GENESIS

THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY

COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

RUGGINENTI

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THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY

COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

arranged by
Luca Ripanti

RUGGINENTI

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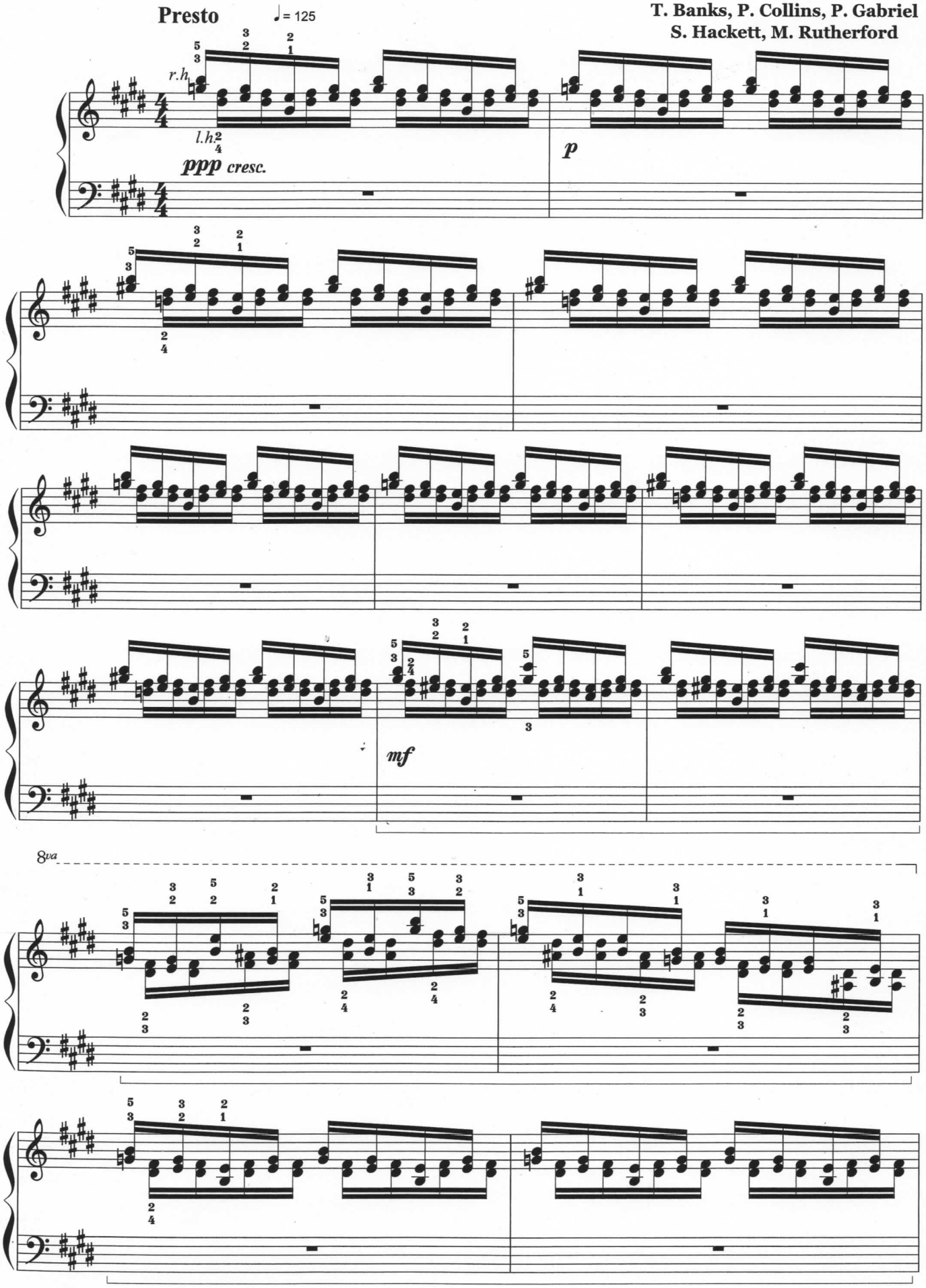
1. The Lamb lies down on Broadway



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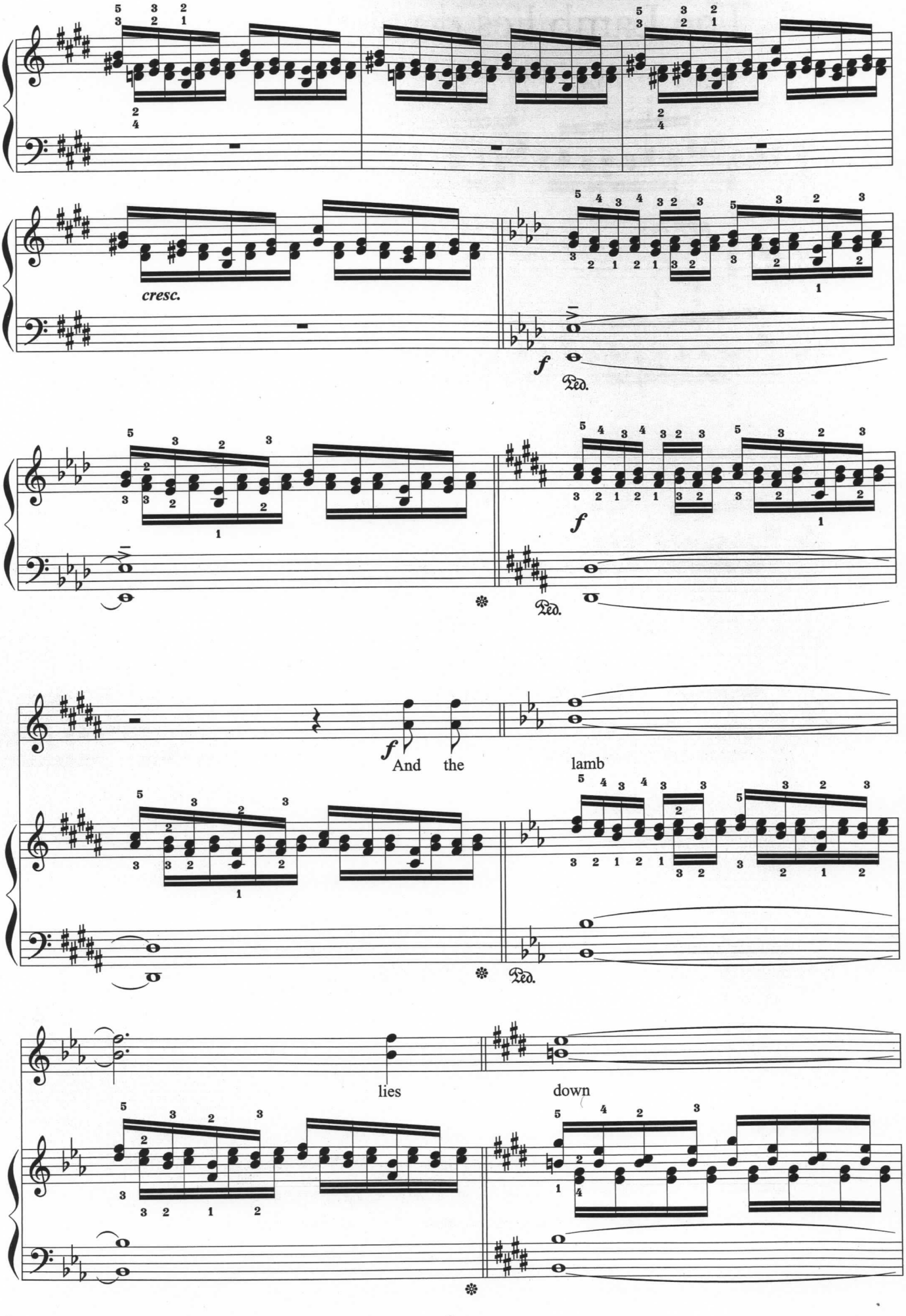
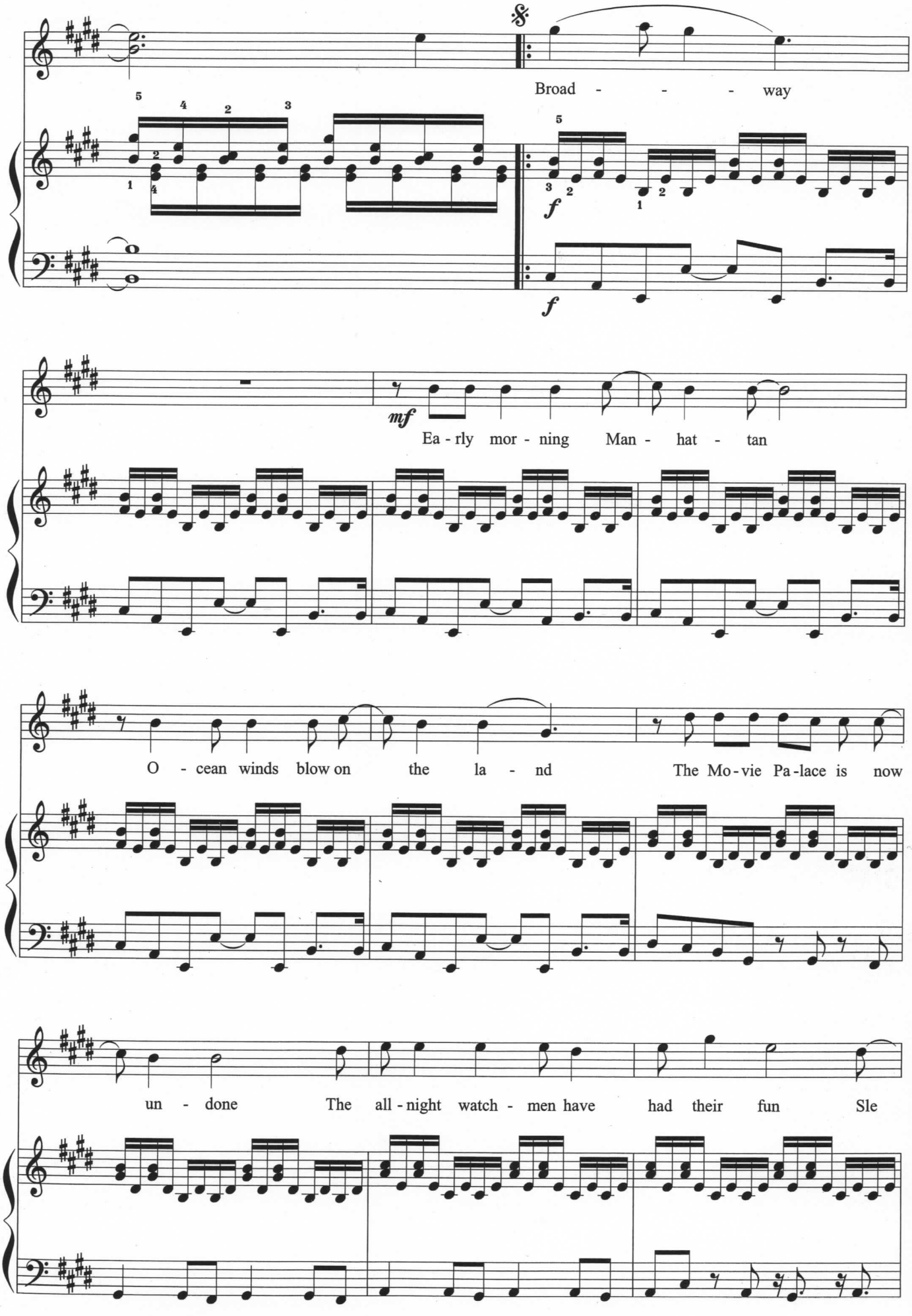
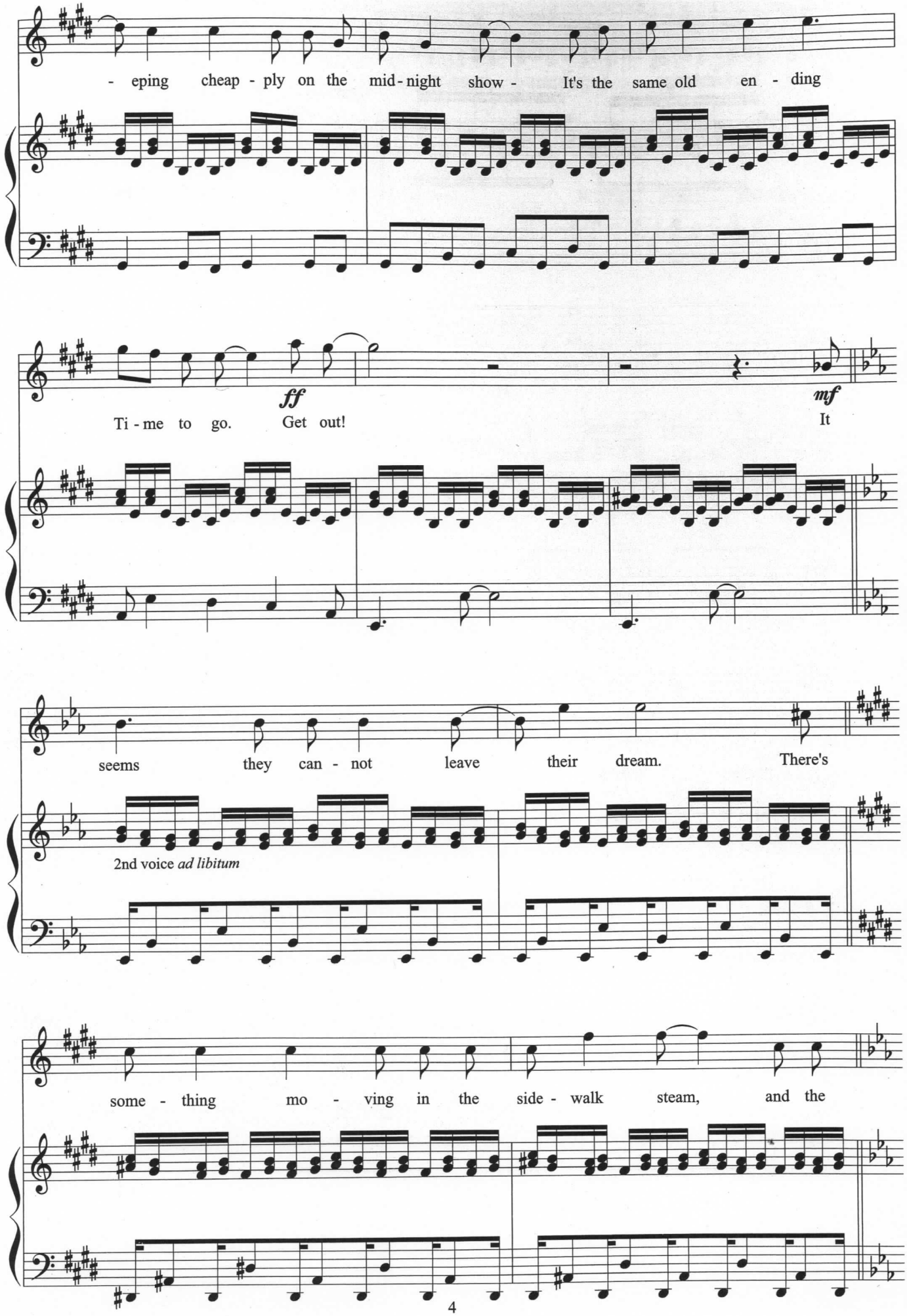
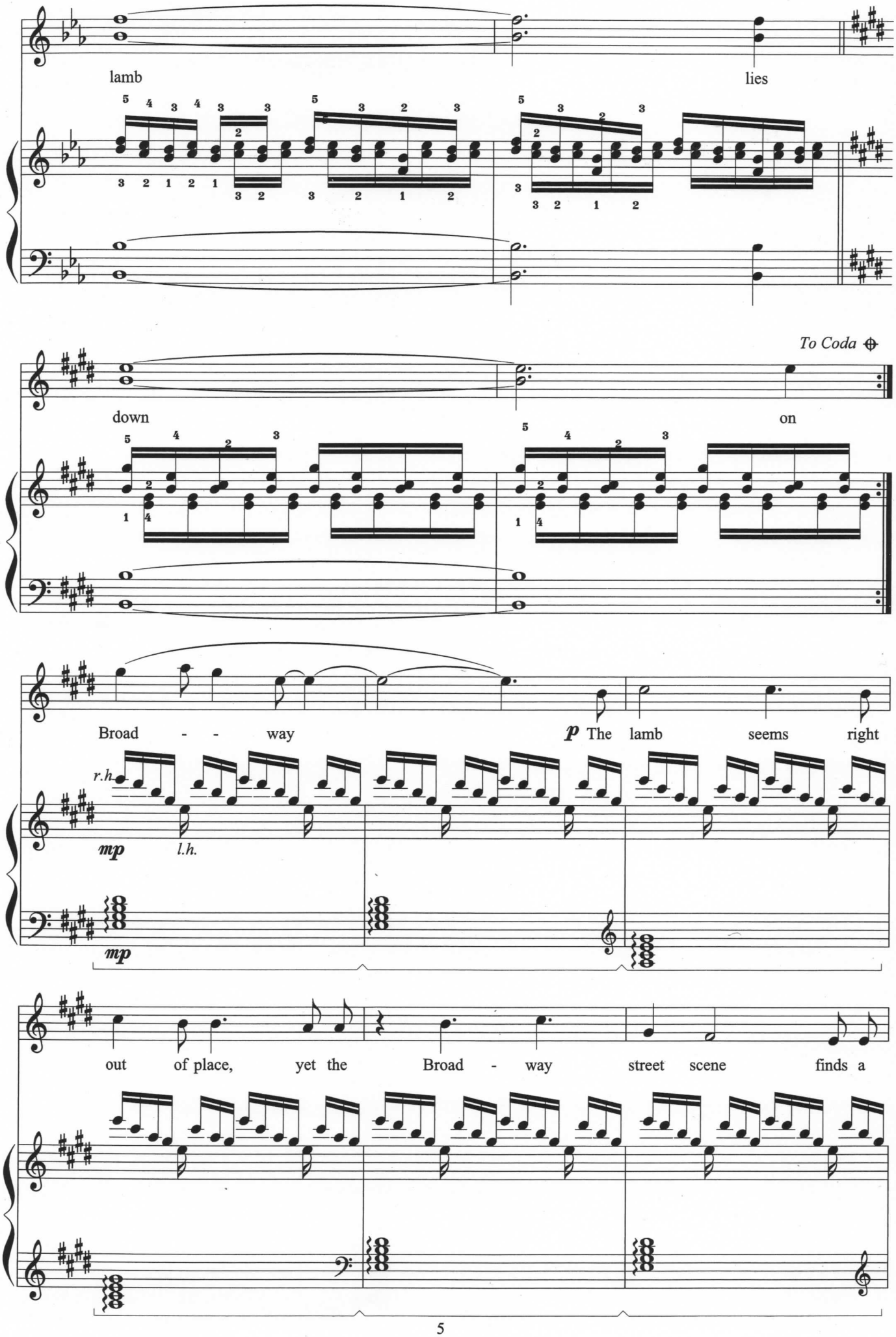
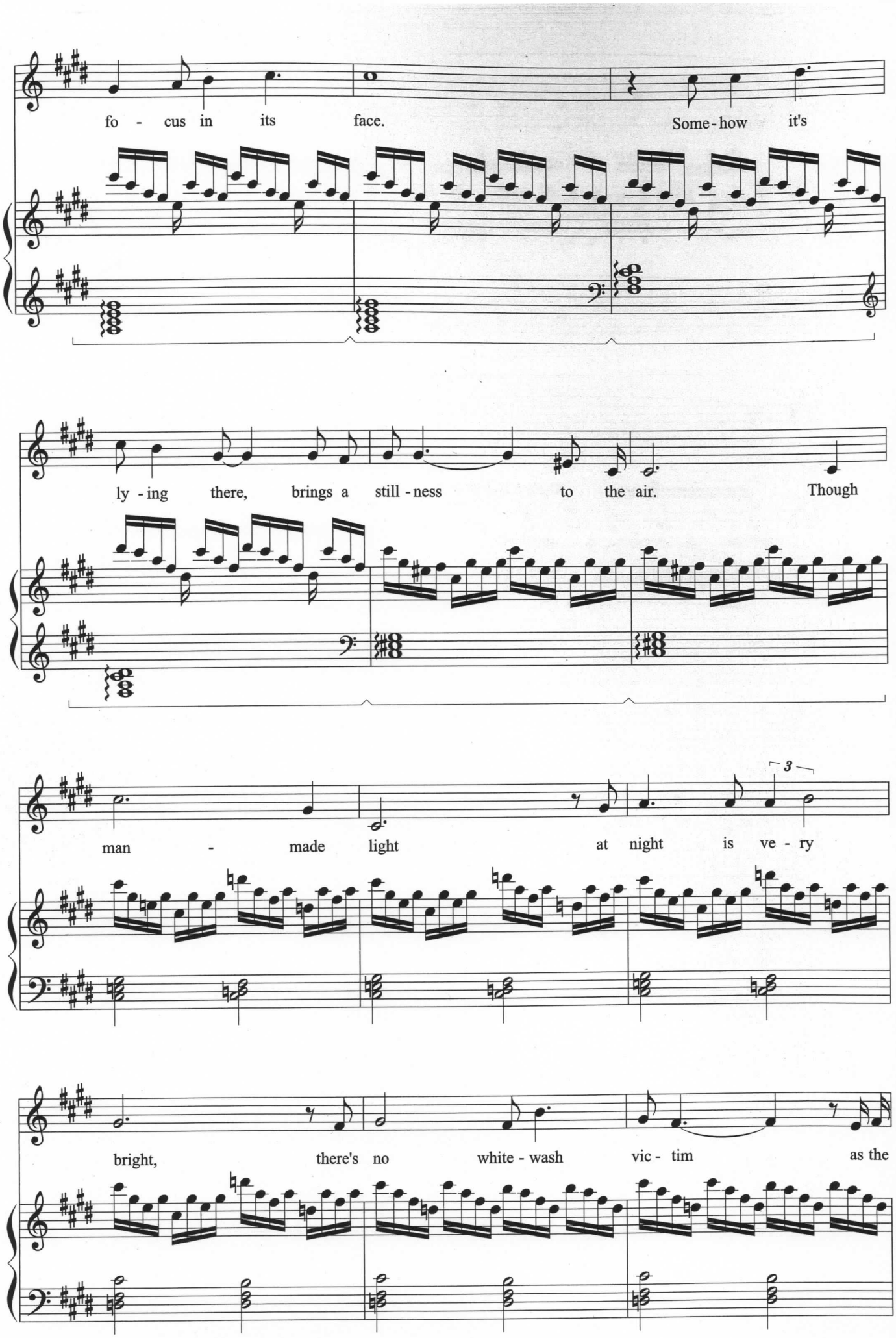
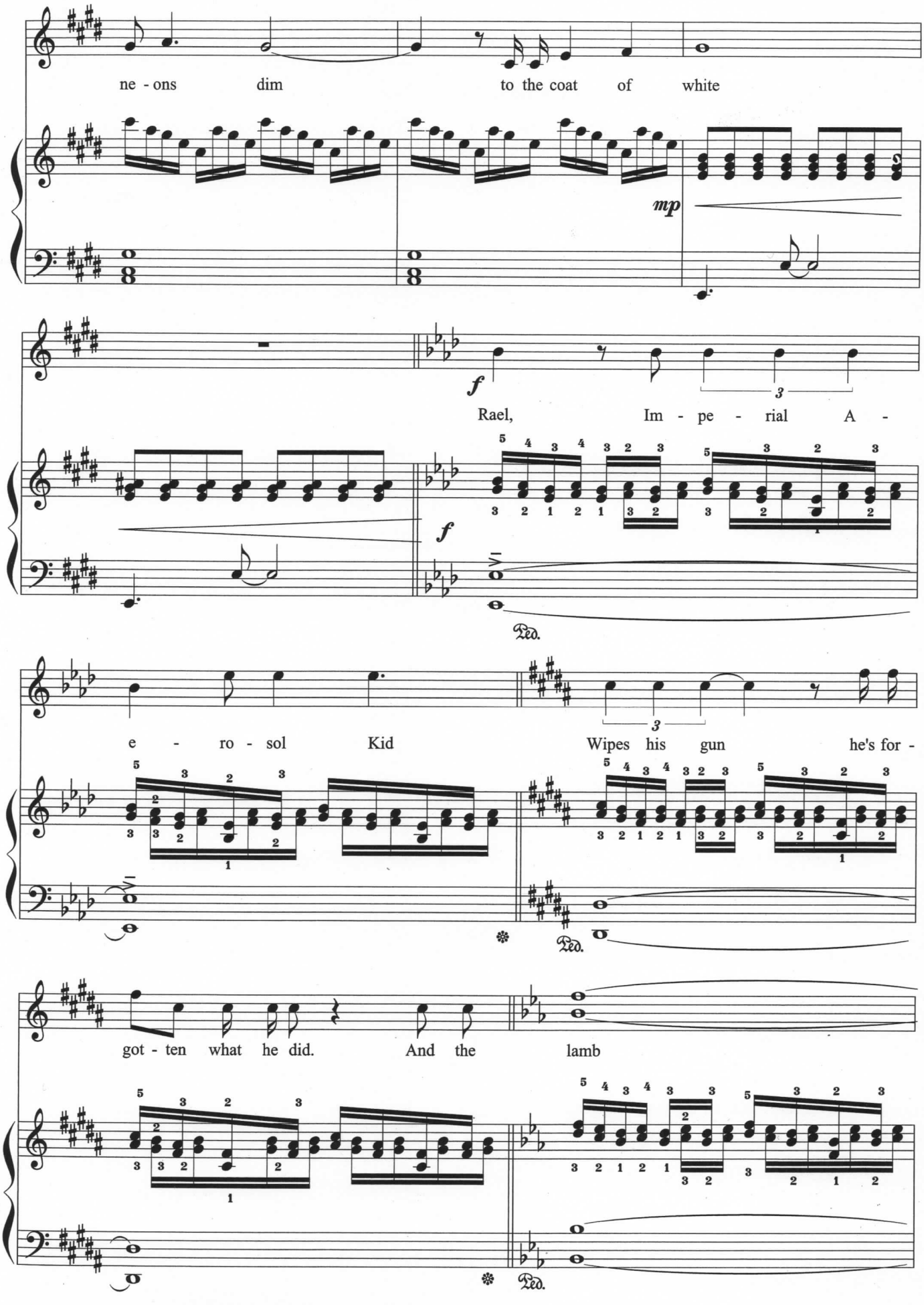

cresc.
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
f
And the
lamb
Ped.
lies
down

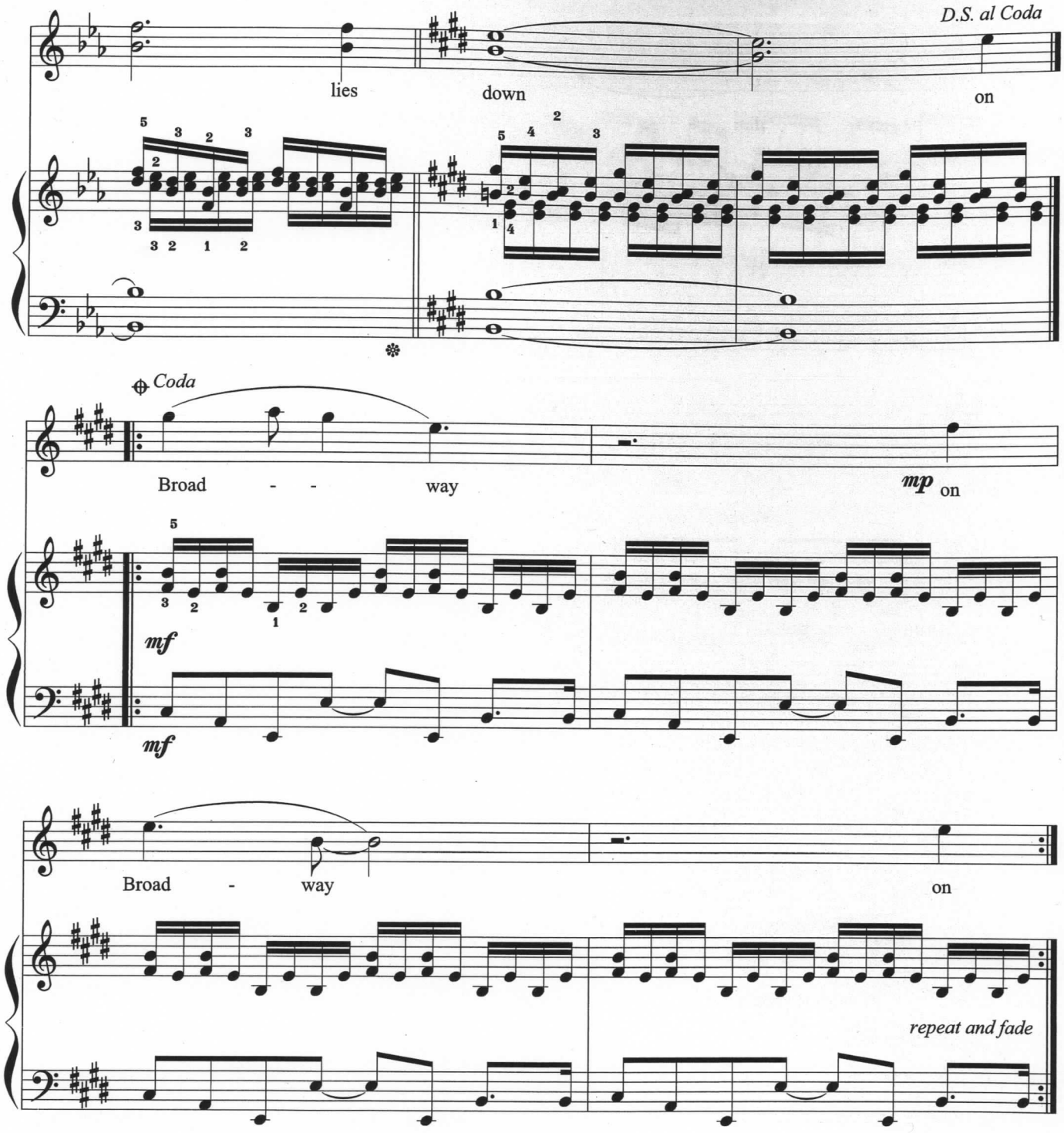

Broad - - - way
f
f
mf
Ea - rly mor - ning Man - hat - tan
O - cean winds blow on the la - nd
The Mo - vie Pa - lace is now
un - done
The all - night watch - men have had their fun
Sle


- eping cheap - ply on the mid - night show - It's the same old en - ding
ff
Ti - me to go. Get out!
mf
It
seems they can - not leave their dream. There's
2nd voice ad libitum
some - thing mo - ving in the side - walk steam, and the


lamb
lies
To Coda
down
on
Broad - - way
p The lamb seems right
r.h
mp
l.h.
mp
out of place, yet the Broad - way street scene finds a


fo - cus in its face. Some - how it's
ly - ing there, brings a still - ness to the air. Though
3
man - made light at night is ve - ry
bright, there's no white - wash vic - tim as the


ne - ons dim to the coat of white
mp
f
Rael, Im - pe - rial A -
f
Ped.
e - ro - sol Kid Wipes his gun he's for -
Ped.
got - ten what he did. And the lamb
Ped.

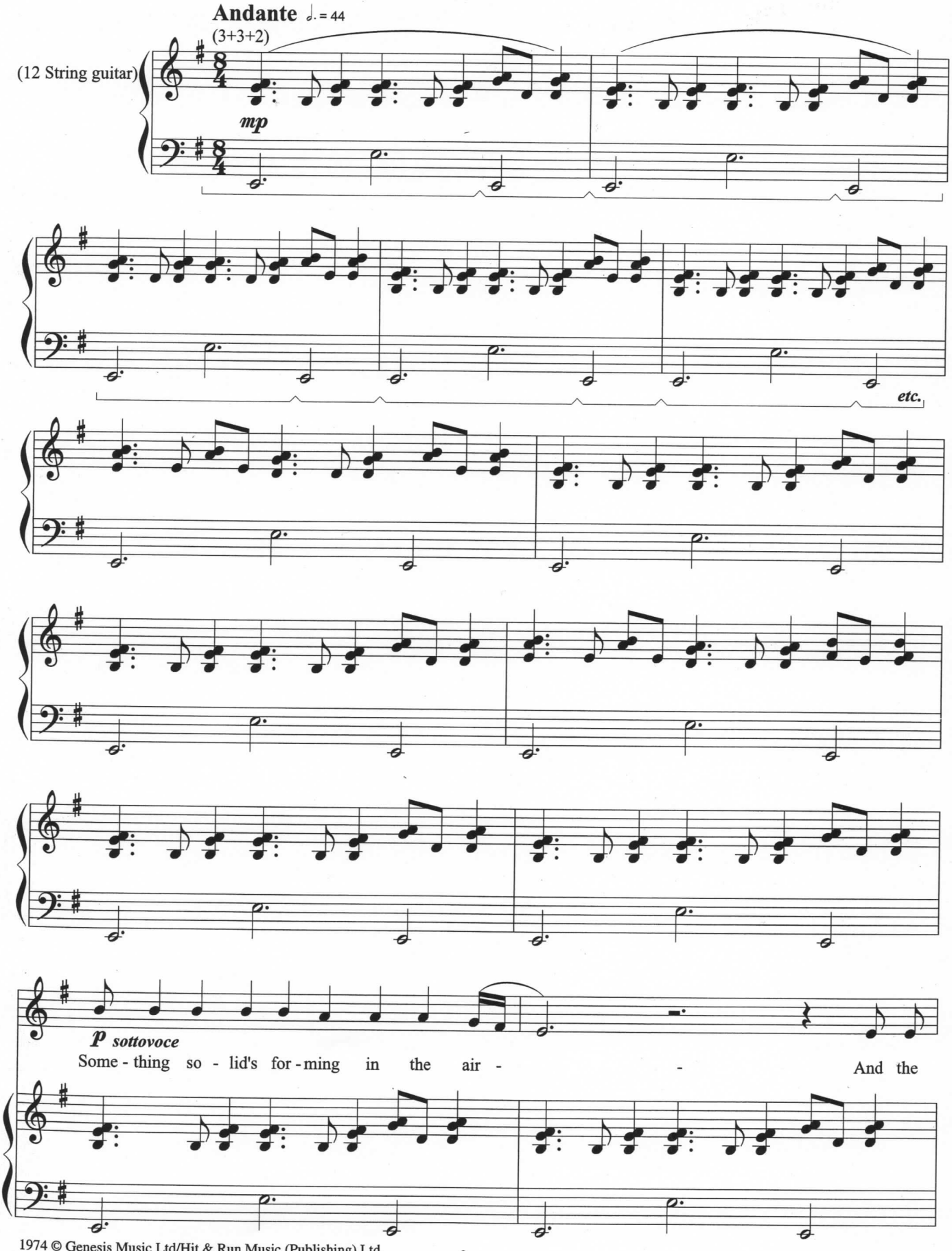


Night-time's flyers feel their pairs.
Drugstore take down the chains.
Metal motion comes in bursts,
But the gas station can quench that thirst.
Suspension 'racked on unmade road
The truckers eyes read "Overload"
And out of the subway.
Rael Imperial Aerosol Kid
Exits into daylight, spraygun hid,
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.

Suzanne tired, her work all done,
Thinks money-honey - be on neon
Cabman's velvet glove sounds the horn
And the sawdust king spits out his scorn.
Wonder women you can draw your blind!
Don't look at me! I'm not your kind.
I'm Rael!
Something inside me has just begun,
Lord knows what I have done,
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.
On Broadway
They say the lights are always bright on Broadway.
They say there's always magic in the air.
They say the lights are always bright on Broadway.

2. Fly on a windshield

T. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford



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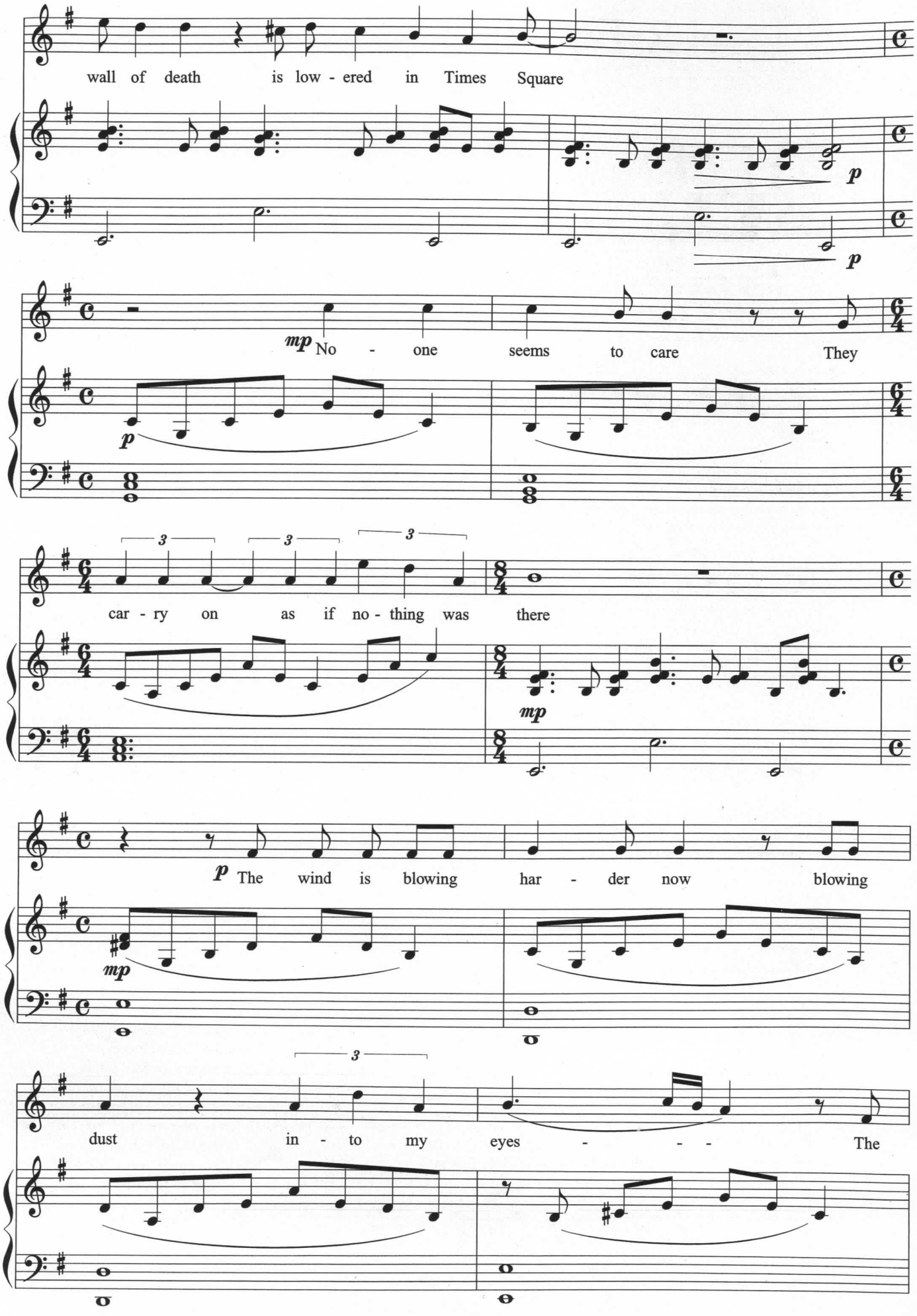
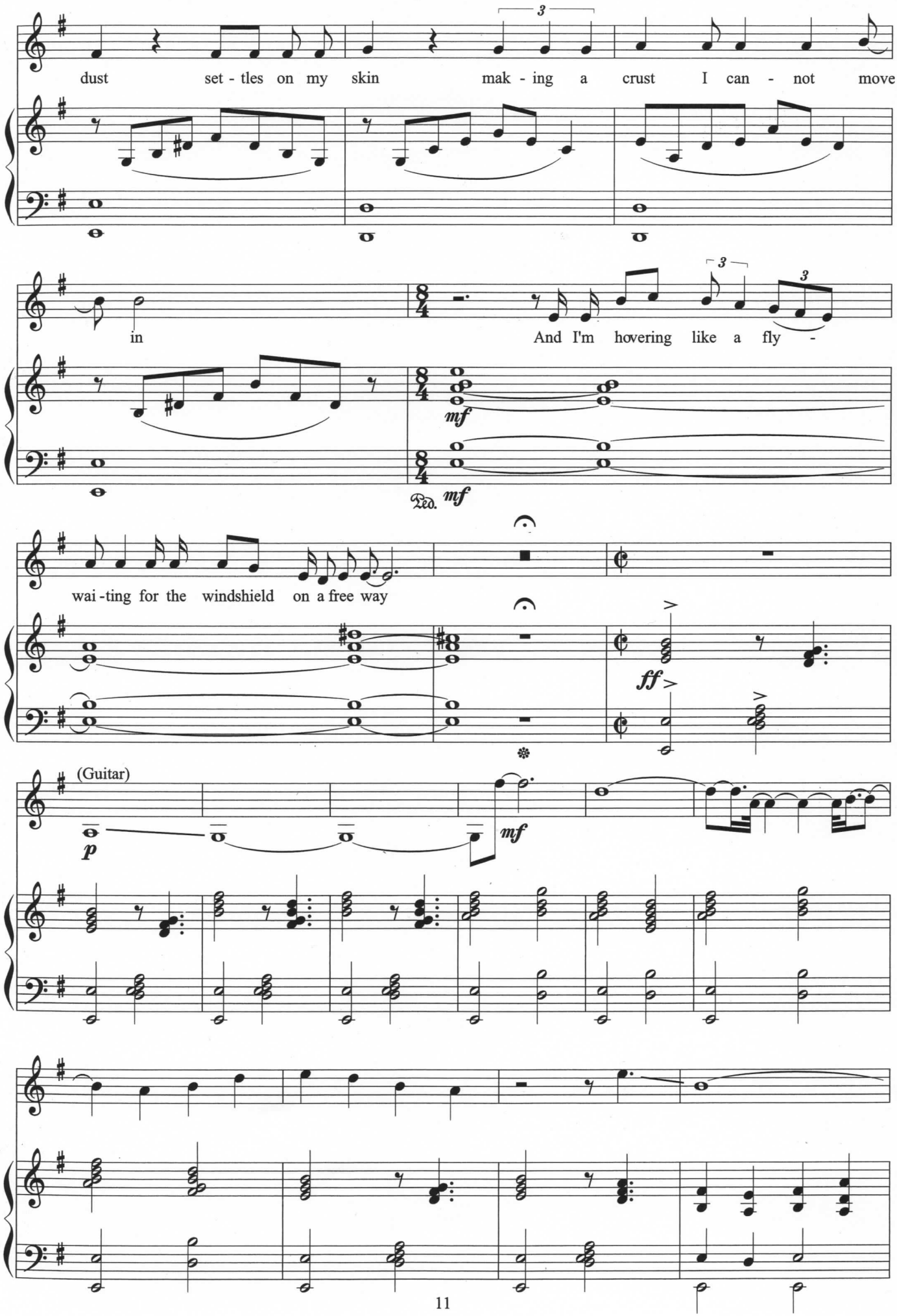
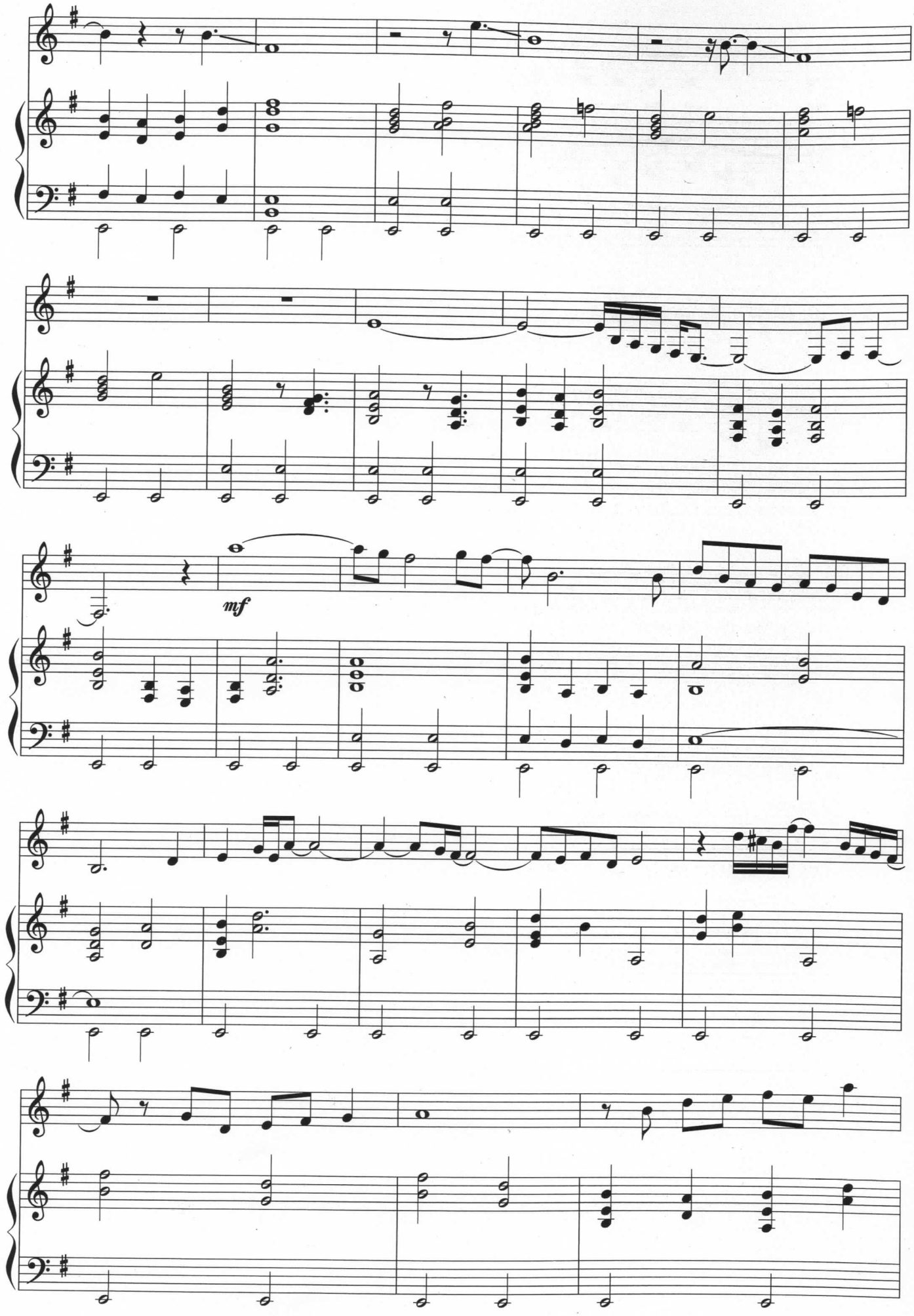
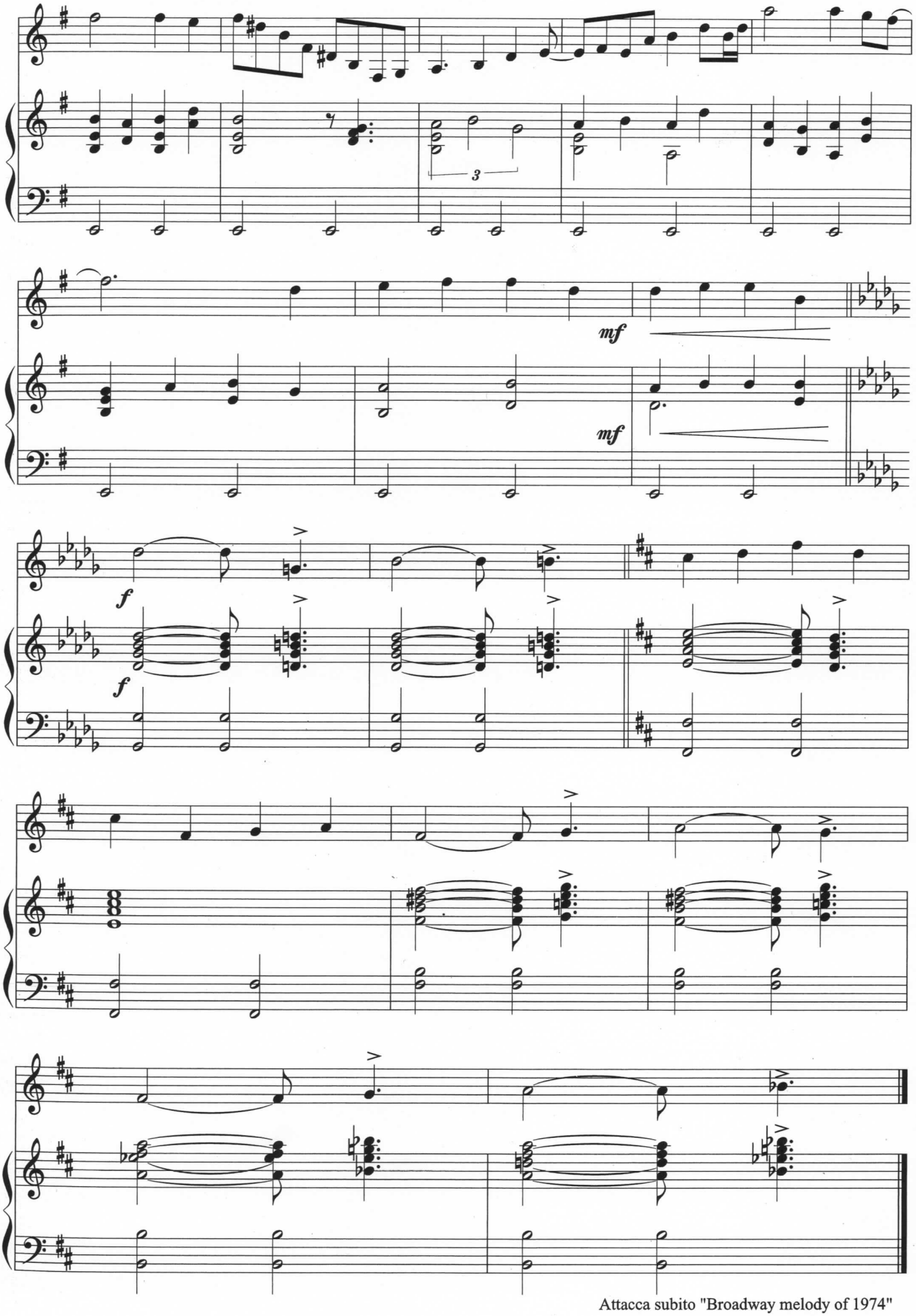

wall of death is low - ered in Times Square
p
p
mp No - one seems to care They
p
car - ry on as if no - thing was there
mp
p The wind is blowing har - der now blowing
mp
dust in - to my eyes - - - The


dust set - tles on my skin mak - ing a crust I can - not move
in
And I'm hovering like a fly -
mf
Ped.
mf
wai - ting for the windshield on a free way
ff
(Guitar)
p
mf

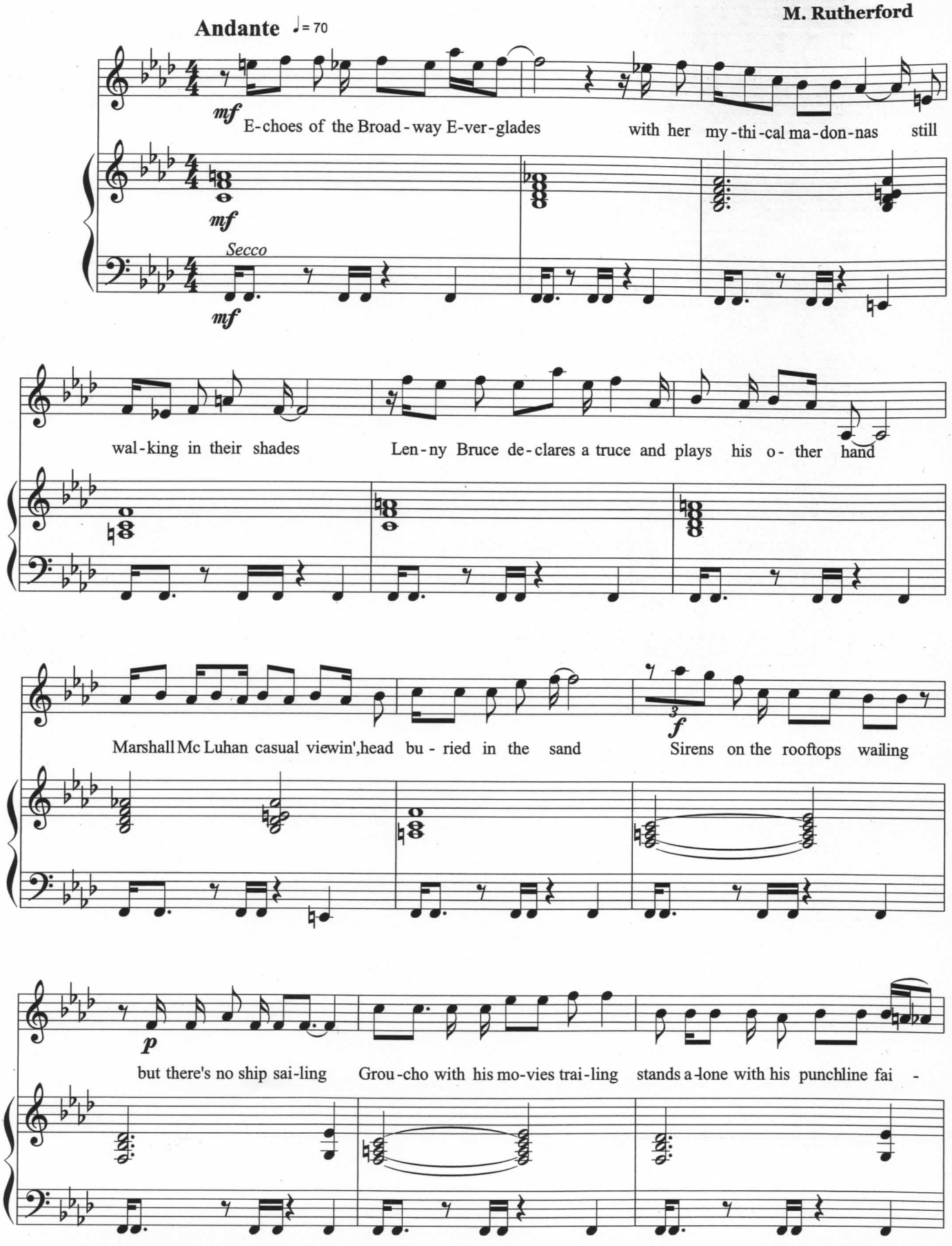

mf



Attacca subito "Broadway melody of 1974"

