
MCAD-11407
TOMMY
the who
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Michael Mcinerney's cover art for Tommy
is shown as he originally intended it - without The Who's faces.
They were added in later at the insistence of the original record company.



Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy

by Richard Barnes

In 1968, three years before the original release of this album, Pete Townshend played a tape of a sport song called "Gratis Arnold" to Who manager Kit Lambert. The 10-minute ode consisted of high pitched Goon Show voices singing "Gratis Arnold" over and over for what seemed like forever. Then, in the middle of the song, it said, "It's rock opera," which caused more laughter. Suddenly Lambert stopped laughing and looked thoughtful. "Now there's an idea," he said.

A couple of years later, having dabbled with "A Quick One" and "Rael" on previous albums, Townshend was ready to do the album a trop verrico "rock opera". Lambert, son of classical composer Constant Lambert, encouraged Townshend all the way, eventually becoming the album's producer.

The story line was influenced by Townshend's rejection of psychedelic drugs in favor of more altered states of consciousness. The press was the first to call Tommy a "rock opera," but the term is misleading. Townshend's intense "control freak" planning contrasted sharply with spur-of-the-moment whims. For instance, part way through the recording, Townshend decided that the Who should do a Hollywood Bowl reception. They desperately needed his favourable review, so, on impulse, Townshend, knowing Gohr was a pinball fan, decided that Tommy might play some sort of sport like football or perhaps, even, "pinball". "It'll be a masterpiece," was Gohr's enthusiastic response.

Townshend rushed home and wrote "Pinball Wizard". "I knocked it off. I thought 'Oh, my God this is awful, the most clumsy piece of writing I've ever done.

Space, and *Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy*. Songs were written, changed, dropped and old ones slotted in. The first song written specifically for the work was Amazing Journey, with lyrics taken from the first few lines of an unfinished poem Townshend had written previously. "It was a big moment for my lyrics," Townshend remarked how perfectly songs that were written earlier "just fell into place".

What was interesting about this so called 'opera' was its scope, breadth and intelligence. Strictly speaking it isn't an opera. It is a song cycle. Opera is a story told through a series of arias or song cycle. Its story covers murder, trauma, bullying, child molestation, sex, drugs, illusion, delusion, altered consciousness, spiritual awakening, religion, charlatanism, success, superstardom, faith, betrayal, rejection, and pinball. Even subtle shades of Helen Keller and Aldous Huxley are present.

Compiling the work was a curious mixture of sense and sensibility. Townshend's intense "control freak" planning contrasted sharply with spur-of-the-moment whims. For instance, part way through the recording, Townshend decided that the Who should do a Hollywood Bowl reception. They desperately needed his favourable review, so, on impulse, Townshend, knowing Gohr was a pinball fan, decided that Tommy might play some sort of sport like football or perhaps, even, "pinball". "It'll be a masterpiece," was Gohr's enthusiastic response.

Townshend rushed home and wrote "Pinball Wizard". "I knocked it off. I thought 'Oh, my God this is awful, the most clumsy piece of writing I've ever done.

Ever since I was a young boy, I played the silver ball, from Soho down to Brighton, I must have played them all. Oh my God, I'm embarrassed. This sounds like a Music Hall song. *Sure plays a mean pinball.* I scribbled it out and all the verses were the same length and there was no kind of middle eight. It was going to be a complete dud, but I carried on. I attempted the same mock baroque guitar beginning that's on 'I'm A Boy' and then a bit of vigorous kind of flamenco guitar. I was just grabbing at ideas. I knocked a demo together and took it to the studio and everyone loved it. Damon Lyon-Shaw (the engineer on *Tommy*) said 'Pete, that's a hit'. Everybody was really excited and I suddenly thought 'Have I written a hit?' It was just because the only person that we knew would give us a good review, was a pinball fanatic."

