do the grind  
Slink and slide  
The clock says it's time  
To come alive

My baby's the groove  
The fountain of youth  
A bottle o' rum  
A whole lotta fun  
Oh, she's slick and she's smooth  
He's rhythm and blues  
My baby's the groove  
Such a groove

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Brian, the All-American kid from the conservative Midwest, follows his traditional upbringing, but has a social conscience, inspired by Woody Guthrie being a fellow-Okie and a music hero of his. Brian sings his folkie protest anthem, which gives Shelley a little insight into his good character.*

## STAND TALL

We'll speak up  
We'll speak right up to you  
We'll speak up  
Our message will break through  
In this journey  
Our voices will be heard  
We'll speak up 'cause we're changing the world

We'll stand up  
We'll stand right up to you  
We'll stand tall  
Raise our voices in truth  
We'll stand up  
We are reaching for the sky  
We'll stand up and we'll rise to unite

Brothers and Sisters  
Join in the chorus  
Let's heal what's behind us  
And greet what's before us  
One voice is the answer  
It's our time  
Right the wrong  
Let's stand tall together  
As we all sing along

We will matter  
We will matter to you  
We will matter  
And love will guide us through  
All the hatred  
That we battle and we fight  
We will matter 'cause we are the light

Brothers and Sisters  
Join in the chorus  
Let's heal what's behind us  
And greet what's before us  
One voice is the answer

It's our time  
Right the wrong  
Let's stand tall together  
As we all sing along

The sky's in reach  
Into the breach  
Soft like a breeze  
Hard like a storm  
We'll get to where we belong

We will matter  
We will matter to you  
Make a difference  
Love will guide us through  
All shall hear it  
Hear the message that we send  
We will count  
We will win in the end

Brothers and Sisters  
Join in the chorus  
Let's heal what's behind us  
and greet what's before us  
One voice is the answer  
It's our time  
Right the wrong  
Let's stand tall together  
As we all sing along.  
One voice is the answer  
It's our time  
Right the wrong  
Let's stand tall together  
As we all sing along

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Shelley, an innocent in the Village, is overwhelmed by the scene, surrounded by an assortment of big, colorful personalities. She is a sheltered, introverted artist and she feels insecure around all the "cool" people around her, particularly talented musicians like Brian, Karen and Dean, and Beatnik Jazz, who has taken Shelley under her wing. In this standout confessional song, Shelley wonders if she'll ever fit in.*

## EVERYONE'S SO MUCH

I'm the new one here  
With a deer in the headlights stare  
Everyone's so much  
Everyone's so much  
Much more than I would dare

Some have fire, some have flair  
Some write songs that are poetry prayers  
They stand up in front of crowds  
And pour their feelings as if they're proud  
Much more than I would dare

But I use color, I use depth  
I've painted tattoos on a sailor's neck  
They play strings and keys and chords  
I brush my thoughts on canvas boards  
That's all that I would dare

Everyone's so much  
Everyone's so much

I've never seen a more jaded crowd  
They sing their diaries, sing them loud  
At the bar they sit and smoke, so cool  
I fidget, I stammer, I act like a fool  
As if I didn't care

All my passion's in a can  
Bright and some muted, painted by hand  
At the bar I sit and sketch a bit  
They try to figure if I might fit  
As if I'm unaware

Everyone's so much  
Everyone's so much

I'm the new one here  
With a deer in the headlights stare



Everyone's so much  
Everyone's so much  
Much more than I would dare

Music by Abby Dormer

*Tony is jealous of Karen and all the attention Dean, his nemesis and Karen's current beau, is paying to her. He attempts to seduce her back as well as seducing the Hoot Night audience with this sultry song.*

## RISING FAHRENHEIT

It's getting hot in here  
Rising Fahrenheit  
I start to sizzle, dear  
Don't matter if it's right

Let it slow burn, baby  
Let it burn slow, maybe  
We'll ignite tonight  
Tonight ignite  
Rising Fahrenheit

I'm getting fevered now  
Rising Fahrenheit  
If you'd just allow  
I'll make you feel alright

Let it slow burn, baby  
Let it burn slow, maybe  
We'll ignite tonight  
Tonight ignite  
Rising Fahrenheit

It's time to lose control  
Rising Fahrenheit  
Ready for a roll  
A tumbling delight

Let it slow burn, baby  
Let it burn slow, maybe  
We'll ignite tonight  
Tonight ignite  
Rising Fahrenheit

We'll ignite tonight  
Tonight ignite  
Rising Fahrenheit  
Rising Fahrenheit

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*It's the mid-'60s. In this psychedelic folk-rock moment in the play, Dean is falling deeper and deeper into depression, drugs and the hippie lifestyle. His relationship with Karen is rocky. He's ready to move on, and California is his destination.*

## CALIFORNIA (THE STATE I'M IN)

The wind is cold and my collar's up  
My thumb is out, hope a car will stop  
My hair's so long, blowing in the breeze  
Writing songs, doin' as I please  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

Take off my clothes, on the Golden Gate  
Here in New York, it's the snow I hate  
Flowers in my hair, dance with hippie chicks  
There it's fresh air, here it's made of bricks  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

