

Dick Lee



Life in the Lion City

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SIDE ONE

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Culture 3:32
Internationaland 4:13
I Need You Back 5:41
Old Chinatown 3:26

SIDE TWO

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Home Song 4:20

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All Songs written and arranged by Dick Lee
Produced by Dick Lee & Richard Goh

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Flower Drum Song

The Peter Pan Club, the Lion City Chinese Ensemble
Not a word in sight, the Flower Drums awaken
The night.
Shattering the moonlight, maple turning a million
Whorls.
Astonished girls, in pink, blossoms in their hair.
Marching, drums in hand, but are they really
there?

What is this parade? Watchful thinking
someone said.

Only I can see them, waving flags and bearing
paper lanterns

And above on darkened clouds, the monkey
heart is calling.
Come back to where you know your home's
heart is falling.
Follow the dragons led, be guided by the
drumming.

Chorus
Chow loo loo, go ah loo, loo loo chow for ku loo
chung ee.
Per it kee in ah yong so twing cheng.
Tay chu ching see long long kang.
Tei teng long long chow see chow ee.
Should I go or stay? The flower drums are on
the way.
Giving me no reasons to stay to who I seem to be
In an oriental song those I'll still speak.
We'll bring the people back, the flower drums
will lead.

Show them the heritage they don't know that
they seek.

It's close to me, it's where I want to be
In Flower Drum Land — Away if I awaken, still I'll hear their play.
My Flower Drum Song will take us all away.

Culture

Featuring the 1,001 voices of Dick Lee
From your
Back One Concerto to G
Beethoven's 14th Symphony
Rise Squaring Real!

Listen to the music — let the music, through
Shows them you appreciate what they're trying to
do.

Exercise some discipline — don't tap your feet
too hard.

Try to see that what you hear has got its
counterpart.

Culture
When you look upon the wall, do you see dots
and lines?

And when you watch the dancing figures, do
they dance in love?

Teach yourself to hear it led into you day and
night.

Learn you'll come to understand the dances,
dots and lines.

Culture
Ladies & gentlemen, we proudly present
The greatest works ever created by man.

Do work come to your eyes —
When all indicators resemble
It comes all so simple.

After all, culture's formed down your throat.
Do you like Stravinsky? Do you like jazz?

Listen to the music — let the music through.
Show them you appreciate what they're trying
to do.

International Land

My name — Kay Ramee, Linda Elizabeth
Here we are, the children of the middle class
Growing out of childhood in a first decade
A lot to take, but as I've said — won't ever let
This love we are the product of material things
Simply adorned carelessly, something
A lot too late, oh well, that's fate —
— embarrasing.

Overdressed, we've never had the time to feel
ourselfness in our attempts at work
Always going northeast to get a thrill
Never again! But maybe I will

Oh, the invisible servants of society
Mocking the public in self parody
How we go on, but now it's ending — we think
we see
We're adolescent offspring never age
Elegantly relaxing the power age
How we go on, well we were born into the
state
Having never seen what the other side
We fall into the world with our right open, wide
Complexity and satisfaction, a crime
But not today — some other time.

Time to grow up, some time face the world
Spad' disks are over for most of the boys and
girls.
Working and being may not be fun.
But there is bound to be something going for
everyone.
And as for the I'll carry on as I am
The Virgin Jay love internationalist

Here you are developed by the power plant
Surrounded only by the things you'll ever want
But look at me — I'll attract be the things you
can't
Here you are the coded cunes of industry
Regimen where since you had fantasies
Don't you regret me ever now? — now look at
me
Understand that you were always free to
choose

I know it sets a game only for me to lose
You sacrificed life for a pile of working shares
And now you've learned — well, carry on
I am the leftover of my lifestyle
I think I'm being useful, but what for?

Top ball you must go
You don't have to go
Well, if you must go don't wait for me

Oh
Chinatown, Chinatown
Chinatown, Chinatown
Oh Chinatown, taken home, long ago
It's all broken down, where's the old
Chinatown
Oh Chinatown, take her home, she will go
But it's all broken down, where she went
Chinatown

I Need You Back

John Goodhouse, Kay Ramee

I've always thought — serves me right —
You were in a storm of darkness — so were
my light
Blame it on me — didn't see — how I could say
all these things — you know that I never
could mean

No I never could say in other circumstances —
I guess it was just my chameleon — all at the
same, same one — pulled my own punches
So where are you now? Where are you now?
Won't you allow me to come and bring you
back to me.