3. Broadway melody of 1974

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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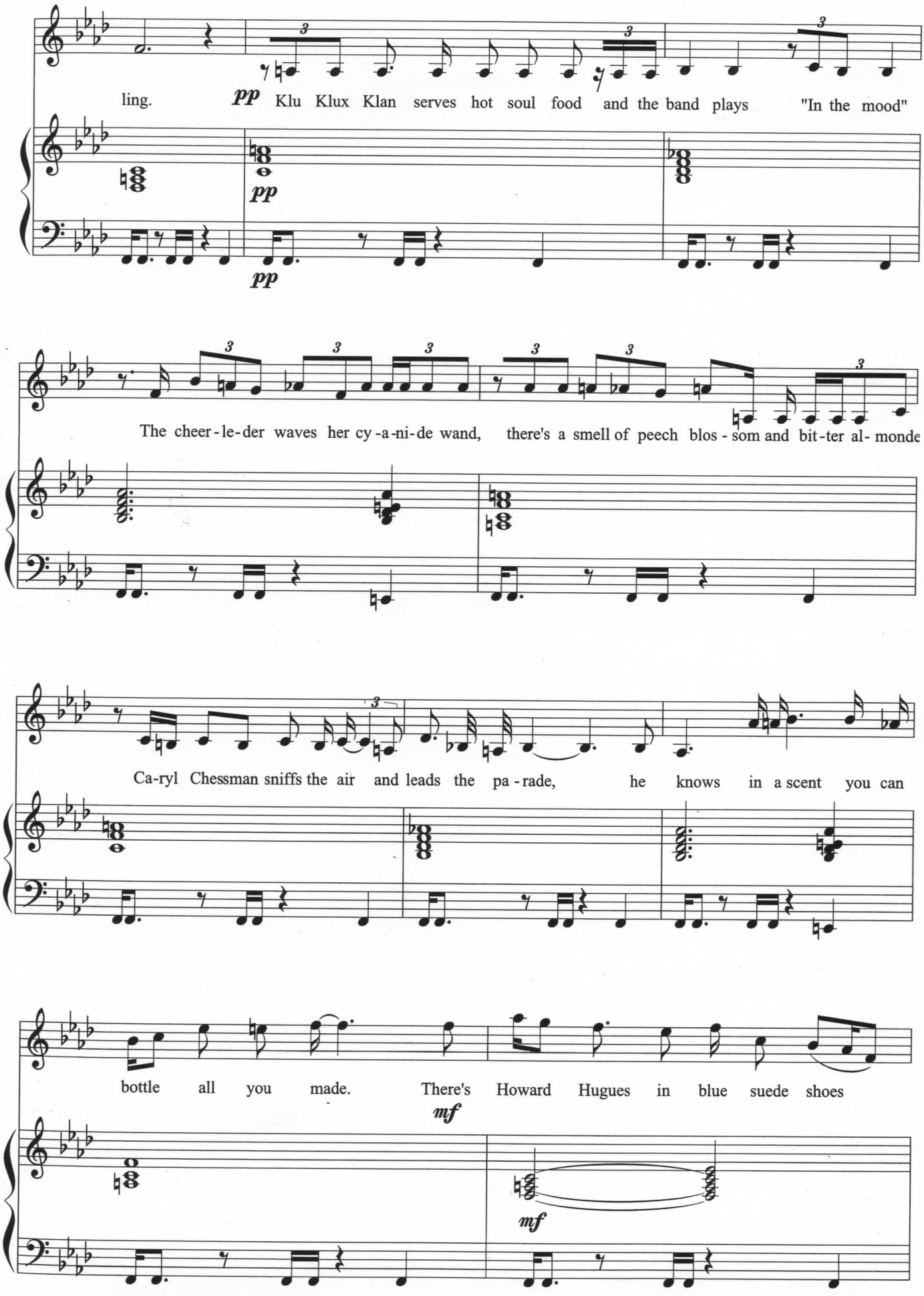
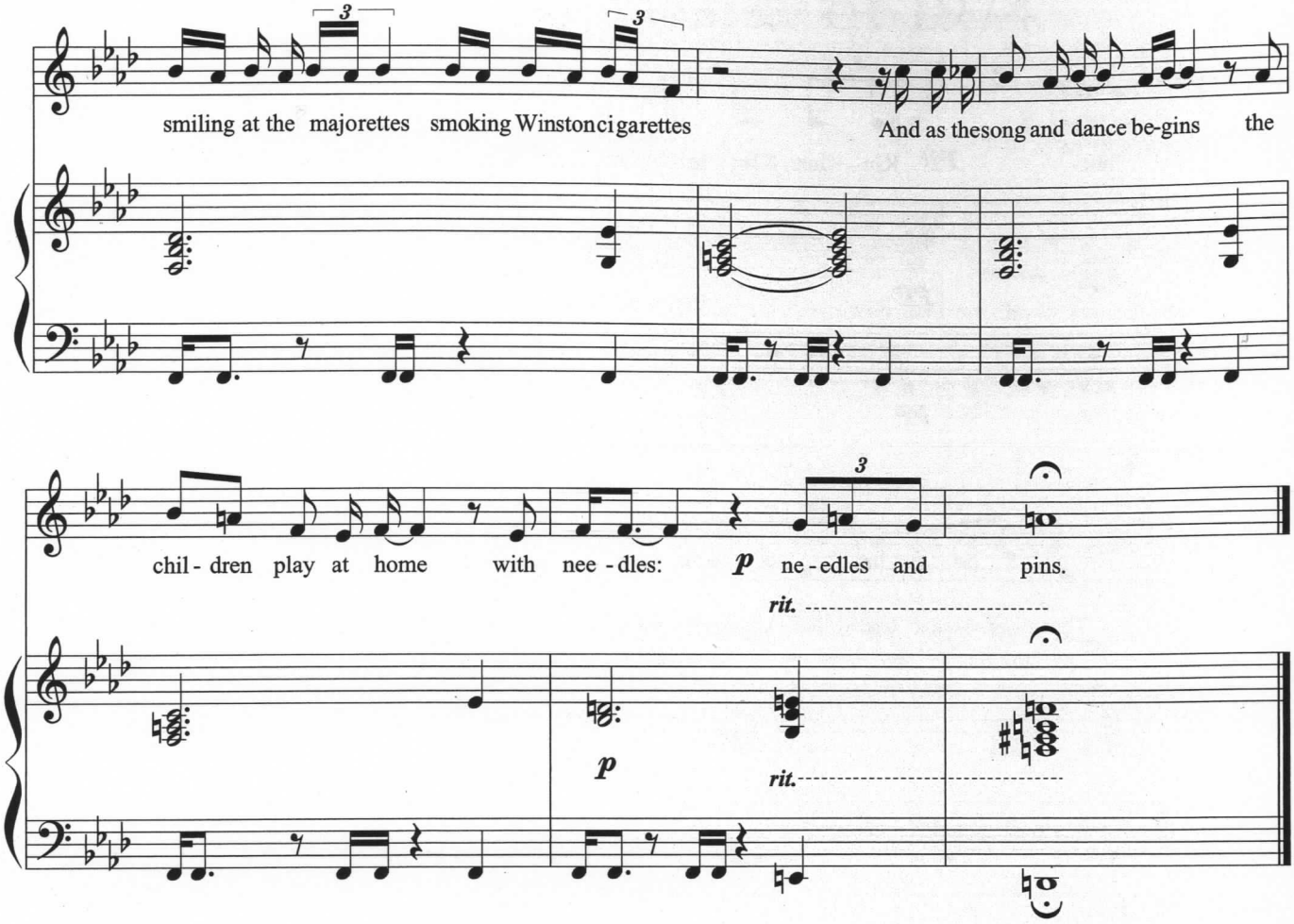
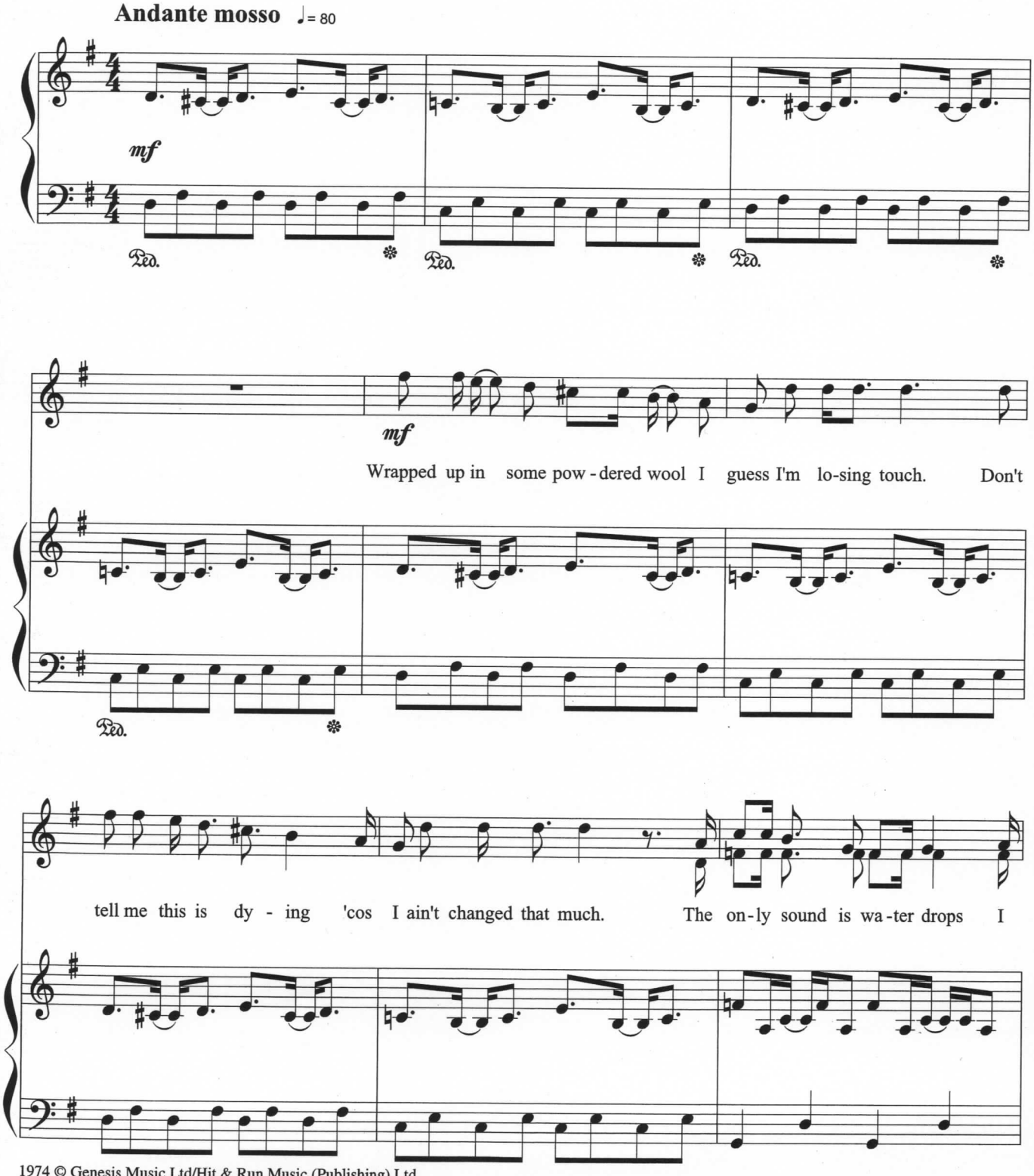

ling.
pp
Klu Klux Klan serves hot soul food and the band plays "In the mood"
pp
pp
The cheer-le-der waves her cy-a-ni-de wand, there's a smell of peech blos-som and bit-ter al-monde
Ca-ryl Chessman sniffs the air and leads the pa-rade, he knows in a scent you can
bottle all you made. There's Howard Hugues in blue suede shoes
mf
mf


smiling at the majorettes smoking Winstoncigarettes
And as thesong and dance be-gins the
chil - dren play at home with nee - dles:
p
ne - edles and pins.
rit.
p
rit.

4. Cuckoo Cocoon

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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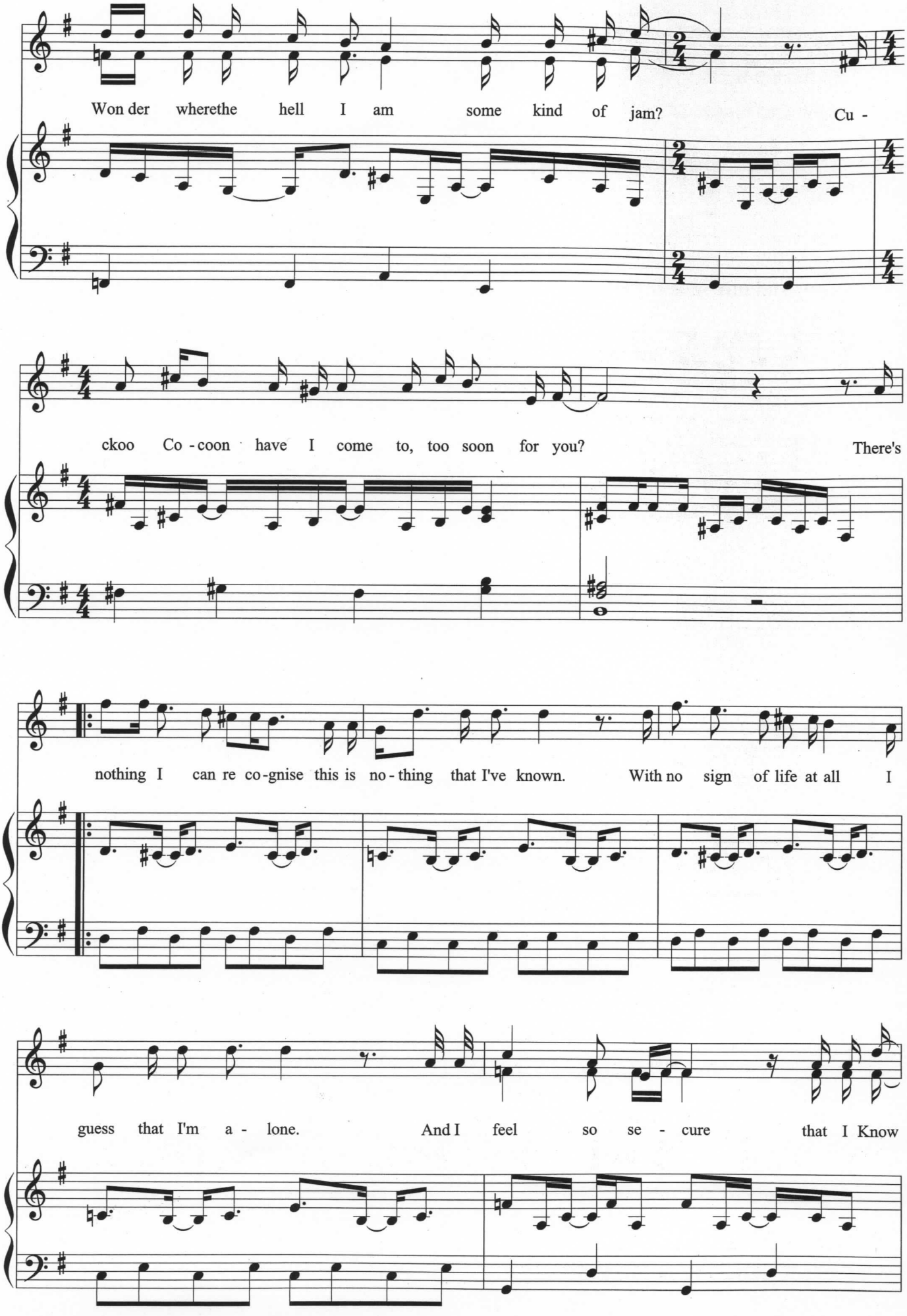
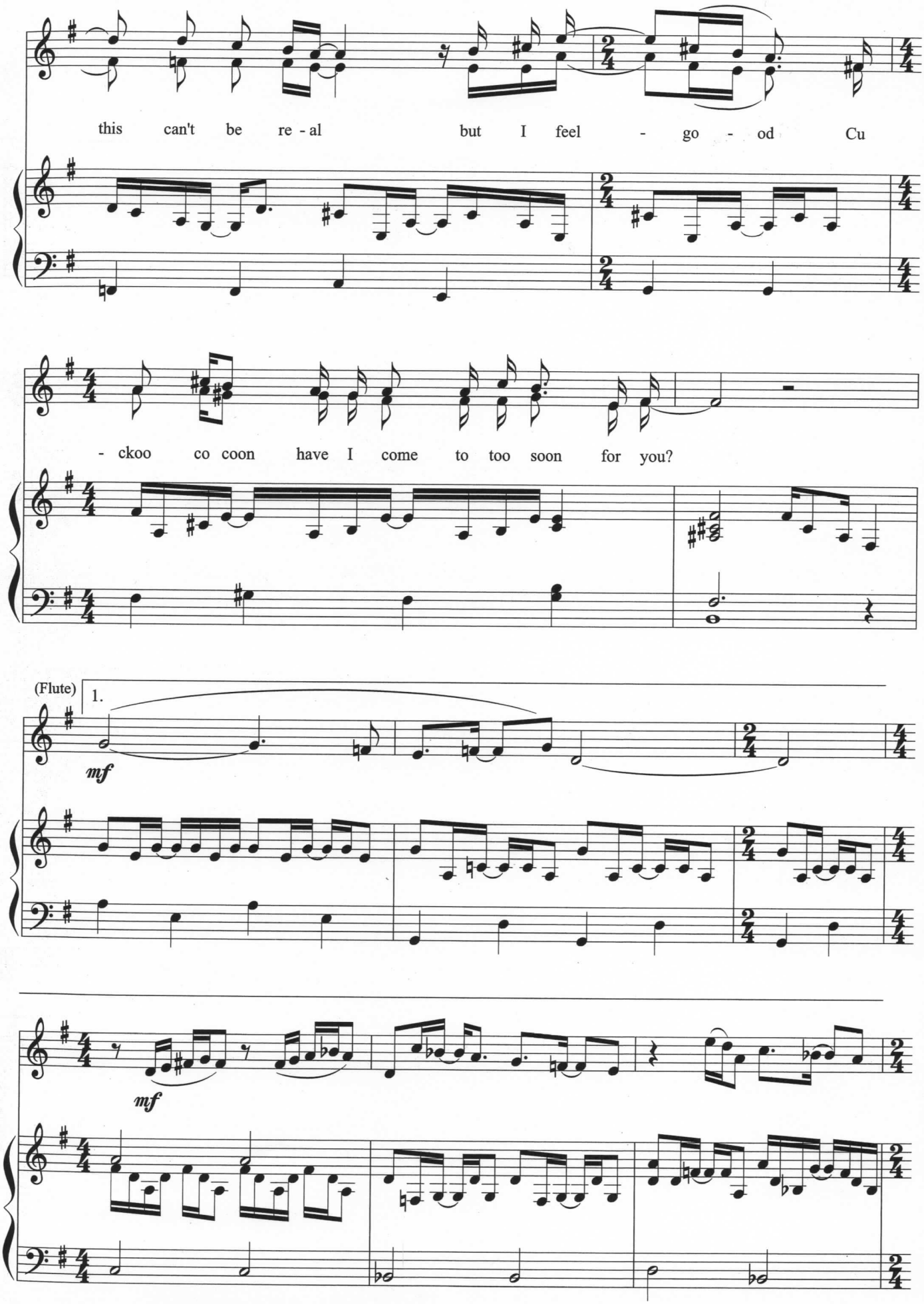
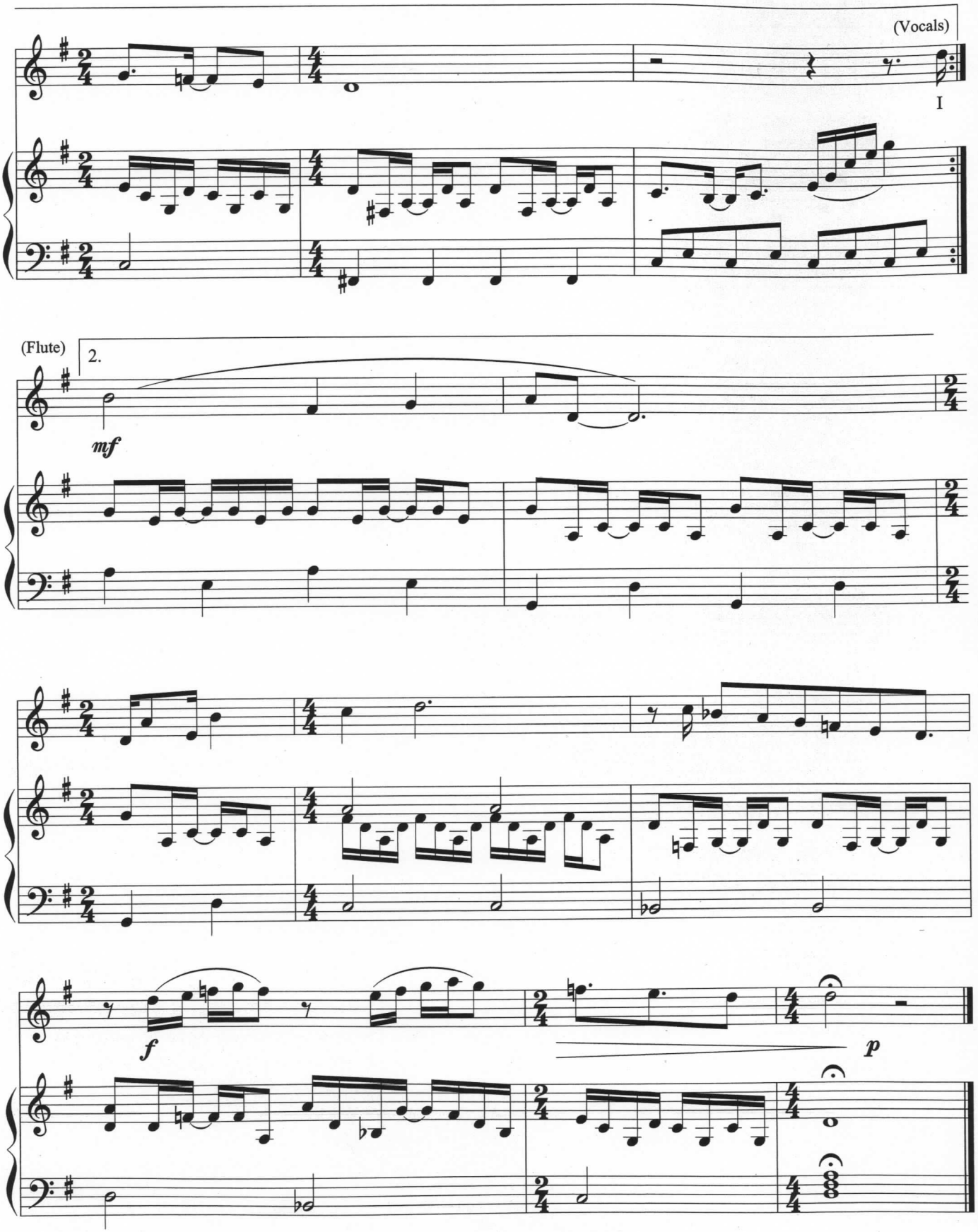

Won der wherethe hell I am some kind of jam? Cu -
ckoo Co - coon have I come to, too soon for you? There's
nothing I can re co-gnise this is no - thing that I've known. With no sign of life at all I
guess that I'm a - lone. And I feel so se - cure that I Know

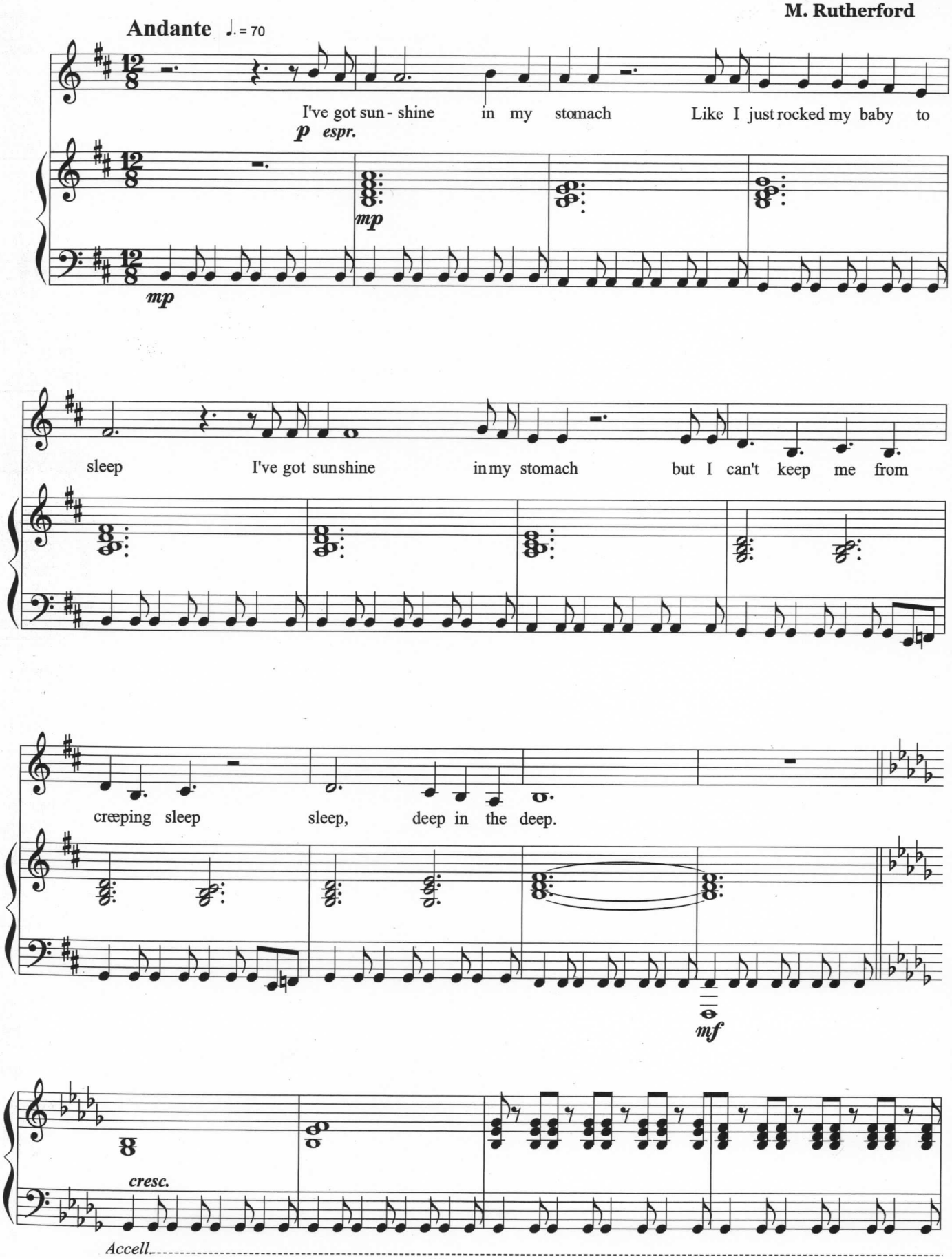

this can't be re - al but I feel - go - od Cu
- ckoo co coon have I come to too soon for you?
(Flute)
1.
mf
mf



I wonder if I'm a prisoner locked up in some Brooklyn jail
Or some sort of Jonah shut up inside the whale.
No - I'm still Rael, and I'm stuck in some kind of cave,
What could have saved me?
Cuckoo Cocoon have I come to, too soon for you?

5. In the cage

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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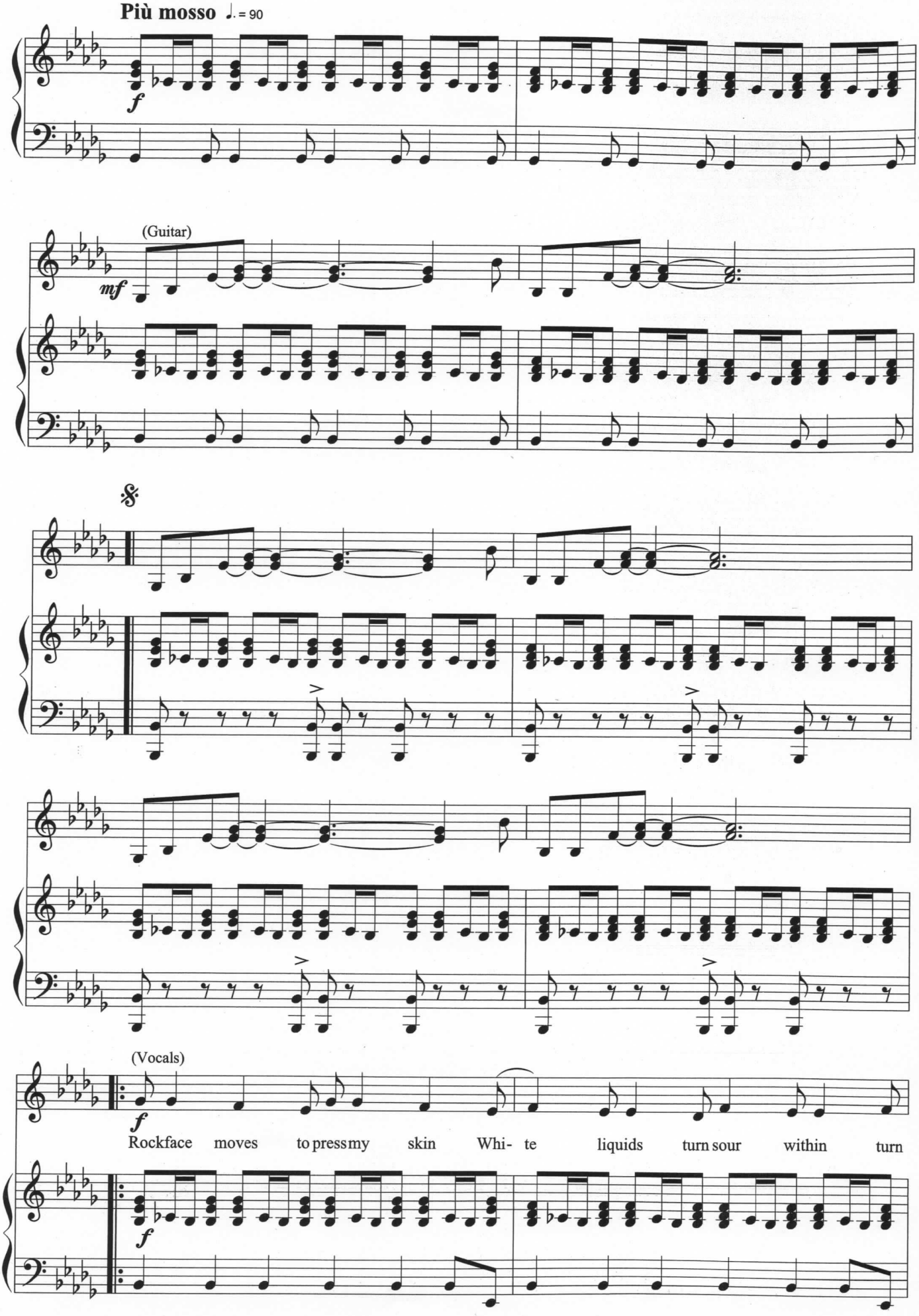
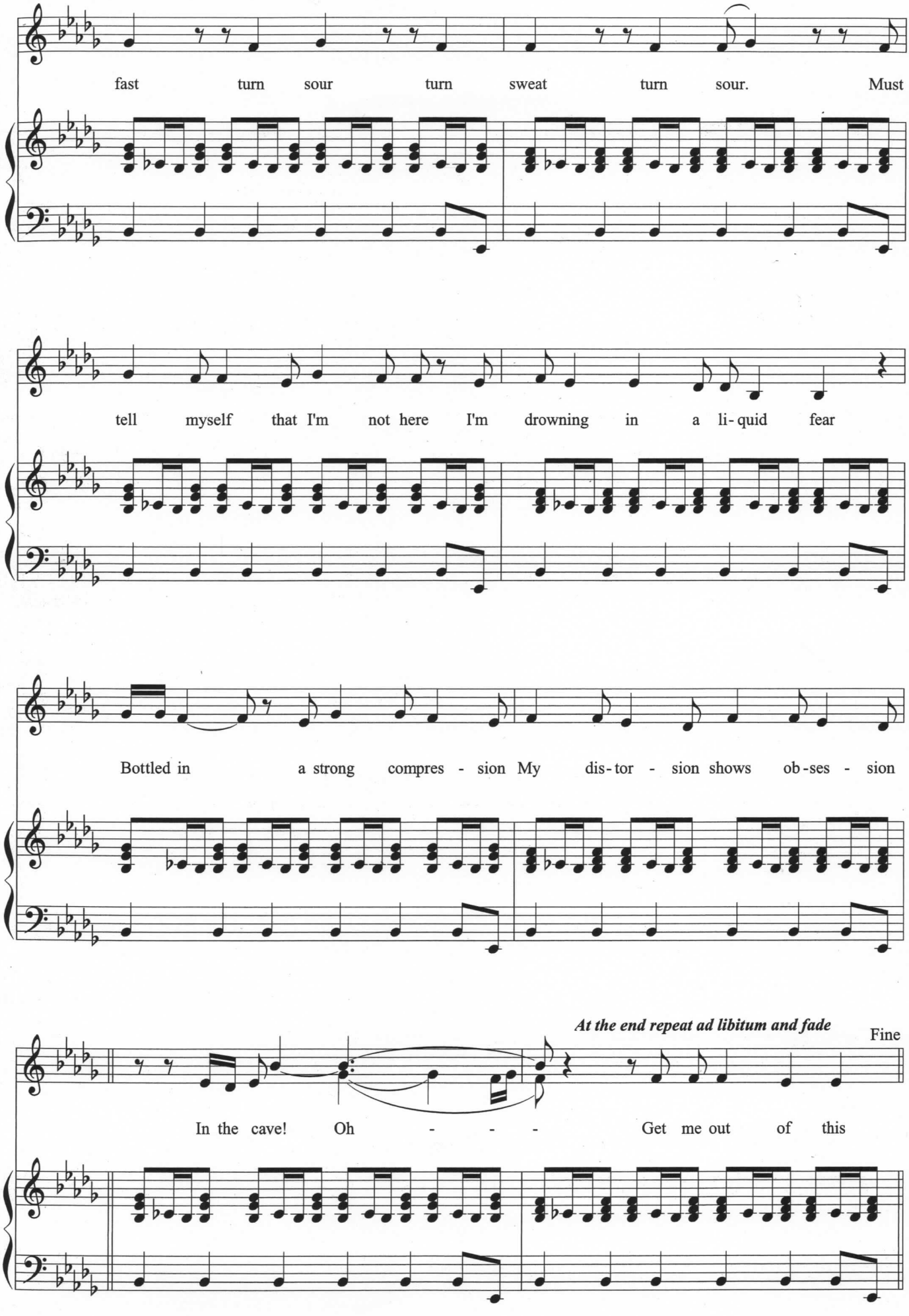
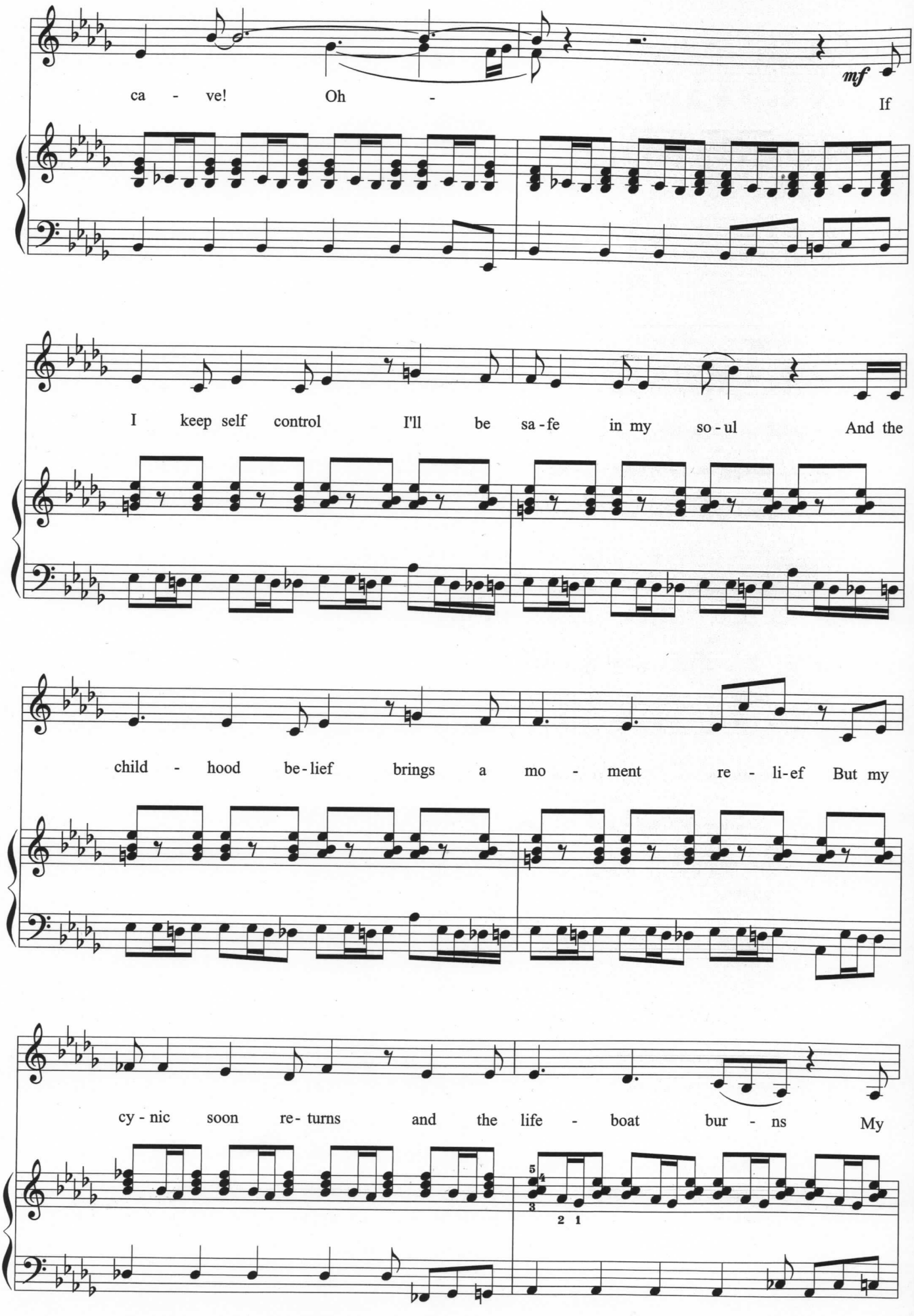
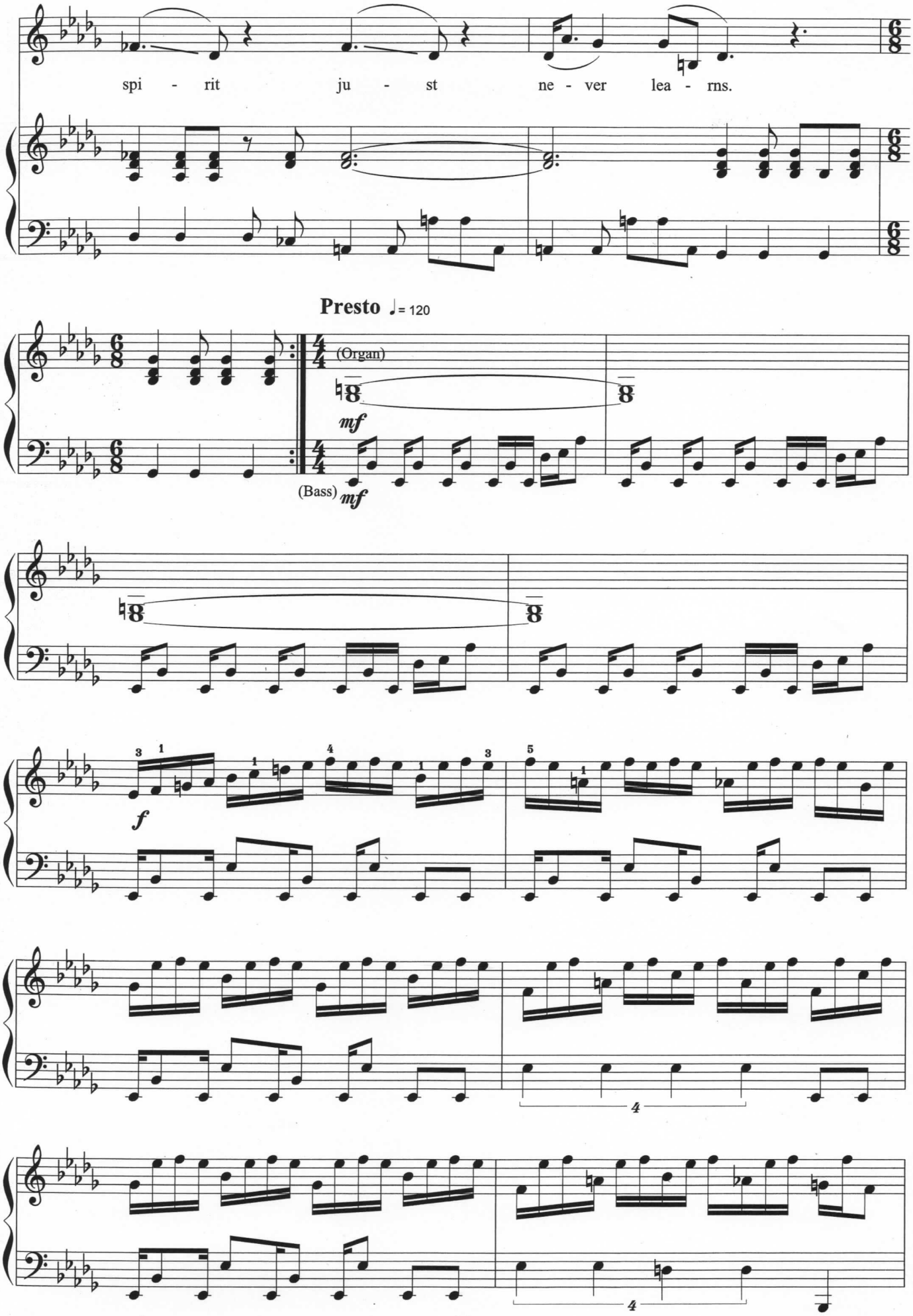
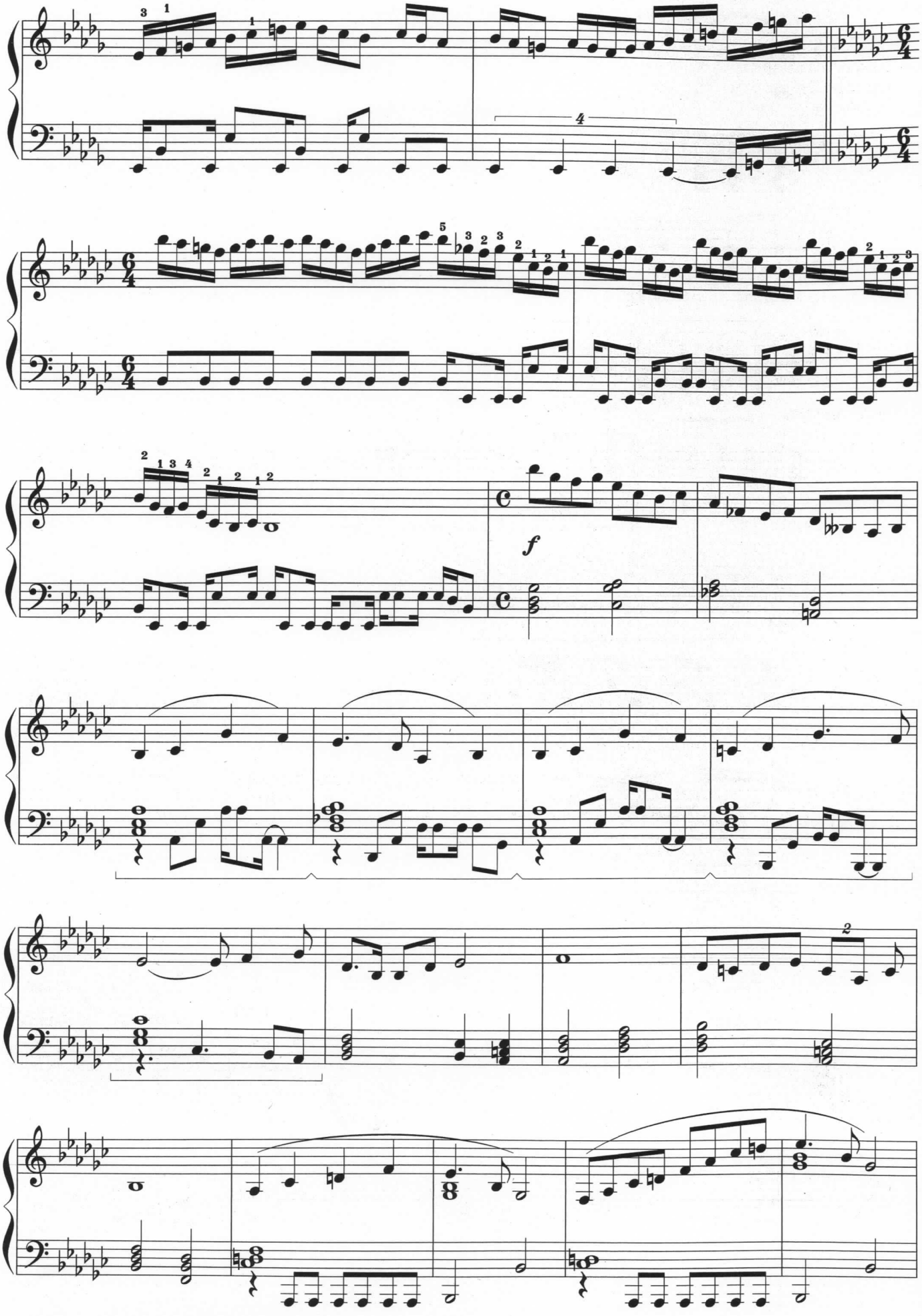
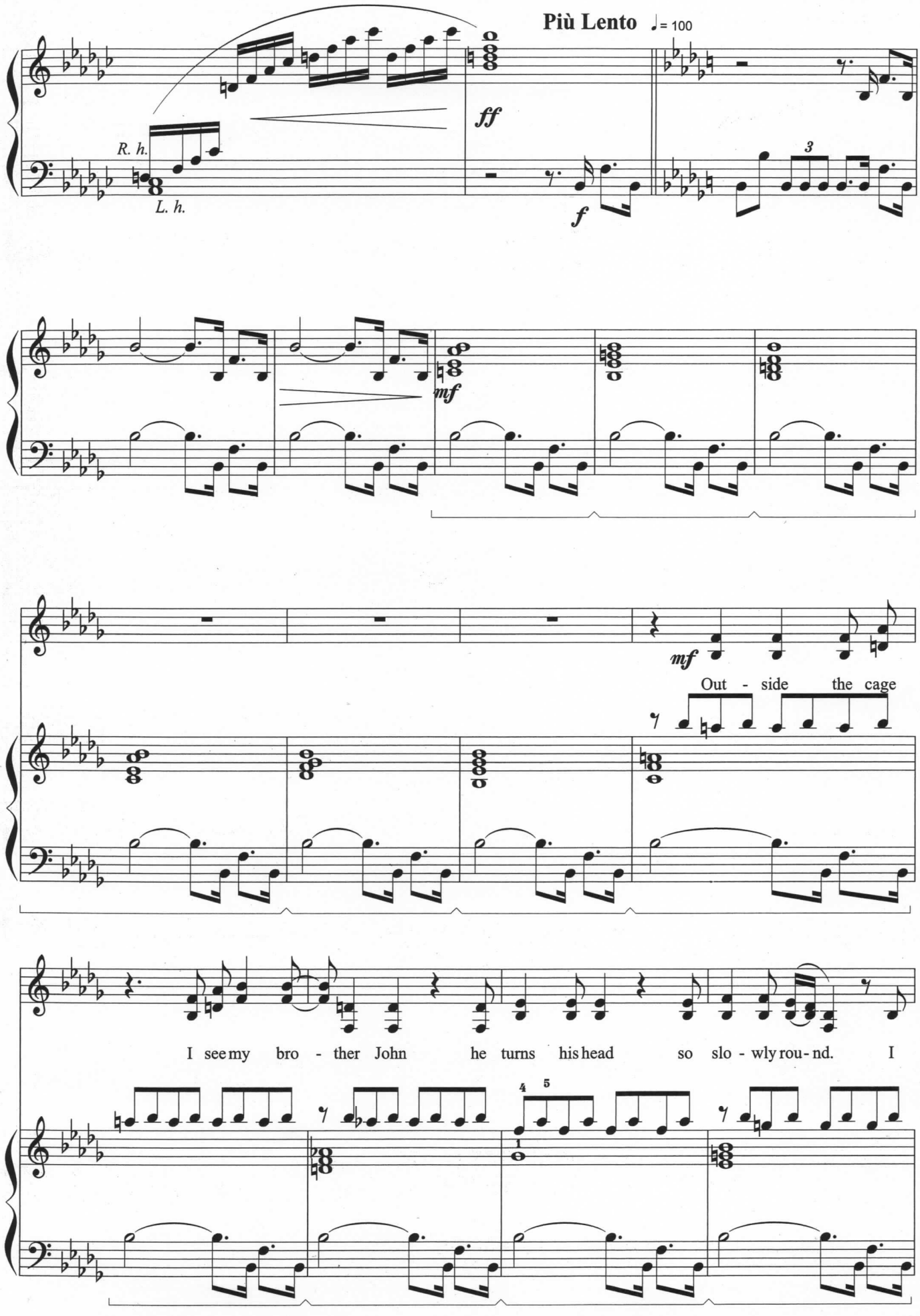

Più mosso ♩. = 90
f
(Guitar)
mf
𝄋
(Vocals)
f
Rockface moves to press my skin Whi- te liquids turn sour within turn
f

