

im Auftrag:

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[info.medienagentur@t-online.de](mailto:info.medienagentur@t-online.de)[www.medienagentur-hh.de](http://www.medienagentur-hh.de)**DEREK SMALLS: SMALLS CHANGE** (Lyrics used by permission)

**1. Openture (CJ Vanston)-** Derek with The Hungarian Studio Orchestra. The philosophy of this record, expressed in fewer words than I've taken to almost describe it.

Age...is just a number

Number...is just a word

And word...is just a thing

**2. Rock 'n' Roll Transplant** (H. Shearer/CJ Vanston) - Derek with Steve Lukather (guitar, Toto), drum legends Jim Keltner (George Harrison) and Chad Smith (Red Hot Chili Peppers) Whatever might be ailing you, rock 'n' roll is the cure. Ask Dr. Derek!

Breath getting short  
Life getting long  
You're hanging on  
By a thread and a thong  
You were the young ones  
You're not any more  
Now rocking out now  
Is just another chore.

You need a rock and roll transplant  
Don't have to wear a hospital gown  
Won't need to battle rejection  
It could cause a four-hour erection  
And you'll party'til the band leaves town

Mosh pits too dirty  
Rock clubs too clean  
You'd rather stay home

I know what you mean  
But the rockin' life  
Has got to endure  
There's no relief  
But there sure is a cure

You need a rock and roll transplant  
To get on with the rock and roll life  
You'll go out and conquer the gorgon  
With guitar drums bass and organ  
And you'll party 'til you see your wife.

Rock and roll never forgets  
But it sometimes has trouble remembrin'  
Rock and roll means no regrets  
But the last line...rhymes with remembrin'

The drummer O'D  
Lead singer got fat  
Bass players on IV.  
He likes it like that  
So loud you can't hear it  
So soon it will end  
Gotta get back to the spirit  
Gotta trust me my friend

You need a rock and roll transplant  
To get you boogeying high  
You won't need anesthetics  
Even if your legs are prosthetics  
You'll party till the cows come by.

**3. Butt Call (H. Shearer)**- Derek with Phil X (guitar, Bon Jovi) and Taylor Hawkins (drums, Foo Fighters). In one lifetime, the telephone has gone from a miracle to a pain in the arse.

You're driving your car  
You're walkin' cross the square  
Your mobile rings  
And there's no one there

Butt Call  
Life hits the wall  
Butt Call  
Nobody speaks  
Handset's by their cheeks  
Butt Call.

Your Mum's supposed to ring you  
There's vibrating in your pants  
You rush to answer, it's  
Some wanker chat in France

Butt Call  
Worst call of all  
Butt Call  
You can't get away  
You even have to pay  
Butt Call

Bad things always happen  
You know what I mean

You walk into a cinema  
There's nothing on the screen  
You take away some chicken  
It's just beak and bones  
But we dwell in a special hell  
When it happens to our phones.

It may sound Sci Fi tastic  
But soon It could happen soon.  
An astronaut's careless  
You get a butt call from the moon

Butt Call  
Like when Peter pays Paul  
Butt Call  
It's just between friends.  
But it never ends  
Butt Call

**4. Smalls Change (H. Shearer)** - Derek with The Hungarian Studio Orchestra, Judith Owen (vocals) Danny Kortchmar (guitar, Don Henley) and Russ Kunkel (drums, James Taylor). Why Lukewarm Water is no longer bracketed by Fire and Ice. A nod to what's past, and a wink to what's next.

Two shooting stars  
I'm in between  
Just like a movie  
A part of each scene

I was the bottom  
They were the top  
Once it got started  
Who thought it could stop.

Mates like forever  
Forever's not long  
Now all that's left  
Is the rest of this song

Smalls change  
Minor adjustment  
No longer a band  
It's gone where the dust went  
Seems normal, seems strange  
Smalls change

But lukewarm water  
Still has to flow  
Somewhere to be  
Somewhere to go

Start from the bottom  
Work back up  
Must drain the bottle  
To refill the cup

New mates and partners  
As long as it lasts  
Hopes are like futures  
Fear are like pasts

Smalls change

Minor procedure  
Playing together  
Until the seizure  
Seems normal, seems strange  
Smalls change.

**5. Memo To Willie** (H. Sheare)- Derek with Donald Fagen (vocals), Jeff "Skunk" Baxter and Larry Carlton (guitars, Steely Dan), and The Snarky Puppy Horns. An urgent missive to the Honourable Member: continued tumescence, if you please.

We've been together forever  
When I'm well and when I'm ill  
Not going to go all herbal  
Not gonna take a pill

Get it up  
Get it up  
Get it up  
Get it up

You've been my best friend since pubehood  
I see you rise every morn  
Don't want to be too demanding, but  
Don't want to lean on porn

Get it up  
Get it up  
Get it up  
Get it up

Time is such a poor excuse  
Age is nothing but a number  
You could still be of use  
When I'm dead  
That's when you can slumber  
Gimme that lumber

Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber

We go through life's disappointments  
Friends and mates drift away  
We've got permanent attachments  
Just one thing I can say

Get It Up  
Get it up  
Get it up  
Get it up

Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber  
Willie, don't lose that lumber.

