

Orchestra Luna
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1974 Epic Records KE33166

SIDE 1

Were You Dancin' On Paper

(Francesca Reitano) 3:37

Were you dancin' on paper
Feelin' the texture of sand
Under the moonlight of candles
Deserts laughed in a move of your hand
When you danced I loved you
When you danced I laughed
And I knew.

Were you dreamin' in pictures
When the colors determined the space
And I flowed through walls and glass windows
In a picture you made with your face;
Face was only paper
I attack the space with pencils
Just for you.

Goatshoulder, leechsong and witchfinger
All in a magical brew
And the space between clouds I have stolen
Trying to make a picture of you
When you danced I loved you
When you danced I laughed
And I knew.

Vocals: Rick, Lisa, Liz

Miss Pamela

(Richard Kinscherf) 3:19

Miss Pamela regrets
She's unable to lunch today,
And tho' I hardly know her
I love her anyway.

Miss Pamela
She has a problem:
She chases all them fancy guys,
And surely they like her company
But more especially her disguise.

They say,
"She's good with kids"
Take 'em for a bicycle ride;
But who takes care of Miss Pamela--
Well if you tell her
She will be surprised.

Vocal: Rick

Little Sam

(Richard Kinscherf) 3:14

Everytime
I see your face
Behind the screen
Alight
With love for me alone
I cry
A smile for you
Arm-in-arm
In
The Rockin' chair
Before
The window
Cars pass by
You and I
We see them
In a glass
So filled
Am I
With love for you
Little man
Oh
My little Sam

Vocals: Lisa
Finger Cymbals: Liz

Heart

(Richard Adler and Jerry Ross) 5:57

You got to have heart
All you really need is heart
When the odds are sayin' you'll never win
That's when the grin should start.

You got to have hope
Mustn't sit around and mope
Nothing's half as bad as it may appear
Wait 'til next year and hope.

When your luck is battin' zero
Get your chin up off that floor
Mister, you can be a hero
You can open any door
There's nothin' to it but to do it.

You got to have heart
Miles and miles and miles of heart
Oh, it's fine to be a genius, of course
But keep that old horse before the cart
First you got to have heart.

A great slugger we haven't got
A great pitcher we haven't got
A great ball club we haven't got
What do we got?

We got heart
All you really need is heart
When the odds are sayin' you'll never win
That's when the grin should start.

We got hope
We don't sit around and mope
Not a solitary sob do we heave
Mister, 'cause we've got hope.

We're so happy that we're hummin'
(Hmm-hmm-hmm)
That's the hearty thing to do
(Hoo-hoo-hoo)
And we know our ship will come in
(Hmm-hmm-hmm)
Though it's ten years overdue
(Hoo-hoo-hoo.)

We got heart
Miles and miles and miles of heart
Oh, it's fine to be a genius, of course
But keep that old horse before the cart.

So what the heck's the use in cryin'?
Why should we curse?
We got to get better
'Cause we can't get worse.

And to add to it
We got heart,
We got heart,
We got heart.

Yes, it's baseball. We all love our baseball real bland and basic like boiled potatoes buried somewhere beneath the brisket of beef. But baseball is big business to some boys, especially the ones who have to play it. Now suppose for a just a moment that you are Bobby Blueberry, bright bronzed bruiser just bounced in from the Bozo league, and you've been bristlin' on the bench all season, just beggin' to get a bat between your pulpy palms. And there's two outs, and two men on, and two runs to tie the game, and two games to the title, and Tommy Torso, top terror of the batting order has just collapsed from one too many Tuinols. Yes, it's you, Bobby Blueberry. And the coach is crawling in the crabgrass and the crowd is close to tears. You're up! You're really gonna clout this one, you, Blueberry. You watch them strikes go steaming by...zip, zip, zip! Like boiling potatoes across the plate. What could you do? "Petition the Lord with prayer?" Pick yourself up, dust yourself off and start all over again? Uh, uh, not you. You're a real lunatic. You goose-step off the grounds like some grotesque gorilla. Jack Coach rises up from the crabgrass. Sit him back down on his bench, turn around, walk slow out the door, look back over your left shoulder, hang your head and say, "Coach...

You got to have heart
All you really need is heart
When the odds are sayin' you'll never win
That's when the grin should start.

We're so happy that we're laughin'
(Ha-ha-ha)
That's the hearty thing to do
(Hoo-hoo-hoo)
And we ain't been autographin'
(Ha-ha-ha)
'Cept for signin' I.O.U.'s
(Hoo-hoo-hoo.)

We got heart
Miles and miles and miles of heart
Oh, it's fine to be a genius, of course
But keep that old horse before the cart.

Who minds them pop bottles flyin'?
The hisses and boos?
The team has been consistent...
Yeah, we always lose!
But we're laughin' 'cause
We got heart,
We got heart,
We got heart!

