

SMASH

HITS

30p
July 10-23
1980

COOK & JONES & ?
HUMAN LEAGUE
ULTRAVOX

Words to the
TOP SINGLES
including

Xanadu
Whole Lotta Rosie
British Way Of Life

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

in colour

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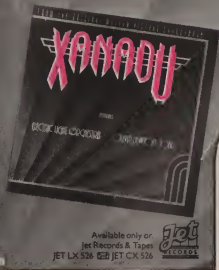
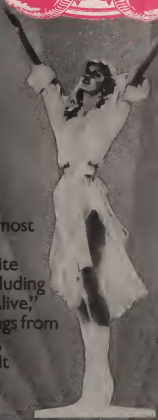
XANADU



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July 10-23 1980 Vol 2 No. 14

Avest, ma hearties — welcome aboard the new issue of *Smash Hits!* Pull up a bollard and make yourself comfortable. Now then, before certain of you landlubbers start demanding your rations of Queen, let me tell 'ee, Jim lad/lass, that certain blackbeards at EMI Music are withholding stores. They won't let us use the songs they own (as opposed to the bands that EMI Records put out) straight away because they think it stope you from buying their sheet music. This accounts for the late appearances here of Darts and The Sex Pistols and the absence of Queen III, EMI say, around the end of July. That's EMI for you. Navar mind — on a brighter note, you will find in this issue plenty of other good song words and features plus of course our fab video game prize with our crossword competition and the Jayna County competition on page 28, with much other goodness spread liberally throughout the mag. So, parrots on shoulders and Long John impersonations at the ready — it's God bless the new issue of *Smash Hits* and all who read her!



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KING'S CALL

By Philip Lynott on Vertigo Records



It was a rainy night, the night The King went down
Everybody was crying, it seemed like sadness had surrounded the town

Me, I went to the liquor store
And I bought a bottle of wine and another bottle of gin
I played his records all night
Drinking with a close, close friend

Chorus

Now some people say that that ain't right (that ain't right)
And some people say nothing at all (I say nothing)
But even in the darkest of night
You could always hear The King call
You could always hear The King call

Well, they put him away in Memphis
Six feet beneath the clay
Everybody was crying
Everybody said it was a plain gray day

Me, I went to the liquor store
And I bought another bottle of wine and another bottle of gin
I played his records all night
And I got drunk all over again

Repeat chorus

I wonder if you're lonesome tonight
And I'd rather go on hearing your lies
Than to go on living without you

Repeat chorus

You could always hear The King call
But now the stage is bare and I'm standing here
You could always hear The King call
You could always hear The King call

They might as well bring the curtain down
You could always hear The King call
You could always hear The King call
I cried the night The King died
You could always hear The King call

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Philip Lynott
Reproduced by permission Chappell/PUK

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE

By The Chords on Polydor Records

Dirty streets like dirty dreams
A pint for your best friend
Plenty of shops with nothing in stock
That never seem to end (never seem to end)

A cinema, a bowling green
Little culture to preserve
Everyone's always staring at each other
But no one speaks a word

Is it a dream or is it funny?
Cos it always rains and never sunny (sunny, sunny)

Chorus

This is the British way of life now
I swallow my dreams like my beer
Sunday dinner with the wife now
'Cos nothing new happens here

I work all week in a company office
They don't even know my name
I feel so cold, they watch me grow old
'Cos nothing will ever change (nothing will ever change)

Still drink with the boys every weekend now
To the future and my Queen
Think I'll marry the girl who lives down the road
And support the local team

Is it a dream or is it funny?
'Cos it always rains and never sunny (sunny, sunny)

Repeat chorus

This is the life
Repeat 7 times

Repeat chorus twice

This is the life, this is the life
This is the life, this is the life

Words and music by Chris Frape
Reproduced by permission And Son Music Ltd.



XANADU

By Olivia Newton-John/
Electric Light Orchestra on Jet Records

A place where nobody dares to go
The love that we came to know
They called it Xanadu

And now open your eyes and see
What we have made is real
We are in Xanadu

Chorus

The neon lights are dancing
And there you are, a shooting star
An everlasting love
And you're here with me eternally

Xanadu, Xanadu, now we are here
In Xanadu (Xanadu)
Xanadu, Xanadu, now we are here
In Xanadu

Xanadu, your neon lights will shine
For you, Xanadu

The love, the echoes of long ago
You needed the world to know
They are in Xanadu

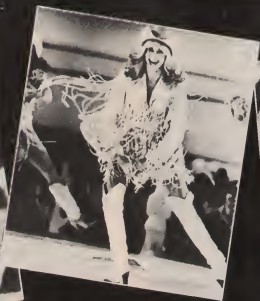
The dream that came through a million
years
That lived on through all the tears
It came to Xanadu

Repeat chorus

Xanadu, Xanadu, now we are here
In Xanadu (Xanadu)
Xanadu, Xanadu now we are here
In Xanadu (Xanadu, Xanadu)

Now that I'm here
Now that you're near in Xanadu
Now that I'm here
Now that you're near in Xanadu, Xanadu

Words and music by Jeff Lynne.
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CONDUCT UNPROFESSIONAL

The Professionals, alias Cook & Jones, make life awkward for Steve Taylor

INTERVIEWING ROCK stars, dear reader, isn't always a matter of a easy, relaxed chat in some top-flight record company office or luxury hotel. There are times when matters can be a little, ah, difficult. Take, for instance, that muggy Tuesday afternoon in London Town after I've made my way through the intermittent drizzle to the offices of the Boomtown Rats' manager, the unpronounceably-christened Fachtna O'Kelly.

Once there I'm dumped in a completely empty attic with three restless and grumbling young men: Steve Jones and Paul Cook, former guitarist and drummer with a well-known punk rock combo, and one Andy Allen who is somewhat less familiar as the bass player in the Lightning Riders, a belated psychedelic/hard rock venture.

Apart from their current inclination over whether or not to employ a second guitarist, this happy trio would like it to be known that they are now The Professionals, a new one-month old, in fact—band who have a new single out on Virgin called "Just Another Dream".

They're very excited about this slice of definitive Cook/Jones gear and the album of more of the same which they're just finishing. They're so excited, as it happens, that the rest of the afternoon has to be spent virtually bullying them into talking about anything else.

Paul Cook, who barely stands to stay in the room, insists that it's "all been said before", while Steve Jones attempts to keep some kind of conversation afloat, urging "Go on then, go on then" when his partner is doing his best to sink it.

Steve agrees initially that the business side of it all is important, especially with the whole of the Pistols' finances being taken into the hands of the Official Receiver.

"We're still under the old Pistols' contract with Virgin," Steve moans, "and they just keep bringing out all these singles and there's nothing we can do about it. They'll just keep doing it until we get a new deal sorted out."

What was the last thing they'd been happy to see released? "Never Mind The Bollocks", sneers Paul.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP CARROLL

"We didn't need a manager, we weren't doing nuffin'; we just couldn't be bothered."

"We was lost," sniggers Paul. "He didn't know what to do without Malcolm," echoes Steve. Steve becomes a little more lively though when our discussion moves onto the "Swindle", in spite of Andy Allen putting his oar in with the claim that it's "two years out of date, anyway."

"What Malcolm and all that was

is a load of bollocks. He didn't plan everything; half the things came from the band and now he's trying to make out that he did plan it all."

To be fair on the other parties involved, however, the idea that the whole Pistols history was pre-planned by McLaren is one of the film's more obviously fictional bits, dramatised into the ludicrous Ten Lessons that he delivers periodically to the audience.

Steve and Paul, though, would have preferred the original Pistols movie to have been made, the one that was to have been directed by the king of American cheap exploitation-flicks, Russ Meyer. The bad taste sex-and-melodrama epic that

Meyer was to make never got beyond week one of shooting—literally.

Meyer's fee swallowed up much of the original budget for the movie, with only one scene to show for it: the killing of a deer which was filmed and acted out in cold-blooded reality somewhere in Wales.

"Meyer only lasted a week," recalls Steve. "Then he'd had enough 'cos there was no way he would have got it finished. Sid and John wouldn't have done what he wanted them to do." (Meyer apparently wanted explicit sex scenes).

Andy provides the standard hardcore Pistols' follower's opinion.

"The best bits of the film was when they were on stage. And those bits weren't even made for it, they were for Top Of The Pops or whatever. All those bits of them walking around in funny hats... stupid!"

THE SECTIONS where Steve does indeed wear a trilby as he impersonates a detective on the trail of McLaren and the missing Pistols loot were certainly an appropriate piece of casting.

Steve bitterly recalls the time they spent in Rio De Janeiro immediately after the band finally bust up in San Francisco. Warner Brothers, their American record company, offered them a ticket to England when their visas ran out, on the way home "we could have went anywhere."

"We had plenty of money when we was out there, the band had plenty of money," claims the guitarist, "before Malcolm put it all into the film. He put £150,000 of our money into the film, that's why we're skint."

Half six week stay in Rio, intended to be a holiday, turned into—ironically—more filming. This was the company of ex-Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs. Cook and Jones thought he was "great".

They came back to England to finish the staged parts of the "Swindle", a lot of wanting to see the thing over with than anything else, and as they "weren't doing nuffin'".

Incompletely, they weren't in the mood. Both were offered production work with young bands—Jones was even shown San Francisco to record an outfit called The Avengers. Between them they did Joan

Jett, The Wall, The Physicals, and Andy's band, The Lightning Riders.

BY NOW Fachtna has returned from a quick shopping expedition clutching a carrier bag full of cans of lager. Whether magical ingredients these contain is possible, they definitely loosen up the atmosphere somewhat. Why, Steve is even saying that he "likes" producing.

"It ain't hard, I'd rather do it than all these other types, 'cos they don't do nuffin' different than what I do.

"Most producers are con-men, if you ask me, 'cos they just get hold of all these up and coming bands. The bands don't realise, they could do it themselves if they wanted to and these producers are getting much more money than what they're getting."

After a brief shouting match when Andy reminds Steve that this is exactly what Jones did to the Lightning Riders, Paul gets a chance to join in:

"We learnt a lot in the studio with the Pistols; we knew what we wanted anyway."

"Rotten didn't 'ave a clue," mutters Steve.

"He did," Paul counters. "But it was just a different idea..."

"His idea is what he's doing now; we don't want to sound like that."

"And Sid didn't know what was going on. Sid couldn't play."

"Sid just wanted to sound like the Ramones."

"How do they feel about Vicious, looking back? Could any of the people around him have stopped him coming to such an unglorified end?"

"No," says Steve emphatically. "At least he has done what he tried to do, know what I mean? He just didn't give a toss. He was original 'cos everybody in groups, they do things for show, but he done what he done—all the time."

Steve's hang-dog features collapse even further into misery:

"This is getting depressing now, talking about him."

He disappears in find a cigarette, leaving Paul to shuffle about and stare about the room in exasperation.

Doesn't he like being interviewed? "Not about all this."

"He didn't like talking about it then," adds the ever-helpful Andy. "It's alone now. It's like asking Paul McCartney when The

Beatles are going to get back together."

Paul suddenly turns round, laying it on the line.

"The thing is, we've got a new band and a bloody new single coming out."

Steve returns in the middle of a fit of belching:

"Are we on the front cover?" Paul beams to get angry:

"Just the two of us! I don't want to be on the front cover if it's going to be a headline like 'Pistol Talk About The Swindle'."

THE SUGGESTION that we discuss their more recent musical history, like the disastrous collaboration with Jimmy Pursey last year and The Greedies excursion just before Christmas, is greeted by an explosion of laughter. The suggestion that the public might actually be interested in such matters is dismissed contemptuously:

"I don't give a toss what people are interested in," shrugs Jones.

I argue that there must be a point where they do care, such as whether people are interested enough to buy The Professionals single.

"Yeah," admits Steve grudgingly. He then proceeds to account for their quick in and out with Pursey.

"We went into the studio with him 'cos he wanted us to join him. But he's a tosser, so we didn't bother doing anything with him."

"We couldn't believe it when we actually met him. He got all mouth and he cried—stuffed like that. He's too emotional. All he wanted to do was be a Sex Pistol."

So why didn't they just go straight ahead and get a band of their own together then?

"Cos we're lazy."

"We thought we'd get a load of money for doing something that wasn't too bad."

"We could have made a load of money, but he just put us off it."

Did they do The Greatest single for similar reasons?

"Out of boredom, really."

The only activity which does appear to have remotely interested Cook and Jones since the demise of that well known band is the three months they spent in Canada earlier this year.

There they took part in filming what Steve describes as a

"there's no business like show business" movie called "All Washed Up."

Set in Pennsylvania, but filmed

in Vancouver "because it rains a lot there," the film follows the fortunes of three rival groups: The Looters, an all-girl outfit and a hippie group The Metal Corpses (which includes two of The Tubas).