Hang out by the mist of the bay  
Tripping on Ashbury and Haight  
Behind doors, people are strange  
See ya New York, it's been great  
But California's my new mental state

Follow the Dead, or Janis instead  
Dream of Grace Slick, in my free-love bed  
Hang in the park, dance under the stars  
Make love, stay high as dawn starts to spark  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

We sing the vow to make love not war  
We chant "Peace Now," our clarion call  
Chill, snow and sleet, leave that all behind  
It's hard to beat the freedom that I'd find  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

Hang out by the mist of the bay  
Tripping on Ashbury and Haight  
Behind doors, people are strange  
See ya New York, it's been great  
But California's my new mental state

Turn on, tune in  
California's the state I'm in  
Beads and bells, grass and pills

Time to have my soul fulfilled  
Leaving Greenwich Village behind  
I need the sky, I need sunlight

As they all sing: "Incense, peppermints"  
I'm set to leave these old tenements  
To live it up away I go-go  
Pacific Coast a dream to me now  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

So I can wish, in my head pretend  
But I know this, how my story ends  
Watch New York freeze, bare, with no palm trees  
That West Coast sun is just a ghost for me  
Ahhh, to be in San Francisco

Hang out by the mist of the bay  
Tripping on Ashbury and Haight  
Behind doors, people are strange  
See ya New York, it's been great  
But California's my new mental state

Music by R. O. Shapiro

*Tony has been drafted, headed for Vietnam, and he visits the club one last time before being deployed. Drunk at the bar, he tells Ernie exactly how he feels about the situation in his own inimitable fashion.*

LET'S HEAR IT FOR ME

Hey, guess what?  
I'm going to 'Nam  
Know what I am, I'm a soldier, man  
Hip hip hooray  
Let's hear it for me  
Going to a country  
I don't ever wanna see  
Fighting in a war  
That shouldn't be  
Hooray, let's hear it for me

Got the letter in the mail  
saying "Son, you're it!"  
Stripped down at the draft board  
I just seem to fit  
Looks like they have signed me up and I'm all set to go  
Hello, Vietnam, let's start this shitshow

Hey, guess what?  
I'm going to 'Nam  
Know what I am, I'm a soldier, man  
Hip hip hooray  
Let's hear it for me  
Going to a country  
I don't ever wanna see  
Fighting in a war  
That shouldn't be  
Hooray, let's hear it for me

I'll spend the morning drunk as hell, sayin' my goodbyes  
I'll be damned if my mama, she won't make me cry  
I am off to fight, just why, I don't really know  
Hello, Vietnam, let's start this shitshow

Hey, guess what?  
I'm going to 'Nam  
Know what I am, I'm a soldier, man  
Hip hip hooray  
Let's hear it for me  
Going to a country

I don't ever wanna see  
Fighting in a war  
That shouldn't be  
Hooray, let's hear it for me

Left Right Left Right  
Look at lucky me  
Left Right Left Right  
You'll see me on TV  
Smiling in the jungle  
Or in a body bag  
Left Right Left Right  
Going to Vietnam

Hey, guess what?  
I'm going to 'Nam  
Know what I am, I'm a soldier, man  
Hip hip hooray  
Let's hear it for me  
Going to a country  
I don't ever wanna see  
Fighting in a war  
That shouldn't be  
Hooray, let's hear it for me

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Brian is an extremely likable, straight-shooting, stand-up kid from Oklahoma, who came to New York to make a name for himself as a folksinger. He wears his heart on his sleeve and the minute he saw Shelley enter the club, he fell hard for her. He sings one of his traditionally inspired folk originals about how his feelings have progressed.*

## MY SINGLE DAYS ARE OVER

I have a song to sing for you  
Like wind in a veiled valley  
It is a choice I give to you  
Will you flee or shall we marry?

I have a tale to tell to you  
As tall as snow-capped mountains  
It's a story I'll share with you  
Of true loves so few, I can count them

I have a dream to share with you  
As hazy as sweet summer  
A fantasy that turns to truth  
That you will be my lover

Was a rainy day in winter  
Guitar flung over my shoulder  
I could see her bright eyes glimmer  
Singing "My single days are over"  
Singing "My single days are over"

I've traveled from dustbowl west to coastal east  
I never give up, mostly land on my feet  
And, oh, Lady Luck has smiled on me  
On that fortune-filled day that we did meet  
On that fortune-filled day that we did meet

I have a song to sing for you  
like wind in a veiled valley  
It is a choice I give to you  
Will you flee or shall we marry?

