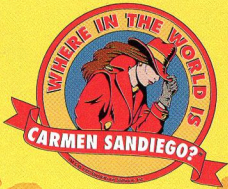


CARMEN SANDIEGO OUT OF THIS WORLD™



with
**ROCKAPPELLA, XTC, THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
& LYNNE THIGPEN**

**PRODUCED BY
DAVID YAZBEK, BILLY STRAUS, SEAN ALTMAN**

XTC PRODUCED BY DAVID YAZBEK
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS PRODUCED BY THEMSELVES

RECORDED & MIXED BY BILLY STRAUS

ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: RAGING DAVE ROBBINS,
SUZANNE DYER, JULIO PERALTA

MASTERED BY RICK ESSIG AT FRANKFORD/WAYNE

RECORDED AT KAMPO CULTURAL CENTER, LIVE WIRE,
RPM, & MANHATTAN BEACH STUDIOS

ART DIRECTION & DESIGN: JODI ROVIN

ILLUSTRATION: ORLANDO SILVA

MUSIC CLEARANCE & COPYRIGHT SUPERVISION:
PAT WALSH

THANKS TO: ALEX ABRASH, RALPH ADLER, GREG
BRODSKY, HUGH BROWNE, ELIZABETH DOBERNECK,
WENDY DUBIT, CHRIS DWYER, PAUL FREUNDLICH, KEN
FREUNDLICH, ELLEN FREY, STEVE GABOURY, ROZANNE
GATES, WENDY GRAHAM, TAG GROSS, JEFF HAFER,
JENNIFER HEWITT, BOB HINKLE, ZACH HINKLE, PAUL
KINDER, JAMIE KITTMAN, MICHAEL KRUZAN, TERENCE
LAM, LARRY LANOIT, EVAN LANDBERG, DR. EUGENE
LANDY, PINCH LEE, SUSAN LEE-MERROW, KEVIN &
ATHENA AT LIVE WIRE, LYNNE & IAN, CHRISTINE
MARTIN, BOB MASON, CLAUDE MITCHELL, GILLIAN
MORRIS, THE MUNCHGESANG BOYS, STEVE PATCH,
JODI ROVIN, JOHN SCILIPOTE, NICOLA STEMMER,
BRIDGET SULLIVAN, CECILY TRUETT, PAT WALSH,
ANNIE WHITE, WGBH AND WQED.

SPECIAL THANKS TO BILLY COBIN FOR THE
"BUBBLE MUSIC"

PHOTO CREDITS: *ROCKAPELLA* - DAN LENORE.
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS - FRANK OCKENFELS.
XTC - GREG ALLEN. *GREG LEE & LYNNE THIGPEN* -
FRANK CAPRA AND STEVE WINTER.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS APPEAR COURTESY OF
ELEKTRA ENTERTAINMENT

XTC APPEAR COURTESY OF VIRGIN RECORDS &
GEFFEN RECORDS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: JED ALPERT



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THE POPULAR PUBLIC TELEVISION SERIES
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Also available from Zoom Express / BMG Kidz / Fight Records is:

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS CARMEN SANDIEGO?
Cassette / CD featuring Rockapella (74860-30018-4/2) /
(74860-35018-4/2)

THE CASE OF THE UNSOLVED CRIME Audio Game,
Episode 1 (74860-34025-4) and
THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CASE Audio Game,
Episode 2 (74860-34026-4)

And watch for other Carmen Sandiego cassettes and
CDs coming soon

For info about *ROCKAPELLA* & their fan club write:
ROCKAPELLA, P.O. BOX 679, BRANFORD, CT. 06405

HALF A WORLD AWAY

(Billy Straus)

PERFORMED BY **GREG LEE WITH
3 BRAVE WOODSMEN**

Got an itch, in my shoe, wind scratchin' the door
In my ear I hear the hum of a different shore
Gotta take a little trip, gonna make a new scene
It's a magical world, do you know what I mean?

