

# Foreword ...

**T**his book contains only some of my personal favorite original music. I know you may wonder why I did it, why I composed all this music, recorded all the recordings, but then that is because you must not know me. If you knew me, you would already understand that I have been afflicted with creative genes all of my life, and I have been writing literature, poetry and music since I was a child. When I was about 11 years old, I would give my Mother piles of my poetry to take to work, where she would type them up during any idle time for me; one original plus two onionskin copies. It was my procedure to tape the typed sheets up on my big double closet doors in my bedroom. My goal was to eventually fill up all the space. Before long, the space was filled and extended out, covering all of my bedroom walls. I figured everybody did this. Eventually I moved into my own home and had enough creations to wallpaper my house – although I never did do that. Not yet, anyway.

It had always been my fondest hope that these things I created would one day earn me a living or at least some notoriety or spending money; and while I have achieved that in some certain ways, I am presently still about as well-known as a hobo sleeping on a curb in front of a downtown bar. Everyone has seen him there, but no one has really listened to him. Save for the fact that I do not drink to the point of blacking out and sleeping on a curb in front of a bar, I have perhaps more in common with the hobo than I want to, though I'm still way ahead of him!

Be that as it may, I am undertaking the laborious task of typing and scanning a lot of the music I've written to put into this book. I do this to satisfy my anal-retentive nature and in hopes that others will appreciate my life's work. Let me also explain that I sent out a lot of recordings and manuscripts through the years, although I stopped doing it ten years ago. It isn't as though I didn't try, but I hated playing the music business games. I had a recording contract in the early 1990's. I know I'm not a terrible writer – I'm just one among millions, and not a very good salesman with not enough patience at that. Since I've been afflicted with multiple sclerosis for several years now, it's become harder and harder to play music and challenging to even go down the stairs to my studio, so out of sheer lack of better things to do, this sounded like a good project.

The scans of the original drafts were culled from my big fat 3-ring notebook with lyrics & chord charts written on little pieces of paper, typed

on a Royal typewriter or my old Commodore 64 computer from the 1980's. I would prefer leaving them in their original forms, even though I know they will look much better typed into my "modern computer"; spell-checked with no scratched-out words or torn, crumpled edges or blobs of spaghetti sauce.

I must also stress this important fact – I am still basically a HAPPY man. It doesn't bother me too much being unrecognized for my writing talents, because I have been able to satisfy the world's most critical critic all along -- ME. That's really who all of this was for anyway. I don't mind sharing though, and I wouldn't mind some recognition, but I'm not going to die if I don't get it. I'm going to die someday anyway, so no sense in rushing things, because I love my life. As long as I can make ME smile, make ME happy, express what I need to express, I always thank God for it. When I can no longer do that, I shall still thank God for what I had once done.

So there I go. I hope I like it – otherwise, for whom was this written?  
CHÆRLiE FÆgE





# Limitations

© 1983 Charlie Faege

*Intro in Am*

**G Am G Am C Bb G Am**  
The rain just slapped me on the face  
**G Am Am C Bb F G G/B C\_ G/B C**  
As if I was to race it to the open door  
**G/B C G/B C Dm/C C F/A Bb**  
But I just fooled them all again  
**Bb Bbsus F# F#sus F/A Bb (Bb Bb)**  
I didn't let the rain\_ spoil anything for me

And you have pushed me much too far  
And I kept playing with the same old deck of cards  
No I, just don't know what to say  
If I've lost at your game, it's all the same to me

**Eb F7**  
Is it just the complications  
**Dm Bb Bb7**  
That arise from limitations  
**Eb F Bb7\_\_Bb7/F**  
**BbMaj7/D**  
Have we got the answer at our door \_\_\_ whoa oh  
**Gm Cm7 D7 Bbadd G7 Eb**  
It's pretentious to say, that I'll always feel this way  
**Eb F Eb Bb (Bb Bb)**  
These limitations' got me down.

It hurt, betrayal of the heart  
I can't get to the start of where we were before,  
Now you have shown me to an end  
The words you had to lend, have all been paid in full.

*Play through verse instrumentally -----*

Yeah I, just fooled them all again, I didn't let the rain, spoil anything for me ....

