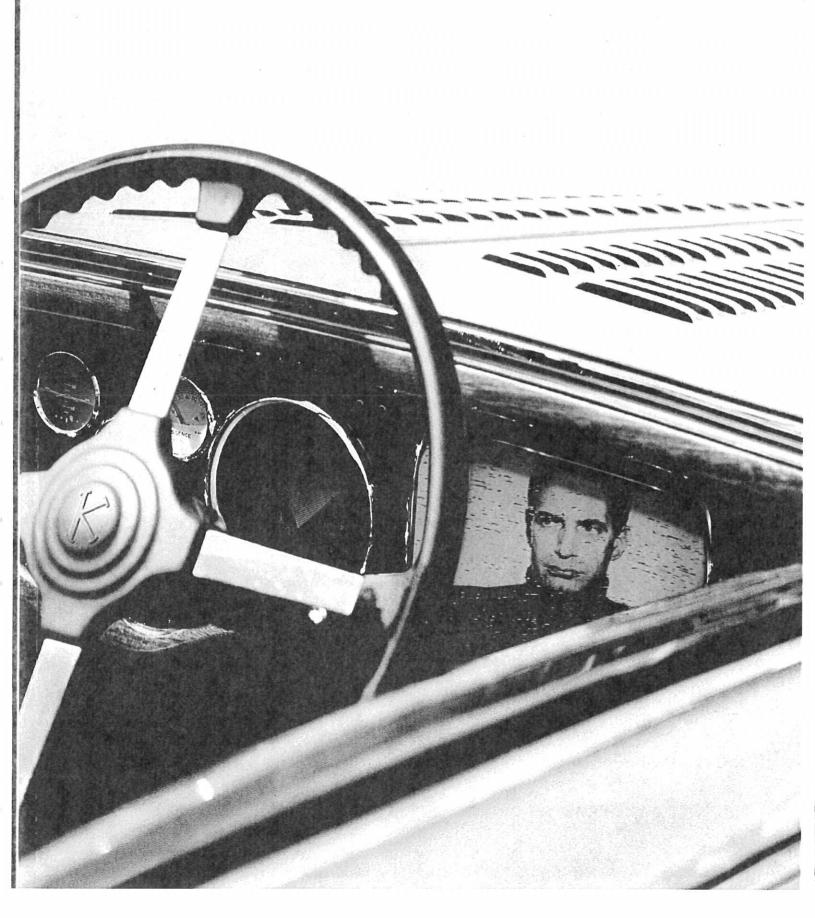
DONALD FAGEN · KAMAKIRIAD



DONALD FAGEN · KAMAKIRIAD

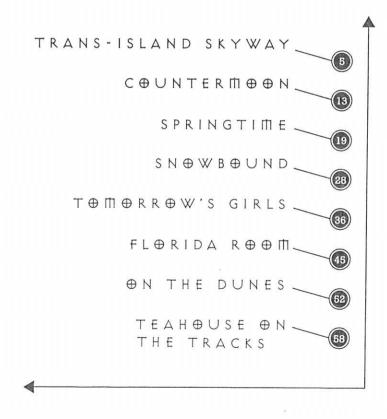
KAMAKIRIAD

is an album of eight related songs. The literal action takes place a few years in the future, near the millennium.

In the first song, "Trans-Island Skyway," the narrator tells us he is about to embark on a journey in his new dream-car, a custom-tooled Kamakiri. It's built for the new century: steam-driven, with a self-contained vegetable garden and a radio link with the Tripstar routing satellite.

The next six songs describe his adventures along the way. In the last song, "Teahouse On The Tracks," the narrator lands in dismal Flytown where he must decide whether to bail out or to rally and continue moving into the unknown.

