

WRAY OF HOPE

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2006

*This song is dedicated to the intensity, balls, originality and presence of Link Wray and his Danelectro Longhorn Guitar.

In my 'modest' Colonial home, was it ever so humble?
Cranked my Strat on a song Link Wray'd called 'Rumble'
You know I saw Link and his Raymen, in Norfolk in '58
He was playin' bent over backwards, all the people went ape

When Link passed away, we lost an old diehard
The Master of the Danelectro Longhorn Guitar
With his black leather jacket, and blisterin' raw sound
Brandishing his axe, simply the best pound for pound

rock posers 'ill hang 'emselves, if ya give 'em enough rope
Link Wray was a Guitar Guru, a High Priest, a Pope
Someone step up to the plate and push the damn envelope
'Cause we're headin' for Armageddon with no Wray Of Hope,
No Wray Of Hope

On the Television stage, of the great American Karaoke
Singers are gasin' up; now it's all pretty hokey
It flies in the face of all the things that I hold dear
It's obvious people see, a lot better than they hear

So I'll raise this tumbler of whisky, and then make a toast
To a dyed-in-the-wool Rocker, who gave up the ghost
He'll shall rise through the ethers, walk among gods
Wreak havoc in the heavens, destroy their Ipods

'rock bands' like designer drugs, but the 'music' ain't dope
Pseudo stars taking bows, make you gag; make you choke
In the garages of America lies the next Masterstroke
Some Guitar Slingin' Stun Gun, a new Wray Of Hope
A new Wray Of Hope

Link Wray appeared to me in a disjointed dream last night
He said that playin' Rock 'n' Roll was some kind a sacred rite
But there's no fire in its belly, Rock's dead, gone or lost
Though head bangers scrub loud and scream 'emselves hoarse

Now mute is the Altar, and Church of Rock 'n' Roll
But The Keepers Of The Flame like sentries on patrol
Lookin' for a Pied Piper, a King Bee for drones
A left-of-center Rocker, to the marrow in his bones

Today's 'music's' on Quaaludes; it's bankrupt, it's broke
It's anemic, hemophiliac, scared to go for the throat
We need an atomic reactor, with a Plutonium Isotope
To nuke the strains of modern rock, hail a New Wray Of Hope
A New Wray Of Hope, A New Wray Of Hope etc.