I'll stash my map in the radio
by sunrise I'm gonna be

Half a world away, speaking words I've never spoken
Half a world away, gliding over distant oceans
But as the shadows grow, suddenly I long for home
Reminded that it's just the break of day
Half a world away

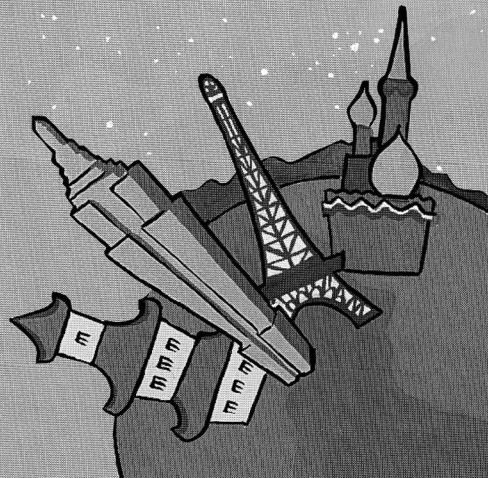
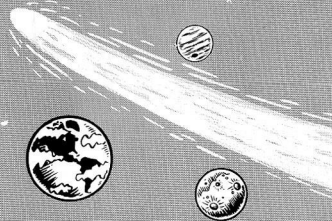
Gonna meet an old friend in Abu Dhabi
In Lapland I'll bake in the midnite sun
Gonna eat ceviche on the beach of the Baja
Gonna dance an Irish reel when I'm done

The 3 Brave Woodsmen are on the run
I think they're following me

Half a world away, dreaming words I've never spoken
Half a world away, gliding over distant oceans
But as the shadows grow-suddenly I long for home
Reminded that it's just the break of day
Half a world away
(Repeat)

Guitars - Billy Straus
Organ, Tambourine - David Yazbek
Bass - Chris Smiley
Drums - Keene Carse
The Woodsmen - Burl Mann, Ian Jaeger,
Norm Raposbec
Harmonic - Sean Altman

©1993 Billy Straus Music, NYC (ASCAP)



BIG WET RAG

(David Yazbek)

PERFORMED BY **ROCKAPELLA**

Everytime you have a picnic, the rain comes down
and the birdies in the trees all stop, when
you're around.

All you gotta do is show up, and spirits sag.
Why you such a drag? You big wet rag.

All I wanted was a good time, to have some fun.
All I wanted was a picnic in the summer sun.
Maybe listen to some Beach Boys, maybe play some
tag.

But you put it in the bag, you big wet rag.

And sometimes everybody's gonna want attention.
You really push the envelope, a new dimension.

Make a joke about a picnic, you ask me why.
I say in order to be funny, then you start to cry.
I've been stepping on these eggshells, but they always crack.
Everytime I make a gag, you big wet rag.

I tell you everybody sometimes wants attention.
But time with you's a bumpy drive on bad
suspension.

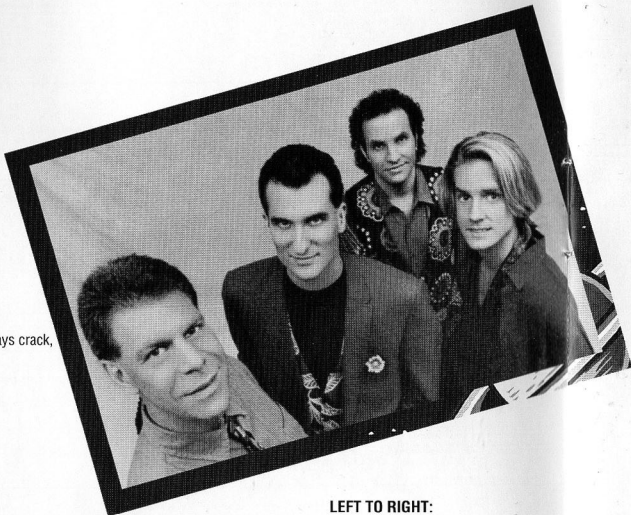
(Stomach clenchin', Too much tension!)

When I think about a picnic, I think of love.
When you think about a picnic, you think of bugs.
Next time someone gives a picnic, I'm going stag.
Well it rhymes with rag, you big wet rag.

