

The Slaves in My Garage

THE SLAVES IN MY GARAGE (I'M GOING TO BUY A SIXTEEN)

KEY OF C MAJOR * INTRODUCTION (BELOW) © David Randall Querido, 2007. SOCRAN

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I I'M GOING TO BUY A SIXTEEN AND RIDE THAT ASPHALT PATH, THOUGH THE PEOPLE
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WHO MAKE SIXTEENS ARE VERY POOR AT MATH; HAD THEY HIRED PYTHAGORUS

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YOU CAN BET FOR BLOODY SURE, THEY'D ALL BE CALLED A SIXTEEN AND NOT A

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FOUR-BY-FOUR

OVER FOR VERSES
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FINISH
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* INTRODUCTION: "GOOD EVENING! THIS EVENING I AM THE BICYCLE EMISSARY FROM THE CELESTIAL CITY, WHERE, WE HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING, ON THE ONE HAND SLAVERY, AND ON THE OTHER, GLOBAL WARMING; HENCE THE TITLE, "THE SLAVES IN MY GARAGE". I'LL NEED YOUR HELP AT THE VERY END TO SING "AT THE NORTH POLE".

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TO HAVE UPON A HOT DECEMBER DAY AT THE NORTH POLE.
 ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

- II I'M GOING TO BUY A SIXTEEN, OR PERHAPS AN SUV,
TO PROTECT ME FROM BAD DRIVERS WHO HAVE BIG CARS LIKE ME;
BUT IF THEY SWITCHED TO BICYCLES, I'M SURE I'D BUY ONE TOO,
TO PLACE UPON MY ROOF RACK BY MY MOTORIZED CANOE;
- III AND I'D REALLY LIKE A SPORTS CAR SO I COULD EXERCISE,
I'LL DRIVE MY MUSCLES TO THE GYM, IMPRESS THE GIRLS AND GUYS;
FROM HEALTHY BODY EXERCISE YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME SHIRK,
UNLESS I FIND THAT IT INVOLVES SOME KIND OF USEFUL WORK;
- IV AND I'D LOVE TO HAVE AN R.V. AND LIKE A HOBO ROOM,
OR BETTER YET, A TOW-TRUCK TO PULL A MOBILE HOME;
I'LL GO TO ALL THE FESTIVALS, LIE OUT ON THE GRASS,
THEN DRIVE ON TO THE NEXT ONE IN A CLOUD OF "CLASSICAL GAS"
- V AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE A MONSTER-TRUCK TO RIDE AMIDST THE STARS,
FROM MY ELEVATED VIEWPOINT, LOOK ACROSS TWO-BILLION CARS;
YES, WITH SPEED DESIGNED FOR COMFORT, WHEN I'M WONDERING WHAT TO WEAR
I'LL TRY THE MANY FOUR-WHEELED FASHIONS ON SALE NOW AT VANITY FAIR
- [CHANGE WATS TO DEPICT THE PASSAGE OF TIME - OR PERHAPS A FEW BARS OF
THE "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE"]
- VI I'M GOING TO BUY A LIFEBOAT, THAT'S WHERE I'LL MAKE MY STAND,
NOW THAT THE SEAS ARE RISING, AND MY CAR'S STUCK IN THE SAND;
THOUGH I DON'T REALLY NEED A LIFEBOAT I'M GOING TO BUY ONE ANYWAY,
'CAUSE IT'S VERY NICE TO HAVE UPON A HOT DECEMBER DAY -
- AT THE NORTH POLE!

- BIBLIOGRAPHY :
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 - * ASPHALT NATION: HOW THE AUTOMOBILE TOOK OVER AMERICA AND
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 - * GREENHOUSE: THE 200 YEAR STORY OF GLOBAL WARMING"
by Gale E. Christianson 1999
 - * BURY THE CHAINS: PROPHETS AND REBELS IN THE FIGHT TO FREE
AN EMPIRE'S SLAVES" - by Adam Hochschild 2005.
 - * THE WEATHER MAKERS" by Tim Flannery 2005
 - * HEAT: HOW TO STOP THE PLANET FROM BURNING" by George Monbiot
2006

A Brief Comment on Two Songs

"The Slaves in my Garage" was composed by David Querido, and we have reproduced his manuscript, complete with guitar tablature, exactly as he sent it to us. Apart from the short handwritten introduction, David didn't give us any more information on the song, but it is fairly self-evident. We have a tradition in *Canadian Folk Music* of printing protest songs and environmental songs (as well as traditional songs), and "Slaves" fits both of those categories of contemporary folksong.

The song you will find on the next page has no pretension of helping to change the world. We printed four of my environmental songs in a previous issue, and that is enough of the serious stuff from me for a little while. This song in fact appears here only because we had to expand the issue to forty pages from our normal thirty-six in order to accommodate Anna's presidential column, and that left us with a single page to fill. All my other unpublished songs were too long. Not one of them could be squeezed onto a single page except "Wild Geese Blues." So here it is, with at least the merit of relative brevity. I wrote it when the partner of a friend of mine decided to up and leave town in order to live at the other end of our rather wide country. She took their child with her. He had been working hard—perhaps too hard—trying to set up his own business while holding down a regular job, and suddenly his world collapsed around him. He toyed with the idea of pulling up stakes and heading for the East Coast. In the end he didn't go, and he did find another partner, so the song is not an accurate reflection of *his* life-story, but I hope that it is nonetheless true to life in a more general way. I bet there are plenty of readers who know the feeling of working for an ungrateful employer. And, as one of the lines puts it, "we all get itchy feet when the beer has gone flat." Also there can't be many of you who haven't felt the call of that gorgeous fiddle and pipe music in Cape Breton and on the mainland of Nova Scotia. So, for what it's worth, here is "Wild Geese Blues."

E.D.G.