

Stan Bush**"Old Payola Roll Blues"**

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{spoken by record producer}

Alright, we got the tenor sax, vocal group,
Piano, drums and guitar.

We're all set to make a hit rock & roll record.

Now let's hear it.

{band starts to play poorly}

BS) Hold it. Hold it! Something's missing.

RE) A teenage idol man, You don't have a teenage idol.

BS) Oh yeah, yeah wait here I'll get one.

{sound of footsteps leaving studio - door opens -
closes -

More footsteps - door opens onto street }

BS) Hey kid!

CA) Who me?

BS) Yeah, Can you sing?

CA) No.

BS) Good. Come with me.

{sound of door closing - footsteps - studio door
opening -

Door closes - more footsteps }

BS) Say where were you going just now?

CA) I was on my way to high school.

BS) Perfect. Now you stand up there in front of that
Microphone and say 'high school' when I point at ya.

Kid you're gonna be a big record star!

CA) Oo-Oo

BS) Hey that's good too, throw that in. Now here we go.

{music starts}

High school-oo-oo

High school-oo-oo

High school

High school

High school

Oo-oo

BS) Hey wait a minute. What did you put that on the end
for?

CA) Well it was just a little, you know, embellishment.

BS) Oh yeah, You keep that up and the first thing you
know

This record'll swing. And then were will we be?
CA) yeah
BS) Okay you guys, that's the first side.
CA) Isn't that a kinda short song?
BS) Yeah, it gets more plays that way.
CA) Oh I see...
BS) Oh by the way, What's your name?
CA) Clyde Ankle
BS) Perfect!
CA) But I can't sing.
BS) What's that got to do with anything?
You got all the requirements. A pretty face and a pompadour.
CA) Well do I get to pose beside a tiger?
BS) Nah that's been done. Maybe we'll get you a moose.
CA) Well maybe now I can have my adnoids taken out.
BS) What, and ruin your amature standing?
CA) Well could you at least get me a date with that Mouseketeer
That's grown up.
BS) Alright, we'll see.
CA) Oh boy!
BS) Ah now, you're gonna go three nights a week For finger snapping lessons.
CA) Oo I've wanted to do that for as long as I've Been in show biz.
BS) Hey wait a second. How long have you been in show biz?
CA) About a minute and a half.
BS) Oh. Now let's see if you can act humble in front of the press.
CA) Okay. Oh I'll never replace Elvis...
BS) All right
CA) He's the king...
BS) All right, All right all ready! Don't over do it.
CA) Hey how can we be sure the girls are gonna scream at me?
BS) Ah don't worry, will ya kid, I got a screaming machine right here.
CA) Yeah?
BS) It replaces a teenage audiance. We put it in the back of the Auditorium, push the button, panicsville. Here listen.
{sound of girls screaming}
BS) Will you get out of that drummer's lap.
{sound of drum thump - drum stick falls on floor}
D) Wow! Bent my cymbal man.
BS) Now here's some variations.
{sounds of different screaming crouds - ending with Nazi 'Sig Hiel'}

BS) Whoops, Wrong crowd.
Well let's do the other side of the record.
I'll turn on the machine here and there.
CA) Uh-huh.
BS) Yeah so you can, you know, get conditioned to it.
CA) Yeah okay.

CA) What am I gonna use for words on this side?
BS) Who cares. Say the first thing that comes into your head.
CA) Okay. What are you gonna do with that sharp stick?
BS) Oh never mind what I'm gonna do with it. Just sing will ya.
Here we go.

{music starts}
Well I was on my way to high school
When a guyyyyyyyyy came through the door. Woo.
And he said he was gonna make me a bigggggggg
Record star. {girls screaming}
I said I can't sing. Woo. He said it doesn't matter. Woo.
He said you got a pretty face and a pommmpadour.
{girls screaming} {Don't ya fool with that stick man!}
Aaaaaahh
Don't need anything
But a pretty face. mm Woo
And long black hair to toss. Ooo
With the possssssible exception of Blue Cross. Ooo
{girls screaming - song ends}

BS) Oh perfect. Stick with me kid.
Clyde Ankle is gonna jump up the charts.
CA) He is if you keep on with that stick man.
BS) All right...
CA) well... You really think you can get any disc jockeys
To play my songs?
BS) It's getting tougher, but I'm on my way to see one
right now.
CA) Oh boy.
BS) Right after I stop off at the bank.
CA) Ha the old payola roll blues huh?
BS) What kind of a crack is that?
That's an insult to my integrity.