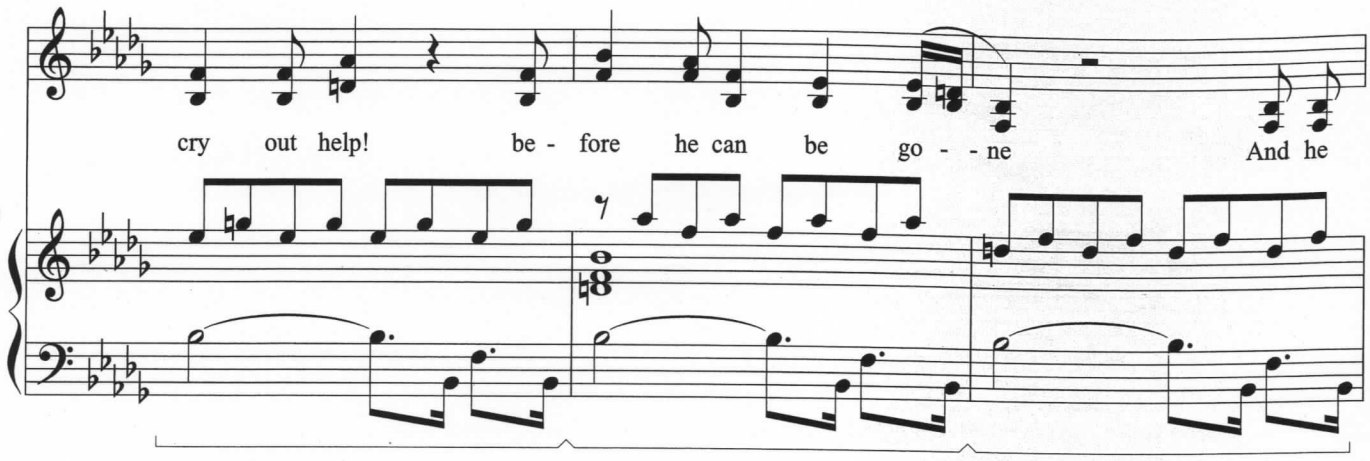

fast turn sour turn sweat turn sour. Must
tell myself that I'm not here I'm drowning in a li-quid fear
Bottled in a strong compres - sion My dis-tor - sion shows ob-ses - sion
At the end repeat ad libitum and fade
Fine
In the cave! Oh - - - Get me out of this

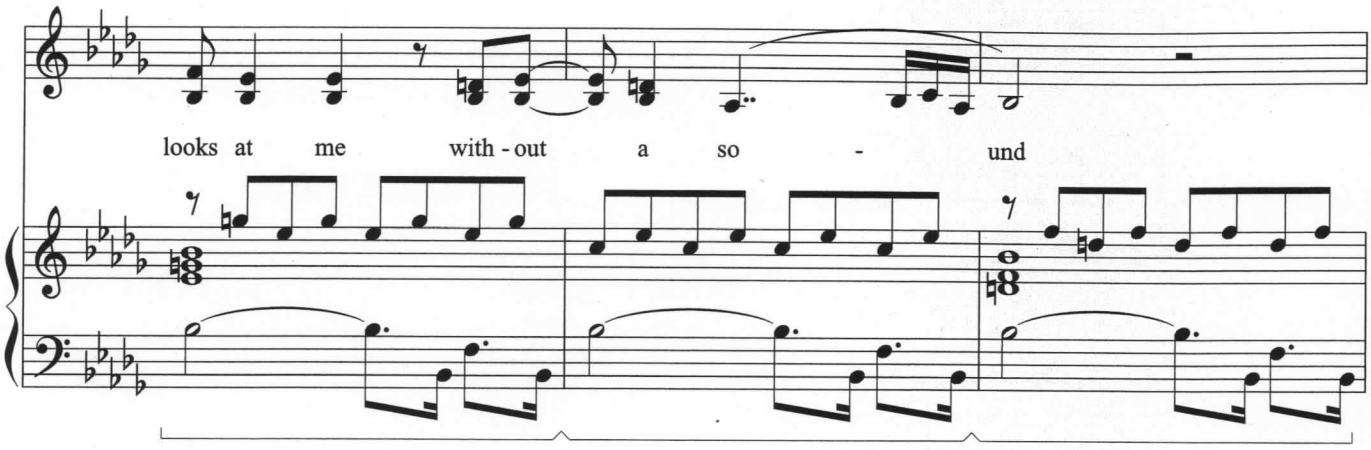

ca - ve! Oh -
mf
If
I keep self control I'll be sa - fe in my so - ul And the
child - hood be - lief brings a mo - ment re - li - ef But my
cy - nic soon re - turns and the life - boat bur - ns My


spi - rit ju - st ne - ver lea - rns.
Presto ♩= 120
(Organ)
mf
(Bass)
mf
f
4
4

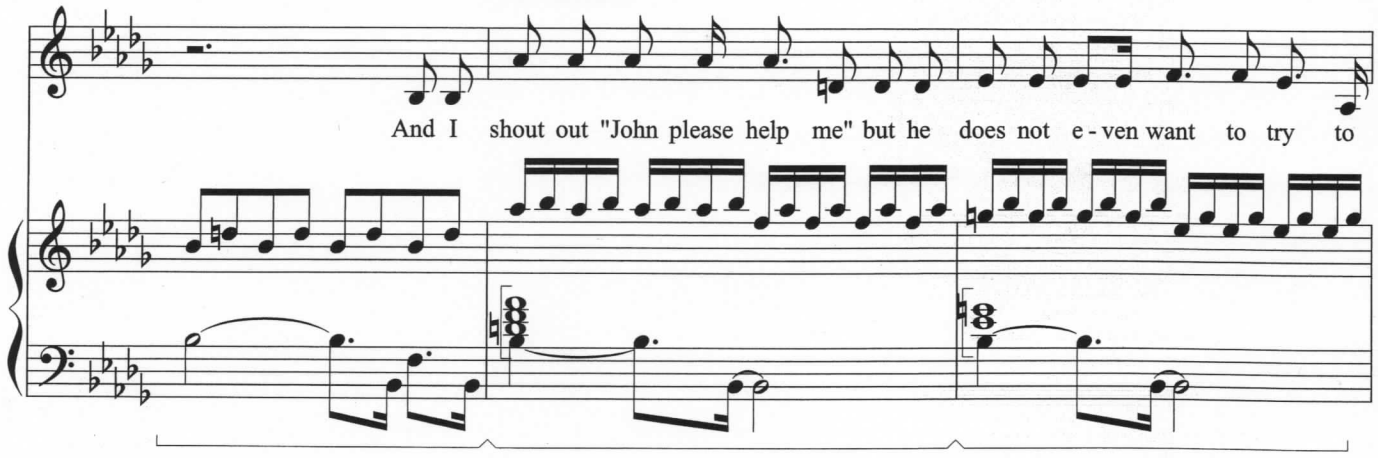

f

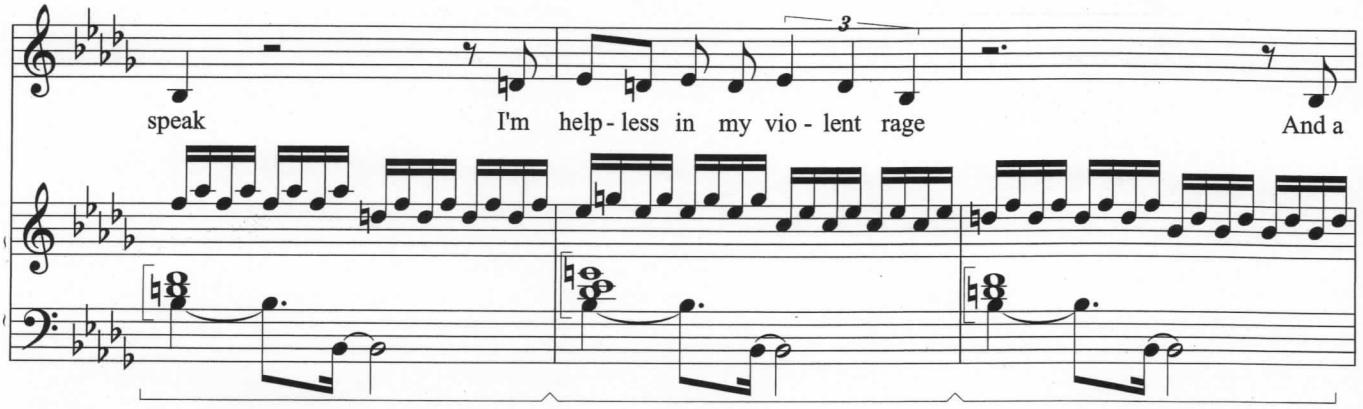

Più Lento ♩= 100
ff
R. h.
L. h.
f
3
mf
mf
Out - side the cage
I see my bro - ther John he turns his head so slo - wly rou - nd. I
4 5

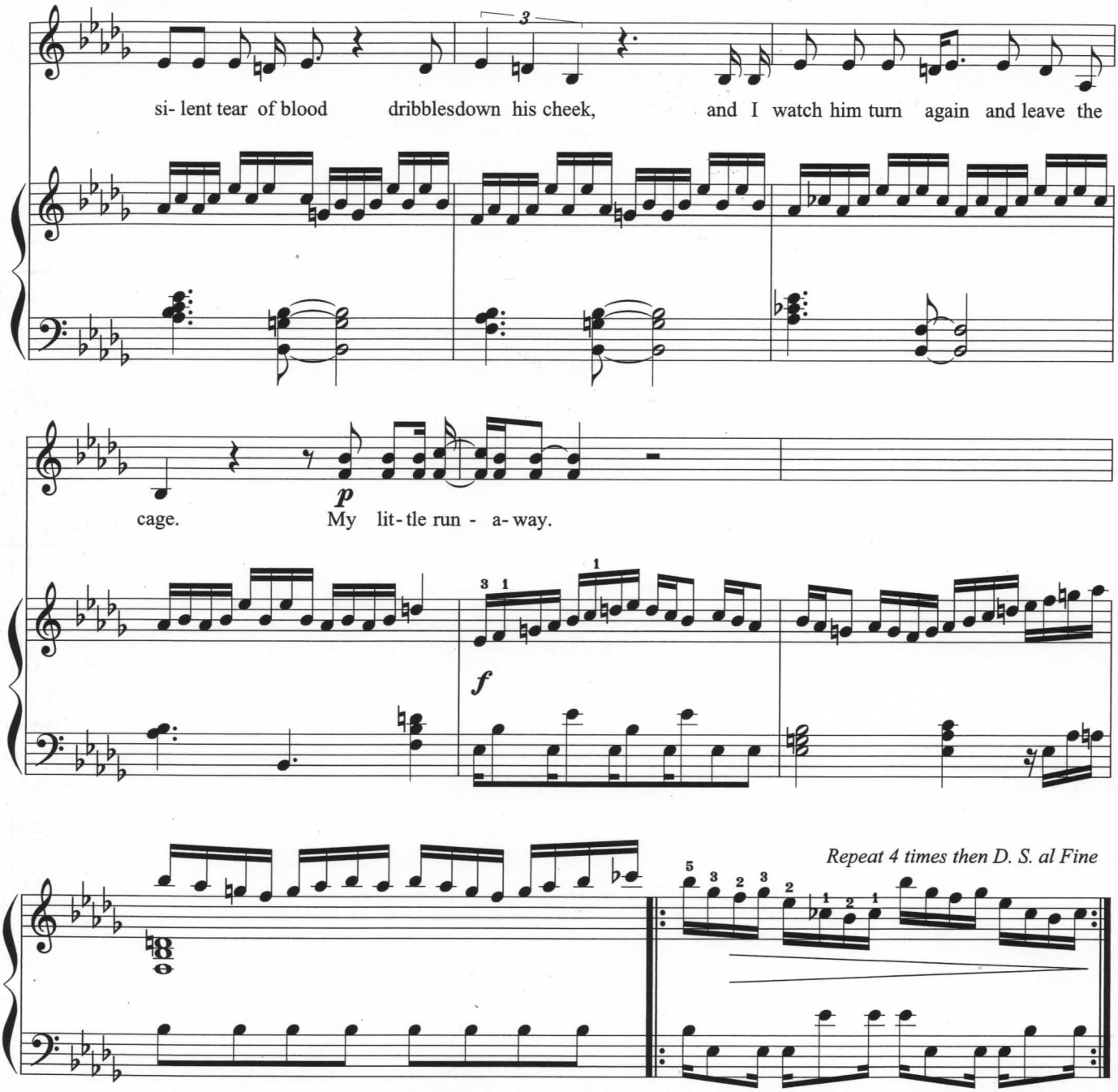

cry out help! be - fore he can be go - - ne And he


looks at me with - out a so - und

Più mosso


And I shout out "John please help me" but he does not e - ven want to try to


3
speak I'm help - less in my vio - lent rage And a



Stalactites, stalagmites
Shut me in, lock me tight.
Lips are dry, throat is dry.
Feel like burning, stomach churning,
I'm dressed up in white costume
Padding out left-over room.
Body stretching, feel the wretching
In the cage
Get me out of the cage!

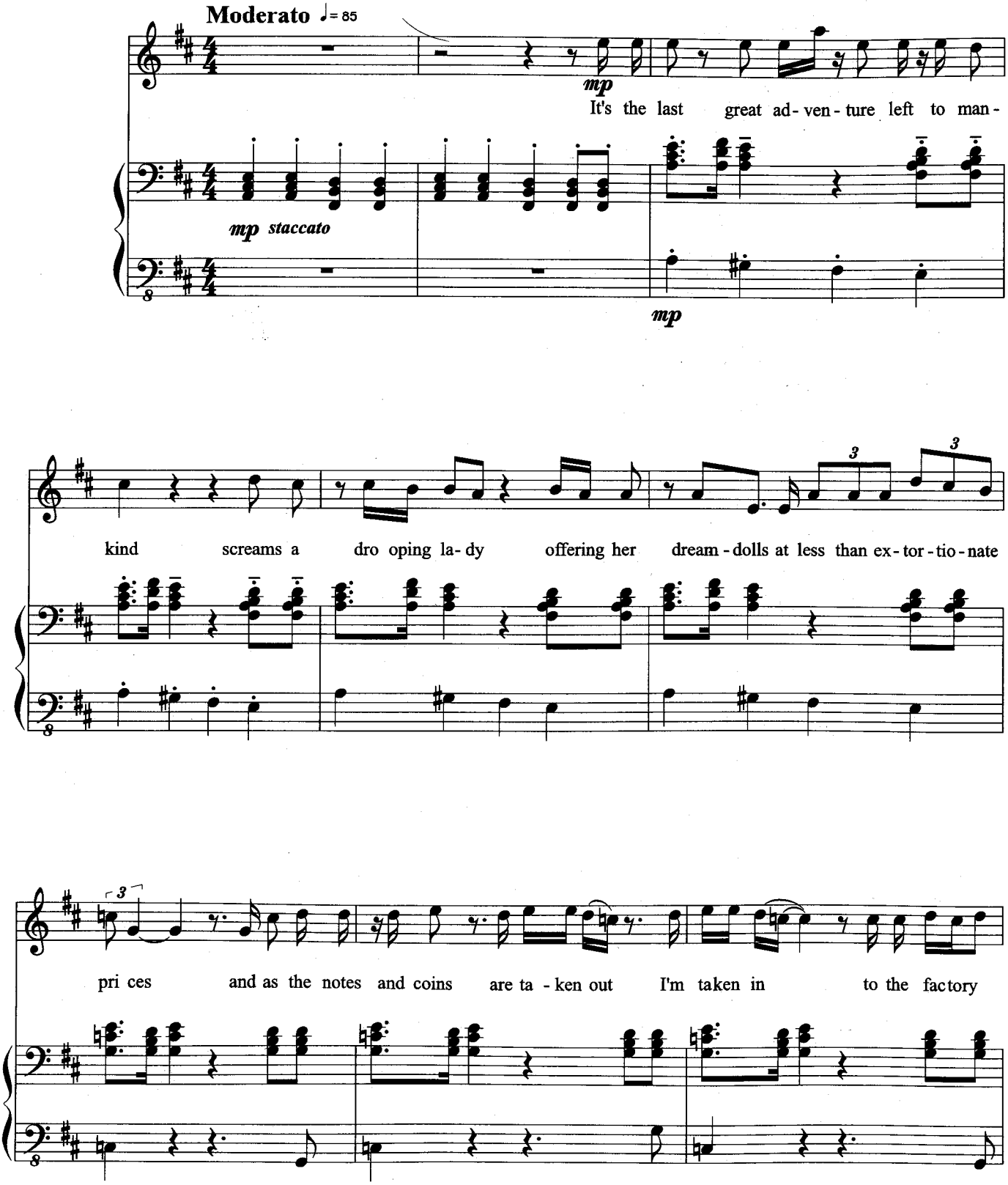
In the glare of a light,
I see a strange kind of sight;
Of cages joined to form a star
Each person can't go very far;
All tied to their things
They are netted by their strings,
Free to flutter in memories of their wasted wings.

In a trap, feel a strap
Holding still, Pinned for kill.
Chances narrow that I'll make it,
In the cushioned straitjacket.
Just like 22nd St,
And they got me by my neck and feet.
Pressure's building, can't take more.
My headache's charged. Earaches roar.
In this pain
Get me out of this pain.
If I could change to liquid,
I could fill the cracks up in the rock.
But I know that I am solid
And I am my own bad luck.
Outside John disappears and my cage dissolves,
And without any reason my body revolves.

Keep on turning
Turning around just spinning around.
Down, down, down...

6. The grand parade of lifeless packaging

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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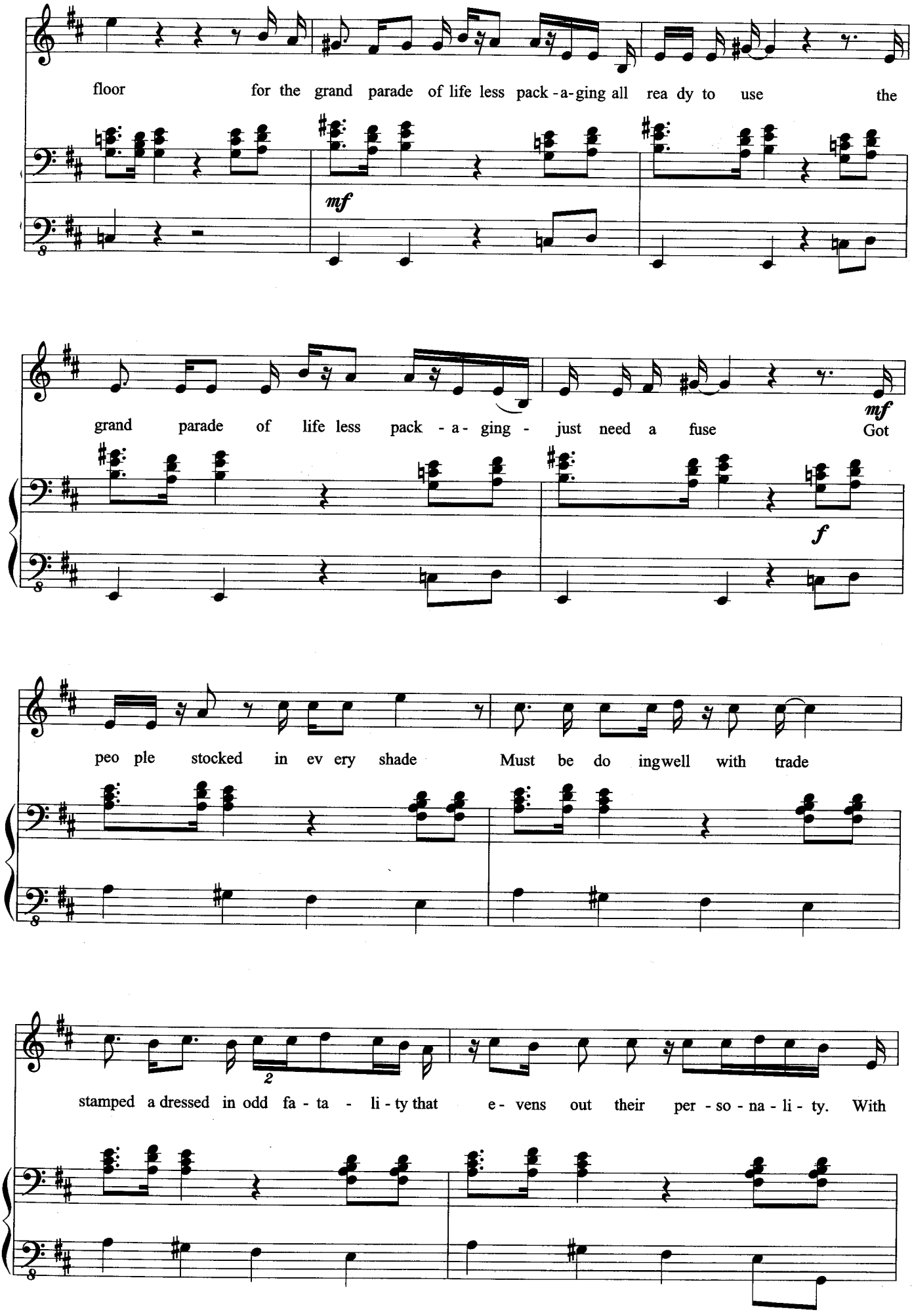
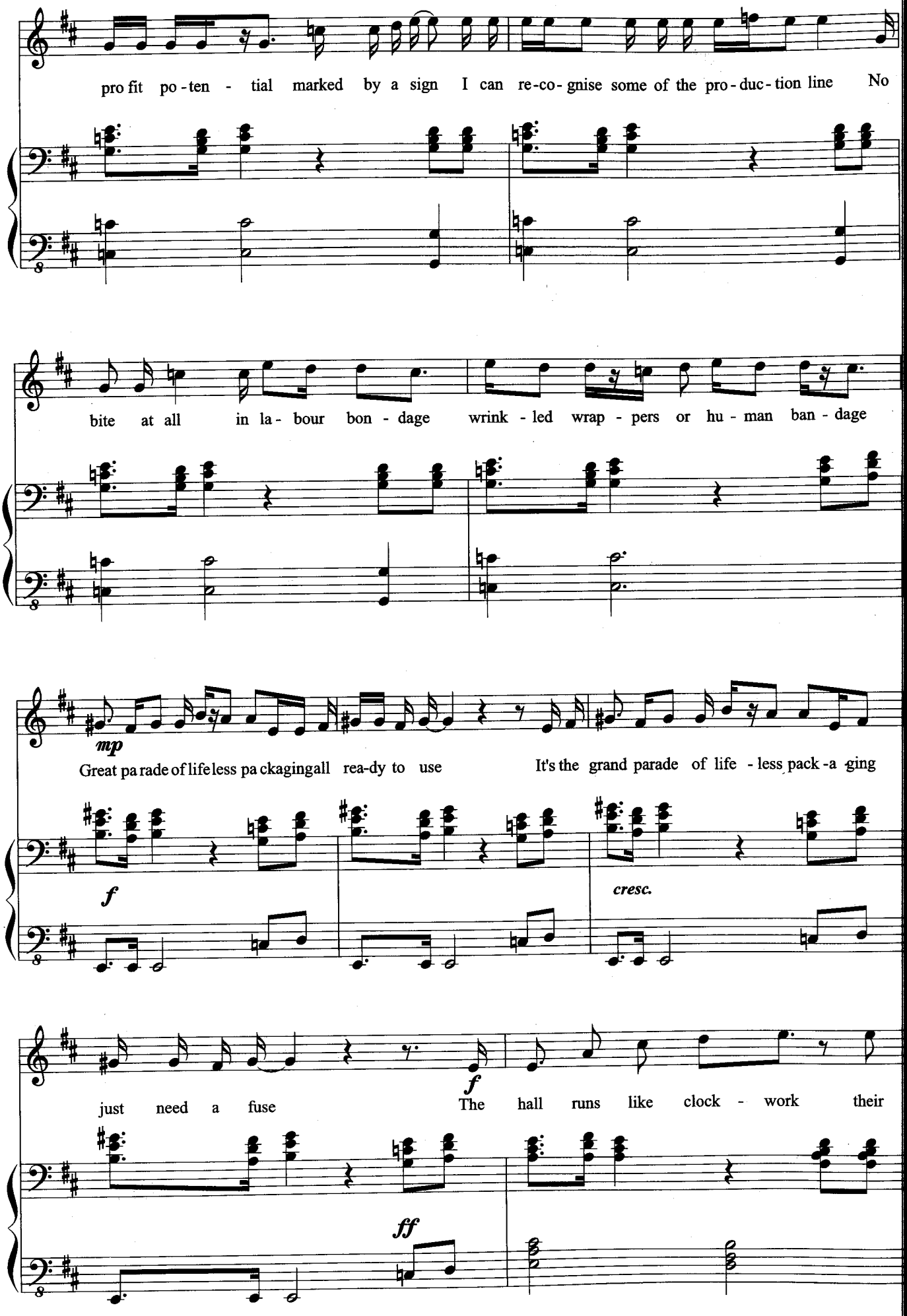
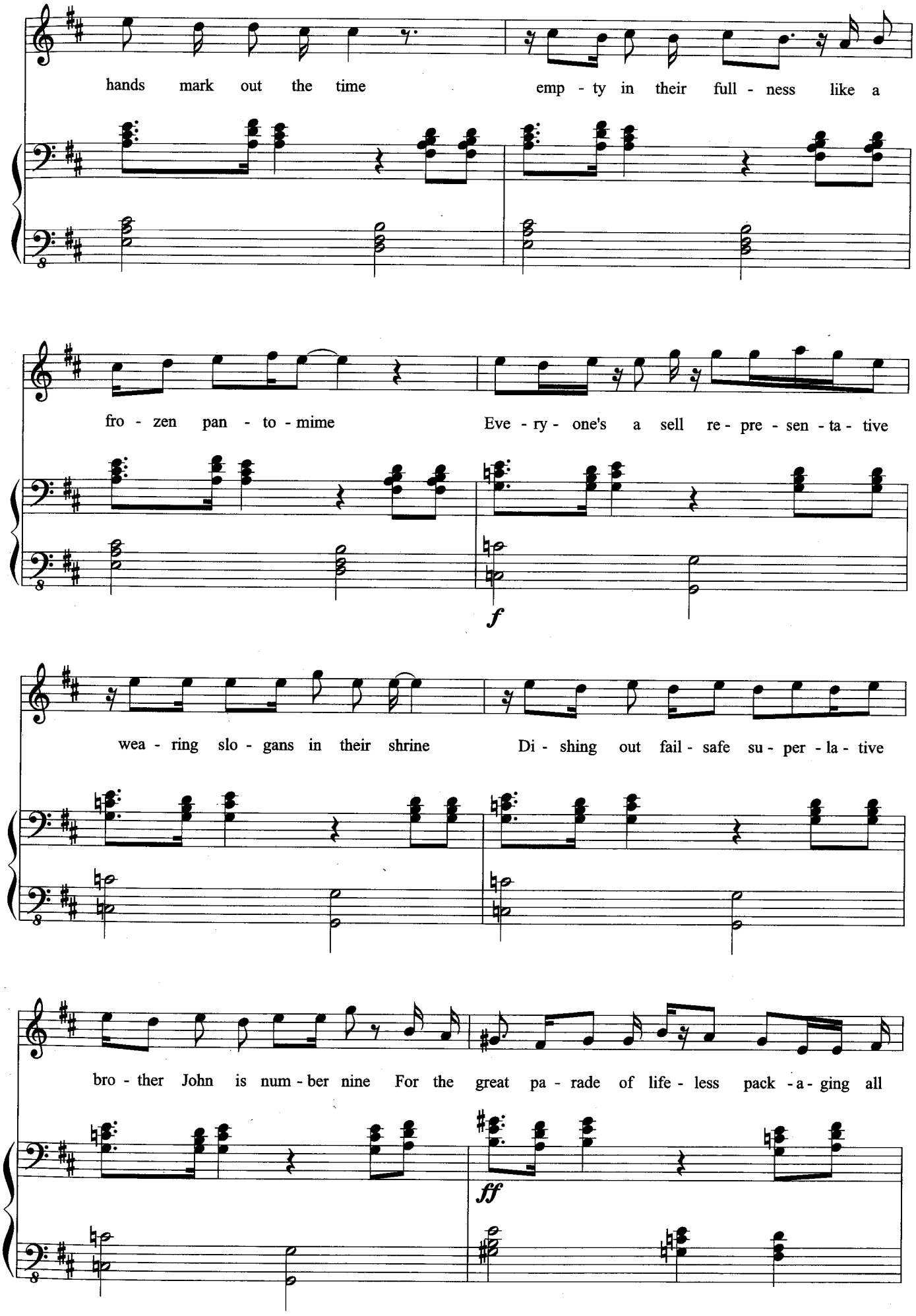
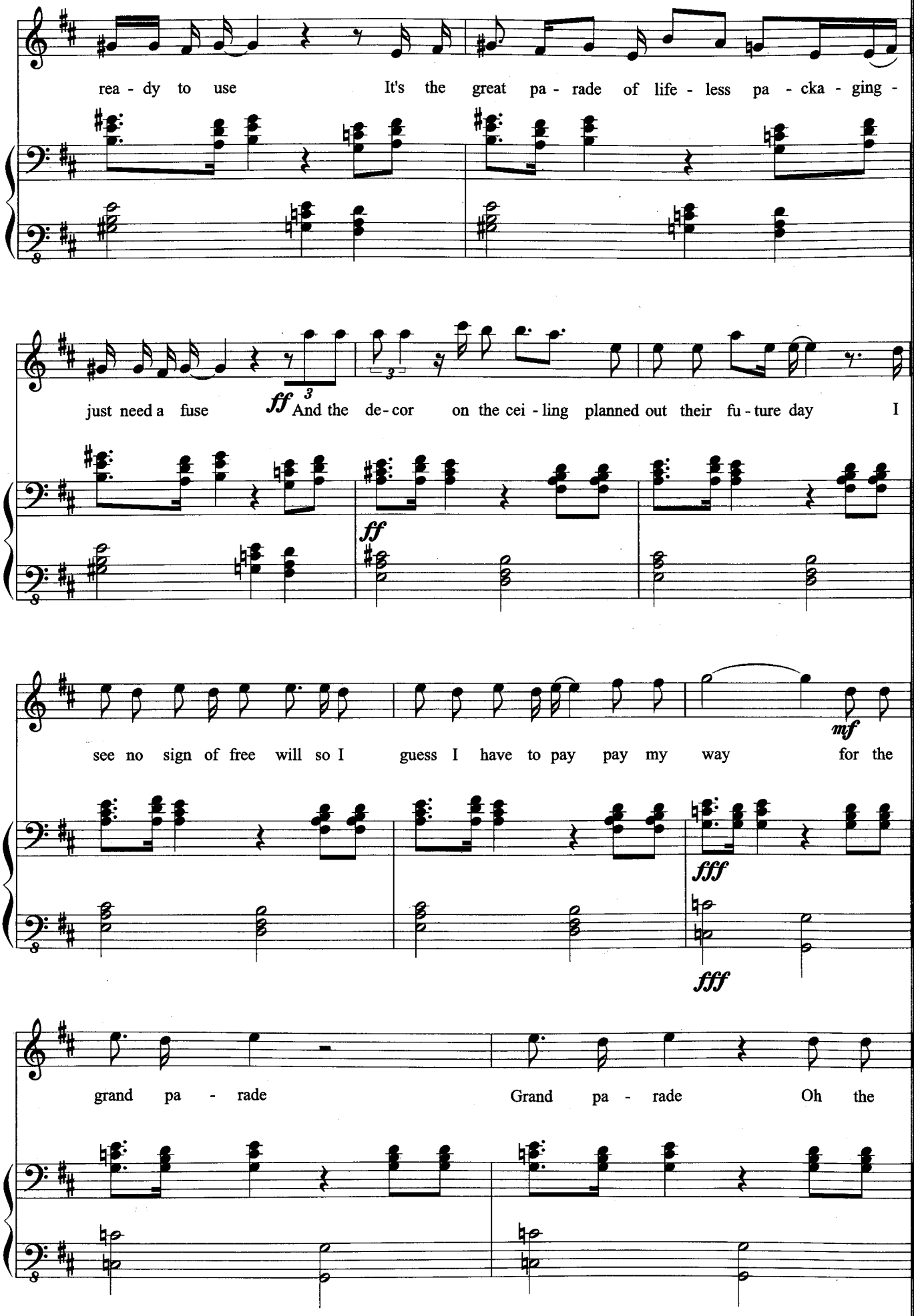
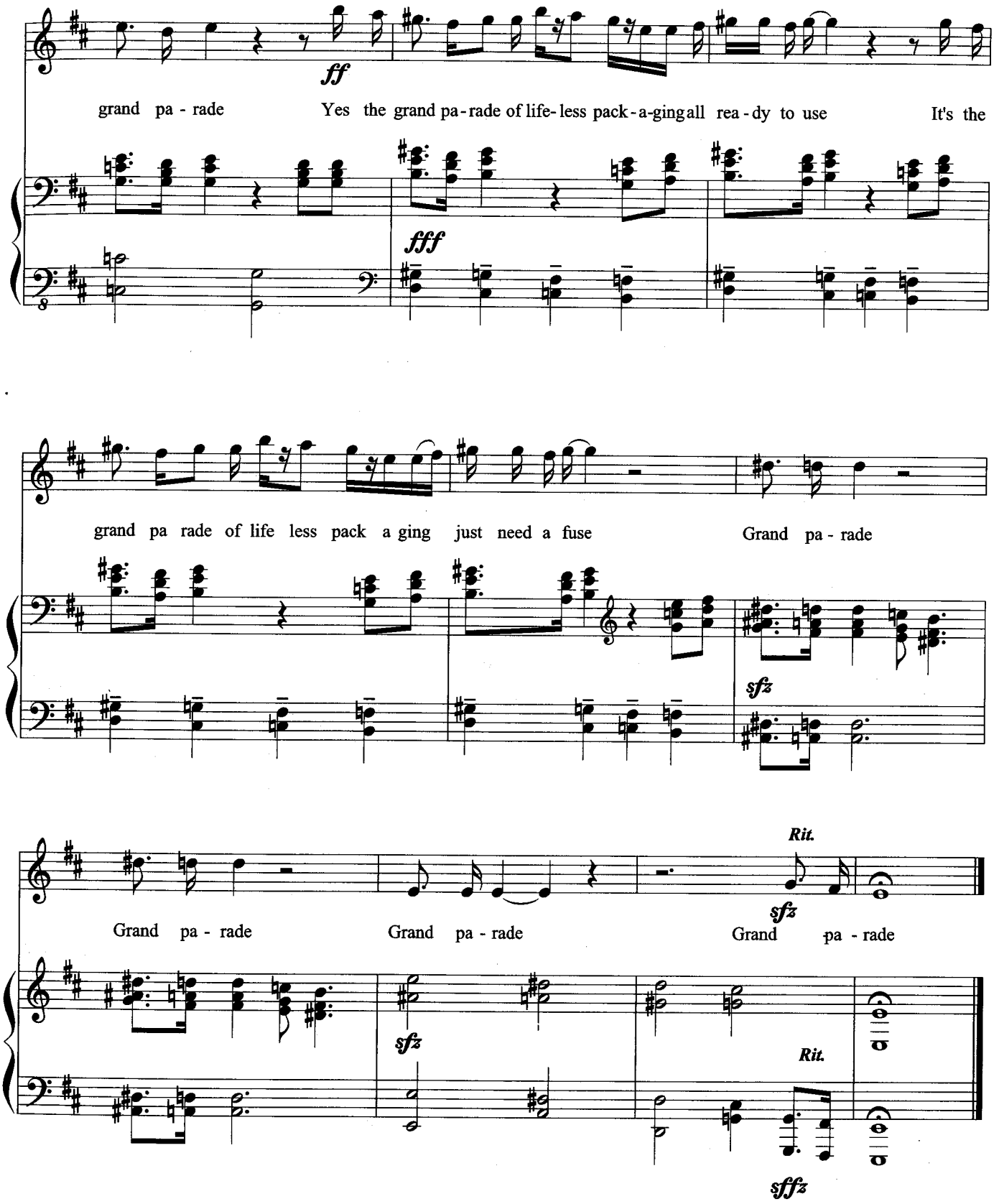

floor for the grand parade of life less pack - a - ging all rea dy to use the
mf
grand parade of life less pack - a - ging - just need a fuse Got
mf
f
peo ple stocked in ev ery shade Must be do ingwell with trade
2
stamped a dressed in odd fa - ta - li - ty that e - vens out their per - so - na - li - ty. With


pro fit po - ten - tial marked by a sign I can re-co - gnise some of the pro - duc - tion line No
bite at all in la - bour bon - dage wrink - led wrap - pers or hu - man ban - dage
mp
Great pa rade of life less pa ckagingall rea-dy to use
It's the grand parade of life - less pack - a - ging
f
cresc.
f
just need a fuse
The hall runs like clock - work their
ff

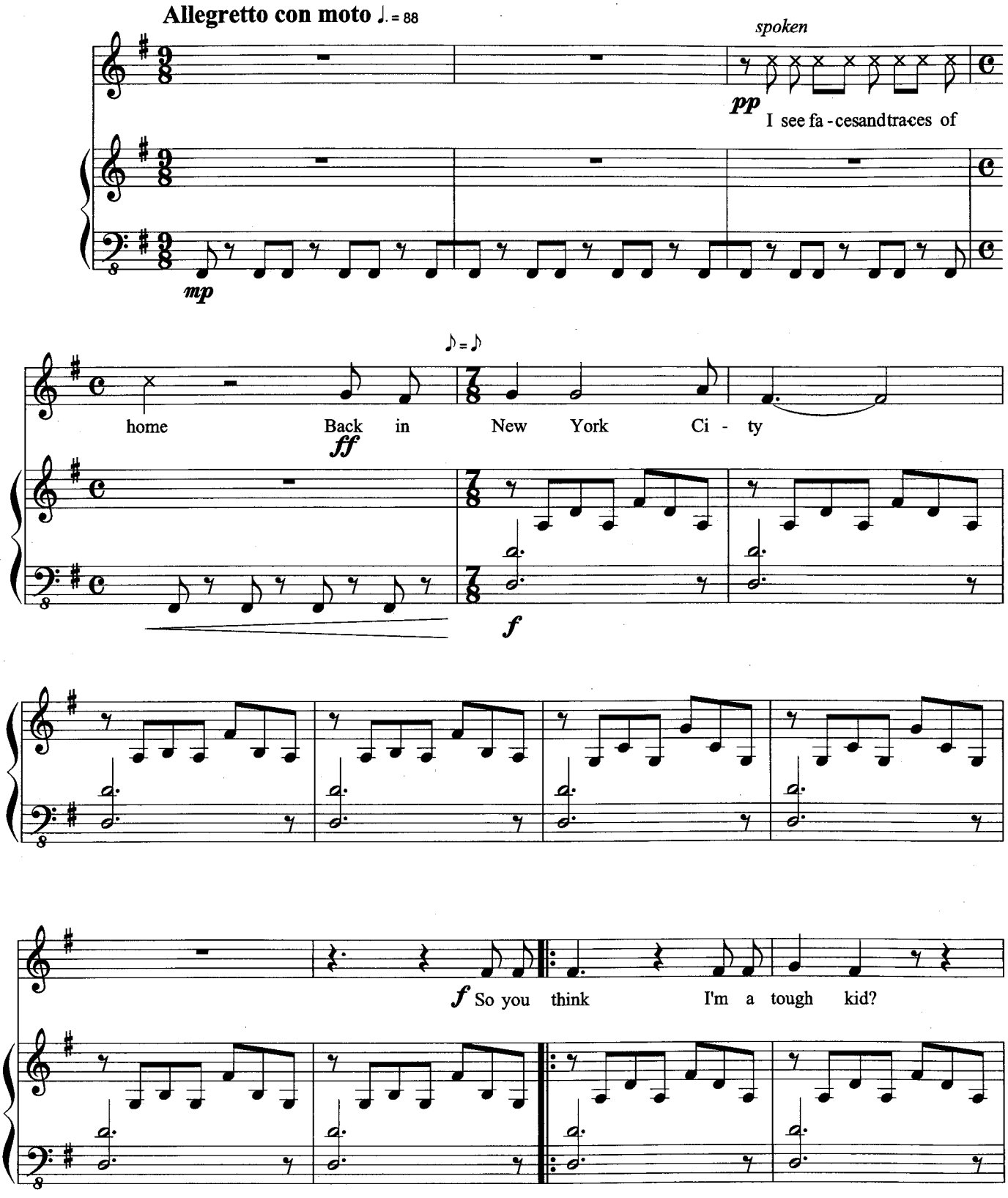

hands mark out the time
emp - ty in their full - ness like a
fro - zen pan - to - mime
Eve - ry - one's a sell re - pre - sen - ta - tive
f
wea - ring slo - gans in their shrine
Di - shing out fail - safe su - per - la - tive
bro - ther John is num - ber nine
For the great pa - rade of life - less pack - a - ging all
ff


rea - dy to use It's the great pa - rade of life - less pa - cka - ging -
just need a fuse ff And the de - cor on the cei - ling planned out their fu - ture day I
ff
see no sign of free will so I guess I have to pay pay my way for the
mf
fff
fff
grand pa - rade Grand pa - rade Oh the


ff
grand pa - rade
Yes the grand pa - rade of life - less pack - a - ging all rea - dy to use
It's the
fff
grand pa rade of life less pack a ging
just need a fuse
Grand pa - rade
sfz
Rit.
sfz
Grand pa - rade
Grand pa - rade
Grand pa - rade
sfz
Rit.
sffz

7. Back in New York City

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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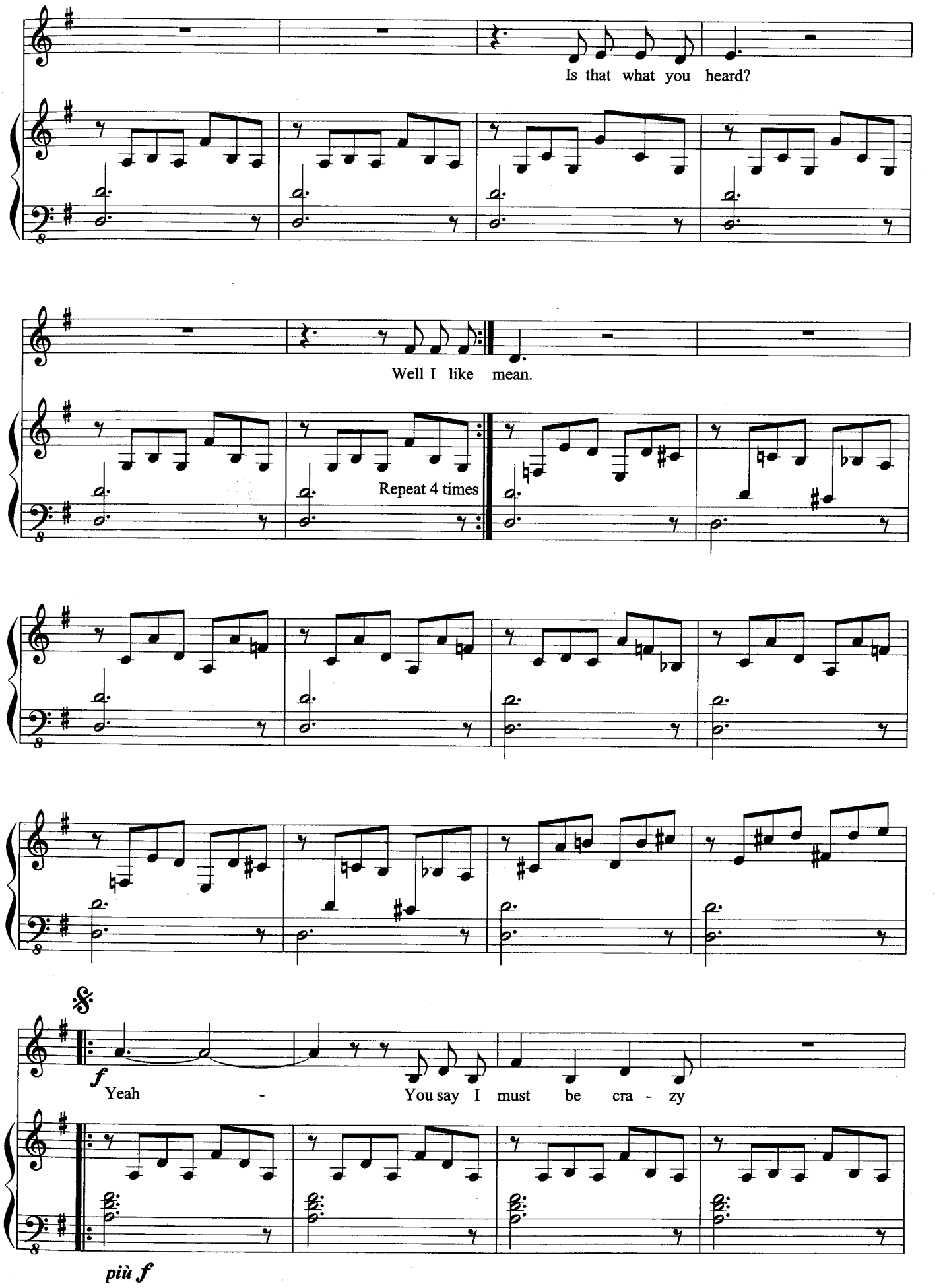
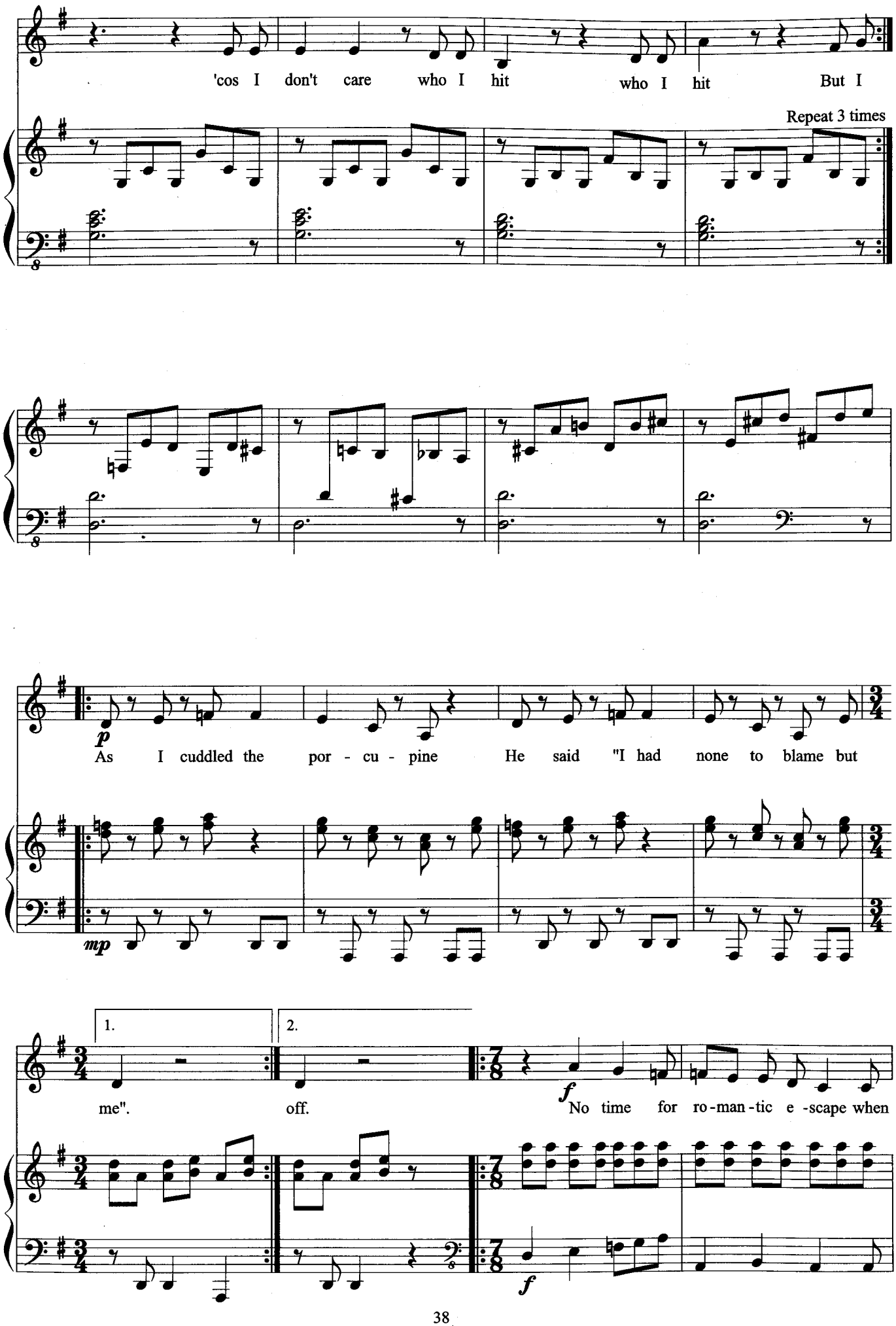
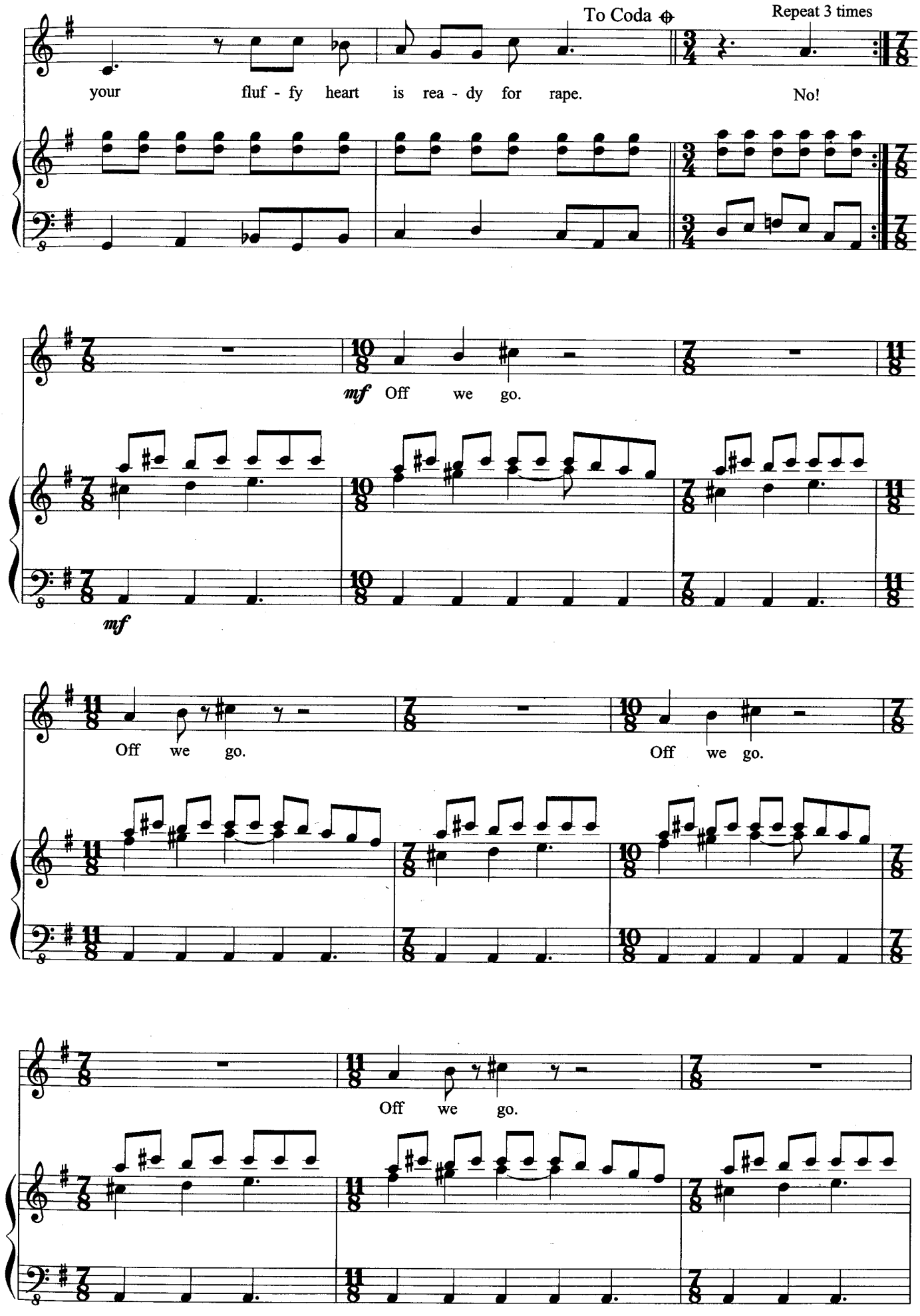
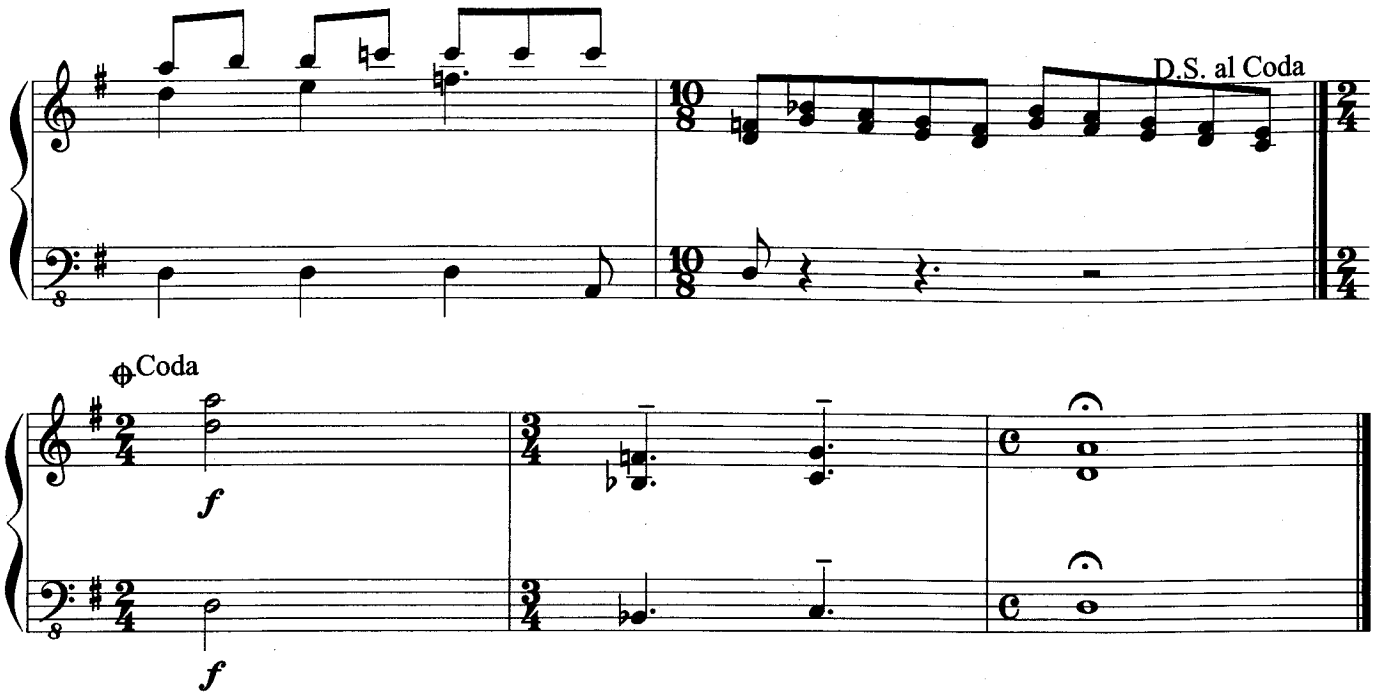

Is that what you heard?
Well I like mean.
Repeat 4 times
f
Yeah - You say I must be cra - zy
più f


'cos I don't care who I hit who I hit But I
Repeat 3 times
p
As I cuddled the por - cu - pine He said "I had none to blame but
mp
1.
2.
me".
off.
f
No time for ro-man-tic e -scape when
f


To Coda
Repeat 3 times
your fluf - fy heart is rea - dy for rape.
No!
mf Off we go.
mf
Off we go.
Off we go.
Off we go.