Was a rainy day in winter  
Guitar flung over my shoulder  
I could see her bright eyes glimmer  
Singing "My single days are over"  
Singing "My single days are over"

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*The Vietnam war is in full force, and Brian feels it's his duty to enlist as a medic and do something good for the world. Shelley has now come into her own, finding her identity through the newly emerging feminist movement and anti-war activism. She has a much different idea on how Brian can help the world. They're at a standstill. As much as she loves Brian, in this folk-rock song, Shelley tells him that she thinks they might have to part ways.*

## OUT OF SYNC

Day or night  
That's the difference between us, babe  
That's where we go our own ways  
It's black and white

Flight or fight  
That's the puzzle that drives us, babe  
That's when each of us leaves or stays  
No wrong or right

Out of sync  
You and I think  
So differently  
Can't we just say  
"I agree"  
Or is this what's meant to be?  
And I think  
We're out of sync

Fast or slow  
The division between us, babe  
That's where we go our separate ways  
It's stay or go

Yes or No  
Those are rules that we follow, babe  
That is how we both curse or pray  
We're high or low

Out of sync  
You and I think  
So differently  
Can't we just say  
"I agree"  
Or is this what's meant to be?  
And I think  
we're out of sync



You hear a shout  
I hear a whisper  
You stand on manners  
I say, "Just kiss her"  
You take one road  
I take another  
I say "Peace and love"  
And you fight like a soldier

Flight or fight  
That's the puzzle that drives us, babe  
That's when each of us leaves or stays  
No wrong or right

Out of sync  
You and I think  
So differently  
can't we just say  
"I agree"  
Or is this what's meant to be?  
And I think  
We're out of sync.

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Things have fallen apart for Karen and Dean. Drugged out, cheating on her, and jealous of her rise in the music scene, Dean walks out on Karen right before her big audition performance for a critic from the Village Voice. She sings her farewell song to Dean, and, of course, slays the crowd, with a song that perfectly evokes the '60s Girl-Group style of the time.*

## GOOD GOODBYE

I wonder, wonder, wonder  
What could have happened  
I thought you dug me  
the way I dug you  
I wander, wander, wander  
Past your apartment  
I thought I saw you  
With someone new

It's like winter in the month of July  
It's like watching a bird that can't fly  
In an opposite world  
All the truths are lies  
When you cheat on me baby  
It's a good, good, good, good, goodbye  
Good, good, goodbye  
Good, good, goodbye  
Goodbye  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

I wonder, wonder, wonder  
What could have gone wrong  
I thought you loved me  
I loved you  
I wander, wander, wander  
Past your apartment  
I thought I saw you  
with someone new

It's like winter in the month of July  
It's like watching a bird that can't fly  
In an opposite world  
All the truths are lies  
When you cheat on me baby  
It's a good, good, good, good, goodbye  
Good, good, goodbye  
Good, good, goodbye  
Goodbye

Oh, oh, oh, oh

I wonder, wonder, wonder  
If we'll reunite  
I thought you needed me  
the way I needed you  
I wander, wander, wander  
Past your apartment  
I thought I saw you  
With someone new.

It's like winter in the month of July  
It's like watching a bird that can't fly  
In an opposite world  
All the truths are lies  
When you cheat on me baby  
It's a good, good, good, goodbye

Music by George Papas

*Ernie is blown away by his client's audition performance and knows it's all uphill for Karen from now on.*

## I HEARD AN ANGEL SING

I heard an angel sing tonight  
Bewitched me with her songs  
I heard an angel sing tonight  
I had to sing along  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now

Her voice it comes from heaven high  
With rays of love and light  
She's entered all my sleep tonight  
Remaining in my sight  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now

She touched me with her wings of verse  
Each note, each word belonged  
I knew it from the very first  
She blessed me with her song

I heard an angel sing tonight  
She soothed me with her songs  
I heard an angel sing tonight  
Bewitched me right along  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now

She sang her lines  
The bliss and then  
Electricity did fly  
Time has passed  
And she's in my head  
An angel on my mind

And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now  
And I am dreaming now

Music by Nick Lohri

*Dean is a mess and feeling sorry for himself. He never made it to California, and now his eye is on Jazz, to whom he complains about losing Karen in this '70s-styled rock ballad that reflects his isolation.*

## CASTAWAY

Must be a safer way to end this business now  
Must be a safer way to take this final bow  
I am a castaway, driftwood on a beach  
There must be a safer way to be cast out of reach

Castaway  
Passed away from your side  
Castaway  
Just a spark of fire  
Just a castaway

This is a comedy  
A comedy of errors  
This is a comedy  
Like a peacock without feathers  
I am a castaway  
A play without a plot  
There must be a safer way to be cast about

Castaway  
Passed away from your side  
Castaway  
Just a spark of fire  
Just a castaway

I am a castaway  
A play without a plot  
There must be a safer way to be cast about

Castaway  
Passed away from your side  
Castaway  
Just a spark of fire  
Just a castaway

Music by Nick Lohri

*Jazz and Dean are an item now, and they are both drugged out as they sing this beautiful, spacey psychedelic love song to each other.*

## STARS, BABY

We're lost somewhere in outer space  
The magic of the moon reflects on your face  
And I love you through the universe  
And we'll love in this special place  
This special place

It's here somewhere where we'll settle down  
The rings of Saturn spin our heads around  
And I love you on each satellite  
And I'll never take you down  
No, take you down

Zigzag on rocket ships  
Through love affairs and friendships  
We're searching for the settle down  
We float around, float around  
Cause we're stars, baby  
We're lost in the galaxy and loving anywhere we please