Townshend could still write a razor line without knowing it. "Pinball Wizard' was placed in the song order and references to pinball slotted into various songs. The lines *Playing pony pinball, he picks his nose and smiles and pokes his tongue at everything*, were inserted into 'Christmas', and two or three pinball references added to 'We're Not Gonna Take It'. Most people assume *Tommy* is a story about pinball, but it isn't particularly relevant to the main plot except perhaps in the line... *He plays by intuition*. The significance attached to pinball by *Tommy* enthusiasts is largely misplaced except that it was meant to be "teenage-like and slightly sleazy" according to Townshend. "Something a school teacher would disapprove of."

Red herring or not, the addition of 'Pinball Wizard' dramatically changed everything. 'Wizard' and the other obvious rock songs raised the work from being just 'worthy', 'interesting' and 'artistic', to being all of those plus popular, exciting and successful. Prior to 'Pinball Wizard', the whole project was becoming bogged down. The Who were trying to include Mose Alison's "Young Man Blues' and it wasn't working. Lambert thought it was in danger of becoming 'too religious'. 'Pinball Wizard' made it more Rock Opera than God Opera.

Two other crucial events shaped the project. In the middle of the whole process, Lambert wrote a *Tommy* film script which helped clarify the plot, and near the end, as an antidote to the religious feel, Keith Moon came up with the inspired idea of setting Tommy's spiritual centre in a British seaside holiday camp.

The allegories and mystical metaphors in the story, although intriguing and, at the time, controversial, were not what made Tommy a sustained success. Entwistle, despite writing both 'Cousin Kevin' and 'Fiddle About', confesses: "It wasn't until Ken Russell did his version that I understood what the story was... and he was wrong." Entwistle wasn't alone. The album was successful not because of its subject matter, or even the cleverness of the lyrics, but because of the strength of the songs, the sheer brilliance of the tunes.

The story line could have been another boy meets girl saga and been successful with great songs, whereas the cleverest plot line in the world would still struggle if the tunes were second rate. *Tommy* has an intelligent, thought provoking story but what put it into the charts was the abundance of great rock numbers. 'Pinball Wizard' is the best known but 'Amazing Journey', 'Cousin Kevin', 'The Acid Queen', 'I'm Free' and 'See Me Feel Me/Listening To You' are all great rock songs.

It was very difficult to make out the plot from the album anyway. The major inciting incident of the plot in 1921? is a mystery. What was it that the boy didn't hear, see and must not tell a soul about? Was it Captain Walker's demob suit or what? It wasn't at all clear. But it didn't matter because you could put your own interpretation on it. Ambiguous song lyrics almost always work better than those where everything is spelt out. (When the piece came to be filmed and staged the story had to be clarified and the holes in the plot resolved, but that's another story).

The recording, on eight track at London's IBC Studio, took ages and put the group into serious debt. They spent a lot of time in a nearby pub discussing things, leaving the studio empty for long expensive periods. "We went into the studio and started to experiment in a way that was only really possible for a band like The Beatles," says Townshend. Daltrey remembers, "We probably did as much talking as we did recording." Another problem was that the group were regularly forced to break off recording and play gigs to bring in money, making it difficult to maintain a consistent recorded sound when they were continually setting up and dismantling Moon's only drum kit. They got credit facilities at IBC but the bill was so high that by the end of the sessions they were, as Townshend put it, "... in dire fucking straits".

The original *Tommy* record sounded quite bland and flat. Lambert's partner, Chris Stamp, explained, "Kit wasn't what you'd call an 'ears' producer. He went for the feeling, the performance, rather than the faithfully reproduced note-perfect reproduction. He captured the essence, warts and all, of the studio sessions."

Entwistle was frustrated at Lambert not allowing too many overdubs. The band became convinced that he was going to try to add violins. Townshend recalls, "Kit Lambert wanted to bring in a full orchestra and I fought it all the way." They felt that they should be able to play the record live on tour and so the sound was augmented with just Hammond organ, keyboards and John Entwistle's French Horn.

However, the rather thin sound of much of the original album helps, rather than hinders the success of the work. Had it been souped up and strengthened with multi overdubs, violins, cellos, harps, backing voices, heavenly choirs and sound effects, not only would it not have been The Who but it would have been impossible for the group to reproduce on stage. It would also have lost much of its innocence and honesty.

