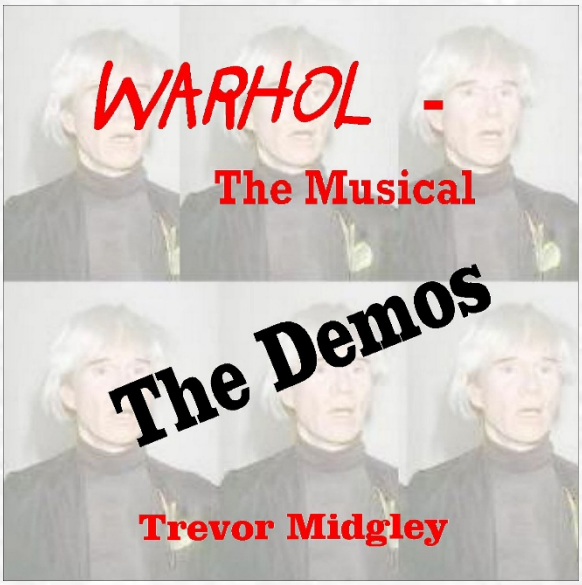
CHERRY RED RECORDS
PRESENTS




*All songs ©2000-2026 written by C J T Midgley*

## 1 Andy Warhol's Song #1 – The Way It Was (3.48)

*Sung by Andy to introduce the show and himself.*

When I was young, I hid from the sun,
Every day it rose, every day I froze
In the frosty light, and a burning white it was.
And the clothes I wore were nothing more
Than the clothes I wore on the day before,
On another day, but that was the way it was.

I watched the seasons fly like a lullaby
That keeps you drowsy 'til the day you die
But still it thundered, and a cloudy sky it was.
So I wore a frown, kept my head down
Both awake and in bed and if somebody said
"Was that a flash in the sky?" then I would say "My, it was!"

And then the monsoons came, I found a new name
And I learned to advance by the seat of my pants
And those that I passed were staggered how fast it was.
And I ran for miles past the trudging hordes
On an endless road over splintered boards
That slowed their feet but showed me how neat it was.

And maybe one day, one day I'll burst
Through the roadway's end with a raging thirst
And a neon sign will show me how first it was.
And all that's left that's left alive
Will land at the end of a long low dive
With a final bow, an echo of how it was…

The way it was… The way it was…
The way it was… The way it was…
The way it was… The way it was…
The way it was… The way it was…

And then the monsoons came, and I found a new name
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The way it was… The way it was…
The way it was… The way it was…

## 2 Julia Warhola's Song – Little Angel (3.48)

*Andy introduces Gerard Malanga to his mother, and she sings this song to Malanga.*

When you embrace my son,
You embrace my own, my little one;
He's still inside of me,
Though many years ago he left my body.
If you embrace his dreams,
You embrace my life and all it means.
My loneliness and pain
Is nothing to the dark of night
And shining light inside my Little Angel.
And he is my celebration, and always I am Andy.

When he describes the cold,
He describes a fire that's warming him,
Not in the words he'll use,
But in the way his face reflects a warmth within him.
And when we look at the world,
We both know what makes it turn for us,
Not in the words we'll use,
But in the way we always sing our tuneless songs together.
And he is my celebration, and always I am Andy.

It's cold out in New York.
All the stars are bleak and cruel tonight:
But then, they always are.
Be sure to hold your heavy coat about your tender body.
Oh Andek, you can fly.
You can fly beneath my broken wing,
And after all your dreams
I pray that you may know no hint of fear when you awaken.
For you are my celebration, and always I am Andy.

And you are my Little Angel, and always I am Andy.

## 3 Gerard Malanga's Songs – Changing Times (Parts I–IV) (3.50)

*Malanga, who comments throughout on the action taking place, sings of his feelings towards these Factory People. Parts I–IV (here combined) are performed individually and sequentially, respectively after songs 2, 5, 11 and 14.*

So they called me their friend,
But who knows in the end
How many you've gathered around you.
The moment you think
You've seen Warhol blink
He'll turn off the light to confound you.
And it's always the same –
You can ask Billy Name
'Cos Billy knows all about liars;
Enlightenment shining on all
His unworldly desires…
Mm, mm, mm…

