Bang The Rocks Together At The Disco
Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

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Technology and rarely craft is how we travel in our raft, (Until we made a bundle people thought us daft) to shoot the icy waters.

Sound & video engineers bristle at unplanned blue jay jeers, but...
new age folk are all smiles not sneers: we are the Winter Consort!

Our Missa Gai-a is real neat

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The name's a mix - of Larkin & Greet; a real sweet tune but it's got no beat. So we bang our rocks togeth - er!
Edward Abbey, Jacques Cousteau

Bucky Fuller, may be Van Gogh - We know the names, they're all the same, HU -
We want

In - di - ans are our i - dol,

fame...!

while we bang our rocks to - gether!

mil - i - ty sure - ly ain’t our game...
Chero-kees from New Delhi, Hindi howing from El Paso, Tribes & cultures, third world music, A

magic salad of all people Bang-ing rocks to-geth-er!
We are archetypes of sensitivity, despite a very troubling proclivity to engage in a self-righteous activity & bang our rocks together!
We don’t give a damn about Heisenberg, we like to change what we observe.

We’ve a moral right— and a lot of nerve: we are the Winter Consort!
hardly tell a buffalo from a cow

Lacking in philosophy, content to watch the world go by, to

every sight we utter a sigh: our stock 'O, Wow!

Lacking in philosophy, content to watch the world go by, to

tend to watch the world go by, to
Wolves & whales & pup - py dog tails, oh wolves & whales & pup - py dog tails, yeah,

wolves & whales & pup - py dog tails... we are the Win - ter Con - sort! - - -