**march tempo in Bb \_\_\_ Eb \_\_ (8 bars)**

*Rpt chorus*

*Rpt first half of chorus instrumentally (singing doo doo doo etc)*

... it's pretentious to say, I'm a wiser man today  
These limitations' got me down.

3/23 & 4/7/1983

A New Place For Something Old

G

I found a new place  
to hide ~~the~~ something old <sup>(notes)</sup>  
Even though where it was  
It was never found (moved)

Tempo 136  
142

Chorus

Well I was only making sure,  
that's all  
I was just making sure, is all

(r-1)

I kept it in my head, you know separate —  
~~in my head~~ during ~~that~~ situations  
Better it was in a safe  
With a forgotten combination

Bridge Bb

I've been looking for a place  
for so very long you know  
While looking at your face  
I made sure you wouldn't see  
Well I was only making sure,  
that's all  
I was only making sure

Solo on Verse (2)

~~Bridge~~  
Verse out  
Verse out

Sept 11, 1985

(Music written on)  
Oct 2, 1985

# A New Place (For Something Old)

© 1990 Charlie Faege

*Amusement park tempo*

**G7**

I found a new place to hide something old

**Bb9**

Even though where it was, it was never found

Well, I was only making sure, that's all

**G7**

I was only making sure... is all.

\* I've kept it in my head you know,  
During the desperate situations (like this)  
Much better it was in a safe  
With a forgotten combination

**Bb**            **F**            **Dm**

I've been looking for a place

**Bb**            **F**    **Dm**        **G**

For so very long you know

**Bb**            **F**            **Dm**

And while looking at your face

**G**

I made sure you wouldn't see .....cause I was only making sure (that's all).

- *SLIDE GUITAR SOLO* -

\* *rpt*

**G7 etc**

I found a new place -- *rpt* --

Well, I was only making sure, that's all            <*retard the tempo*>

I was only making sure – making sure – just making sure.

# Happy

© 1983 Charlie Faege (for my Father)

**D Db B A G F# E**

*Intro* – ho ho ho ho ho ho

**A (C#\_E)** **A/C#**  
Happy\_\_\_you're finally happy,

**D** **E**  
You see that grin looks so distinctive on your chin

**A (C#\_E)** **A/C#**  
It's good you're happy \_\_\_you're smiling happy

**D** **E**  
Why bite your nails about those trivialities?

**C#** **D**  
You great big beautiful doll, sometimes you ache  
so bad,

**C#** **D**  
**Bm E**  
You thought you'd lost it all\_\_\_ but now you came  
out feeling glad

Look at her, she's happy, don't care about bumouts,  
She spits her gum out in the wind and she don't care,  
Happy, like a clown I'm happy  
The dentist took my teeth but hey, I just don't mind

Whatever it is, it's a sign\_\_\_to keep the light on  
And you're feeling fine\_\_\_ even now you've got to  
laugh ...

Because you're happy, incredibly happy  
You have reached the point where tears have ceased  
And music soothes the savage beast  
Happy\_\_ ha ha ha happy, the facial muscles need a  
workout every day



That's all I can say ....

*Guitar solo*

Keep feeling happy, your feet are happy

They keep dancing on the wind tho' you haven't got a  
friend

Happy\_\_ like a clown I'm happy

Yes I've painted on a grin, and it won't come off again...

*harmonica solo*

**D Db B A G F# E      A (C#\_E)**

ho ho ho ho ho ho ho      happy!

Pretend You're Mine

Charlie Foye

F Am  
When I get ~~up~~ out and face the world  
It all seems so ~~confused~~ (incomplete) ~~Bbm F#m Dm Eb~~

~~And lately by things you've said~~ (I think about the things you've said) Am  
~~You don't know what to do~~ (as I step onto the street) Fm Cm

Decisions change the world we live in  
There's never enough time =

So I'll just keep on loving you  
and pretend that you're mine. F

F Cm Eb Ab  
E4 G Pretend you're mine

~~Remember the times that you~~ Ab F#m  
told me you would always  
want to love me, o →

F Eb Ab  
Pretend you're mine  
& I can stand here  
feeling like you're not  
yourself again

Eb  
I'll stick to my illusions,  
While you live with your confusion  
These days I'd rather have my dreams  
than facing things the way they seem  
So ~~that's~~ ~~the~~ first time  
Pretend you're mine.

amp

2/21/87

~~Handwritten scribble~~

## *Pretend You're Mine*

© 1987 Charlie Faege *slowly, as if lovesick*

**F Am Bb Bbm**

When I get up and face the world, it all seems so incomplete,

**F Am Gm Gm/C**

I think about the things you said, as I step into the street,

**F Am Bb Bbm**

You told me not to call again that you will not have the time,

**F Am Gm Gm/C F**

But I'll just keep on loving you and pretend that you're mine.