Well I like to see some action and it gets into my blood.
They call me the trail blazer-Rael-electric razor.
I'm the pitcher in the chain gang, we don't believe in pain,
'cos we're only as strong, as the weakest link in the chain.
Let me out of Pontiac when I was just seventeen,
I had to get it out of me, if you know what I mean, what I mean.

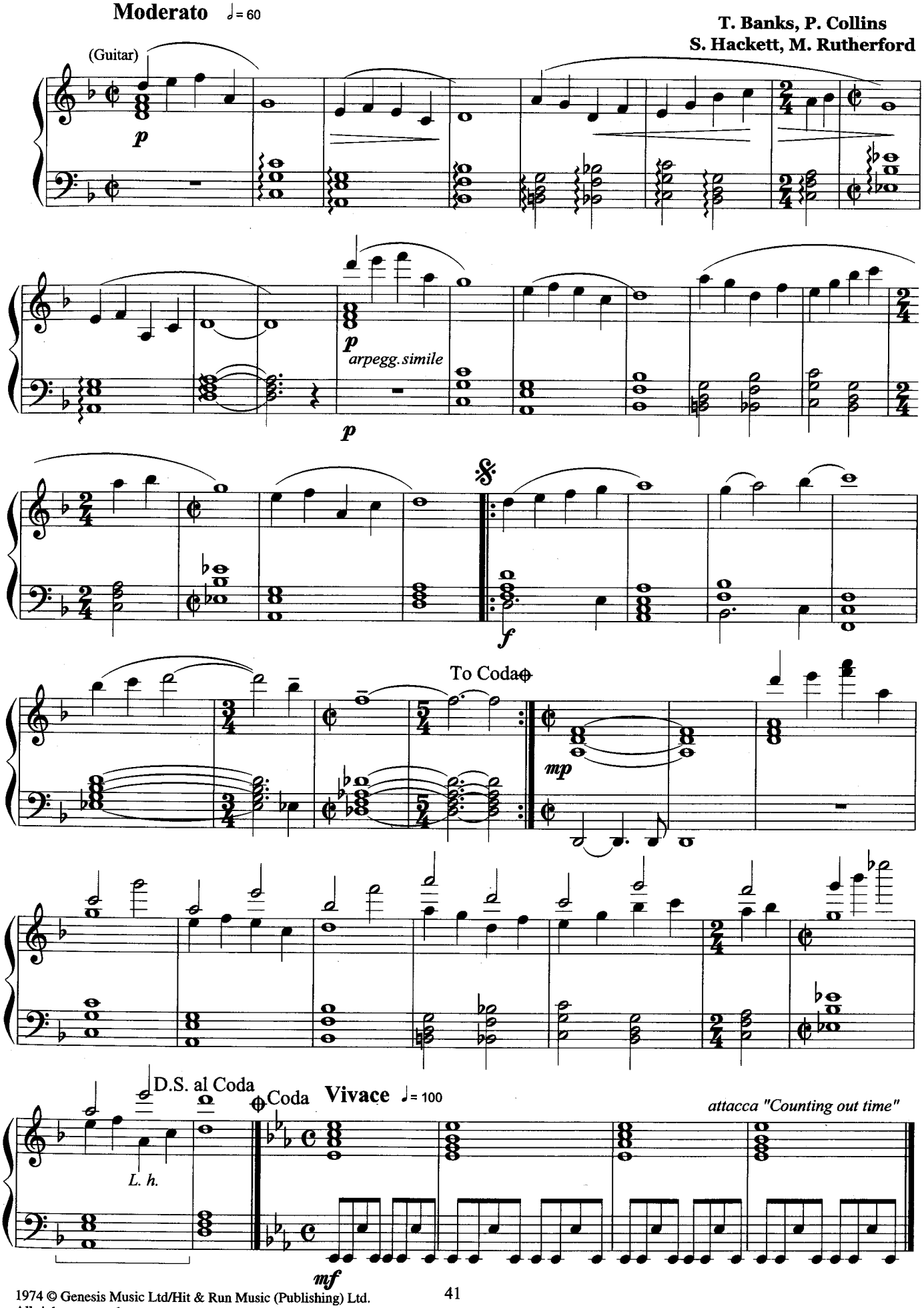
You say I must be crazy, 'cos I don't care who I hit, who I hit.
But I know it's me that's hitting out, and I'm not full of shit.
I don't care who I hurt, I don't care who I do wrong.
This is your mess I'm stuck in, I really don't belong.
When I take out my bottle, filled up high with gasoline,
You can tell by the night fires where Rael has been, has been.

As I cuddled the porcupine,
He said I had none to blame, but me.
Held my heart, deep in hair,
Time to shave, shave it off , it off.
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape. No!
Off we go.

You're sitting in your comfort, you don't believe I'm real,
You cannot buy protection from the way that I feel.
Your progressive hypocrities hand out their trash,
But it was mine in the first place, so I'll burn it to ash.

And I've tasted all the strongest meats,
And laid them down in coloured sheets.
Who needs illusion of love and affection
When you're out, walkin' in the streets
With your mainline connection? connection.

8. Hairless heart



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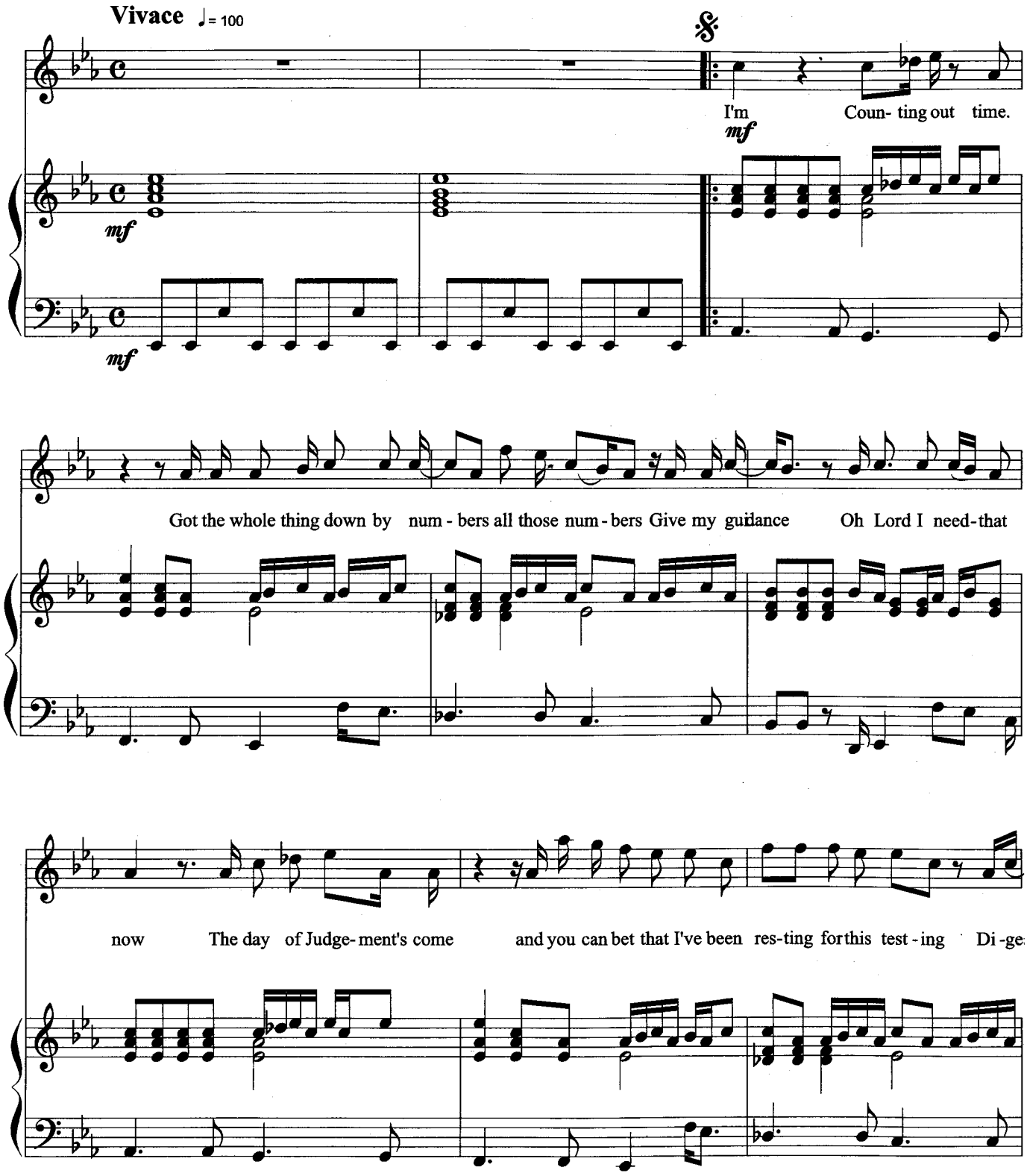
9. Counting out time

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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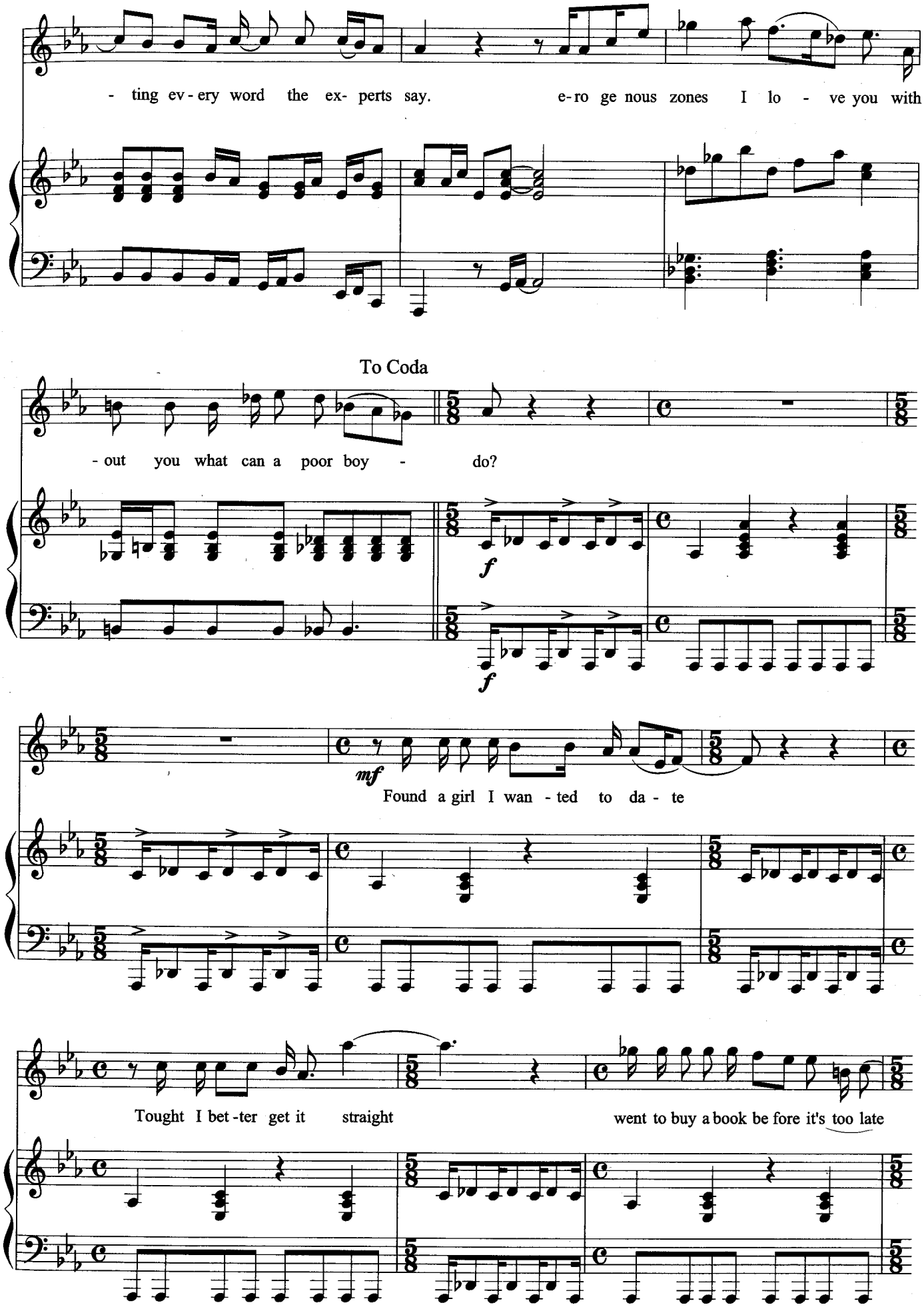
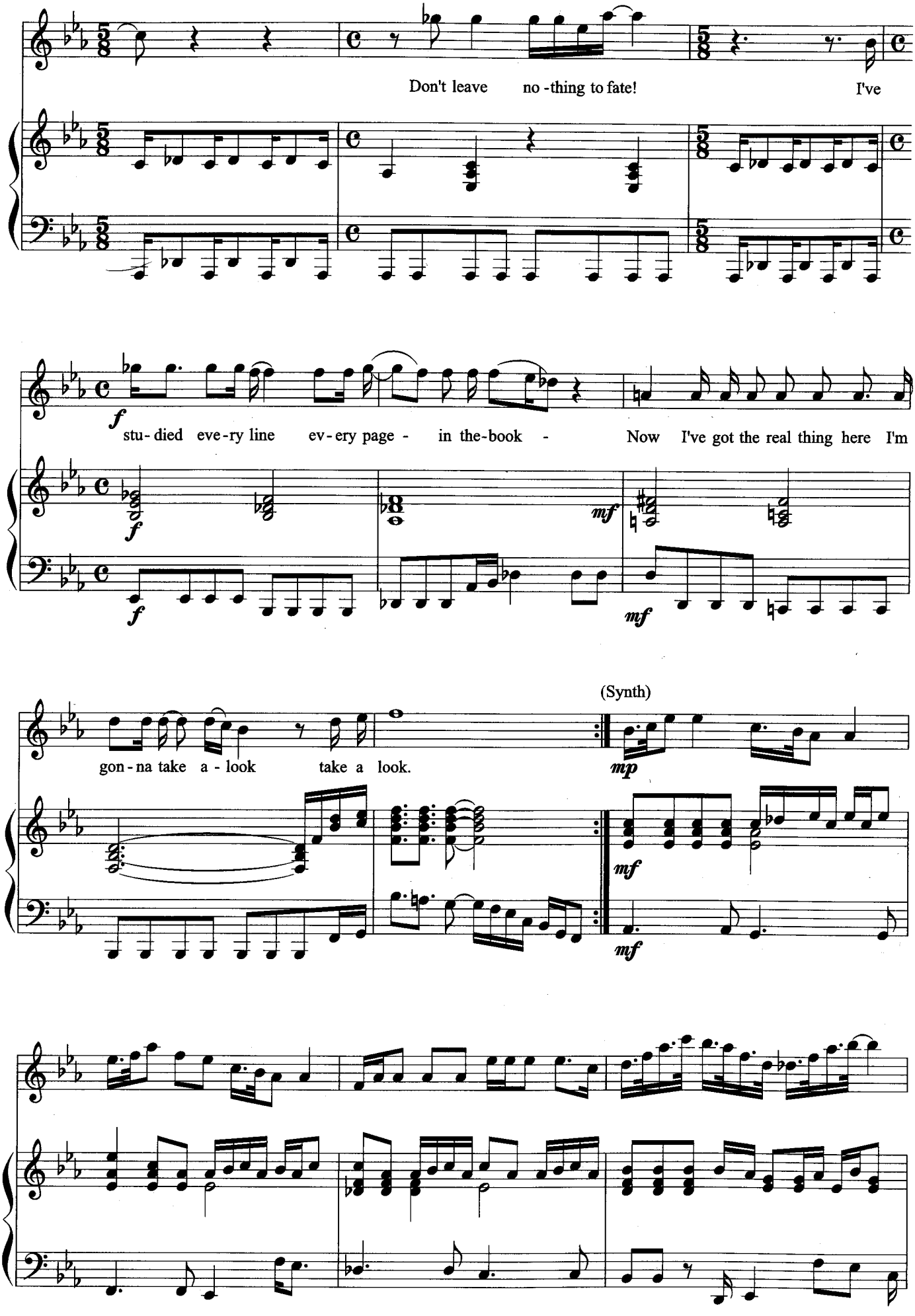
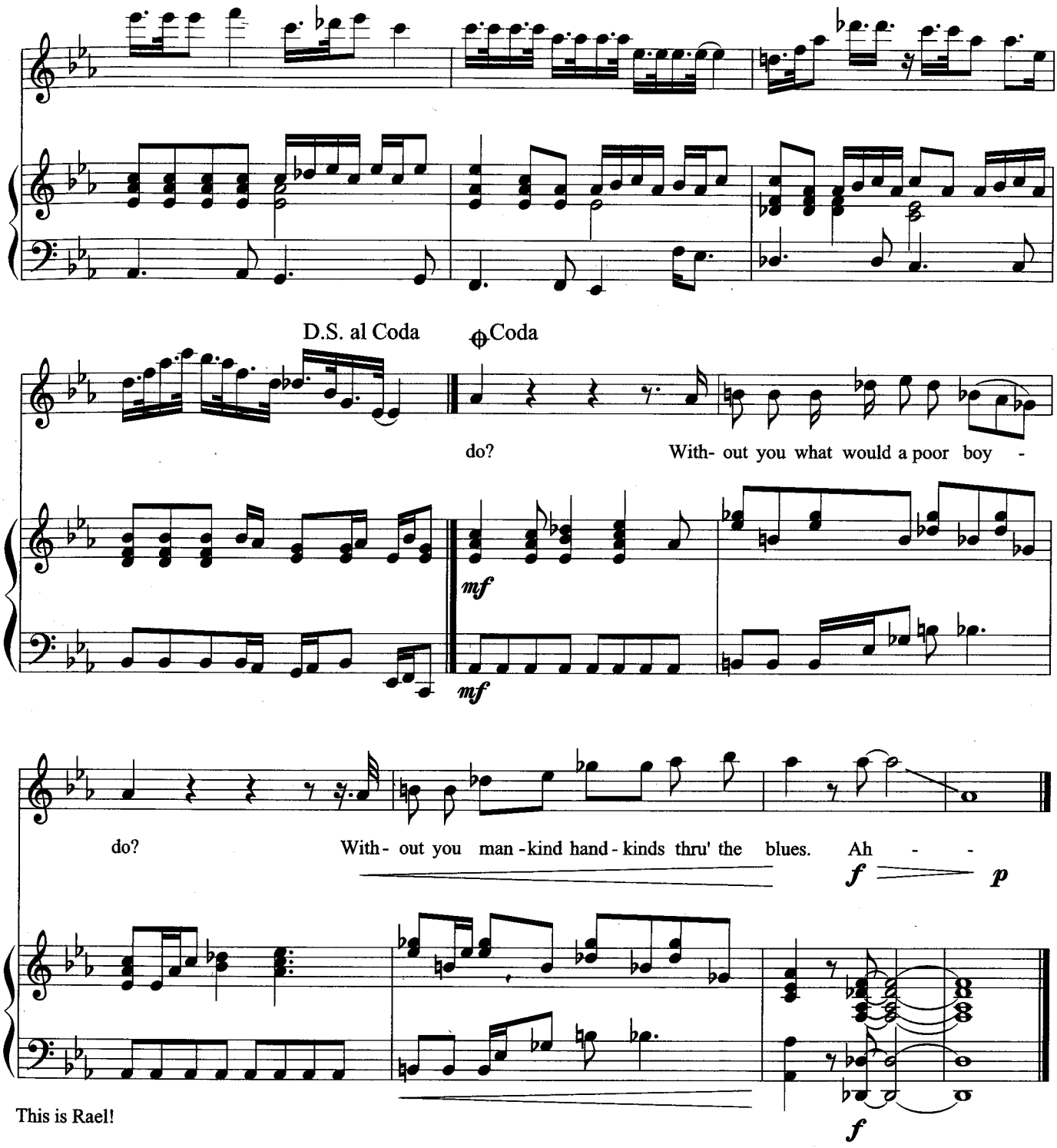

- ting ev - ery word the ex- perts say.
e-ro ge nous zones I lo - ve you with
To Coda
- out you what can a poor boy - do?
f
f
mf
Found a girl I wan - ted to da - te
Tought I bet - ter get it straight
went to buy a book be fore it's too late


Don't leave no-thing to fate!
I've
f
stu-died eve-ry line ev-ery page - in the-book -
Now I've got the real thing here I'm
mf
(Synth)
gon-na take a-look take a look.
mp
mf



This is Rael!

I'm counting out time, hoping it goes like I planned it
'cos I understand it. Look! I've found the hotspots, Figs 1-9
Still counting out time, got my finger on the button,
"Don't say nuttin! Just lie there still
and I'll get you turned on just fine."
Erogenous zones I love you. Without you what would a poor boy do?

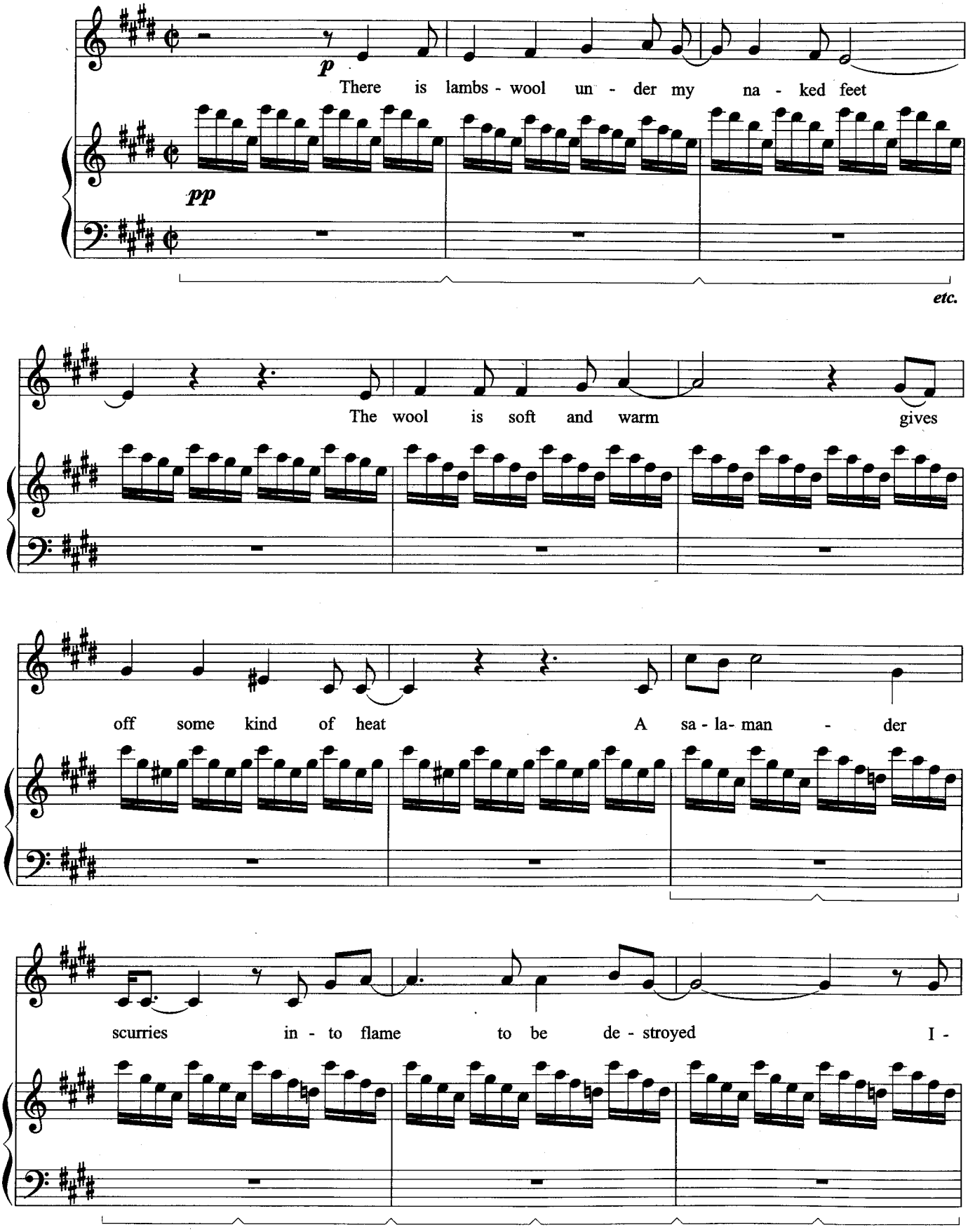
Touch and go with 1-6. Bit of trouble in zone No. 7.
Gotta remember all of my tricks.
There's heaven ahead in No. 11!
Getting crucial responses with dilation of the pupils.
"Honey, get hip! It's time to unzip, to unzip. Whipee!
-Move over Casanova-

I'm counting out time, reaction none to happy,
Please don't slap me.
I'm a red blooded male and the book said I could not fail.
I'm counting out time. I got unexpected distress from my mistress,
I'll get my money back from the bookstore right away.
Erogenous zones I question you:
Without you what would a poor boy do?

10. Carpet crawlers

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andante ♩= 73



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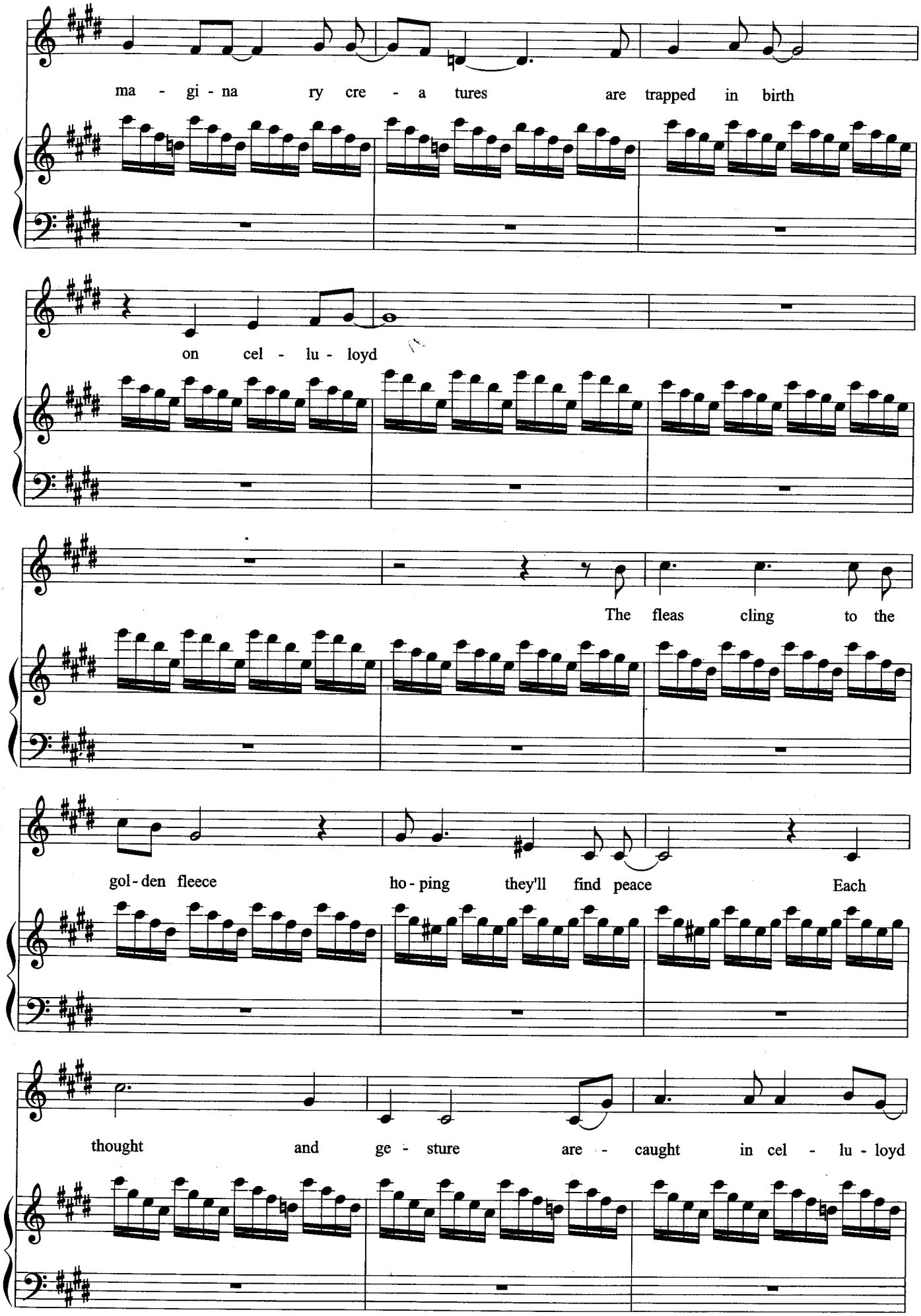
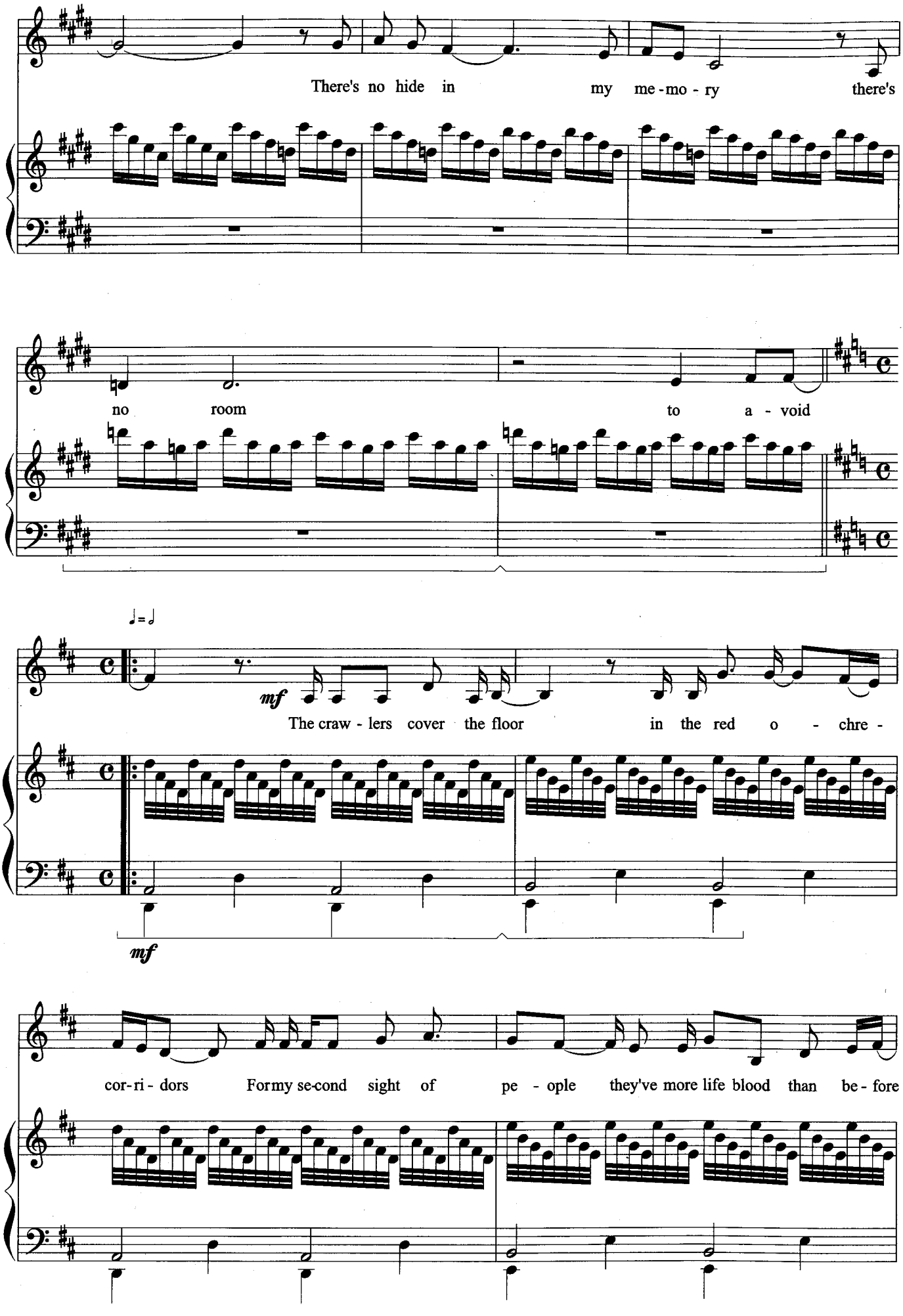
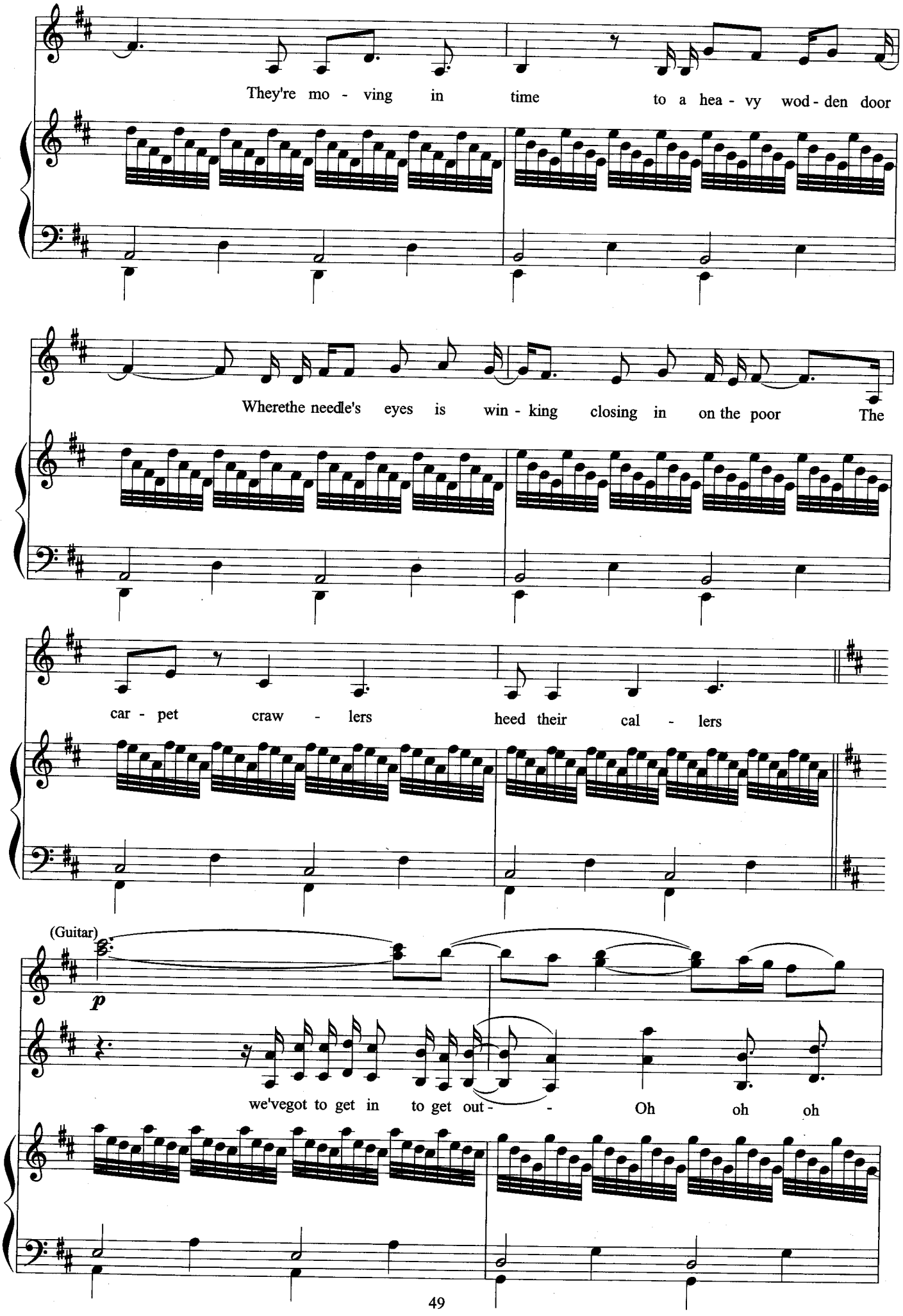
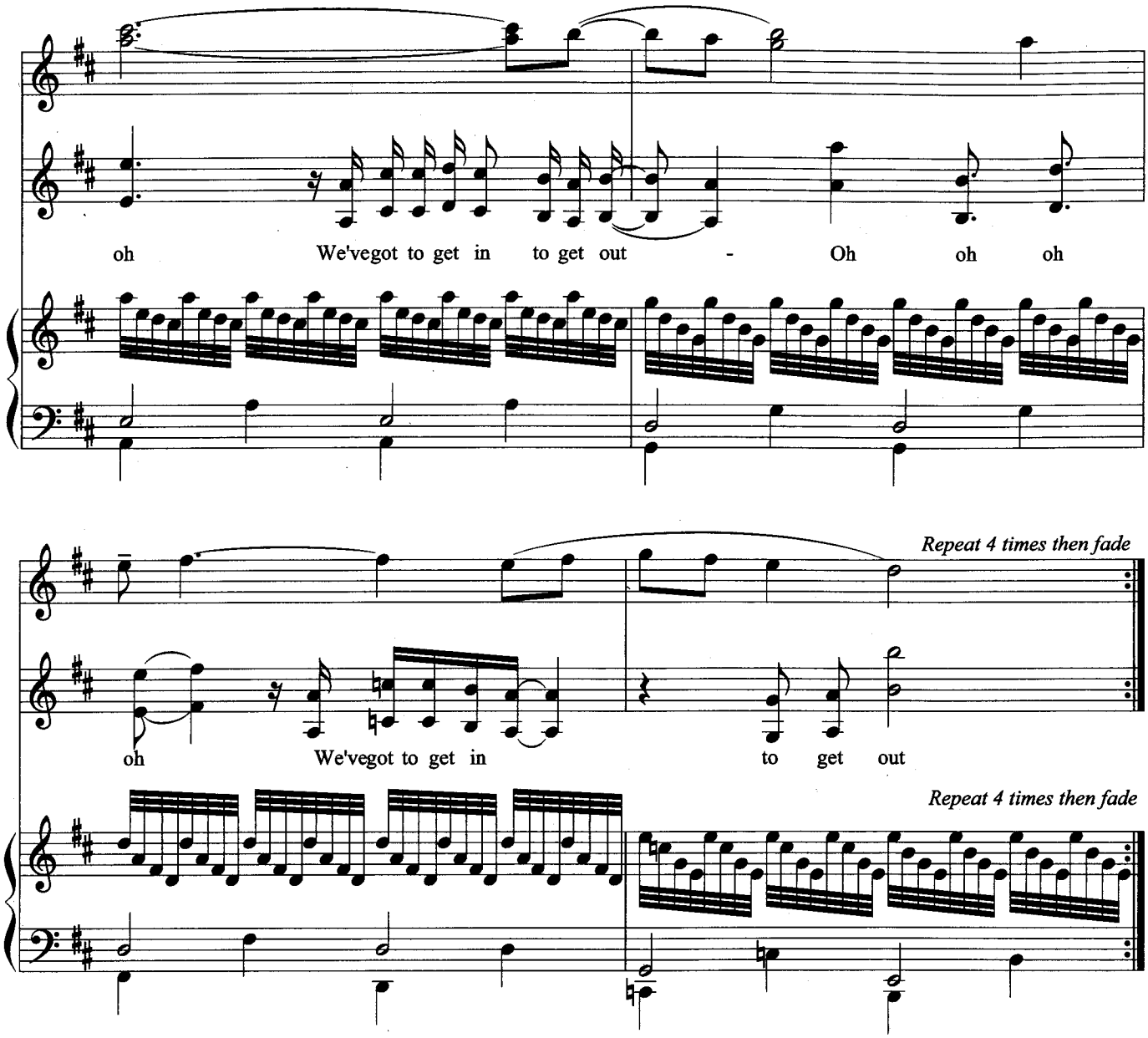

ma - gi - na ry cre - a tures are trapped in birth
on cel - lu - loyd
The fleas cling to the
gol - den fleece ho - ping they'll find peace Each
thought and ge - sture are - caught in cel - lu - loyd


There's no hide in my me - mo - ry there's
no room to a - void
mf
The craw - lers cover the floor in the red o - chre -
mf
cor - ri - dors For my se-cond sight of pe - ople they've more life blood than be - fore


They're mo - ving in time to a hea - vy wod - den door
Wherethe needle's eyes is win - king closing in on the poor The
car - pet craw - lers heed their cal - lers
(Guitar)
p
we'vegot to get in to get out - - Oh oh oh



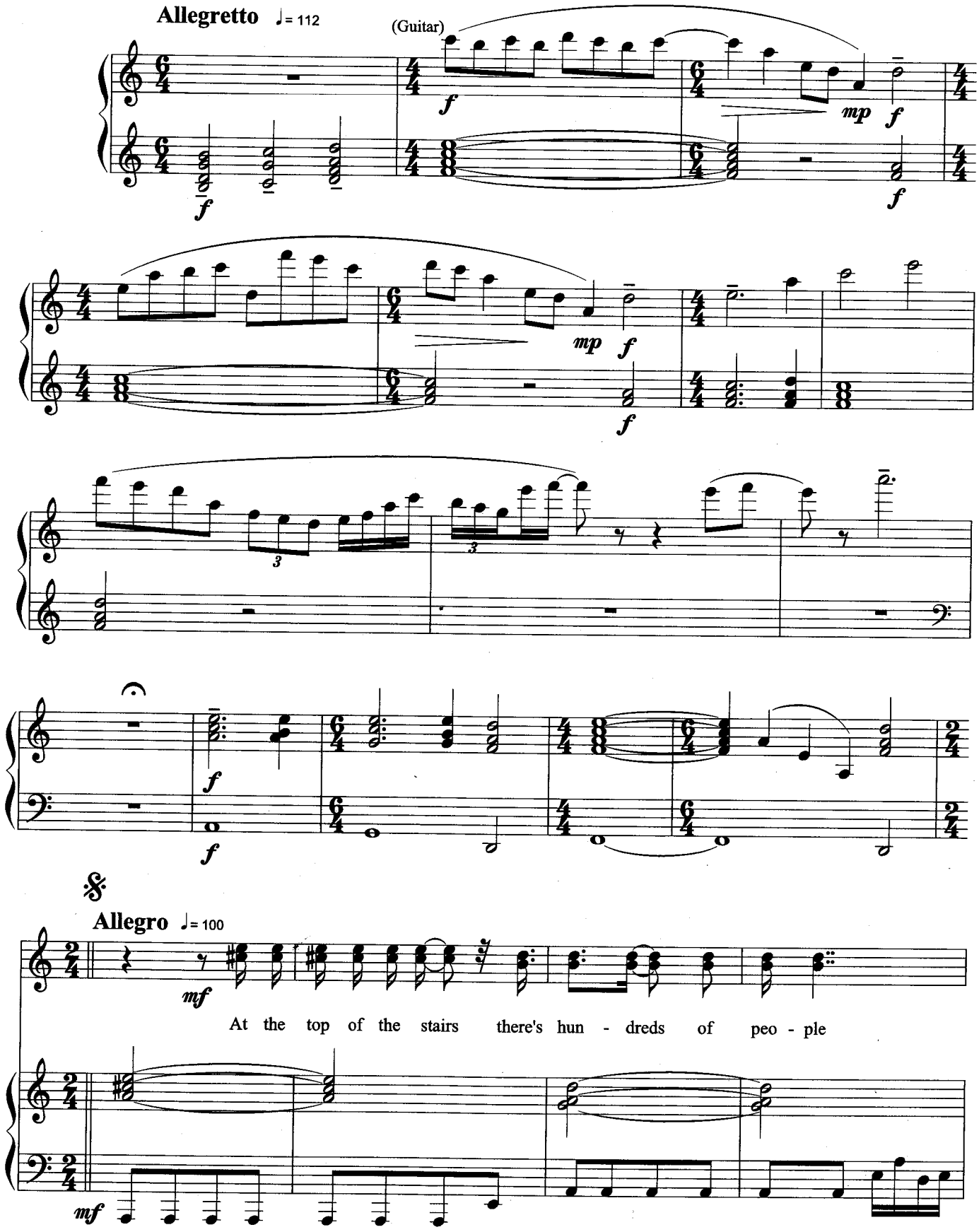
There's only one direction in the faces that I see,
It's upward to the ceiling, where the chambers said to be.
Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet, believing they're free.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.
Through a door a harvest feast is lit by candlight:
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.
The carpet crawlers heed thair callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears attack.
The eager pack lift up their pitchers - the carry all they lack.
The liquid has congealed, which is seeped out through the crack,
And the tickler takes his stickleback.
The carpet crawlers heed their callers:
"We've got to get in to get out
We've got to get in to get out."

