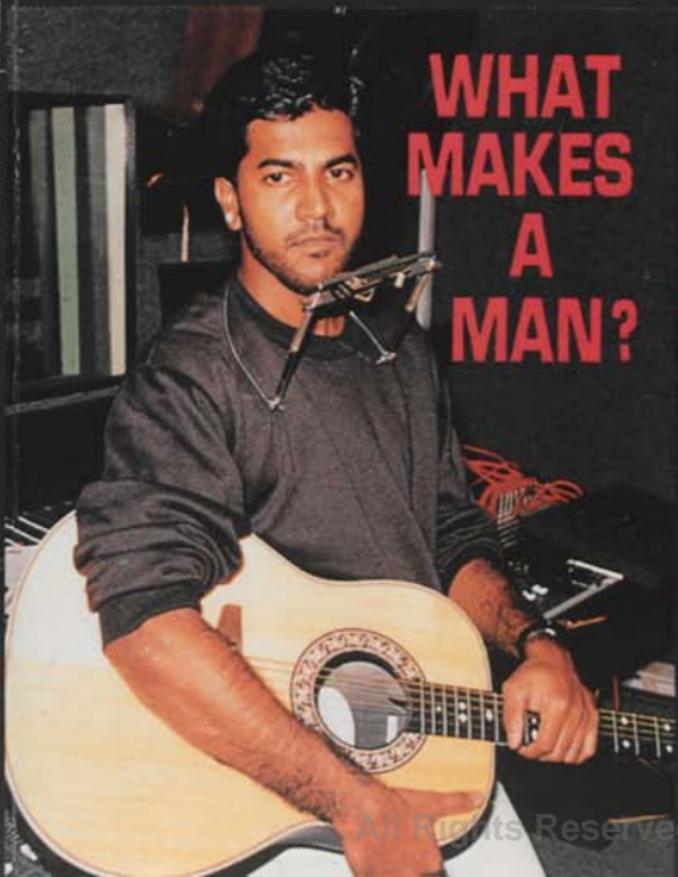


LARRY JAMES

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WHAT
MAKES
A
MAN?



SIDE A

WHAT MAKES A MAN?
THE ANGRY FAMILY
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO ME?
DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS
EVOLUTION
OF POET AND PAINTERS

SIDE B

O LORD
MAHLER AND I
DOES IT MEAN?
FOOLS IN HIGH PLACES
LISTEN
LOVE SO BOLD

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This album is dedicated to the weak
and meek in heart.
I'm with ya'.

I'm thankful to my Mom
for her never-ending love,
brothers, sisters and in-laws
for their patience and kindness through
the years, (Dad), nephews and nieces
for being a joy and a pain,
my sister, Jenny for believing in me,
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Dr Jean-Paul Ly, Keith Kuar,
Remesha Pillai, Boon Sock and Ranjit Singh.
Most of all, thank you...
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What makes a man?
LARRY JAMES

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What Makes A Man? (3.42)

What makes a man? (tell me) What makes a man
To work so hard learn so hard
Dream a dream and make it real
Claims it all with dignity
Brands his name outlandishly?

What makes a man

To run the race, paper chase
Ph.D some law degree
He makes a mess behind her desk
He advocates a man to death?

Tell me, where is progress?

What makes a man

Not climb the ranks
Stay far from tanks
But then he slew six million Jews?
He moved the mass killed the rest
Six million Jews to name a few

What makes a man

Of soundly mind for sake of science
Materialise some death device
Devastate Nevada State and the world declares no man so great?

What makes a man forsake his wife

Kill foetal life, protest and fight for human rights
"For England, Queen and country we'll blast those bloody Commies!"?

What makes a man go Bible school

Forsake the truth, converse with wood brew human stew?
"Hari - hari come chat with me Hari - hari come fly with me"
Evangelise and prophesy "come follow me, I follow Christ"
Draw nigh to me and worship me I am the light - Angel of Light.*

Tell me, where is progress?

What makes a man to

Sow some seeds for his needs
But be deceived by lustful greed
"So c'mon make it white, pure n' sweet
we'll make a million with twenty sticks" ? (push it on the streets)

What makes a man?

"Gentlemen" says Harvard men
"We'll have to buck the rising Yen
No Yakuza nor Chinaman will rule this native who land"

What makes a man

To cloud the skies with satellites
Accelerate to greater heights
To educate and stimulate, perpetuate a thinking state?

What makes a man

To televise no censor guide
Pornography, bestiality
Pound M - 16's across the screen
"Hey, nicotine ain't what it seems"?

Tell me, where is progress?

What makes a man?