The Looters consists of Steve and Paul in their usual roles, Clash person Paul Simonon on bass, and "Scum" star Ray Winstone as the lead singer.

Steve and Paul, who were asked to appear in it by director Lou Adler's assistant, Caroline Coon, have also written four songs for the soundtrack album.

After last year's half-cocked schemes, Jones admits it was "a great change" for them. He even likes the film itself:

"It's a good comedy, it'll do really well."

AND SO to the Professionals. Where do Cook and Jones' musical efforts stand now, against the background of all the changes in rock since the fatful San Francisco concert?

They're in agreement that they hate "all this shit that's going around now, this s.k.a.p. It's just nostalgia, it won't last long."

The only bands they admit to

liking are The Basement 5 and Killing Joke.

"That's the sort of gear we play," says Steve of the second of those bands, "but better."

What do they think of Public Image Limited?

"Paul thinks 'some of it's good' while Steve respects Lydon's stance:

"At least he's doing what he wants to do, he ain't bothered about what the audience thinks."

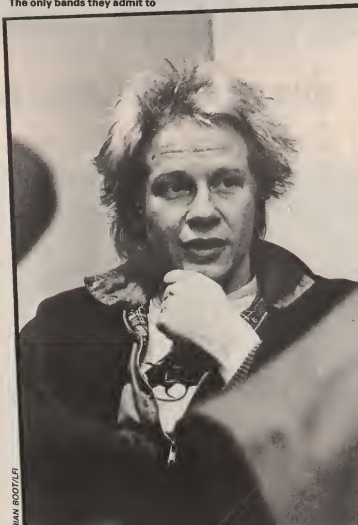
Had they always wanted to be more part of the rock 'n' roll mainstream than that?

"Yeah," says Steve, "you get more enjoyment out of playing hard tunes than just messing about like John does."

Just before we wind up, it's a quick descent to an office below to cop an earful of some unmixtapes of The Professionals album. "Hard tunes," a plinky!

For a band who've not performed live, the tracks crackle with a ridiculous amount of energy and excitement. Steve's grinding guitar in particular brings a smile of welcome familiarity. Like he says,

"We've got our own sound, don't ya think?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP CARROLL

JUST ANOTHER DREAM

THE PROFESSIONALS

I'm always hoping
Praying for the day
Something's gonna turn up
And I will be amazed
Just the other night
When I crashed out in my bed
I thought I was the champion
But I find instead

Chorus

That it's just like another dream
Just like any other dream
Just another dream
Just like any other dream

When I'm walking out alone
Thinking to myself
What it is I've got to do
To get a little help
People never want to know
I just can't believe
I thought someone might be able
But I know they can't

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Cock/Jones
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros. Music Ltd

on Virgin Records



PH. PAUL COOPER

dexys midnight runners

searching for the young soul rebels



FIRST ALBUM

BITZ

FOR YOUR PLEASURE

ROXY MUSIC have finalised a number of British dates as part of their 1980 World Tour. These are: Brighton Conference Centre (July 23), Birmingham Odeon (24,25), Manchester Apollo (26,27), Glasgow Apollo (28,29) and London Wembley Arena (August 1,2).

ALL TIME TOP TEN

by Jona Lewie



1. **FATS DOMINO:** *The Fat Man* (United Artists). This was his first record and my favourite.
2. **ELVIS PRESLEY:** *My Baby Left Me* (RCA). *Rivw Elvis: made before he went into the army.*
3. **THE ROLLING STONES:** *Honky Tonk Women* (Decca). *Such a good record.*
4. **SNOOKS EAGLIN:** *That's Alright Mama* (Somet). *The vocalist leads it and the two musicians are right with him.*
5. **THE BEATLES:** *I Am The Walrus* (Parlophone). *My favourite John Lennon side of The Beatles. Earthy.*
6. **THE BEATLES:** *Eleanor Rigby* (Parlophone). *My favourite Paul McCartney side of The Beatles. Melodic.*
7. **THE RAMONES:** *Beat On The Brat* (Sire). *Lyrics, musicians and hair are great.*
8. **ROXY MUSIC:** *Virginia Plain* (Island). *A great first record from a great band.*
9. **THE PRETENDERS:** *Brass In Pocket* (Real). *Chrissie Hynde's vocals and the band's sympathy are the tops.*
10. **SEX PISTOLS:** *I'm A Lame Sod* (Virgin). *Like the previous one, this was produced by Chris Thomas who makes rock guitars sound great.*

AFTER A FASHION

LUKE SKY, the seven foot tall guitarist with Birmingham band Fashion, walked out on his two colleagues the other week after announcing he'd had his fill and was heading for New York. Dick and Mulligan, the remaining members are currently casting around for a replacement as well as a singing bass/synthesiser player.

The immediate result of all this reorganisation is that Fashion have had to withdraw from their support slot on The Police's Milton Keynes bash on July 26th. Squeeze have been booked to replace them.

THE BIG TIME

LONDON'S HIGHLY rated all girl combo, The Mo-dettes (nothing to do with mods, please note) have signed with the Deram label and released their first single, a new version of The Rolling Stones' "Paint It Black".



ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80, the authors of the recently successful "Where's Captain Kirk?", have signed a long term deal with A&M who release their debut album, "Do A Runner" on July 11th.

SIGNS ARE that Virgin Records, for the last few years in the vanguard of new wave activity, might be reconsidering their artistic policy. Having jettisoned The Members, who never surpassed their early commercial promise, they've recently signed veteran heavy rocker Ian Gillan and have just snapped up peroxide postpers, Japan, in the hope that they'll repeat their oriental success at home.



DEMIS ROUSSOS, the Greek answer to the Butter Mountain, gathers round the piano (he usually manages this on his own) with Francis Rossi, the well-known electric ukulele player, and his songwriting colleague, Bernie Frost. The two of them have just provided a tune called "Sorry" for The Circular One's new album, "Man Of The World". Why? Don't ask us.

BASSIST PAUL Slack and drummer Peter Davies have parted company with The UK Subs, leaving Charlie Harper and Nick Garrett to audition for replacements. Davies has not announced any plans for the future but Paul Slack is joining his brother Steve in a "reggae influenced" band. Meanwhile, Charlie Harper has his first solo single, a song dedicated to Jimmy Pursey and titled "Barmy London Army", on release.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

"KATE BUSH: Princess Of Suburbia" (Target Books, 95p) is the title of the first so-called biography of Britain's leading chanteuse.

It's unlikely that Kate will take this book as a compliment and nobody should be surprised if she decides to take some kind of legal action against the authors of this very thin and appallingly designed book, Sex Pistols chroniclers Fred and Judy Vermorel.

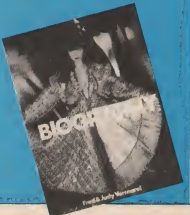
In their efforts to pin down just what makes Ms Bush tick, the Vermorels have looked up old schoolfriends, former colleagues and just about anyone who could come up with a printable anecdote or, even better, a little suggestive innuendo.

Of course, they didn't talk to either Kate or any members of her current retinue; that might have spoiled their half-baked theorising and "Sun"-style rumour-mongering.

The picture that emerges is of a fairly unremarkable young girl from an affluent background

who, with the aid of a lot of drive and some very shrewd managerial advice, turns a reasonable amount of talent into a great deal of success.

But the attempts of the authors to inflate what few hard facts they can get their hands on into a moral tale for our times would have been laughable had they not been so crude. Gossip is no substitute for the truth. Avoid.



B T Z

IN THE COURTS

AN ODD quirk of Scottish law has resulted in a court case being tried in West Lothian which could have serious implications for the arts in general and the record business in particular. A local record dealer is being prosecuted for selling a copy of "Carri On — More Product", the Virgin compilation album of Sex Pistols interviews, to a nine year old boy.

Because the album contains a certain amount of crude language and at one point repeatedly refers to a portion of the female anatomy, which nine year olds are not supposed to know about, the dealer is accused of deliberately setting out to corrupt the unfortunate youth.

One would assume that if the dealer was found guilty of this offence, it would set a precedent whereby bookshops and record shops that stock material featuring language even remotely offensive would have to take enormous care who they sold such material to. On the face of it this law would seem impossible to enforce.

A **limited** quantity of **18** cassette copies of the German version of Peter Gabriel's chart-topping album are being brought into the country by **Christine**. All of the **18** cassettes have been re-recorded in German and four tracks were **selectively** removed. The **18** cassette version differs from the **18** homegrown product in that the **18** title is picked out on the sleeve in **green** instead of **yellow**.

NOT LONG ago you may have read about Pete Gage, former leader of Gene Washington's Ram Jam Band, getting together with a bunch of musicians for a tour trading under the name of the Ram Jam Band in the hope of cashing in on the success of the number one single.

Well, now it turns out that Gene himself is getting back into gear and planning a string of dates during August, September and October using the name Gene Washington And The American Ram Jam Band. Could be interesting if they got booked into the same hotel.

10 SMASH HITS

CALL THIS FUN?

THE JULY award to Best Informed Disc Jockey goes to Ray Teret from Granada's glibly "Fun Factory" who expresses the hope that Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway would carry on working as a duo for a long time to come. Donny Hathaway did last year in New York. Ray Teret gets paid for this.



WHILE LENA Zavaroni tries to get herself taken seriously as a grown-up entertainer and Jimmy Diamond looks forward to his twenty first birthday, another generation of perky young squirts are springing up to make the Mums of The Western World go all soft and sentimental.

Stacy Lattisaw made her first album, "Young And In Love", last year before she even qualified as a teenager! Born and raised in Washington D.C., she progressed through the usual round of talent shows to turn professional at the ripe old age of eleven. By that time she was making appearances before crowds 30,000 strong as support act for bands like Ramsey Lewis.

The release of her first album, produced by the late Van McCoy, was marked by a massively swish reception in Washington at which the young Ms Lattisaw was introduced to the even younger Ms Amy Carter, daughter of the Managing Director of America Ltd with whom she got to play pinball.

Her second and latest album, "Let Me Be Your Angel" (modest, eh?) was written, produced and designed by the increasingly successful Narada Michael Walden.



Headline: clockwise from bottom: Tony Martin (drums), Richard Martin (keyboards), Winston Bisset (bass), Michael Riley (vocals), Laff Fore (rhythm guitar) and Kevin Nune (guitar).

SLIGHT RIOT

AFTER SPENDING a couple of months in Pentonville Prison earlier this year for possession of the cocaine, Hugh Cornwell of the Scorpions announced that he'd gathered plenty of material for new songs from the experience. Presumably, after the band's recent troubles in France, he'll have enough for a triple concept album.

After the power failed three times during a gig at Niles University, the band stormed off in anger, telling the audience to claim the admission money back from the promoters. In the process of demanding refunds, the audience managed to wreck the hall, causing damage estimated in the region of £10,000.

The result of this mayhem was that the local police arrested The Strangers for "incitement to riot". After being held for twenty four hours in the cells, organist

ULTRAVOX set out on their first British tour in nearly two years when they hit the road during August to promote their first album for Chrysalis called "Venn". Kicking off at Lincoln Drill Hall on August 2nd, the tour continues to take in Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Doncaster Rotters (4), Liverpool Rotters (5), Torquay Town Hall (6), Newport Stowaways (7), Wakefield Unity Hall (8), Brighton Jenkinson's (10), Manchester Rotters (13), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (15), St Albans City Hall (16) and London Lyceum (17). Further dates will be added in due course.

OFF THE PIL

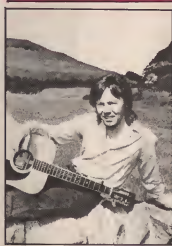
DRUMMER MARTIN Atkins has parted company with PIL, making him the fourth percussionist to have his services dispensed with. (The other three were Budgie, Jim Walker and Richard Dudanski.)

PIL, being essentially a trio, composed of Misses Lydon, Levine and Wobble, they prefer to hire and fire drummers as they need them and since there are no immediate plans for gigging or studio work Atkins has been freed to form his own outfit, Brian Brain, who are planning an album on Secret Records for later this year.

Following on a successful American tour, it's rumoured that Lydon and Levine have returned Stateside to work on electronic projects leaving Wobble to consider a follow up to his "Betrayal" set, released two months ago.

Speaking of Jah Wobble, Fred Dellar, the curator of a record collection that features more floppy than the DJM catalogue, brought to our attention the sleeve of a 1977 soundtrack album by Ianis Jan for a movie called "Betrayal". This is packaged in a sleeve whose lettering and general format is not a million miles away from the Wobly One's recent release. Not that we'd dream of accusing anyone of plagiarism; nothing could be further from our minds.