11. The chamber of 32 doors

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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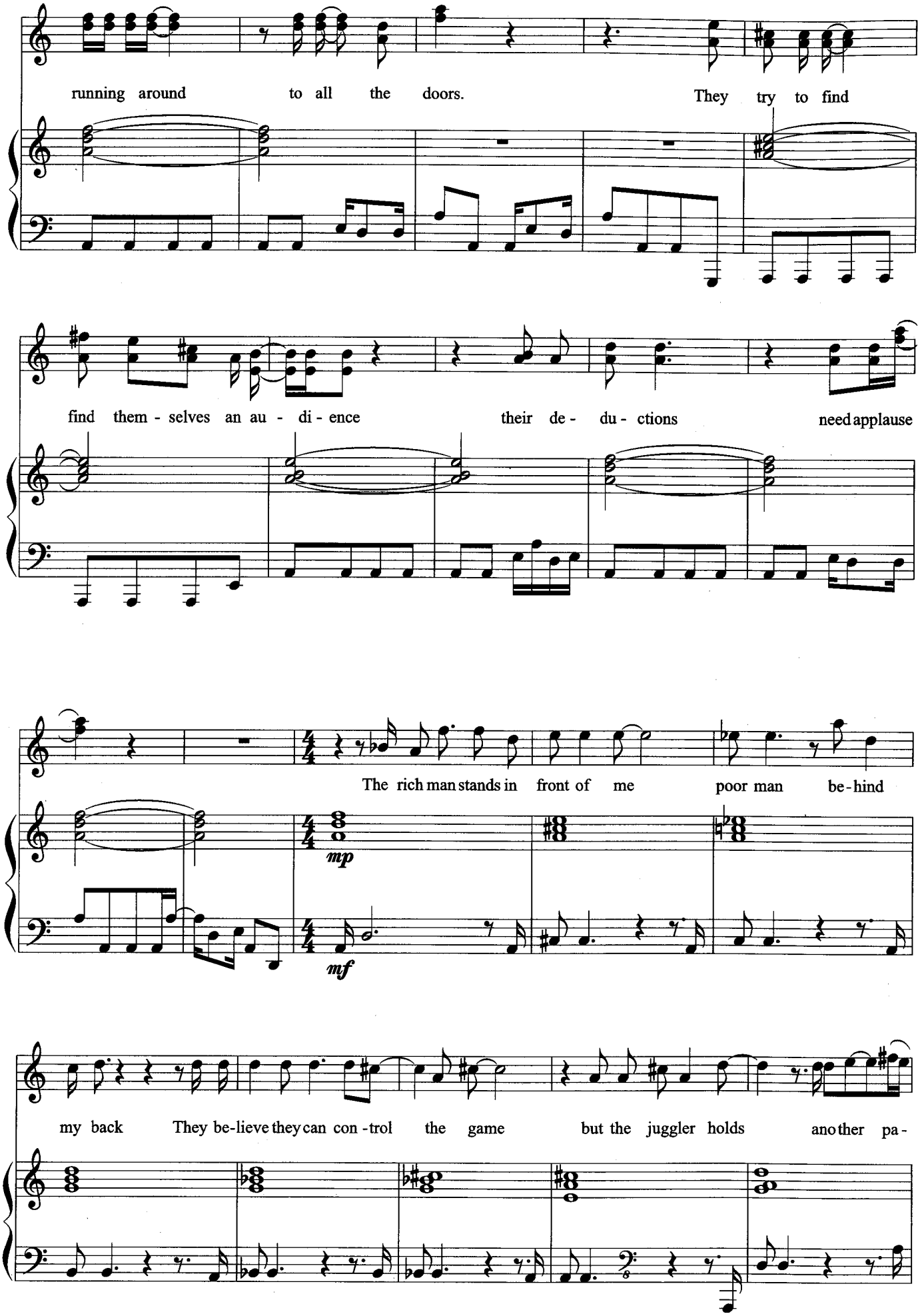
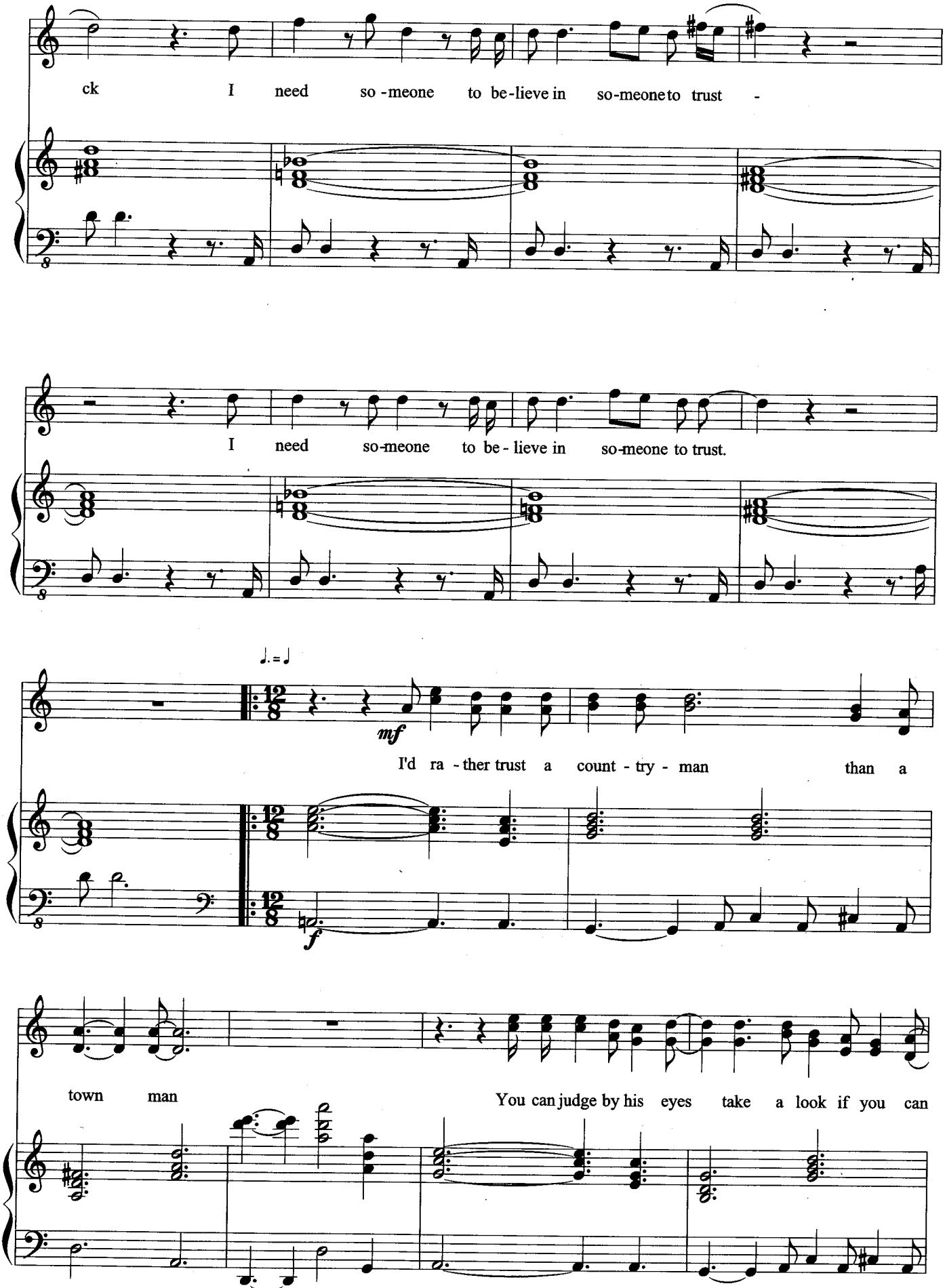
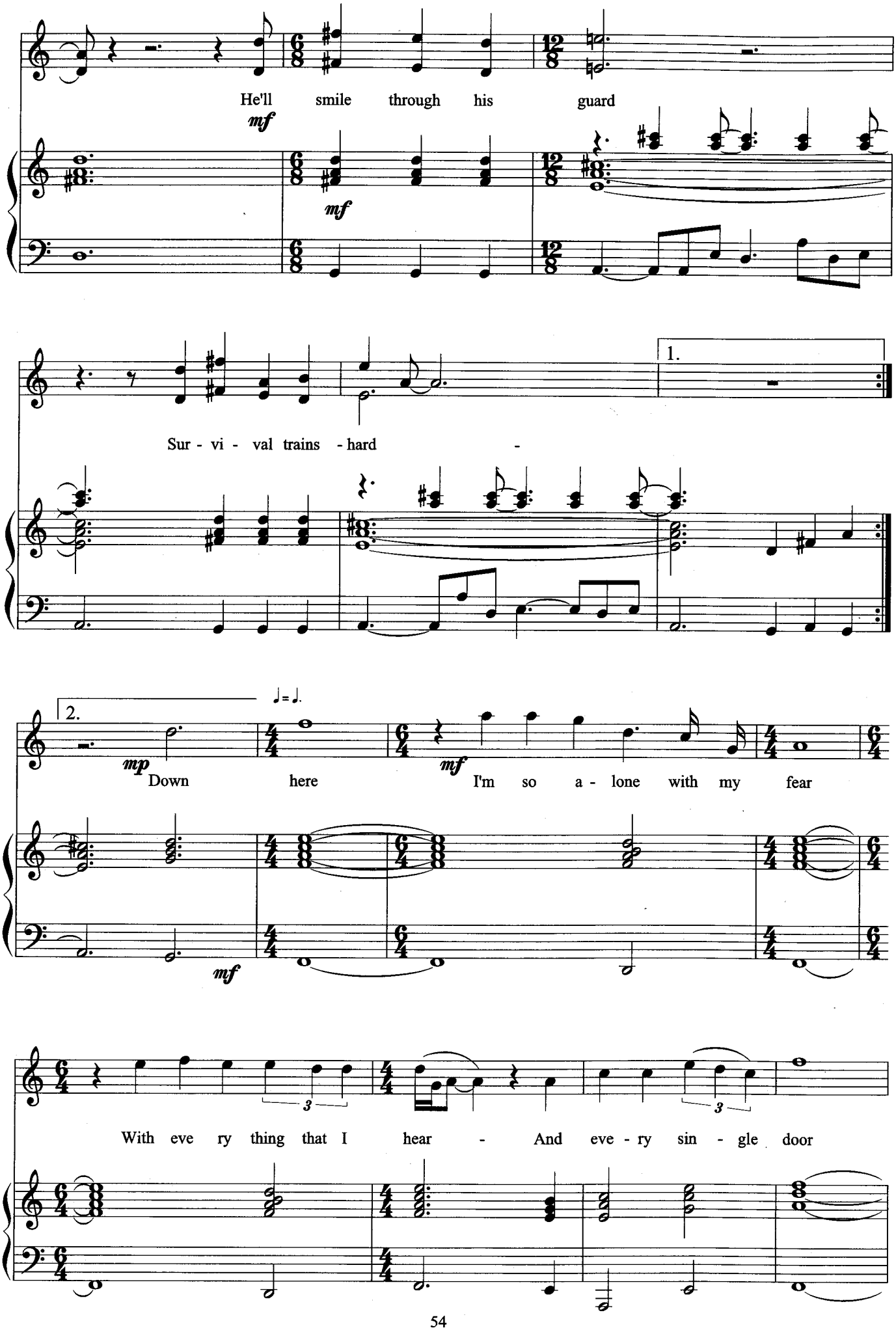
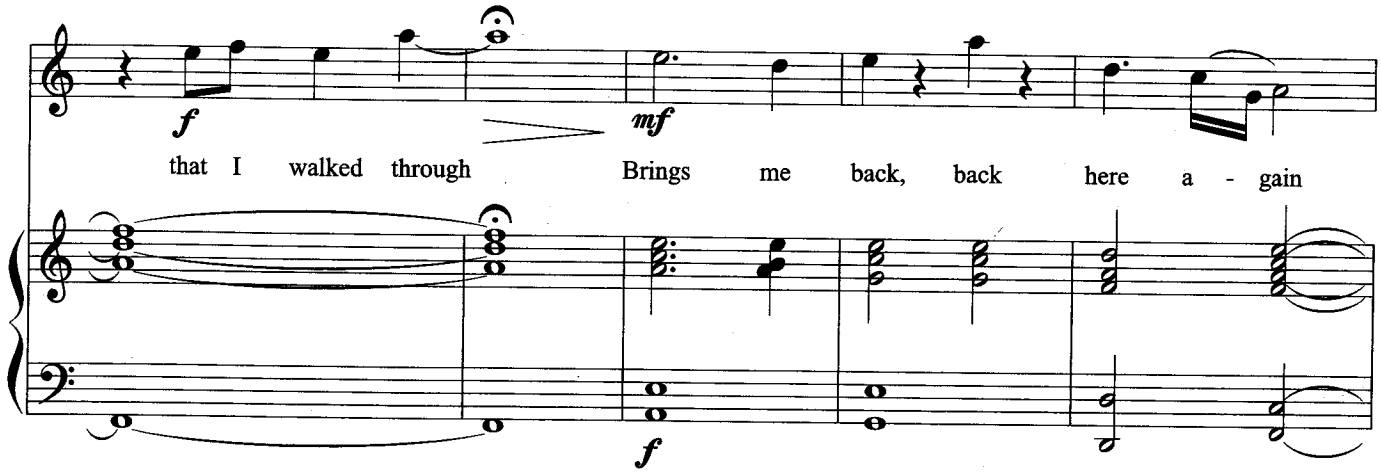
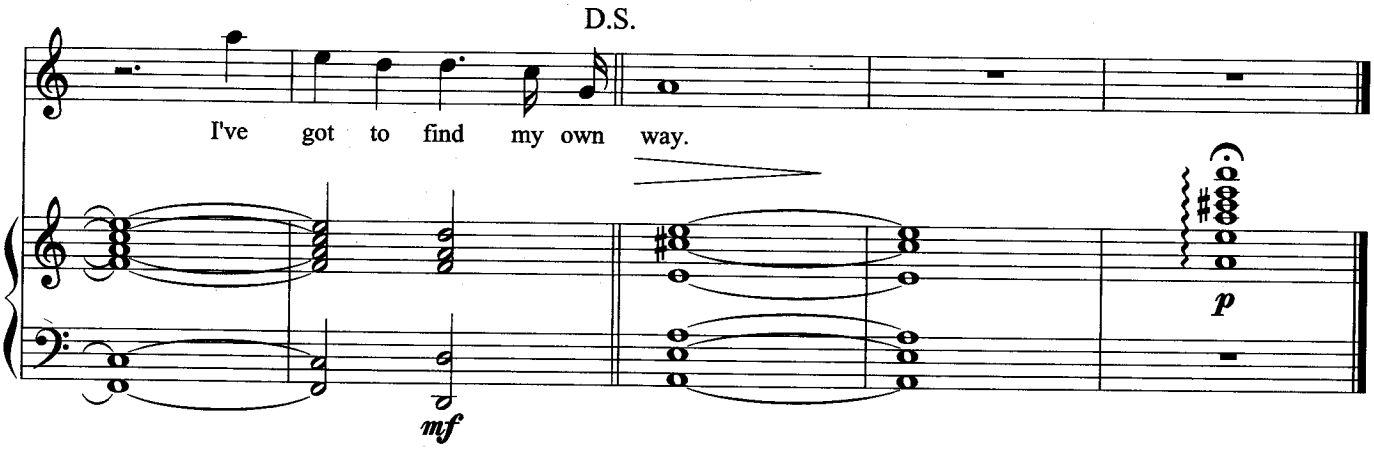

running around to all the doors. They try to find
find them - selves an au - di - ence their de - du - ctions need applause
The rich man stands in front of me poor man be - hind
mp
mf
my back They be-lieve they can con - trol the game but the juggler holds another pa -


ck I need so-meone to be-lieve in so-meone to trust -
I need so-meone to be-lieve in so-meone to trust.
mf
I'd ra-ther trust a count-try-man than a
f
town man
You can judge by his eyes take a look if you can


He'll smile through his guard
mf
mf
Sur - vi - val trains - hard -
1.
2.
mp
Down here
mf
I'm so a - lone with my fear
mf
With eve ry thing that I hear - And eve - ry sin - gle door





I'd rather trust a man who works with his hands,
He looks at you once, you know he understands.
Don't need any shield,
When you're out in the field.

2.
The priest and the magician, singing all the chants that they have ever heard.
They're all calling out my name, even academics, searching printed word.

My father to the left of me, my mother to the right.
Like anyone else they're pointing, but nowhere feels quite right.

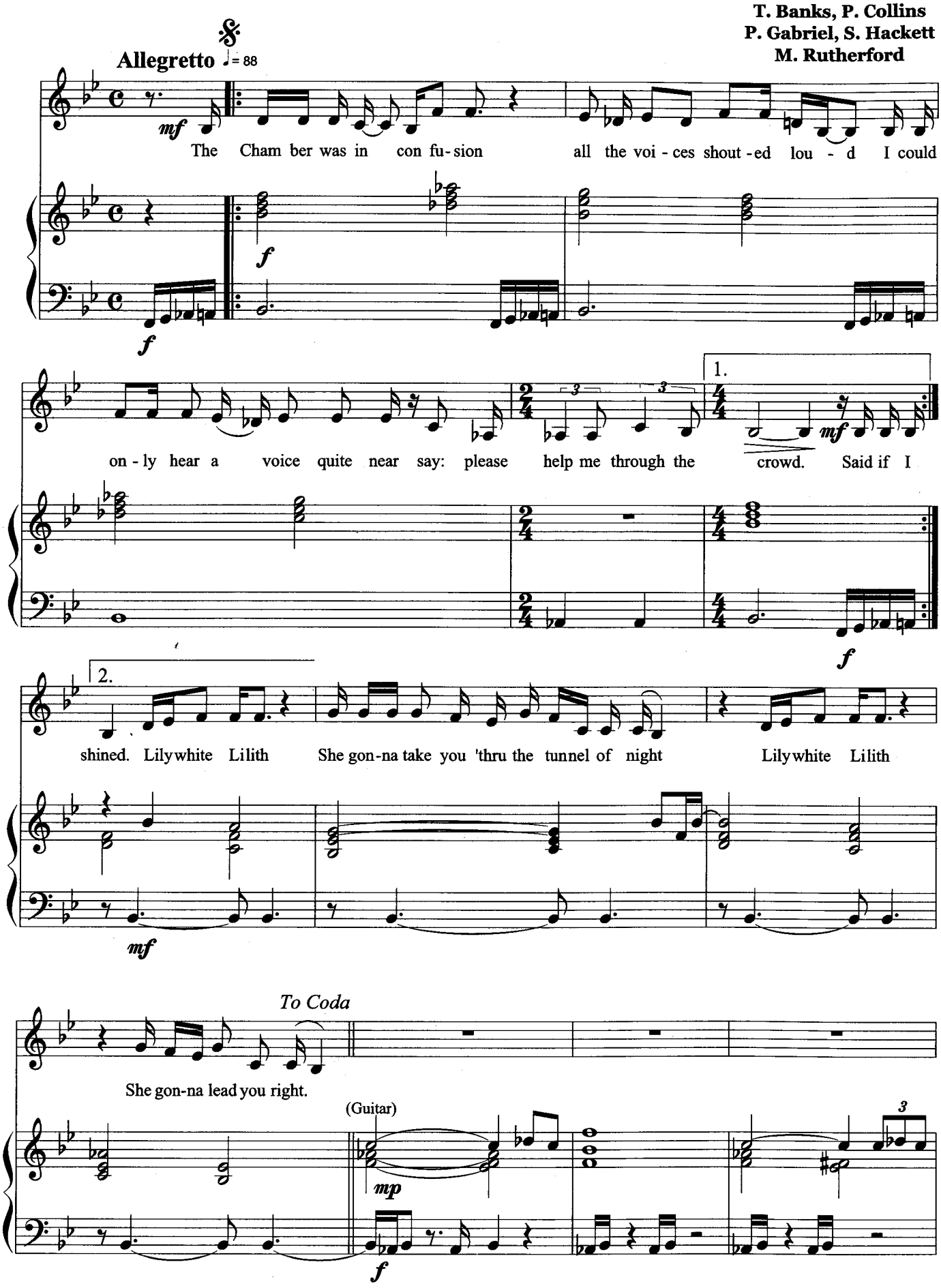
And I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.

I'd rather trust a man who doesn't shout when he's found.
There's no need to sell if you're homeward bound.
If I chose a side, he won't take me for a ride.

Back inside.
This chamber of so many doors.
I've nowhere to hide.
I'd give you all of my dreams, if you'd help me.
Find a door that doesn't lead me back again.
Take me away.

12. Lilywhite Lilith

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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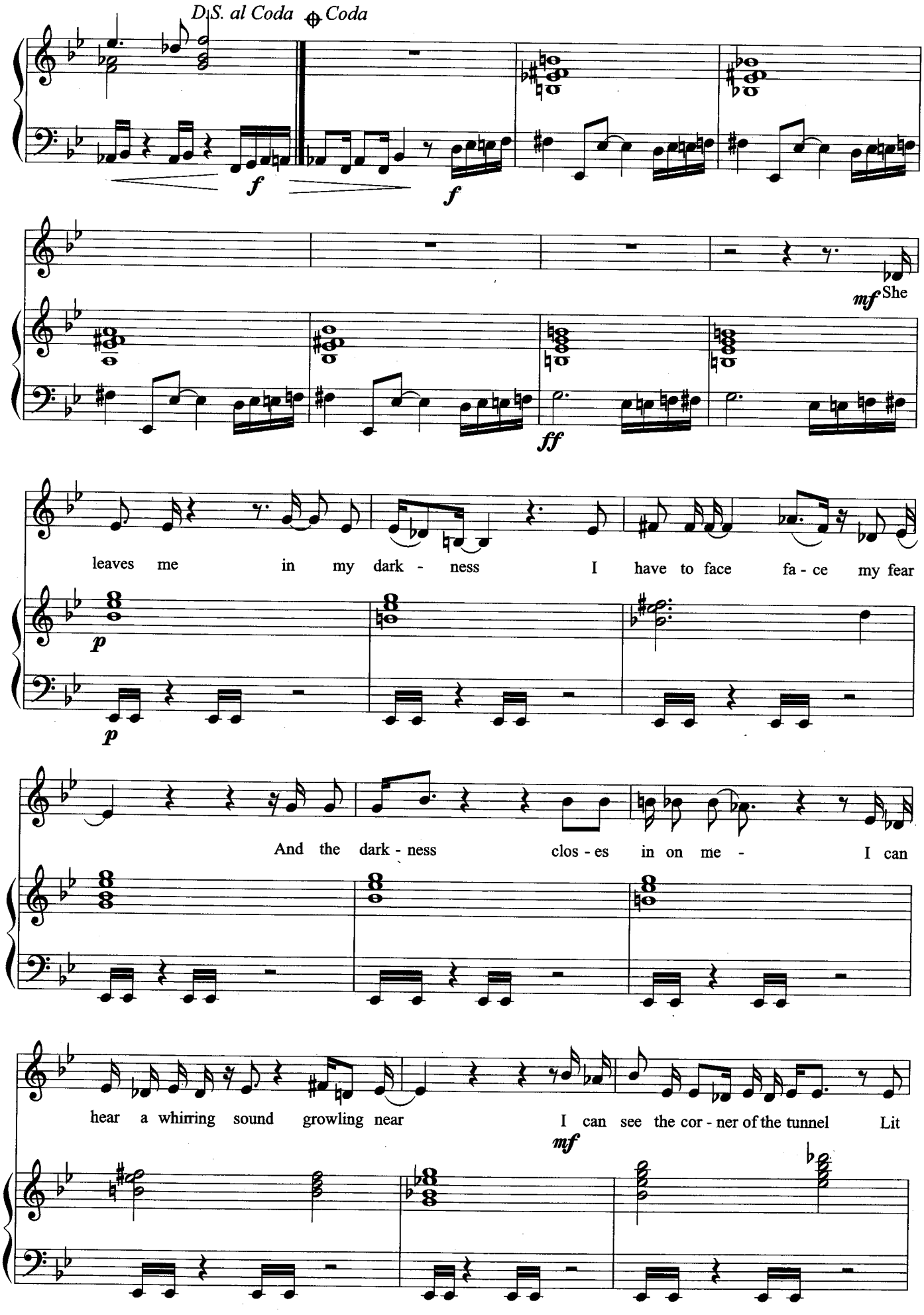
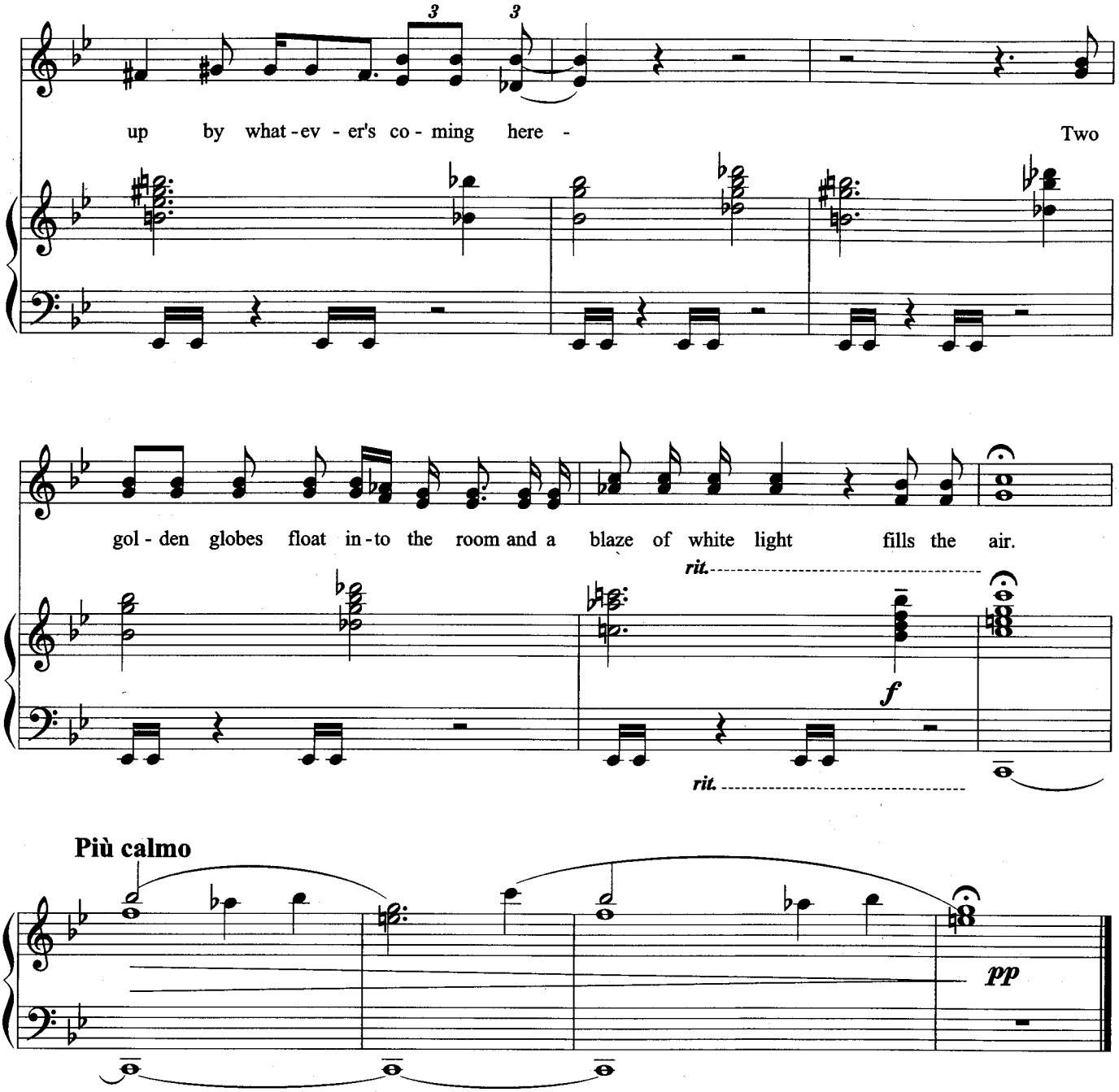
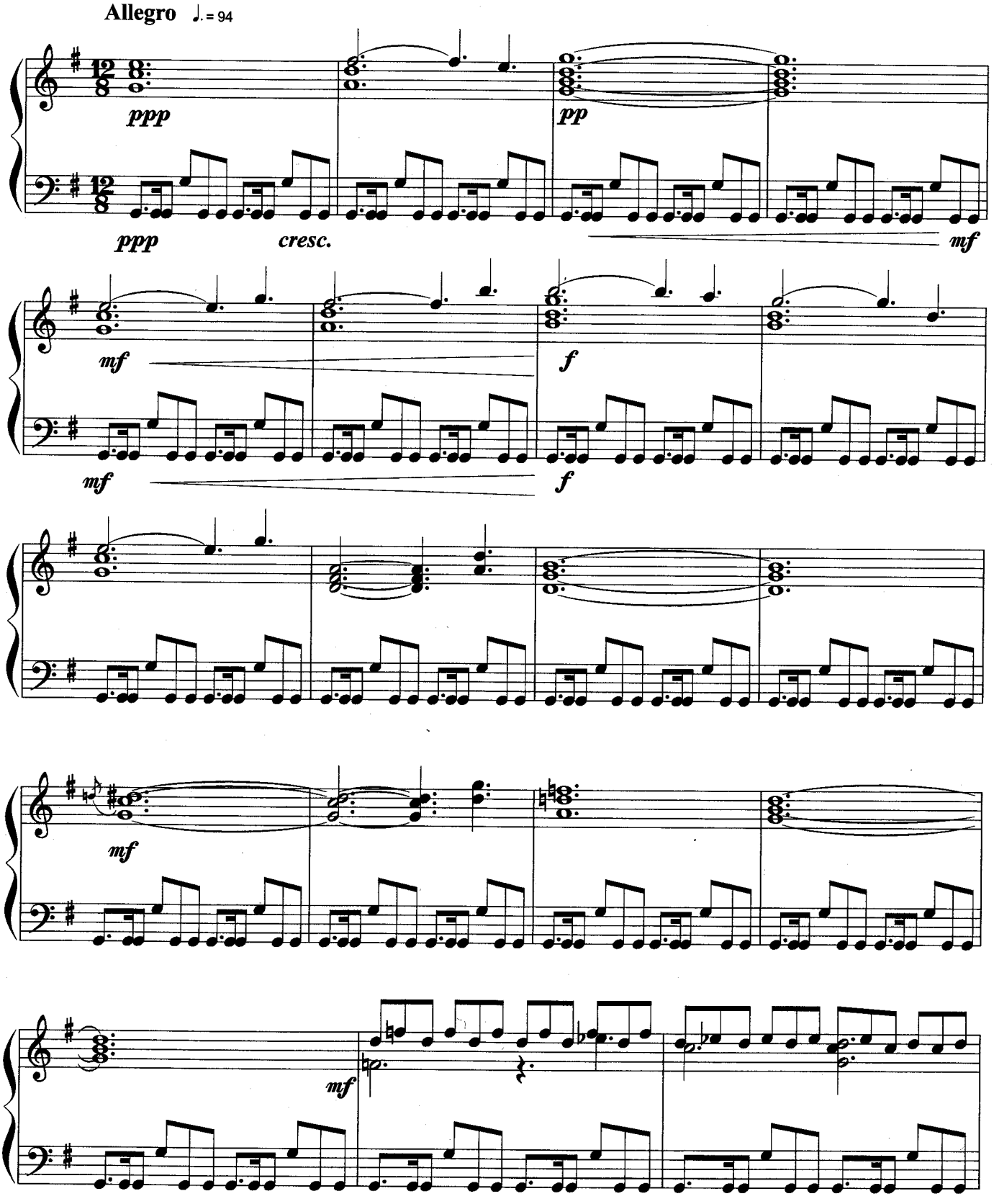

D.S. al Coda
Coda
f
f
mf
She
ff
leaves me in my dark - ness I have to face fa - ce my fear
p
p
And the dark - ness clos - es in on me - I can
hear a whirring sound growling near I can see the cor - ner of the tunnel Lit
mf



When I'd led her through the people,
the angry noise began to grow.
She said "Let me feel the way the breezes blow,
and I'll show you where to go.
So I followed her into a big round cave, she said
"They're coming for you, now don't be afraid."
Then she sat me down on a cold stone throne,
carved in jade.

13. The waiting room

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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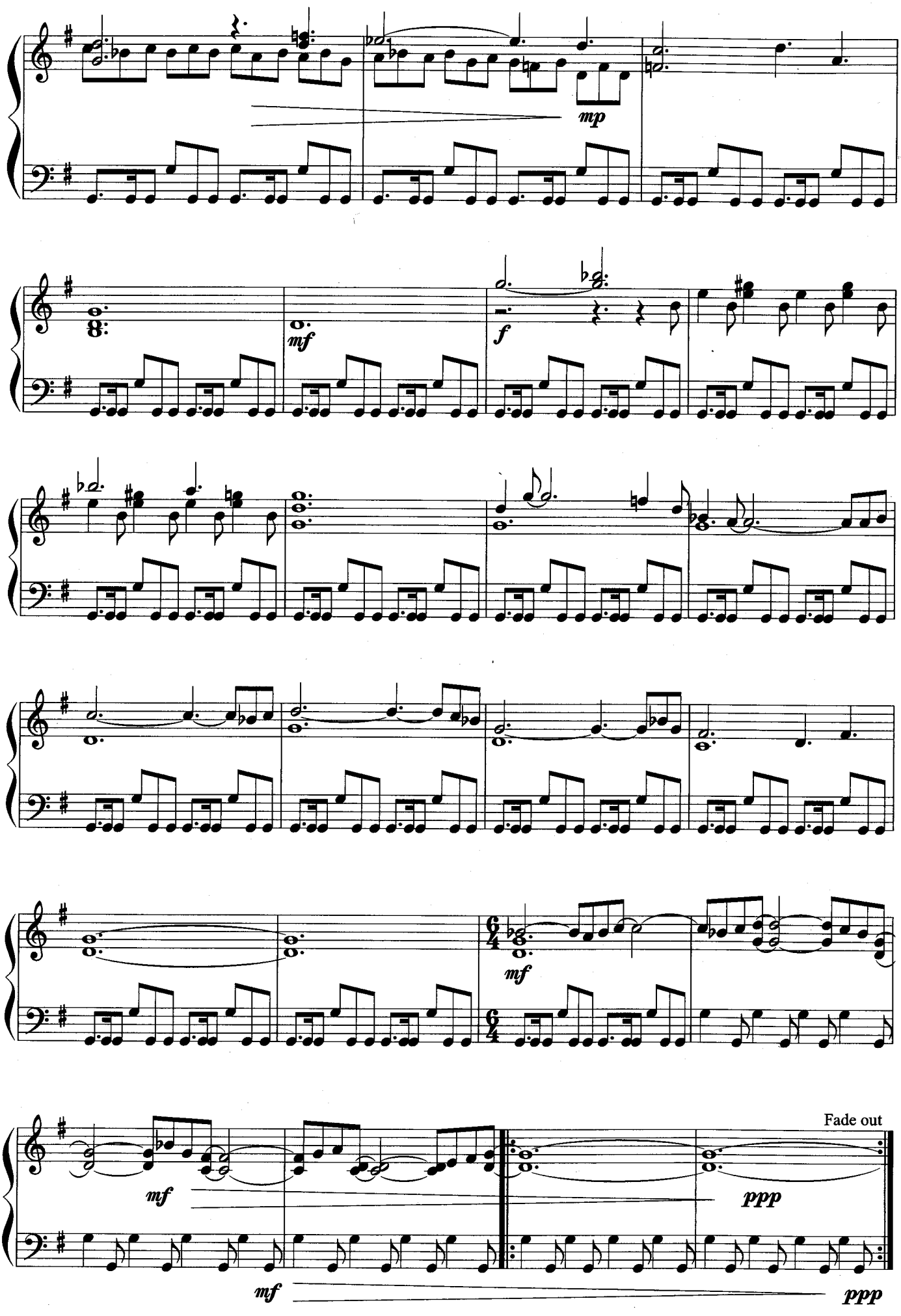
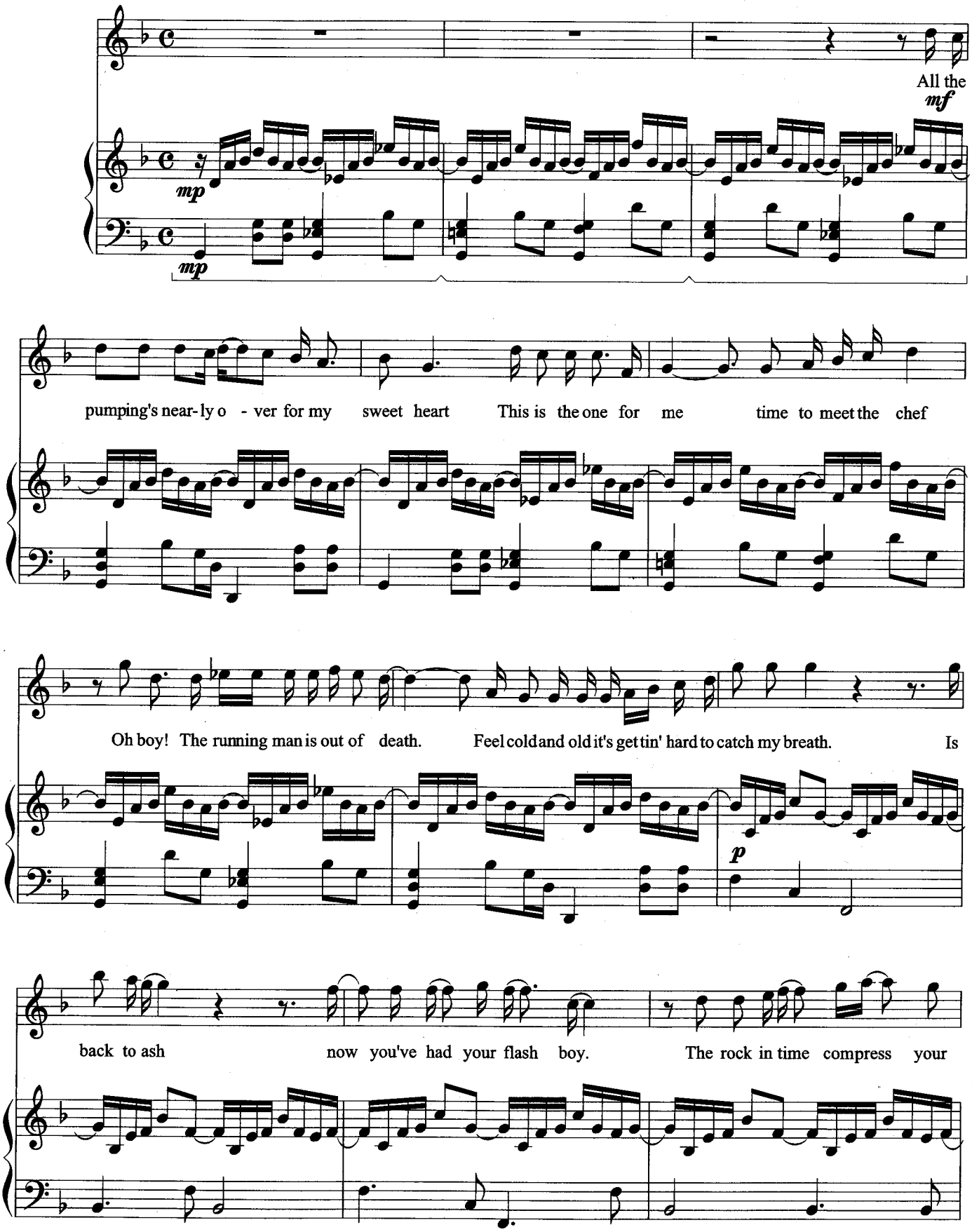

mp
mf
f
mf
mf
Fade out
ppp
mf
ppp

14. Anyway

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andante con moto ♩= 82



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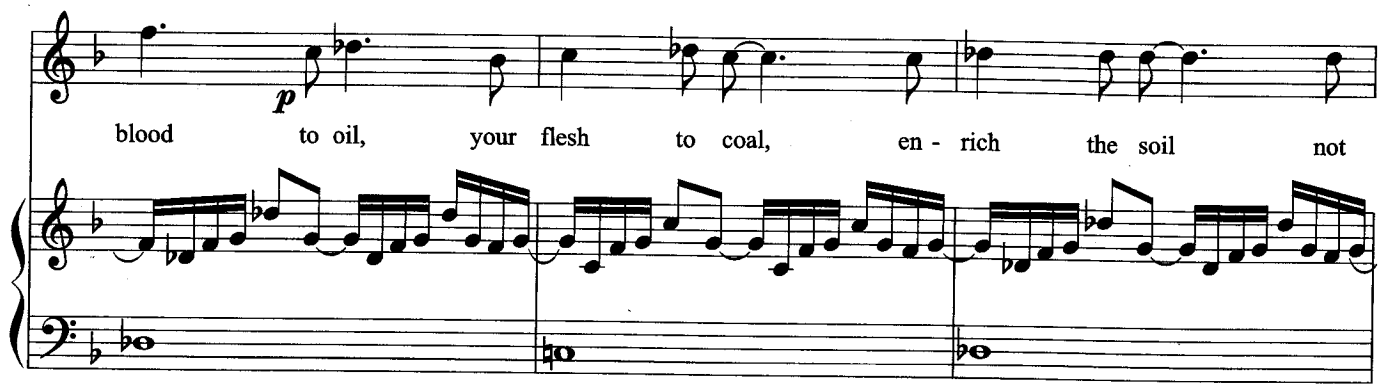
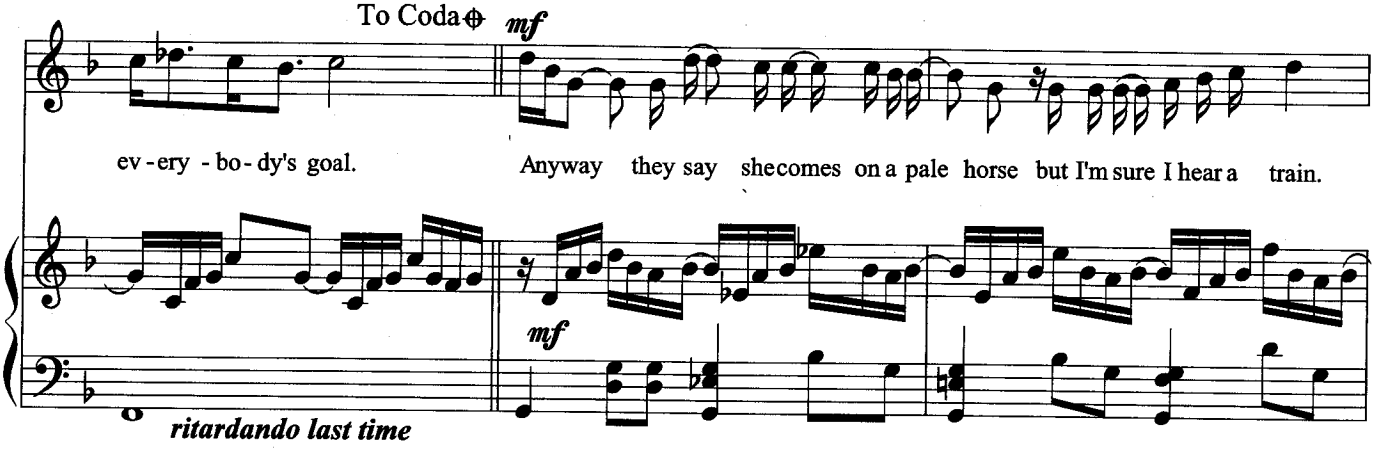
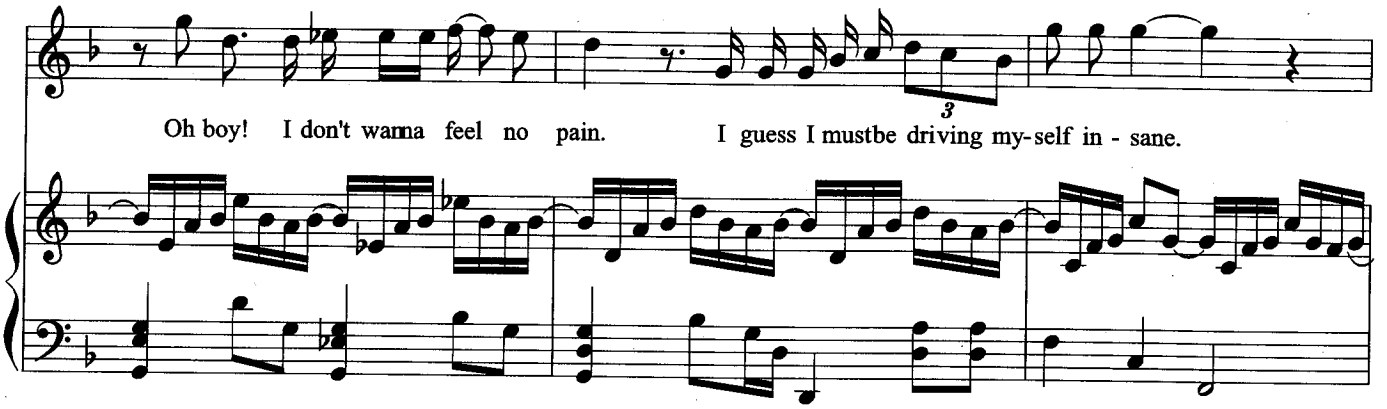
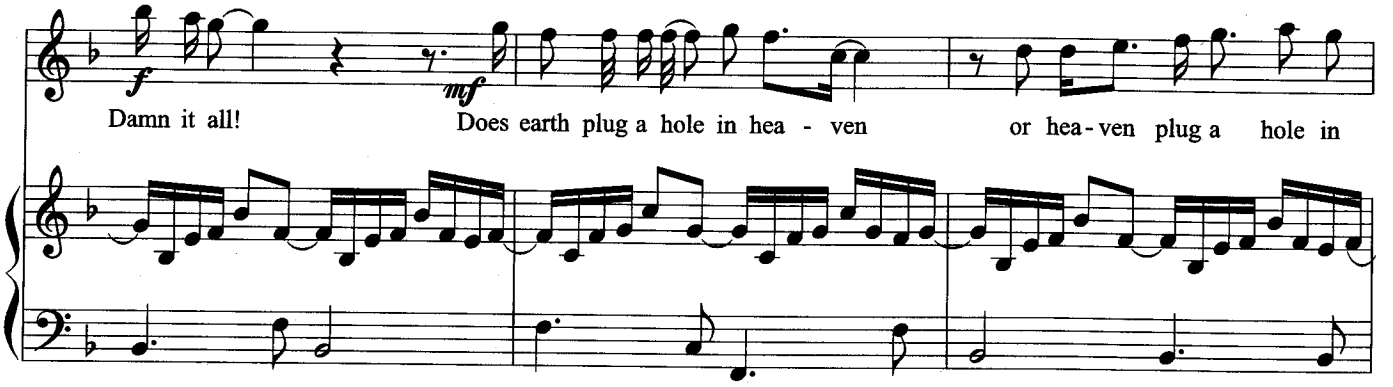
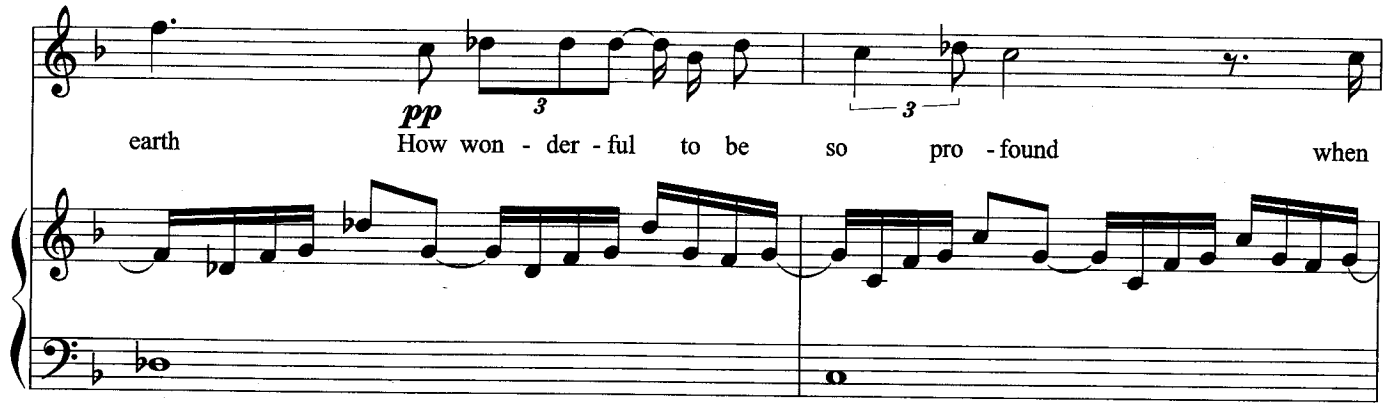
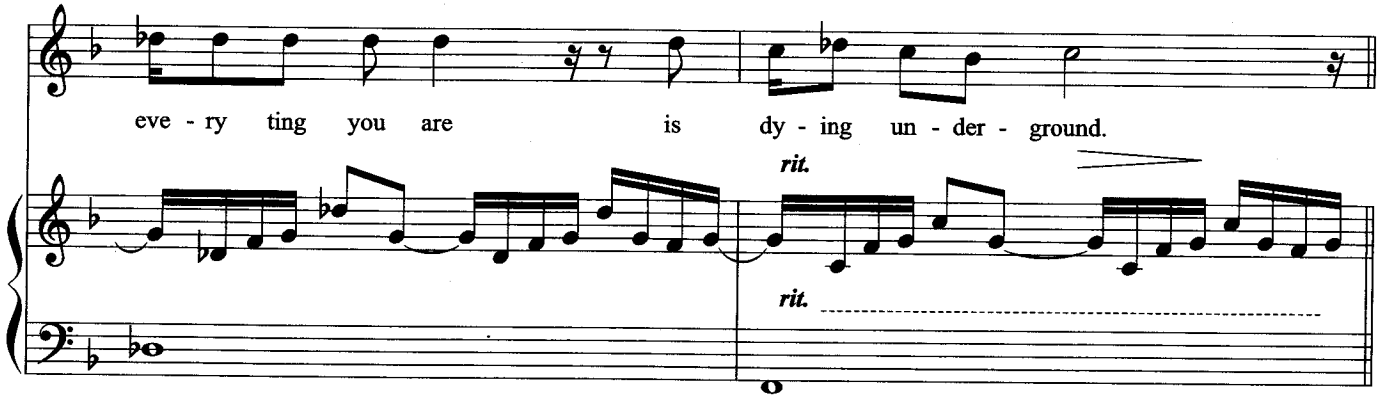

p
blood to oil, your flesh to coal, en - rich the soil not

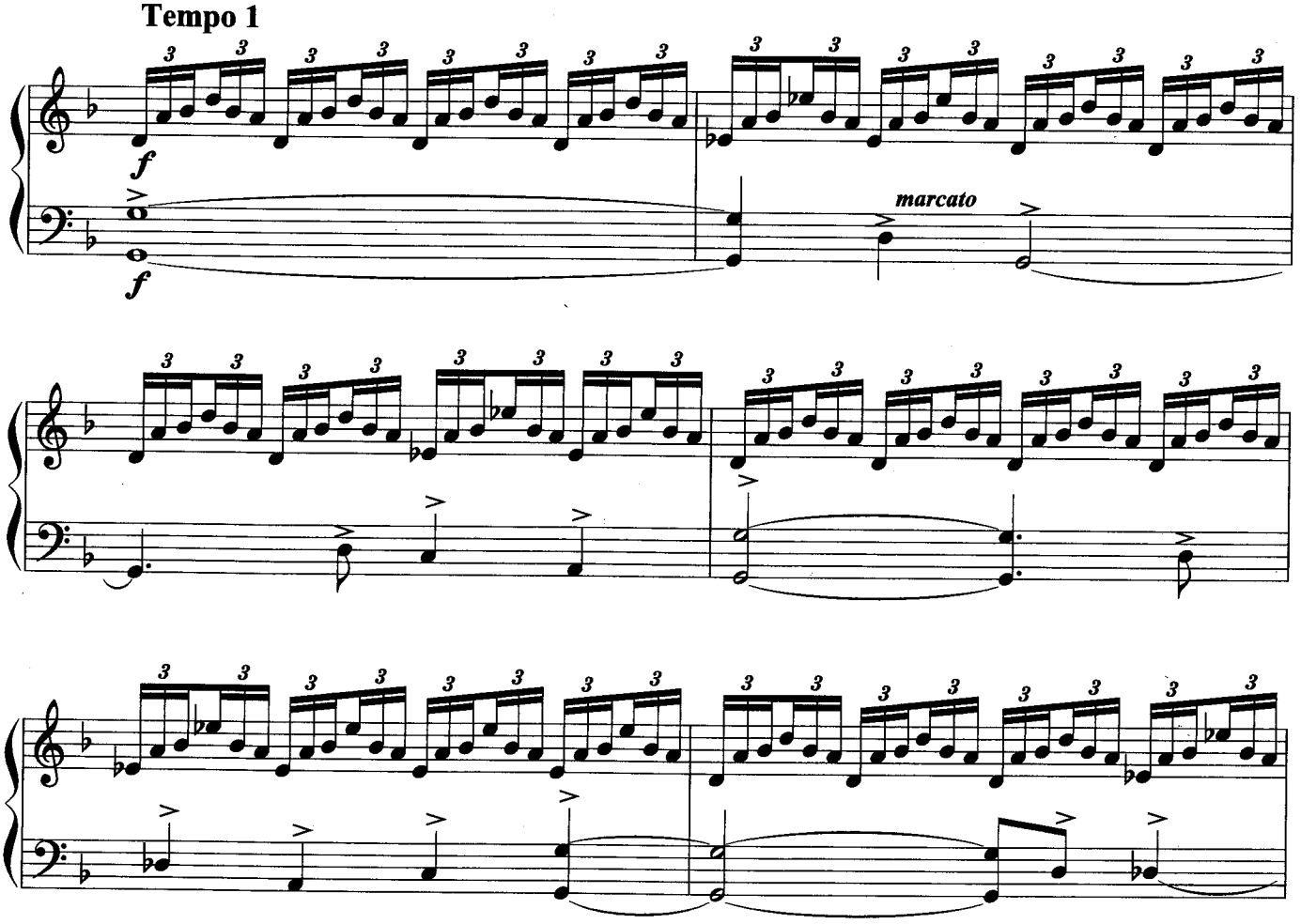

To Coda
mf
ev - ery - bo - dy's goal.
Anyway they say shecomes on a pale horse but I'm sure I hear a train.
mf
ritardando last time

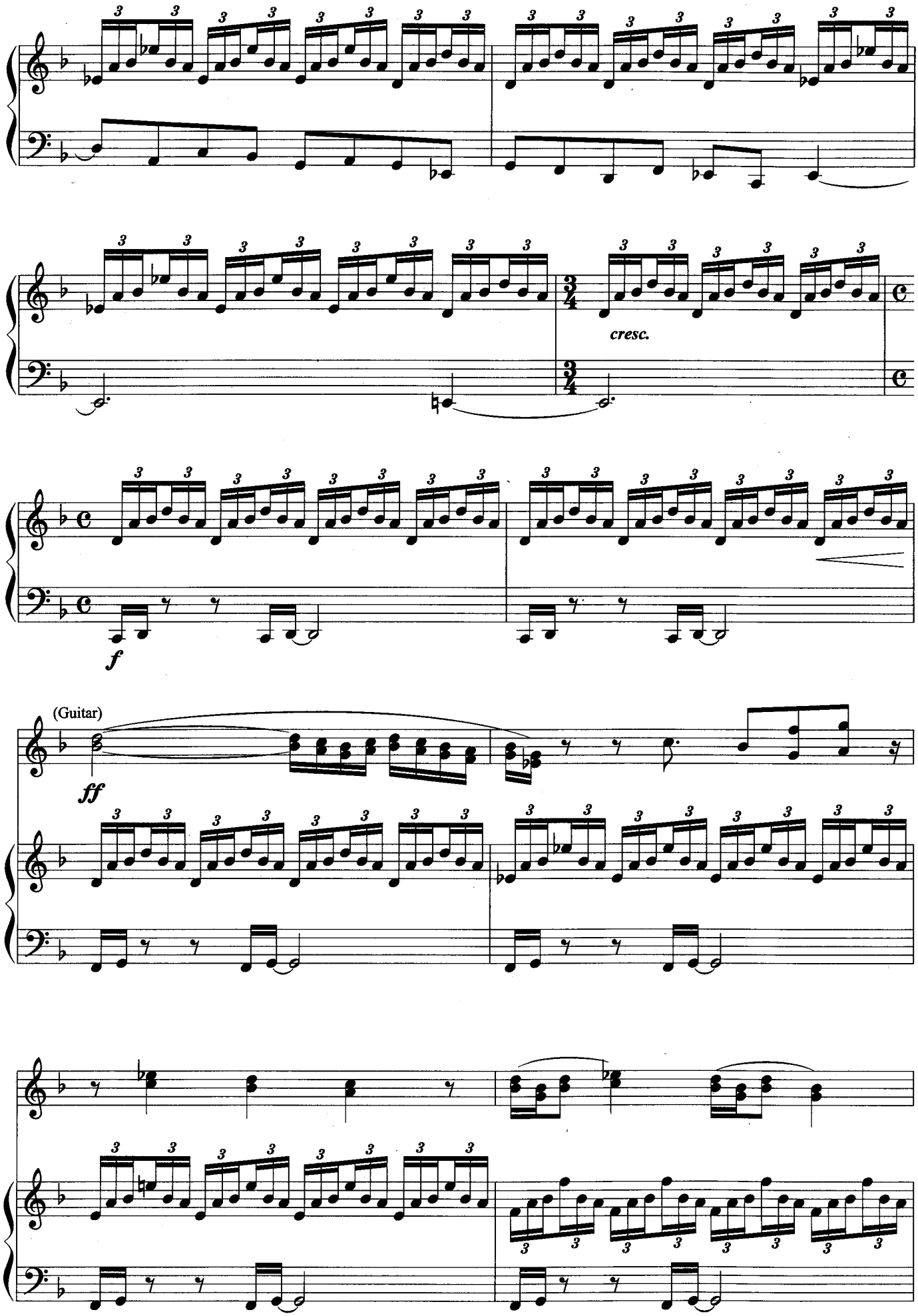

Oh boy! I don't wanna feel no pain.
I guess I mustbe driving my-self in - sane.