All I see is Irony
What makes a man?
All I see is Vanity!

The Angry Family (2.40)

How many times at the end of the day
I'd be thinkin' and wondrin' would it be the same?
Could it be? Would it be? I don't know!
Waiting to receive me was a house not a home

Silent as the air its a morbid scare

Yesterday is past but memories stay fresh
Unforgiven things, painful bitter scenes
Someone gave a stare another hateful glare!

And the night seem long and the room seem small

What I do goes wrong why must I be born?
And its getting hot and we blow our tops
Someone walks out the door and there's blood on the floor

...how many times did I have to please

As I held back my feelings and I held back my peace?
Bottled up deep inside - awful feelings
Suppression and repression made me hard to breathe
Extra! Extra! Read all about it
Confessions of a Christian telling as it is
Extra! Extra! Read all about it
Oh, its tough to give the other with a burning cheek
Yes its tough to give the other with a burning cheek

Some say I'm square some say I'm mad

But I know for a fact they're just as scared
Crying to be free praying hard for peace
Hoping all to be one loving family...

Help deliver me I Please help deliver me

How long more must I wait and see
Help deliver me, deliver me.

Have You Ever Been To Me? (3.30)

Have you ever walked the streets? Have you ever been to me?
Have you ever heard me say I fear to talk this honest way?
Have you ever asked the man simple words he'll understand
What's it like to live a life when no one turns to give a smile (sir)?
Have you ever asked the whore, simpatios who mind the store?
What's it like to be deprived of the right to say "I'm right"?

Education I don't have (sir) Information I do lack

Politician I am not but beter ware I had fought (sir)
Now you leave me out this way you even doubt the price I paid (sir)
And you treat me half a man because I have a better tan (sir)?
And because I speak my mind accused I am a subvert crimes (sir)
Take away my every dime twenty years I'm - a doing time

So you had your chartered plan, ruling with your 'iron' hand

What about the 'little' ones whose blood you shed upon the ground (sir)?
And you thought you'd always stay by making rules to suit your ways
O the proud one day they'll fall, king and queens
Like the Berlin Wall
O the proud one day they'll fall, kings and queens
Like the Berlin Wall

Now you come around and say the Constitution has been changed (sir)

Suffrage I have not subtle words I hear a lot (sir)
Proclaiming true equality, ironic ideology
Generations have gone past but the WORD has stood the test
So unto Caesar I will give render him the things that's his
But I'll have you know one thing I was born freed and
I AM FREE.

Dungeons And Dragons (5.31)

"Come into me" she said to me
"Come hear the joy of the sun
Come chat with me and you'll see much miracles
Transcend with me set yourself free
No need to be so cynical

Light is the night, night is our sight

November 3rd we take flight
Reading the stars we'll watch from pinnacles
Kingdoms and queens, bangles and rings
Enter a world so mystical"

O how she screamed on each Halloween

Sorcerers stalked through the night
Hunting their prey for age-old rituals
Blood sacrifice on pentagram signs
After a game of ouija

Dungeons beneath, dragons with wings

Voices that ring with delight
"We are the night. We are the Spirit World!
We are your sight! We are your fight!
We are the champions tonight!

* All over the ground (they were)

All over the ground

Woe is my soul captive below

Who can decree deliverance?
She was a nymph mmm..... sensual!
Holding her gaze gentle her glance
And it all seemed so biblical.

All over the ground (they were)

all over the ground

Misty mornings, tears for fears

Though I see nobody out there...
Yet they're here!
And they're calling out my name
Haunting me down to my grave...

All over the ground! (they were)

All over the ground!!

Dragons and kings, heves and rings

Casting her spell on me they fell
Warding a ring - spiritual fmg
They sang it well "Good day in Hell"

Woe is my soul captive below

Who can decree deliverance?

Evolution (3.35)

Well I'm - a talkin' about the evolution

Talkin' about the resolution
Man O' man I hate to think I'm an ape!
Well if you spend ten years in the desert sun
Spend ten days with a laser gun
Spend two years with an Ivy plant
You'll be a new creation!

Talkin' about the evolution

Talkin about a situation

Man O' man I've got a heavy date
Well she spent her life with the three-month sun
Where polar bears and wolves still run
I guess all that fish might make her one, new creation!