CONTENTS



Photography: James Hamilton Car Photography: Marinella Terziotti Album Design: Carol Bobolts/Red Herring Design

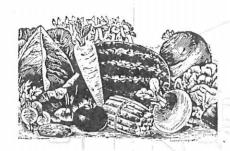
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I was born yesterday When they brought my Kamakiri Whey they handed me the keys It's a steam-power 10 The frame is out of Glasgow The tech is Balinese

TRANS-ISLAND SKYWAY



C O U N T E R III O O N

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

On a night like this You look up at your lover It's like you're in some old cartoon Then you detect The scent of faded roses The scent of taded roses
Up in the sky
There's that cruel countermoon
Could that be murder you see in her eyes
You try a long and desperate kiss
You can't escape it That beam is sure to find you Chorus: On a night like this The story is told How the women get restless And the men grow cold Gotham shudders There's a chill in the air There's a countermoon Lovers all beware Hand in hand You walk along the river You stop to clutch and caress A countermoonbeam Comes sweeping off the water She says "You're not my Jackie. My Jackie was the best." Spitewaves are threatening The seaside hotels It's nasty weather for July Last night you loved her Tonight you wonder why Chorus At every pay phone There's somebody cryin' All the streets are slick with tears When you see that blue ray There's a heartquake on the way

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Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

It's not a freeway bullet Or a bug with monster wheels It's a total biosphere The farm in the back Is hydroponic Good, fresh things Every day of the year Good, fresh things Every day of the year With all screens and functions In sync lock with Tripstar This cool rolling bubble Is all set to sampa This route could be trouble (This route could be trouble) Chorus: Steamin' up
That Trans-Island Skyway
Tryin' to make that final deadline
And if the lanes are clear We're gonna drive a little harder We'll be deep in the Zone by cryin' time Say, there's a wreck On the side of the road Lots of blood and broken glass The kid who was driving I know from somewhere
Some kids just drive too fast
Wait just a minute
There's a beautiful survivor With dancer's legs and laughing eyes C'mon snakehips, it's all over now Strap in tight cause it's a long sweet ride Relax – put some sounds on I'll brew up some decaf C'mon kick off those heels ma'am Now breathe in and sigh out Let's get with the program (Let's talk about the good times) Chorus We reach the sprangle Just at dawn These little streets I used to know Is that my father Mowin' the lawn
(C'mon daddy get in let's go)
C'mon daddy get in let's go
C'mon daddy get in let's go
C'mon daddy get in let's go C'mon daddy get in let's go C'mon daddy get in let's go C'mon daddy get in let's go We pull into Five Zoos Past motels and drive-thrus That noon sun is blinding The tidepools are boiling Below plates are grinding (Let's talk about the good times)

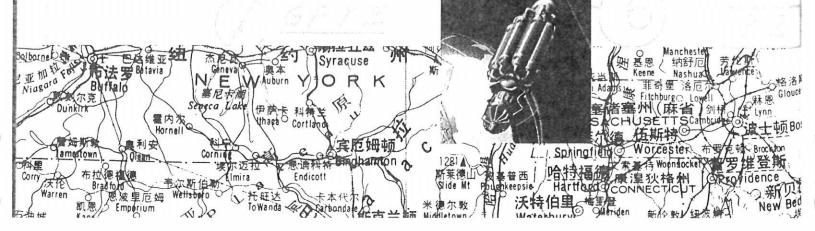
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SPRINGTIME

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Here at Laughing Pines Where the party never ends There's a spicy new attraction On the Funway You can scan yourself For traces of old heartaches The details of desire Shimmering - shimmering Yowie! - It's Connie Lee At the wheel of her Shark-de-Ville We're cruisin' about a thousand miles an hour But the car is standin' still So good to hear that crazy laugh To hear her whisper hold me tight To learn to love all over again On that warm wet April night Chorus:
Swing out
To Lake Nostalgia
Route 5 to Laughing Pines
Get off at Funway West Drive into Springtime Drive into Springtime Easter Break = '66 A shack on Cape Sincere Mad Mona bakin' gospel candy It was a radical year We get a little silly And fall into microspace It's even better this time around With Coltrane on the K.L.H. Chorus Life you and me honey, in a crowded booth At the Smokehouse in the Sand I'm draggin' out some bad out gag When you touch my hand At 4 a.m. we go out of this place You look absurdly sweet We hike downtown to Avenue A Like we own the street Chorus

