

7

Singing

Against

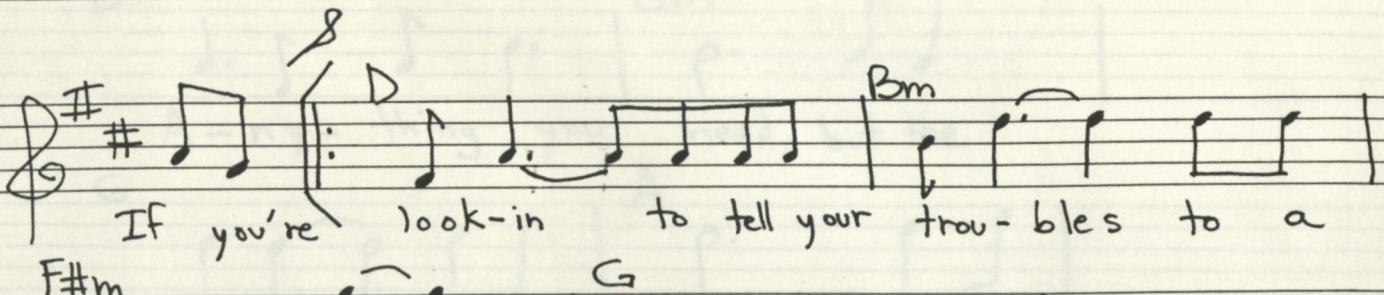
Shrinks

Morgan Firestar

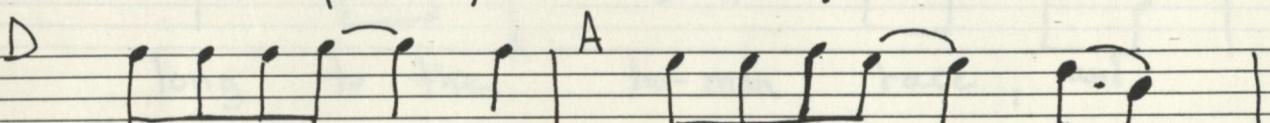
c. 1983

(1.A.)

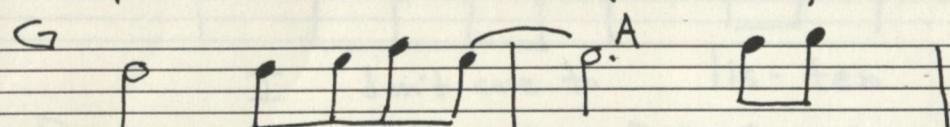
Tell It To A Shrink



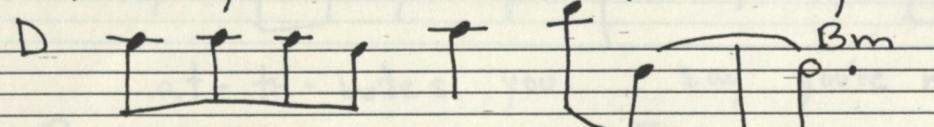
If you're look-in to tell your trou-bles to a
man who puts you down, If you're



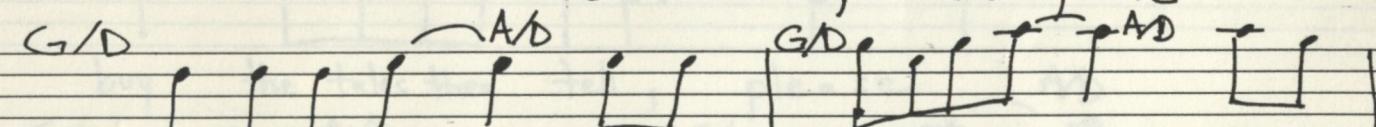
hop-in to find a part of your mind that'll