It's sometime when we land somewhere  
The hum of the planets will sound like a prayer  
And we'll fly through each constellation  
And we'll love with such a flair  
Oh, such a flair

Zigzag on rocket ships  
Through love affairs and friendships  
We're searching for the settle down  
We float around, float around  
Cause we are stars, baby  
And we're lost in the galaxy and loving anywhere we please  
We're lost in the galaxy and loving anywhere we please

Music by Gary English and Morgan Mallory

*Karen is becoming a major star, and as the Civil Rights movement grows, she returns to her gospel roots for her follow-up to her debut hit "Good Goodbye." This is her new record, which she sings at Hoot Night as a special guest, upon her return from visiting her parents in L.A. after the Watts Riots, which has troubled and changed her greatly. She dedicates this song to her family.*

## NEVER BEEN TAKEN THIS HIGH

I'm here for you  
Like you've been here for me  
Steadfast and true  
through joy and misery  
I live for you  
As you live in me  
My belief in you stays true

Lift my hands up to the heavens  
Gift my life with your song  
Thank you, constant companion  
Because of you  
I'm never alone  
Love and goodness stay by my side  
Never, ever been taken this high  
Never been taken this high

You guide my path  
From darkness to the light  
Hold me so near  
Throughout the long nighttime  
I spread my wings  
And my soul soars high  
My belief in you takes flight

Got the key right to the kingdom  
And my eye on the prize  
Thank you, for being lifted  
I've never felt  
so very alive  
Love and goodness stay by my side  
Never, ever been taken this high  
Never been taken this high

Love-Love  
Gotta praise you  
Love-Love

Show me the way  
Love-Love  
Gotta raise me  
Love-Love  
Don't let me stray  
Love-Love  
Gotta praise you

Love and goodness stay by my side  
Never, ever been taken this high.  
Never ever been taken this high

Music by Paula Brion



*Dealing with where fate brought them, Shelley and Brian sing their goodbyes before Brian leaves for Vietnam, in one of the most evocative-of-the-time, jangle-y folk-rock songs in the play.*

## RUSH OF RHYME

When we're left here in the dark  
When the arrow hits its mark  
It can lead you to the light  
That tender tap you know is right  
...It's the hush and rush of rhyme  
The yin and yang of our lives

While we're walking through the stark  
Shadows shade all that is marked  
But a voice tracks through the crack  
And in its shine we're pulled right back  
...It's the hush and rush of rhyme  
The yin and yang of our lives

Love's a mountain or a cloud  
hard to see what's all around  
It's a feather or a weight  
It comes in time or it's too late  
...It's the hush and rush of rhyme  
The yin and yang of our lives

It's the tug and test of time  
That sweet quest that makes us right  
Echo echo of each climb  
To find the love we left behind  
...It's the hush and rush of rhyme  
The yin and yang of our lives

Love's a mountain or a cloud  
hard to see what's all around  
It's a feather or a weight  
It comes in time or it's too late  
...It's the hush and rush of rhyme  
The yin and yang of our lives

Can be destined or it's fate  
May be real or a mistake.  
Talk and talk but we don't hear  
Let's vow we'll walk where there's no fear  
...It's the hush and rush of time

The yin and yang of our lives

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*In this pop-folk-rock duet, Shelley and Karen are reminiscing about boy problems and how they really can't get Brian and Dean off their minds, despite dumping them for what they believe were good reasons.*

## OFF MY MIND

The sun slowly rises  
The rays seem alive  
They dance on the walls  
And reflect off my eyes  
Then my eyes focus  
On a vision of you  
Where it will stay the entire day through

And I just can't seem to get you off my mind  
No, I just can't seem to get you off my mind  
No matter how I try  
To spread my wings and fly  
I just can't seem to get you off my mind.

The wind rearranges the seasons  
The seasons rearrange the time  
And the time spent with you  
Will be rearranged too  
'Cause I just can't seem to get you off my mind.

Don't ever wish the time away  
You can never get it back  
Never wish for better days  
Cause better's where you're at.

The wind rearranges the seasons  
The seasons rearrange the time  
And the time spent with you  
Will be rearranged too  
'Cause I just can't seem to get you off my mind

And I just can't seem to get you off my mind  
No, I just can't seem to get you off my mind  
Now matter how I try  
To spread my wings and fly  
I just can't seem to get you off my mind.

Lyrics by Marilyn Lash; Music by Nick Lohri

*Jazz and Dean are in a tenuous relationship revolving around their descent into drugs and alcohol. Dean is very troubled and does not treat Jazz very well. She, quite stoned, tells off an hallucinated vision of Dean in a dramatic performance.*

## FAR ENOUGH

That's far enough  
Stay where you are  
I've got the reach of a magnet  
And an eye on a star  
You treated me rough  
You treated me tough  
Far enough  
Far enough

I've got my feet on the ground  
Stop spinning round  
You've been stepping out  
Out of bounds  
You treated me rough  
You treated me tough  
Far enough  
Far enough

Slow cigarettes  
Make my eyes tear  
You're not the one  
Who's keeping me here

You cause too much pain  
You drive me to drink  
You're wicked and crazy  
Yeah, that's what I think  
You treated me rough  
You treated me tough  
Far enough  
Far enough