This means that their July tour of Britain will go ahead. Supporting on this jaunt are Headline, the six piece ska band fronted by ex-Steel Pulse man Michael Riley, who seem determined to do for baldness what Debbie Harry did for peroxide. Their first single, aptly titled "Don't Knock The Baldhead", is out now on the Virgin label.



THIS MOODY young artist trying to look carefree while perched on a wall is David Paton, formerly of Pilot (remember "January" and "Magic")? Paton, who wrote the best of Pilot's smart but largely unappreciated quality pop, has just resurfaced on EMI after a spell divided between session work (Alan Parsons Project, Kate Bush) and his passion for motorbikes. A new single "No Ties, No Strings" is a taster for a forthcoming album.

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT Runners have revised their July tour schedule as a number of the venues they originally booked turned out to be unsuitable. See Gig? for alterations.

A CHANGE of plans for Two Tone's latest protégés, The Swinging Cats. The 'A' side of the single, due out sometime this month, will now be "Away" with "Mantovani" a possible 'B' side.



"So that's settled then. £40 a week and all the blubber you can eat." Paul McCartney recruits new musicians.

TWO MAJOR film soundtrack albums find their way into the shops this month. The first, "Can't Stop The Music", features the Village People belting out tunes from their Allan "Grass" Carr-produced flick debut. Judging by the sleeve illustrations, this All Singing All Dancing All Posing extravaganza involves more costume changes than a Paris Spring Collection and enough major production numbers to employ every able bodied actor in America.

The second release is a double set of recordings specially made for "Roadie", the rock film that brings together Blondie and Meat Loaf. The album features Ms Harry and Friends inflicting actual bodily harm on Johnny Cash's "Ring Of Fire" as well as rather more palatable offerings from people like Cheap Trick, Alice Cooper and Joe Ely.

Although no definite release date has been fixed for the celluloid itself, United Artists hope to deliver it to your local flep pit before the end of the year.



SOME ARE born Wallies. Some have Wallies-ness thrust upon them. Hot contenders for drognos of the year are the above pair, Vincent Crane and John DuCann, organist and bass player with the recently reformed Atomic Rooster.

Rooster, who cranked out an awful racket back in the early seventies with such gems as "Devil's Answer", are aiming to get themselves a place in the current revival of all things loud and brazen and are casting round for a drummer; applicants should preferably own their own gong.

If this play works as well as DuCann's recent solo cover of "Don't Be A Dummy" then the whole project should be back to the drawing board in a matter of weeks.



THE HUMAN LEAGUE

VERY ORDINARY PEOPLE WITH VERY ODD TASTES. David Hepworth investigates.

THE HUMAN League are different. Yes, I know they're the fanfare that's trotted out to greet the arrival of every other new act these days and appearing personally, if I'm introduced to just one more bunch of endearing young aesthetes cowering about artistically in flat field, I may well scream.

But The Human League ARE different. What they do is fresh, exciting and vital, and it's quietly nudging back the frontiers that dictate the way pop is created and received. They're just about the only band that David Bowie has a good word for these days and the man's no slouch when it comes to spotting an idea with a future.

EVERY NOISE you hear on The Human League's two albums, "Reproduction" and "Travelogue", with the exception of the voice, is derived from a synthesiser of one kind or another. The same applies on stage; even the strict tempo rhythm noises are courtesy of a pre-recorded tape put together back at their Sheffield base camp.

When I suggest that Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark are operating in adjacent territory, Martyn Ware and Adrian Wright are quick to pull me up. OMD, they stress, use a drummer and bass guitarist. Similarly, Gary Numan relies for his snap on orthodox rock noises. Only Kraftwerk and New York's Suicide provide relevant comparisons.

But not even they can lay claim to the sheer flair and sturdy, melodic push of The Human League, a band genuinely out on their own and owing little to the avant garde as they do to Van Halen. No pasty faced android bubblegum here; Human League noise is functional but graceful and has an attractive undercurrent of biting, intelligent humour.

The foundations of all this were laid in Sheffield in 1977 by Ware and Ian Marsh, a pair of distracted computer technicians intrigued by the possibilities of the synthesiser. The league blossomed when Phil Oakey, a school friend of Martyn's, arrived to sing. This lofty character, whose lopsided coiffure gives the impression the barber went into liquidation halfway through a session, brought within considerable experience as a hospital porter.

While rehearsing in a local warehouse, this trio disturbed the occupant of a neighbouring flat: one Adrian Wright from Wakefield and a student on a film

course at Sheffield Art College. Martyn explains how they came to realise that "watching people play synthesisers on stage is not the exciting thing in the world" and so it seemed natural to recruit the interested Adrian to provide a visual backdrop to the music with his slides and projection equipment borrowed from college.

The band's debut gig as a fully fledged audio-visual assault force was heavily inspired by an episode from "Star Trek" which Adrian had snapped directly off the screen of his Dad's TV.

Adrian is another of those things that make The Human League different. A full band member, he doesn't play any instrument as yet. Instead he stands stage right, pushing buttons on the tiny control panel to bring into play the 1,200 or so transparencies that make up the visual extension of the act.

At first slides were pretty much a random selection but now Adrian chooses them so the recorded tapes have a direct relation to the song: "They're just like signposts and you can choose which path you take."

Because he is a band member but not a musician — his ambition is to direct movies — Adrian provides a vital counterbalance to the other three's absorption in pure music, reminding them of their obligation to entertain.

When not discussing his huge collection of toys, Adrian is much given to opting out of the conversation for long periods, returning with an understated announcement that generally starts off with "I'd just like to say" and finishes with something of the order of "I really like The Ramones" or "Anyone with any sense should manipulate things!"

What with the ping-pong wit of the other three, the whole band often give the impression of shooting for The Oxford Dictionary Of Quotations.

UNLIKE MOST groups, The Human League don't have anything resembling a leader or spokesperson. All plans and statements are subjected to almost nit-picking scrutiny and fervent discussion. Ideas for everything from lyrics to publicity pictures (especially publicity pictures) are chewed over, debated and covered with scorn.

Then, when reason can't be made to prevail, the offending person's suitcase might come in for a bit of imaginative vandalism. It's comforting to see

that their taste for the odd truly childish interlude has not been impaired by all this brisk talk of digital sequencers and rates of change in the world. The Human League even drink beer and dance with girls! (Honest — I saw them.)

They're also open, friendly and intelligent people with a good ear for an argument. No sooner had they been delivered over to you a comprehensive, well thought out summary of their plans and aims than along comes another to stick his oar in and neatly contradict the lot.

The band will also occasionally refer to themselves as though Human League were the registered trading name of some kind of ideas factory or media firm. At one point Martyn concedes that they might well consider working with normal acoustic instruments at some stage "but not under the name of The Human League".

At first slides after transferring to Virgin Records from distinguished independents Fast Product (whose mastering Bob Last is still their manager) was actually "I Don't Depend On You". Featuring session people on bass, drums and backing vocals, it was credited to "The Men".

The group would also love to go into the world of advertising jingles; at the moment they content themselves with playing the "Gordon's Gin" theme. Because they are in a sense "instant" musicians — people who took up synthesisers because it didn't hurt their fingers like learning guitar — they did — immediacy and versatility are their watchwords.

IT'S CHARACTERISTIC, in fact, of The Human League's down to earth nature that they make no secret of the fact that they'd like to be successful and make some money.

"We all have plans for attacking different areas of the

market," Martyn declares, sounding like the boss of a multi-national fast food group. That sort of statement does tend to make them appear a good deal colder and more calculating than they actually are.

Technology they see as a thrilling, challenging field opening up entirely new ranges of possibilities, but when they think in that vaguely uninvolved manner, it tends to disguise the genuine musical substance of their material.

Suffice to say that when the video revolution hits town, you can expect to see The Human League all dressed up and ready to rock like the mobile, adaptable entertainment unit they definitely are. But it takes more than some jumped up technocrat working from the Brian Eno handbook to come up with a song as moving and uneasy as "Dreams Of Leaving" or an anthem of the strength and vision of "Blind Youth".

Contrary to what you might expect with a synthesiser band, The Human League's musical roots don't lie in the electronic meanderings of Tangerine Dream but in T. Rex and Gary Glitter along with the New Wave who inspired the League to take up their instruments.

"We all have the ability to hear a tune in our heads and simply transfer it to a keyboard," Martyn explains. This priceless knack is especially well suited to Phil Oakey's peculiarly attractive Dream but in T. Rex and Gary Glitter along with the New Wave who inspired the League to take up their instruments.

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But with Phil's vocal control

continued over page



The Human League: (left to right) Adrian, Phil, Ian and Martyn.

and instantly recognisable delivery. The Human League are superbly equipped to exploit their seam of strong, well constructed songs.

"I know it sounds a cliché," says Martyn, "but melodies really are the thing. You can only go so far with textural experimentation. There's no such thing as an original melody — but there are certain mathematical combinations of tonalities that do create certain emotional responses."

(What's he talking about? Ed.)
(He means tunes that make your hair stand on end. D.H.)
(Oh. Ed.)

BUT the music is only two thirds of the Human League story, only a fraction of the difference. Taking in the full effect of the live show from the floor, it strikes me that this is one of the very few acts operating under the general banner of rock and roll that would impress any audience anywhere: "Crackerjack", "Night At The Proms" or a Hungarian Polka Festival.

As the slides flit about on Adrian's four screens, you feel as if a hand had reached out of your TV to drag you through time. The movie shoots by you in the shape of old movie stills: the entire plot

of Hitchcock's "Psycho" in just four minutes, ancient telly adverts, characters from "Star Trek" and "Thunderbirds", heroes and villains of world politics and various other less specific ideas.

The taped rhythm comes hammering down like a cross between a drum and a guillotine. Martyn and Ian hunched over their keyboards and biting into the tunes, while Phil sways gently from side to side and employs that "real voice".

The repertoire varies from the current single "Empire State Human" through "The Black Hit Of Space" (get James Burke on the case!), the tale of a friend so terrifyingly blind that it swallows all other records, to Gary Glitter's resurrected "Rock 'n' Roll" and many exotic points in between. It's only entertainment. Arresting, compulsive entertainment.

AFTER THE gig, I ask Adrian and Martyn what they'd cook up in the way of visuals if they were working on the same budget as Pink Floyd. What would they do with the money?

Martyn doesn't hesitate. "We'd piss off to South America," he smiles. Can't get much more human than, now can you?

EMPIRE STATE HUMAN THE HUMAN LEAGUE

on Virgin Records

Since I was young I've realised
I never wanted to be human sized
So I avoid the crowds and traffic jams
They just remind me of how small I am

Because of this longing in my heart
I'm gonna start the growing art
I'm gonna grow now and never stop
Think like a mountain, go to the top

Chorus
Tall tall tall
I wanna be tall tall tall
As big as a wall wall wall
As big as a wall wall wall
And become tall tall tall
And then I will grow grow grow
Because I'm tall tall tall tall tall tall tall

Repeat chorus twice
With concentration my size increased
And now I'm fourteen stories high (at least)
Empire State Human
Just a bored kid
I'll go to Egypt to be The Pyramids

Repeat chorus twice
Brick by brick, stone by stone
Growing till he's fully grown
Brick by brick, stone by stone
Growing till he's fully grown
Fetch more water, fetch more sand
Biggest person in the land
Fetch more water, fetch more sand
Biggest person in the land

Repeat last verse and chorus to fade
Words and music by Oakey/Marsh/Ware
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QUEEN

Their new album

The Game

Includes the hit singles

Crazy Little Thing Called Love

Save Me

Play The Game



Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time

By The Detroit Spinners on Atlantic Records

Cupid

Chorus

Cupid draw back your bow
And let your arrow go
Straight to my lover's heart for me (nobody but me)
(Straight to my lover's heart)

Cupid, please hear my cry
And let your arrow fly
Straight to my lover's heart for me
Straight to my lover's heart

Now, I don't mean to bother you but I'm in distress
There's danger of me losing all of my heppiness
For I love a girl who doesn't know I exist
And this you can fix, so

Repeat chorus

Oh now Cupid, if your arrow makes her love strong for me
I promise I will love her until eternity
I know between the two of us her heart we can steal
Help me if you will, so

Repeat chorus

Don't you hear me calling
Straight to my lover's heart
My tears keep falling
Straight to my lover's heart
I got to have a love now, now

Cupid, oh Cupid, yeah
I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby
I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby
I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby
I look at you, you turn away
'Cause I say to you, please look my way
But you say to me, leave me alone
Then I say I can't live without you

Hey, I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby
I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby
Girl, didn't you know that my love for you
And it hurts me so bad
I'm telling you
Come on look at me once
Then you'll see I can't live without you

I loved you for a long time
Now it's time to make you my baby (make you my baby)

Repeat chorus

Hear me calling
Straight to my lover's heart
I feel the love getting stronger
Straight to my lover's heart
Woah, woah, woah
Cupid, all I've got to do is call you louder
Cupid, woah, Cupid
Cupid, woah, Cupid
Cupid, woah, Cupid

Words and music by Cooke/Zager
Reproduced by permission Kags Music Ltd/Carlin Music



USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT

By *Olysssey* on RCA Records

Shake, shake your body down
Shake, shake your body down
Shake, shake your body down
Shake, shake your body down
Shake

Everybody, all you people gather round
And let your body music
Move it up and move it down
Gonna use it up
Gonna wear it out
Ain't nothing left in this whole world I care about

Chorus

I said one, two, three, shake your body down
(Shake it on down to me)
One, two, three, shake your body down to me
(Shake it on down to me)
One, two, three, shake your body down
(Shake it on down to me)
One, two three shake
(Your body down)

Millions of bodies, bodies looking good tonight
You got that hungry feeling
For some loving it's alright
(It's alright, it's alright)
We're gonna use it up
Gonna wear it out
Ain't nothing left in this whole world I care about

Repeat chorus

Oh get down, get down
Use it up (use it up)
Wear it out (wear it out)
Ain't nothing left in this whole world I care about

Repeat chorus


Do it all night, do it all night long
Do it all night long, do it all night

Repeat last verse four times

We're gonna use it up (oh yeah)
Wear it out
Ain't nothing left in this whole world I care about
Gonna use it up
Gonna wear it out
Ain't nothing left in this whole world I care about

Repeat chorus

Words and music by S. Linzer/L. Russell Brown
Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd/ATV Music Ltd.