But I don't know how, baby, I don't know how
I need you back with me — no I'm not the same,
no

me same
I know when I said I was right — I was playing a
game
Maybe I haven't been fair and maybe
I've been, very wrong —
But maybe I was learning to make it just
right — see how now, now you go to your
—
I'm not gonna cry — I'm gonna forgive —
The Lord only knows how I'll stay alive
I will stay live — if my feelings catch up with
me — if they go I'm coming for you — and you
better be, then working to take me back

Well I see you, again — well it be the same —
Oh I want you back so bad — Now I'll —
Come to try to notice the pain

Old Chinatown

From your Front Row, Linda Elizabeth, Dick Lee
Curt Hanom

She wants her love underneath a part of paradise,
Preserving her to care, but really does trade.
She knows she can't belong, and even though
she tries
She stays the same, her love remains
In Old Chinatown, taken home long ago
It's all broken down, where's the old
Chinatown

She wants to see if her love will change her
mind.
It's not for her, she says, — you must decide
this one
He love it old and clear
And here is warm and kind
She can't join there, she's longing for
That Old Chinatown, take her home, she will
go
But it's all broken down, where she went
Chinatown

This is what they said it would be
Haunted souls, decaying dreams,
Every face has something to reveal
Smiling, crying, why are they here?

Chinatown, Chinatown
Chinatown, Chinatown

Oh Chinatown, taken home, long ago
It's all broken down, where's the old
Chinatown
Oh Chinatown, take her home, she will go
But it's all broken down, where she went
Chinatown

Life in the Lion City

By Mike — In Lion City Square, Lee Ann
Chew, Mike, Alan Meng

The same old, the same old, morning
A tableau of 1,2 and 3's
Them it quickly rains without warning
Their angry detourism becomes very far
On some days, these there are taxis,
But of course, so 'll be stuck in a jam
Well, he can't complain 'cause the fact is
He's got the 1-urban family by hand.
Driving past in the promenade and stopping
corner cars, don't know what's
he's complaining, is then doctors

great here in Singapore, Singapore
So sometimes tropical some more
Singapore, Singapore —
Full of tourists and department stores,
He works very hard for a living
Recently are a holiday or two
But he has to be fair and forgiving
Because his work environment is not very
good.

His desperate search for a rival
Provides entertainment at least
Since the city declares it's not liable
for his state of mind, he can be quite a beast
He can soon go to some jagging, or to some
other island to be entertained.
On the way, he decides to o'clock in
Singapore, Singapore
Heater comes, food an every four
Singapore, Singapore

He is a Singaporean, the case
Ang Mo Kio — — — H. D. B.
Shenton Way — — — Productivity
People's Park — — — Speak Mandarin
Orchard Road — — — Keep the City Clean
Come On Singapore — — — Duk wah
Singapore — — — Oh stay
Singapore, Singapore
So sometimes tropical some more
Singapore, Singapore

Never read the sun shining off my eyes,
Never mind the heat, it's a paradise
Everything is laid and new and so clean,
The sea may be grey, but the city is green,
Everybody's rushing, though the life is slow,
Where they all are going, I really don't know
Sometimes you help find somebody with the
time
To smile and say, "Hello," Life In The Lion City
Singapore, Singapore
Hawker Centers, food an every four
Singapore, Singapore
Here's a Singaporean to the —
—
Where is that old romantic spirit you had in
you?

First Lesson

By Chin Ananthur, Lee Ann Chew
Every plan & example, cuts a wound deep
inside

And I you, but I bite my lip to keep the cry
out I you say I must learn, to stop my ears open
wide
And I seem to be here, but I'm a floozilla miles
outside
Remember the old time — why yesterday —
Concentration camp naturally — now what do
we see

We see the ground but I don't understand
And nothing works out the way we plan
So much to like, the message is plain
Maybe we should give up playing games
Every fight, every quarrel, brings you closer to
me
And I hurt, but I'm cold so you won't I think I feel
if you muster the courage to approach
carefully.

You might say if you treat the subject very
tenderly
Remember when love came very easily —
Well, he never had to be unhelpful of what it can
mean
Who should we care — nobody there —
All the old ones, don't know what
he's saying, but

Maybe we can give up playing games
Take your chance while you don't lose
Know as much as you can know
We don't know if we don't try
See if what we know we live

This Town

Takesy, Ghazali and Larry

It takes someone with no means to miss the
atmosphere
To let the signs just go by and not know that
they're here
You could say look around you

So where's your knowing who?
You've lost your feel for life, you who can be
the spirit by
Come on — I'm right before you, me & the city
but
Where is that old romantic spirit you had in
you?

The town should bring the lover out in you
Don't try to disregard the signs — just give in
to this love
Today there was a procession, the colour and
the lights
Well, did you know the occasion was to
celebrate our town
I wondered whether you noticed
But I was singing out
To throw the love for you above the urban
rain
Where I've seen you, although to me
Come on — why don't you take them
For what they seem to be

I know there's room made for the city for you &
me
Just give in to the streets
So make the most of what you have
Come on — I'm right before you
Me & the city, too
Where is that old romantic spirit you had in
you?

Familiar Faces

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inside

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We don't know if we don't try
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For what they seem to be

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Just give in to the streets
So make the most of what you have
Come on — I'm right before you
Me & the city, too
Where is that old romantic spirit you had in
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DICK LEE LIFE IN THE LION CITY

• FLOWER DRUM SONG • CULTURE • INTERNATIONAL LAND •
• I NEED YOU BACK • OLD CHINATOWN •

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DICK LEE LIFE IN THE LION CITY

• LIFE IN THE LION CITY • FIRST LESSON • THIS TOWN •
• FAMILIAR FACES • HOME SONG •

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