Music by Nick Lohri

*Ernie is leading a protest...The times are changing fast and everyone is becoming active in one of the many social movements of the '70s.*

QUIET. RIOT. (Worried World)

Our streets are burning  
Our cops are restless  
Our youth is yearning  
Our lives are reckless  
Shhh...  
quiet  
riot

It's a worried world today  
You can hear it in the wind  
Everybody's got somethin' to say  
Feels like something's about to begin...  
Today  
Today

There's blood on sidewalks  
There's signs on lamposts  
There's lies when they talk  
There's fear when we vote  
Shhh...  
quiet  
riot

It's a worried world today  
You can hear it in the wind  
Everybody's got somethin' to say  
Feels like something's about to begin...  
Today  
Today

Looking over our shoulders  
Things start to unravel  
The nation smolders  
While senators prattle  
March in the streets  
Or sent off to battle  
Not gonna take it  
The country's all rattled

It's a worried world today  
You can hear it in the wind

Everybody's got somethin' to say  
Feels like something's about to begin...  
Today  
Today

There's blood on sidewalks  
There's signs on lamposts  
There's lies when they talk  
There's fear when we vote  
Shhh...  
Quiet!  
Riot!

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Brian realizes that the Vietnam War is a mistake. He misses his friends and family and is getting nostalgic for his beloved Village scene. He wants to come home. Deep in the jungle, he particularly misses Shelley. He writes home about his intense emotions to Jazz, Shelley and his mother in this dark, urgent song.*

DEAR FRIENDS

Dear Mom  
I'm in the jungle again  
Bad dreams  
Messing with my brain

Constant Rat-a-tat-tat  
Going through my head  
Always waking up  
In my nightmare bed  
Dear Mom  
In the jungle again

Dear Jazz  
I yearn to see you once more  
Razz-ma-tazz  
All that I adored

I am praying hard  
That I'll see you soon  
As I'm staring down  
this Asian moon  
Dear Jazz  
Miss your razza-ma-tazz

I want this war to be over  
What the hell are we fighting for?  
It's hard to stay sober  
When scratching at the devil's door

Dear friends  
I am writing again  
In hopes  
That the horror will end

The strongest of men  
You can hear their cries  
While from the top  
Comes nothing but lies  
Dear friends

I am writing again

I want this war to be over  
What the hell are we fighting for?  
It's hard to stay sober  
When scratching at the devil's door

I want to see you, Shelley  
I couldn't love you more  
Me missing you tonight  
Is my own private war

Dear Me  
I'm sure missing my gang  
I dream  
Of nights we drank and sang

And I know back home  
On stages, in the street  
You fight to bring us back  
Bring us home complete  
Dear Me  
How I'm missing my gang

I want this war to be over  
What the hell are we fighting for?  
It's hard to stay sober  
When scratching at the devil's door

Our boys go into battle  
Look who sends them there  
Shipped off like helpless cattle  
Do the folks in power even care?

Dean has gone quite mental  
Tony's found a wife  
I get, oh, so sentimental  
And I worry for my life

Dear friends  
Dear friends  
Dear friends

Music by Ronnie D'Addario



*As the Vietnam war continues to rage, many soldiers are returning home to mixed reactions, which is exactly what Brian experiences when he surprises his friends and returns during an anti-war protest in this very emotional, moving scene. Ernie leads this peace anthem.*

## WE MUST BECOME ONE

Been on different sides too long  
Love will be the glue  
We might fight about who is wrong  
But love will bring us through  
Anger's not the answer  
Respect is all that's true  
Anger's not the answer  
Respect is all that's true

Let's bring peace to ourselves  
Raise our hands up to the sun  
We must become one.  
We must become one.

Aquarius is rising  
You know what that means  
All that we are striving for  
Will start to be revealed  
Set aside our differences  
And live with open minds  
Live as brothers and sisters  
And leave the past behind.

Been on different sides too long  
Love will be the glue  
We might fight about who is wrong  
But love will bring us through  
Anger's not the answer  
Respect is all that's true  
Anger's not the answer  
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We must become one.  
We must become one.

Let's bring peace to ourselves  
Raise our hands up to the sun  
We must become one.  
We must become one.  
We must become one.

Music by George Papas

*It's the mid-'70s and Brian is in love with Shelley, and while now it's reciprocal, he is looking for a stronger commitment from her in this love song about commitment and talking chances.*

## LOVERS LEAP

Lovers leap  
Risking all on a cliff so steep  
Love is not for the safe or weak

Lovers leap  
Off the edge of a shared heartbeat  
on to the unknown, and into the deep  
Lovers leap

You take my hand  
We jump and land  
That's the vow we keep.  
The trust we make  
the chance we take  
that's when lovers leap, lovers leap  
That's when lovers leap

All in or all out  
Throw caution away  
Secure or in doubt  
We glide, we sway  
two souls that won't wait  
We've got to have faith  
We've got to have faith