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SNOWBOUND

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN and WALTER BECKER

At Nervous Time We roll downtown We've got scenes to crash We're gonna trick and trash We're gonna find some fun We hit the street With visors down With our thermasuits Sealed up tight We can beat the freeze And get saved tonight Let's stop off at the Metroplex That little dancer's got some style
Yes she's the one I'll be waiting for
At the stage door
Chorus: Snowbound Let's sleep in today Wake me up When the wolves come out to play Heat up These white nights We're gonna turn this town Into a city of lights We take the tube To Club Hi Ho It's about dead space It's a marketplace And a party house too Something new From Charlie Tokyo Its a kind of pyramid With a human heart Beating in an ion grid A critic grabs us And says without a smile The work seduces us with light The work seduces us with tight Eviva laughs and we step out Into the blue white night Chorus We sail our icecats on the frozen river Some loser fires off a flare, amen For seven seconds it's like Christmas day And then it's dark again

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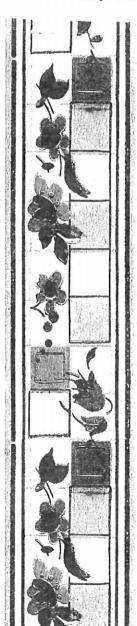
And then it's dark again Chorus

FLORIDA ROOM

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN and LIBBY TITUS

Start on Key Plantain Walk a tropical mile You'll see a house In the Spanish style There's a room in back With a view of the sea Where she sits and dreams Does she dream of me When summer's gone I get ready To make that Carribee run I've got to have Some time in the sun Chorus When the cold wind comes I go where the dahlias bloom I keep drifting back To your Florida room She's dressed too warm For this latitude We go out to lunch With some Jamaican dude A sunshower breaks We come in out of the rain But in her Florida room There's a hurricane While the city freezes over We'll be strollin' down the shore Can she bring me back To life once more Chorus

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TOMORROW'S GIRLS

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Our town is just like any other Good citizens at work and play Normal folks doin' business in the normal way This morning was like any other Mommies kissing daddies goodbye Then the milkman screamed And pointed up at the sky Chorus: From Sheilus to the reefs of Kizma From Stargate and the Outer Worlds They're speeding towards our sun They're on a party run Here come Tomorrow's Girls, Tomorrow's Girls You see them on the grass at lunch hour Soaking up the vertical rays
In their summer dresses
A little smile can really make your day Their kisses feel like real kisses And when they cry they cry real tears But what's left in your arms When the static clears Chorus: They're landing on the Jersey beaches Their engines make the white sand swirl The heat is so intense Earthmen have no defense Against Tomorrow's Girls Against foliations statis
In the cool of the evening
In the last light of the triple sun
I wait by the go-tree
When the day's busy work is done
Soon the warm night breezes
Start rolling in off the sea
Yes, at larger time Yes at lantern time That's when you come to me Come to me Our home is just like any other We're grillin' burgers on the back lawn Some time goes by
We fall asleep with the tv on
I dream about a laughing angel
Then the laugh becomes a furious whine Look out fellas It's shredding time Chorus: They're mixing with the population A virus wearing pumps and pearls Lord help the lonely guys
Hooked by those hungry eyes
Here come Tomorrow's Girls,
Tomorrow's Girls

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ON THE DUNES

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

Drive along the sea Far from the city's twitch and smoke
To a misty beach That's where my life became a joke On the dunes On the dunes (Became a joke on the dunes) Where rents are high And seabirds cry On the dunes As you spoke you must have known It was a kind of homicide I stood and watched my happiness Drift outwards with the tide On the dunes On the dunes (Homicide on the dunes)
It wasn't fair It's brutal there On the dunes Pretty boats Sweeping along the shore In the faltering light Pretty women With their lovers by their sides It's like an awful dream I have most every night In the summer all the swells Join in the search for sun and sand For me it's just a joyless place Where this loneliness began On the dunes On the dunes (Loneliness on the dunes)
I'm pretty tough
But the wind is rough
On the dunes