David Essex U.K. Tour - 1980

July
1 London, Dominion Theatre
3 London, Dominion Theatre
4 London, Dominion Theatre
5 London, Dominion Theatre

6 Leeds, Grand Theatre
7 Hull, New Theatre
9 Guildford, Civic Hall
10 Crawley, South Downs Theatre
11/12 Jersey, Fort Augustin Hall

HOT LOVE DAVID ESSEX

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CASSETTE 7150 017



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Fancy a video entertainment computer? Then here's your chance to win one. What the lucky winner of our Crossword Competition receives is as follows (a) a video computer unit measuring approximately one foot square by three inches deep, complete with power transformer and instructions on how to plug into your TV set (colour or black and white); (b) two handset controls which can vary game time and speed as well as stop and start; and (c) two pre-programmed cartridges giving you a total of six different games to play. You even get the appropriate sound effects! On top of that, there'll be a copy of "New Clear Days", The Vapors' debut album.

Here's how it works: the first correct crossword entry opened after the closing date (July 23) cops the video set and a copy of "New Clear Days". The next 25 correct entries opened will each receive a Vapors album. Now read on . . .

How to enter

Simply solve our crossword puzzle, writing the answers in ink, pen or ballpoint. Complete the coupon with your own full name and address, then cut it out and post it in a sealed envelope addressed to: SMASH HITS (Crossword No. 42), 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. Make sure it arrives not later than July 23, 1980, the closing date. Sender of the first correct entry checked after the closing date will win the computer game and the LP. Senders of the next 25 correct entries will each receive a copy of the Vapors album. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into. The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, excluding employees (and their families) of Smash Hits and East Midland Allied Press.

ACROSS

- 1 Undertones Day? (9,4)
- 7 Average sort of colour!
- 9 See 16
- 10 Not the current Orchestral Manoeuvres hit; last issue's Request Spot
- 12 Family disco group (6,6)
- 15 Three-quarters of a recent Pretenders hit (4,2,3)
- 17 McCartney hit
- 19 They had singles success with "7-Teen"
- 20 Punk group, or a noisy encounter!
- 21 "Crying" singer
- 22 Songwriter leader of the ELO (4,5)

DOWN

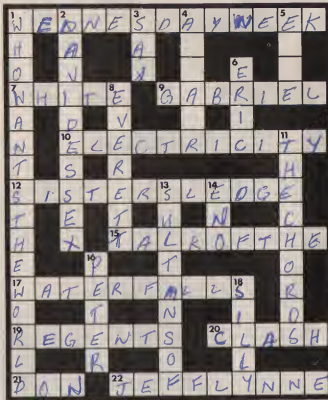
- 1 The Stranglers have a question! (3,5,3,5)
- 2 X is saved — Ed (anagram 5,5)
- 3 Instrument
- 4 Usually is kept secret!
- 5 "Close to The —" was a Yes LP
- 6 Shake up rice to produce a guitarist
- 8 Zany DJ who's almost a mountain!
- 11 Mod group who've had minor chart success (3,6)
- 12 Two thirds of Dire Straits' big hit (7,2)
- 14 Brian who used to be in Roky Music
- 16 & 9 Grit a bleeper (anagram 5,7)
- 18 As daft as Janet Kay's games?

CROSSWORD NO. 40 WINNERS

T.V. WINNER: Graeme Lowdon, Stockfield, Northumberland.
 ALBUM WINNERS: David Napier, Seaham, Co. Durham; Jane Pepper, Monk Bretton, Barnsley; Mr S. Mason, Tadcaster, North Yorks; Jane Mijovic, Watford, Herts; Colin Forster, Hedworth, Jarrow; Brian Carson, Edinburgh; Sue Meek, Drybrook, Glos; Christine Edwards, Tredworth, Gloucester; Kay Dillow, Griffydham, Leics; Sandra Hannan, Bradford; Angela Dawes, Canterbury, Kent; Mark McGovarrin, Minster Sheppey, Kent; Fiona Dawkins, Crowborough, Sussex; Neil Whitehead, Willaston, South Wirral; Miles Bartaby, London NW2; David Gahan, Basildon, Essex; G. Buxton, Purley, Surrey; Richard Day, Kingsbury, London; Miss T. K. Richardson, Cricklewood, London; Diane Hatton, Hockley, Birmingham; Juliet Foulser, Paddock Wood, Kent; Helen Appleton, South Shields, Tyne & Wear; Timothy Rowlands, Handsworth, Sheffield; Melanie Croft, Wormley, Herts; Judy Gribble, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD NO. 40

ACROSS: 5 Solo; 7 Annie Lennox; 8 UFO; 9 Pil; 12 Kool (& The Gang); 13 "Missing Words"; 14 "Eat To The Beat!"; 17 Nick Lowe; 20 Leo (Sayer); 21 "MASH!"; 22 (Howard) Devoto; 23 Den (Hegarty); 24 (Siouxsie & The) Banshees.
 DOWN: 1 Anne Nightingale; 2 Siouxsie and the (Banshees); 3 "Slap And Tickle"; 4 Roker; 5 "Life On Mars"; 10 "Low"; 11 UK Subs; 15 Only Ones; 16 Howard (Devoto); 18 Elvis; 19 (Pink) Floyd.



No. 42

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

S E C O

Jump To The Beat

By Stacy Lattisaw on Atlantic Records

Chorus

Come on and jump to the beat (jump)
Come on and dance with me
(Won't you dance for me?)
Come on and jump to the beat (jump)
Come on and dance with me

Your life's a passing star
The price you paid was dear
You make the most of my life
Yet movements dance with fear
Your speciality's only nights
As you and pride compete
Neglect the pain in your heart
Come on and dance with me

Repeat chorus twice

You never dance alone
When love steps too near
Communicate with me
Your doubts will disappear

If it's love you're searching for
There's plenty love in me
Embrace the good things in life
Come on and dance with me

Repeat chorus twice

Won't you dance with me say yeah
Go ahead . . . (Repeat 15 times)

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Narada Michael
Walden/Lisa Walden
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros.
Music

LIVE!
FROM CANARY STREET

I don't mind angry letter writers keeping me on my toes, but Soul Boy of Hertfordshire — you've definitely got the wrong impression about my office. Air conditioning and swivel chairs? You must be joking! Well, now for the pile of new releases that have arrived on my desk over the past fortnight. First up are the 7 inches, starting off with "Give Up The Funk" by B.T. Express (Calibre), a simple sound with a touch of "Rappers Delight" here and there, and Philly Cream's "No Time Like Now" (Calibre) which is a bit different from the average disco sound with its catchy hand claps and "bom-bom"s.

The next sound is described as "sophisticated" on its press release and anyone who likes jazz would probably agree. It's by Dr. Strut and simply titled "Struttin'" (Motown). A slow smoochy jazz number, it will probably get a few bodies together by the end of the evening.

A little surprise here — not only have I received the new Edwin Starr single "Get Up Whirlpool" (RCA), but tucked away down the side is a freebie T-shirt. Could this be bribery? As you probably know, Edwin Starr has recently been touring with Marvin Gaye and going down very well. His new single unfortunately isn't as instant as his recent stuff, but will probably grow on you.

One Way featuring Al Hudson also return with "Do Your Thing" (MCA). It's quite disappointing compared to their "You Can Do It" — nothing special to say the least.

Now for a couple of 12 inches. The Whipsters have released their version of the Smokey Robinson classic "My Girl" (Solar). I'm not really that impressed by their version, but nevertheless it could well be a hit.

Leon Haywood's new single, "If You're Looking For A Night Of Fun" (RCA) sounds similar to his previous hit "Don't Push It . . ." which I thought was great but this is a bit too similar for me.

Lastly, Lipps Inc have wasted no time in releasing an album. Out now, it's titled "Mouth To Mouth" (Casablanca), and contains just four long tracks, one of which is their smash single "Funkytown". The other three tracks are all very similar, consisting of lots of effects and special noises. I personally think it's a bit of a joke costing about a fiver.

Anyway my swivel chair has decided to break on me, so I'd best be off to fix it!

Bye,
Rev.

TOP 40

TWO WEEKS AGO	TWO WEEKS AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL	BPM
1	4	JUMP TO THE BEAT STACY LATTISAW	ATLANTIC	120
2	10	USE IT UP, WEAR IT OUT ODYSSEY	RCA	126
3	1	BEHIND THE GROOVE TEENA MARIE	MOTOWN	116
4	9	A LOVER'S HOLIDAY CHANGE	WEA	117
5	NEW	CUPID — I'VE LOVED YOU DETROIT SPINNERS	ATLANTIC	124
6	2	BACK TOGETHER AGAIN ROBERTA & DONNY	ATLANTIC	111
7	5	FUNKY TOWN LIPPS INC	CASABLANCA	124
8	7	THEME FROM THE INVADERS YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA	A&M	112
9	NEW	FUNKY FOR JAMAICA TOM BROWNE	ARISTA	112
10	13	COULD YOU BE LOVED BOB MARLEY	ISLAND REC	90
11	8	DOES SHE HAVE A FRIEND? GENE CHANDLER	20th CENTURY	90
12	11	THIS FEELING FRANK HOOKER	DJM	118
13	6	LET'S GET SERIOUS FERRAINE JACKSON	MOTOWN	110
14	27	IN THE FOREST BABY D	CALIBRE	126
15	3	SCRATCH SURFACE NOISE	WEA	118
16	12	YOU GAVE ME LOVE CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR	DE-LITE	118
17	28	(DOPS) UPSIDE YOUR HEAD GAP BAND	MERCURY	106
18	NEW	GIVE ME THE NIGHT GEORGE BENSON	QWEST/WARNER BROS (IMP)	111
19	35	IN THE WOOD (TD GROOVE) AURRA	SALSOL	127
20	NEW	TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT) SDS BAND	TABU	119
21	NEW	HANGIN' OUT (REMIX) KOOL & THE GANGS	DE-LITE	117
22	23	WALK TALL MARK SOSKIN	PRESTIGE	122
23	NEW	ON THE ONE CAMEO	CASABLANCA	118
24	NEW	BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR GEORGE DUKE	EPIC	110
25	29	SUBSTITUTE LIQUID GOLD	POLY	110
26	28	LAST NIGHT IN BANGALAND RANDY CRAWFORD	WARNER BROS 106	112
27	23	REALLY REALLY LOVE YOU CECIL PARKER	EMI	112
28	38	SUNSET PEOPLE DONNA SUMMER	CASABLANCA	142
29	NEW	MY GIRL WHISPERERS	SOLAR	118
30	NEW	IF YOU'RE LOOKING LEON HAYWOOD	20th CENTURY	118
31	16	POLICE & THIEVES JUNIOR MURFIN	ISLAND REC	118
32	22	UNDER YOUR SPELL PHILLIS HYMAN	ARISTA	118
33	NEW	SUGAR FROSTED OVEN FLAKES	MAGIC DISC (IMP)	118
34	35	TWILIGHT ZONE MANHATTAN TRANSFER	ATLANTIC	128
35	NEW	MUSIC FRANCE BEN E. KING	ATLANTIC	118
36	NEW	I LIKE WHAT YOU'RE DOING YOUNG & CO	BRUNSWICK (IMP)	119
37	25	MY TURN TO LOVE YOU EDY GRANT	ICE	118
38	30	LET'S GET IT TOGETHER EL COCO	AVI	117
39	18	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES BOBBY THURSTON	FPA	120
40	NEW	EYE JUST BECAME TO LOVE YOU DYNASTY	US SOLAR (IMP)	115

COMPILY BY RECORD BUSINESS FROM SALES AT SPECIALIST SHOPS.
IMP = IMPORT. BPM = BEATS PER MINUTE.