At the end of the *Tommy* mastering sessions in New York in 1969, after the first cut to vinyl was completed, Lambert declared the album a 'masterpiece' and destroyed the original master tapes by ceremonially burning them. (This may be why many Who fans claim *Tommy* sounded better on the original vinyl than on later CDs.) It wasn't until 1988 that a first generation copy of the master tape came to light, however, this long overdue remix by Jon Astley and Andy Macpherson was compiled by going right back to the original IBC Studio eight tracks. The aim has simply been to "faithfully reproduce the original". Before remixing, the 1969 album was used as reference and the way that Lambert and the band had mixed it was carefully examined. Particular attention was given to the imagery and reverberation. Using modern techniques, the tape hiss, flatness and muddiness have been excluded, making it cleaner, brighter and fuller while retaining all the sound, balance and feel of the original. Also, by going straight from the eight track to the digital master, there's decreased distortion and increased clarity. I'm not sure if they copied Lambert to the letter, but if they did I'm sure they burnt the tapes in a much more modern way.

When *Tommy* was released, the British reviews were broadly split into two camps: those who thought it a masterpiece and those who claimed it was 'sick' and exploitative. A deaf, dumb and blind child who is sexually molested by his uncle. No pop album before had contained songs as remotely daring as these. The album was promptly banned by the BBC and various US radio stations. The controversy, of course, did nothing to damage sales.

Tommy changed everything for The Who. Previously a 'singles' band, they were now an 'album' band with all the prestige this now dated categorisation conferred. Townshend went from being a song writer to a composer. The Who's live shows became rock theatre, and Roger Daltrey was propelled into a major rock frontman. Suddenly Daltrey was Tommy and Tommy was Daltrey. He rose to the occasion, taking the role seriously, carrying the demanding lead magnificently and becoming the central focus of their stage show. *Tommy* required him to sing with several different inflections, from bombastic preaching to plaintive pleading. With his bare chest, fringed jacket and golden curls, Daltrey became a powerfully sexual rock animal, and his portrayal of the deaf, dumb and blind boy was one of the most emotionally moving moments

in rock. "When you hear him doing 'See Me, Feel Me' live it's fucking amazing," said Townshend. "There would be no way that you could take the audience's eyes off him, and Keith and John and I were trained, our whole purpose in life had been to get people's eyes off Roger."

Almost immediately the band took *Tommy* on the road for what appeared to be daily shows non-stop for the next two years. Bobby Pridden, The Who's sound-man, equipped them with the most powerful sound system available. Lighting man John Wolfe set up a mesmerising light show. At the finale of their set, as Daltrey sang 'Listening To You', a bank of powerful super trouper lights set up behind the group and aimed outwards were switched on to 'blind' the audience with pure white light.

It seemed remarkable that just two guitars, drums and vocals could deliver this rich, full, varied and fulfilling piece so powerfully; no violins, brass, keyboards, backing singers, sitars or Theramins in sight. *Tommy* was honed to perfection through these live shows and Daltrey, the band and their crew went from strength to strength. This period began the peak of The Who's career. Anyone who saw them on a good night during the early seventies was simply blown away. Press review after press review spoke of "The best live concert ever seen!", and headlines such as "Shattering", "Remarkable" and "Unbelievable" became the norm. *The San Francisco Examiner* wrote "Exaggeration? I cannot exaggerate perfection".

The British *Melody Maker* accurately summed up their post *Tommy* early seventies position with the question, "Surely the Who are now the group against which all the others are to be judged?"

But, after a while, the very vehicle on which this success was based became an obstacle to their progress. The vast new audience *Tommy* had brought eventually put new demands on the band. "We became like snob rock," says Entwistle, "... the sort of band Jackie Onassis would come and see." *Tommy* was becoming bigger than The Who. In the States, some people thought the band was actually called Tommy.

"It became an albatross round our necks."