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Out on the fringe Where the shallows meet the scratchlands Out where hope and the highway ends You can park or cruise Both ways you lose This is Flytown now my friend

TEAHOUSE ON THE TRACKS

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN

You take a walk on Bleak Street
Tonight could be the night you crash
Then you turn and stop
Start to fingerpop
You think you hear a wailin' combo
You climb a flight of twisted stairs
Some cat says buddy
Chorus:
If you've got eyes
To rhythmatize
Bring your flat hat and your ax
'Cause tonight at ten
We'll be workin' again
At the Teahouse on the Tracks
The Siegel Bros. were slammin' out a baion
So slick it should have been a crime
Irene and Flocko and little Amy Khan
Lead off the big front line
The crowd was bouncin' in sync with the pulse
You get a case of party feet
And then from somewhere deep inside you
Some frozen stuff begins to crack
Better hurry
Chorus:
Take the T-Line to Bleak and Divine
Just above the Good Time Flats
It's your last chance
To learn how to dance
At the Teahouse on the Tracks
On Sunday morning
You're bock at the wheel
You're feeling calm and crisp and strong
Chorus:
It if feels right
Just drive for the light
That's the groovessential facts
Some day we'll all meet at the end of the street
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

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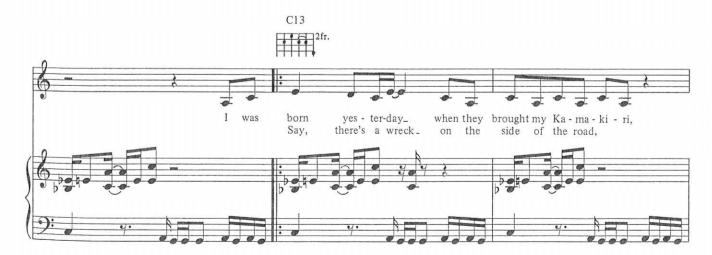
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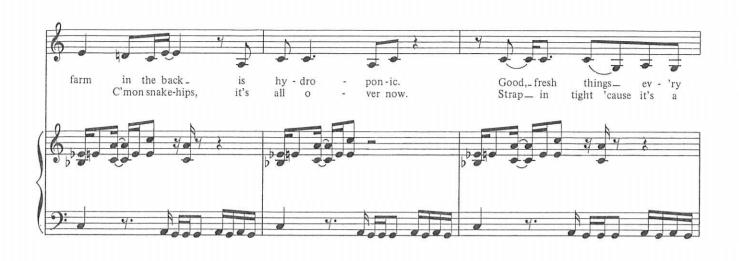