Oh, it keeps them amused,
But don't be confused.
The Factory's not always that funny.
As it is now and then,
We'll see once again
The pervasive corrosion of money.
But all this will come;
The Factory will hum
And all will need careful arranging.
As another good friend of ours says,
The times are a-changing…
Mm, mm, mm…

You know, it's always been fun
With Julia's son
And we should be grateful we got him.
He ought to have died,
But Andy defied
The bullets when Valerie shot him.
No, it wasn't to be;
With a bound he was free
And the papers were all of a pattern –
Like Superman fell from the sky
And came to Manhattan…
Mm, mm, mm…

And the camera lies
When it pictures his eyes
If it says he is wise. This is blindness.
There's nothing but hurt,
And down in the dirt
You don't expect to see kindness.
But his pictures remain;
His movies the same,
And somewhere so high up above him
A star always shines in the night
For those here who love him…
Mm, mm, mm…

## 4 Billy Name & The Cast's Song – The Sweet Messiah (2.55)

*"The Sweet Messiah" is sung in the main by Billy. It shows how some of Andy's disciples almost deify him.*

And the thunder came from a broken sky
At midnight, when the sweet Messiah kissed us;
When the rock of ages crumbled and a saviour
Came to tell us he had missed us.

Then the lightening flashed
And there came a moment as it passed
That the frightened children here within
Lifted up their eyes to stare at him.

And he came with little more
Than anyone within his humble congregation.
But his smile was warm and his eyes were bright
As magically he rose from the foundations.
Then he raised his hands,
His children and his people sang,
And their golden minds were flying free
And it happened here at the Factory.

Then he seemed to try, to try, to try to try to speak,
But no one there could hear him.
For although he stood amid his true believers
There was no one even near him.
Then he spoke the Word,
And the Master's voice alone was heard.
He told his children what to do,
Before he turned to all of you…

And he said "Help me, help me, help me!
Help me, help me, help me!
Help me, help me, help me, help me,
Help me, help me help me, help me
Help me, help me, help me, help me,
Help me, help me help me … please!"

And the thunder came from a broken sky
At midnight, when the sweet Messiah kissed us…

## 5 The Cast's Song #1 – Famous For Fifteen Minutes (3.10)

*A full production number, and potential show–stopper. Based on Andy Warhol's 1968 comment, "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes".*

Susie Blue was a woman who knew
That diamonds are a girl's best friend.
She'd do some things for the rocks and the rings
That nobody could ever defend.
Well, her mama had told her, "Before you're much older
You'll come running back to Portland, Maine.
Famous for fifteen minutes, then never heard of again."

Sequin Cy thought he could fly
Off the top of the Empire State.
And Headline News asked for his views
Before it all became too late.
And then the spotlight shone; Cy was gone
After one last sniff of cocaine.
He was famous for fifteen minutes then never heard of again.

Cowboy John put his clothes back on
After hours on a king-size bed.
He stood up erect, and as you'd expect,
He turned everybody's head.
And now the rumours a-bound that the Cowboy drowned
In a shower of golden rain;
Famous for fifteen minutes, but he'll never be heard of again. All right…

Jenny the whore was a girl next door
Who handled any strange request.

And then she went in search of a Catholic Church
To get a little off her chest.
And they blew a fuse at the Daily News
When Jenny shopped Father McShane.
They were famous for fifteen minutes, but they've never been heard of again.

Six-Foot Sal was a Florida gal
Who started out life as Jake.
The Doctor said with a shake of his head,
"It's all been a big mistake.
But with a little snip here, a little snip there,
We'll have you as right as rain.
You'll be famous for fifteen minutes, then never be heard of again."

## 6 Brigid Polk's Song – In The Distance (2.51)

*Brigid Polk, rejected by Andy in favour of Edie Sedgwick, sings of her love for him.*

You know how much I love you.
You see it in my eyes,
So why must you always be so cruel?
I'm the only one who'll never
Leave you in the cold,
Even though the world says I'm a fool
'Cos you stay in the distance.

Does it count for nothing,
All the hours we spend
Talking like there is no end of time?
I hear the 'phone ring
Through the day and night
And you escape your world and come to mine
But you stay in the distance.

So many things you tell me,
So many things I know,
Secrets that I never will betray.
Another night is over
And maybe you despise
The broken doll that never goes away.
Let her stay in the distance.