{music: smooth jazz}
DJ) Your name is what?
BS) Barney Schlock, I got this little record company.
DJ) Uh-huh.
BS) Obscurity Records.
DJ) It would be yeah.
BS) Look I know the probe is on, but I got a record here

That's got to happen. High School Oo Oo by Clyde Ankle
How's about it baby, You wanna jump on it?
DJ) Crazy, lay it on the floor.
BS) Lay it on the floor... ha ha... hey that's pretty good, I
got
To remember that... ha ha ha
Ah shall we say fifty clams a week to ride it?
Huh? I mean really ride it.
DJ) Man I wouldn't ride something called High School
Oo Oo
If it had a vicuna saddle.
BS) yeah but.
DJ) You got the wrong disc jockey and the wrong station
Clyde.
BS) Barney. Look if it gets in the Top 40 you'll have to
play it.
DJ) Yeah? I'll play that jazz the day Ella sings the Fats
Domino
Song book.
BS) Well I'd like to get your opinion...
DJ) No...
BS) See what you think of it.
DJ) No man...
BS) Let's just listen to a little of it.
DJ) Don't let it touch my turntable man...
BS) Wait a minute...
DJ) I just had Shearing on there man...
BS) Look it will only take a few seconds, listen.
{jazz stops abruptly - High School Oo Oo starts}
{DJ scratches needle accross record to stop it}
BS) Ah you didn't hear enough of it.
DJ) Too much, I heard too much!
{jazz music again}
BS) All right you'll see.The kids will eat it up.
They think that's good singin'.
DJ) Is it?
BS) Oh not really baby, but don't tell the kids I said so
huh.
(Ha ha ha) Us little rock & roll lables got a good thing
goin'.
We pay off a few guys in the key cities here,
Rig a few charts there, bingo a new hit parade.
And that's how rock & roll was born. (ha ha ha)
DJ) Yeah I'm hip
BS) Look kid, If you don't want bread, what do you
need?
A little dental work, a trip to Vegas?
DJ) Forget it!
BS) Pre 1959 cranberries?
DJ) You're all heart Barney.
BS) Heart?

DJ) That thing right behind your shoulder holster.
BS) Huh? Oh, Oh yeah...
So ah, you don't wanna give High School Oo Oo a ride
then huh?

DJ) Only on a rail

BS) Ah listen kid, payola's the only way a little record
artist

Can get off the ground.

DJ) Yeah? Did you ever hear of talent?

BS) No. Who does he record for?

DJ) Look, nothing really good ever had to pay to get
played,

Only junk. The majority of disc jockeys never played
ball with

You at any price. But that's all over now. You've been
benched.

BS) I have?

DJ) And not a moment too soon. If your game had gone
on

Much longer, the kids would have forgotten what music
Sounded like.

BS) I've almost forgotten myself.

DJ) Not me. Can I show you to the door?

BS) No, I'll just slide out under it.

DJ) That figures.

BS) Don't worry, I'll be glad to get out of the music
business...

DJ) You know what? You were never in it.

{music stops}

B) Stanley.

DJ) Yeah Billy.

B) Has he gone?

DJ) Yeah.

B) I thought he'd never leave like.

DJ) Didn't we all. Here, you want a copy of High School
Oo Oo?

B) Crazy. I'll have it melted down in to a little vinylite
statue

Of Conway Twitty.

DJ) Why not. You ready Judd?

J) Yeah.

DJ) Okay hit it Billy.

{big band song}

Goodbye Goodbye

Goodbye Obscurity Records

Goodbye Goodbye

Goodbye you overnight one shot

Hello music Hello swing

Hello jazz you beautiful thing

Hello Hello Hello Hello Hello
(La la la la la){bomb falling - explosion}
(What ya gonna do when the...){machine gun}
So long So long
So long you nasal obstruction
{ukalale}(He he he he){gun shot & ricochet}
You had your day
But paved your way to destruction
(Short fat Mabel, Said she wasn't able.
I told you listen mama, Don't you...){machine gun}
So long music parasite
So long tin pan amateur night
Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye

Hello music
Hello swing
Hello jazz
You beautiful thing
Hello Hello Hello Hello Hello
To you
Hello Hello

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