The Who didn't want to spend the rest of their careers performing *Tommy*, although there seemed to be an unstoppable demand for the show. Townshend desperately wanted to write another concept work that would match or even surpass the success of *Tommy* but his subsequent *Lifehouse* project was abandoned and *Quadrophenia*, though a huge critical success, has not, as yet, equalled *Tommy* in public appreciation.

Tommy soon took on a life of its own. It was adapted for a ballet, an orchestral 'pops' album, and a film. Eventually The Who dropped it from their tours, performing just two or three numbers. However, when they reformed for their 1989 tour they not only *reiserted* and brought back *Tommy*, but played almost all of it, and, surprisingly, started their set with it. I was amazed every night when, without any introduction whatsoever, audiences would spontaneously erupt into ecstatic cheering on hearing just the first note of the 'Overture.'

Whether *Tommy* is sick, an albatross, a milchcow or a masterpiece depends on your point of view, and despite what the films, shows, ice spectaculars, door bell chimes and other spin-offs have done to it, this original album offers plain, unadulterated, spine chilling, quality rock music.

More than that, it captures part of the magic, or whatever, of the sixties. The Who wrote and recorded it at exactly the right time in their evolution. Intelligent without being pretentious, it is one of the great rock albums of all time, and a quarter of a century after it was first released the hairs on the back of my neck still stand up when I hear the (new improved) first note of the 'Overture.'

(Richard Barnes is the author of 'The Who: Maximum R&B' and, with Pete Townshend, 'The Story of Tommy.' He has known the band since they performed as The Detours in 1962, and it was at his suggestion that they renamed themselves The Who the following year.)





Trapped in the rain and catch cold so you die?

OVERTURE
Captain Walker
Didn't come home.
His unborn child
Will never know him.
Believe him missing.
With a number of men.
Don't expect
To see him again.

IT'S A BOY!

Nurse: It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy.
It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy.

Chorus: A son! A son! A son!

1921

Lover: I've got a feeling '21
Is going to be a good year.
Especially if you and me
See it in together.

Father: So you think '21
Is going to be a good year.
It could be good for me and her.
But you and her – no, never!
I had no reason to be ever optimistic,
But somehow when you smiled
I could brave bad weather.

Mother: What about the boy?
What about the boy?
What about the boy?
He saw it all!

Mother & Father: You didn't hear it.
You didn't see it.
You won't say nothing to no-one
Ever in your life.
You never heard it.
Oh, how absurd it
All seems without any proof.
You didn't hear it.
You didn't see it.
You won't say nothing to no-one.
Never tell a soul
What you know is the Truth.

AMAZING JOURNEY
Deaf, dumb and blind boy
He's in a quiet vibration land.
Strange as it seems, his musical dreams
Ain't quite so bad.

Ten years old
With thoughts as bold as thoughts can be.
Loving life and becoming wise
In simplicity.

Sickness will surely take the mind
Where minds can't usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.

A vague haze of delerium
Creeps up on me.
All at once a tall stranger I suddenly see.
He's dresses in a silver sparkled
Glittering gown
And his golden beard flows
Nearly down to the ground.

Nothing to say and nothing to hear
And nothing to see.
Each sensation makes a note
In my symphony.

Sickness will surely take the mind
Where minds can't usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.

His eyes are the eyes that
Transmit all they know.
Sparkle warm crystaline glances to show

That he is your leader
And he is your guide
On the amazing journey
Together you'll ride.

SPARKS

EYESIGHT TO THE BLIND (THE HAWKER)

The Hawker: You talk about your woman,
I wish you could see mine.
You talk about your woman,
I wish you could see mine.
Every time she starts to lovin'
She brings eyesight to the blind.

You know her daddy gave her magic.
I can tell by the way she walks.
You know her daddy gave her magic.
I can tell by the way she walks.
Every time we start shakin'
The dumb begin to talk.

She's got the power to heal you,
Never fear.
She's got the power to heal you,
Never fear.
Just a word from her lips
And the deaf begin to hear.