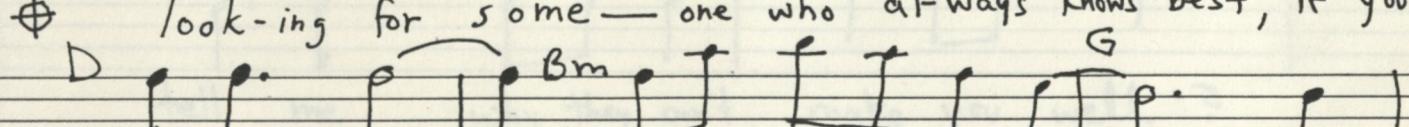
turn your life a—round, If you



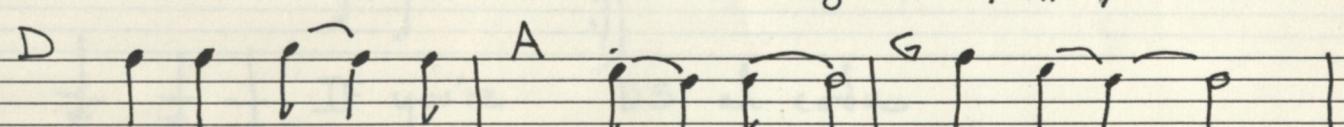
Want to be like all the rest, and you're



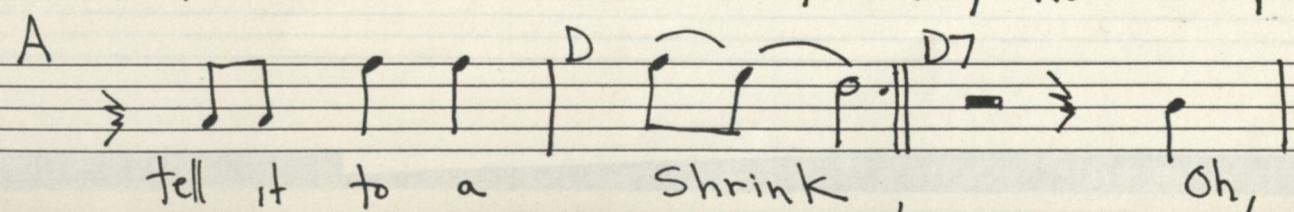
look-ing for some—one who al-ways knows best, if you



want to change with-out hav-ing to think, Don't



talk to me a- bout it, No, No— ,



tell it to a Shrink, Oh,

G

A

I, I don't believe, that there's

D

Bm

A-ny-thing you need, but the

G

A

Free-dom and the space, to be-

D

D7

long to the hu-man race, and

G

A

I don't care to lis-ten to the

D

D7

at-tri-butes you say you're miss-ing, if you

Bm

F#m

buy the tales they tell, please

G/D

A/D

G/D

A/D

tell me why they can't make you well ?

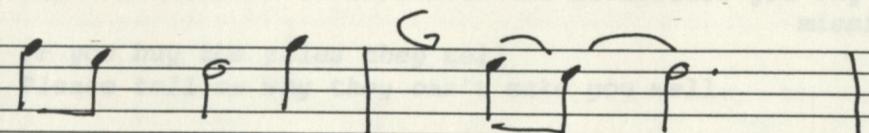
A/D

If you're DS al coda

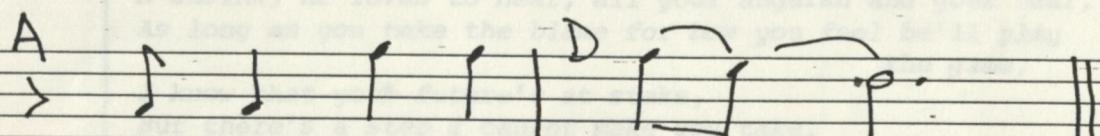
Tell It To A Shrink



(and when I) lis- ten, you'll know my

Bm 

in- ter - est is real —

A 

I know how you feel — .
fine.

Tell It To A Shrink

*Oh I, I don't believe, that there's anything you need
But the freedom and the space to belong to the human race,
And I don't care to listen to the attributes you say you're
missing,*

If you buy the tales they tell
Please tell me why they can't make you well.

If you're trying to find an answer in the magic of pills,
If the opinion of your doctor cures more than it kills,
If you feel that in your desperation
You'll settle for your mind's obliteration,
If you don't mind spending your life in the clink,
Don't talk to me about it, tell it to a shrink.

