

Sound Man

Draft

Ok, now let me take it back to this Friday,
we had a show that night.
Step to sound-check.
No one on site, no one around yet.
Yeah, you know what it's like.
It's the renowned rep,
when they're never on time
and then five will mean seven, nine will mean eleven.
This ain't live. What, did it die and go to Heaven?
About to throw it in, wanted to go home
then the sound man, looking like one of the Ramones,
arrived, barely alive smelling like death,
in his Led Zepplin shirt, jeans tighter than Bec Cartright.
He was just another bar flight rock pig,
living for the moment, living for the rock gig.
Set the stage, two mics, two decks.
Check one, two, check, check, one, two, check!
I reckon I need some volume.
We want everyone to hear, yeah,
the whole room. (The whole room.)
and yo Trigger, what the level on your decks like brother?
Oh, yeah, now lets try cranking, I need more beat.
It's too low, man.
Get them out of their seat, quicker than Lindsay Lohan movies.
Move like I'm punching Bruce Lee.
(Haha, nah, man, don't you mean Jackie Chan?)
(Oh, What? Jackie Chan, Bruce Lee?)
Hey! What the fuck you trying to do with me, man?
It's nothing new to me like I Love Lucy.
Man, I gotta shoot through, but it's sounding thin.
Before I go, can you give me one more thing?
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving every track that we bump.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving, gotta jump, gotta jump. Oh, I arrive at the venue.

The ratio, ten dude to three girls on the menu.
Men who tend to wanna borrow my ears
and have a conversation like I haven't seen 'em in years,
it kills me and I ain't trying to be rude,
but you're ruining the mood like the anorexic nude
and the rumour was, the room was jam-packed.
Cos, I ransack my set like Mad Max,
but I stand back, cos next is Layla
and she steps to the stage with the flavour extinct
as a Saber-Tooth Tiger, but none live her.
The only thing that she might need, her mic up.
So, I'm right up, head to the sound desk,
ask him to turn it up, where we had it at sound check.
Told me to sit down, let him do his job,
but this ain't Woodstock and this ain't no rock.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving every track that we bump.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving, gotta jump, gotta jump. Check, one, two, one, two.
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the stage my man D-Rapht,
The Pale Rider, my Brother Grimm.
Make some noise! Yeah, when I step to the stage I'm a different man.
Let me kiss your missus' hand, she'll go missing, man.
Listen and pay attention, no tension here.
Hanging on my every word, every sentence clear.
Then I hear you, I seem to be getting feedback,
nah, not now, nah, I don't need that.
Sound man just had a rehab relapse,
drinking on my rider, drinking all my free Jack Daniels
and can you believe this clown?
Now no one wants to jump like a ring rebounds
and now I'm drowned out by the sound of the bass.
Wait, stop, kill it, nah wait, nah mate. Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving every track that we bump.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Turn it up sound man, turn it up.
Keeping it moving from the back to the front.
Keeping it moving, gotta jump, gotta jump
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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