**I’M THE BANGER**

**(THE OPEN MIKE ARCHETYPES)**

**Mike Delaney, 6/25/15**

**Chorus:**

**Every open mike has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Maybe someone you can like**

**So let’s see what’s in store**

I'm the banger

I can play louder than you

I'm the banger

Banging on your door so let me through

My intros are overbearing

My outros so are too

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

Banger Banger Banger!

**Chorus**

I only play in G

The capo can adjust the key

Sometimes way up the neck

But I’ll find G up there, by heck

I sing so “solipsisticly”

How I’ve got to be free;

And I’ve got to be me

You see I’m a cute young girl

That will give your pulse a twirl

As long as I can play it in G

**Chorus**

My name to all is Mr. Trad

A verse, a verse, a verse

My ballads are so long and sad

And go from bad to worse

Some gals but mostly boring guys

And an historic flood

So it goes they all will die

Oh yes, there will be blood

The tales of oral history

And n’er a song I wrote

I play guitar so quietly

You cannot hear a note

**Chorus**

I should be on American Idol

Cause I so can over-sing

Twist and torture every note

‘Til the song’s no longer the thing

I wave my arms and strut my stuff

Don’t you wish that it would stop?

How many extra syllables are e-no-o-o-o-ough?

Cause I sing so over the top—over the top

Over the to-to-to-to-top!

<maybe end right here>

**Chorus**

<A verse for the OMTM performance with a long jam section. Make the melody of this section memorable and use it for the jam>

We only play to jam

It makes us who we am

Each take turns; Go on and on

The audience be damned

The audience be damned

<jam starts here and goes on for a while. Maybe end with the soloists all playing in harmony>

<should there be any snarky comments while the jam is going on and on? “are they still listening?”, “haven’t left yet?”>

Chords for the jam session:

Am /

B7 /

Dm E

Am / (E)

Or repeat last line:

E Am (E)

**Chorus: (Reggae)**

**The Banger: E A D x**

**Only G (Capo 10?)**

**Mr Trad (Gilligan’s Island)**

**American Idol**

**Every open mike has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Maybe someone you can like**

**So let’s see what’s in store**

I'm the banger

I can play louder than you

I'm the banger

Banging on your door so let me through

My intros are overbearing

My outros so are too

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

Banger Banger Banger!

**Chorus**

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The capo can adjust the key

Sometimes way up the neck

But I’ll find G up there, by heck

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Twist and torture every note

‘Til the song’s no longer the thing

I wave my arms and strut my stuff

Don’t you wish that it would stop?

How many extra syllables are e-no-o-o-o-ough?

Cause I sing so over the top—over the top

Over the to-to-to-to-top!

<maybe end right here>**Chorus**

**Every open mike has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Maybe something you can like**

**So let’s see what’s in store**

**Maybe a type that you know**

**Hype pipe pike stripe wipe**

**Nothing new coming down the pike**

**Will be part of the show**

**So let’s see what’s in store**

**Chorus:**

**Every open mike has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Maybe a type that you know**

**Will be part of the show**

**And we know what’s in store**

**Chorus:**

**Every open mike; has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Who’s coming through our door?**

**Is this someone you know?**

**Could it even be yo yo yo?**

I'm the banger

I can play louder than you

I'm the banger

Banging on your door so let me through

My intros are overbearing

My outros so are too

I'm the banger

I'm the banger

**Chorus**

I only play in G

The capo can adjust the key

Sometimes way up the neck

But I’ll find G up there, by heck

I sing so “solipsisticly”

How I’ve got to be free; And I’ve got to be me

You see I’m a cute young girl

That will give your pulse a twirl

As long as it’s in G

**Chorus**

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Cause I sing so over the top—over the top

Over the to-to-to-to-top!

<maybe end right here>

**Chorus**

The "American Idolization" of pop music: twist and torture every damn note within inches of its life, until the music has absolutely no value other than as a vehicle for the singer's vanity. When guitarists started doing it in the seventies, we called it "wanking" . . . but, here in the aughts, (or teens, I guess it is now), with all of life being systematically reduced to a game show dubbed "reality", we call it chops, technique, and even mistake it (with the guidance of "experts" like Randy Jackson, Paula Abdul, and all American Idol judges not named Simon Cowell\*) for "soul", god help us.  With the enthusiastic support of a dying recording industry, t

My name to all is Mr. Trad

My ballads are long and sad

I play so softly you can't hear a note

My song goes on and on

Quite a while before I'm gone

And I never play a single song I wrote

Verse after verse after verse

Things go from bad to worse

And in the end everybody dies

Oh, there’s gonna be some blood

And maybe an historic flood

A few women; but mostly boring guys

My name to all is Mr. Trad

My ballads long and sad

A verse, a verse, and one more verse

It goes from bad to worse

I never sing a song I wrote

You cannot hear a note

And in the end everybody dies

Oh, there’s gonna be some blood

And maybe an historic flood

A few women; but mostly boring guys

I play so softly you can't hear a note

My song goes on and on

Quite a while before I'm gone

**Chorus:**

**Every open mike has archetypes**

**You’ve seen them all before**

**Is this someone you know?**

**Could it even be yo?**

**Let’s see who comes through our door**

**Who is coming through our door?**