Love Is Not Enough

(Richard Kinscherf) 6:27

I remember the first time we met, black lights in the corners, a little bar. We kissed. Months later you walked out on the arms of the chairs through a field of flowered dresses and permanent-press suits. I shredded my program in nervous agitation, I knew it was you. Now there are only empty Cadillacs in the street and I'm waiting in an infinite lobby. I wish you could promise me that I'd never see you again. How can a thing so perfectly ended continue?

And now once again
I see your lonely face
Now once again
I hear you cry
But why, why baby
Can't my love for you
Be enough for you
And get you by.

Tonight we're looking at each other through double films of tears. I remember how when we first met you would lead me to dance under tall trees. We were like birds then. I think we'd both like to now, but you won't dance, and I can't.

And now once again
I see your lonely face
Now once again
I hear you cry
But why, why baby
Can't my love for you
Be enough for you
And get you by.

Love is not enough
Love is not enough
Love is not enough
Love is not enough
Love is not enough.

You cannot be my idol
I might lean on you a little
But I won't lose myself in you
I won't lose myself in you, baby
When love is not enough.

Let lovely Light surround
The space of human being
No one can escape
The peace behind love's feeling

Let lovely Light surround
The space of human being
No one can escape
The peace behind love's feeling

Let lovely Light surround
The space of human being
No one can escape
The peace behind love's feeling

Vocals: Don, Lisa, Rick, Liz, Peter
Narration: Liz, Peter

SIDE 2

Boy Scouts

(Richard Kinscherf) 2:25

Back in the Boy Scout camp
(Back in the Boy Scout camp)
The moon was very full
(The moon was very full)
Very very very very full
(Very very very very
Very very very very
Very very very very full)
Back in the Boy Scout camp.
(Back in the Boy Scout camp.)

Are you tired of your life? Maybe you think that camps are for kids or fat girls or naked animals. Maybe you think that flies and ticks and nits and gnats nibble away at your outdoor enjoyment. Well, my friends, there is a camp that's just right for you, no matter who you think you are. Its name is Lunaloha, and it's located in the exact center of your secret desire, like a perfect piece of chocolate cake. To get there, simply close your eyes, open your ears, and listen very closely.

And on the Luna Lake
(On the Luna Lake)
One boy was awake
(One boy was awake)
Tiny little fat boy
(Tiny little fat boy)
Tiny little fat boy
(Tiny little fat boy)
He ate his chocolate cake
On the Luna Lake
On the Luna Lake.
Hey-hey-hey-hey

Vocals: Rick, Scott, Don, Lisa, Liz, Peter
Narration: Peter

Fay Wray

(Richard Kinscherf) 4:19

Wrote you a postcard from Mexico
Dear friends I love you, Fay Wray
And though it sounds funny
I feel lonely here
No one knows me here
And I can't remember
Exactly who I am.

Hola, friends! Mexico has finally got the best of me.
First week was great - weather perfect, grades
incredible, loved my house, Harris sent me hash. What
more could you ask for, besides love? This week - pigs,
cows and roosters making the most horrifying noises
day and night, millions of flies, no refrigerator, no hot
water, such a hassle to live here it's affecting my whole
personality. And to put the frosting on the cake, I can't
even down myself out. The place where I get my
vitamin Q's has a typhoid epidemic. Tomorrow I'm
going to Guadalajara, to a bullfight and a ballet, one
after the other. Remember, you don't know where I am.

Dear friends I miss you, Fay.

Wrote you a post card from Mexico
Dear friends I love you, Fay Wray
And though it sounds funny
I feel lonely here
No one knows me here.

And I miss you, Fay.

Vocal: Liz
Background Vocals: Lisa
Narration: Peter
Soprano Saxophone: Ron Mooradian

But One

(Richard Kinscherf) 3:00

Well I done it again
Made the same mistakes
All over again
But there ain't no price
On my head
Tho' I lie awake in my bed
Each and every night.

Well I feel all hollow
Way down deep inside
But I got until tomorrow
To plaster up dem furrows
Into which I hide.

Well it's all in a circle
Different ways around
I'm the hare and
I ain't the turtle
Yes I'm gonna travel
And leave this town.

Well it's all in a circle
Different ways around
I'm the hare and
I ain't the turtle
Yes I'm gonna travel
And leave this town.

Doris Dreams

(Richard Kinscherf) 12:04

One night a pale, imperfect welfare wastrel named
Doris Dreams sat in her once white Naugahyde chair
smoking on a Lucky, listening to the water drip in her
kitchen sink onto the endless pile of plastic dishes
which waited like loose fish in the sand at low tide -
lifeless and listless and lax. Blip, blip, the drips
dropped on the dim door to her dream, a dream only
Doris could design, a dark dazzle in the dull, deserted,
dustbowl of her life.

Sweet Doris Dreams
Sweet Doris Dreams

The frivolous fawn
And the white mink
Push the brown button
Make it plush

Lucky Copper
is just peachy
when she gild da lily
Hide the honey
who oh.

Platinum boy
Platinum boy
Shy vio...
Platinum boy
Platinum boy
Shy vio...
The platinum boy
he is so barely pink
he is a shy violet.