I never seen your tail wag, you big wet rag.
All you ever do is nag, nag, nag, you big wet rag.
So I'm calling you a big wet rag, you big wet--

Vocal Arrangement: Sean Altman, David Yazbek
Vocal Percussion: Jeff Thacher

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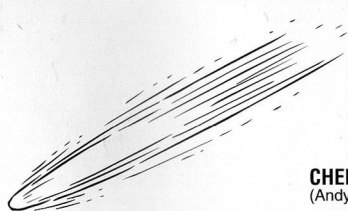
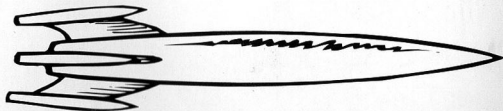
LEFT TO RIGHT:

BARRY CARL

SEAN ALTMAN

ELLIOTT KERMAN

SCOTT LEONARD



CHERRY IN YOUR TREE

(Andy Partridge)

PERFORMED BY **XTC**

Chorus

Cherry cherry in your tree
Jump down on the ground and make a pie with me
Cherry cherry in your tree
Jump down on the ground and make a pie with me

I got toys like the other boys
Come down from your tree now
I can set you free now
I got toys like the other boys
For baking love with you
For baking love with you

Chorus

I'm the cook who wrote the book
Pour a little soul now
Right into the bowl now
I'm the cook who wrote the book
On baking love with you
On baking love with you
Cherry in your tree now
Do you love just me now
I'm the chef of the treble clef
Roll into the flour now
Knead it for an hour now

Andy Partridge - vocals, guitar, percussion, claps
Colin Moulding - bass, harmony vocals, claps
Dave Gregory - good natured ghost effects
with

Brian Doherty - drums
Garò Yellin - Cello
David Yazbek - keyboards, backing vocals, claps
Sean Altman - backing vocals

Produced by David Yazbek

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EMI Virgin Limited



CAKE FOR BREAKFAST

(David Yazbek)

PERFORMED BY **GREG LEE**

Last night I dreamed about cake for breakfast
Two big pieces just for me.
They're standing there on a paper platter
covered with a doily.

The light inside the refrigerator
Shined a moonbeam on their heads,
On which was written a bold inscription.
This is what the icing said-

Can you live your life completely?
Can you do it wild and sweetly?
Can you dream about cake for breakfast-
Two big pieces just for me?

Bananas caught in a bowl of batter,
Wilted beets and celery,
Those candles stuck to the paper platter,
Every one was calling me.

The clock above the refrigerator
Moved her eyes from left to right.
She sang to me and she swung her tail.
This is what she said last night-

Can you live your life completely?
Can you do it wild and sweetly?
Can you dream about cake for breakfast-
Two big pieces just for me?

When I woke up there was cake for breakfast,
Sugar roses, birthday red.
Picasso drew on the paper platter.
"Famous artist- Shiny head".

So if you're calendar page is turning,
move your knees and dance away
And call me up at my other number.
This is what I have to say-

Can you burn your candles brightly,
Radiate, then leave politely?
Here's your beautiful cake for breakfast-
Two big pieces just for you!

Backing Vocals: Paul Gordon, Sean Altman,
David Yazbek, Lucinda Krauzs,
Helga Merntz, Celina Raposbec
Guitar: Billy Straus
Soprano & Tenor Sax: Tony Orbach
Everything Else: David Yazbek

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Yeidel Sounds Music (BMI)



MY PARENTS' SON

(Sean Altman)

PERFORMED BY **GREG LEE**

Drivin' the nail with a smack of my bat
Cheering the buzzer as it fries the gnats
So I'm up in the tree-house and night's gettin' nearer,
I hear through my cup'n string Mama (dinner's done)
I never knew any voice nearer or dearer

Lucky to be my parents' son
I'm my parents' son...

I cracked up the class with a wit what would sting
The unsavory element crowned me its king
The strip was a funhouse of havoc and Bacchus,
I scoffed at the pleas of my Mama (careful son)
And Pop got his watch back - the pawnshop was gracious

Lucky to be my parents' son
I'm my parents' son...

Some experts'll say it's the way I was raised
I don't think they know me too well
My folks were the only thing cranking me up from the
well...

Now don't you believe that jury of my peers
Y' see I thought that dog in Vermont was a deer
Five years in the big house made life a bit clearer
Through the visitors' plexiglass Mama (come home son)
And Pop bought my stuff back from some auctioneer

Lucky to be my parents' son
I'm my parents' son...