**F Am Bb Bbm**

Pretending is for kids I know, that's one thing I have learned,

**F Am Gm Gm/C**

When you dream your hearts on fire, you're likely to get burned,

**Am Dm Bb Bbm**

Still I can't help the way I feel and for now I'm feeling fine,

**F Am Gm Gm/C F**

To love you like I always have, and pretend that you're mine.

**F Eb Ab**

Pretend you're mine

**Eb/G Ab Bb/D Csus C**

Remember the times you told me, you'd always want to love me?

**F Eb Ab**

Pretend you're mine

**Eb/G Ab Csus C**

So I can go on feeling like you've got your feelings again.  
*(same chords as second verse):*

When it comes down to the end of time, when we face the end  
alone,

Who's to say what's yours or whose mine, and you were never  
mine alone,

But feelings come and feelings go, you can see that I still have  
mine,

And I guess I'll always love you and pretend that you're mine.

*Repeat bridge with solo, solo on verse vamp /fade/cry*

# The Idiot (Couldn't Have It All)

© 1988 Charlie Faege

**G**

**Ddim**

**O**nce I thought I had it all, when I once had you

**D**

**G**

But I didn't understand that it wasn't true ...

**G**

**Ddim**

The idiot inside me told me, "Trust her, it's all right."

**D**

**G**

**F#**

Now I'm having daydreams in the middle of the night

**Em**

**A**

**D**

**G**

Now the idiot and you are gone but it doesn't matter to me now

**Em**

**A**

**D**

**G**

Because the Queen's left with the Pawn and the King just takes a bow

**Em**

**A**

**D**

**Bm**

**A**

**G**

I wanted you to know, that I couldn't have it all

**Bm**

**A**

**G**

No I couldn't have it all

The wind blew such a chilly breeze where the sun used to shine  
Drowning sorrows, by tomorrow, I'll be feeling fine  
The idiot had told me, "Trust in anyone!"  
So now I live alone, you and the idiot are gone

So I moved to another state, went to court and I changed my name

But nothing seemed to change my fate, and I was sorry that I ever came

I wanted you so much but I couldn't have it all

No I couldn't have it all

That was many years ago, the day I lost your love  
There have been so many in-betweens and nothing's been  
above  
Now all I have are memories, they're nothing but a wall  
I dream of times when I was sure that I could have it all

*Repeat chorus*

**CODA: Bm Bm/A Bm/G Bm Bm/F# Bm/G etc.**



And I know that you go with the obvious  
With the things that you see from your eyes,  
And I feel "as One" - but it just might not be us  
That was nineteen sixty-nine.

*INTRO & SOLO ON VERSE----- (cont'd)*

*(Nineteen Sixty-Nine conclusion)*

**Gm**                    **AB**  
Is it hard to understand?

**Gm**      **Eb**   **Bb**  
The attention that I demand?

**Gm**                    **Cm**  
Counting on you, was the worst thing  
                  **G Cm G/B Cm G/B Cm G G Cm G/B Cm Bb Eb**  
I could do...

Every day I think of you,  
tell me do you think of me,  
Years now after I've gone?  
Was it just inside my head,  
or just something that you said,  
Were you leading me on?  
Were you leading me on?

**Eb Bb Cm G Bb G**  
**Cm**

Were you leading me on?



(Glad to hear Improv.) The Clock Whispers Slowly

Thinking of days gone ~~by~~ each minute I am here  
The ~~clock~~ clock whispers slowly  
It's so far and so near...

Of all of <sup>the</sup> things I've done, some with regret  
I have no guilt about my part  
At least - not yet.

For I'm only guilty of the crimes of the heart  
A killer of the feelings that kept ~~me~~ us apart

And the reason ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~clear~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~here~~  
I'm not sure I know

But I'm glad for my distance -  
~~As the clock whispers slow~~  
~~to my place~~

May 16, 1988

Walter J. J.