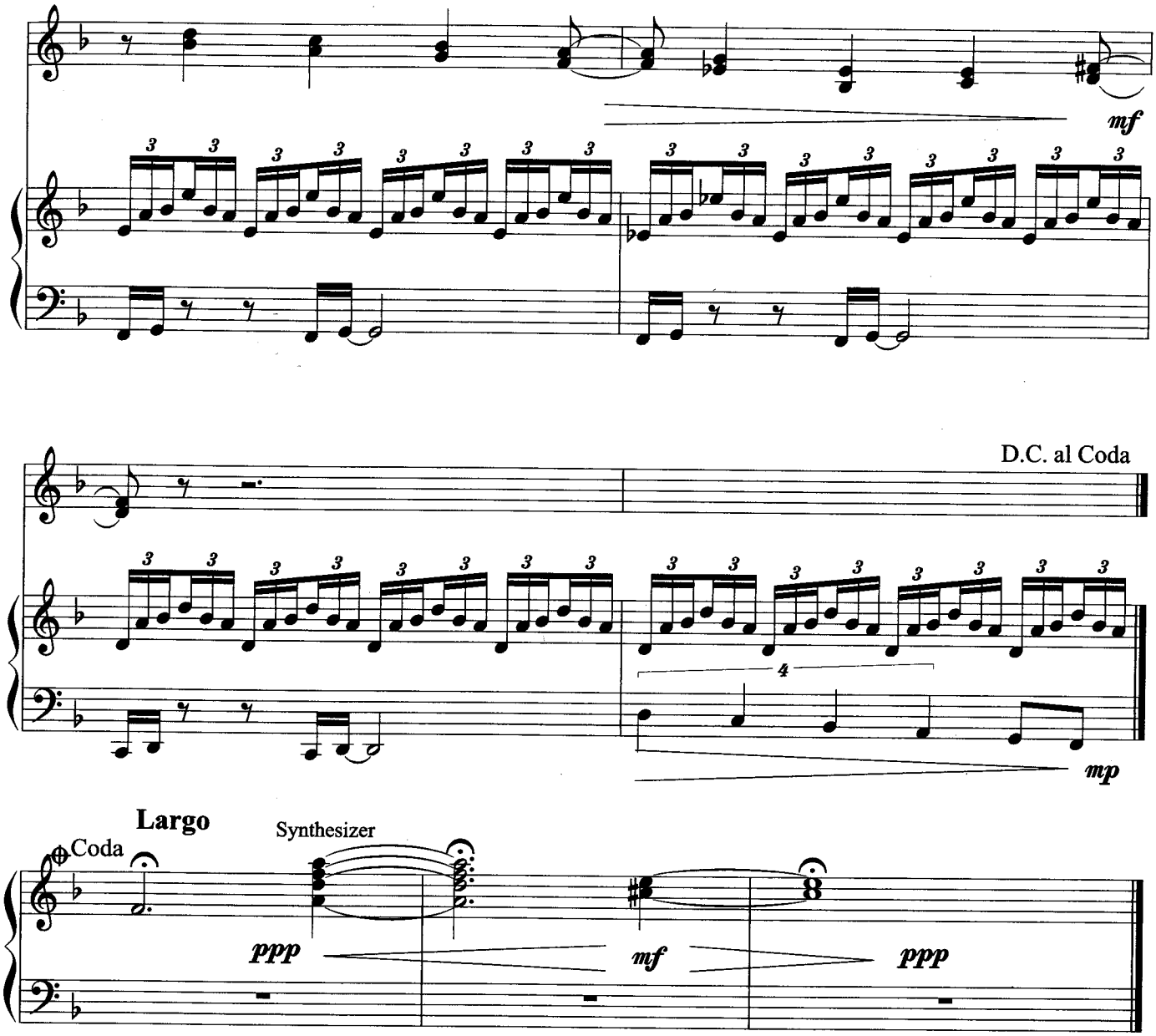

f
mf
Damn it all!
Does earth plug a hole in hea - ven
or hea - ven plug a hole in


pp
earth
How won - der - ful to be so pro - found when


eve - ry ting you are is dy - ing un - der - ground.
rit.
rit.


Tempo 1
f
f
marcato

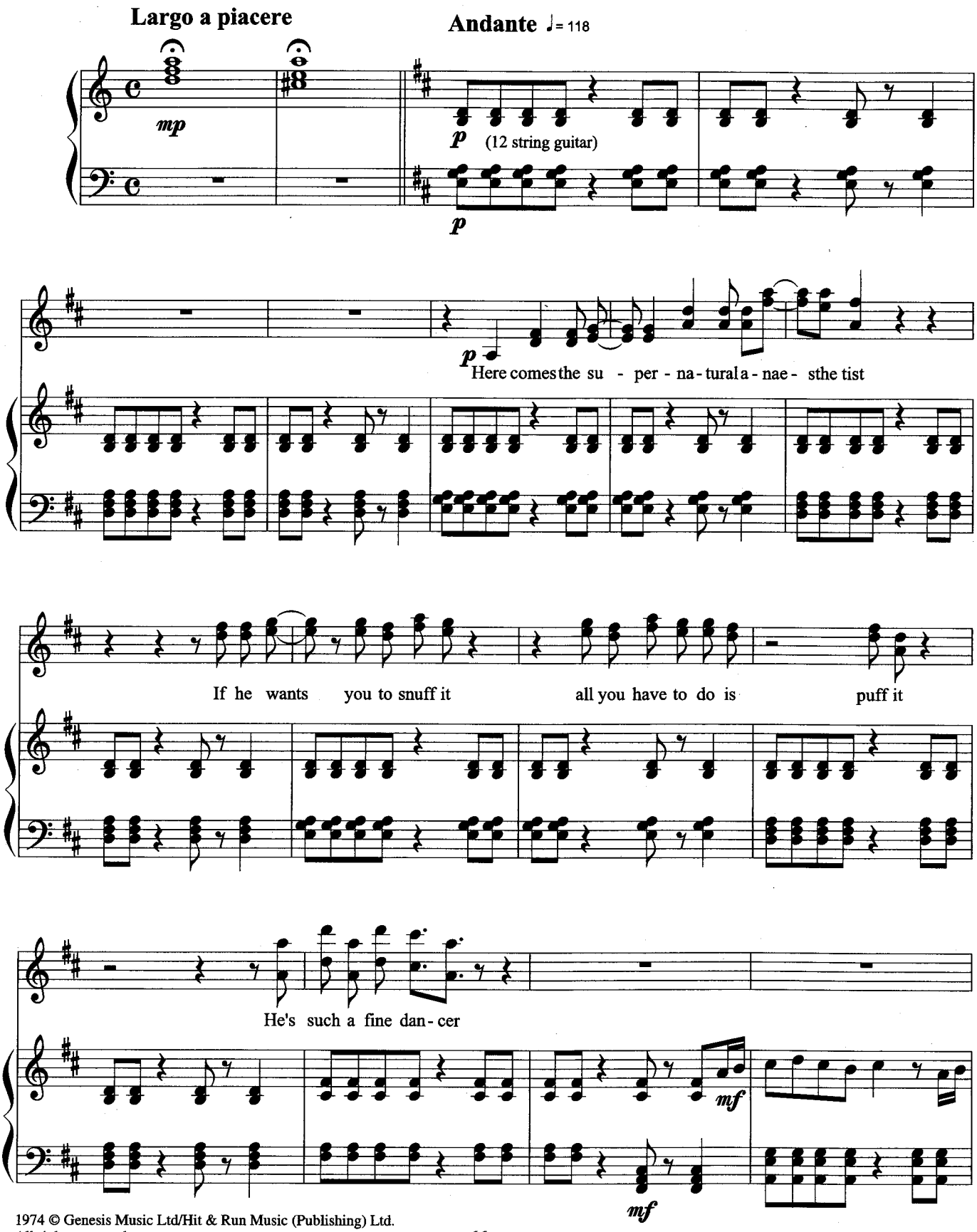

cresc.
f
(Guitar)
ff



I feel the pull on the rope, let me off at the rainbow.
I could have been exploding in space
Different orbits for my bones
Not me, just quietly buried in stones,
Keep the deadline open with my maker!
See me stretch; for God's elastic acre
The doorbell rings and it's
"Good morning Rael
So sorry you had to wait.
It won't be long, yeh!
She's very rarely late."

15. Here comes the supernatural anaesthetist

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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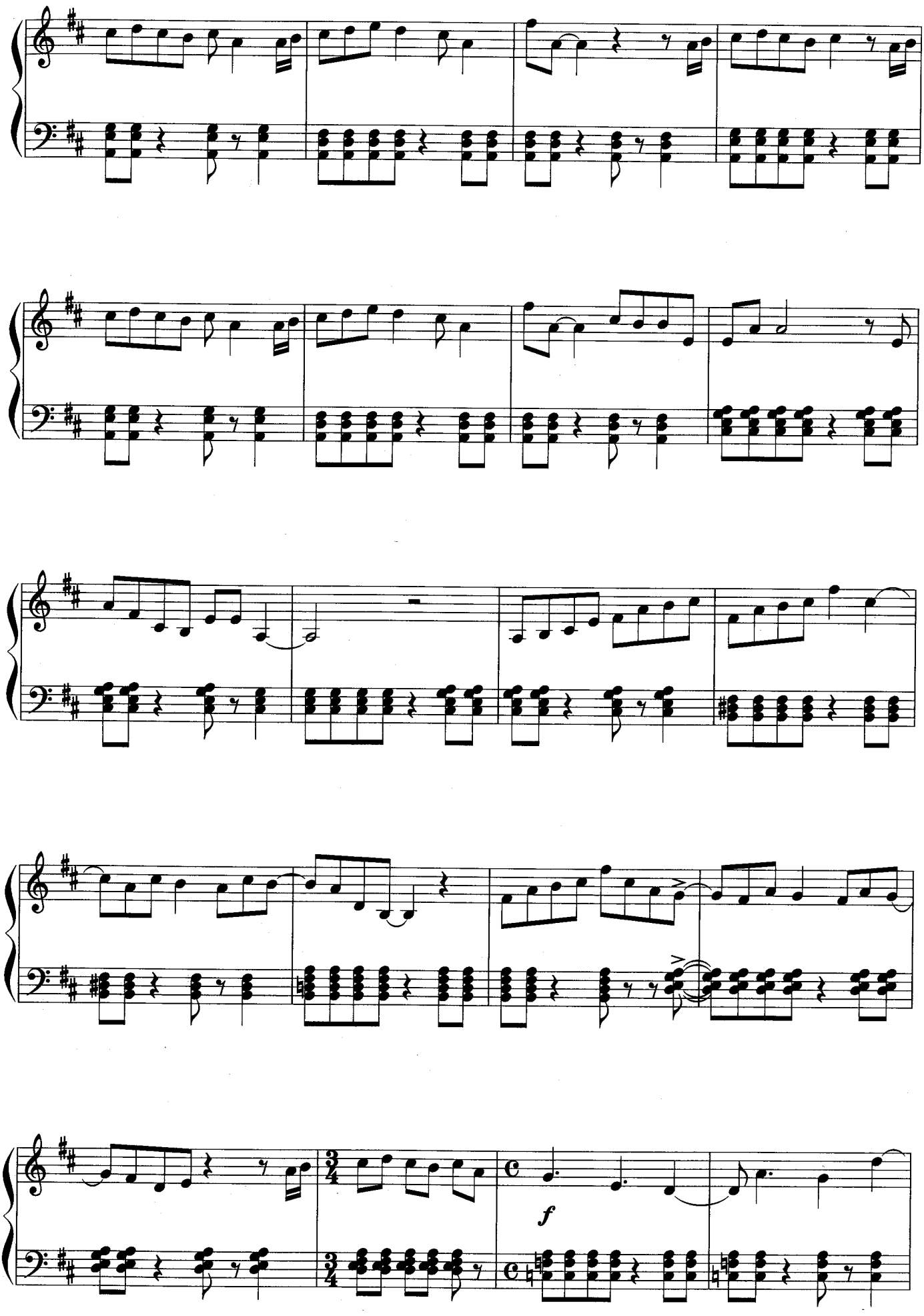
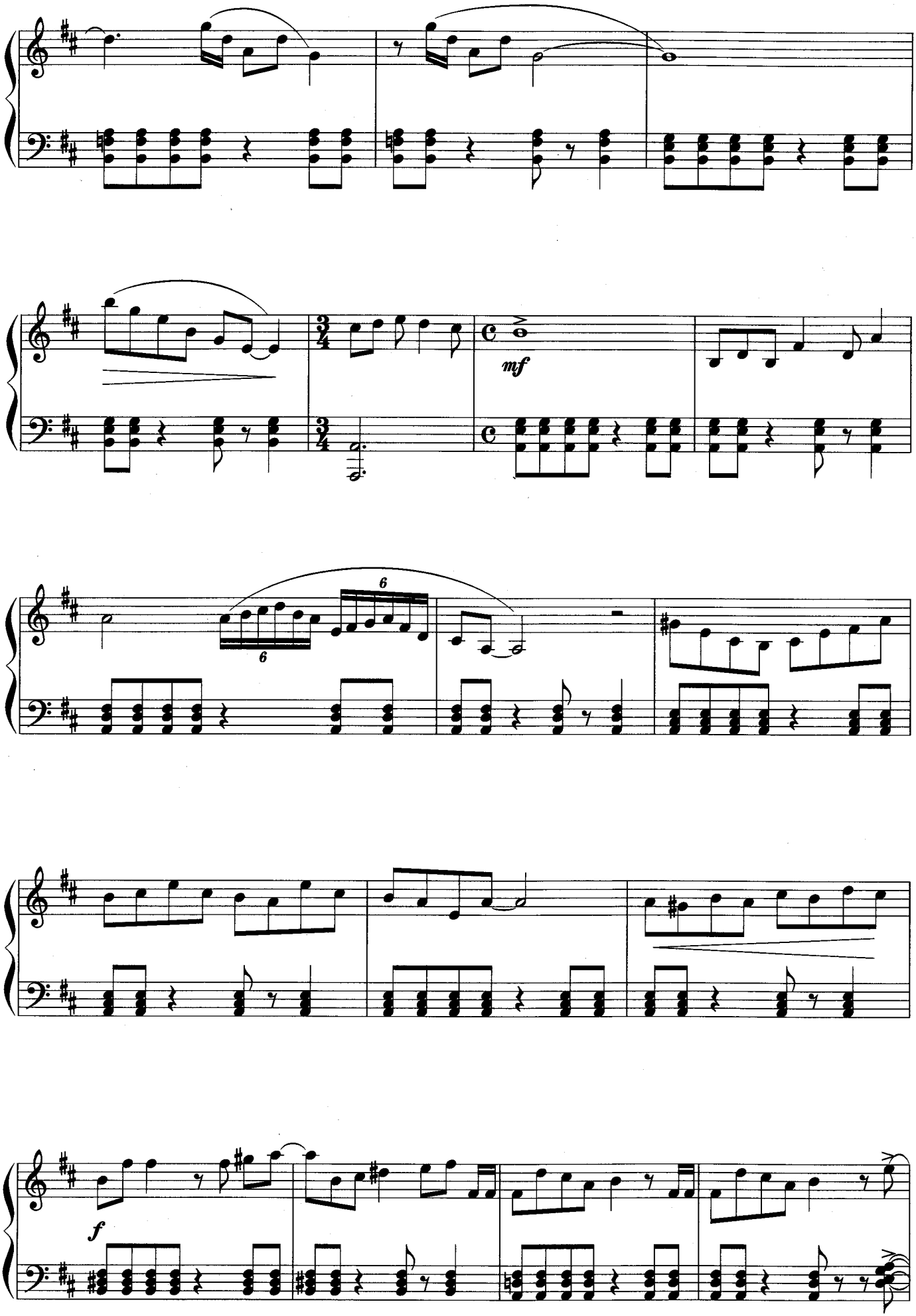
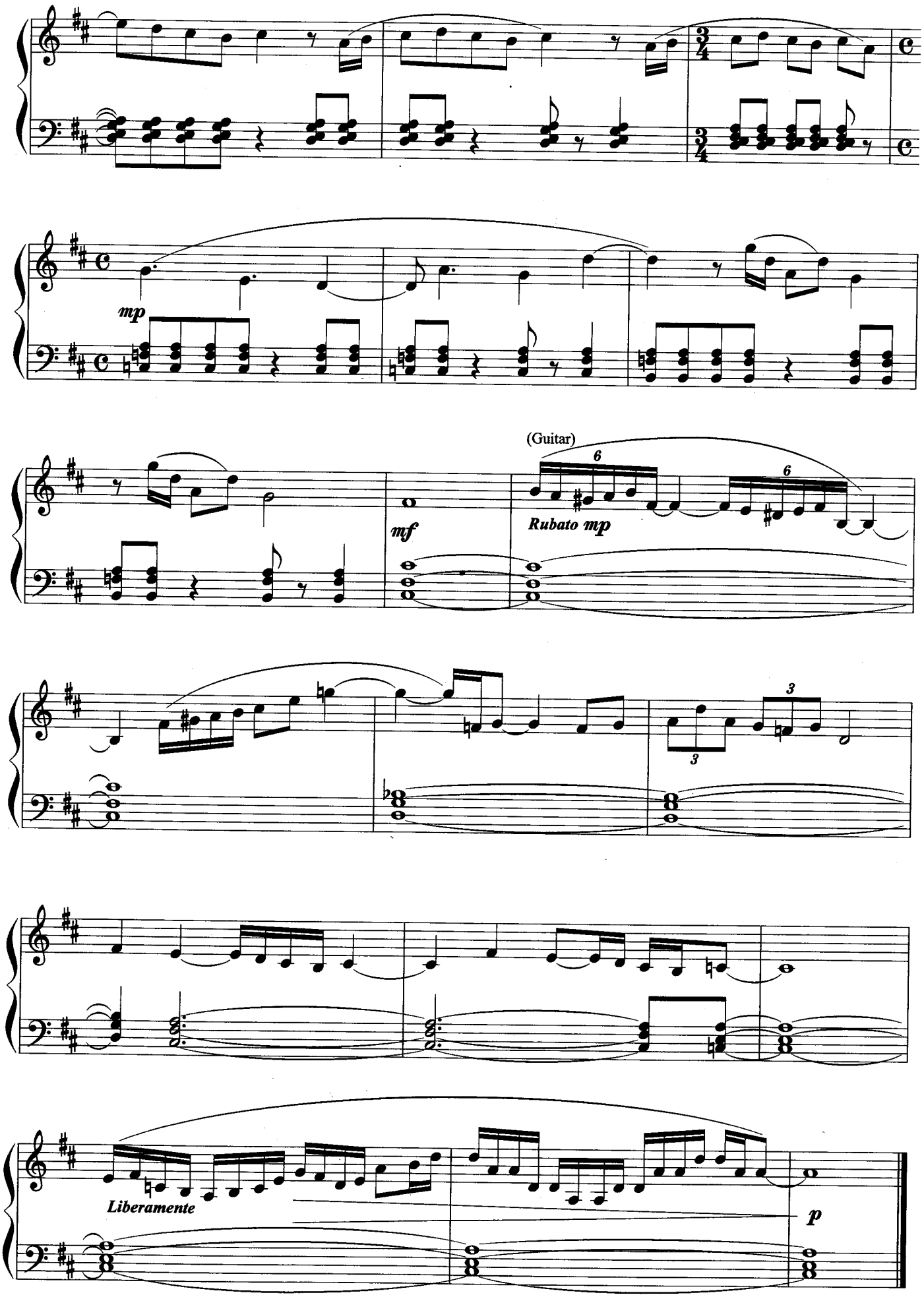

f

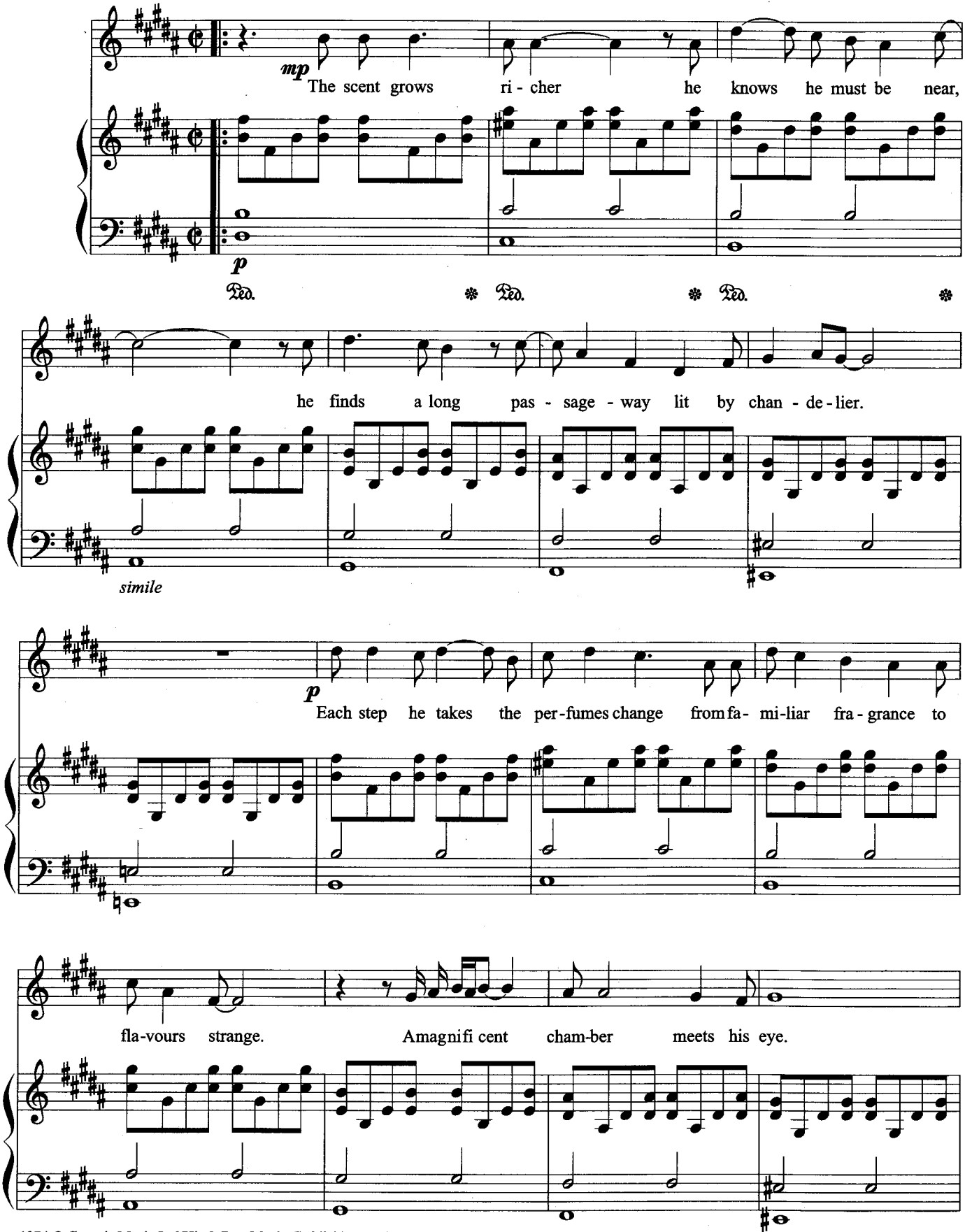

mf
6
6
f


mp
(Guitar)
6
6
mf
Rubato mp
3
3
Liberamente
p

16. The Lamia

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M.Rutherford

Andantino ♩= 60



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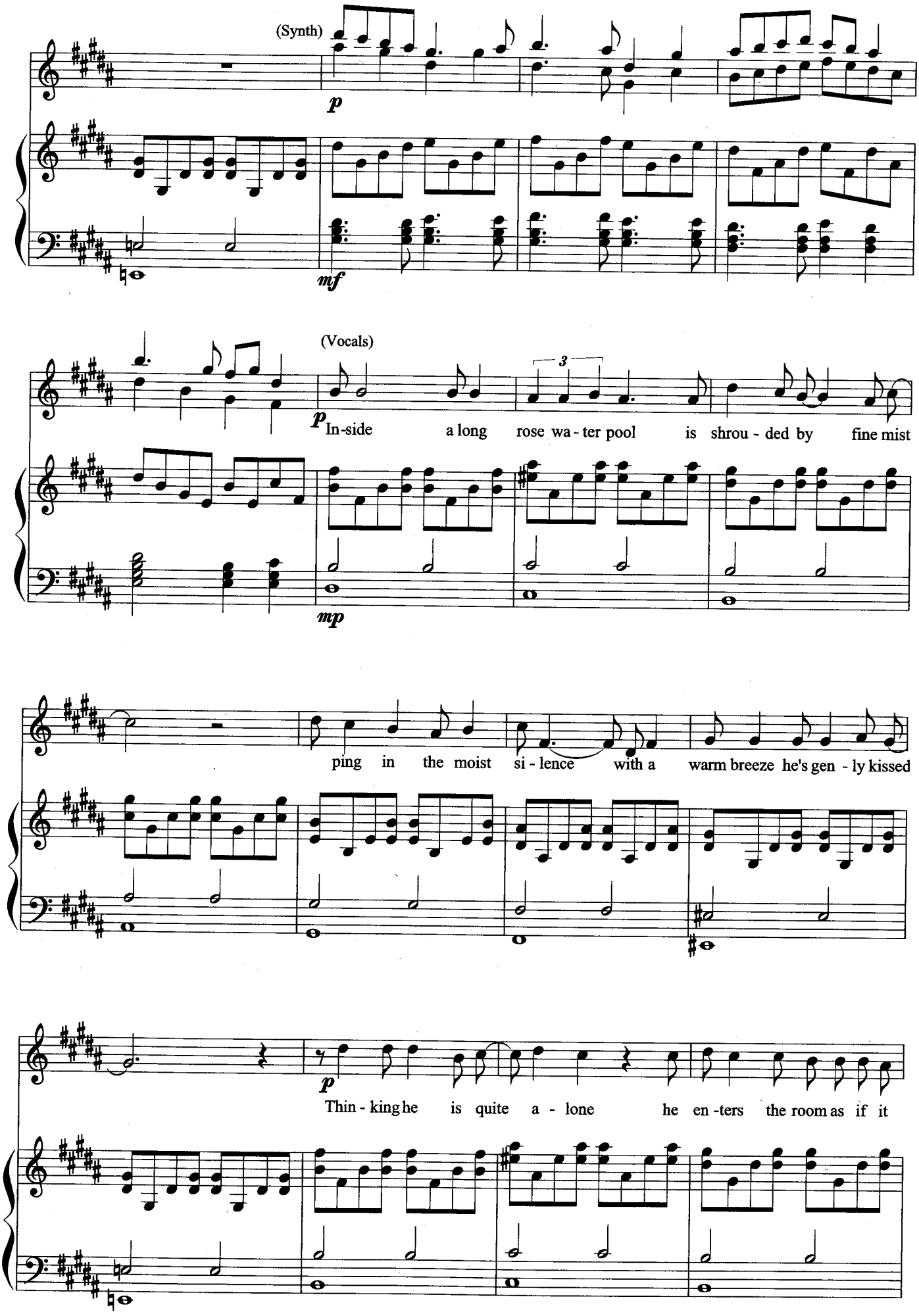
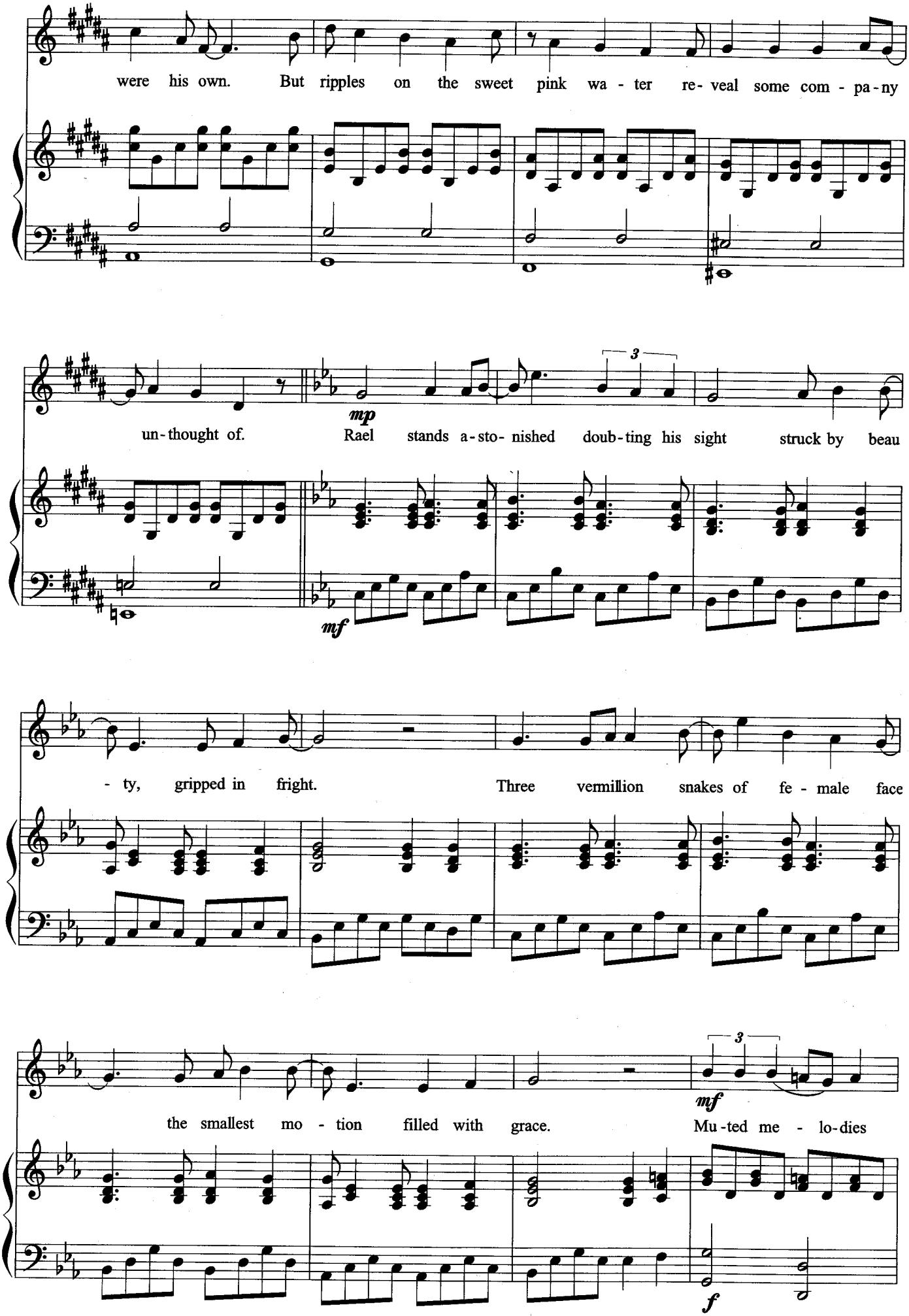
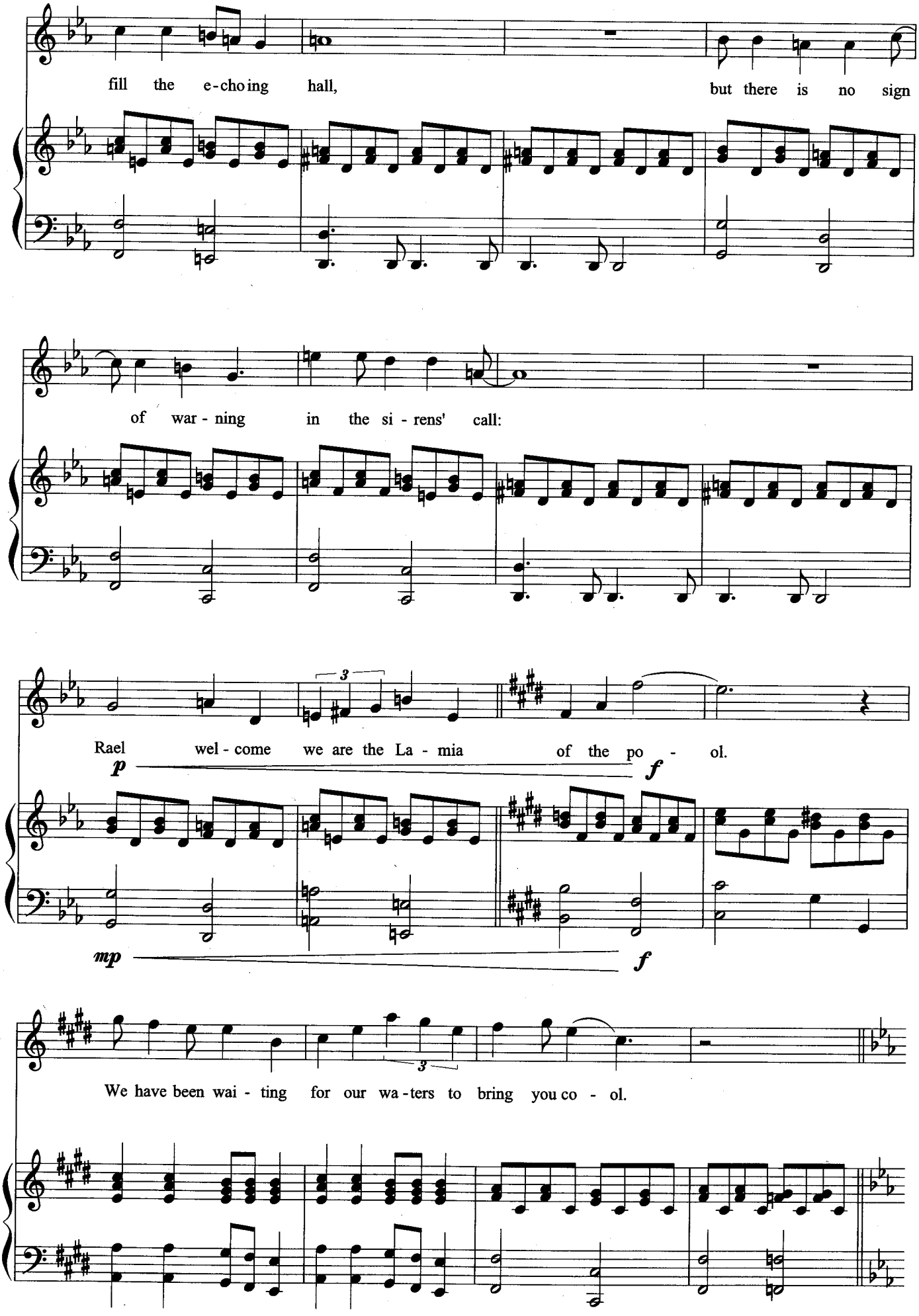
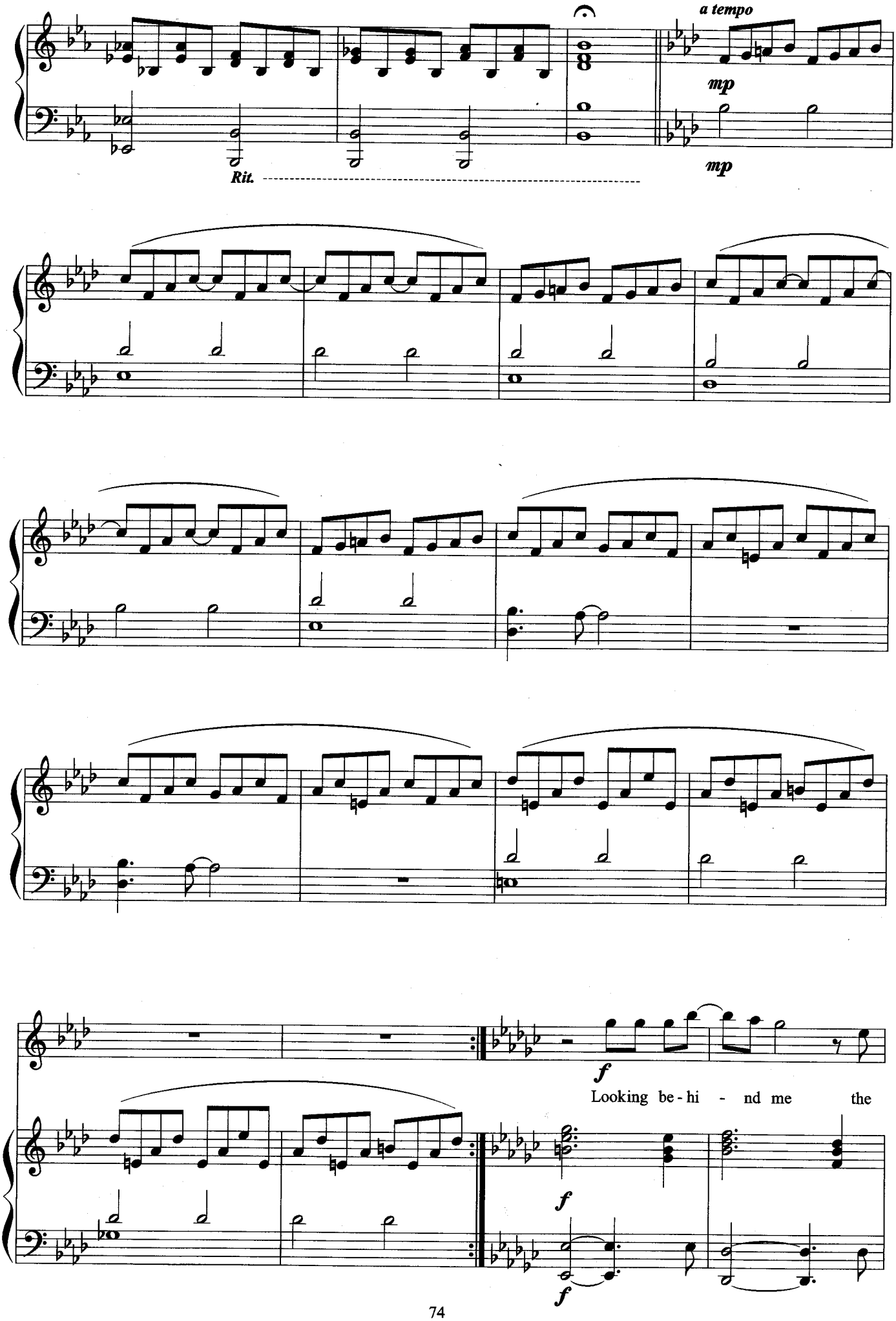
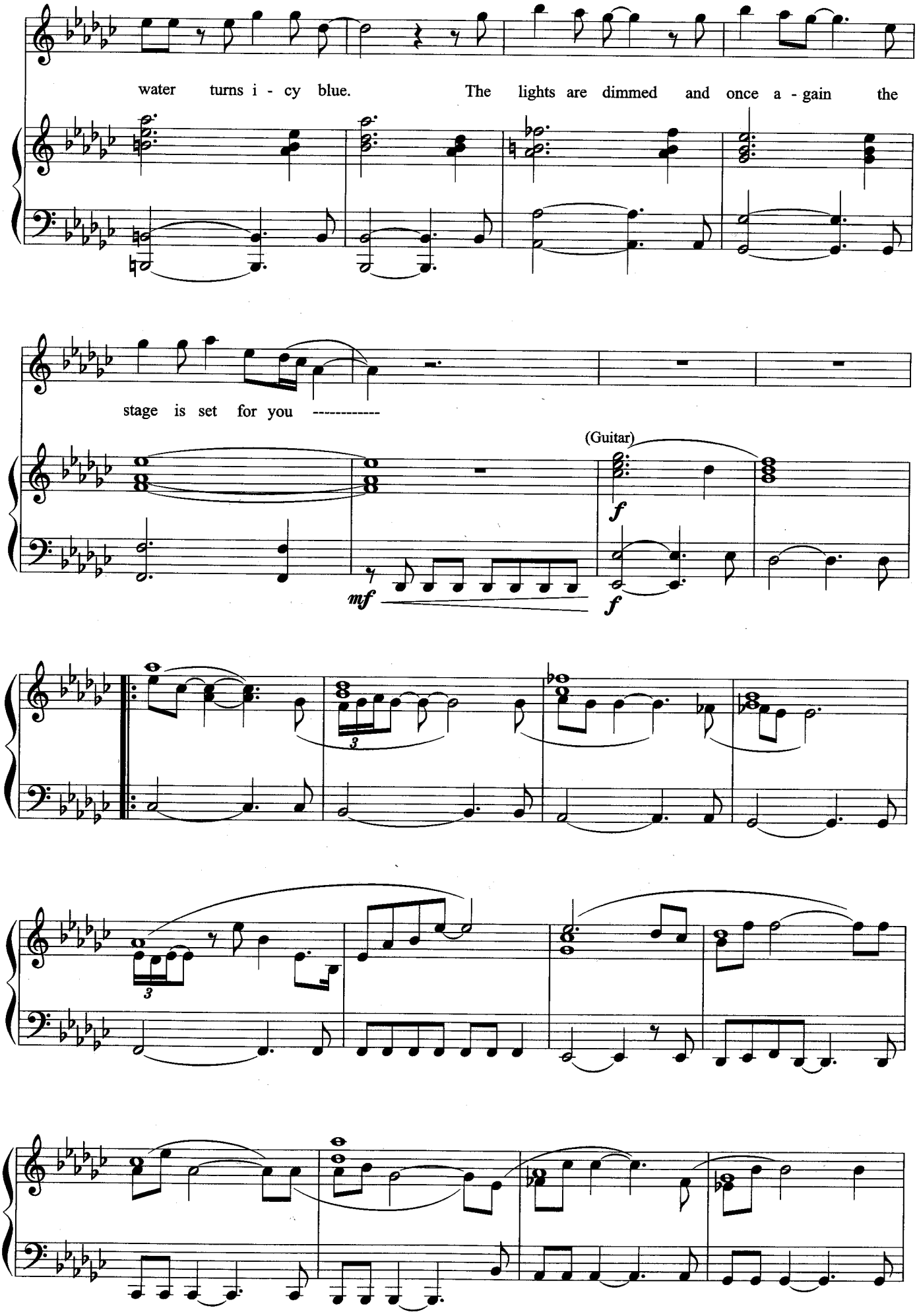
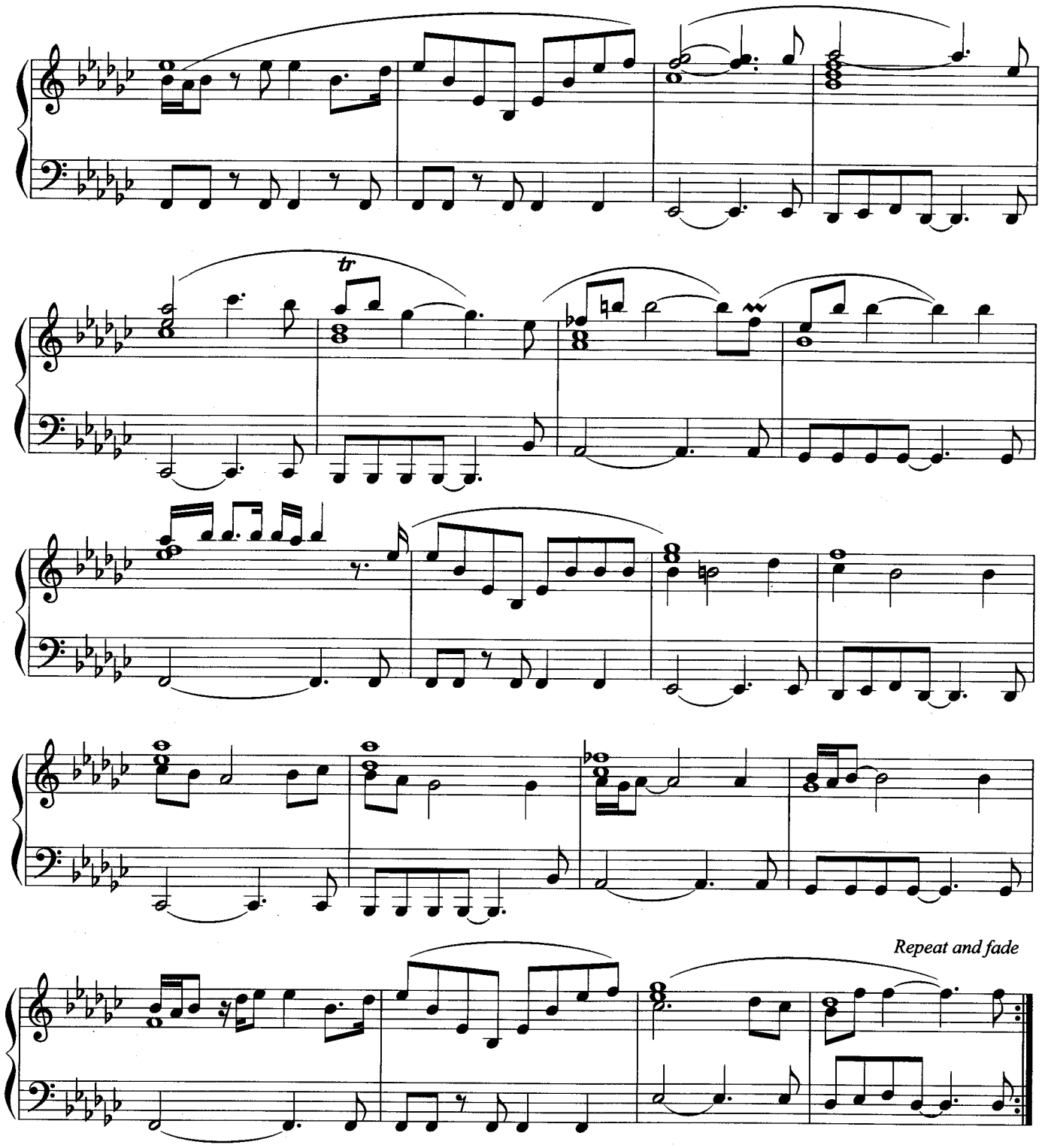

(Synth)
p
mf
(Vocals)
p
In-side a long rose wa - ter pool is shrou - ded by fine mist
mp
ping in the moist si - lence with a warm breeze he's gen - ly kissed
p
Thin - king he is quite a - lone he en -ters the room as if it


were his own. But ripples on the sweet pink wa - ter re- veal some com - pa - ny
un - thought of. Rael stands a - sto - nished doub - ting his sight struck by beau
mp
mf
- ty, gripped in fright. Three vermillion snakes of fe - male face
the smallest mo - tion filled with grace. Mu - ted me - lo - dies
mf
f
3


fill the e-cho ing hall, but there is no sign
of war - ning in the si - rens' call:
Rael wel - come we are the La - mia of the po - ol.
p
f
mp
f
We have been wai - ting for our wa - ters to bring you co - ol.


a tempo
mp
mp
Rit.
f
Looking be - hi - nd me the
f
f


water turns i - cy blue. The lights are dimmed and once a - gain the
stage is set for you ----------
(Guitar)
f
mf
f
3
3



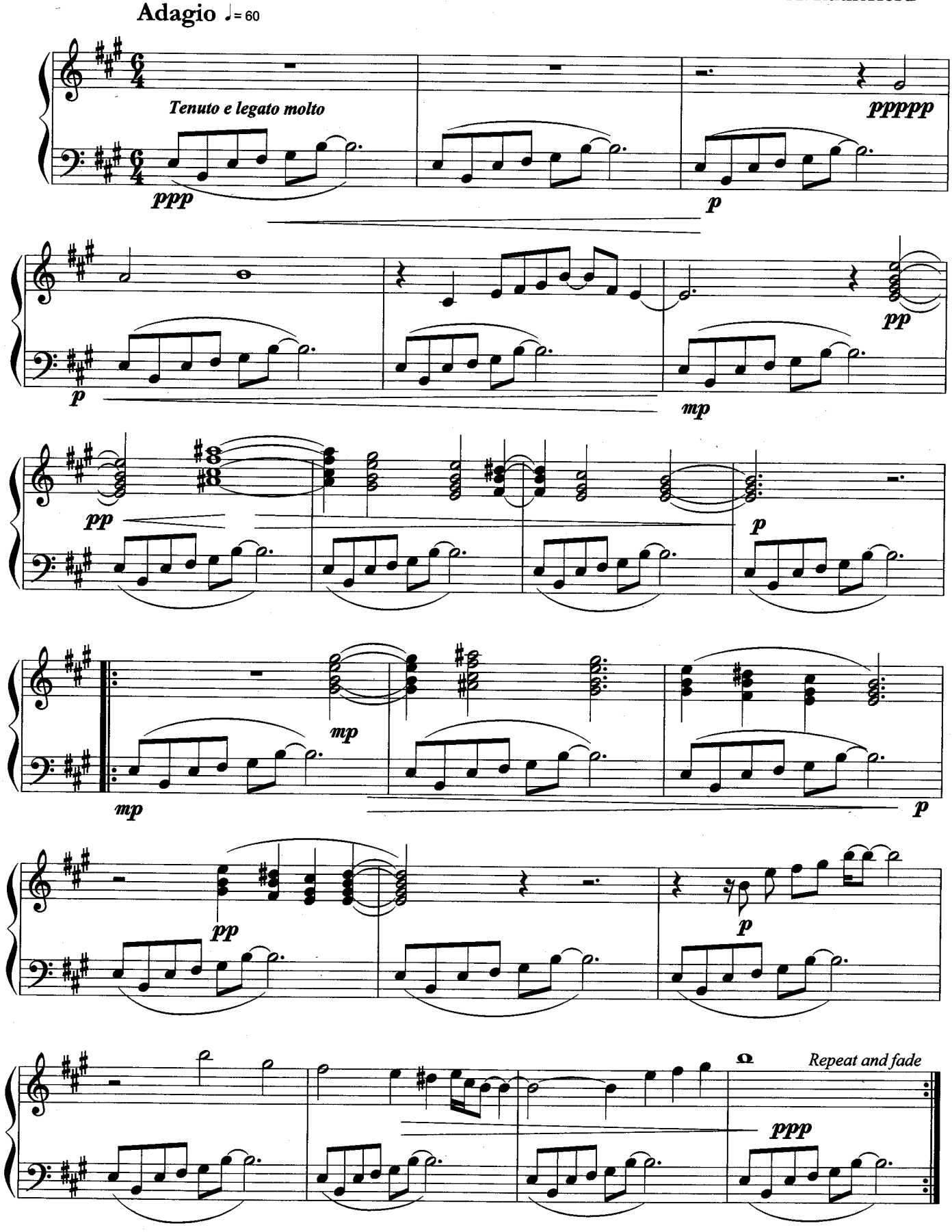
Putting fear beside him, he trusts in beauty blind
He slips into the nectar, leaving his shredded clothes behind.
"With their tongues, they test, taste and judge all that is mine.
They move in a series of caresses
That glide up and down my spine.

As they nibble the fruit of my flesh, I feel no pain,
Only a magic that a name would stain.
With the first drop of my blood in their veins
Their faces are convulsed in mortal pain.
The fairest cries, 'We all have loved you, Rael:"

Each empty snakelike body floats,
Silent sorrow in empty boats.
A sickly sourness fills the room,
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom,
Looking for motion I know I will not find,
I stroke the curls now turning pale, in which I'd lain entwined.
"Oh Lamia, your flesh that remains I will take as my food."
It is the scent of garlic that lingers on my chocolate fingers.