STACY LATTISAW

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

SMASH HITS



PH. ADRIAN BOOT

747 (STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT)

By Saxon On Carrere Records



Words and music by Saxon
Reproduced by permission Carrere Music/Heath Levy Music Ltd.

We've got a 747 coming down in the night
There's no power, there's no runway lights
Radio Operator, try to get a message through
Tell the flight deck New York has no lights
There's no power, what do we do?
747 coming down in the night
Try to get a message through

Chorus
(We were) strangers in the night
Both on separate flights
Strangers in the night
Going nowhere

This is Scandinavian one-o-one
Flight from Hawaii coming out of the sun
Kennedy, you should be in sight
We can't see a thing here in the night
Navigator says we're on the flight path
There's no radio, no sign of life
This is Scandinavian one-o-one
For God's sake, get the ground lights on

Repeat chorus

There's a 747 going into the night
There's no power, they don't know why
They've no fuel, they've got to land soon
They can't land by the light of the moon
They're overshooting, there's no guiding lights
Set a course into the night
Scandinavian one-o-one
For God's sake, get your ground lights on

Repeat chorus

Strangers in the night
We were strangers in the night
Strangers in the night
We were strangers in the night

Repeat chorus

NEW EP FROM

Whitesnake

READY AN' WILLING (SWEET SATISFACTION)

c/w NIGHTHAWK — WE WISH YOU WELL

BP363
UNIVERSAL

'NIGHTHAWK' (WE WISH YOU WELL)
TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM
'TROUBLE'
ALBUM UAG 30305

'READY AN' WILLING'
TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'READY AN' WILLING'
ALBUM UAG 30302 CASSETTE TCK 30302

'WE WISH YOU WELL'
TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM
'LOVEHUNTERS'
ALBUM UAG 30284
CASSETTE TCK 30284

ISSUED IN SPECIAL PICTURE BAG

WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE

By AC/DC on Atlantic Records



Wanna tell you a story
About a woman I know
When it comes to loving
She steals the show
She ain't exactly pretty
Ain't exactly small
Forty two, thirty nine, fifty six
You can see she got a lotta

Never had a woman
Never had a woman like you
Doing all the things you do
Doing all the things you do
Ain't no fairy story
Ain't no skin and bone
But you gimme all you got
Weighing in at nineteen stone
You're a whole lotta woman
A whole lotta woman

Chorus
A whole lotta Rosie
Whole lotta Rosie
Whole lotta Rosie
You're a whole lot of loving

Honey, you can do it
Do it to me all night long
Only wanna turn
Only wanna turn me on
All through the night time
Right around the clock
To my surprise
Rosie never stops
She's a whole lotta woman
A whole lotta woman

Repeat chorus

(Play solo on imaginary guitar)

A whole lotta woman
A lotta woman
A whole lotta Rosie
A whole lotta Rosie
A whole lotta Rosie
You're whole lotta Rosie

Bring head to fade

Words and music by Young/Young/Scott
Reproduced by permission EMI Music Ltd.

COCKNEY REJECTS

WE CAN DO ANYTHING

Ready to ruck

Bow bells-UP

COCKNEY REJECTS
COCK-UP



NEW SINGLE

Independent

albums

KEN THOMAS: Beat The Light (Fragment). This was the album, ten synthesized tracks of varying vintage, is full of good starts that never develop beyond a whimsical intro, which frequently lapsing into less immediate improvisation passages which get steadily less interesting as they go on.
Its audaciously pretentious press release describes the perpetrator of this 'groovy wilderness as "an example of the indefatigable music in action. A toiling duo divines procedure in the 2 to 5 slot" and calls the

and quakes" anti-natural booms and quakes". So now you know. Actually it's not that bad (if not that good) — devotees of synthesizer music and good old fashioned futuristic impressionism might care to try it. (Contact: **SAE To 18 Artists**, Grove, Viewleay, W. Drayton, Mids.).
THE TEARDROPS: Vinyl (Illuminated). The serial number Jam 2 is the giveaway here. This is in fact a not too sojful collaboration by some of Manchester's leading musical lights: Carl Burns and Tony Friel (late of The Fall), Buzzcock Steve Garvey plus assorted others. Jokes and jam sessions of the famous are usually unutterably tedious to everybody else but this is surprisingly good, due to its surprising looze and off the cuff nature.

What you might call "clattering songs — generic", this turns out to be abrasive, leudly post with a sense of melody as well as humour, connected by jokey links. Some of it, however, like the more serious "Slow Glass" is simply really good music. Inevitably it gets a bit setf

indulgent, thin or over the top in places, but overall it's an enjoyable, effective album of lasting appeal and certainly worth its £5.99. (Distributed by Pinnacle. Contact: **SAE To IKM, 120 Kings Road, Fleet, Hants.**)
THE POP GROUP: We Are Time (V/Rough Trade). Unlike the extremely dodgy Slits retrospective which appeared recently, this is a good quality, representative group history presented through hitherto unavailable material. Consisting of studio and live tapes and unreleased finished recordings, this collection illustrates all the band's phases and genres, and is engendering and irritating. You get the rawer, near first hand, hysterical pieces complete with scawking sax and barely intelligible vocal mannerisms; the gentler, more melanc songs — whistled rather than frantic, and the brisk tight funk leanings of late. A worthy release from a band that never takes the easy way out.
The enigmatically titled "Dome" by Dome on Dome Records hides the identity of Bruce Gilbert and Graham Lewis, half of the sadly neglected Wire. This however is a big step away from Wire's earlier songs and finds the duo in one of their more awesome moods. Almost entirely electronic, this album isn't nearly so intimidating as it first appears after you've learned to relax and follow the voices through the echoey, cavernous spaces of their synthesized pieces. It also includes one moment of pure genius, the melodic mood piece "Rolling Upon My Day" which would make an excellent single.
(Contact: both the above are available through Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11. Don't forget a SAE.)

By far the best of the recent batch of albums, however, is "The Return of The Durutti Column" also on Factory. Durutti Column is in fact just one guitarist — Vini Reilly — with the help of overdueds and a very discreet rhythm machine or drummer. A mile away from the current fashion mainstream, this is a fascinating LP, beautifully packaged in black and gold with three tiny paintings. Superbly played by a very capable and imaginative guitarist, this collection of engaging, melodic instrumentals draws you into its own seductive, hypnotic atmosphere without getting sentimental on one hand or self indulgent on the other. It's instant and varied enough to hold your attention throughout, and everything is used sparingly to very good effect.
This is a very good album which is individual and different enough to stand above the tides of fashion and soon all musical tastes. Thoroughly recommended.
(Contact for Factory: **SAE To 86 Paintine Road, Didsbury, Manchester 20.**)



Wire: (left to right): Graham Lewis, Colin Newman, Bruce Gilbert and Robert Gotlib.

distorted, heavily filtered for atmosphere on old science fiction films, spoken vocals — everything The Human League have now made redundant. It's called "Serlin", as if you didn't know. Good sleeve though. Next there's Section 25 (from Blacktop), whose "Girls Don't Count" was reviewed by Mike Starr last time. It comes as part of a three track EP with two similar outtings called "Knew Noise" and "Up To You" and gets to be sold in some very industrial stiff grass-leaf paper. Then there's the Joy Division free flexi called "Kornakin". Originally pressed in a batch of 20,000 to be distributed through Rough Trade and Pinnacle as a thank you to the Joy Division regular fans, demand has now exceeded supply.

Factory say they'll be pressing some more as soon as they recoup some cash from the coats of recent releases (so nip out now while they last). The Colour (as album) so it should be back in the shops in a couple of weeks. It's also FREE (it says so on the flexi) so don't get conned into parting with money for it or having to buy something else if you can't afford it.
I'm rather suspicious of this sudden enshrinement of Joy records since Ian Curtis' death, but this flexi really is a quality product and worth having. The pressing is quite good and "Kornakin" is possibly their most accessible offering to date. There are also quite good instruments on the other side.

Finally in the Factory yard is a 12 inch single from X.O. Dues called "English Black Boys". This smacks to me of the obligatory ethnic reggae concern for the credibility conscious left field white arty label, but it's still quite a good record.
A fair song with a strong message about reputation and racism, it's well produced by Dennis "Matumbi/Slits" Bovell, but as with many reggae records, its extended instrumental passages and prolonged use of effects talk a good record into overstaying its welcome. The 'B' side, "See Them A Come" is more of the same but rather more rasta and rooty.
(Contact your factory address see under albums.)
Still in Manchester, we pop across to New Horizons for a four track 12 inch EP from Ludus. I once forced myself in a tit of broedmindness to sit through the music set by the exclaiming pointless Ludus which consisted of a girl singer running her voice all over the place seemingly at random while the uniform band played utterly uninteresting music full of pointless cleverness and pointless bits with no beginning or end. God it was awful, and now here it is on record. And so you won't take a warning should see a SAE to: **89 Newton Street, Manchester.**)

Red Starr

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Independent singles top 30

TWO WEEK	ONE WEEK	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	8	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART Joy Division	Factory
2	4	MY HEAVEN OF SWINDING US! Graffiti	Graffiti
3	1	BLOODY REVOLUTIONS/PERSONS UNKNOWWN Crass/Person Only	Crass
4	6	HOLIDAY IN CAMBODIA Doo Kennedy	Cherry Red
5	3	NO ROOM IN AMERICA Spex 80	Rough Trade
6	5	HAN NEXT DOOR One	Rough Trade
7	30	JUST LIVE EDGE/SIN RIGHT SIGNa Teams	Rough Trade
8	5	DO YOU BREATH IN COLOUR Bill Nelson	Columbia
9	—	RIGHT BACK! Juice	City
10	8	FINAL DAYS Monday Michale Ganes	Rough Trade
11	7	HEAVY ASIUM Crass	Rough Trade
12	19	FINAL SOLUTION Para One	Rough Trade
13	22	REALITIES OF WAR Discharge	City
14	12	YOU CAN BE YOUR GIRL (ON THE RUN) Honey Bane	Crass
15	4	EVA Topsh	Salt
16	14	FEEDING OF THE 5,000 Crass	Small Wonder
17	11	TRAVELLING MAN Farians	Reddington's
18	—	MURDER'S CAPTAIN Mike Spex/Engel	Rough Trade
19	27	SOLDIER SOLDIER Spex/Engel	Rough Trade
20	—	1980 Anti Establishment	Charmal House
21	24	BRETT SCREAM Wain Heist	Inevitable
22	12	YOUNG MANICAPATION One S	Factory
23	17	TRANSMISSION Joy Division	Factory
24	15	ELITE AND DESTINY Madras	Streetbeat
25	25	FEDBACK SONS Home Rama	AKO
26	—	KINOSHOP OF LOVE Son Zoy	Amegapon
27	—	MY MIND GOES ROUND IN CIRCLES Squire	Squire
28	—	GIRLS DON'T COUNT Section 25	Factory
29	—	ADVENTUROUS FRANK Siles	City
30	18	MANUCCI'S SLEIGHBORN Queens	Reddington's

Independent albums top 10

TWO WEEK	ONE WEEK	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	LIVE AT LAST Black Sabbath	NEMS
2	—	UNKNOWN PLEASURES Joy Division	Crass
3	2	STATIONS OF THE CROSS Crass	Crass
4	5	WE ARE TIME Pop Group	Rough Trade
5	1	THE BLUE HEAVENS The Party	Stratford
6	3	TOTAL'S TURNING IT'S NOW (OR NEVER) The Fall	Rough Trade
7	—	OLDEST LA MARRON DE ROMAGEE John Cooper Clarke	Rabid
8	—	MUSIC FOR PARTIES Slits	Nite
9	—	NO KILLING US WHILE WE DIE	Mute
10	10	HEATHEN EARTH Throbbing Gouli	Industrial

Compiled by Record Business from a nationwide panel of specialist shops. Only titles not connected with major record companies are eligible.



TEARDROPS

singles

The presentation is rather more outwardly attractive than the music which is bleak new wave fun, unadorned to the point of being threadbare in the best Factory tradition. Scrawny guitar scrapes through the busy, disco-like drumming the modern band's excuse for tightness without becoming "commercial", while the social conscious lyrics are intoned somewhere in the near distance.
This does grow on you after repeated plays when the fragile music comes through the busy but inhospitable surroundings, and is worth persevering with as you're into the industrial side of life. The title stems from the fact that one side is studio and the other live recordings.