Lovers leap  
Risking all on a cliff so steep  
Love is not for the safe or weak

Lovers leap  
Off the edge of a shared heartbeat  
on to the unknown, and into the deep

You take my hand  
We jump and land  
That's the vow we keep  
You take my hand  
We jump and land  
That's the vow we keep

Music by Lili Añel

*Through this soaring declaration-of-love '80s power-pop duet, Brian proposes to Shelley.*

## THE LOVERS

We're the lovers  
We have dreams that go beyond the others'  
We have eyes that see  
What only dreamers see  
And we know what we can be

We're the lovers  
We have worlds that need to be discovered  
we have a goal that's set  
and we are bound to get  
all the dreams that we might dream

We can fly  
We can fly  
We can leave this lonely world behind  
We can try  
We can try  
we're the lovers, lovers  
Of all time  
Of all time

We're the lovers  
It's an art that we can learn to recover  
We own a place that's real  
And we know how to feel  
And we feel our destiny

We can fly  
We can fly  
We can leave this lonely world behind  
We can try  
We can try  
we're the lovers, lovers  
Of all time  
Of all time

We can fly  
We can fly  
We can leave this lonely world behind  
We can try  
We can try

We're the lovers, lovers  
Of all time  
Of all time

We're the lovers  
We're the lovers

Music by Gary English

*In what appears as broken-down Dean's swansong, he reflects on his life, career, loves and friendships. It is a searing moment in the play.*

## ALL THINGS REMEMBERED (THE CHANGE IS ALL)

Over my shoulder, I see you stand  
As the hourglass releases each speck of sand  
It's all memories now, the sad and the grand  
As time that took flight prepares me to land

And we move on, we rise and fall  
And we move on, our rusty souls  
And we move on from day to night  
From year to year, from birth to light  
Through each change, enthralled,  
I'll remember you all

Yes, I remember you all  
And what you became  
And what is becoming has not yet been named  
You look to the future, I'm caught in the past  
And maybe, my friends, it's how we all last  
From crawl to sprawl  
The Change is all

Behind my back, I hear them talk  
About the way I spoke, the path I walked  
Deep underneath me, I swiftly fell  
into drink, pills and needle, a miserable hell  
It's all memories now, the sad and the grand  
As time that took flight prepares me to land

And we move on, we rise and fall  
And we move on, our rusty souls  
And we move on from day to night  
From year to year, from birth to light  
Through each change, enthralled,  
I'll remember you all

Yes, I remember you all  
And what you became  
And what is becoming has not yet been named  
You look to the future, I'm caught in the past  
And maybe, my friends, it's how we all last  
From crawl to sprawl

The Change is all

The pluck of guitar string, the hum of the tune  
We sing to our Maker, "I'll be seeing you soon"  
Thanks for the comfort, it sure was a gas  
All things remembered. All things do pass

Memories are wishes that never got finished  
Just a dime in a car seat forgotten for now  
Oh, above and below me, and around all the rest  
There to reach me, to love me, you all tried your best

Surrounded around me, the audience swells  
Your cheering and snapping, I remember it well  
Around the corner, we shone so bright  
Your love and devotion, it kept me alive

All things remembered  
All things do pass

Music by Ronnie D'Addario

*Dean has passed away. Jazz, sobered by the experience, sings this uplifting song at his memorial.*

## THERE'S A SPIRIT

It might be in the music I say  
It might be in my heart some day  
And when that's true  
I know that you  
Will be moved by the spirit too

There's a spirit that moves me  
There's a spirit that shines  
There's a spirit that moves me  
That moves me through time

It may be the truth  
It might just be the light  
But there's a spirit that moves me tonight

Sometimes things are so clear you know  
If it's in you somewhere it will show  
And when that's true  
I know that you  
Will see how easy it flows

There's a spirit that moves me  
There's a spirit that shines  
There's a spirit that moves me  
That moves me through time

It may be the truth  
It might just be the light  
But there's a spirit that moves me tonight

Music by Nick Lohri



*Karen, who is away on tour, is now a worldwide superstar. Her biggest song to date is the booming ballad "I Belong Here," a song she first started writing in her early struggling years in the Village. At the final night at Folk City, after the club loses its lease, a reunion is held, and this song holds a dramatic place in the finale of the play as superstar Karen makes a surprise triumphant return to her friends.*

## I BELONG HERE

I belong here  
I am strong here  
I can stand in the spotlight and shine  
I have no fear  
Worked hard to get here  
Everyone near  
is a friend of mine

This is my dream  
Made it on my own steam  
I can leave all my fears behind  
I can swim upstream  
This ain't no pipe dream  
Rising up's just a state of mind

Life can't sweep me off the stage  
Can't take my lyrics from the page  
Cannot mute my microphone  
Un-sing the song I've always known

When you're adrift, you need a home.  
You need your friends, and you need their songs  
When chased by doubts, you need the love  
from all around and up above.  
When life gets strange and it seems all wrong  
Find a place where you belong.