Doris shifted her weight in the chair. Along came a
spider and sat down beside her. Doris looked at it
curiously. She even said hello. And when she realized
what she had done she jumped up and smashed the little

bug with an old issue of Cosmopolitan. "I must be losing my grip," she thought, snapping the remains off the cover with her thumb and her forefinger. There was a little spot left on the cheek of the beautiful-haired Breck girl. Doris looked for some time at the beautiful-haired Breck girl. "I wonder," she said, "I wonder, what is happening to me?"

A beauty salon
is a strange affair
and I wonder
why I never tell my husband
what I do in there
oh yes I wonder
why I never tell my boyfriend
what goes on in there

"Oh, God!"

Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.
Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.
Pretty girl, pretty girl
Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.

Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.
Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.
Pretty girl, pretty girl
Pretty girl, pretty girl
I love you.

Indigo boy
dance me through the
Mauve Decade
Put me in a blu blu mood

Just one more
chocolate kiss
From your golden buns
baby, you're a night change.

Sweet cream, oh sweet cream
You make the sky brighter.
Sweet dreams, oh sweet dreams
You make the ride lighter.

Oh, the colors in the air have changed
have changed
"No, they're still the same."
Oh, the colors in the air have changed
have changed, have changed
"No, they're still the same."

Doris pushed herself up from the bed. She opened her eyes and found herself alone, shaken from head to toe. In the white moonlight she saw her body - slim curves, and a dark triangle of fur below the belly. She had never felt so beautiful. Doris danced a little danced before her dusty mirror. The moon flooded the edges of her simple golden thighs.

Oh, the colors in the air have changed
have changed, have changed

(repeat)

Oh, the colors in the air....

Vocals: Lisa, Liz, Rick, Don, Scott
Narration: Peter

Personnel

Richard Kinscherf - Keyboards, Vocals
Lisa Kinscherf - Vocals
Liz Gallagher - Vocals
Scott Chambers - Bass, Vocals
Randy Roos - Guitars
Don Mulvaney - Drums, Vocals
Peter Barrett - Vocals, Narration

Liner Notes and Credits

Produced by Jeffrey Lesser and Rupert Holmes for
Widescreen Productions

All strings, woodwinds, and brass arranged and
conducted by Rupert Holmes

Directed and engineered by Jeffrey Lesser

Ass't Engineer:
Ron Saint Germain (recording)

Recorded at Media Sound,
New York City
During July and August, 1974

Remixed at CBS Studios,
New York City

Additional Engineer:
Don Puluse (mixing)

Mastering Engineer:
Robert Ludwig
Sterling Sound,
New York City

Management:
Bruce Patch Productions Inc.

Section Concertmaster:
David Nadien, Lou Del Gatto, Alan Rubin

Road Crew:
Tom Dickie, John Carney, Gene Amoroso

All songs composed by Richard Kinscherf except "Were You Dancin' On Paper," composed by Francesca Reitano, and "Heart," composed by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross

All songs except "Heart" ©1974 by Winged Heart Music (ASCAP)

"Heart" ©1955 Frank Music Corp.

Narratives written by Peter Barrett

Special Thanks to Harry Bee and Dante Pavone

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This album was recorded less than a year after Orchestra Luna's first live performance in a small Boston folk club. In that year, they have developed from a collection of very talented individuals into a powerful, sensitive and unique musical unit. Having no obvious comparisons, they are at once progressive and nostalgic, exploring the limits of theatrical and musical form, and traveling the whole range of emotion from the depths of desperation to the pinnacle of celebration.

To experience Luna live is to take the first bite of a strange but delicious fruit; after your first taste, you may not know precisely from whence the fruit came, but it's too late you've already developed a strong appetite for more. Familiarity soon breeds dependence, and you too may find that an evening of Luna's music can become a regular need. This album has the same effect; you'll want to turn the record over and do it again, to try to absorb just a bit more of the wealth of sound that swept by you on first listening.

I've seen it happen to all different sorts of people; they encounter--and inevitably embrace Orchestra Luna. In these times of all too much musical predictability, Luna gifts us with a brand new approach to live and recorded

music, and evokes a brand new reaction from its audiences. Luna wrings more from its fans than enthusiasm... it engenders love and devotion.

Having watched the fruit ripen over the last year, it's evident to me that Richard Kinscherf is an astounding and unique composer and pianist, whose vocal style sets a standard for a future wave of entertainers; that Scott Chambers plays the bass with definitive taste and authority; that Don Mulvaney is one of the most inventive percussionists in pop music; that Randy Roos is absolutely unparalleled on the guitar; that Liz Gallagher and Lisa Kinscherf could be the most endearing and appealing female vocalists of the decade; and that Peter Barrett is simply a verbal genius.

But those are the feelings of one who has partaken of this fruit many times over. Help yourself. Orchestra Luna is a musical feast--a provocative gesture in a medium which thirsts for new directions.

-TOM WERMAN

(Rev. 8/7/03)