Still with Factory, there are three new singles currently on the part from Joy Division's current climb climber. First up is Crawling Kingsnake, whose "Sex Machine" is quite the fastest single I've heard in a while. A close cousin to Fad Gadget with its ear for melody and love for sharp lyrics, this hurtles along at breakneck pace with the main kick of a drum fanthester wrap around sound giving way to an excellent biting guitar break. It's a pity that a single of this quality should be back to the by now boring grim side of synthesiser music; unreactive, tuneless,

SEX PISTOLS

on Virgin Records

STEPPING STONE

Chorus
I, I, I, I, I'm not your stepping stone
I, I, I, I, I'm not your stepping stone

I tried to make a mark in society
You use a lot of tricks that you use on me
I read about your baby in those magazines
Clothes you're wearing now worn the seams

Repeat chorus

When I first met you girl, you had no shoes
But now you're walking like you're front page news
You been unfaithful 'bout the friends you choose
But you won't find me in your book of names

Repeat chorus

I'm not your stepping stone
I'm not stoned again
I'm not drunk

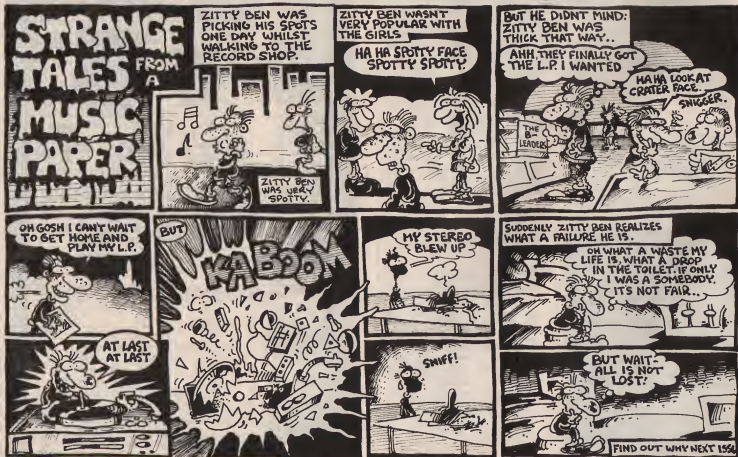
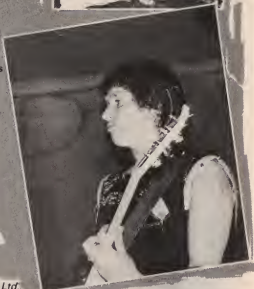
Repeat chorus

You tried to make your mark in society
You use a lot of tricks that you use on me
I read about your baby in those magazines
The shit you're wearing is pulled at the seams

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Boyce/Hart

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+ SKAFISH from the USA + JOHN PEEL

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MANCHESTER: Barry Street, NEWCASTLE UNDER LYNE:
Mike Lloyd, OXFORD: Russell Acott, STANTONBUURY: Leisure
Centre, YORK: Sound Effects – more Vinyl Record Shops.
*NB A small booking fee may be required.

STAR TEASER

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.

Solution on page 36.

BARRON KNIGHTS
 BETTE MIDLER
 BOB DYLAN
 DANA
 DIANA ROSS
 DON MCLEAN
 ETTA JAMES
 FISCHER Z
 GILLAN
 GRACE JONES
 GRACE SLIJK
 GRADUATE
 HALL AND OATES
 HAZEL O'CONNOR
 HEATWAVE
 HOTRODS
 HOYT AXTON
 IAN CURTIS
 JOHN PLAIN
 JONA LEWIE
 KAREL KIALKA
 KORGIS
 LEE DORSEY
 MARCIA HINES
 MEKONS
 PETE STRIDE
 QUEEN
 RAINCOATS
 REGENTS
 RUMOUR
 SALLY OLDFIELD
 SHO NUFF
 SLADE
 SLITS
 SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS
 SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
 SPLOGENESS/BOUNDS
 SURFACE NOISE
 VAPORS
 WHIRLWIND

B E T S E N O J E C A R G N A I D S
 R E T A U D A R G S S O R A N A I D
 O H E Y D N I W L R I H W H N E S I
 N S A M N S L R A I N C O A T S P D
 N E B A R N A S T I D E U T R T L B
 O T B K N O H L E S T M E A A N O A
 C A O C D I Q O S M E B E A I E D R
 O O B I D U A I J K A T O R C G G R
 L D D L E L T L O E E J E G R E E O
 E N Y S Y R E N P H D S A P A R N N
 Z A L E U E S I T N A I N T M S E K
 A L A C I R S N F K H A S H T N S N
 H L N A H Z F R L D E O A H O E S I
 S A R R W F R A O L L Z J U T E A G
 I H Y G I S I E C D B O E A N U B H
 G D N N S F U M H E E Z Y S A Q O T
 R E S O L H N R T C N E J L L L U S
 O Z V E T O T T U V S O L L L A N Y
 K I R A D X E U A O N I I F I A D F
 F A V L W M A S O A M T F S G G S E
 K I L A I T P T L S L U E D E I E S
 F I T D P O A E Y I N S R P I L N R
 G T L I R O W E H O T R O D S M P D
 E E N U N I R D H A H S R A I N C S
 R S S F E A V S E N I H A I C R A M

It's album giveaway time again here at Smash Hits, this time courtesy of one of the leading lights of the trash and outrage stakes of American rock 'n' roll — Ms. Jayne County. The album in question is "Rock 'n' Roll Resurrection", a live recording of some of Jayne's best-known numbers from The Edge Club in Toronto, Canada, as now being performed on tour in this country.

If you fancy one of these controversial collections of melodic mania, then fill in your answers to these six questions below on the entry form and send it to arrive by July 23 (the closing date) to: Smash Hits Jayne County Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, PETERBOROUGH PE2 0UF.

The first twenty five correct entries opened after that date will each receive a copy of Jayne's "Rock 'n' Roll Resurrection" album.

- What was Jayne's first name before her recent sex change?
- Jayne's American home city shares its name with a popular TV series which recently featured a shooting. Name it.
- For a while Jayne worked at a New York HQ of a British bi-sexual rock star called "The Thin White Duke". Who is he?



- Jayne's one time backing band or the American instrument of capital punishment. Name please.
- This band at one stage featured a guitarist called Henry Padovani. For which other now famous band did he once play? Jayne has also starred in a punk film with Toyah. What's it called?

JAYNE COUNTY COMPETITION

A _____
 B _____
 C _____
 D _____
 E _____
 F _____

Name _____

Address _____

Artist
**KLARK
KENT**

Song
**DON'T
CARE**

Label
**KRYPTONE/
A&M**

Year
1978

Requested by
**HELEN CHAMMAN
WOODBRIDGE
SUFFOLK**

REQUEST-SPOT



PH: JILL FURMANOVSKY

I am the hottest thing you ever will see
You know I'm something it ain't easy to be
I am the neatest thing that ever hit town
There isn't anything that could bring me
down

Chorus

Don't care
If you really wanna hang around
Don't care
'Cause I am the neatest thing in town
Don't care
If you really wanna stick around
I don't care
If you even wanna put me down

The girls are always trying to settle me
down
They never guess I'm only fooling around
My only worry is my humility
It dampens all my heavy artillery

Repeat chorus

Don't care, no no
Don't care, no no
Don't care, no no
Don't care

You know I'm fooling with my fake ID
So you don't need to check my history
You know I'm something it ain't easy to be
There isn't anyone who I'd rather be

Repeat chorus

If you don't like my arrogance
You can suck my socks
Don't care, no no
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Klark Kent.
Reproduced by permission
Island Music

NEW

SINGLES

By David Hepworth

SHEILA AND N. DEVON: King Of The World (Carrere). Considering that I appear to be just about the only person who didn't rate "Spacer" too highly, it's surprising that this follow up is hogging the spindle on my cassette as much as it is.

The Chic production team have made this tune with a delicate sense of urgency that ripples through a real grown-up guitar solo and a bass/drums pivot that ought to be cited as a danger to the hips. Er, hi, I would venture.

IN CAMERA: Final Achievement (MCA). When a band can't entertain successfully they often alter their strategy and turn to irritating people as a way of getting attention. This is a perfect example. The guitars drone, the drums potter around aimlessly while the singer intones the lyrics with the kind of off-key braying

that puts every dog within a ten mile radius in Janger of a nervous breakdown. And no doubt they think they're artists.

KATE BUSH: Babooska (EMI). Quills all the conditions of a Kate Bush single. Introduces itself quietly and slowly as Kate sets the scene, picks up after a short while and sways singalongfashionably along to her through her vocal party tricks. Does nothing for me at all. I'm sure she's underselling herself with all this carefully prepared prettiness.

DAVID PATON: No Ties No Strings (EMI). This former Pilot-man is obviously a bit of a craftsman. He's worked out how Supertramp obtain that distinctive piano sound and reproduced it perfectly. This is a very well-mannered middle of the road sort of record that uses all sorts of well-worn musical techniques and could possibly have a chart contender had Paton's vocal performance been prepared to go a bit more over the top.

Q-TIPS: The Step. Another new band with the same area, inevitably come off a little ragged. The performance is amiable and energetic enough but the ideas in the song have whiskers on them.

GRAHAM PARKER: Love Without Greed (SHF). While recognising the virtues of all the above bands, I reckon this is the real Eighties soul music, if only because Parker has the guts and ability to reach into his own life for things to write about. This, one of the strongest tracks from his brilliant "Up Escalator" album, may not be a hit but that doesn't mean it's not one of the finest, most perceptive songs about jealousy ever written. It makes you wonder why everybody else avoids the issues.

SHAM 69: Unite And Win (Polydor). Darwin's Theory Of Evolution goes something like this: those who will not adapt to changing circumstances are doomed to die. One wonders what the man would have made

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: There, There, My Dear (Late Night Feelings/EMI). Q-TIPS: Tracks Of My Years (Chrysalis); THE STEP: Love Letter (Direction). Here they come, the archaeologists of sixties soul; more mouths to feed than Doctor Barnados, more brass to polish than The Household Cavalry and most everyone of them sporting a hat of some sort.

Dexy's go out on a limb with their crucial follow up, Kevin Rowland delivering the vocal from the very lip of chape while the horns dig in and hold the rhythm down. The song, in the form of an argumentative letter, pays no mind to any kind of form and just weaves all over the shop; the only real hook is the way he rrrrols his rrrrs every now and again.

Q-TIPS track the rules by covering Smokey Robinson's most perfectly beautiful song and get away with it by dint of a cool, clipped reading which doesn't attempt to ape the maestro's swelling delivery. They're respectful but not reverential and they're doing it very well.

Against Dexy's mania and the deft skills of Q-Tips, The Step, another new band with the same area, inevitably come off a little ragged. The performance is amiable and energetic enough but the ideas in the song have whiskers on them.

GRAHAM PARKER: Love Without Greed (SHF). While recognising the virtues of all the above bands, I reckon this is the real Eighties soul music, if only because Parker has the guts and ability to reach into his own life for things to write about. This, one of the strongest tracks from his brilliant "Up Escalator" album, may not be a hit but that doesn't mean it's not one of the finest, most perceptive songs about jealousy ever written. It makes you wonder why everybody else avoids the issues.

SHAM 69: Unite And Win (Polydor). Darwin's Theory Of Evolution goes something like this: those who will not adapt to changing circumstances are doomed to die. One wonders what the man would have made

of Sham 69, a band who are more determined to turn the clock back than the present government. Pursey, worrying about getting old on the one hand and getting forgotten on the other, seems desperate to come up with a cause that he can stand for. But most people are a little bit wiser in the year 1980 and his pseudo-revolutionary slogans just won't wash no more.



THE COCKNEY REJECTS: We Can Do Anything (EMI). I've always had a good word for The Cockney Rejects. Unfortunately the laws of libel prevent me from repeating it here. A new gramophone recording.

NICK PILYATS: To Be Is To Buy (MCA). Mr Pilyats has passed away the last few years operating various keyboards with the likes of Roogalator and Lene Lovich and now steps out front with this exercise in exotic, swimming jazz-flavoured r&b. Unlikely to get even a whiff of radio play but a tough and inventive piece of work nevertheless.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: Don't Do Me Like That (MCA). Get friendly with a copy of this here. I only to hear what an utterly marvellous producer and engineer can do. This moderately mean track from Petty's indispensable "Damn The Torpedoes" long player just rips out of the speaker mesh and tends to make so many records sound like they were recorded on a cassette player in the garden shed. Comes with a free live single but unlikely to do any better on these shores than the last three attempts to get on the chart. Shame.