Backup Vocals: Sean & Greg
Guitars: Billy Straus
Bass: Chris Smylie
Melodica, Organ, Percussion: David Yazbek
©1993 Big Sean Music (BMI)

CHANGE MY WORLD

(Sean Altman & Billy Straus)

PERFORMED BY **JOHNNY NEXDOR
& HIS NEIGHBORS**

Y'gonna change my world,
Y'gonna heal my world,
Y'gonna feel my world, and make it all a little better

And every lung sings true
And every tongue speaks kind
And every soul brings good, to slice a bigger piece of mind

You suppose there's nothing much a meager man can do
Bare his hairy chest & hold his morning breath, stick his thumbs into
the screws

Curse the dusty filibusters in riot gear
While he bellows like a cranky bull to anyone who'll hear

Y'gonna change my world
Y'gonna raise that cain
'til every fridge busts full, & every Tarzan loves a Jane

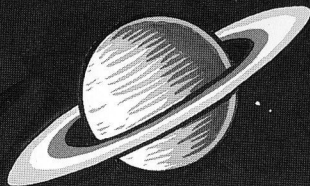
Squelch the patter of the bullies spreading pulpit cheer
Tweak the beard of any walk-the-planking baby-spanking crusty buccaneer
Rally all the Pollyannas in the atmosphere
Holding hands & clicking heels and watch the evil disappear!
We'll make it disappear! We'll never never ever ever fear!

Y'gonna change my world
Y'gonna green my world
Y'gonna clean my world, and make it shine a little better

And every chord rings true
And every eye colorblind
And every soul finds good to slice a bigger peace of mind

Programming: Billy Straus & Sean Altman
Guitars, Bass, Piano: Billy Straus
Horns: Steve Gaboury
Trumpet Solo: Joe Magnarelli
Annie's Bowl-Bells & Ian's Xylophone: Sean Altman

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©1993 Billy Straus Music, NYC (ASCAP)



WHY DOES THE SUN SHINE? (THE SUN IS A MASS OF INCANDESCENT GAS)

(Hy Zaret, Lou Singer)

PERFORMED BY **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**

The sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

Yo ho it's hot
The sun is not
A place that we could live
But here on earth there'd be no life
Without the light it gives
We need its light, We need its heat, We need its energy

Without the sun
Without a doubt
There'd be no you and me

The sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

The sun is hot
It is so hot that everything on it is a gas
Iron, copper, aluminum, and many others
The sun is large
If the sun were hollow, a million earths could fit inside
And yet the sun is only a middle sized star
The sun is far away
About 93 million miles away
And that's why it looks so small
And even when it's out of sight
The sun shines night and day

The sun gives heat
The sun gives light
The sun light that we see
The sun light comes from our own sons atomic energy

Scientists have found that the sun is a huge atom
smashing machine
The heat and light from the sun come from the nuclear
reactions of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and helium

The sun is a mass of incandescent gas
A gigantic nuclear furnace
Where hydrogen is built into helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees

John Linnell-Accordion, saxophone, bass clarinet, vocal
John Flansburgh-Electric Guitar, vocal
and featuring
Brian Doherty-Drums, Glockenspiel
Kurt Hoffman-Clarinet, saxophone
Frank London-Trumpet
Graham Maby-Bass

Produced by They Might Be Giants

©1959 Argosy Music Corp., (ASCAP)



BUGS

(David Yazbek)

PERFORMED BY **GREG LEE**

There's a boy on the corner of the studio block.
He's a wild wild river with a knee-high sock.
My Boy, he's a wild wild river. (I got my own bugs)
My Boy, got a head with a zipper. (I got my own bugs too)
Well he grab your arm like a heart attack.
Some day he wind up with hair on his back.

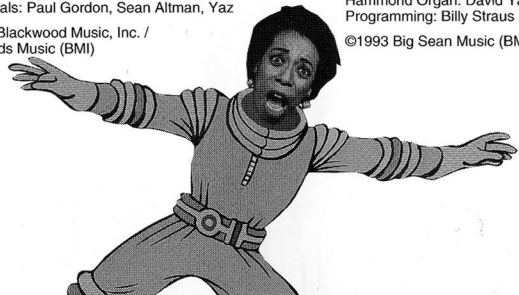
There's a big bug sitting right next to me.
He say yea he say no he say who the heck are we?
Got a tongue like lightening and hair of steel.
He never will bow and he never will kneel.
My Man, got a bug in his ear-o.
My Man better look in the mirror.

There's a tiny one living in the shoe with me.
Go into the kitchen with the enemy.
Gonna stomp on the box with a yelling sound.
Play the drum all night till the moon go down.
My Man, take a look in the mirror.
My Man, take a look in the river.

