



Coordonné TOMB :

Mail : tales-of-madband@hotmail.fr

Myspace : <http://www.myspace.com/talesofmadband>

Facebook : <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Tales-Of-Mad-Band/238299489523582>

Info « Drummy Drelon »:

Dany Jemin
17 rue de Belfort
49000 Angers

Info « Ken de la Vega »:

Ken Peters-Schnitzler
5 avenue de la Ballue
49000 Angers
Tel : (+33) 06 16 84 74 63

Liste des chansons :

1. Yarolsav Parpinovich
2. Monkey Mind
3. Tomato Juice
4. My Oblivious Reality
5. 8 Billions
6. To be Continued (This song is Dada)
7. Yaroslav part en voyage
8. Mothefucking Les Paroles
9. It smells the bitumen
10. Golden Paradise

Yaroslav Parpinovich

Tonalité : Am

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈4:20

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Intro et couplet :

♩ = 80

1 2 3 4

Refrain (Rythmique):

11 12

Refrain (Mélodie):

5 6 7 8 9

9 10 11 12

Parole:

Refrain:

A Kiev dans la cave
J'entrave que t'chi à ce qui me bédave
Dicave couzin, ch'suis à l'arrache
Baron d'ébène, ça va être trash!

1^{er} couplet:

Yaroslav dans sa baignoire
Les yeux ouverts jusqu'au trois quarts
Exorbités par le Ricard
C'est sûr, c'est sûr, il sera en retard!

2^{eme} couplet:

Yaroslav débarque en teuf
Onze heurs moins le quart, « salut quoi de neuf ? »
Il recommence à faire son speech
V'la le grand Parpinovich!

3^{eme} couplet:

Yaroslav est à la bourre
La nuit a bien durée deux jours
Et c'est les idées floues
Que monsieur se remet debout!

Monkey Mind

Tonalité: Em

Style: Rock

Durée : ≈4:00

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition :

Couplet et

Refrain :

♩ = 160

The image shows a guitar score for the song 'Monkey Mind'. It consists of two staves: a standard musical staff with a treble clef and a guitar tablature staff. The time signature is 4/4 and the key signature has one flat (Em). The score includes a series of chords and melodic lines, with some notes marked with red numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The tablature shows fret numbers for each string, with some notes marked with red numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Refrain (Mélodie):

The image shows the melody for the refrain of 'Monkey Mind'. It consists of two staves: a standard musical staff with a treble clef and a guitar tablature staff. The time signature is 4/4 and the key signature has one flat (Em). The score includes a series of notes and rests, with some notes marked with red numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The tablature shows fret numbers for each string, with some notes marked with red numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Parole:

1^{er} couplet:

Every day when I get up
I see this concrete archipelago
A great and large grey forest
Cradle of thousands souls
Every day when I walk
In the heart of this flora
Where all inhabitants run after time
I think about my civilization

Refrain:

I'm just lost in the middle
Of the urban jungle
We are all animals
We have all a monkey mind

2^{eme} couplet:

I live in a big tree
Built of stones and metals
A giant grove of technology
Ready to fall in ruins
I live in a dangerous wood
Because the law of the strongest
Is the only rule to know
To survive in my civilization

3^{eme} couplet:

I run, I flee, I jump, I climb
I escape from predators
Of our own world
I run, I flee, I jump, I climb
Like a big ape
Or simply like a man

Tomato Juice

Tonalité: Bm

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈6:30

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Riff principal:

♩ = 120

1 2 3 4

T
B

4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 7 5 4

Parole:

Refrain:

На русская подлодка
Есть капитан Павлова
Который плывёт между
Баренцевом морем
И мурманской областом
« Когда океан тёмн
История бессмысленн
Как на моей стране
Как на моём виде »

1^{er} couplet:

В дне эта советская консервная банка
Я думаю нашей истории
« Да свидания и слава родине »
Это то, что я их сказал
Мы посылали спутник называется „Мир“
Но что мы делали?
Мы назвали газета „Правда“
Но что мы говорили?
Человек который хотел стать поэт
Видел своя самое красивое создание
На всех монетах
Нашей очень большой нации