A shrink, he loves to hear, all your anguish and your fear,
As long as you take the blame for how you feel he'll play
the game,

*I know that your future's at stake,
But there's a step I cannot make you take,
If the days ahead don't make you brave,
You can talk yourself into an early grave,*

*But if you're looking for the freedom that only truth
can provide,*

*If you're willing to put aside what you've learned and keep
an open mind.*

If you want to try your wings and fly,

I'll tell you, once, so did I,

*And when I listen, you'll know my interest is real--
I know how you feel.*

I know how you feel.

Song by Morgan Firestar, copyright

Song by Morgan Firestar, copyright 1980

Depression

(2)

G# F#m 2/4 A Woke up this morn — ing, E E
 Hearing you call, A have-n't seen you since you E
 E were a kid, but I've heard it all, F#m F#m
 For an ounce of de-pres-sion, you've G D D
 had a pound of cure, and they Amaj E D
 think they can help you, but they're E F#m F#m D
 Real-ly not sure, (Fine) E D E
 Are you a bas-ket case, my F#m F#m D E
 cou-sin, have you lost your soul to their

A A F#m

games? I've seen their vic-tims

F#m C#m C#m

by the dozen, and I

D Bm E E

don't think it's you that's m-sane,

DC al Fine.

Verses:

2. I understand depression, had it since I was three,
 I know what you've been through, because it happened to me,
 If I'd believed in the doctors in a medical way,
 If I'd kept on believing, I'd be a space case today,

Are you in trouble now, my cousin? Are you calling out my name?
 Are there shock doctors by the dozen, trying to torture your brain?

3. I tried to visit, but I didn't have time,
 It's hard to see you, across three thousand miles,
 To send information, but it wouldn't get through,
 So I'm here on the sidelines, and I'm rooting for you,

Why don't you look inside, my cousin? And see the anger you can't control?
 I've seen sufferers by the dozen, afraid to step out of that role,

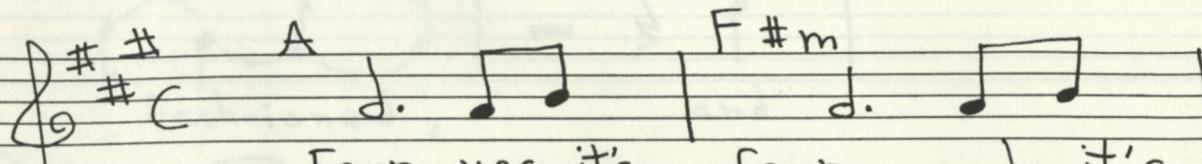
4. I don't like your mother, and I never did,
 I've seen right through her, since I was a kid,
 It's to her advantage to see you as sick,
 She blames you for her problems, it's a family trick,

Have you given up, my cousin? Are you just too tired to try?
 I've seen people stand up by the dozen, freedom has taught them to fly,

5. I woke up this morning, hearing you call,
 Haven't seen you since you were a kid, but I've heard it all,
 And I'm sending you courage, as I sing this song,
 I hope that you'll fight back, and learn to be strong.

3.

Fear

 A
F#m

Fear, yes it's fear, and it's

D E
D. | E |
here, yes it's here, in-

A F#m
side these halls so barren, where

D E
there's no love or car-in,

A C#m
fear rules by de-sign, how

D A
else can you con-trol a wan-der-ing

E E7 A
mind? we've giv-en up on the world you i-

A7 D
mag-i-ne, we've passed you by, and

E A A7
that's why you're a-fraid, so you

Fear (B.A.)