I got a thousand Manoulies climbing up the wall.
Make the studio room look like Mardi Gras.
Chicken in the pot stinking up the fridge.
Well I wont eat the bun and I can't eat the pig.
My Man, he's the chief of Morocco.
My Man, he's the big rocko-socko
My Man, he's a wild-life liver,
everybody gotta look in the mirror.

Clavinette, Organ, Piano, Percussion: Yazbek
Guitar & Bass: Billy Straus
Backing Vocals: Paul Gordon, Sean Altman, Yaz

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Yeidel Sounds Music (BMI)



BACK TO CHICAGO

(Sean Altman)

PERFORMED BY **LYNNE THIGPEN**

I've known the road, far much too long
You know a hotel's just not a home
but now I'm going back, said I'm going back
to Chicago,

I've been to Broadway, I made the rounds
I've had my taste of fame in the crowds
but now I'm going back, said I'm going back
to Chicago

Will anyone remember me?
It feels so long, it wasn't so long ago
I'm gonna stand on the corner and sing
"I'm finally home!"

I've been to Reno to Rome and Iraq,
But in my heart there's just something they lack
So now I'm going back, said I'm going back to Chicago...Windy City!

I wonder if anybody will remember me
It wasn't so long, but it was so long ago
I'm going down to the South Side and scream
"Hey, everybody I'm home!"

I've been to Lima to Chad and LA
y'know the feeling just ain't the same
So I'm going back, said I'm going back
I've got to get myself back, yes I do, maybe I'll take a plane
'cause I got to get back, said I'm going back to my home...Chicago!

Backup Vocals: Galaxy of Prawns
Guitars & Bass: Billy Straus
Hammond Organ: David Yazbek
Programming: Billy Straus & Sean Altman

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CARMEN'S SONG

(Sean Altman & David Yazbek)

PERFORMED BY **GREG LEE**

Nashville to Norway Bonaire to Zimbabwe Chicago to Pittsburgh to
Philly and back again Naples to Brussels Berlin to Belize Indonesia
Topeka Botswana to Thailand Milan via Amsterdam Mali to Bali The
Netherlands Scotland to Pakistan New York to Omaha Luxembourg
Galveston Freeport to Minsk

Where in the world's the coliseum?
Who took the Sphinx and Cleopatra's needle?
Who got the Guggenheim museum?
I don't see 'em, and where's the German soccer team?

She took the bang outta Krakatoa
She stole the keys from Beethoven's piano
Took a Little Italy and then Samoa
I got to show her, she can't stoop any lower

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
Boston or Burma, Bath or Oswego
We've got to find her, got to confine her
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Over in Dover the cliffs are history
She bagged the checkered flag - the Indy hasn't stopped yet
Nobody tops her con artistry
She's a mystery. She never even calls her sister.

She took the lean from the Tower of Pisa
Got off the plane, her eardrums hadn't popped yet
Sailed to Paris on a bogus visa
Then just to tease her, she copped the smile from Mona Lisa

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
Grabbed Trinidad then hijacked Tobago
We've got to jail her, got to derail her
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Greg, come on, she's nothin' but a scammer, stick that mischievous
heel in the slammer, catch the crook, no more lame excuses, lock
that lady in jail!

Nashville to Norway Bonaire to Zimbabwe Chicago to Pittsburgh to
Philly and back again Naples to Brussels Berlin to Belize Indonesia
Topeka Botswana to Thailand Milan via Amsterdam Mali to Bali The
Netherlands Scotland to Pakistan New York to Omaha Luxembourg
Galveston Freeport to Lebanon Belgium
El Salvador Poland Morocco Manhattan to
Ireland Hungary Cambodia!

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
Brooklyn to Chad, Brunei to Bombay go
We can't forgive her, send her up the river
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
There's California, where did L.A. go?
It ain't okey dokey, 'til she's in the pokey
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
Cleveland to Bronx, Taiwan to Saint-Tropez go
Who's gonna fool her, throw her in the cooler?
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
Got lotsa capers on her resume go
We're in the poorhouse, 'til she's in the big house
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

(Hey look! 2 bonus choruses to sing on your own!!!!)

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
She'll yank the stars right from the Milky Way go
We'll never spare her, we've got to snare her
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?
She'll pluck the lilies offa your Monet go
We'll be disappointed, 'til she's in the joint, HEY!
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

The Mob: Sean Altman, David Yazbek, Billy Straus,
The Freundlich Brothers
Keyboards & Programming: David Yazbek
Guitars: Billy Straus

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