**6. It Don't Get Old** (Music - M. McKean , Lyrics - H. Shearer) - Derek with Peter Frampton (guitar, vocals) and Waddy Wachtel (guitar Keith Richards). Life on the road, an endless series of pointless encounters. What could be better?

Hanging backstage  
After the show  
Surrounded by people  
That we don't know  
Autograph hounds  
Girls on their knees  
Some sayin' don't  
Some sayin' please

Something bough and something sold  
You know it don't get old.

Thirty four nights  
In thirty five days  
Sometimes we're lucky  
Sometimes it pays  
There's always some women  
There's always some boys.  
Some like the wardrobe  
Some dig the noise

It would make your blood run cold  
But hey it don't get old

Our roadies bring them backstage  
They ride the bus  
Some worship Satatn  
Some worship us  
They're either skinny  
Or the big big bottom kind  
It's like the deal we signed  
We don't mind  
It may be fruit or rind  
We don't mind

Practive makes perfect  
Perfections's a bore  
Marching orders  
For the rock and roll war  
This one's a virgin  
This one's a tramp  
This one's a quickie  
Behind the bass amp

This one's got three kinds of mold  
But hey it don't get old

**7. Complete Faith** (CJ Vanston)– Derek with The Hungarian Studio Orchestra. A musical interruption

**8. Faith No More** (H. Shearer) - Derek with The Hungarian Studio Orchestra and Todd Sucherman (drums, Styx).  
As I get older, I look back more fondly on all the people I've known. Except for Ian.

The guiding hand once so strong has had its fingers shorn  
That's not the way it was back when he was born  
A vision wide and grand became pig's eyes  
Admiring cheers have been replaced with waves of weary sighs

When people no longer follow  
You can't reach the distant shore  
It was belief forever  
No it's faith no more

Gigs postponed, axes loaned, a trail of dreams denied.  
Lawsuits that were never filed, plans just swept aside  
An office closed on weekdays, contracts disappeared  
Walking from a slumber only when the smoke had cleared

What seemed a soaring eagle  
Is but a floating spore  
It was trust 'til New Years'  
Now it's faith no more.

Trilby hats and cricket bats  
And hypnotizing plans  
Now it's rats and feral cats  
And dining out of cans

A gift of gab and gabardine has landed on the shelf  
He stood so tall, now he circles round like a Stonehenge elf.  
You never know what's inside until you lift the lid  
When you stop believing, it's like you never did.

A web was spun of gossamer  
And fairy tales galore.  
Now all that's left are oldies nights

And faith no more.

**9. Gimme Some (More) Money** (H. Shearer) - Derek with Paul Shaffer (piano and organ), Waddy Wachtel (guitar) and David Crosby (vocals). Time and technology change everything, except the need for change.

Get up off your ass  
Get down from your perch  
T-shirts are for sale  
Load up on some merch

Music may be free  
But I got to keep livin'  
Do I have to say  
What you ought to be givin'?

Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Yeah yeah yeah

Well time marches on  
I got houses and fences  
I got clothes and guitars  
Baby, I got expenses

If you want me to rock  
I got roll in some dough  
Just one thing  
I need to let you know.

Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Yeah yeah yeah

Getting old is drag

It beats living in Hell  
And if you got to live  
Well, you ought to live well.

Don't need to be rich  
But don't want to be poor  
Sign up for some stuff  
Pig out at our store

Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Gimme some more money  
Yeah yeah yeah

**10. MRI** (H. Shearer, CJ Vanston) - Derek with Dweezil Zappa (guitars). Everybody's going to have one, eventually.  
It's just another ride. To hell, but still....

Fourteen months of the festival grind  
Hammer pounding in my thigh  
Fifty years of Rock-n-Roll fun  
Now I've got a limp, can't feel my bum

Made it through the tour thanks to Doctor Nick  
I turn my head so I don't see the prick  
B But the cortizone's fading and my bones are grating  
Got to have it scanned 'cause I need my kick

MRI  
MRI  
You open your eyes  
But you can't see the sky  
MRI  
MRI  
You don't get high  
From the barium dye

They stuff you into a cylindrical can

I feel like a mummy getting a tan

Is it getting louder or just the same?  
"

The tempos' changing with no drummer to blame.

The doctor's a tosser, the nurse is a bitch

They say they'll start over if I even twitch

I'm getting claustrophobic like a pound trout

I don't know if I'll ever get out.

MRI  
MRI  
I'm turning pale white in this permanent night  
MRI  
MRI  
Packed so tight and it's louder than shite

Let it loose, it's no use.  
Sit back and relax

They're banging your head for you  
Don't move  
Until it's over.  
Don't Move  
On your back  
You can't wear your metal  
Can I bring you a snack  
Don't move  
So they tell me  
Don't move  
Where would I go?  
I'm riding the tube  
Let's start the show

MRI  
MRI  
You open your eyes  
But you can't see the sky  
MRI  
MRI  
You don't get high  
From the barium dye

MRI  
MRI  
Not quite music  
It's almost violence  
MRI  
MRI  
One thing's for sure  
It's less scary than silence

**11. Hell Toupee** (H. Shearer) - Derek with The Hungarian Studio Orchestra. Think Satan doesn't have dark thoughts about his appearance as he ages? Think again.