* Brew that stew, brew that stew

Season it with salt and grime
You come on back in nine months time
And if its fate it has a head
If you're late it has a tail
If you'll wait you'll have one pale creation

Talkin' about the evolution

Talkin' about adaptation
Drown me in water for an hour
I'll grow some gills and fins somehow
Put me in a room of minus twenty-two
I'll grow a coat of fur for you

Talkin' about the evolution

Talkin' about distribution
Swines and dogs and their relations
Rules you and me
But circumstances made us be
Higher forms of bestiality
"Si Monsieur, I'm a pedigree" (*)

Of Poets And Painters

Show me the poet in my heart

Fortuned in sleep
Silver-streaked arrows pierce the stars
Darn-burst of dreams
Longing for tears, thawing my fears
Whoring thru' the years I'm longing for tears
Can you stir my soul?!

Show me the painter in my heart

Washing his sins
Bleeding a sadness in the dark
Naked, he screams
I'm warning you now I'm hurting right now
Yearning for her, mourning for love
Yearning to shout, running from crowds
So I'm WARNING YOU NOW ...

(SPOON me a poem, paint me a picture

stir my soul preachers' teacher)

O Lord (3.59)!

O Lord you put me here
By your hands I am made
I cried the day my mother wailed
Out of her womb I came
Naked came, naked go
But then my soul prevails

O Lord I'm in distress

I'm in my darkest hour,
I've heard your word, your Living Word
Thy promise that will come
Nonetheless I'm still in stress
Thy comfort I have none
I curse my birth!

O Lord do hear the cry
Of many hearts in pain
They stog, they strive thru' rain and shine
Please Lord don't turn your face
They feed the weak
They help the sick
Are they all done in vain... come Judgement Day?

O Lord is by your will
For your pleasure made
Some to live Eternal Life
Some to burn in flames
Why O Lord must people die
When sinners are like saints? They're quite the same.

O Lord do search the hearts
Of many who are here
The Pharisees, the Sadducees
The sinner and his beer (Cheers!)
The saints who raise their holy hands
Yet show not godly love
Its quite absurd

O Lord thy WORD hast said
All things shall come to pass
HE was and is and is to come
HE is the first and last
The trumpet sound I LORD JESUS come
All sins will come undone
some hide, some run!

O Lord one day I'll stand
At your throne of Grace
Accounting all my foolish ways
And the words I've said
All my works went up in smoke
Empty hands do say...
I stand by grace.

Mahler And I (4.00)

Just because yer higher educated venerate yer Ivy-league degree
Yea yer tears and blood and sweat surrendered
For a place in high society
Why ye think that 'little' people lack integrity?
Janitors and penny- paupers lack sobriety?
And ye claim their minds are not so able
Intellectually - crippled ye decree

So they must be mended and program - med
Channeled and vocationed hurriedly
Some be labourers, petty pawns and packers
Faceless cogs in dumb machinery
Mass - production 'little' people moved like bleating sheep
So ye bark yer stringent orders and they bow their knees
Feigning smile belie yer scheming nature
Calling me yer 'comrade' lovingly

Just because yer livin' in the suburbs
Does it mean yer mind's of great degree?
And because I make a lesser dollar
Does it mean my dollars lesser greened?
Why do ye restrict us people acclimating needs?
Are ye so - much learned people 'better' human beings?
'Super' human beings? Perhaps 'higher' human beings?
(So) Just because yer livin' in the suburbs
Are yer streets in gold and angels sing?

Just because you've got an English butler
Bought some goodies down at Sotbey
And yer Irish hounds have names like 'Mahler'
Does it mean yer cultured, clean and green?
So ye push yer weight round people like its meant to be
Patronising 'little' people telling 'em yer pleased
So ye pat 'em on the back tomorrow
While today ye plant yer bastard seeds

Just because yer high - hairarchy seated
Mass - manipulation ye have schemed
And the lives of proletarian people
Yer decisions make 'em eat or bleed
And yer disposition philanthropic it may seem
Mingle jingle in a twisted
Lives consigned to deeds
And yer cause and purpose go unheeded
For yer power overules the weak.

Just because yer richer and yer smarter
Does it mean its always meant to be?
Mongrel dog will have its day and collared
Then yer bark and bite will cease to be
Then I'll hear ye scream and holler
In yer piking sins
'Little' people ye rejected when ye were a king
Now I'll cast ye into outer darkness
There'll be weeping, gnashing of the teeth!

Does It Mean? (3.32)

Does it mean I'm a lesser man if
I don't drive cars and I don't like work?
Does it mean I'm a better man if
I don't lie when I go to church?

Does it mean I'm a lesser man if
I don't like crowds and I don't speak loud?
Does it mean I'm a better man if
I don't look twice nor roll the dice?

* Don't wanna be a superstar
Don't ever need no thick cigars
Just plain of me

Does it mean I've a simple mind if
I don't read books and I'm much too shy?
Does it mean I'm worth the try if
I write a song that makes you cry?