2^{eme} couplet:

Но в пятьдесяте году
Что мы будем делать тем временем?
Победители пишут история
История не нуждается в героях
Герои создают легенды
И легенды ложные историе
Но в пятьдесяте году
Что мы будем говорить тем временем?
О наших нелепых поступках
История может изменять
Но правда вернулась
Всегда от прошлого

My Oblivious Reality

Tonalité: Drop D

Style : Rock

Durée : 4:45

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / **Auteur :** Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Intro :

Dropped D Tuning

- ① = E ④ = D
- ② = B ⑤ = A
- ③ = G ⑥ = D

Moderate ♩ = 170

1 2 3 4 5

Couplet (2 guitares):

5 6 7 8 4x

Refrain (2 guitares):

The image shows a musical score for two guitars. It consists of two systems. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system starts with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The first staff has notes with fret numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The second staff has fret numbers 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0. The second system has notes with fret numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12. The second staff has fret numbers 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Parole:

1^{er} couplet:

In the end, what we see seems so real, but is it really?
The experiences of our life, the lessons of our existence, could they be wrong?
Does it make sense to base our beliefs on something that maybe doesn't exist?
Are we in great collective dream where all mankind imagines his own truth?
Everyone lives his own reality
And everybody live it differently
But nobody understands himself
A question of point of view, certainly!

Pré-refrain:

Who can tell you that what you live is real?
Who can tell you that what you see isn't conceivable?

Refrain:

We live in different worlds
We believe in different lies
But we see the same gray
And we want to go away
From this reality
But everybody knows
The truth isn't single
I know, I know
Everything I see doesn't exist
Because I'm in my reality

2^{eme} couplet:

In the end, I see my world but I don't know if it is real?
Perhaps I just dreamt awake for so many years?
But this world is mine
Here I live, here I survive
And even if we are only pictures
I see all of us crossing the nightmares

8 Billions

Tonalité: B

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈3:50

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition :

Riff

principal :

♩ = 125

T
A
B

Parole:

Intro:

How many men...

How many women...

1^{er} couplet:

How many men for honor, for faith
How many men for justice, for love
How many men for hope of a better life
How many men for envy and for greed
Have poured their blood onto their skins and rags
How many men against the hatred they fight
Got lost in this one
How many men against other men
Have lost what made them men
... their mankind

2^{eme} couplet:

How many women by grief, by sadness
How many women by sorrow, by pain
How many women by loss of a better life
How many women by death and betrayal
Have poured their tears onto their cheeks and sheets
How many women against the horror that overwhelm them
Become dull and without light
How many women with other women
Have lost what made them women
... the forgiveness

3^{eme} couplet:

How many children without dad', without mum'
How many children without joy and knowledge
How many children without choice of a better life
How many children without limits and innocence
Have filled with anger their veins and their fists
How many children by the revenge of their forefathers
Felt other vengeances
How many children with other children
Have lost what made them children
... the future

4^{eme} couplet:

How many men don't listen their wives
How many women have convinced their children
How many children have removed the husband of a woman
And the father of a child
How many murders
How many wars
How many genocides
Have never had any reason to exist
And even if theses had one
They should never had been perpetrated
The hatred feels the hatred
The revenge feels the revenge
The tears feel the tears

Final:

What the Man does with Man, make him less human than the least human of men

To be continued (This song is dada)

Tonalité : A

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈5:40

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Riff principal 1:

Tempo ♩ = 130

1 2 3 4

Riff principal 2:

5 6 7 8

Couplet :

9 10 11 12

Pont :

En Crescendo

13 14 15

P.M. -----|

Final : Riff principal 1 et 2 au tempo 170-180

Parole:

Intro:

I feel like tell you this story
It isn't real because it sprang from night
And from my peaceful sleep

1^{er} couplet:

In a bar with stone wall
There was snooker with two black balls
The eight and the two... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!
There was also two white balls
A small and a large... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!
Anais plays with me (x2)
And I'm useless at snooker with two blacks and white jack

2^{eme} couplet:

I meet a young blond girl, more beautiful than the sun
Great and lovely, her name was Yulia
She had a Slavic accent... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!
"Both of them go on a trip, anywhere, where our steps will lead us"
But why she loves me? I don't know, don't ask me!
Me and Yulia go far away, and my family will come!