D

E

pin us down with signs of the mind you've

F#m

F#m

fash-ioned, and

D

E

that's how men-tal ill-ness is

A

A7

D

made, this needle is your

F#m

E

wea-pon, and ig-nor-ance your

A

D

C#m

force, so many tor-tures hap-pen, con-

E

E7

cealed behind closed doors, these

D

A

hos-pi-tals are grave-yards for

F#m

D

E

vic-tims of your lies, where you parade,

E7

E6

E7

oh, ma-ni-ac's, in san-i-ty's dis-gui-se, you cre-

Fear (3-B)

D E
ate your use, and teach a-buse, some-

A A7
day, you will pay your dues, to

D E
we who've seen the harm you mean, and have

A A7
noth-ing more to lose, in

D A
fight-ing you, we're fight-ing fear, and we'll

F#m F#m
keep right on, 'til psy-chi-

A
a-tric do-min-ion over

E D A
pub-lic o-pin-ion is gone ||

fine

People Behind Walls

(4.)

Handwritten musical score for "People Behind Walls" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics written underneath each staff. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: A, E, F#m, D, and Bm.

Chord Progression:

- Staff 1: A -> E
- Staff 2: A -> E -> F#m
- Staff 3: D -> E
- Staff 4: A -> F#m
- Staff 5: D -> E
- Staff 6: A -> D -> A
- Staff 7: Bm -> E
- Staff 8: D -> E -> F#m -> E
- Staff 9: D -> E -> A
- Staff 10: D -> E -> A

Lyrics:

I've been
Walk-in a lone — ly road,
but I'm glad that I've final-ly be — gun, to
Pay back a debt I owed,
Back to the folks where I start-ed from, the
peo-ple be-hind walls, who
helped me through the night, and who
may still be, pri-son-ers
of so-ci-e — ty.

A E F#m

I've been walkin a lonely road,

D E

But I'm glad that I finally begun

A E F#m

To pay back a debt I owed,

D E

To all the folks where I started from,

A D A

The people behind walls

Bm E

who helped me through the night and who

D E F#m

May still be

F#m D E A

Prisoners of society.

It's kind of hard to care,

I made my escape, now I want to enjoy life,

It's kind of hard to dare

To challenge a system that tries to destroy life,

and people behind walls,

Who helped me through the night and who

May still be

Prisoners of Psychiatry.

The prison's called another name,

And the torture is known as therapy,

The principle's the same,

To punish those who don't fit the society,

The people behind walls,

Who helped me through the night, and who

Should not be

Prisoners of psychiatry.

The Goddess put me behind bars,

So that I could see reality,

And she gave me the gift to write songs,

And I'll write them and sing them until they're all free,

The people behind walls,

Who helped me through the night, and who

Will someday be

Free members of society.

Shock Treatment

(5.)

6/8 C - > J { C C/B
With drugs and death your

Am F
on- ly dream, you lin — ger,
G G7
so pa-ra- lyzed, you can-not lift a

C C7 F
fin — ger, the sparks will fly, in-

G C C/B
side your mind, the wires will glow, the

Am Dm
wheels un-wind, and you will go, be-

G7 F
fore your time, Ca - ra

G C
mi - a, sweet soul Sin — ger.

The musical score is written on six staves of five-line staff paper. The key signature is C major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is 6/8. Chords used include C, Am, F, G, G7, C7, Dm, and Ca-ra. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff starts with a C chord followed by a measure of two eighth notes. The second staff begins with an Am chord. The third staff starts with a G chord. The fourth staff starts with a C chord. The fifth staff starts with a G chord. The sixth staff starts with a G chord. The lyrics describe a dark, apocalyptic scenario where drugs and death are prevalent, and the world is paralyzed and in chaos. The final line of lyrics is 'Sin — ger.'

To Two Shock Victims, Virginia and Cara

With drugs and death your only dreams, you linger
So paralyzed you cannot lift a finger,
The sparks will fly inside your mind,
The wires will glow, the wheels unwind,
And you will go, before your time,
Cara mia, sweet soul singer.

Your upper-class morality still beckons
As shocks patrol the ground you lose each second,
Hherded back along a line
Of platitudes, of truth denied,
You left your heart back with your mind,
Now it's my hopes, Virginia, you're wreckin'.

We've all heard the clicks of keys behind us,
Every detail serving to remind us
Of empty days that stretch ahead,
Of strength untried, of words unsaid,
And timidly we plan instead
For a freedom that may never find us.