CHRISTMAS

Father: Did you see the faces of the children,
They get so excited
Waking up on Christmas morning
Hours before the winter sun's ignited.
They believe in dreams and all they mean
Including heaven's generosity.
Peeping round the door
To see what parcels are for free
In curiosity.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.
He doesn't know who Jesus was
Or what praying is.
How can he be saved
From the eternal grave?

Surrounded by his friends
He sits so silently
And unaware of everything.
Playing pixy pinball,
Picks his nose and smiles and
Pokes his tongue at everything.
I believe in love
But how can men who've never seen
Light be enlightened.
Only if he's cured.
Will his spirits future level ever heighten.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.
He doesn't know who Jesus was
Or what praying is.
How can he be saved
From the eternal grave?

Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
How can he be saved?

Tommy: See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
How can he be saved?

COUSIN KEVIN

Cousin Kevin: We're on our own, cousin,
All alone, cousin.
Let's think of a game to play
Now the grown-ups have all gone away.
You won't be much fun
Being blind, deaf and dumb,
But I've no-one to play with today.
Do you know how to play hide-and-seek?
To find me it would take you a week,
But tied to that chair
You won't go anywhere.
There's a lot I can do with a freak.
How would you feel if I
Turned on the bath,
Ducked your head under
And started to laugh?
What would you do if I shut you outside,
To stand in the rain
And catch cold so you died?

I'm the school bully!
The classroom cheat.
The nastiest playfriend
You ever could meet.
I'll stick pins in your fingers
And tread on your feet...

Maybe a cigarette burn on your arm
Would change your expression
To one of alarm.
I'd drag you round by a lock of your hair
Or give you a push
At the top of the stairs...

I'm the school bully!
The classroom cheat.
The nastiest playfriend
You ever could meet.
I'll put glass in your dinner
And spikes in your seat...

THE ACID QUEEN

Gypsy: If your child ain't all he should be now
This girl will put him right.
I'll show him what he could be now
Just give me one night.
I'm the Gypsy – the Acid Queen.
Pay before we start.
I'm the Gypsy – the Acid Queen.
I'll tear your soul apart.

Give us a room and close the door.
Leave us for a while.
Your boy won't be a boy no more
Young, but not a child.
I'm the Gypsy – the Acid Queen.
Pay before we start.
I'm the Gypsy – the Acid Queen.
I'll tear your soul apart.

Gather your wits and hold on fast.
Your mind must learn to roam.
Just as the Gypsy Queen must do
You're gonna hit the road.

My work is all done, now look at him.
He's never been more alive.
His head it shakes, his fingers clutch.
Watch his body writhe.
I'm the Gypsy – the Acid Queen,
Pay before we start.
I'm the Gypsy – I'm guaranteed
To break your little heart.

UNDERTURE

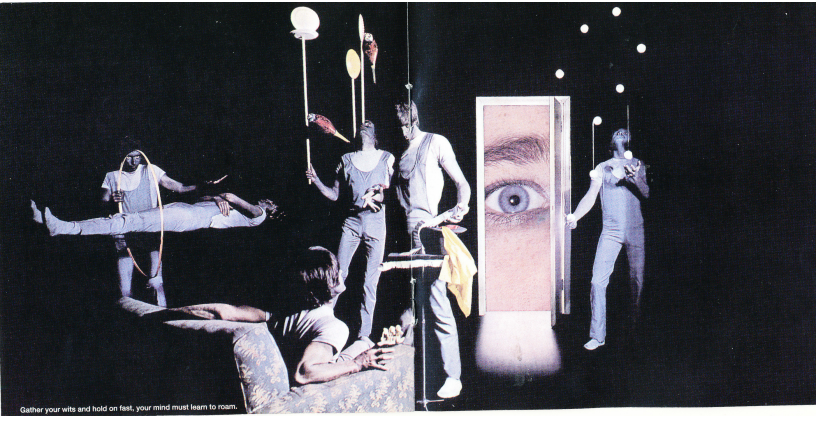
DO YOU THINK IT'S ALRIGHT?

