

## Steve Vai "Little Pieces Of Seaweed"

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Wait!!! Let me explain. First off, I want it to be known that I do not mean to be promoting violence with this song. It is an experimentation with a certain form of poetry and orchestration. It started out with Larry Kutcher, a young man with an unusua I talent for spontaneous poetry (on many different planes of understanding). Well, Larry recorded about 1 1/2 hours of totally improvised "uncongressed ambiguities" which I spliced up and put on a drum machine track and built an arrangement around. Warning...if you take drugs and listen to this piece with headphones on, I can't be held responsible for your mental health. Hey, just get a kick out of it, OK? "Steve Vai

You're lookin' for trouble  
You've come to the right place  
Come on baby, smack the smegma  
All across the place because...

I took little pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all over your little body. Yes I did. I really did. It was all over your body. Eh, your body looked like a road map, and my best friend got so confused, he thought you were doubting Thomas and put his fingers in your holes that I left there after I beat you up with an axe.

I looked at you and I suppose that you'd like to stick a pair of speakers in my throat because you don't like the way I speak. Of course you don't. Why don't you put me in overdrive and we'll get in treble. We'll have triplets together. We'll have to talk to the staff about it. Oh, I'm so flat; I'm so flat; I'm so flat; I'm so flat.

Ah, you're under arrest. You're under arrest. You're under arrest for smiling in Sector V, now; don't step across the line. Take off your clothes. Put your buttocks in your pocket and spread your hands. Now bend over. Now bend over. Bend over, bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. I'm going to insert my notes from

an isotope that I scored off Einstein while he peeled off his pimples with plutonium. Why can't he perform the way he did earlier? (Well, I'll tell you). What's wrong with him? He's lost his style; he's lost his spunk; he's no good; he's funk. He smells like a cowbell. He has the personality of a road accident. He has the IQ of salamander sweat. And he smells like stale cat piss shoved intravenously through the IV of an aging welfare patient. Welfare, all fare, we're all fair on this universe, and I've got a ticket to ride you any time I want because I'm abusive. Don't cry at me with your wah-wah pedal. Don't plug in your amplifier and tell me you paid your dues. Don't tell me you went for this guy's act and you went for your own fame. Don't tell me that I'm to blame.

And I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little, I took little pieces of seaweed. Pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. Pieces of. I took little pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all over your little body. Yes I did. I really did. It was all over your body. Eh, eh, your body looked like a road map, and my best friend got so confused, he thought you were a doubting Thomas and he put his fingers in your holes that I left there after I beat you up with an axe. And he put you in the car, and he drove you down to Sylmar to meet this guy who used to play for the big guy. You know, the big guy. I'll be Frank with ya, ya know. (Snork) But, no. It wasn't good enough for her. She wanted a sensitive guy. So I fuckin' tok her out to the beach and I put some sandpaper in the KY Jelly -- because you always hurt the ones you love. (Oh, that's why you beat her up with an axe). I let the pelicans, I let the pelicans, have their way with her. (I'm over here, Shorts. Here Shorts...). And I threatened her with a pelican. I threatened her with a pelican. Don't tell me that I'm to blame. Ya tell me, tell me, tell me, ya tell me you're so good; you tell me you're so fine; you tell me you're so wonderful; you tell me you're sublime. You tell me you're so good; you tell me you're so fine; you tell me you're so wonderful; you tell me you're sublime, sublime, sublime, sublime. Eh ha, eh ha, ha, ha, eh, ha ha...

And he judges. He judges. He says what's good and what's right, and what's good and what's right, and what's good and what's right, and what's good as what's right. He says, "This product will sell many units in that demographical area". And I took little pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all over

your little body. Yes I did; yes I did; yes I did; yes I  
did....

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