WHEN YOU ARE DEAD

CHARLIE FOEGE  
Oct. 11, 1980

AM

3/7 &

When you're alive

DM

Bk/F

They can treat you so bad \_\_\_ If you should survive \_\_\_ They think

AM

DM

you've been had. But when you are dead \_\_\_ It makes them feel so sad \_\_\_

Bk/F

AM

They'll cry for a week or two \_\_\_ And they'll carry on.

Among the living, You may give what you can \_\_, Or keep it all to

yourself \_\_\_ While you shake their hand. But when you are dead, \_\_\_  
And they'll call on the doctor,

You'll have nothing to hide \_\_\_ You won't need excuses \_\_\_ After you've  
That you used to see \_\_\_ They'll know what you've been taking \_\_\_ they'll know

died. And the worms will have their way \_\_\_ Maybe tomorrow, maybe  
each time you bled.

today. Be cancer, be it murder \_\_\_ It's all the same. The grim reaper's  
Because when we are

looking for some of us right now, So let's make the best of it \_\_\_ anyhow. :  
dead. I don't know where we'll be, & A bad life's better than no life at all.

Charlie Fooge  
9/17/79

I Must Have Been Drunk When  
I Said I Love You

*Intro:*  
Gm7 - Bb7 / F#  
Gm7

Bb7

1. I guess You would have thought I was drunk at the time,  
I gave you a book and said I wrote this for you,  
F Am7 :

I sometimes act like I'm crazy when my head's full of wine;  
And never really told you that it just wasn't true,

C Eb C/E F# C/E D C  
*dryer*

Then I started looking for my shoes, When I said that I love you

C Eb F G G

3. *Bridge* Don't / you know/ I ain't lyin when I say I ain't lyin/  
Bb F Am D *4 solo on verse, to bridge*

Understand, that I'm sorry/so sorry

Gm7 Bb7

We're both riding together on this planet that spins  
And the spinning continues and we don't feel a thing

F Am7 :

2. It's a race, it's a contest, that nobody wins, :  
we'll just keep riding til they end everything\*  
C C/B/C Dm Em F G Dm F C

So I thought there'd be nothing to lose, when I said that I Love You.

(at end: Guess I was (must have been), Yes I was  
C Bb/C Am/C Bb/C C : (guess I was) drunk when I said I love y

*Write Note*

*sf*

Rock-  
Boogie  
A7

I Won't Kiss You Anymore

11/29/87 CF

I love you baby, but I won't kiss you anymore (rpt)

I don't feel many things that I felt before

~~you're a slick baby~~  
you're a slick baby, so slide right out the door

I used to want you, but I don't want to be no slave (rpt)

I'm just tired of the abuse that you always gave

yeah, I love you baby, but I won't kiss you anymore.



# Maibeth

G F#A D

1) A) I count the days til we get back together  
 She cannot say but I would wait forever  
 Clocks ticker slow and I go counting moments  
 Nothing is moving as time passes by

Intro Gm Gmb Gm7 C Exhale FX  
 (B) Taking a breath I held it for a minute Ah (vocals)  
 I go to bed but Maibeth's not in it

(C) Maibeth, I love you with my <sup>best</sup> heart  
 Can't find my heart, it seems to be <sup>mis</sup>placed now  
 D-Bm-Em-G-A

2) Dreams of the almost, the never, the should be  
 Wasting my time, I admit that I could be  
 Hear my friends talking "You really should see him...  
 Live like a hermit in a mansion!"

(B) I make my breakfast but everything gets ruined  
 I go to work but I don't know what I'm doing  
 (C) Maibeth I never want for you to leave me  
 Just let me show you I know that you'll believe me

Solo: same chords as 1-C slide on rotary guitar sound  
 Repeat 1-A (half verse) w/ harmony vocal

" 2C Horns Em G G# A<sup>9</sup>  
 Maibeth, I never want for you to leave me  
 Just let me show you (rest) let me prove it to you Maibeth

Coda: (Horn gliss down)  
 D-Bm-Em-GA:

Let's (simi) raye, dini gora! Simi na ok dimi qua na 3 daio daio!!  
 (A- this is an ancient secret language!)