Mother: Do you think it's alright
To leave the boy with Uncle Ernie?
Do you think it's alright?
He's had a few too many tonight!
Do you think it's alright?

Father: Yes, I think it's alright.

FIDDLE ABOUT

Uncle Ernie: I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie.
I'm glad you won't see or hear me
As I fiddle about,
Fiddle about,


Gather your wits and hold on fast, your mind must learn to roam.

Fiddle about.
Your mother left me here to mind you.
Now I'm doing what I want to
Fiddling about,
Fiddling about,
Fiddle about!

Down with the beddlothes,
Up with the nightshirt!
Fiddle about,
Fiddle about,
Fiddle about!

You won't shout as I fiddle about,
Fiddle about,
Fiddle about,
Fiddle about,
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle!

PINBALL WIZARD

cal Lad: Ever since I was a young boy,
I've played the silver ball.
From Soho down to Brighton
I must have played them all.
But I ain't seen anything like him
In any amusement hall...
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!

He stands like a statue,
Becomes part of the machine.
Feeling all the bumpers,
Always playing clean.
He plays by intuition,
The digit counters fall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!

He's a pinball wizard.
There has to be a twist.
A pinball wizard
's got such a supple wrist.

How do you think he does it?
I don't know!
What makes him so good?

He ain't got no distractions,
Can't hear those buzzers and bells.
Don't see lights a-flashin',
Plays by sense of smell.
Always has a replay,
An' never tilts atall...
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!

I thought I was
The Bally table king
But I just handed
My pinball crown to him.

Even at my favourite table
He can beat my best.
His disciples lead him in
And he just does the rest.
He's got crazy flipper fingers,
Never seen him fail...
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball!!!!

Father: **THERE'S A DOCTOR**
There's a man I've found
Could bring us all joy!
There's a doctor I've found
Could cure the boy!
There's a doctor I've found
Could cure the boy!

There's a man I've found
Could remove his sorrow.
He lives in this town,
Let's see him tomorrow.
He lives in this town,
Let's see him tomorrow!

Doctor: **GO TO THE MIRROR!**
He seems to be completely unreceptive.
The tests I gave him
Show no sense at atall.
His eyes react to light, the dials detect it.
He hears but cannot answer to your call.

Tommy: See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

Doctor: There is no chance, no untried operation.
All hope lies with him and none with me.
Imagine though the shock from isolation
When he suddenly can hear
And speak and see.

Tommy: See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

Doctor: His eyes can see,
His ears can hear, his lips speak.
All the time the needles flick and rock.
No machine can give
The kind of stimulation
Needed to remove his inner block.

Go to the mirror, boy!
Go to the mirror, boy!

Father: I often wonder what he is feeling.
Has he ever heard a word I've said?
Look at him in the mirror dreaming.
What is happening in his head?

Tommy: Listening to you I get the music.
Gazing at you I get the heat.
Following you I climb the mountain,
I get excitement at your feet!

Right behind you I see the millions,
On you I see the glory.
From you I get opinions.
From you I get the story.

Father: What is happening in his head?
Oooooh, I wish I knew, I wish I knew.

TOMMY CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Tommy can you hear me?
Can you feel me near you?
Mother: Tommy can you feel me?
Can I help to cheer you?

SMASH THE MIRROR

Mother; You don't answer my call
With even a nod or a twitch
But you gaze at your own reflection!
You don't seem to see me
But I think you can see yourself.
How can the mirror affect you?

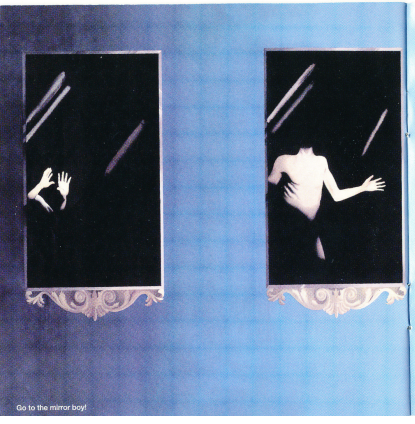
Can you hear me?
Or do I surmise
That you fear me.
Can you feel my temper
Rise, rise, rise, rise, rise...