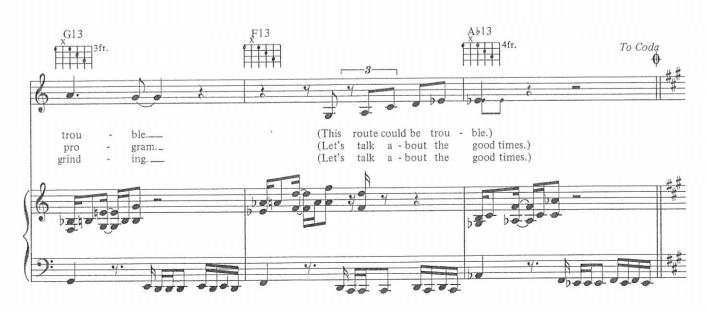




















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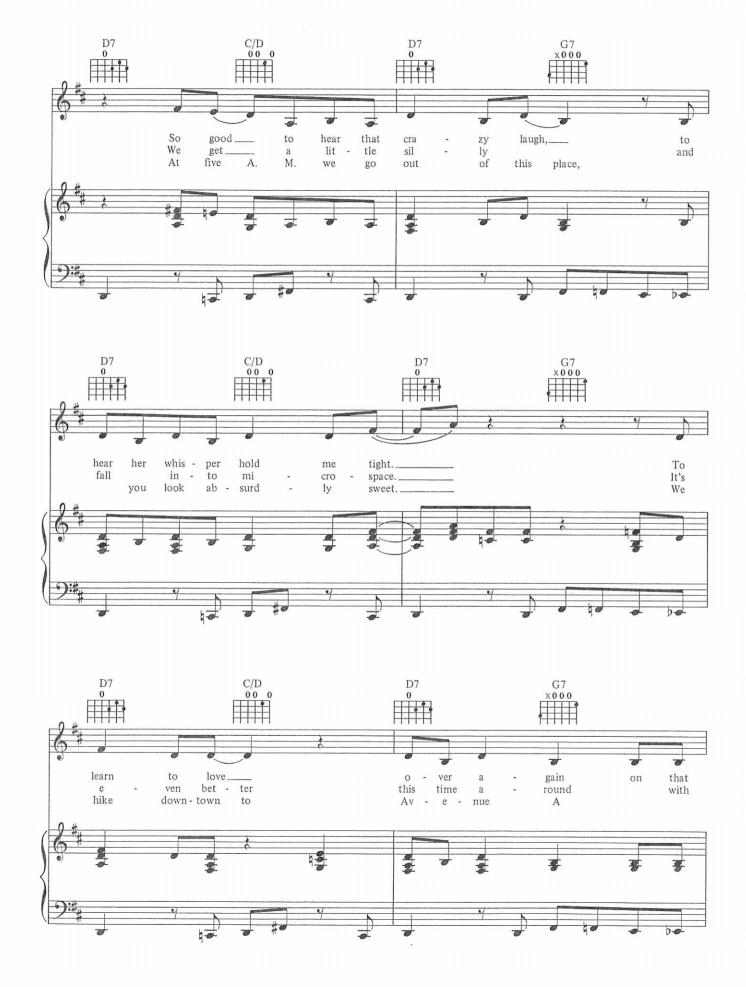
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TOMORROW'S GIRLS

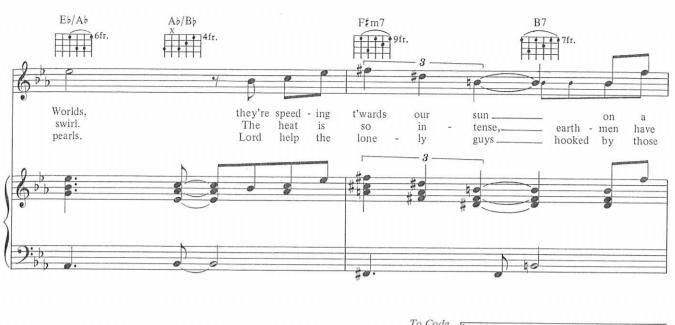
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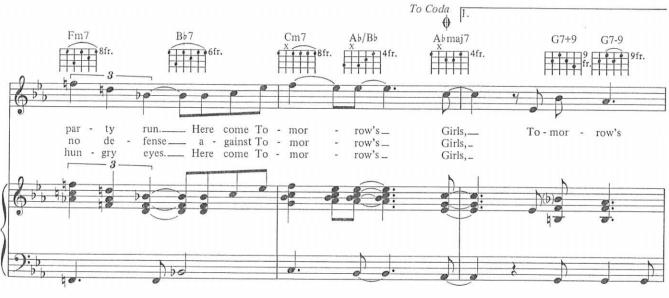


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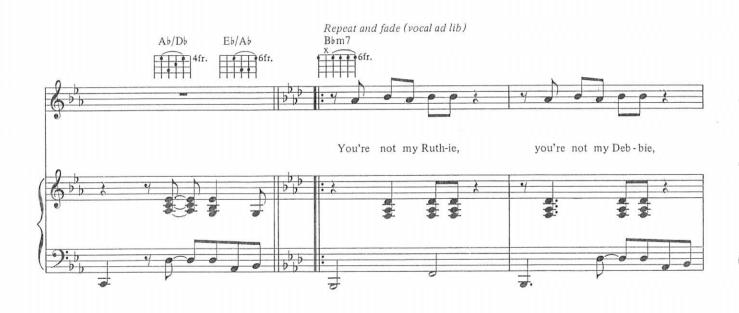
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FLORIDA ROOM