2 part harmony at end each line

Ah (voc)



10/9/91

# To The Moon

Memo from... (Full moon outside) 11/18/02

CHAS. and ANNE FOEGE

☺  
F

~~Map, vocal 3 parts:~~  
(to the moon \*  
" "  
" "

(moon ~~ent~~ of (hh...))

lead vocal after \* 6 sec.

: taken to the moon  
taken ~~to~~ <sup>the earth</sup>  
15 sec

where I can study nothing  
but the moon  
(to the moon)

and I'll come here too soon  
taken to the moon

when life now has a different  
meaning, soon, I'm taken to  
the moon - rpt:

People used to ask me why old Michael  
 Was a Friend of mine, I said  
 "Because he listened to the same kind of music  
 I did when I was just a kid".

And Annie used to hang around the ice cream store  
 Where we held our "wars",  
 Yeah, we "shot" each other, just kiddin around...

One night she said, "It's too dark now,  
 It's getting too cold out,  
 It's much too late for us to be  
 Out in the streets."

And Sharon told her mother that she couldn't even  
 Cook a good meal no more,  
 So she went to the store to buy some vegetables,  
 But she met me on the corner, where I stuck out a bill,  
 And I said, "Now don't you wanna, take me from  
 The corner and we'll find another thrill..."

she said, "It's too dark now,  
 It's cold out,  
 It's too late now,  
 There's still time and fate now."

You know Jimmy was so far gone,  
 He just clean forgot his name,  
 He tried to hold on and on 'til he lost it —  
 At a base ball game.

His brother Michael was very poor,  
 Before the beginning of the War,  
 And he made a lot of money selling China  
 From door to door.

He said, "It's too dark now,  
 It's too cold out,  
 It's terribly late now,  
 There's still time and fate now."

Michael said the wrong words to the wrong man,  
 In the right bar,  
 I sat right here reading the paper, it said  
 He was "found dead in his car"!

I kind of freaked out at that  
 And I pulled down my cap and I,  
 Pulled my sweater down across my jeans,  
 There were tears in my eyes but I wiped 'em off  
 You know the City can be so mean...  
 And Annie, she's still waiting by the window,  
 Singing soft and low,



I think it's too dark now,  
It's terribly late now,  
There's still time & fate now,  
See the willful love & hate now.

It's near the end of July  
And I'm very hot,  
I gotta hang on to this breeze I've got,  
I looked up Sharon and I gave her a call,  
I said, "Let's get a way from it all!"

And her last words to me were,  
"I'm gonna do more than hang up on you  
if you call me just one more time!"

Recorded 7/27/82

© 1982

# BALLS .....

Charlie Faye ..  
11/24/91

All the players use them, to make points and get ahead  
Some of us just wonder why we've got two little planets with us instead  
of just having a pair of squares, you we could've had a pair of squares  
instead of ... Balls! the big shiny ones! big red ones! don't get no blue ones!  
a pair of ... Balls! Roll 'em down the hall, bounce 'em off the wall  
(sniff) oh... Be careful, be careful!

Sound is place your ears have been and you keep a mental 8x10  
and you go back there again and again, because sound indeed becomes  
your friend. Ha! Ha! Balls! Hot Balls!

\*Time is a word you keep on the wall, a constant companion to us all,  
and when we die it keeps on going so unplug your clocks & live forever!  
With your balls! You and your balls. Ha ha ha ha ha (scream) Balls! Balls!

"He my balls, we had a good time; we went out last night, we drank  
a little too much & we had bourbon & wine, we got sick & they kept makin  
me go to the bathroom, I still felt pretty good the next day, considering  
the circumstances... I should've listened to my balls!"

then they come now, rollin' down the hall, be sure not to bump 'em  
against a wall. My balls. ooh Be careful! (scream) balls!

You who follow your confidence with the cool release of sweat  
in the media dance, with your balls. Balls, where would  
I be without you? They're what make the difference.  
Sweaty old balls!

note: Sound becomes the slope of time we hear the constant ticking rhyme,  
Carwin told us about the open but it was ~~he~~ who told you about the slopes...  
of balls! The slope of things to come. Ha ha ha ha ha (scream) Balls! Bounce your balls!