Does it mean it would not work if
I ain't got a penny worth?
Does it mean you could not love
A man like me of Indian birth? (*)

Could you try loving me as I am
Could you try loving me as I am

Does it mean I'm a lesser man if
A tattoo stays upon my hand?
Does it mean I'm a better man if
I mix around the preacher man?

Does it mean I'm quite a guy (if)
Three thousand souls were won tonight?
Does it mean I ain't got pride
Forgiving you ten thousand times?

Fools In High Places (5.33)

Fools do get seeds, you've got wheat, you've got lots of Nature's feed
Miles of plains (all) kinds of grain lots of sun n' lots of rain
You've got stress you've got fish gaming birds and flocks of sheep
You've got soil tons of oil blood and sweat and tears and toil

But your people are starving and the grains are left behind
And the trains aren't coming unions want overtime
And we hear 'em crying foreign aid comes undiered
But your people still dyin' its been years we've seen them, we've seen them die

You've got books you've got schools, high-tech brat-pack social toots
You've got votes, network news immigrating who you choose
You've got strength working men faithful to their Motherland
You've got brains bein' drained locked in cells bein' detained

But your people are fighting, some been fightin' all their lives
And you claim its a 'calling' in the guise of God's desire
And your people are wandering even birds have homes each night
But your people still dyin' its been years we've seen them, we've seen them die

* We've got fools in high places! Making rules good as crimes
We've got fools in high places! They're making a fool of some lives

You can find 'em at conventions in the guise of thick cigars
At the pulpits of some churches waving fingers at the mass
To the pressrooms they will take you dragging glories of their past
Fools that still sound intentions propagating stately grass
You can find 'em at the graveyard 10 years later wondering 'why'?
And the jury that they make up wondering what is 'corporate crime'?
And they'll sell ya' contra labels from a nation you despise
And deduce eugenic beauties come from nestled - Nordic lives
You can find 'em at the quarters sending out Red - Terror lines
Pinning down the writers' union criticisms they decline
And they'll boast ten new reactors (while) angry - hungry people die
And they'll speak the Bible for ya' but they never believed Christ
They'll speak the Bible for ya' but they never believed Christ

Listen (4.10)

The counsellor and the counsellie
Sat down to have a cup of tea
A mellow, cosy room with plants
Breeze rained from a ceiling fan
The counsellor slouched in his chair
The counsellie now debonair
The counsellor showed that he cared
The counsellie knew he was 'there'

So it was another day
The counsellie would have his say
Lamenting woes, condemning life
Confessing sex without his wife
Contenting laws, brag board-room draws
'the governments' a puppet - whore! (that's what he says)
Save your creed sacred pigs martyr souls
Your preachers' preach!

So it was another day
The counsellie would have his say (with cliches)
'Always love a sinner - man
'Black or white, pink or tan'
'Love the girl your heart has planned
'For the girl is heaven - sent'
'Work the price you have to pay
And all your goals will come your way

Undiered someone is speaking
Someone is hearing the counsellie's
'fairs' (that's what it is)

So you can save your lectures save your tears
Save the wisdom of your years
Save your do's please save your Christ's homes
Spare your voodooes and your donation
Could you lend me just your ears
Hear my joys hear my fears?
Could you lend me just your ears
Save your words of which I fear

The counsellor and the counsellie
Left the room at half past three
The counsellor now thoughtfully
Viewed the scene objectively
He knew he had to be a friend
To give a sincere, loving hand
The counsellor yet tearfully
Saw his friend slip from him

So it was another day
The counsellie did have his say
The hurt that lodged the grudge that was
Within his heart now is 'was'
And he's singing I'm washed away
He's singing I'm washed away
I'm washed away I'm washed away...

Love So Bold (2.53)

Moving on from job to job
Living a life like a slumberous stob
Feeling unworthy without a cause
Full of self-pity I'm the bloke on the block
Dreaming dreams and seeking thrills
Waiting all but not the trills
Party today forget the morrow
When morning comes I'll beg and I'll borrow

DoIn' things I should not do
Wastin' my time fooling 'round in school
Got no skill to call my own
Guitar 'n song that's all I know
Came a day when LOVE so bold
Broke my heart and freed my soul
A song in my heart and words now flow
Touching a life but I don't really know

If you don't know by now
If you don't know by now, its sad.

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WHAT MAKES A MAN? THE ANGRY FAMILY . HAVE YOU EVER
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SIDE A



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O LORD . MAHLER AND I . DOES IT MEAN ?
FOOLS IN HIGH PLACES LISTEN LOVE SO BOLD

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