Do you hear or fear or
Do I smash the mirror?
Do you hear or fear or
Do I smash the mirror?
SMASH!

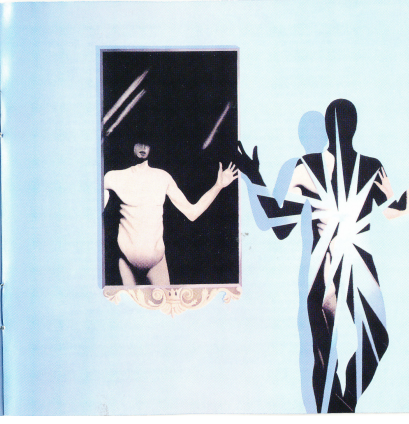
SENSATION

Tommy: I overwhelm as I approach you.
Make your lungs hold breath inside!
Lovers break caresses for me,
Love enhanced when I've gone by.

You'll feel me coming,
A new vibration.
From afar you'll see me.
I'm a sensation.



Go to the mirror boy!



They worship me and all I touch,
Hazy-eyed they catch my glance.
Pleasant shudders shake their senses,
My warm momentum
Throws their stance.

You'll feel me coming,
A new vibration.
From afar you'll see me.
I'm a sensation.

I leave a trail of rooted people
Mesmerised by just the sight.
The few I've touched now are disciples.
Love as One, I am the Light...

Soon you'll see me, can't you feel me?
I'm coming...
Send your troubles dancing,
He knows the answer.
I'm coming...
I'm a sensation.

MIRACLE CURE

Newsboy: Extra! Extra!
Read all about it,
Pinball Wizard in a miracle cure!
Extra! Extra! Read all about it
Extra!

SALLY SIMPSON

Outside the house
Mr. Simpson announced
That Sally couldn't go to the meeting.
He went on cleaning his blue Rolls Royce
And she ran inside weeping.
She got to her room
And tears splashed the picture
Of the new Messiah.
She picked up a book of her father's life
And threw it on the fire!

She knew from the start
Deep down in her heart
That she and Tommy were worlds apart.
But her mother said
"Never mind, your part...
Is to be what you'll be..."

The theme of the sermon was
'Come unto me, love will find a way.'
So Sally decided to ignore her dad
And sneak out anyway!
She spent all afternoon getting ready
And decided she'd try and touch him.
Maybe he saw that she was free
And talk to her this Sunday.

She knew from the start
Deep down in her heart
That she and Tommy were worlds apart.
But her mother said
"Never mind, your part...
Is to be what you'll be..."

She arrived at six
And the place was swinging
To gospel music by nine.
Group after group appeared on the stage
And Sally just sat there crying.
She bit her nails,
Looking pretty as a picture
Right in the very front row.
And then a DJ wearing a blazer
With a badge
Ran on and said "Here we go!"

The crowd went crazy
As Tommy hit the stage!
Little Sally got lost as the police bossed
The crowd back in a rage!

But soon the atmosphere was cooler
As Tommy gave a lesson.

Sally just had to let him know
She loved him
And leapt up on the rostrum!
She ran cross stage to the spotlit figure
And touched him on the face.
Tommy whirled around
As a uniformed man
Threw her off the stage.

She knew from the start
Deep down in her heart
That she and Tommy were worlds apart.
But her mother said
"Never mind your part...
Is to be what you'll be..."

Her cheek hit a chair
And blood trickled down,
Mingling with her tears.
Tommy carried on preaching
And his voice filled Sally's ear.
She caught his eye, she had to try
But couldn't see through the lights.
Her face was gashed
And the ambulance men
Had to carry her out that night.

The crowd went crazy
As Tommy left the stage!
Little Sally was lost
For the price of a touch
And a gash across her face! Oooooh!