Words and Music by DONALD FAGEN and LIBBY TITUS























ON THE DUNES







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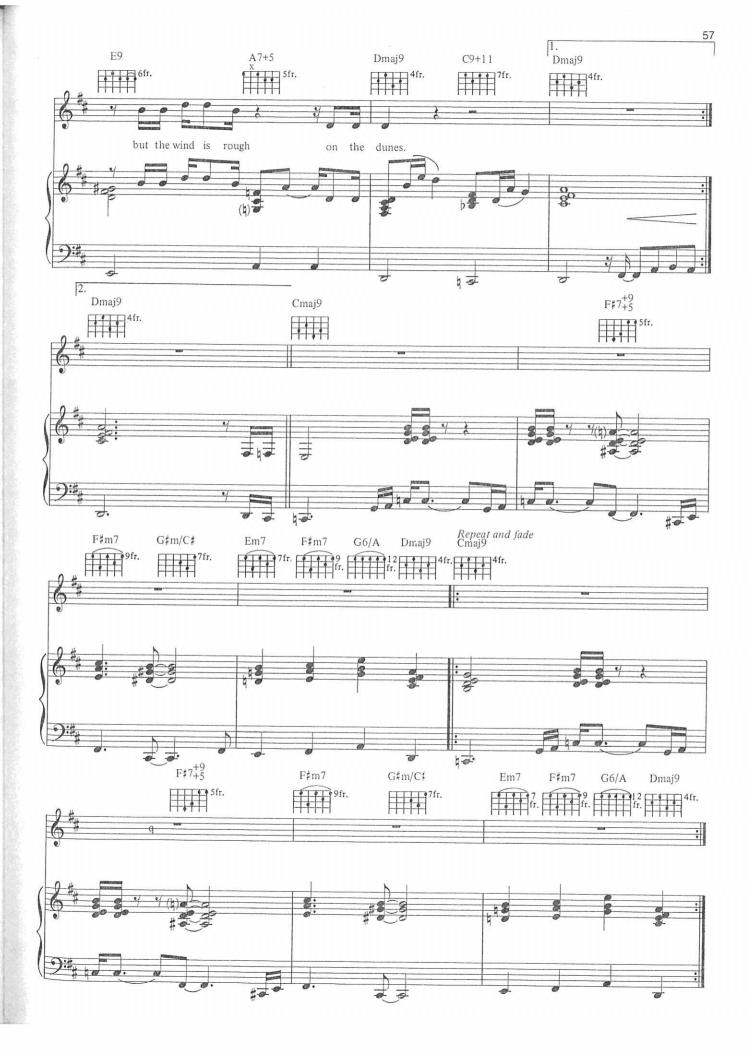






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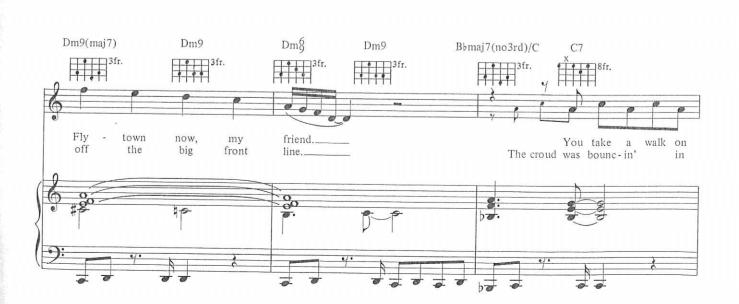


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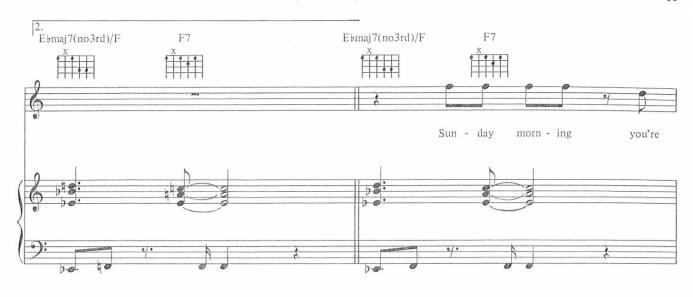