## 7 Fred Hughes & The Cast's Song – We Are The Business! (3.00)

*Fred explains his business ideas to Andy. Andy is both entranced and seduced (not that this was hard to bring about!).*

We'll take your pictures.
We'll see them hung in every gallery.
Everyone will want to own a piece of Andy Warhol.
And… everyone will pay the price we ask
And then they'll all come back for more,
And more, and more, and more,
And more, and more, and more.

We'll take this address;
The world will know about the Factory.
You and me, we'll both have all the things we've ever wanted.
And… every print you sign
Will turn to silver when it leaves the Factory floor,
And everyone will pay the price we ask
And then they'll all come back for more,
And more, and more, and more,
And more, and more, and more.

We'll take this business
And make it what we both know it can be;
Andy Warhol's Factory that manufactures money!
And… every star that shines above New York
Will come to knock upon our door,
And every print you sign
Will turn to silver when it leaves the Factory floor,
And everyone will pay the price we ask
And then they'll all come back for more,
And more, and more, and more,
And more, and more, and more.

We are the business!

## 8 Paul Morrissey's Song – Green Dollar Bill (3.01)

*Singing directly to Fred Hughes, Paul celebrates the "art of making money".*

You came into the light when a warm wind is blowing.
You're new and you're shiny, and smooth as an eel.
And you try to show Andy the way we are going
But nothing will come of the seeds you are sowing;
A few grains of powder will sweeten the pill
In a green dollar bill.

You'll get lost in the dark if you've no-one to guide you.
This Factory grinds you like flour in a mill.
They smile when you stumble with no-one beside you.
You'd better believe it, that no-one will hide you
And many before you have died on the hill
To the green dollar bill.

He is my inspiration. I watch while he's dreaming
And if you try to take him, your chances are nil.
But three of us together, and somehow it's seeming
To be a proposal that's more than redeeming
And somehow I know we can all get our fill
Of that green dollar bill.

So here is the deal. A deal that's worth taking.
Business is business, and we all make a kill.
We know there are fortunes for us all in the making
Of pictures and movies, and maybe some faking.
The Factory produces for ever until
We got the green dollar bill!

## 9 Edie Sedgwick's Song – We Will Be Dancing (2.59)

*Edie's key song reflecting the optimism of youth, the chemically–assisted feeling of invincibility in the Factory group, and a faith in the unending power of love.*

We all are dancing like there is no end.
Some of us are lovers; most of us are friends.
And dreams are like the sun that always lights our way,
Burning bright no matter how fast the dances play.

We all are dancing through a purple sky
In and out of rainbows, infinitely high.
And when the world is but a memory that's past and gone
We'll still be dancing, each and every one.

We all are dancing little points of light
Tripping through our dreamworld's never-ending night.
And when the sky falls, and all the stars are gone,
We will be dancing on and on and on…

And when the sky falls, and all the stars are gone,
We will be dancing on, and on, and on…

## 10 Valerie Solanas's Song – The Part We Have To Play (3.08)

*The lead-in to Valerie's attempted assassination of Warhol.*

You turn your back on everyone the moment you awake,
But those who know you know you are a joke, or worse, a fake.
You took the little that I had and threw it in my face;
You robbed me blind, you took my mind, but always just in case –
I've remembered the part I have to play,
I've remembered the part I have to play.

I once thought you were wonderful, how could I be so dumb?
'Cos straight or gay or either way, we know that men are scum.
You told me once that everyone should be like a machine;
Should think alike and look alike – and all this from a queen
Who knew not the part he had to play,
Who knew not the part he had to play.

I thought about it yesterday, imagined the effect;
You pull a gun and everyone will show you some respect.
And it only takes a second for a King to lose his crown,
And even less to second guess a three-ring circus clown
Who knows not the part he has to play,
Who knows not the part he has to play.

Where are the cameras now to see the fear in your eyes?
At last we got a final shot that registers surprise.
The last line that I wrote for you is almost by the way –
This ain't a movie Andy, it's the part I have to play.
We all know the part we have to play,
We all know the part we have to play.

## 11 The Cast's Song #2 – America For Sale (2.54)

*A full production number to begin Act Two.*

There's nothing in this country that can't be bought or sold.
I learned that back in Pittsburgh when I was five years old;
Nothing that you can't convert into a pot of gold.
Somewhere along the trail, you will pass the sign 'America For Sale.'

No one sells a picture to become a millionaire,
But sell a million pictures and your chance is more than fair
For after art comes business, and with business, business flair.
In Harvard and in Yale the signs all read 'America For Sale.'