Survival gives the gift of tightrope walking,
Deathdealers are the prey we now are stalking,
With truth and time to follow
And no more pain to swallow,
Their lies are sounding hollow,
When they speak, it's the devil talking

Song by Morgan Firestar, copyright 1980

Sunrise

(6.) A

C Maj7/G C Maj7/G FMaj7 FMaj7
 2/4 Sun—
 C Maj7/G C Maj7/G FMaj7 FMaj7
 Rise — , Through barred win — dows,
 C Maj7/G C Maj7/G F Maj7 FMaj7
 Mad — ness wak-in up, the
 F G C C/B Am
 jin-gle of keys, I'm down on my knees,
 Dm7 Dm7/G C Maj7/G C Maj7/G
 Don't you think we've had e-nough — ,
 F G C C/B
 We bear the pain of an in-hu-mane
 Am Am F Am
 sys-tem — , and we pro-claim,
 Em F F
 Just by ex-ist-ing, We're still re-sist-
 G G G7 G7 G7
 ing, Your plas-tic

Sunrise (6 B)

C G/B Am Am
 world, Your hy-po-crit-i-cal
 F F C
 lies, You can't e-ven fake
 Dm7 G7
 ten-der-ness, there's ice in your eyes,
 G7 F F Am Am
 As you fight down our sto-ries,
 Dm Dm G7 G7
 our glo-ries and vi-sions, with
 F F C C/B
 drugs that steal our dreams at night, 'till the
 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7/G Dm7/G
 on-ly light we see, is a-noth-er sun-
 CMaj7/G CMaj7/G Fmaj7 Fmaj7
 rise, through barred win-dows,
 CMaj7/G CMaj7/G Fmaj7 Fmaj7
 Mad-ness wak-in up, the
 F F C C/B
 jin-gle of keys, I'm down on my knees-

Sunrise(6C)

Am Dm7

Dm7/G

Cmaj7/G

, tell-ing you we've had e-nough,

Cmaj7/G G

G

Fmaj7

OF your small mind-ed mah-ners —

Fmaj7 Dm7

Dm7/G

Cmaj7/G

, ig-nor-ance on par-ade,

Cmaj7/G Dm

Dm

G7

G7

I'm not here to play char-a-des, I

F

C

Dm

Dm

Dm

Dm

C

C/B

Cra

zy

point of

view

Am

F

F

G

G

Em

Em

Fmaj7

Fmaj7

write

down

this

re-al-i-ty

to

Bb

Bb

F

F

Am

read it out,

to

watch it grow,

to

be

Am

Dm

Dm

G7

G7

with those who

real-ly

know,

—

the

Sunrise (6D)

C C Am Am Dm7 Dm7
 truth, the pain, the ho-li-ness, the
 Dm7/G Dm7/G C C/B Am Am
 love, what life can be —,
 F G C Em
 As we strug-gle with your pow-er—, as we
 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Cmaj7/G Cmaj7/G
 dream of be-ing free
 Dm G7 Em Am
 out-side these walls, the fight goes on—.
 Dm7 Dm7 Dm7/G Dm7/G
 and be-cause we see it all—
 G7 C C/B Am Am
 we bear the pain of an in-hu-mane sys-tem—,
 F Am E.m F
 and we pro-claim, just by ex-ist-ing—,
 F G G Dm7
 we're still re-sist-ing—, a—
 Dm7/G Cmaj7/G Cmaj7/G
 noth-er sun— rise —,

Sunrise (6E)

F maj7 F maj7 C maj7/G C maj7/G

through barred win-dows, Mad-ness

F maj7 F C G

wak-in up, the jin-gle of

G Am

keys, I'm off of my Knees, I

F F Dm7

ain't say-in please, Guess I final-ly

Dm7/G C maj7/G C maj7/G F

had e-nough, I'm one

G Am G

soul, who's gained con-trol of my life

G C C/B Am Bb

, of my mind, of the

Bb G G F

vi-sions I find, I'm one

G C Am

soul who's gained con-trol, one more

Dm7 Dm7/G C maj7/G C maj7/G

soul, and that's e-nough.