M.O.-DETTES: Paint It Black (Deram). First major label release for a young all-female band who are attracting all manner of accolades from many quarters. While noting their playful, spare technique, I can't in all conscience pretend that this tinnny treatment of the Jagger/Richard masterpiece is fit to stand within a hundred yards of The Stones' searing original. Hopefully they're capable of better.

THE PLASMATIC: Butcher Baby (SHF). Standard blow torch punk thrash from the band Stiff are backing to clean up in the video market. If you can imagine The Tubes with bigger tits you're on the right tracks. If you could consider paying to this disc you're unfit to handle money.

THE CHORDS: The British Way (Polydor). Still labouring in the shadow of The Jam, the guitars busy themselves swerving from flourish to flourish while the singer tries to come to terms with a song that uses far too many words. The Jam have the instinct for economy and a sense of shape that can make this kind of standard teen frustration composition work. The Chords don't.

CARLENE CARTER: Ring Of Fire (F-Best). Smart, sly reworking of Papa Johnny Cash's country and western standard turned out in perfect order by Carlene's husband Nick Lowe (who can make a purr trio sound like a disco) this is a fine, gutsy take to the foxy, satirical delights of Ms Carter's work. You get a nice poster sleeve too.



ALBUMS

JIMMY RUFFIN: Sunrise (RSO). Who becomes of the broken hearted? In Jimmy Ruffin's case he's put himself in the hands of those well known hairdressers the Gibb brothers for a pretty good reason. His voice is as irresistible as ever and is used to full advantage over meticulous Bee Gee type arrangements. The slower, more soulful tracks tend to work best, with "Songbird" the high spot here along with "Where Do I Go?" (a duet with Mercy Levy). A good if not great album. (7½ out of 10).

VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT: What's The Matter Boy? (MCA). After flirting with punk in 1976/77, the elusive Vic has pursued a very individual course. With good lyrics and melodies, a simple beat and band sound more acoustic than electric, this sounds at times like everything from earlier decade Dylan to scholory rock 'n' roll to T. Rex, all coaxed into a dark, strange pop with an odd, casual bluesy feel to it. See it one in a class of one. — Number out of 10. (8 out of 10).

CARLENE CARTER: Ring Of Fire (F-Best). Smart, sly reworking of Papa Johnny Cash's country and western standard turned out in perfect order by Carlene's husband Nick Lowe (who can make a purr trio sound like a disco) this is a fine, gutsy take to the foxy, satirical delights of Ms Carter's work. You get a nice poster sleeve too.



THE KORGIS: Dumb Waters (Rialto). There's been a lot of talk about the Korgis' arrangements as varied as The Regents, old film scores, disco and pop. In fact they're all there in this simple, very tuneful and very appealing album. Add a bright, modernised feel, the distinctive soft shoe vocal delivery behind that massive string synthesiser, some quirky humour plus a large, unabashed romantic streak and you get The

THE MOTELS: Careful (Capitol). The second album from this promising Los Angeles band doesn't seem to offer any more

Korgis' intelligent candyfloss for sentimental types. A nice one. (7½ out of 10).

THE ROLLING STONES: Emotional Rescue (Rolling Stones). After knocking out their best album in years with "Some Girls", The Stones seem to have reverted to their sloppy ways of yore with this haphazard mixed bag of rocky rockers and self-parodying R&B tunes. The title track and "Dance" prove that they can still be classily catchy even when the material is next to non-existent, but so often they sound disinterested and less than inspired. (5 out of 10).

ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW: Midge-Shebang (Warners). Long before The Police were more than a wrinkle in serious eyes, A.F.L. was cranking out amiable, fresh and danceworthy albums that set him on one of the most honest individualists is all the better being so unexpected. He moves easily between funny, observant rock and roll, delicate instrumentals and shuffling busker's music on the first record of this cheap double set. The second album, composed of odd singles, out takes and works in progress, is surprisingly even better, radiating good humour, self-mocking charm and the odd sort of genuine insight. Recommended. (8 out of 10).

ULTRAVOX: Vienna (Chrysalis). The scion of talented Midge Ure, ex-Silk and ex-Rich Kid, has done these leading lights of disco-pop nothing but good. This is tough, emotive music for all the cleverness of the arrangements and the technical skill that's gone into the playing and production (by the noted "Complank"). Try "Western Promise", inspired by Ure's Japanese tour with Thin Lizzy, or "M-X" which out-Foxes John Foa's great. Synthesiser music with backbone and muscle. (8 out of 10).

THE MOTELS: Careful (Capitol). The second album from this promising Los Angeles band doesn't seem to offer any more

hope for commercial success than the first. The songs have been slimmed down and Martha Davis delivers them convincingly, but the band have a habit of dranching them in fussy arrangements that at times veer towards sticky hard rock rather than the clean limbed pop which should be the aim. (5 out of 10).

QUEEN: The Game (EMI). Sandwiched between two slabs of Queen's usual symphonic and/or choral pomp-rock ("Play The Game" and "Save Me") lies a filling of utterly unoriginal, corn, as varied as Freddie Mercury's hairtatics and about as modest as his manner. Rockabilly, funk, hard rock, singalongs, even a Fleetwood Mac soundalike—you name it, mindless Queen knock it out. K.T. told you to sign them immediately. (3 out of 10).

JOHNNY G. G Beat: (Beggars Banquet). This second album from one of the most honest individualists is all the better being so unexpected. He moves easily between funny, observant rock and roll, delicate instrumentals and shuffling busker's music on the first record of this cheap double set. The second album, composed of odd singles, out takes and works in progress, is surprisingly even better, radiating good humour, self-mocking charm and the odd sort of genuine insight. Recommended. (8 out of 10).

COMMODORES: Heroes (Motown). Yet another work which deserves a position in Motown's overcrowded Hall Of Fame. The group display a wealth of songwriting talent, ranging from the jazz tinged R&B of "Sorry To Say", through to classic Commodores ballads like "Old Fashioned Love" with the standard rarely below excellent. The gospel based "Jesus Is Little Short of Classic with as fine a set of vocals as you're ever likely to hear. A highly polished, versatile album — buy it. (8 out of 10).

ULTRAVOX: A DANGEROUS RHYTHM

"DANGEROUS RHYTHM in the gig" — how true that final line from Ultravox's first single was to become. The single was recorded in the winter of 1976 and made available to an unsuspecting and unprepared public early in 1977. Though quickly snapped up by the band's growing loyal following, it went totally unrecognised by the chart buying public — sad but understandable.

Apart from being hailed as "Single Of The Week" by *Sounds*, "Dangerous Rhythm" was otherwise ignored completely by the media or treated as suspect and unimportant. Unfortunately for Ultravox that reaction became typical of the ones they were to receive thereafter.

AS MOST people now know, the menacing behind Ultravox was John Foxx. Born in Chorley in Lancashire, he'd been at art schools in Preston and Blackpool before ending up at London's Royal College of Art. Once in London, however, John felt he'd had enough of working alone and decided to organise a band.

First to join was bassist Chris Cross then guitarist Steve Shears, who'd both been in nowhere local bands. Next to arrive was drummer Warren Cann who'd come from Canada with £50 to discover the land of The Who etc. The final recruit was keyboards and violin player Billy Currie who'd been in an experimental theatre group as well as local bands.

Initially the new band were called almost a different name each time they played. Fire Of London, Zips, and London Soundtrack were just a few! But the one name that sticks out from those early days is Tigerlily, due to the fact that there was a single out under that name (on Gull Records, marketed by Decca).

It was a spoof record really and very unrepresentative of the band that was to emerge shortly afterwards. Called "Ain't It Dishy" it was recorded by the band as a film theme to earn them some badly needed cash to put the band most together. In case the people concerned wanted to put out the theme on record, a 'B' side ("Monkey Jive") was also recorded.

BY the time their second single "Young Savage" (a punk anthem if ever there was one) was released, the band's momentum was gaining steadily. In the spring of 1977 they played London's Marquee club almost every week, yet still managed to maintain their audience's interest.

One crowd favourite at the

Peter Gilbert and Francis Drake, who started their "In The City" fanzine because of Ultravox, show how the band survived the music press and lived to fight another day.

time was "My Sex". A simple, half spoken, half whispered song, it was described by John Foxx as:

A song which is very quiet and almost unrhymic in some ways, and everyone was silent and really enjoyed it. That was one of the numbers I felt I got more back from the audience that came to see us than any other number, and it really gave me a lot of faith in what we were doing because the fashion was against us at the time.

Never willing to compromise, Ultravox's almost stubborn individuality did little to regain the interest of the fashion conscious media. Take, for example, the huge neon "Ultravox" sign which was used at gigs in the early days — the one on the first album cover and another of the kind The Jam are now using!

Its red glow fascinated the audience but upset the press because the required image of the day was the boy next door and his three chord wonders. The fact that Ultravox dared to be different and use such instruments as violin and keyboards meant that they were viewed with one eye closed — at the very least!

However, at one stage Ultravox did seem to attract a real heavy looking punk audience, particularly at the early London Nishville gigs. Perhaps it was so strange, considering John Foxx was one of the very first to wear a dog collar and another complete with zips to match!

SEEMINGLY UNMOVED by the critical panning they receiving, Ultravox recorded their second album "Ha! Ha! Ha!" in the autumn of 1977. At the time, that album was undoubtedly the most vivid and exciting album ever recorded. The only exception to the manic pace of the album is the seductive "Hiroshima Mon Amour", one of the first songs we'd encountered that used a drum machine.

A tour followed to coincide with the album's release. Mixing with a New York's Eve gig at The Marquee, it seemed that Ultravox preferred to see the New Year in with a few of the people they really cared about — their fans.

In February 1978, they returned to The Marquee to play three more nights — the last gigs that

Ultravox were to play with the original line up. Steve Shears left the band and was replaced shortly afterwards by Robin Simon.

Robin was given a mere ten days to rehearse and learn all the Ultravox songs he'd be required to play before he and the band were whisked off to do a European tour. Soon afterwards, they went to record the third album "Systems Of Romance" in Germany with Connie Plank, one time Kraftwerk producer who has his own studio near Cologne.

When "Systems Of Romance" was released in September 1978, the reviews were as vindictive as ever — predictable but very annoying all the same. Feeling that the album was decidedly more electronic than the previous two, we asked the band why by using more and more machines, weren't they eliminating the human element?

"No, not at all," Ultravox disagreed. "Because we select the machines and we use them. We determine how they are used, so we've got more choice in fact. I mean, the more flexible the machine is, the more choice we've got and WE make the choices!"

DESPITE "SYSTEMS OF Romance" being well up to the usual standard and selling well over an initial 25,000 copies, Island Records (or more correctly Chris Blackwell, the label's ill informed founder) decided, unbelievably, to drop them. The band's contract was terminated from December 31st 1978.

In early 1979, Ultravox toured America for the first time and the response was overwhelming. As Ultravox described it:

We were amazed at how well known we were in America in the autumn of 1977. At the time, we did that tour independently, without the help of any record company. Some of the places were sold out even before they were advertised, just by word of mouth, and in New York we had queues round the block.

But during that tour Ultravox were to face their biggest crisis yet. Robin Simon was to leave the band while John Foxx and Ultravox had already decided to part company. We had been told on numerous occasions that we could expect nothing but "constant changes" from this band but we had never even imagined that John Foxx would leave.

We asked John the obvious question — why leave the band?

"A lot of reasons really, but the main one I think is something that became very clear when we were recording 'Systems Of Romance' in Germany. I felt that the whole project was becoming very cluttered by having too many opinions as to what things should sound like.

"I knew very definitely the kind of sound I wanted but the nearest we got to this was an 'Quiet Men', 'Hiroshima Mon Amour', 'Just For A Moment' and 'My Sex'. That's what I wanted to continue doing but it just wouldn't work with a band. It's got to be me with a few machines."

And so it was. John Foxx set himself up with his own Metal Beat label (marketed by Virgin) and is now established in his own right. It looks as if he has got his future pretty much sewn up.

WHICH LEAVES us with Ultravox minus one singer and one guitarist. The first thing that Billy, Chris and Warren decided was that they wanted someone who could sing and play an instrument instead of replacements for John and Robin. They planned to create a much more streamlined Ultravox, a band that was a

band that was a band. But first they had to find that someone. Luckily they did not have to look far as, unknown to them, they had a secret admirer — Midge Ure, former guitarist and vocalist with Silk, The Rich Kids and Thin Lizzy. How had he become Ultravox's new singer?

"I just convinced Billy that he should ask me to join," Midge laughs and shrugs his shoulders. "That's it really, that's the honest truth!"

"I didn't think Midge would be interested," Billy adds.

We asked Midge how he fitted in with the new streamlined Ultravox?