Take a walk down any Main Street where the neon towers rise,
Crackling with images; some even call them lies.
But money follows money – if you choose to advertise,
You really cannot fail. Never, never, never with 'America For Sale.'

The hookers here on Broadway and the ladies of Des Moines
Offer you a platter of their tasty tenderloin.
They'll give you heads or tails, and all you do is flip a coin
To touch their Holy Grail. I tell you, that's 'America For Sale.'

You can go and see my movies, you can look into my eyes.
You'll never pierce my make-up, or break up my disguise.
The Andy that you love is the Warhol you despise,
And he's coming through the mail; courtesy 'America For Sale.'

## 12 Andy & Edie's Song – A Candle In A Searchlight (2.01)

*An Edie/Andy duet, sung whilst Andy is weak and recovering from the gunshot wounds inflicted by Valerie Solanas.*

A candle I have found
Casts its light upon the darkness all around,
But on the barren stony ground
No candle can last for ever.

The spotlight in the gloom
Lights a path into the corner of the room
Where the candles flicker their perfume
Although their fire has been broken.

The lonely searching light
Points so blindly in the darkness of the night,
That even the spotlight
Is lost in the valley of its travel.

You caught me in your spotlight,
The fading flicker of a candle in a searchlight,
And my flame became a silhouette
And turned to sepia in the night.

## 13 Ondine & The Cast's Song – The Rise And Demise Of Andrew Warhola (2.59)

*Ondine's improvisation on an imaginary New York Times obituary…*

The Times reports exclusively that news has been released
Of joyous celebrations now that Warhol is deceased.
His was a road without foundations that was built on moving sand,
And all that he relied on was a little sleight of hand.
From every pit he always pulled his head above the rim,
When many were assured that this would be the death of him.

Someone said he learned his trade prospecting in the slums
Where money ebbs and flows but to the blessed always comes.
It was there he wrote his stories down, and all those he had met
Rejoiced at their inclusion in his cheapjack novelette.
And some cried out in wonder when he went out on a limb,
But most thought his dexterity would be the death of him.

Many said he never ran but he covered miles of street.
His city winter overcoat dragged heavy round his feet
And the rats inside his pockets he had brought up to believe
That you never show your heart unless you wear it on your sleeve.
And his life was but a uniform and chosen as a whim,
And surely self-indulgence was to be the death of him.

When the Factories were built to the developer's desire,
He hung out in the shadows through the baptisms of fire,
Unbroken and unbending with his widely known belief
That where you'll find a jewel you will also find a thief.
He took his cup and he purposefully filled it to the brim,
But neither guilt nor innocence are to be the death of him.

The wake ran out as quickly as the Vodka and Vermouth;

An epitaph began '*A Coward Hides Behind The Truth*',
But no one could remember how the rest of it had gone
So in the chilly evening it was this he rested on.
His grave was closed and finally the light became too dim
To notice what deceit or rot had been the death of him.

Hello!
But we all love Andy,
Yes, we all love Andy,
We all love Andy
He's our friend.

## 14 The Cast's Song #3 – Andy And His Camera (1.41)

*... lampooning Andy's fascination with his hand-held camera.*

Who'll show you every little place you've been,
Including where you'd really rather not be seen?
Footage from above the sheets and in between;
Andy and his camera.

Who is it keeps a microphone switched on
In the darkest dark when everyone's gone,
Waiting for the night shift to clock on?
Andy and his camera.

He'll make you a movie in the hour before dawn,
Maybe still life or maybe gay porn.
Andy and his camera and a couple of friends,
Tentatively titled '*Why Dangle Len's*?'

Who's in danger of being maligned?
It took imagination and a fertile mind
To get the Gaffer and the Best Boy both combined.
Andy and his camera.

Whoever you are, you'll find him on the case.
He likes you wearing nothing but a smile upon your face.
Andy in the bedroom, Andy in the john;
Never ever do it with the light turned on…
Never ever do it with the light turned on.

What can it be that needs a guide?
That's ever so shiny and a point of pride?
And only sixteen millimetres wide?
Andy and his camera.