3^{eme} couplet:

Go through villages of this rural France
Between wheat field and forgotten bars
The night we go, because in this place, it is more hostile than the days
Away behind us, drunkards fight themselves... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!
This story does it make sense? And has it an end?... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!

Pont:

But this dream...
But this dream...
...(is)...to be continued

Final:

Africa is so majestic, that we are gone there!
Yet this village looks like Europe
And after have crossed the street "For Alassane Ouattara"
I realize that a French with a young Russian girl met in a bar
Who go for a walk in a Norman village in the middle of African savannah
It's very strange... Why? I don't know, don't ask me!

Yaroslav part en voyage

Tonalité: Gm

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈4:00

Compositeur : Drumy Drelon / **Auteur :** Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drumy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Couplet:

♩ = 170

1 2 3 4

TAB

Refrain (2 guitares):

5 6 7 8 9

Post-refrain (2 guitares):

9 10 11 12

Parole:

1^{er} couplet:

Yaroslav, il part à Oulan-Bator
Et le pire c'est qu'il a pas totalement tort
Le seul problème, c'est qu'il s'est carrément planté
Et qu'il est parti en direction d'Angers

Refrain:

Yaroslav, il a dit « merde » à tout le monde
Il a pris son sac et est parti faire le tour du monde

2^{eme} couplet:

Il est allé dans un pub en Irlande
Il s'est perdu dans les mines du Witwatersrand
Il a construit un igloo au milieu du Groenland
Et, à dos de yak, a traversé la moitié des Andes
Il est arrivé en Jamaïque
Mais son vol était pour Reykjavik
Alors pourquoi pas se balader complètement stone
Dans le quartier le plus chaud de Kingston

3^{eme} couplet:

Il est parti à la recherche d'Irina
Mais elle vit au milieu d'l'Himalaya
Entre les lapins alpinistes
Et les terroristes maoïstes
Il est allé boire un café turc en Arménie
Il a vu des gratte-ciels au sommet des îles Fidji
Il a même vu des pays où les droit de l'Homme
Sont devenue lois et doctrine
Il a vu le colosse de Rhodes dans le colisée de Rome
Et le molosse de Poutine sur le mausolée de Lénine

Motherfucking les paroles

Tonalité: Fm

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈3:40

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Intro et

final :

♩ = 95

T
A
B

Couplet :

P.M.-----1 P.M.-----1 P.M.-----1 P.M.-1 P.M.-1 P.M. P.M.

Mélodie :

5 6 7

Parole:

Intro et final:

Plutôt que de pisser dans un violon
Je préfère chanter de belles conneries
Alors je prends ma gratte et je fais une chanson
Où personne n'écoute ce que je dis
Car motherfucking les paroles (x3)
Et motherfucking ces putains de paroles

1^{er} couplet:

Ma parole cette chanson ne mène à rien
Ma parole cette chanson ne sert à rien
Ma parole cette chanson n'apporte rien
Mais une chose est sûre, putain, qu'est-ce que ça rime bien !