"The singer of any band is always regarded as the front man, but we were in America and doesn't mean that I'm going to

be the leader of Ultravox — that would be totally wrong. It's going to be very much a four way thing."

Soon after Midge joined, the band played four low key warm up gigs before leaving for America. Once again they financed the trip themselves. It was again successful and the band returned to this country full of new enthusiasm and fresh ideas.

A great deal of work was put into a one off gig at London's Electric Ballroom, and loyal Ultravox fans turned out to see their first appearance for over a year.

The gig went down really well and everyone was delighted that the band had decided to play some of the old numbers. It was a nice gesture too when Midge announced that "Quiet Men" was "for John" (who was at the gig, standing in the shadows at the back.)

IT HAS been said often enough that Ultravox have been a rip off of almost every somebody or other, and it's refreshing to see that Gary Numan has time and again listed Ultravox as the band that influenced him in the early days.

It has also been said that Ultravox were a band before their time, but the important thing is that they are still here and refuse to go away. After months of negotiations, Ultravox

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Left to right: Billy Currie, John Foxx, Chris Cross, Warren Cann and Robin Smith.

have now signed with Chrysalis, and their new single "Sleepwalk" and album "Venners" are now both available.

Fashionable or unfashionable, loved or hated, Ultravox are fast becoming a legend in their own lifetime. If you were unfortunate enough to have missed them the first time around, make sure you don't miss them now.

Francis Drake and Peter Gilbert have also compiled a more detailed history of Ultravox (including a written contribution from John Foxx), called "Ultravox: Past Present And Future", it is available from In The City, 234 Camden High Street, LONDON NW1 for 75p including p&p.



Billy Currie

Warren Cann

Stevie Shears

Chris Cross

The new line up: Warren, Midge Ure, Chris and Billy.

BURNING CAR

By John Foxx on Metal Beat/Virgin Records

She was dressed in a white suit
She looked like a bride too
It's a burning car
It's a burning car

Then I looked at the sun set
And it felt like a stage set
It's a burning car
It's a burning car
Alright

Then I looked at my watch face
I remember the time and place
It's a burning car
It's a burning car

Then I breathed in the night perfume
As we met in the dark room
It's a burning car
It's a burning car
Alright

Loving you
Loving you
Loving you
Loving you

Words and music by John Foxx
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LET'S HANG ON

on Magnet Records

There ain't no good in our goodbye
True love takes a lot of trying
Oh I'm crying, crying

Chorus

Let's hang on to what we've got
Don't let go girl, we've got a lot
Got a lot of love between us
Hang on, hang on, hang on
To what we got

You say you're gonna go and call it quits
Gonna chuck it all and break our love to bits (break it off)
I wish you'd never said it (break it off)
No, no, we'll both regret it
That little chip of diamond on your hand
Ain't no fortune babe, but you know it stands (for your love)
A love to try and bind us (such a love)
We just can't leave behind us
Baby (don't you go)
Baby (oh no, no)
Oh think it over and stay



Repeat chorus

Let's hang on

There isn't anything I wouldn't do (I shall love you so much)
I'd pay any price to get in good with you (patch it up)
Give me a second turning (patch it up)
Don't cool off while I'm burning

If I'm crying, dying at your door (crying, dying)
Don't shut me out, let me in once more (open up)
Your arms I need to hold me (open up)
Your heart, oh girl, has told me
Baby (don't you go)
Baby (oh no, no)
Oh think it over and stay

Repeat chorus

Let's hang on, let's hang on, let's hang on

Words and music by Crewle/Linzer/Randell
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appeal really blew my transformers. I always get my tapes in a twist when I think of you. It would be great if Smash Hits printed a double pin up of you so I could have my pic by my side all the time. Love, **Sony (a female tape recorder).**

place would be a lot easier to live in. *Annoyed Music Lover, Darlington.*

Yes, these are dangerous days for reviewers. Not even Bev Kiler, or Hillier, is safe.

DEAR CHEAP Deanne Pearson,

Who the hell do you think you are OK, so you think you're Wonder Woman — sorry to disappoint you.) Was your hearing aid running low when you played the new Klark Kent single? If not, why did you write such rubbish in your review? Looking over the reviews, you seemed to have been in a tight bitch mood when you wrote them. Quite frankly, if you worked for me I'd sack you — unless the letters page didn't get enough letters, because you certainly cause enough people to complain! The Klark Kent Protection Society, Devon.

I WAS VERY angry to read Deanne Pearson's review of the new Sex Pistols single. This is a nice 1976 punk. I don't think you know what punk rock is all about. How can you say such rubbish about the Sex Pistols? At least they knew what they were about (not like you). Try playing the record and listening to the words before you pass judgement. **Loyal Ashfordhot F.C. East Banker.** P.S. Shireburn? — could we have your yohn Durnworth back?

DEAR WINSTON,

The first time I saw you, I knew it was love. Your style, your...

Just a quick note to say congratulations to Deanne Pearson for her perfect review of the Sex Pistols single. I'm appalled that any record company would even consider releasing such obvious commercialised rubbish.

Also, I'm ashamed to say I agree with Red Star when he said that the new Sham 69 album "The Game" should be filed under "unlistenable". Thanks for the words to "De-ance". Satisfied Mod, Reading.

I would like to say that Red Star's review of Sham 69's new album was utter trash. I have heard it and think it is of the highest quality material. I know Star is paid to slag people off but I out of 10 is ridiculous. If people took notice of the reviews they thought the same as Jimmy, the

Those are the facts. Boogie on, Bev. **C. A. Lot, Nudist Beach, Brighton.**

AS THERE is a lot of argument about which groups are what, here is a proper list: **WOD:** Lambrettes, Jam, Stiff Little Fingers.

PUNK: Sham 69, Ruts, Vapors. **HEAVY METAL:** Saxon, Motorhead, Pink Floyd, Buggles. **SKA:** Specials, Undertones, Selector. **Two Of The Hypodermic Bottoms.**

I WOULD just like to point out to Bryan Fry (issue June 12) and every newsreader on the box that there is no such phrase as "seeing as". It's "as" on its own or nothing. How many more times do I have to tell you? **Miss S. West (Under Secretary Of The Grammatical Quibblers' Society), Wimborne, Dorset.**

THANKS FOR that article in Blitz (issue June '72) about The Specials' "Rat Race" video being banned. It just proves that the BBC is a home for old folk with Victorian ideas. I'm fourteen and I see nothing offensive about contraptions or the brilliant Jerry Dammers in drag.

The DJs are every bit as bad as the producers, old folk trying to recapture their youth and failing. If the BBC want Top Of The Pops to be the best, then it'd better get their ideas a bit more up to

date. **Jerry Dammers' Toothbrush (alias Helen McPake), Striving.**

OII HOW come Boogie can mimic around in his dress on TOP and Jerry Dammers can't? **Chris W.**

MY FRIEND saw the Human League on TOP and seeing shots of Phil Oakey from both sides was convinced he was two nice looking chaps. Good that one, eh? **Alison, A Store Of Useless Information, Scotland.**

I WANT you to tell me if there's a Human League Fan Club. I won't say please because I don't like being polite. **A Human League Fan who thinks she's the best thing since sliced bread, Hayes, Middlesex.** P.S. Alright, I'll make the effort to be polite just this once. **P.L.-A.S.-E-d as I asked (or else).**

Oh, alright then. You can write to The Human League at 98 West Bk, Sheffield, but don't forget to enclose a SAE, OK?

DEFINITION of a sadist: someone who plays a Dolar record to a diabetic. **Michael, Doubs, Isle Of Man.**

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PUZZLE ANSWER

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DEAR BROTHERN,

Let us pray. We pray for the fans of heavy metal that they might be friendly with mods. We pray for the punks, oh Lord, that they might show more tolerance to the fans of disco. We pray for the fans of Gary Numan that they might stop insulting David Bowie and also for the fans of David Bowie that they might stop being rude about Gary Numan.

Finally, Lord, we pray that we may be united by the common love of good music, whatever its origin. We pray that byones will be bygones and that we may all live together in perfect — or harmony. Amen. **The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Wimpsey, Canterbury.**

I WOULD just like to let you know that I am getting rather annoyed! See, my brother and I find that we are worshipped wherever we go. My name is Maude (fans call it "mod") and my brother is Edward (or "Ted" for short) and we are followed by people all over the country. So why don't you start a new cult of Feargals or Biliys or Damians or Mickeys or Johns, and let me and my brother alone!

Underdames Fan, Hiding Somewhere in Billy Doherty's Left D.M.

I'VE READ your magazine since the first publication and I've noticed quite a few letters which criticise the omission or mis-spelling of words. I work for

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Devy Unity!

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GLAZ

Remember to check locally before setting out in case of late cancellations.

Compiled By Bev Hillier



PHOTO: PAUL COX/LEIF/BBCC

A Lambretta shows his bemused drummer what to hit next.

Friday July 11

Dexy's Midnight Runners Manchester New Century Hall
 Bob Marley & The Wailers Glasgow Apollo
 David Essex Guernsey Beau Sejour Theatre
 Stranglers Bristol Colston Hall

Saturday July 12

Bob Marley & The Wailers Deside Leisure Centre
 Stranglers St. Austell New Cornish Riviera
 Jayne County London Music Machine

Sunday July 13

Dexy's Midnight Runners Cardiff Top Rank
 Bob Marley & The Wailers Stafford Bingley Hall
 Stranglers Southampton Gaumont

Monday July 14

Stranglers Ipswich Gaumont
 Dexy's Midnight Runners Stafford Top Of The World

Tuesday July 15

Dexy's Midnight Runners Hatfield Forum
 Jayne County Bristol Trinity Hall
 Lambrettas Portsmouth Locarno

Wednesday July 16

Deantys Laine Chorley Park Hall Leisure Centre
 Stranglers Birmingham Odeon
 Lambrettas Torquay Town Hall

Matchbox Nottingham Theatra Royal
 Dexy's Midnight Runners Liverpool Original Club

Thursday July 17

Dexy's Midnight Runners Birmingham Gay Tower Ballroom
 Stranglers Sunderland Locarno
 Jayne County Port Talbot Troubadour
 Lambrettas Bournemouth State/ide Centre

Friday July 18

Dexy's Midnight Runners Birmingham Cedar Club (under 18's)
 Stranglers Glasgow Apollo
 Stiff Little Fingers Malvern Winter Gardens
 Jayne County Wakefield Unity Hall
 Lambrettas Cardiff Top Rank

Saturday July 19

Dexy's Midnight Runners Oxford New Theatre
 Stranglers Aberdeen Capitol
 Stiff Little Fingers Cromer West Ruisdon Pavilion
 Jayne County Coventry Matrix Club
 Lambrettas Bath Pavilion

Sunday July 20

Dexy's Midnight Runners Ashington Regatta Marquee

Stranglers Edinburgh Playhouse
 Stiff Little Fingers London Rainbow

Monday July 21

Stiff Little Fingers Llane Il Glen Ballroom
 Lambrettas Norwich Cromwells
 Denny Laine Nottingham Theatre Royal

Tuesday July 22

Stiff Little Fingers Torquay Town Hall
 Jayne County Sheffield Limit Club
 Lambrettas Birmingham Top Rank
 9nd Cafe Nottingham Theatre Royal

Wednesday July 23

Roxy Music Brighton Conference Centre
 Stiff Little Fingers Plymouth Top Rank
 Dexy's Midnight Runners Galway Seapoint
 Lambrettas Nottingham Theatre Royal

Thursday July 24

Rox / Music Birmingham Odeon
 Stiff Little Fingers Portsmouth Locarno
 Jayne County Blackpool Norbreck Castle
 Dexy's Midnight Runners Sligo Baymount
 Lambrettas Skegness Sands Show Bar

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Could You Be Loved?

By Bob Marley & The Wailers on Island Records

Could you be loved? Then be loved
Could you be loved? Then be loved

Don't let them fool you
Or even try to school you, oh no
We've got a mind of our own
So go to hell if what you're thinking is not right
Love would never leave us alone
In the darkness there must come out the light

Could you be loved? Then be loved
Could you be loved? Then be loved

The road of life is rocky
And you may stumble too
So while you point your fingers
Someone else is judging you

Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?

Don't let them change you,
Or even rearrange you, oh no
We've got a life to live
They say only, only
Only the fittest of the fittest shall survive.
Stay alive

Could you be loved? Then be loved
Could you be loved? Then be loved

You ain't gonna miss your water
Until your well runs dry
No matter how you treat him
The man will never be satisfied

Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?
Could you be, could you be, could you be loved?

Say something, say something, say something
Say something, say something, say something
Reggae, reggae
Say something
Rockers, rockers
Say something
Reggae, reggae
Say something

Words and music by Bob Marley
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MIDNIGHT
RUNNERS

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