And this is it

I belong here  
Everyone here is a friend of mine  
I belong here  
I belong here  
I have no fear, my way seems clear  
and I belong here

Music by Tracy Nelson

*As the show's rocking epilogue in 1986, the ensemble gathers to sing this encore song that sums up some of the themes first introduced at the show's second song "Next Big Thing." Their time in the Village, at Folk City, for these young aspiring musicians, artists and poets, was their shot at the top. Some found fame, some met tragedy and some fell in love, but they all found friendship and camaraderie.*

## IT'S A SHOT

It's a shot at the top  
Gonna make it big-time or you're not  
Some will win, some will lose  
It's a shot, make up your mind and choose

Take your chance, at romance  
It's a ticket to the promised land  
It's your shot, stakes are high  
Don't back down it just might be tonight

'cause we all know it's shrapnel or flowers  
And all week long I'm counting the hours  
'Til I can show the world what they're missing  
'Cause all I need is some recognition now

Shrapnel, flowers, that's what they're tellin' me  
Your acceptance means everything to me  
Let me tell you this confidentially  
I can be the star of the century

It's a shot at romance  
With a hip-to-hip and hot slow dance  
Put yourself on the line  
Pick a number it'll work out fine  
It's a shot in the dark  
On a love affair you might embark  
Or you might make it far  
On TV, a singing superstar

'cause we all know it's shrapnel or flowers  
And all week long I'm counting the hours  
'Til I can show the girl what she's missing  
'Cause all I want is some recognition now

Shrapnel, flowers, that's what they're tellin' me  
Your acceptance means everything to me  
Let me tell you this confidentially  
I can be your love for eternity

Your friends are awaiting  
This place is now your home  
Some arms are embracing  
You know that you belong  
If you're outside the circle  
It's safety from the storm  
It's shrapnel or it's flowers  
It's up to you to rise or fall

It's a shot, fire away  
You can't win if you refuse to play  
Time to show what you've got  
You're a star, baby, or you are not

It's a shot at big time  
With a melody and words that rhyme  
It's a shot at romance  
Ain't no way you're gonna lose this chance

It's a shot  
It's shrapnel or it's flowers

It's a shot  
It's shrapnel or it's flowers

It's a shot  
It's shrapnel or it's flowers

It's a shot

Music by Pat DiNizio

## **THE CREDITS**

“FOLK CITY: THE MUSICAL” BOOK: Bernadette Contreras & Robbie Woliver

CAST ALBUM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: Robbie Woliver & Marilyn Lash

LYRICS BY: Robbie Woliver (Except “Off My Mind” by Marilyn Lash)

MUSIC BY: Ronnie D’Addario, Nick Lohri, Lili Añel, Paula Brion, Pat DiNizio, Tracy Nelson, Gary English, Morgan Mallory, Abby Dormer, George Papas, Robbie Woliver, Emma Woliver, Filippo De Laura.

VOCALS BY: Judah Frank, Morgan Mallory, Abby Dormer, Paula Brion, Emily Blount, R.O. Shapiro, George Papas, Pat DiNizio

PRODUCERS: Ronnie D’Addario, Filippo De Laura, Lewis Anderson, Morgan Mallory, Pat DiNizio & Kurt Reil

ENGINEERED BY: Filippo De Laura

## **THE SONGS:**

### **GREENWICH VILLAGE DOO WOP**

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver / Music: Ronnie D’Addario)

Vocal: Judah Frank

### **THE VILLAGE (SNAP TO IT)**

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/ Music: Ronnie D’Addario)

Vocal: Full cast

Ronnie D’Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, piano, 12-string acoustic guitar, 6-string acoustic guitar, bongos, drums, bass, background vocals

### **NEXT BIG THING**

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: George Papas)

Vocal: George Papas

Filippo De Laura: Producer, arranger, mixing engineer. acoustic guitar, 12-string guitar, claps, tambourine, background vocals

Jack Bowden: Banjo

Morgan Mallory: Bass, demo producer

### **LOVE AT THIRD SIGHT**

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D’Addario)

Vocal: Judah Frank

Ronnie D’Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, drums, percussion, acoustic guitar, electric guitar, piano, bass, background vocals.

Justin Henry: Vocal producer and arranger

### BIG DEAL (BEATNIK SUITE)

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Robbie Woliver, Emma Woliver & Filippo De Laura)

Vocal: Emily Blount

Filippo De Laura: Producer, arranger, engineer, bongos, Dholak, brushes, shakers, tambourine, cello bass, classical and acoustic guitar, piano, Mellotron, cello, viola, violin, background vocals

### MY BABY'S THE GROOVE

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocals: Morgan Mallory & Paula Brion

Morgan Mallory: Producer, engineer, electric guitar, bass, drums

### STAND TALL

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: R.O. Shapiro

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, 12-string guitar, 6-string guitar, piano, banjo, bass, percussion, organ, synth flute

### EVERYONE'S SO MUCH

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Abby Dormer)

Vocal: Abby Dormer

Filippo De Laura: Producer, arranger, mixing engineer, cello

Abby Dormer: acoustic guitar

Morgan Mallory: original demo producer

### RISING FAHRENHEIT

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: Judah Frank

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, drums, acoustic guitar, electric guitar, piano, organ, bass, background vocals, synth trombone, trumpet, & clarinet

### CALIFORNIA (STATE I'M IN)

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: R.O. Shapiro)

Lead & Background Vocals: Morgan Mallory

Filippo De Laura: Producer, music arranger, mixing engineer, drums, bass, electric guitars, dilruba, sitar

Morgan Mallory: vocal arranger, acoustic guitar

### LET'S HEAR IT FOR ME

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: Judah Frank

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, acoustic guitars, electric piano, bass, drums, background vocal

### MY SINGLE DAYS ARE OVER

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: R.O. Shapiro

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, acoustic guitars, accordion

#### OUT OF SYNC

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocals: R.O. Shapiro & Abby Dormer.