## 15 Andy's Song #2 – In The Court Of Conscience (2.53)

*In a moment of self-doubt (and more importantly self-awareness), Andy examines his own behaviour and attitude to people.*

With the cold eye of a soldier and
The cold hand of the surgeon and
The cold and calculating mind of
Someone from Intelligence,
I walk along the city street
Assassinating those I meet;
My crumpled uniform, once neat,
Is now in disarray.

Breezes blow my hair at will,
Their wayward passage to fulfil

But they can never pierce the heart
And kill the way a deftly wielded
Knife, or yet a sharpened barb,
Well turned and twisted can succeed;
For words will never make you bleed
But only fade away.

I found this weakness in the heart;
Remorselessly tore it apart,
And even when my uniform
Was smart and pretty in the glittering springlight,
Still my words so clear
Fell, curdling the bitter beer,
And dripped into the waiting ear
'Til silence ruled that day.

And when the slaughter was complete,
So many fools had found defeat
And still my hands were soft and
Even sweet inside the glove that played
The drumsticks on the soft and kind.
It took a military mind
To sentence silence as the blind
Went tapping on their way.

With the cold eye of a soldier…
With the cold eye of a soldier…

## 16 Fred's Song – Web Of Tangled Reason (2.49)

*Fred's feelings laid bare…*

Through the web of tangled reason
The voices seem to cry,
"What point is there in living
If you have to live a lie?"
There's nowhere in this building
That anyone can hide.
For me, it is a prison
And I am walled inside…

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalk below
And the gutters are full…

We'll work and work for money
'Til everyone is tired,
Or Andy runs out of ideas
Or everyone gets fired.
He knew I'd lost the feeling
From my fingers and my toes.
He laughed at me and told me,
"That's the way the feeling goes…"

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalk below
And the gutters are full…

And here's to the vultures
Who celebrate decay,
And the old pathetic creature
Who will always get his way.
So please forgive this moment
That shines a light upon

The web of tangled reason
That keeps us keeping on…

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalk below
And the gutters are full…

## 17 Andy, Brigid & Edie's Song – Kiss Me With Your Eyes (4.23)

*"Kiss Me With Your Eyes" is sung when Andy is dying, and is a quote widely attributed to him.*

Wake me when you go, the way that lovers do.
Leave an open door for shadows to slip through,
For time is slipping by,
The days of you and I.
Don't you realize?
Kiss me with your eyes.

Hold me when I'm cold, and when I'm lost in pain.
Come into my life in sunshine, leave in rain,
And catch me if I fall,
As I shall, but overall
Never compromise.
Kiss me with your eyes.

Who makes emotion drown in tears?
Who made this ocean of endless fears?

Was it all a joke, a joke that went too far?
Did it need a face, or a soul to bear the scar?
If I reach out in my dreams
You are gone; it always seems
There are no goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.

(Instrumental)
If I reach out in my dreams
You are gone; it always seems
There are no goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.

Who makes emotion drown in tears?
Who made this ocean of endless fears?

Was it all a joke, a joke that went too far?
Did it need a face, or a soul to bear the scar?
If I reach out in my dreams
You're gone; it always seems
There are no goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.
Oh, don't give me goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.

## 18 Brigid & The Cast's Song – The Shining Star (3.06)

*The Grand Finale to "Warhol – The Musical"!*

"The lights are out on Broadway," I heard somebody say.
I woke up in the dark, and then the moment passed away.
Whilst somewhere in the distance, across our wasted space,
I knew that he was calling me, I even saw his face.
And Andy, you're the shining star that came into my life
With all your fears and your desires.

I know you saved me from the fires.
I never listened to the liars.
But now you're gone.

There are friends who won't forgive him for being who he is,
And friends who will deny him and everything that's his.
But me, I think I'll stay here, I'll wait around until
I know the dark has fallen and the clock is standing still.
And Andy, you're the shining star that came into my life
With all your fears and your desires.
I know you saved me from the fires.
I never listened to the liars.
But now you're gone.

Like a thief, he found a broken pane then took what we could give.
Beyond our veil of innocence, he taught us how to live.
The bones of many other lives are bleaching on the bough,
But still we will remember him a hundred years from now.
And Andy, you're the shining star that came into my life
With all your fears and your desires.
I know you saved me from the fires.
I never listened to the liars.
But now you're gone.

## 19 Curtain Call – Famous For Fifteen Minutes (reprise) (0.30)

(Instrumental)

**Trevor Midgley web:**
https://www.trevormidgley.com/Warhol.html
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