Sixteen stitches put her right
And her dad said
"Don't say I didn't warn ye."
Sally got married to a rock musician
She met in California.
Tommy always talks about the day
The disciples all went wild!
Sally still carries a scar on her cheek
To remind her of his smile.

She knew from the start
Deep down in her heart
That she and Tommy were worlds apart.
But her mother said
"Never mind your part...
Is to be what you'll be..."

I'M FREE

Tommy: I'm free – I'm free,
And freedom tastes of reality.
I'm free – I'm free,
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.

If I told you what it takes
To reach the highest high
You'd laugh and say
"Nothing's that simple."
But you've been told many times before
Messiah's pointed to the door
And no-one had the guts
To leave the temple!

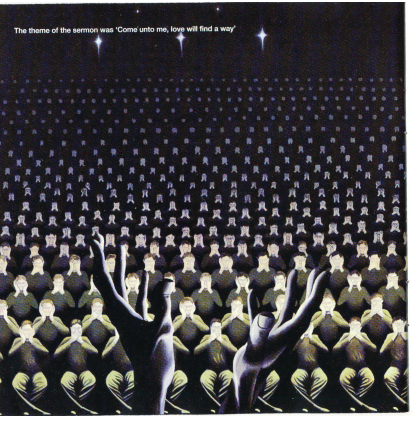
I'm free – I'm free,
And freedom tastes of reality.
I'm free – I'm free,
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.

Chorus: How can we follow?
How can we follow?

WELCOME

Tommy: Come to my house
Be one of the comfortable people.
Come to this house.
We're drinking all night
Never sleeping.

Milkman come in!
And you baker.
Little old lady welcome
And you shoemaker.



Come to this house!
Into this house.

Come to this house
Be one of us.
Make this your house
Be one of us.

You can help
To collect some more in.
Young and old people
Let's get them all in!

Come to this house!
Into this house.

Ask along that man
Who's wearing a carnation.
Bring every single person
From Victoria Station.
Go into that hospital
Bring nurses and patients.
Everybody go home
And fetch their relations.

Come to this house
Be one of the comfortable people.
Lovely bright home,
Drinking all night
Never sleeping.

We need more room.
Build an extension.
A colourful palace.
Spare no expense!

Welcome to this house,
Be one of us.
Come into this house,
Be one of us.
Come to our house,
Come to this house!

TOMMY'S HOLIDAY CAMP

Uncle Ernie: I'm your Uncle Ernie
And I welcome you
To Tommy's Holiday Camp!
The camp with a difference,
Never mind the weather.
When you come to Tommy's
The holiday's forever!

Camp with a difference,
Never mind the weather.
When you come to Tommy's
The holiday's forever!
Welcome!!!

WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT!

Tommy: Welcome to the camp
I guess you all know why we're here
My name is Tommy
And I became aware this year.
If you want to follow me
You've got to play pinball.
And put in your ear plugs,
Put on your eye shades
You know where to put the cork!

Hey, you gettin' drunk
So sorry, I got you sussed.
Hey, you smokin' mother nature
This is a bust.
Hey, hung up mister normal
Don't try to gain my trust
'Cos you ain't gonna follow me
Any of those ways
Although you think you must!

Chorus: We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it,
Never did and never will.
We're not gonna take it.
Gonna break it!



Gonna shake it!
Let's forget it better still!

Tommy: Now you can't hear me,
Your ears are truly sealed.
You can't speak either,
Your mouth is filled.
You can't see nothing
And pinball completes the scene.
Here comes Uncle Ernie
To guide you to
Your very own machine.

Chorus: We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it.
Never did and never will.
Don't want no religion
And as far as we can tell
We ain't gonna take you
Never did and never will.
We're not gonna take you!
We forsake you!
Gonna rape you!
Let's forget you...better still.

Tommy: See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

Listening to you I get the music.
Gazing at you I get the heat.
Following you I climb the mountain.
I get excitement at your feet!
Right behind you I see the millions
On you I see the glory.
From you I get opinions.
From you I get the story.