You know we all get older  
Satan does as well  
He's getting weird and wrinkled  
In his comfy little hell  
He don't need plastic surgery  
His horns will stand the test  
But some hairline augmentation  
Can make him look his best.  
Hell toupee  
Hell toupee  
Some flameproof glue will do  
There's Hell toupee.

He's not a people pleaser  
Scaring is his game  
But he'd prefer his dome aint gleaming  
If its all the same  
His realm could still be hellish  
If he had a mop to flop  
You'd still rue the day you met him  
With some coverage on top  
Hell toupee,  
Hell toupee  
When it goes, Satan knows  
There's hell toupee.



He'll never be a looker  
Not a stylish dude  
He gets his chicks by bringing  
A devilish attitude  
You can't improve on brimstone  
Fire's great as well  
But a better looking Satan  
Could make a better hell.  
Hell toupee  
Hell toupee  
No drug can beat a rug  
Hell toupee

**12. Gummin the Gash** (H. Shearer, CJ Vanston)- Derek with Steve Vai (guitar), Gregg Bissonette (drums, Ringo Starr) and Jane Lynch (vocals). Losing your teeth closes one door, and opens another. A celebration of the meeting of two toothless cavities.

After the show, just a quick dash  
Don't need no teeth , nothing to gnash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash

Milder than kim chi, sharper than mash  
Watching the bush merge with the moustache  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash

This beast don't need no fangs  
You will explode without a bang  
There's no hurry, there's no rush  
Nothing left to floss, nothing left to brush

Courting a stranger, skipping the rash  
Nose to grindstone, key to the stash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash

All it takes is a hint of panache  
I can see the telly, 'til she starts to thrash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash  
Gumming the gash, Gumming the gash

**13. She Puts the Bitch in Obituary** (H. Shearer) - Derek with Richard Thompson (guitar) and Jane Lynch (vocals).  
A hymn to womanhood in all her splendour

Her eyes are like needles  
Her face is like a mask  
If you've got a question  
It's better not to ask  
Her tongue cuts like a hammer  
Her lips can only burn  
If you don't know better  
Its way too late to learn

When she dies, she's got a seat  
On Satan's fatal ferry  
She puts the bitch  
In obituary

She'll Lord it over you  
But she's not among the ladues

Her cooking's filled with poison  
Her voice is straight from Hades  
She'll do you for money  
And leave you in a heap  
She's hard to let go of  
But harder still to keep.

You'll be the target  
Of the hatchets she wants to bury  
She puts the bitch  
In obituary

Her toxic venom  
The gift that keeps giving  
You're better off dead  
But like the man said  
Life is for the living

Some days you have to wonder  
Why you let her drive you mad  
She took all you were good for  
And left you with the bad  
Her smile was addictive  
Her legs a hidden retreat  
She'd spray you full of bitter  
And make it taste sweet

At her farewell service  
She'll sell out the sanctuary  
She puts the bitch  
In obituary

**14. When Men Did Rock** (H. Shearer) - Derek with Michael League (bass), Joe Satriani (guitar), Rick Wakeman (keyboards) and The Hungarian Studio Orchestra

Once twas a time when giants walked the Earth  
They didn't brandish swords and scimitars  
They won fair lasses with basses and guitars

They'd play a lick and cop a look  
And of the mountains shook  
The mountains shook

Lords they were, in a different vein  
Short of pedigree, long of mane  
A time when all believed, and none would mock  
There was a time when men would rock.

Once twas a place where color drenched the night  
Elixirs were consumed that could amuse  
Promises made that you would not refuse

A simple air possessed such power  
And it would last for at least an hour  
At least an hour

Tall they stood, on a platform broad  
A race apart, that none found odd  
And when the moon would rise and shame the clock  
That was the time when men would rock

## ALBUM CREDITS

### Producers:

CJ Vanston and Harry Shearer

### Guest Artists

Jeff "Skunk" Baxter (Steely Dan, Doobie Brothers)

Gregg Bissonette

Larry Carlton

David Crosby

Donald Fagen (Steely Dan)

Taylor Hawkins (Foo Fighters)

Jim Keltner

Danny (Kootch) Kortchmar

Russ Kunkel

Michael League (Snarky Puppy)

Jane Lynch (actress/singer)

Steve Lukather (Toto)

Judith Owen

Snarky Puppy Horns

Joe Satriani

Paul Shaffer (David Letterman, SNL, etc.)

Chad Smith (Red Hot Chili Peppers)

Richard Thompson

Steve Vai

Waddy Wachtel

Rick Wakeman (Yes)

Phil X

Dweezil Zappa

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