17. Silent sorrow in empty boats

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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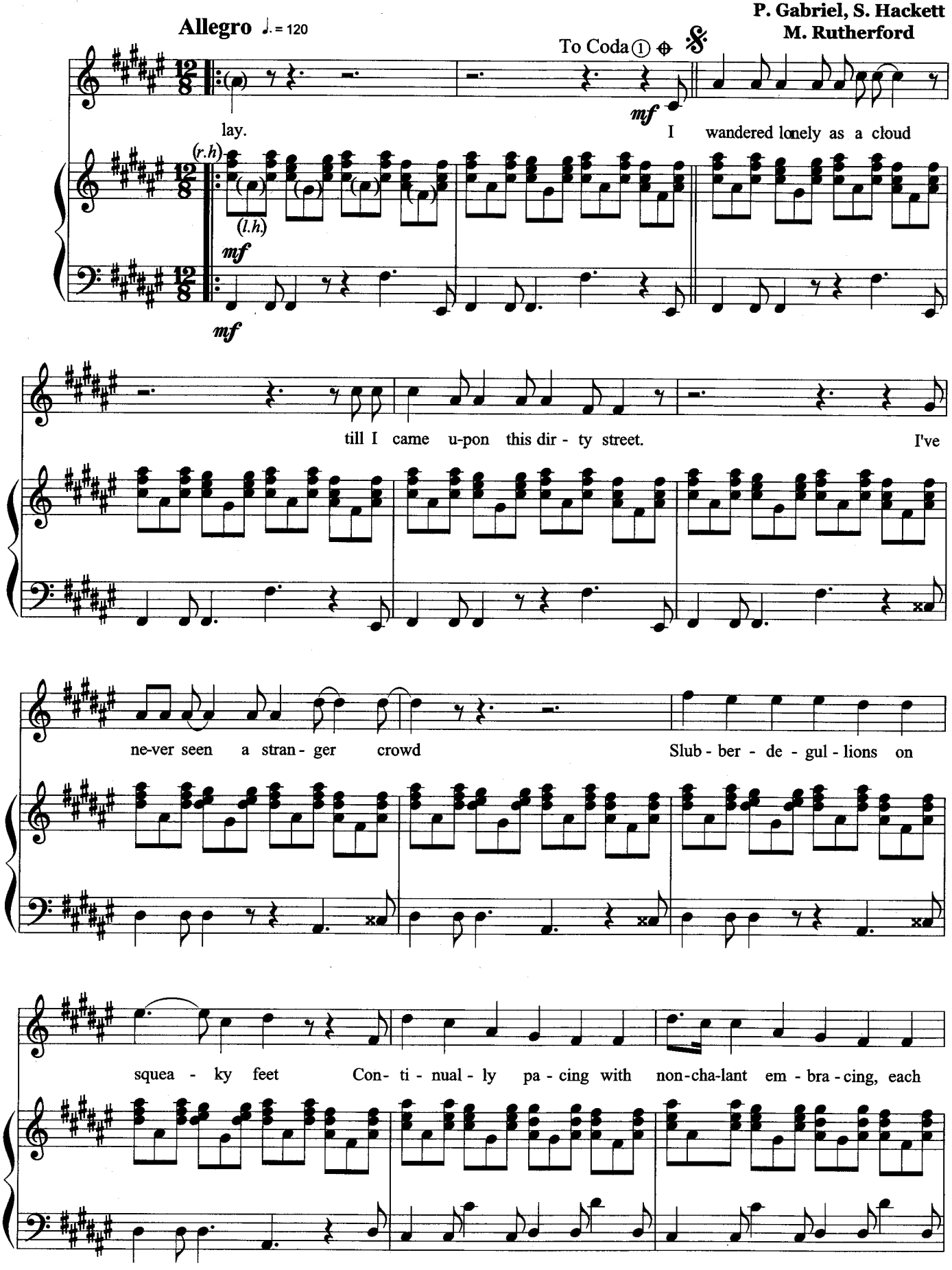
18. The colony of slippermen

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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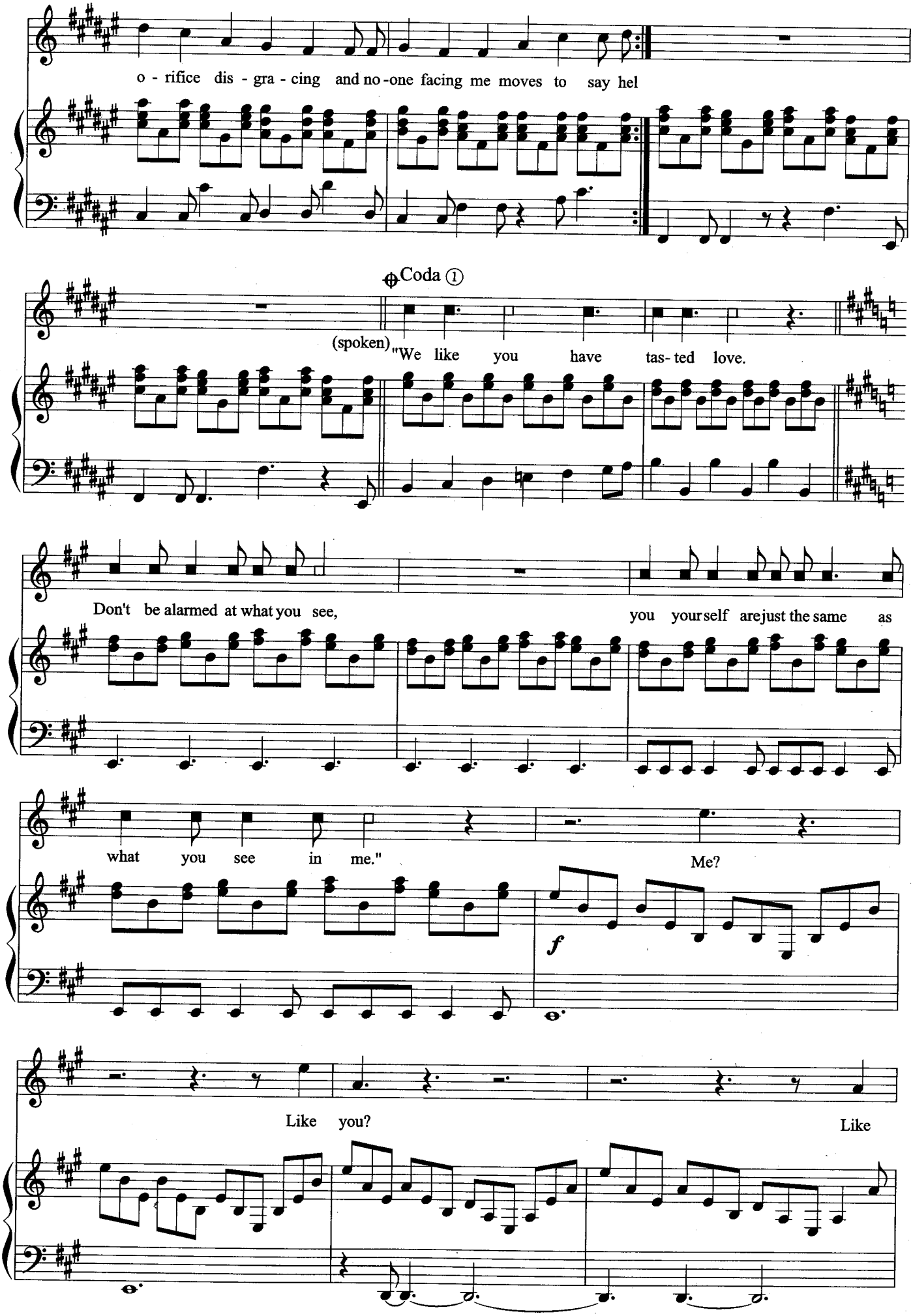
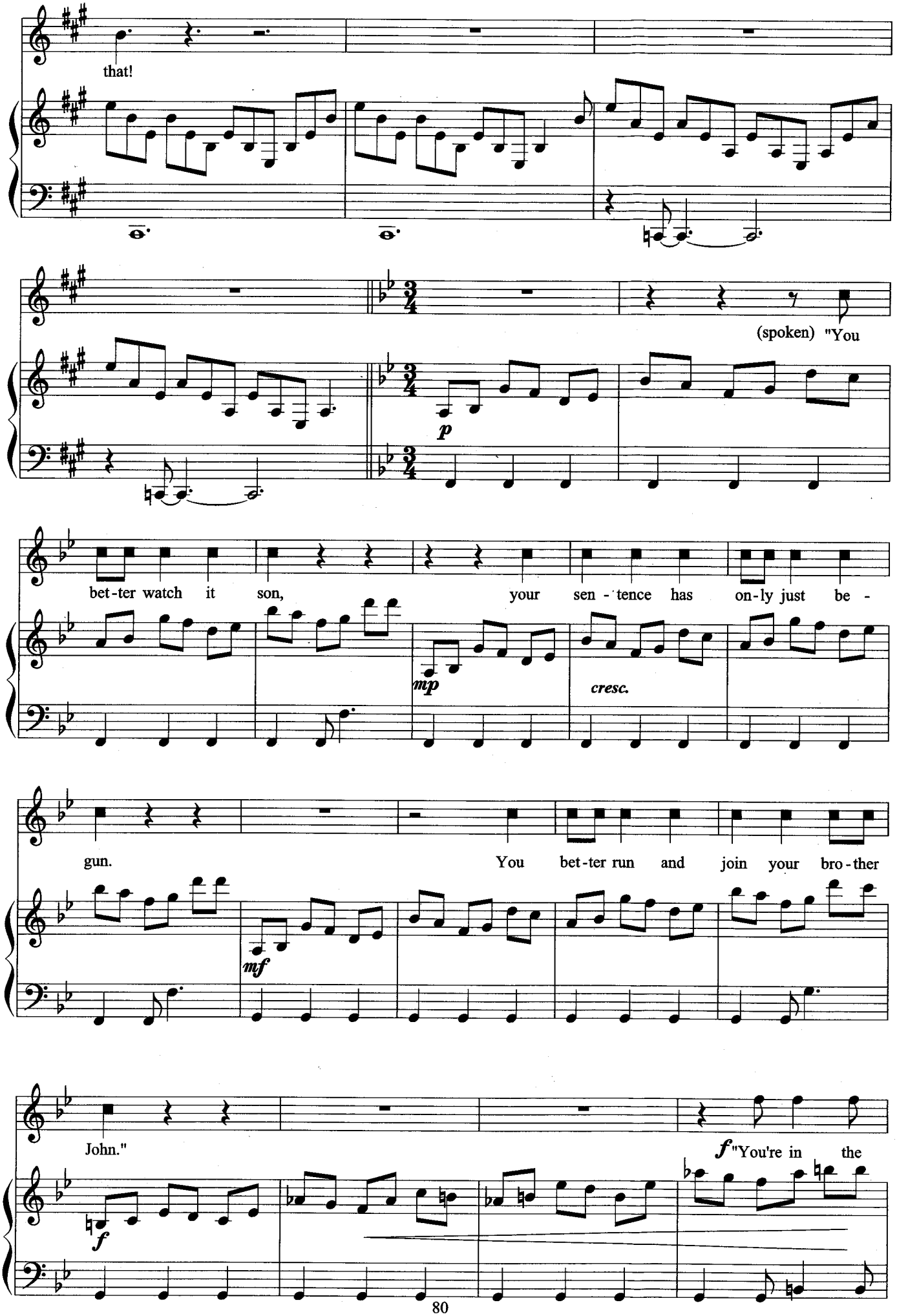
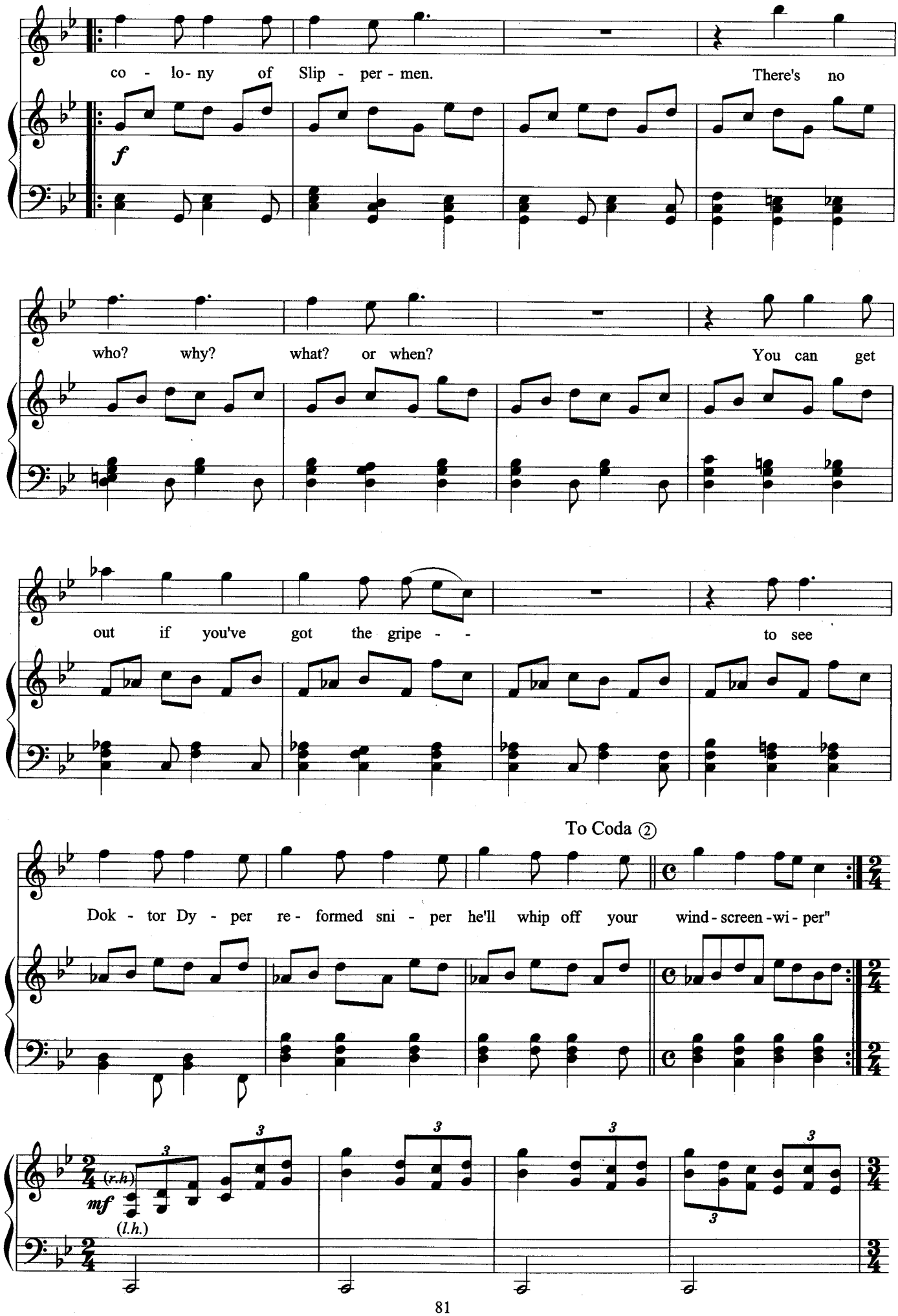
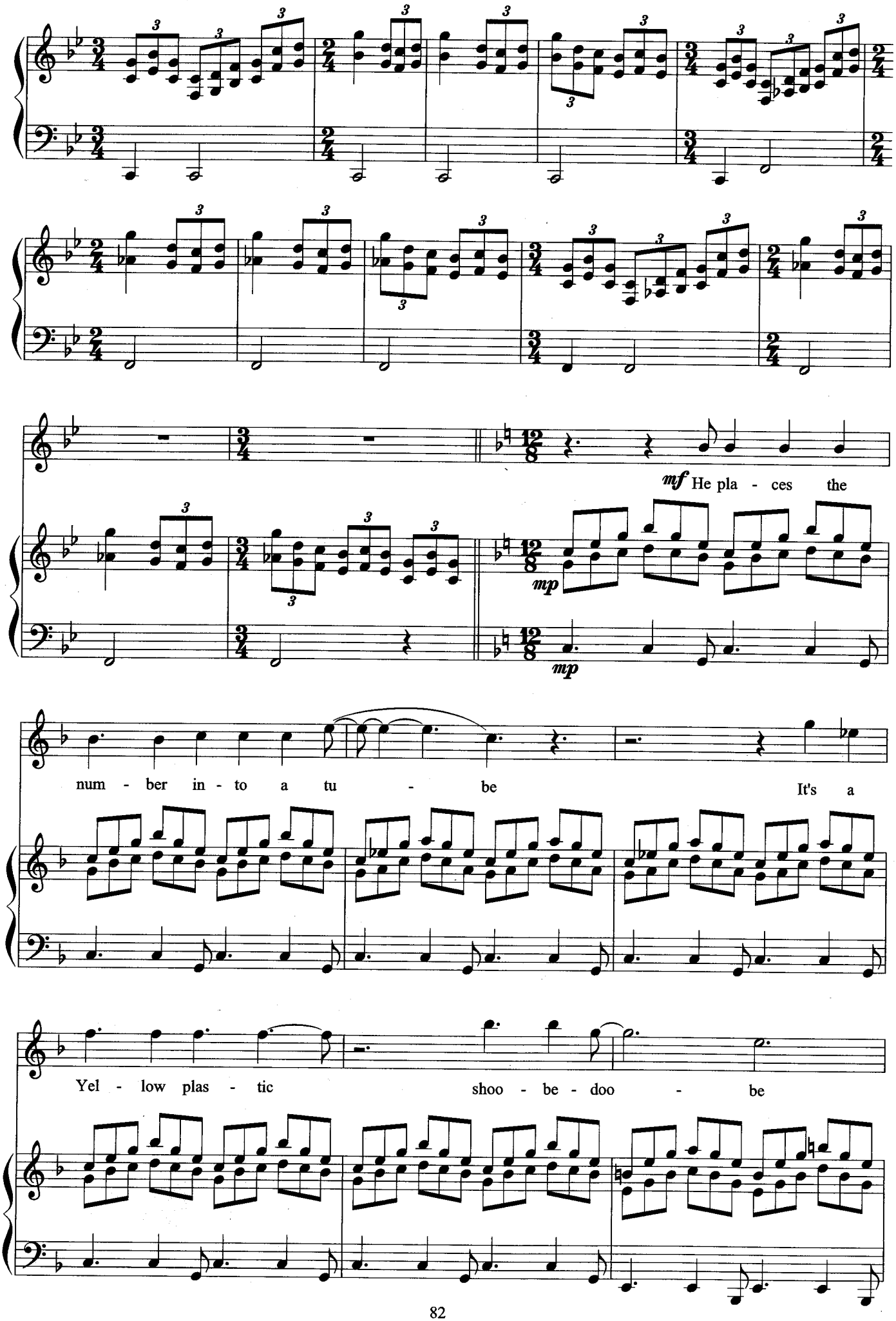
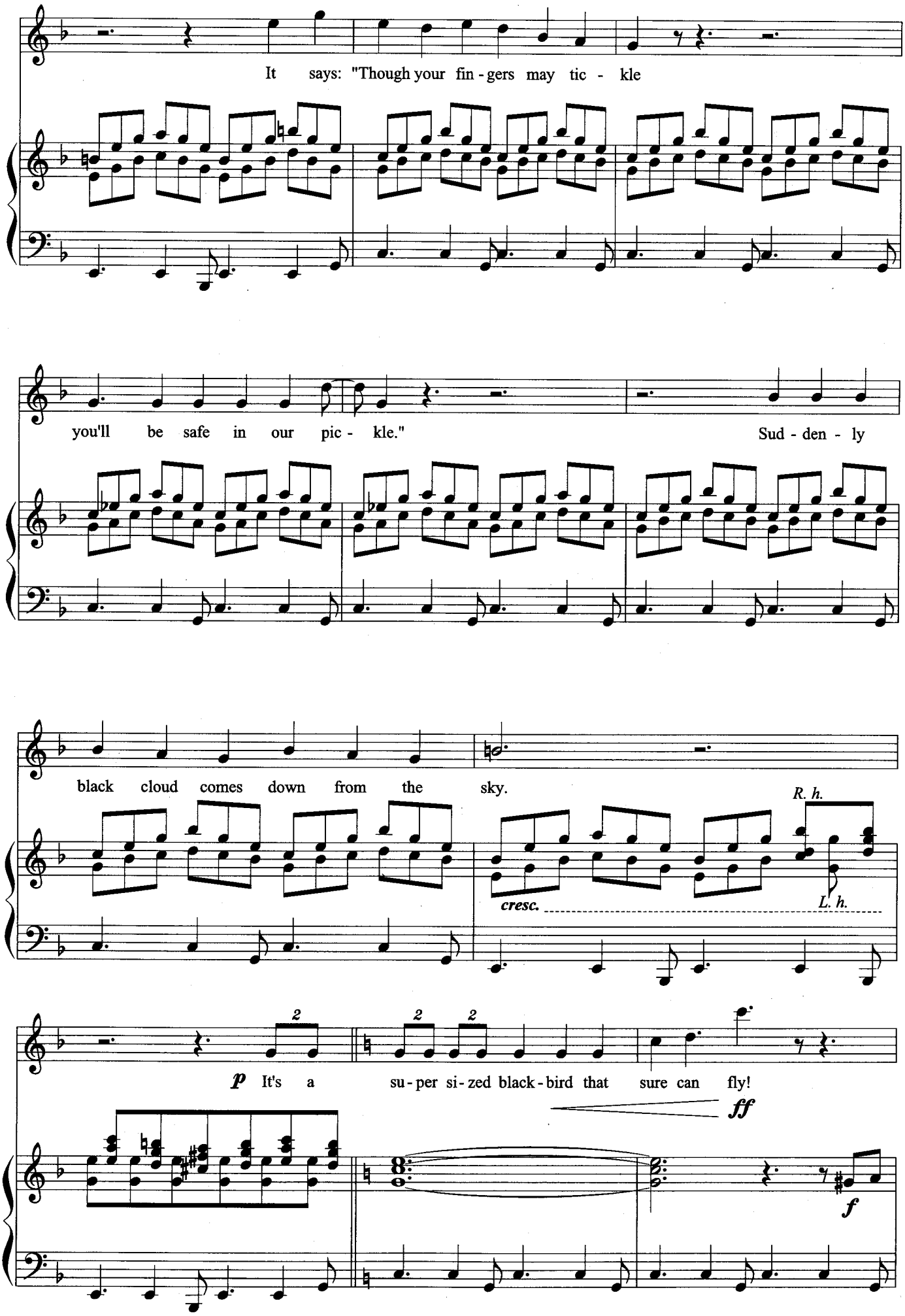
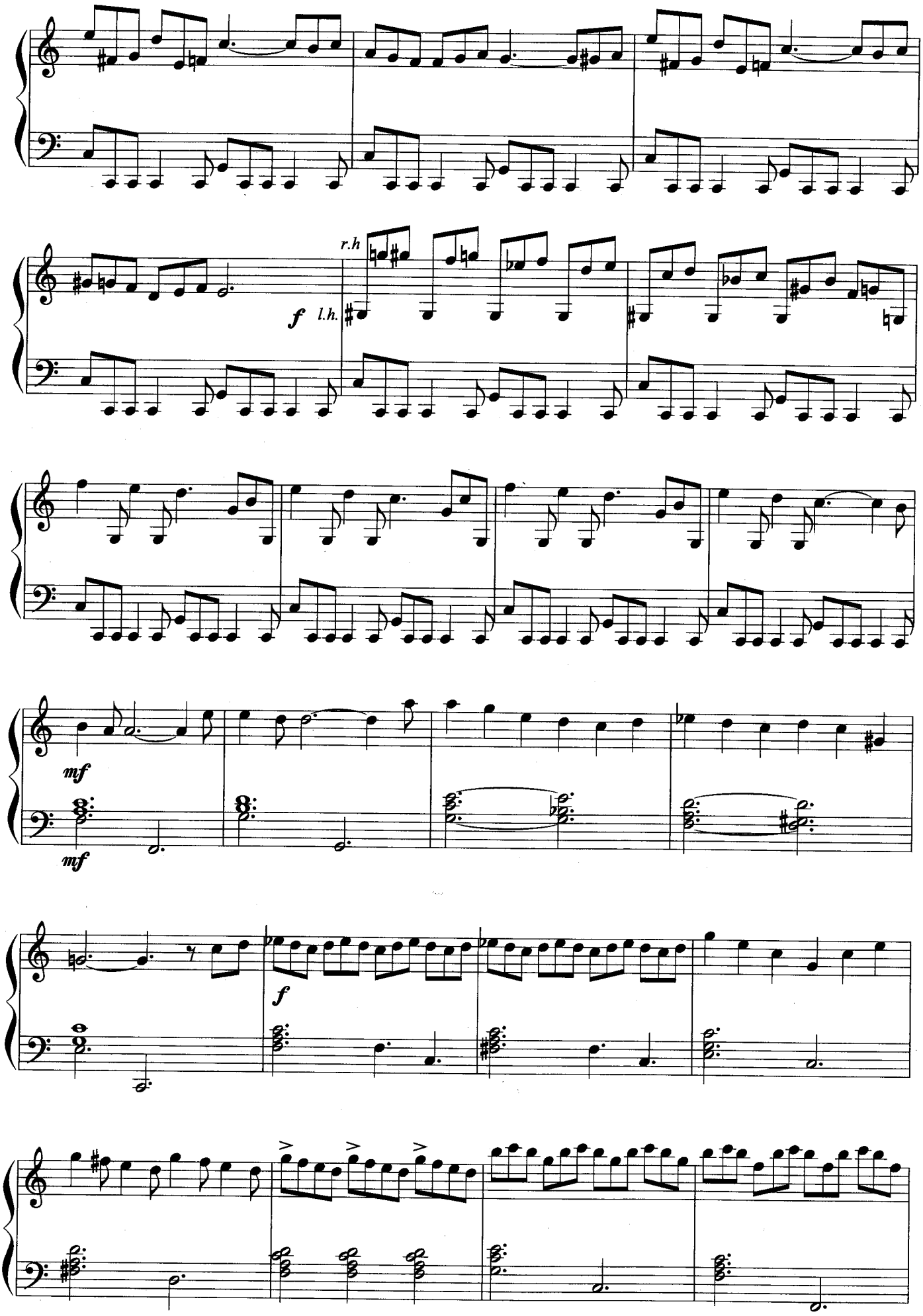

o - rifice dis - gra - cing and no-one facing me moves to say hel
Coda ①
(spoken) "We like you have tas-ted love.
Don't be alarmed at what you see,
you yourself arejust the same as
what you see in me."
Me?
f
Like you?
Like

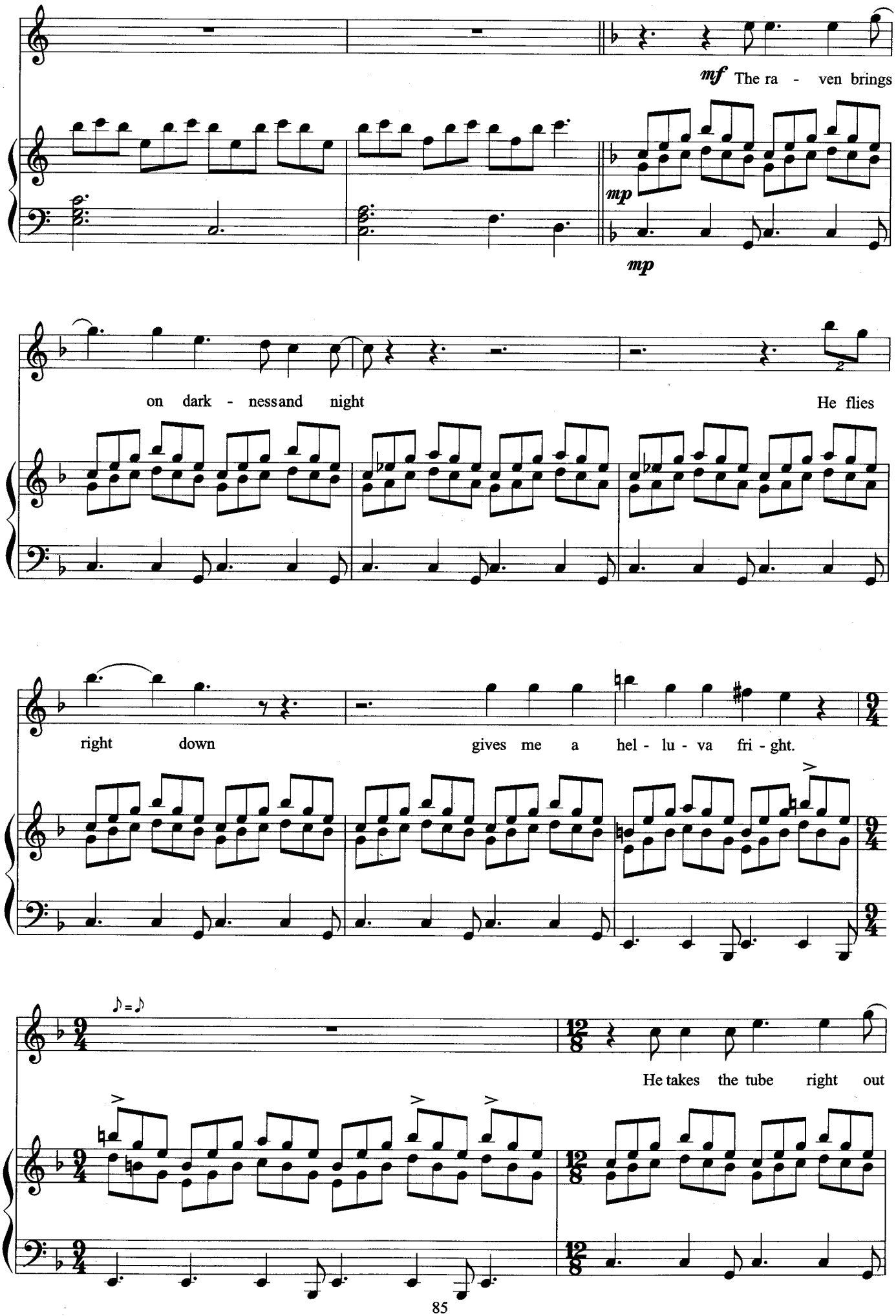

that!
(spoken) "You
bet-ter watch it son, your sen - tence has on-ly just be -
gun. You bet-ter run and join your bro-ther
John."
"You're in the

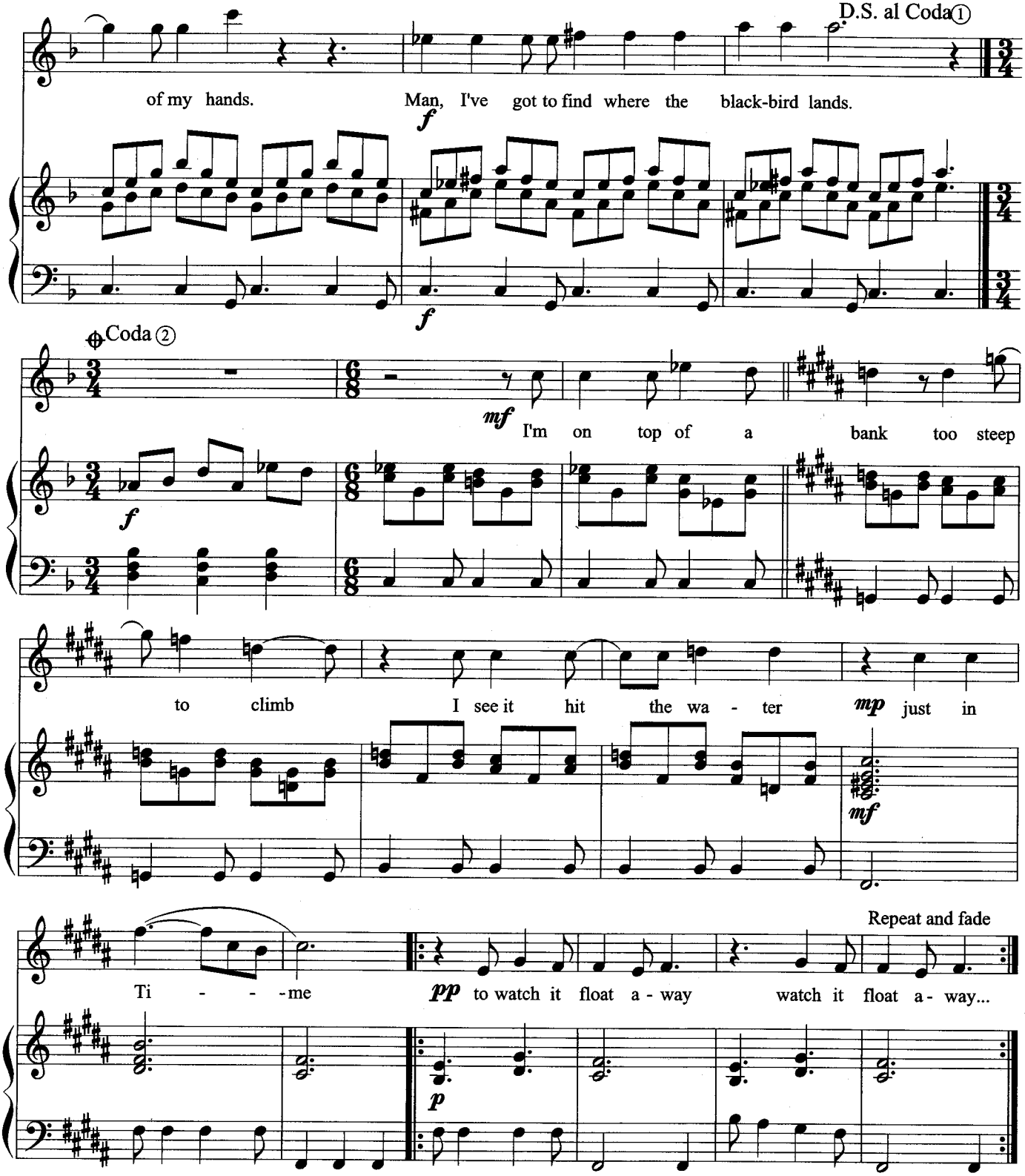

co - lo- ny of Slip - per - men.
There's no
f
who? why? what? or when?
You can get
out if you've got the gripe - -
to see
To Coda ②
Dok - tor Dy - per re - formed sni - per he'll whip off your wind - screen - wi - per"
(r.h.)
mf
(l.h.)


mf He pla - ces the
mp
mp
num - ber in - to a tu - be
It's a
Yel - low plas - tic
shoo - be - doo - be


It says: "Though your fin - gers may tic - kle
you'll be safe in our pic - kle."
Sud - den - ly
black cloud comes down from the sky.
R. h.
cresc.
L. h.
p It's a su - per si - zed black - bird that sure can fly!
ff
f


r.h
f
l.h.
mf
mf
f


mf The ra - ven brings
mp
mp
on dark - nessand night
He flies
right down
gives me a hel - lu - va fri - ght.
He takes the tube right out



Your skin's all covered in slimy lumps.
With lips that slide across each chin.
His twisted limbs like rubber stumps
Are waved in welcome say "Please join in"
My grip must be flipping,
'Cos his handshake keeps slipping,
My hopes keep on dipping
And his lips keep on smiling all the time.

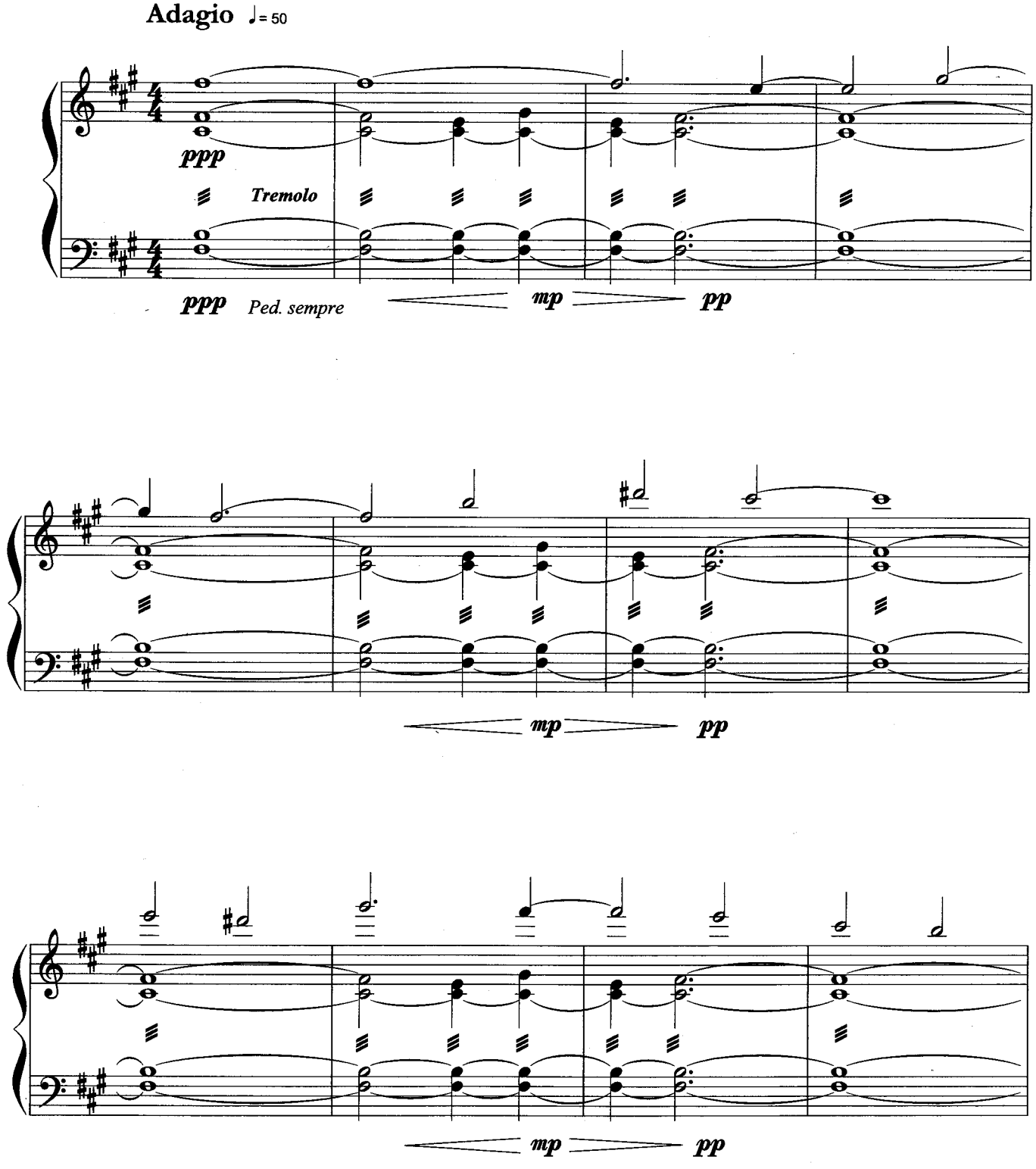
John and I are able
To face the Doktor and his marble table.
Understand Rael, that's the end of your tail.
Don't delay, dock the dick!
I watch his countdown timer tick...

Look here John, I've got to run
I need you now, you're going to come?
He says to me: now can't you see?
Where the raven flies there's jeopardy.
We've been cured on the couch
Now you're sick with your grouch
I'll not risk my honey pouch
Which my slouch will wear slung very low.
He walks away and leaves me once again.
Even though I never learn
I'd hoped he'd show just some concern.

I'm in the agony of Slipperpain
I pray my undercarriage will sustain.
The chase is on, the pace is hot
But I'm running so very fast
with everything that I've got.
He leads me down an underpass
Though it narrows he still flies very fast.
When the tunnel stops
Catch sight of the tube, just as it drops.

19. Ravine

T. Banks, P. Collins, P. Gabriel
S. Hackett, M. Rutherford



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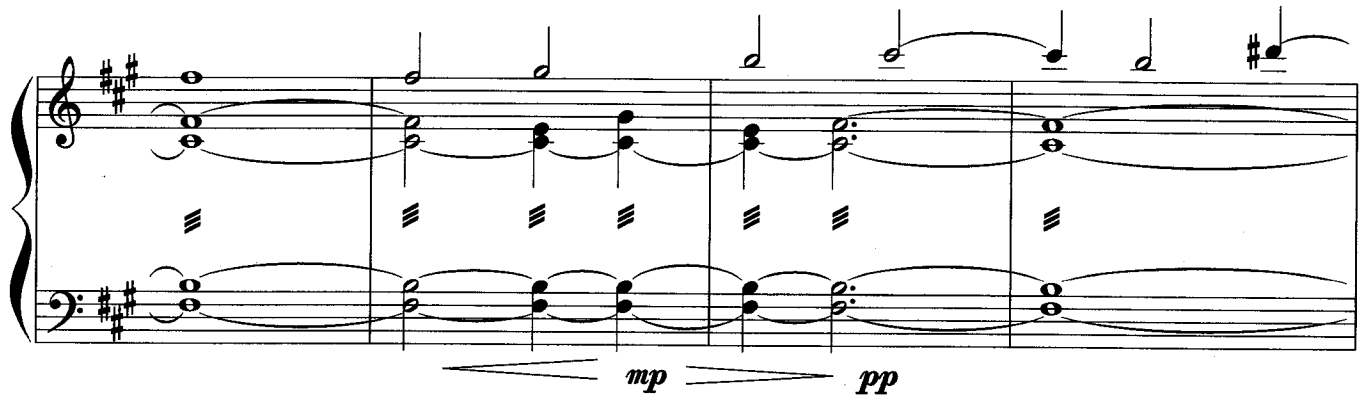
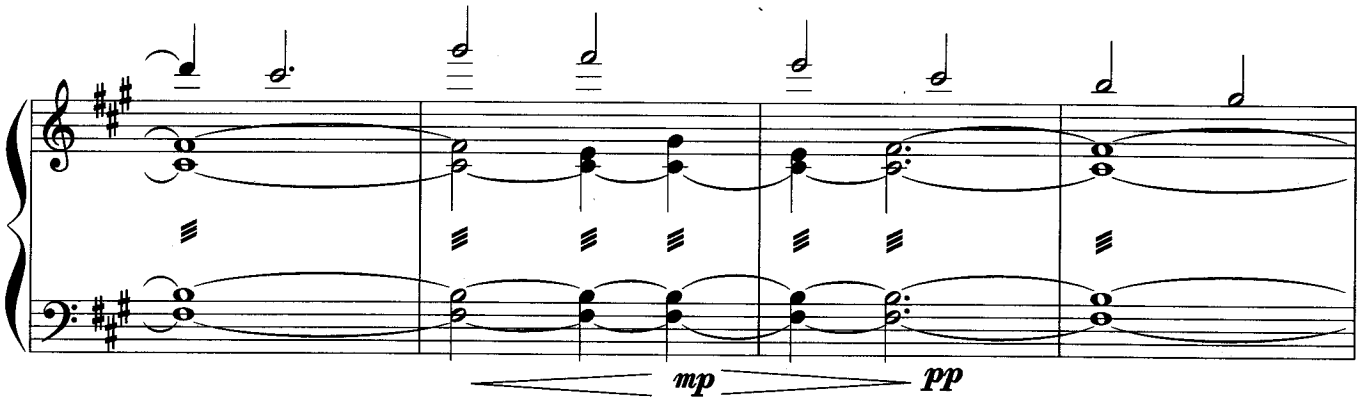
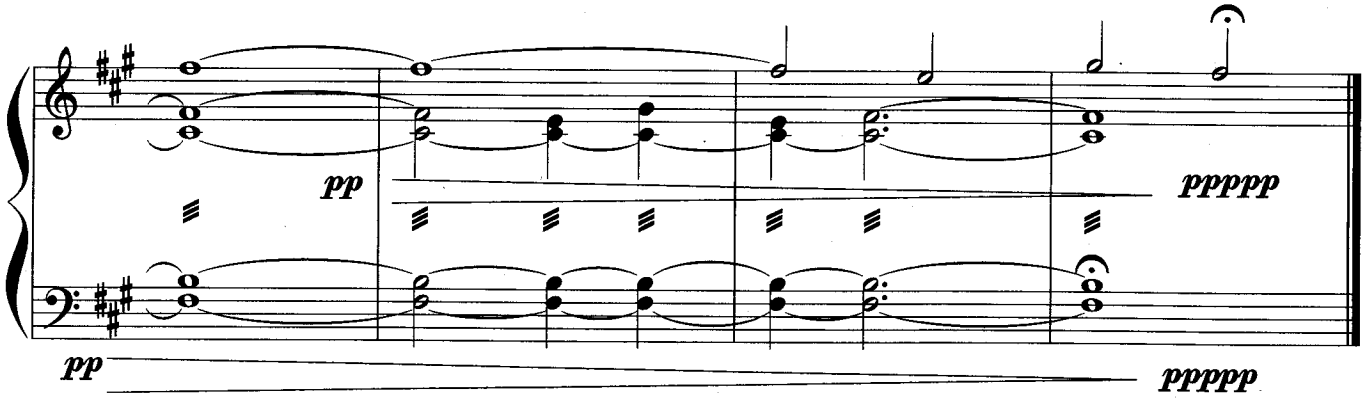
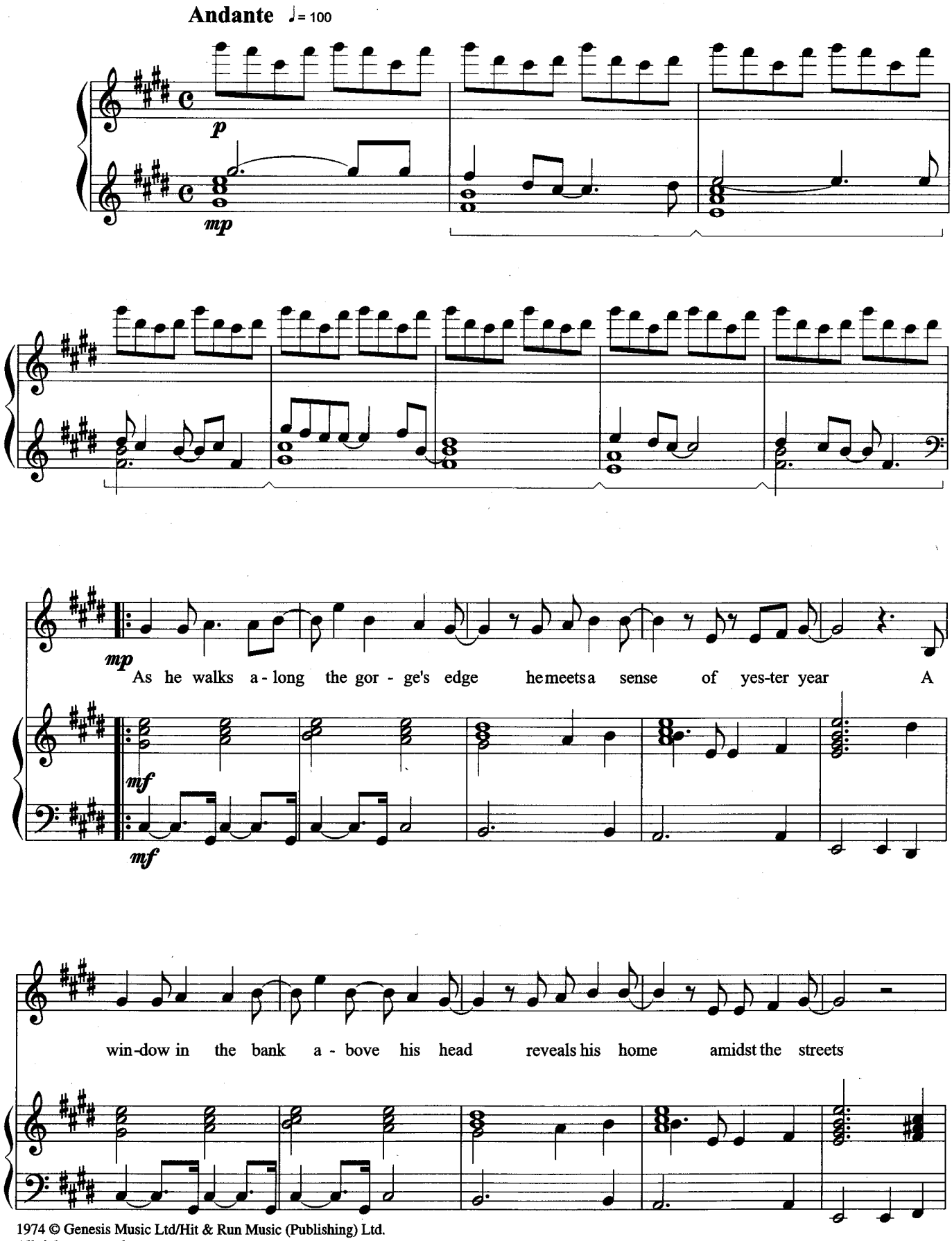

mp
pp


mp
pp


pp
ppppp
pp
ppppp

20. The light dies down on Broadway

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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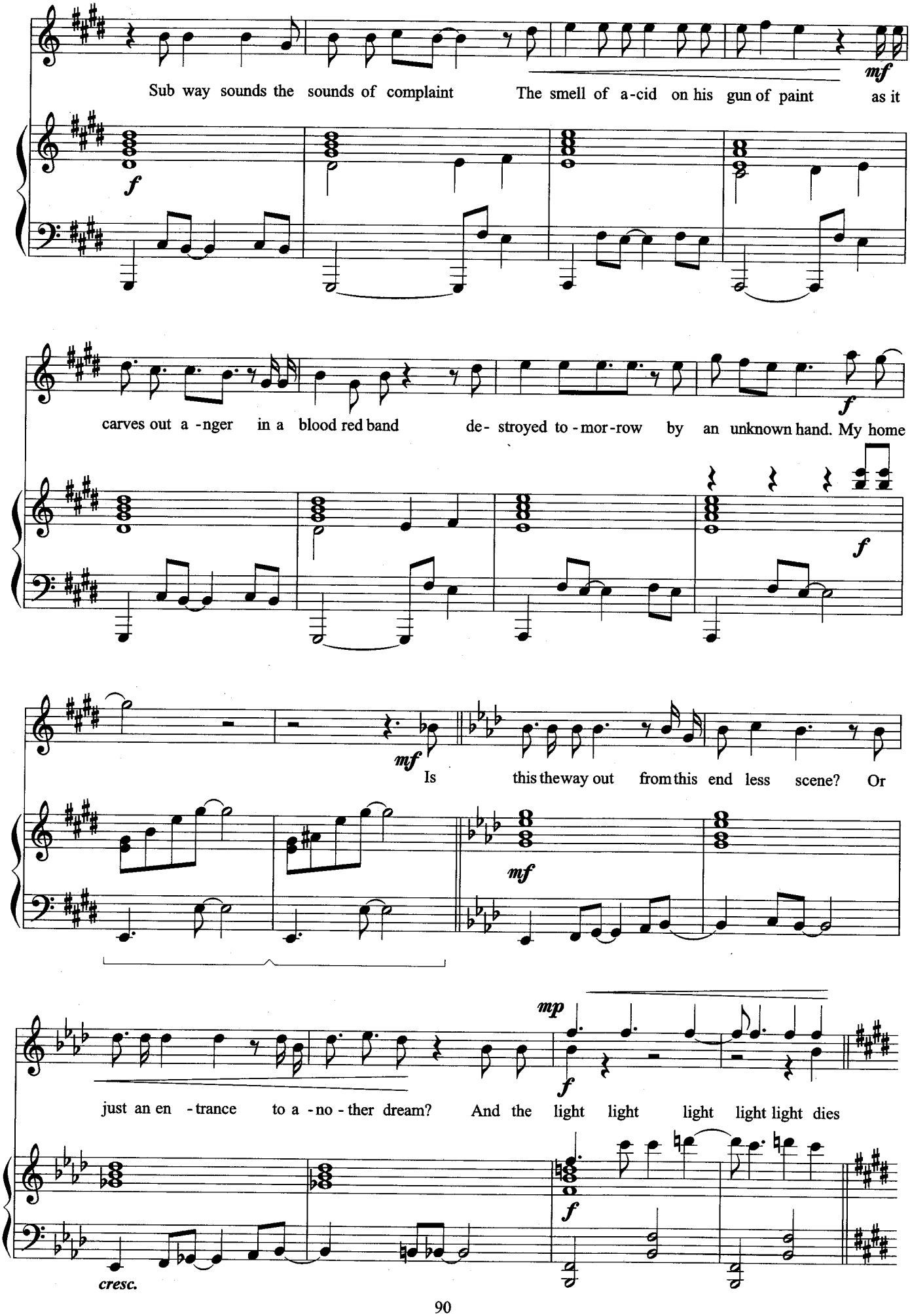
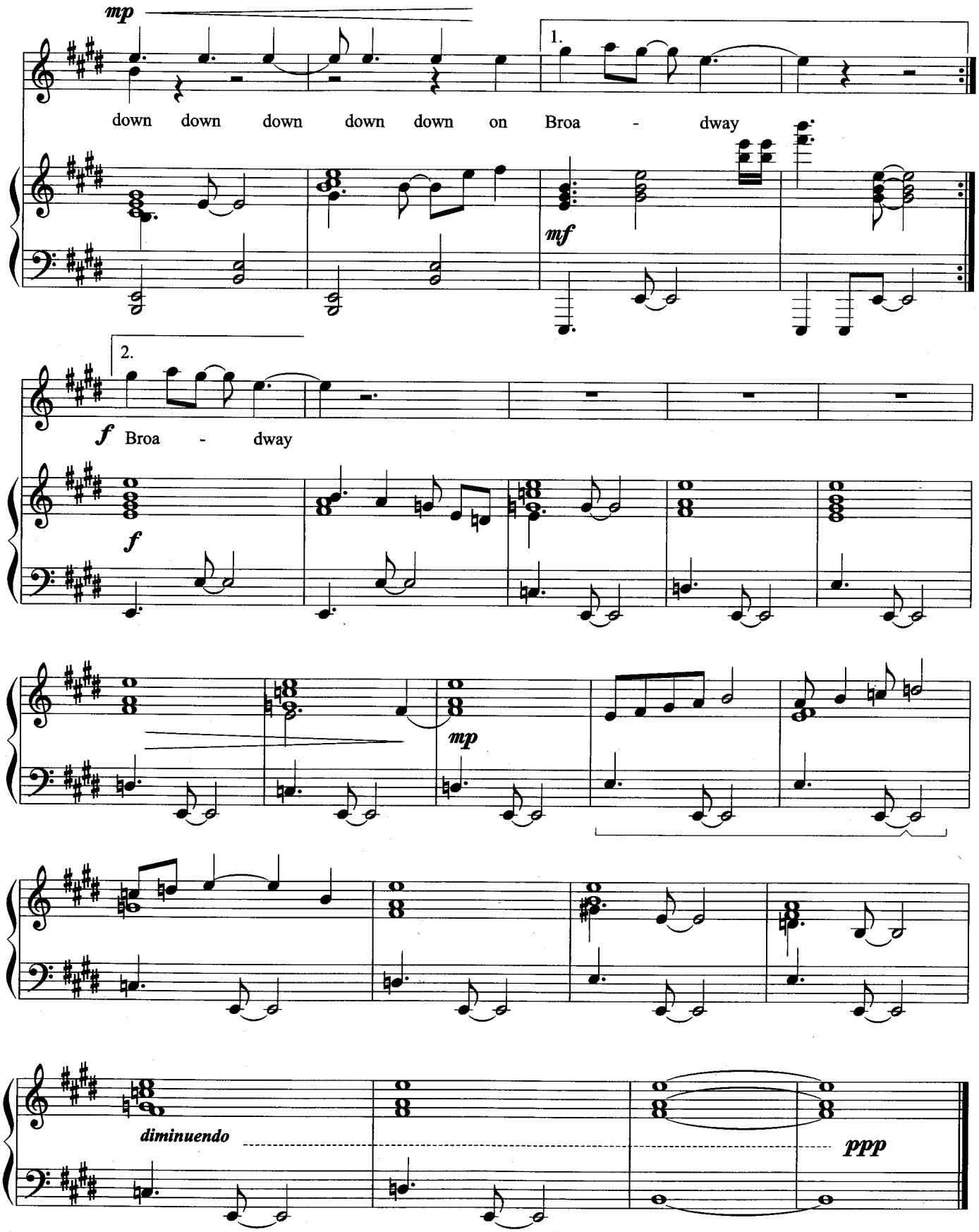

mf
Sub way sounds the sounds of complaint
The smell of a-cid on his gun of paint
as it
f
carves out a -nger in a blood red band
de- stroyed to - mor - row by an unknown hand. My home
f
mf
Is this the way out from this end less scene? Or
mf
mp
f
just an en - trance to a - no - ther dream?
And the light light light light light dies
f
cresc.