Robot 32 - Charles Föge 1979

Handwritten musical score for "Robot 32" by Charles Föge, 1979. The score is written on six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is C major (one sharp, F#). The time signature is 7/8. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Handwritten annotations and lyrics are interspersed throughout the piece:

- System 1: Key signature change from C major to C# major (one sharp, F# and C#).
- System 2: Chords A and Eb/C are written above the staff.
- System 3: The word "WARP 2" is written above the staff.
- System 4: The words "WARP" and "LAPSE" are written above the staff.
- System 5: The lyrics "Gli (Ali)sandrio" are written below the staff.
- System 6: The lyrics "wipe eyebrow" and "Contemplate Error" are written above the staff.
- System 7: The lyrics "con template" are written above the staff.
- System 8: The lyrics "discard" are written below the staff.

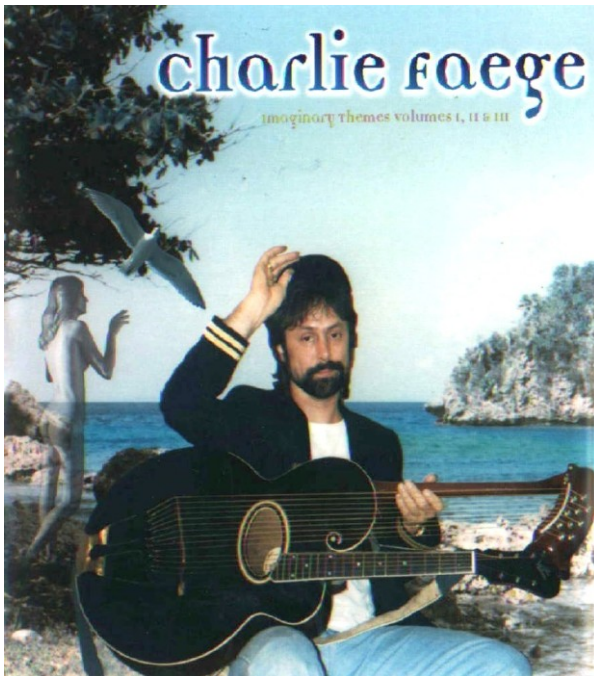
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APHORISMS:

**Imaginary Themes, Volumes  
I, II & III**

*"I really like your album! It's great music to work to. Have you ever thought about doing film scores?" CAL*

*SCHENKEL, ARTIST FOR MOST OF FRANK ZAPPA'S ALBUM COVERS, MARCH*

*2002..... "From one musical explorer to another - this*

*really is some great music." ESSRA MOHAWK, singer, musician, songwriter recorded by & worked with Vanilla Fudge, the Shangri-Las, Cher, Procol Harum, Cyndi Lauper, John Mellencamp, Jerry Garcia, member of the Mothers of Invention, et al..... "I liked the wide variety of instruments and orchestrations. Some fine lyrics, too." BILL BRUFORD - DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST - Yes/King Crimson ....*

*"I truly enjoyed your music." – KATE BUSH "This work shows a lot of personality and emotion and there is some great music on the Imaginary Themes 3-CD set. Truly a man of many talents. I at first enjoyed the graphics and then the tremendous variety of music images." JOHN DOAN – World renowned Harpguitarist and recording artist with Hearts of Space Records....."Never mind the production/instrumentation; that's more than adequate. These songs are very convincing." BILL BRUFORD – DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST OF YES.....FIVE STAR*

*AMAZON.com review: \*\*\*\*\* Top 500 Reviewer "Music for life, April 18, 2002 Reviewer: Gillian from Canada --This is a wonderful set of 3 cds that is a must for all you music lovers out there. It is rich in beautiful soundscapes, and is great for relaxing to. What makes it all the more amazing is that Charlie plays every single instrument on these CDs (except sax). I suppose you could say that it is in the New Age style, but it really goes beyond that. This is not elevator music, or music that bores you to sleep. Every track on here tells it's own little story instrumentally, and there is such variety between the tracks. Some are even helped along by sound effects that really liven things up. "URTHERAPY" for example (cd 1 track 21) would be right at home in Jurassic Park, while others have a very exotic Eastern flavour to them. Some tracks will make you smile, and some will put you in an introspective mood. But all will delight the senses, guaranteed! This is beautiful music, and*

*should be in everyone's collection."* All types of merchandise (t-



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jackets,  
mugs,  
postcards)  
including  
the  
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