2^{eme} couplet:

J'ai décidé d'écrire une chanson
Que les enfants n'écouteront pas
Quatre accords pourris et plein de jurons
Juste pour faire chier ce monde qui est là
Je vais même prendre le temps d'assassiner
Une ou deux, trois, langues vivantes
Et j'ai oublié les paroles (x3)
Car motherfucking ces putains de paroles

3^{eme} couplet:

The mass of body fluids meeting of plate tectonics
Which produces a creeping of astrononions on sub-aquatic algae
This song is a fucking big stinky shit
And I'm only a vile bastard, coupled with a stupid cretin
Whose sole purpose in life is to piss of the whole world
While raising a huge Indian finger to the idiots who populate it

4^{eme} couplet:

Einmal, in dem Dreikanter's Lande
Saß auf dem Gipfel einer Klippe
Ich fühlte der Wind tragen mich
Ich schreie über den Ozeanen
Aber mein Heulen in Vergessenheit gerate

It smells the bitumen

Tonalité: D

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈4:20

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Refrain et couplet (rythmique):

♩ = 140

1 2 3 4

Refrain (mélodie):

1 2 3 4

Couplet (mélodie):

5 6 7 8 9

Parole:

Refrain :

It smells the bitumen

On the road of holiday

Drive fast on the sunny highway

And make the most of everyday

It smells good the bitumen... the bitumen... the bitumen

It smells good the bitumen... oh yeah, so good!!!

1^{er} couplet:

Since we are all already lost
In this world so tough and slow
Since we are all already so alone
In this life boring and dull
Why don't do the opposite
Of what we should do?
Fuck it and start to amuse
'Cause it's the only thing that remains!

2^{eme} couplet:

In life, we move faster on the wrong way
Than following the herd stupidly
While some advocate work and money
I advocate leisure and entertainment
Go my friends, go far away!
Leave behind us this world void of interest
Go my friends, go far away!
To this free territory where anything goes!

3^{eme} couplet:

Hace calor en el coche
Cinco, bajo el sol del verano
En ruta! Hacia la playa
A la sombra de las palmeras
Entre el mar azul y el cielo cian
Aquí es donde nuestras vidas comienzan

Golden Paradise

Tonalité: F#m

Style : Rock

Durée : ≈6:00

Compositeur : Drummy Drelon / Auteur : Ken de la Vega

Equipe instrumentale : Batterie (Drummy Drelon), Basse (Dahu Virgolsky), Guitares (Funky Francky/Ken de la Vega), Chant (Ken de la Vega)

Partition:

Pré-Intro (2 guitares):

♩ = 170

5 6 3 8 9

6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

5 6 3 8 9

11 9 9 11 13-11-9-11-9

Intro :

13 14 3 5 16

4-2 4-2 4-2 4-2 0 4 4 2

Couplet (2 guitares) :

Refrain :

Parole:

Intro:

(I) Wanna travel around the world (x3)... see many landscapes
(I) Gonna go through across borders (x3)... walk I escape
(I) Gotta run off this cage made (of) gold (x3)... break this bad rules
I'd go beyond lands and waters (x3)... Sail and listen to gulls

1^{er} couplet:

I was born in a grey world
Where there were drowning me constantly in futile illusions
I was born in a bland world
Where the only flavor that one proposing me is the power
I was born in a boring world
Where the only occupation is to be better than its neighbors
I was born in a business world
Where I have no longer feeling to have a real place
But one day, Yaroslav said me
“Take your bag, don't look back and forget this place”
But one day, Yaroslav said me
“Look at what surrounds you, and you will understand what you're going here”

Refrain:

I open my eyes and I realize
That I don't want this golden paradise
Because it disown lessons of wise
And it build on several lies
I'm going, to travel across the world
To exchange hard times and warm words
'Cause I prefer paradise of soul, of mind
That of poor people who are rich inside

2^{eme} couplet:

I'm stunned by the willpower of some people
To be the strongest, the most powerful
I'm appalled by the suicidal desire
Of weak who want to be like them
I'm weary of the abundance of madness
In the twenty-first century man
I'm saddened by the lack of mankind
That characterizes so much our world, our wrong paradise
But one day, Yaroslav said me
"Take your bag, don't look back and forget these men"
But one day, Yaroslav said me
"As long as they won't have really lived, humans have no wealth"

Refrain final:

I open my eyes [...] That of poor people who are rich inside
Rich of their life, rich of their fight
Rich of their step, rich of their past
Rich of their thought, rich of some links
That they are woven with foreign exchanging