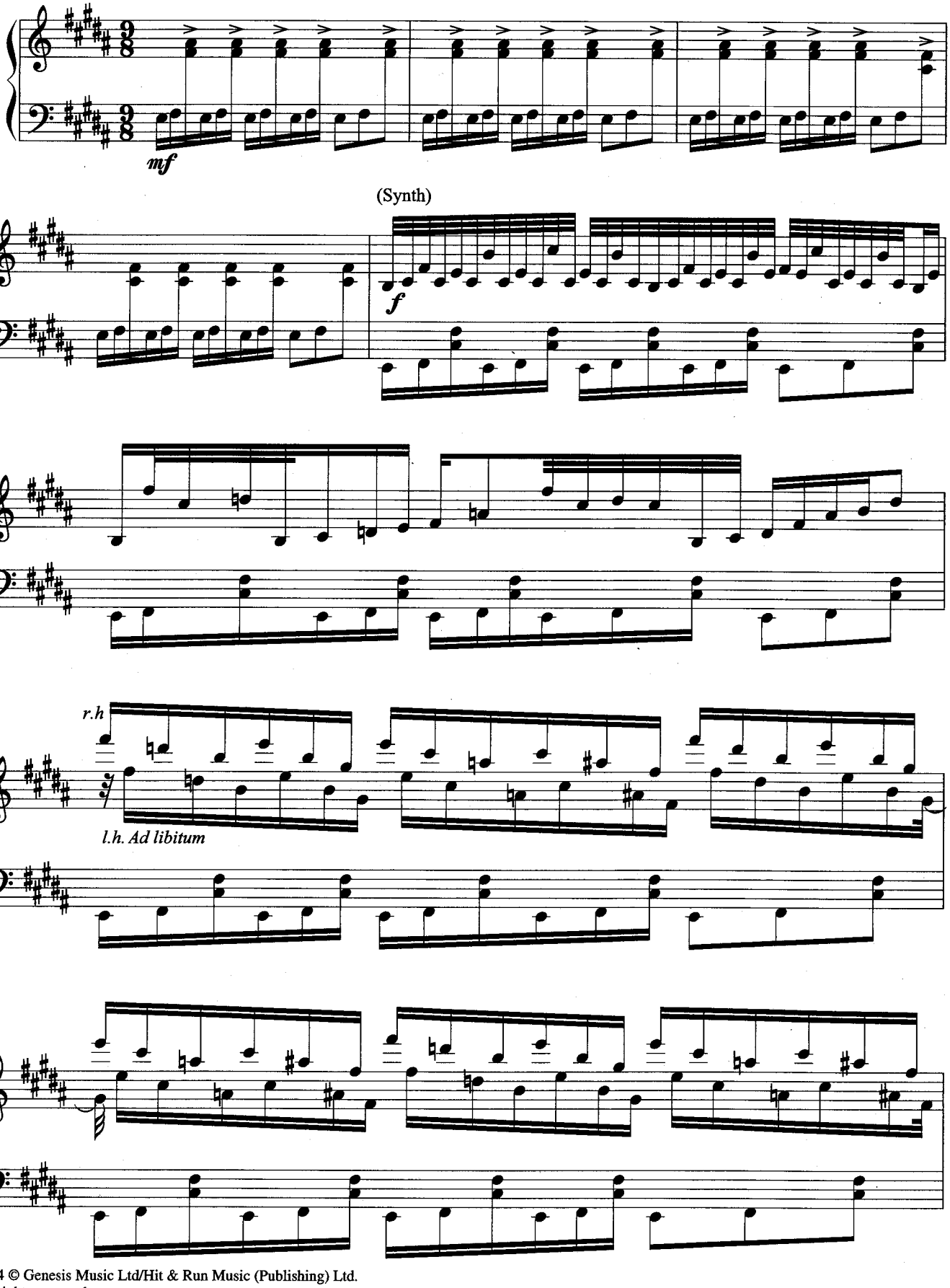
But as the skylight beckons him to leave,
He hears a scream from far below.
Within the raging water, writhes the form
Of brother John, he cries for help.

The gate is fading now, but open wide.
But John is drowning, I must decide
Between the freedom I had in the rat-race,
Or to stay forever in this forsaken place:
Hey John!
He makes for the river and the gate is gone,
Back to the void where it came from.
And the light dies down on Broadway.

21. Riding the scree

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Allegretto con moto ♩. = 52



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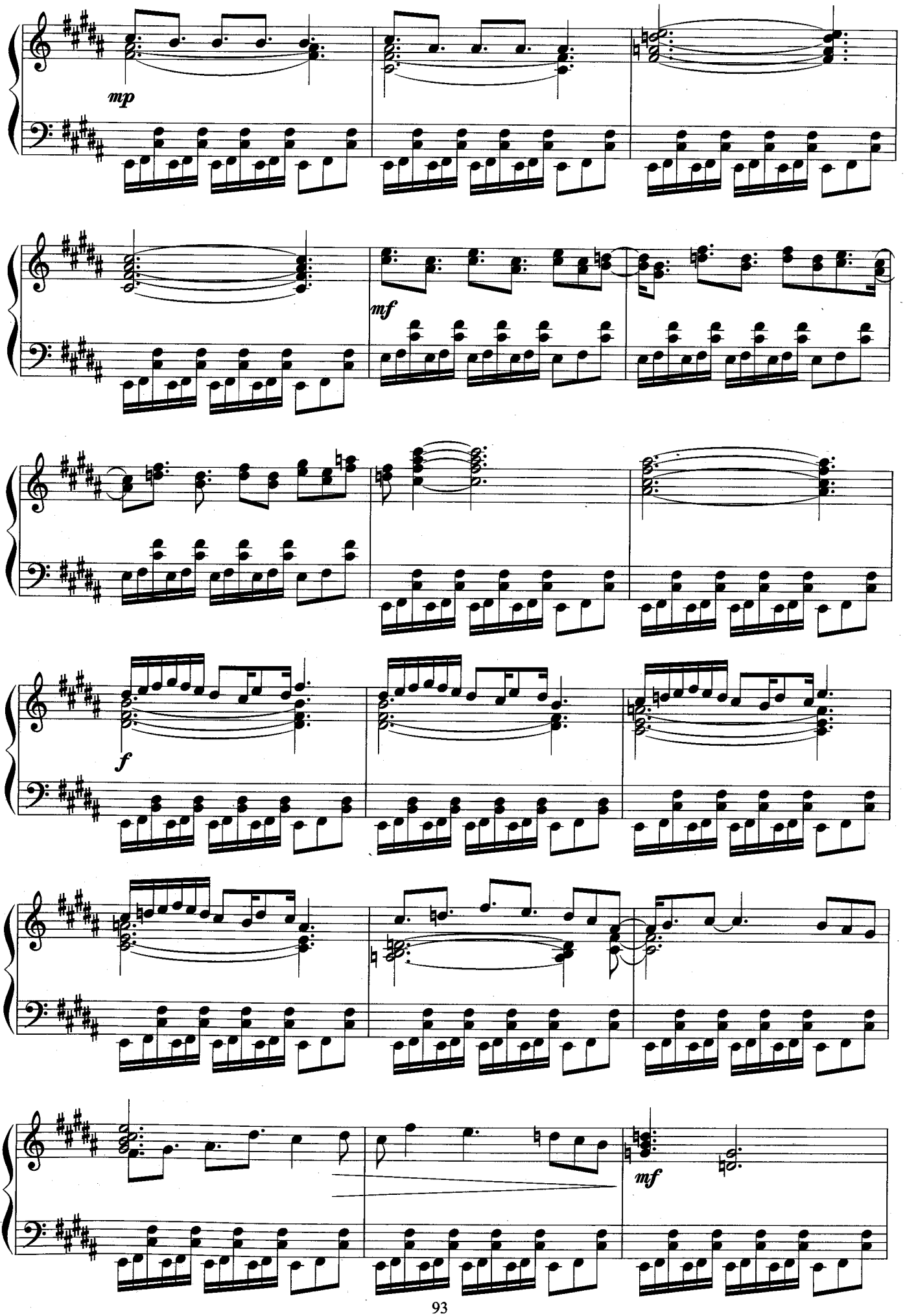
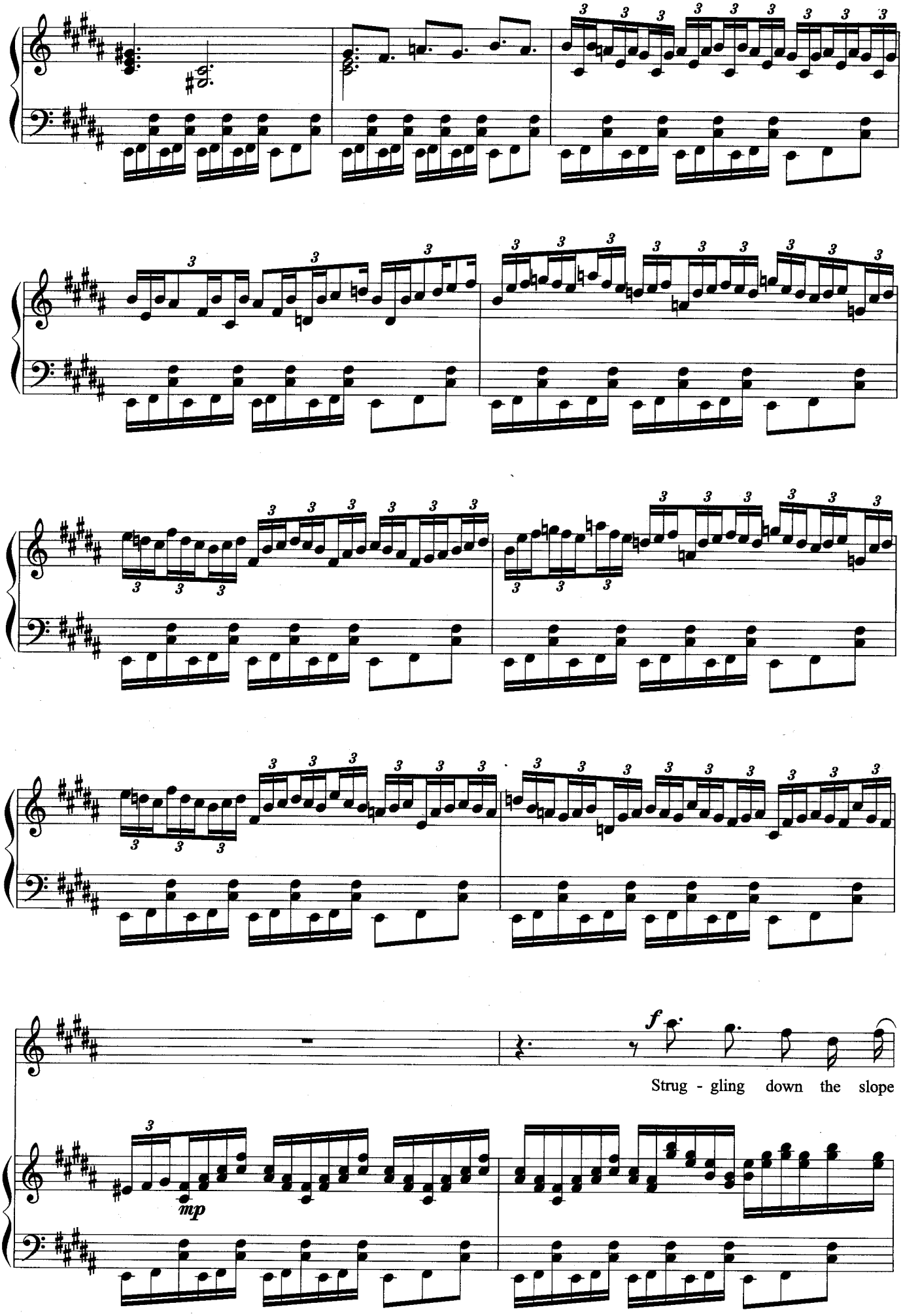
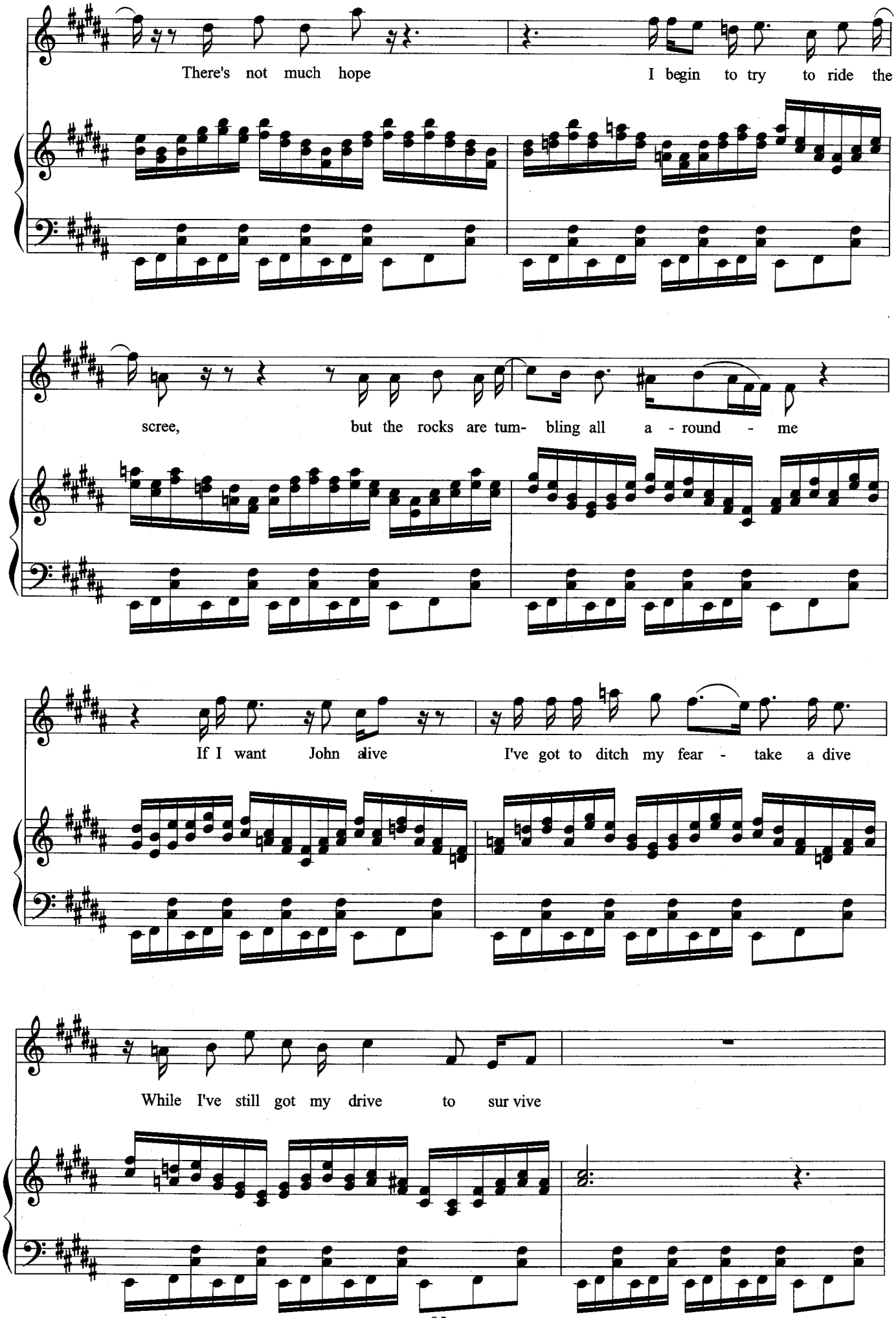
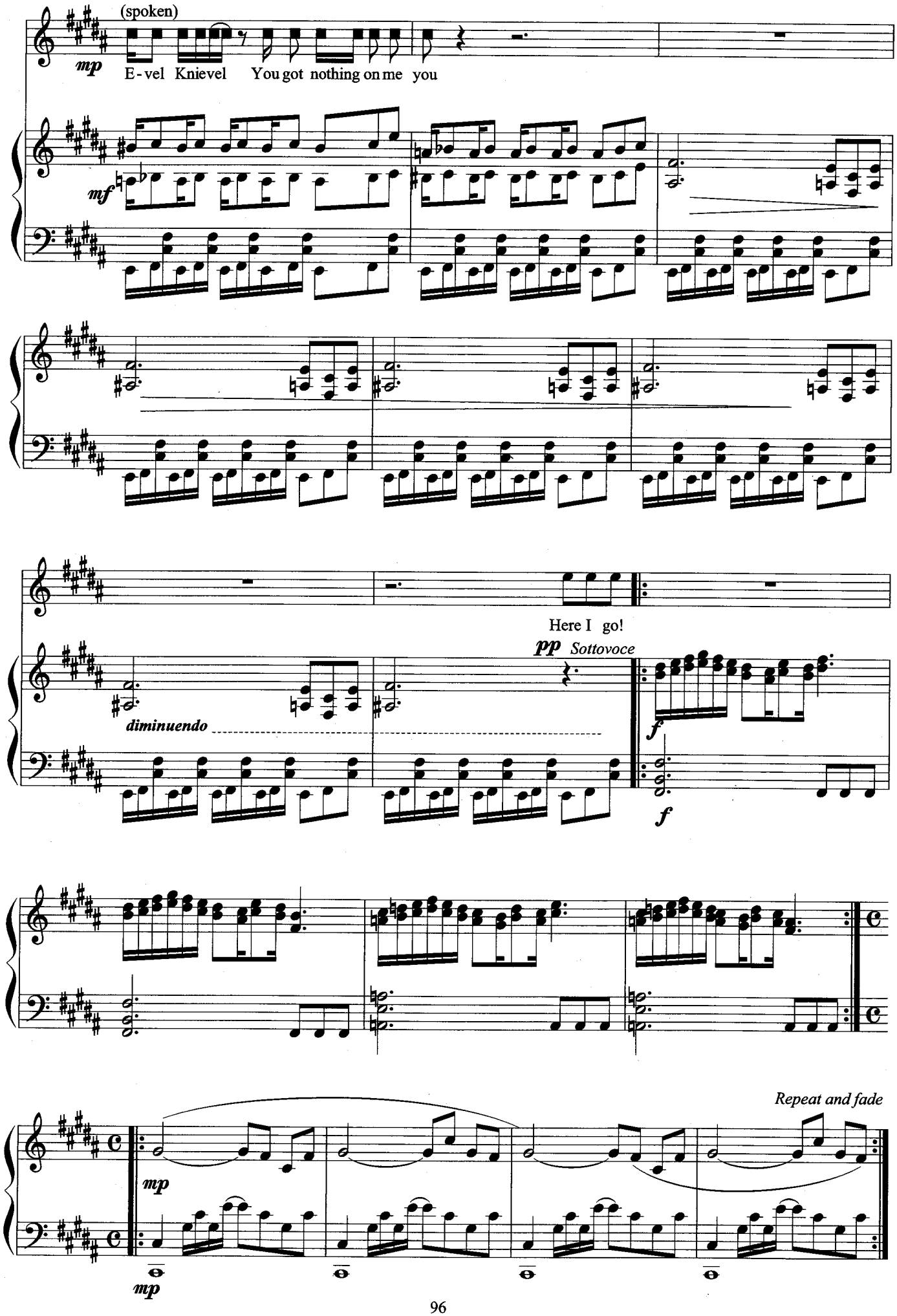

mp
mf
f
mf

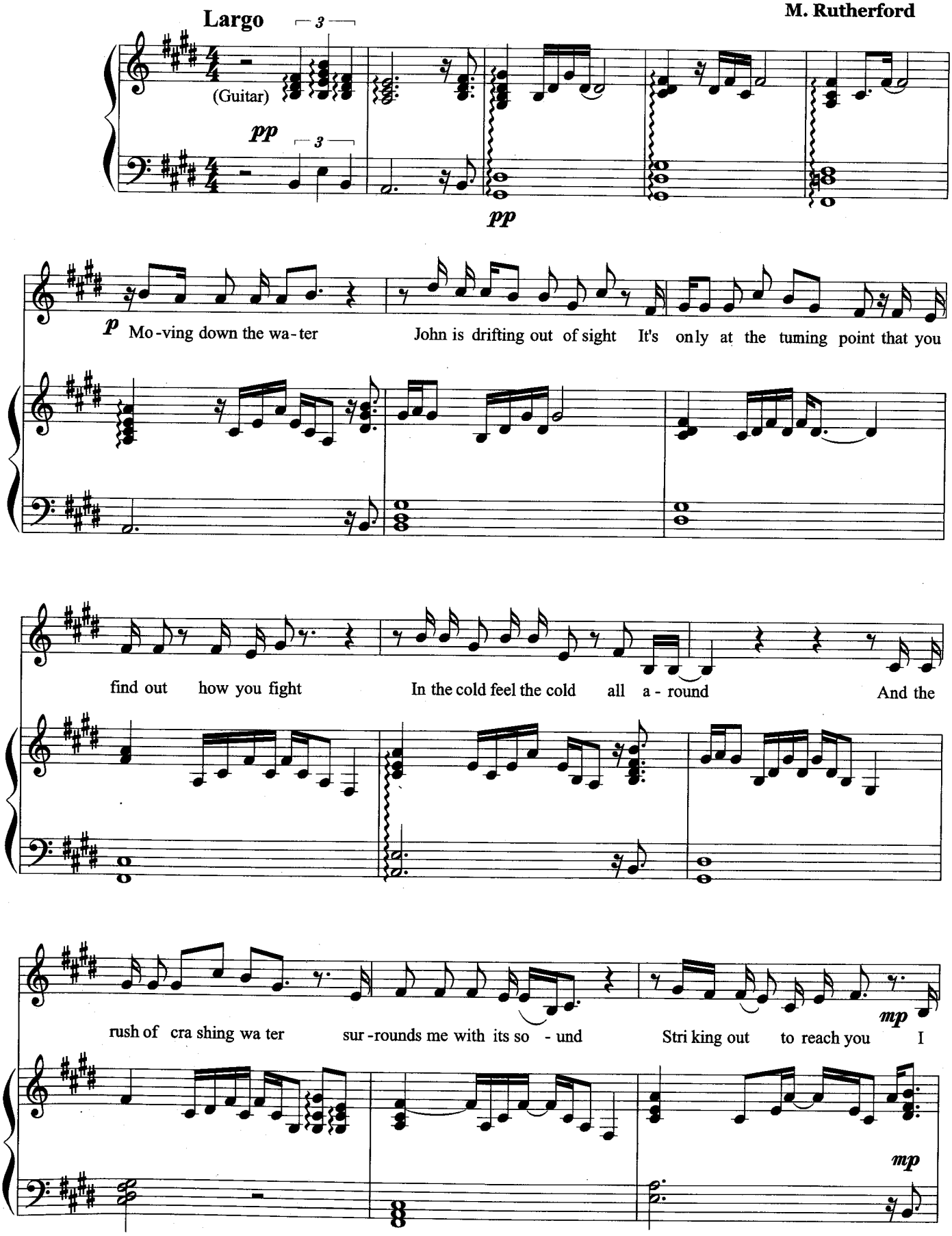

f
Strug - gling down the slope
mp


There's not much hope
I begin to try to ride the
scree,
but the rocks are tum- bling all a - round - me
If I want John alive
I've got to ditch my fear - take a dive
While I've still got my drive to sur vive


(spoken)
mp
E-vel Knievel You got nothing on me you
mf
Here I go!
pp Sottovoce
diminuendo
f
f
Repeat and fade
mp
mp

22. In the rapids

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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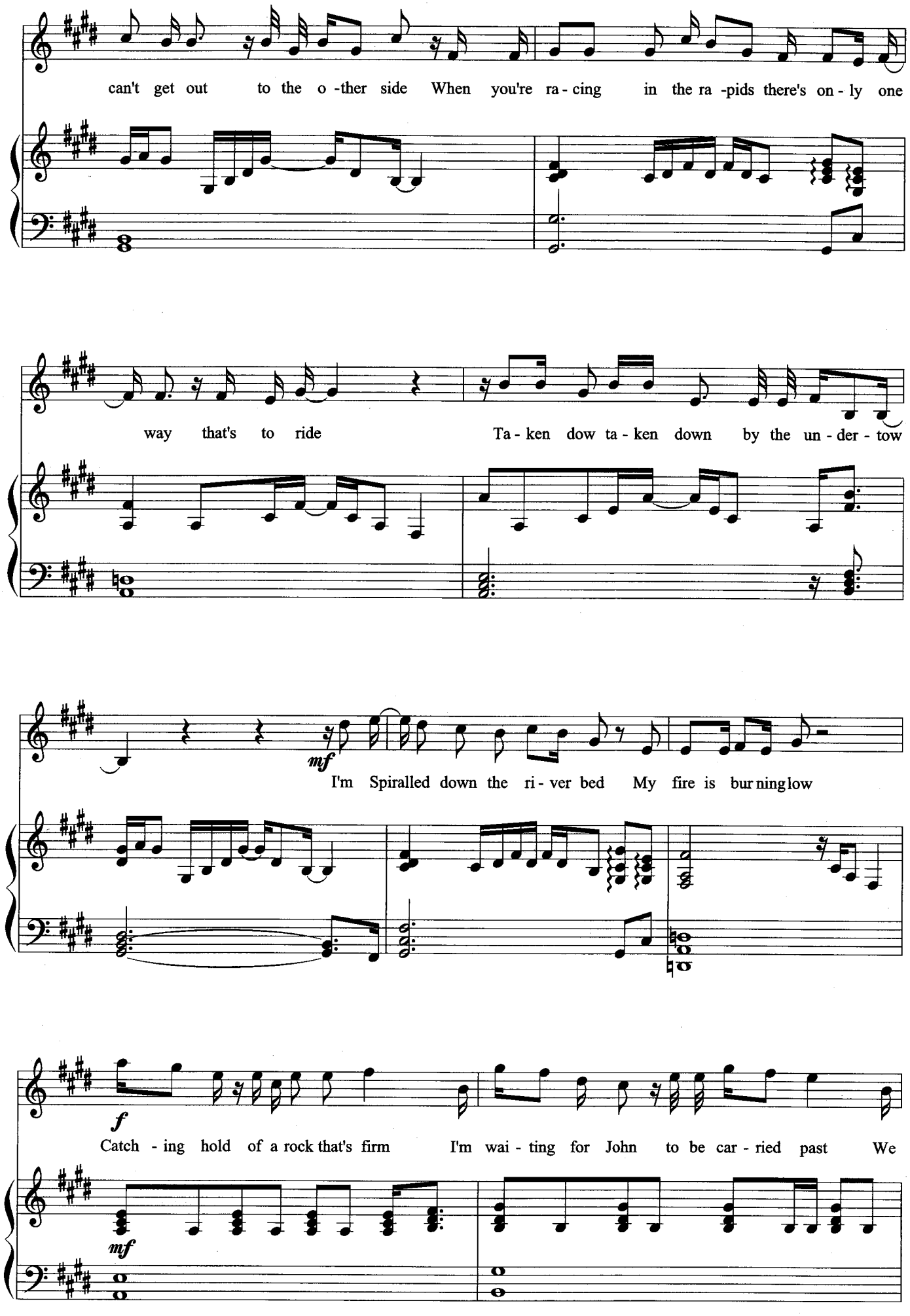
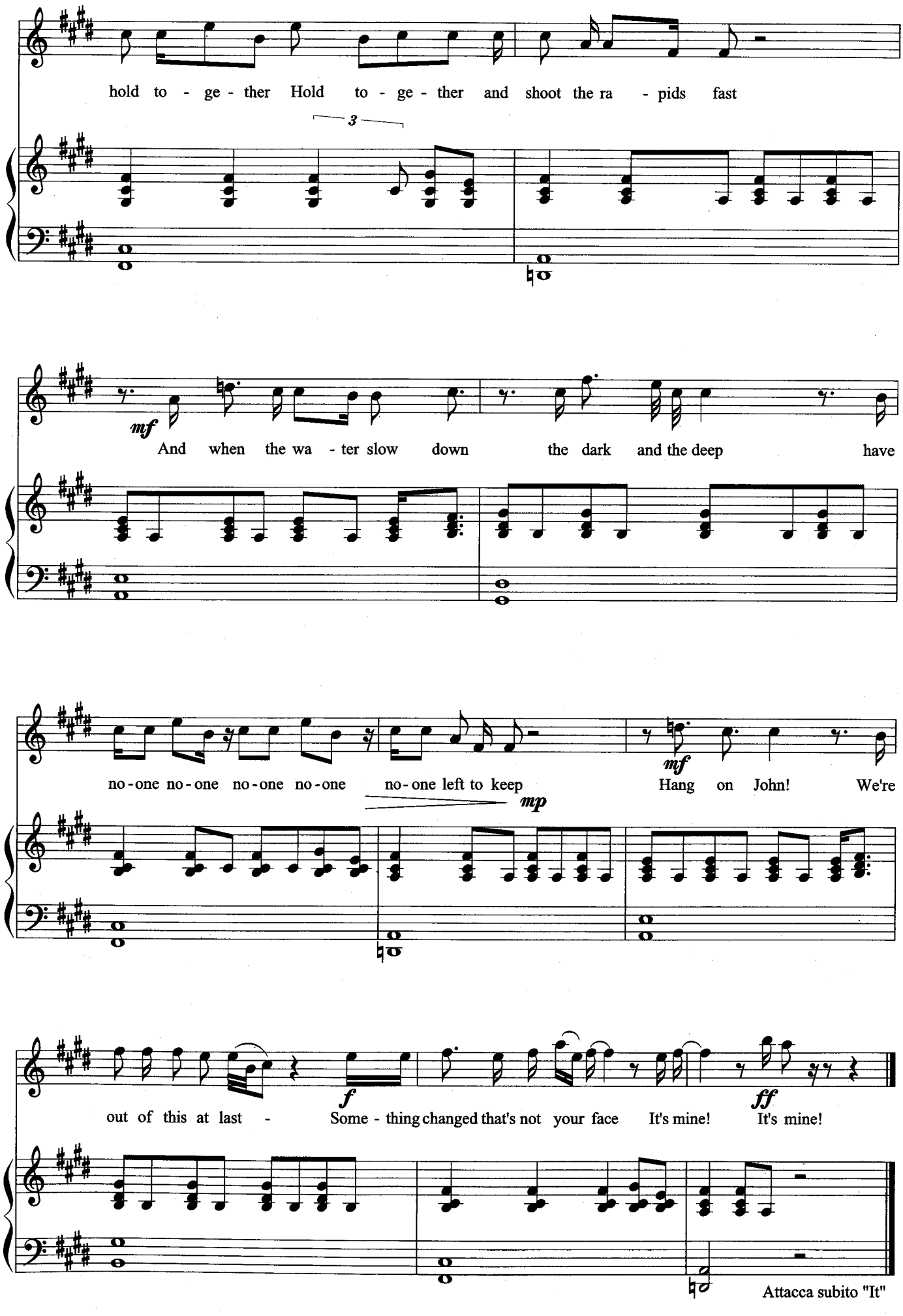
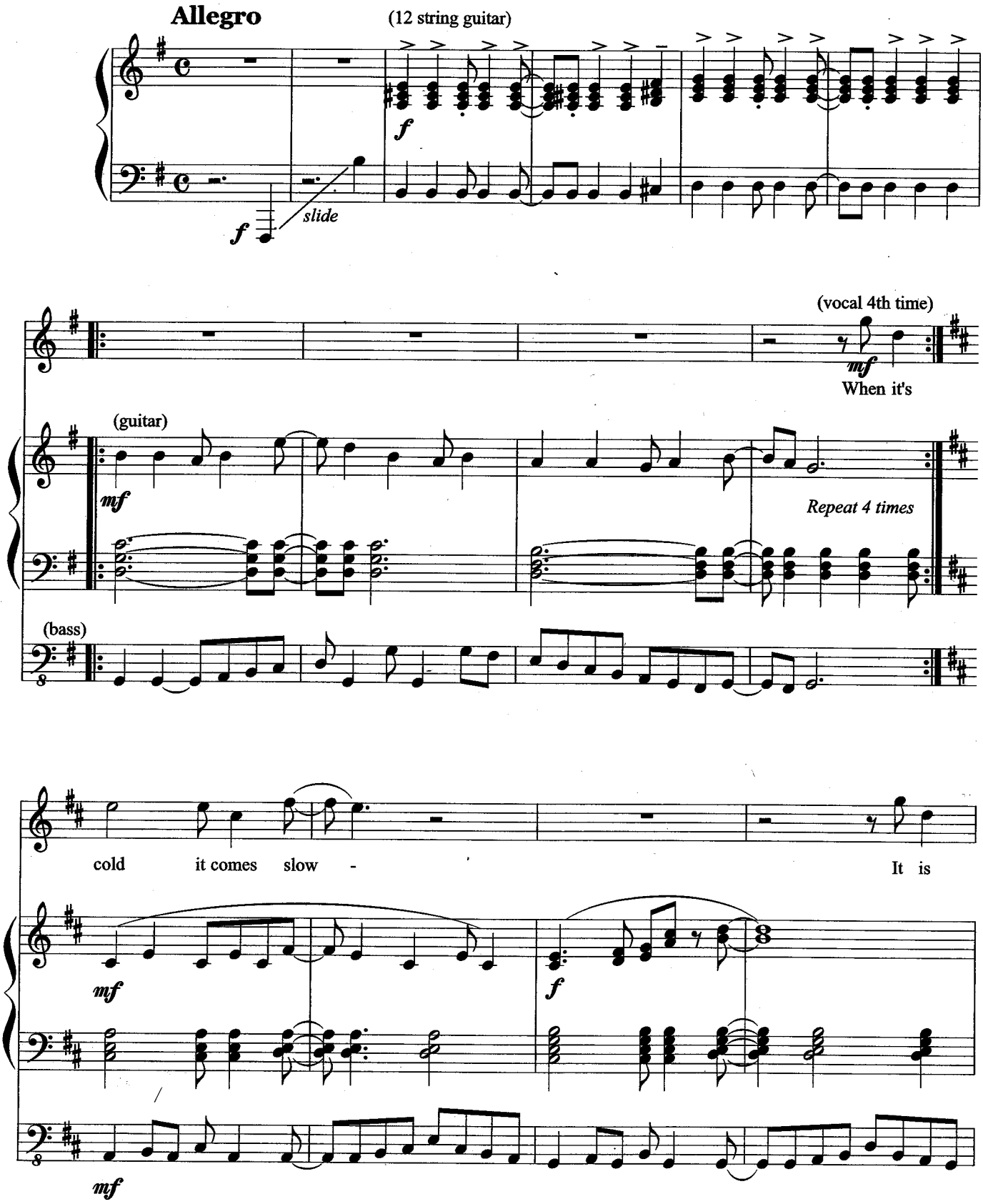

can't get out to the o -ther side When you're ra - cing in the ra -pids there's on - ly one
way that's to ride Ta - ken dow ta - ken down by the un - der - tow
mf
I'm Spiralled down the ri - ver bed My fire is bur ninglow
f
Catch - ing hold of a rock that's firm I'm wai - ting for John to be car - ried past We
mf


hold to - ge - ther Hold to - ge - ther and shoot the ra - pids fast
3
mf
And when the wa - ter slow down the dark and the deep have
no-one no-one no-one no-one no-one left to keep
mp
mf
Hang on John! We're
f
ff
out of this at last - Some - thing changed that's not your face It's mine! It's mine!
Attacca subito "It"

23. It

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford



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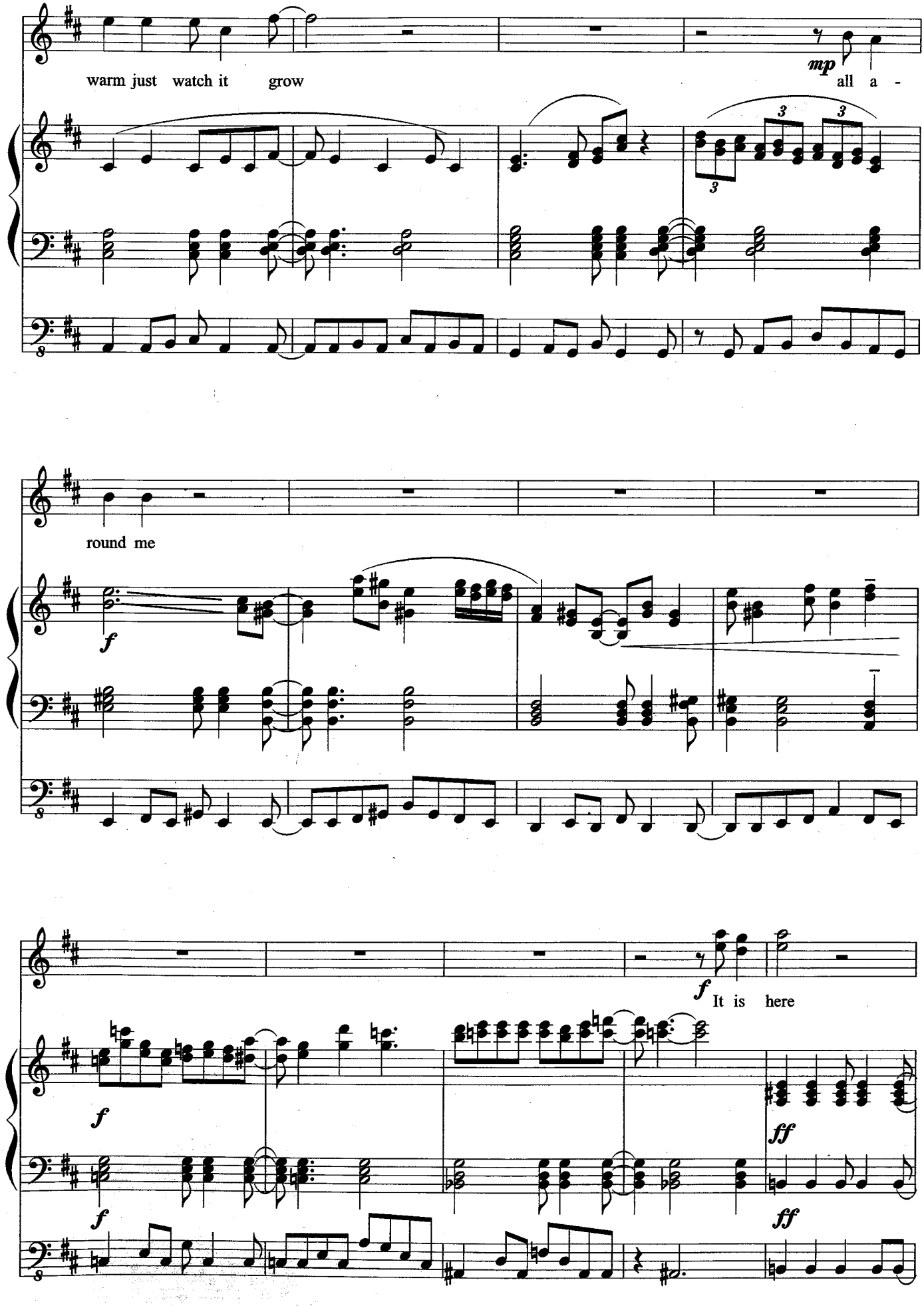
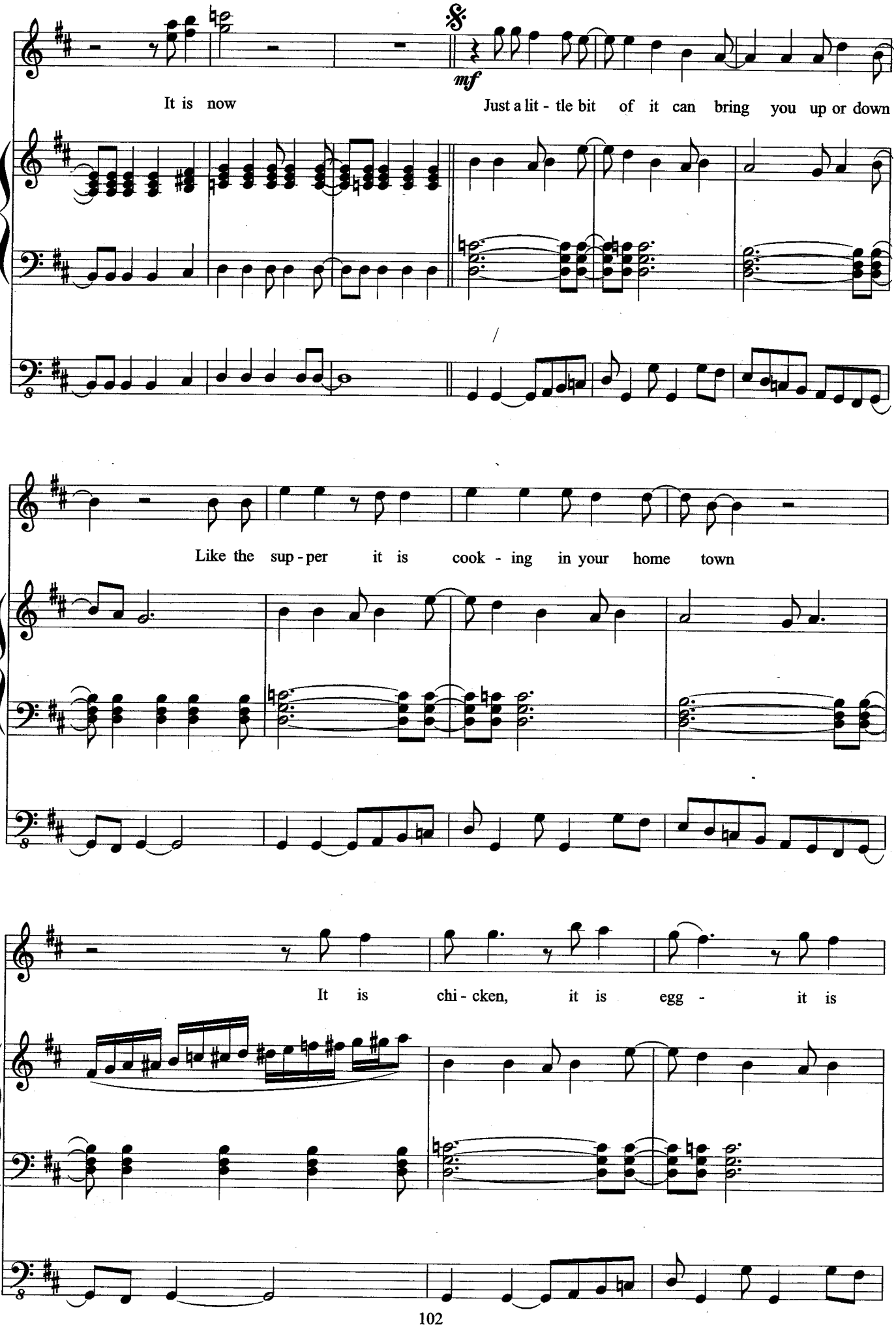
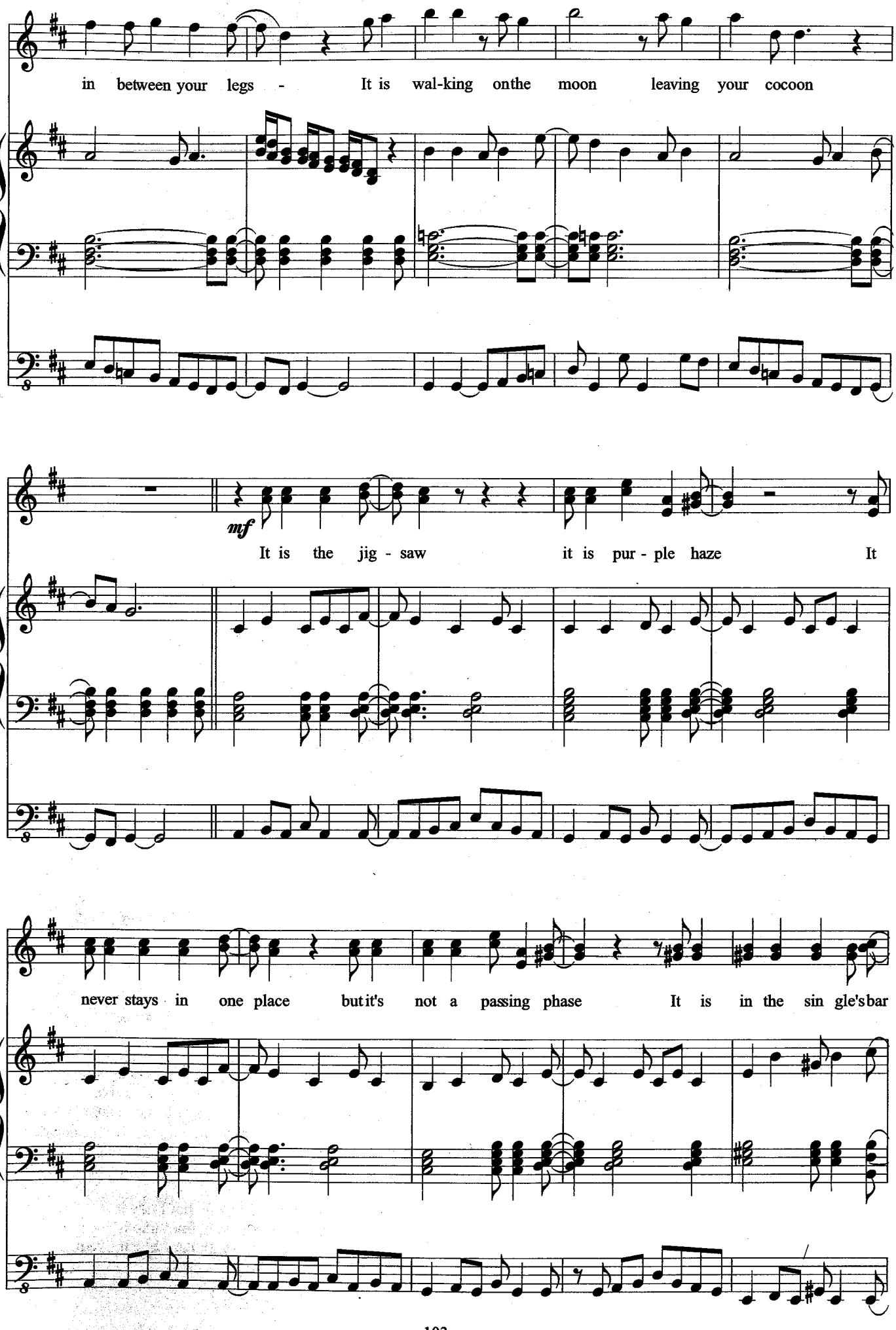
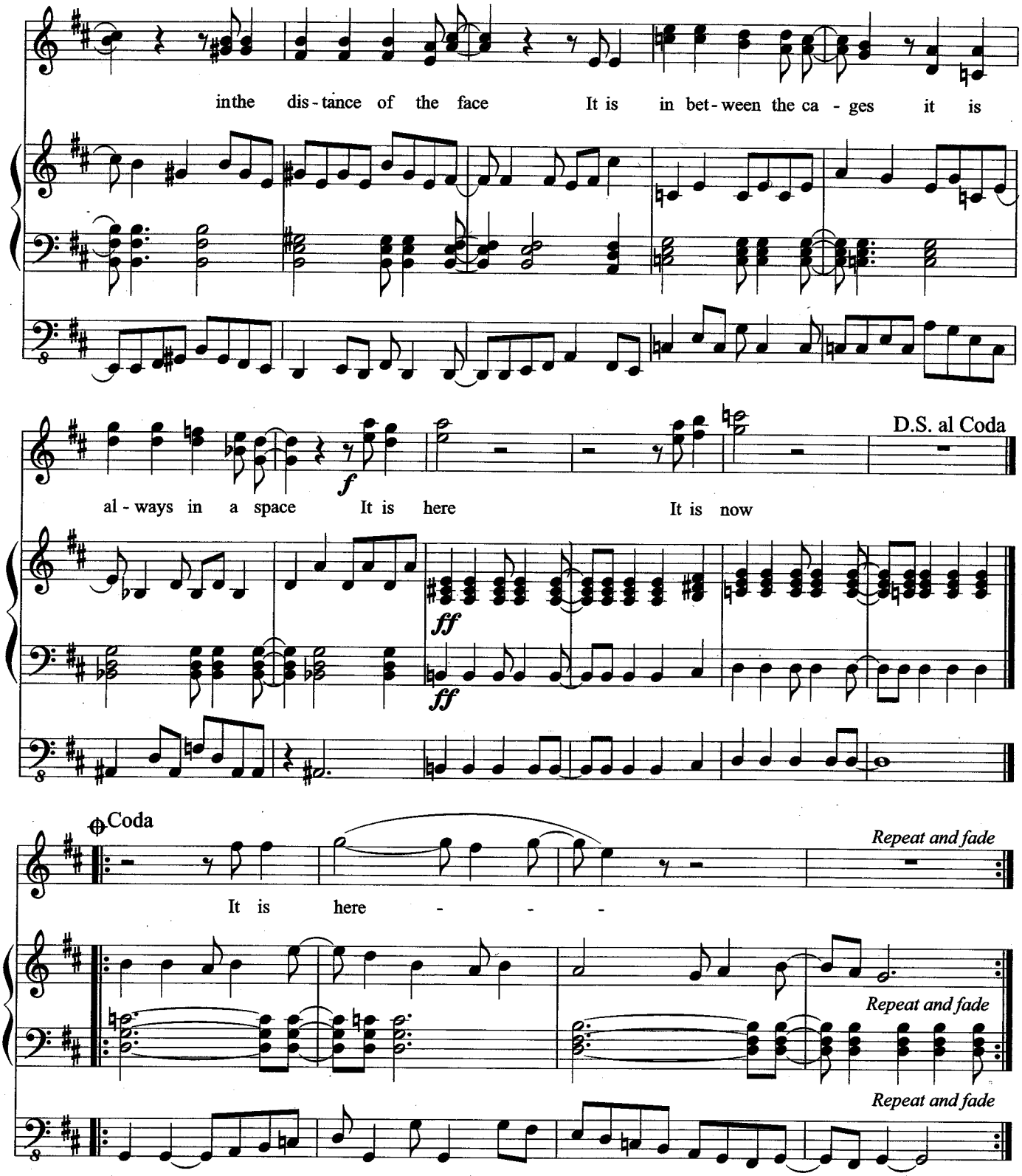

warm just watch it grow
mp
all a -
round me
f
f
It is here
f
f
ff
ff


mf
It is now
Just a lit - tle bit of it can bring you up or down
Like the sup - per it is cook - ing in your home town
It is chi - cken, it is egg - it is


in between your legs - It is wal-king onthe moon leaving your cocoon
mf
It is the jig - saw it is pur - ple haze It
never stays in one place butit's not a passing phase It is in the sin gle'sbar



Any rock can be made to roll
If you enough of it to pay the toll
it has no home in words or gold
Not even in your favourite hole
it is hope for the dope
it rides your horse without a hoof
it is shaken not stirred;
Cocktails on the roof.

When you eat right thru' it you see everything alive
it is inside the spirit, with enough grit to survive
If you think that it's pretentious, you've been taken for a ride.
Look across the mirror sonny, before you choose, decide
it is here. it is now
it is Real. it is Rael

'Cos it's only knock and knowall, but I like it
Yes it's only knock and knowall, but I like is
Yes it's only knock and knowall, but I like it like it...