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, harpsichord, piano, bass, drums, synth strings, tympani, background vocals

#### GOOD GOODBYE

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: George Papas)

Vocal: Paula Brion

Morgan Mallory: Producer, engineer, electric guitar, bass, drums, percussion, piano, backing vocals

#### I HEARD AN ANGEL SING

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Nick Lohri)

Vocal: Judah Frank

Nick Lohri: Music arranger, bass, keyboard, guitar

Harrison Lohri: Drums

Justin Henry: Vocal producer

#### CASTAWAY

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Nick Lohri)

Vocal: Morgan Mallory

Nick Lohri: Producer, arranger, drums, bass, keyboard, guitar

#### STARS, BABY

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Gary English & Morgan Mallory)

Vocal: Morgan Mallory & Emily Blount

Morgan Mallory: Producer, engineer, vocals, acoustic guitar, bass, drums, string arrangement, keyboards, piano, programming

Filippo De Laura : Tabla, sitar, santoor, tanpura

#### NEVER BEEN TAKEN THIS HIGH

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Paula Brion)

Vocal: Paula Brion

Lewis Anderson: Producer, arranger, mixing engineer, keyboards

Jeff Holley: Guitar

Ricky Boyd: Bass

Cedric Shelton: Drums

Manny Castaneda: Sax

Andrew Chervak: Engineer

#### RUSH OF RHYME

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: R.O. Shapiro & Abby Dormer

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, electric 12-string guitar, acoustic guitar, piano, drums, bass

#### OFF MY MIND

(Lyric: Marilyn Lash/Music: Nick Lohri)

Vocal: Abby Dormer

Filippo De Laura: Producer, co-arranger, mixing engineer, drums, bass, 12-string guitar, mandolin, tambourine, background vocals

Nick Lohri: Acoustic guitar, electric guitar, organ

Morgan Mallory: Co-producer

#### FAR ENOUGH

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Nick Lohri)

Vocal, Emily Blount

Morgan Mallory: Producer, engineer, electric guitar, bass, drums

#### QUIET. RIOT (WORRIED WORLD)

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: George Papas

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, electric 12-string guitar, acoustic guitar, piano, drums, bass

#### DEAR FRIENDS

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: R.O. Shapiro

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, sound effects, acoustic guitar, bass, piano, electric guitar, organ, drums, tambourine, background vocals

#### WE MUST BECOME ONE

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: George Papas)

Vocal: George Papas

Morgan Mallory: Producer, engineer, acoustic guitar, bass, drums, backing vocals

#### LOVERS LEAP

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Lili Añel)

Vocal: R.O. Shapiro

Filippo De Laura: Producer, co-arranger, mixing engineer. pedal steel guitar.

R.O Shapiro: Co-arranger

Lili Añel: Acoustic guitar

Dana Marie: Double bass

Micah Montenko: Piano, Hammond

Ethan Schneider: Drums, bongo

#### THE LOVERS

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Gary English/Morgan Mallory)

Vocals: R.O. Shapiro & Abby Dormer

Filippo De Laura: Producer, arranger, mixing engineer. drums, bass, acoustic, classical and electric guitars, piano, strings programming  
Morgan Mallory: Demo producer/engineer

#### ALL THINGS REMEMBERED (THE CHANGE IS ALL)

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Ronnie D'Addario)

Vocal: Morgan Mallory

Ronnie D'Addario: Producer, arranger, engineer, acoustic guitar, piano, bass, percussion, synth strings

#### THERE'S A SPIRIT

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Nick Lohri)

Vocal: Emily Blount

Filippo De Laura: Producer, co-arranger, mixing engineer, drums, electric guitars, strings programming

Morgan Mallory: Co-arranger, bass, acoustic guitar, electric piano

#### I BELONG HERE

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Tracy Nelson)

Vocal: Paula Brion

Lewis Anderson: Producer, arranger, mixing engineer, keyboards

Jeff Holley: Guitar

Ricky Boyd: Bass

Cedric Shelton: Drums

Manny Castaneda: Sax

Andrew Chervak: Engineer

#### IT'S A SHOT

(Lyric: Robbie Woliver/Music: Pat DiNizio)

Vocal: Pat DiNizio

Backing Vocals: Pat DiNizio, Kurt Reil, Kristin Pinell

Pat DiNizio and Kurt Reil: Producers

Pat DiNizio: Guitar

Jim Babjak: Guitar, bass

Kurt Reil: Drums and percussion, keyboards



## CREDITS

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