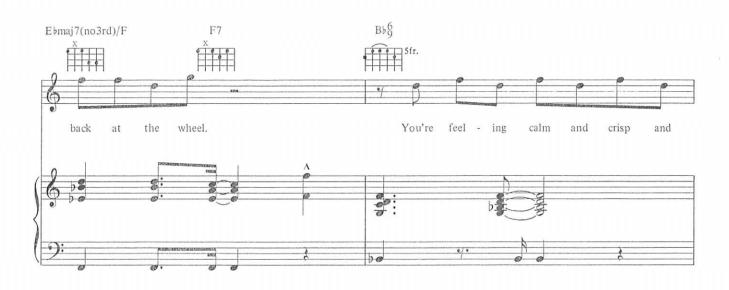


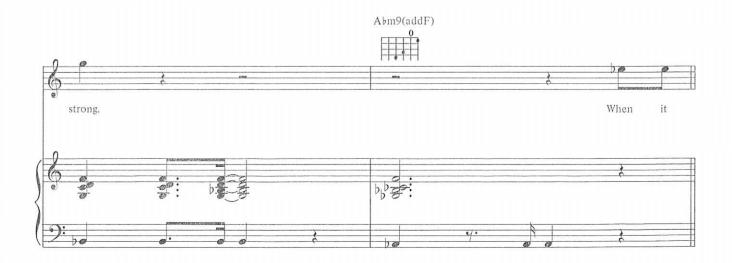




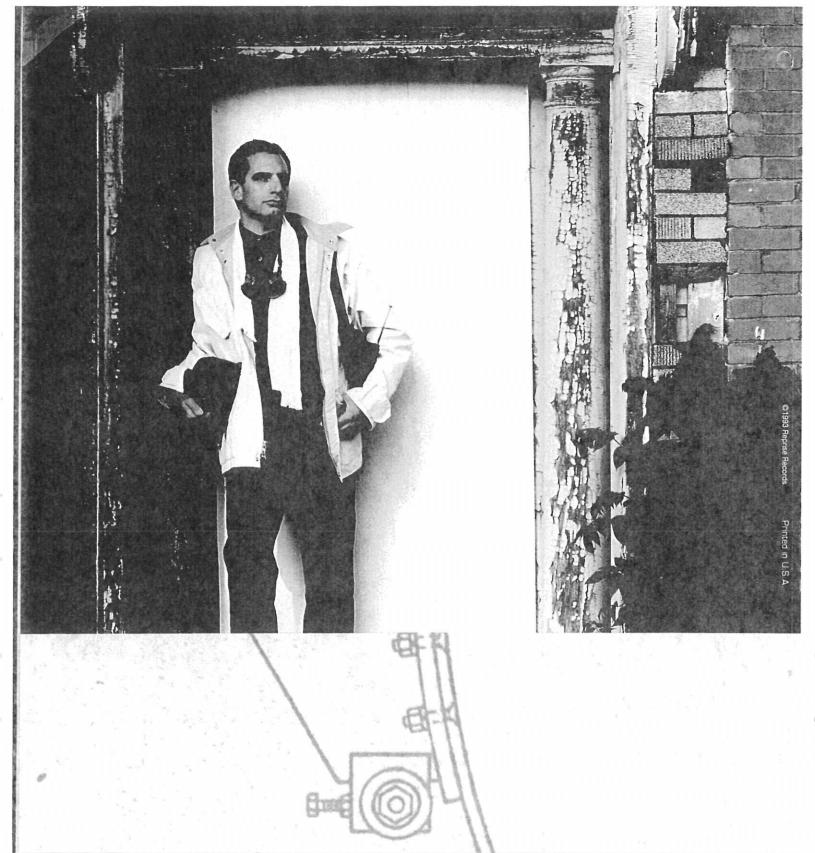












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