

The Martian Way



Life On The Dole

Action

The life of the Artist and Free-Thinker is driven by the restless spirit of the Muse. He can't be tied down to a routine job with a routine home life and a bunch of preset rules. He must be free to act on the call of the muse, not only in music, but in life itself. Of course this means sacrificing many of the things that form the structure of life for most people, such as: money, marriage, children and self-sufficiency. It is a difficult, frustrating and unrewarding life and as such cannot be recommended. Still, if the muse's siren call is an imperative there is no other way.



The Musician on his penniless journey - photo Frances Coogan

*Used to be my life was just an illusion. Now I've found a real solution.
And it's free, I've got some action in me. Can't you see? We all need to be free.*

*People all tell me they can't understand it. I gotta tell you there's no way around it.
Action! Action! Say what you mean Get a reaction.*

*Everybody's looking for truth in the hillside. Come on baby, tell me what you really feel inside.
Action! Action! Do what you feel. Get a reaction.*

*I get sick watching guys on the TV. They make me choke, they make me scream:
"Hey get me out of this bullshit dream!"*

Solo

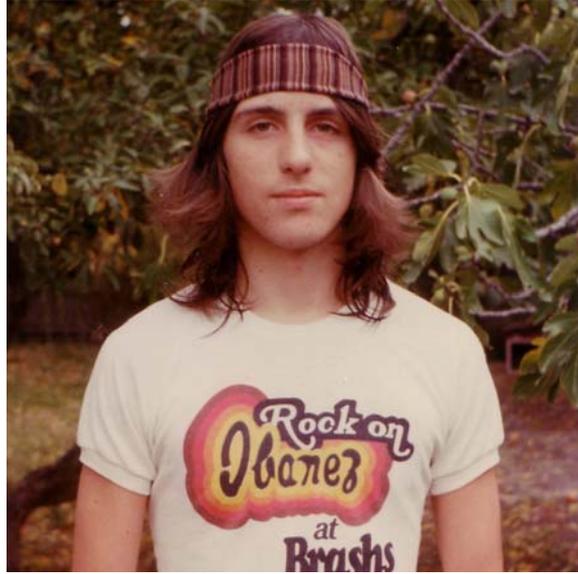
*Everybody's looking for truth in the hillside. Come on baby, tell me what you really feel inside.
Action! Action! Do what you feel. Get a reaction.*

*Now is your time. Get out of your cage.
Don't give a damn, do what you feel. Don't give a damn just do what you feel.
Nobody cares, so be what you are. Nobody cares, be what you are.
Action! I could be talking to you!
Action!*

Words & Music: Warren Mars - 1980
Key: Dm

You're A Bum

Having decided to follow the independent life of the Artist and Free-Thinker it was inevitable that I would spend most of it unemployed and penniless. I had no idea this was coming of course. As a teenager I thought my talent would lead to acclaim and riches. I thought those in power would have to deal with me on my terms because I was indispensable. Older, wiser heads knew I was deluded of course, as did more cynical heads with a better understanding of the world. This song deals with the second class life you get without money. It is a fantasy, as none of the below events occurred as stated, still it gives a feel of the real limitations of poverty.



A teenage Warren Mars, already a bum - photo Carol Young

*When I was just a cute little boy, I asked my mother: "What will I be?
Will I be famous? Will I be rich?" Here's what she said to me:
"You're a bum, my boy. You'll never be rich my boy.
And life is a bitch my boy. Yes it's sad but true.
Though you twist and turn, your fate will not set you free.
The future's not yours you see. It's for someone else."*

*When I was twenty, home on the dole, I asked my girlfriend: "How should we be?
Should we get married, raise up a tribe?" Here's what she said to me:
"Turn it up my love! A family needs cash you see.
You'll never have kids by me. Cos you're not that man.
Go repack your bong, my love! Go back to your fantasy land.
You've just been a fling, understand? and I'm moving on."*

Solo

*When I was thirty, down at the bar, I asked my good mates: "Can you help me?
I'm out of cash, can you buy me a beer?" Here's what they said to me:
"You're a bludger mate! The rest of us earn our due.
We're sick of supporting you. We're just letting you know.
We don't pay our taxes mate, so you can relax all day.
So go get a job you cunt, and pay for yourself."*

*When I was fifty my father neared death, so then I asked him: "How will it be?
Will you bequeath me all that you own?" Here's what he said to me:
"All your life my son, you've bludged on society.
Shirking propriety, looking for a free ride.
You disappointed me, after the start we gave you,
I've rewarded the other two, and I've left you my debts."*

Words: Warren Mars - 2003 and 2007

Music: Jay Livingstone

Key: C

The World And Its Ways

The first years on the dole after leaving school and my first taste of full-time employment were very undisciplined: I wandered around physically and mentally, enjoying myself, exploring independent life and following the wild directions of my muse. So absorbed was I in my explorations that I had no interest in the external world. I was exploring philosophy, religion, the occult, psychoactive drugs, motorcycles and electric guitar. The external world after all, was nothing more than a manifestation of the internal.



The Artist after his first full year on the dole - photo Richard Mizzi

*Wake up in the morning, it's the break of day.
Take a look around, you can hear somebody say:
"There's gotta be something to do today.
I've gotta get out, gotta be on my way."*

*It doesn't take much to get out of the maze,
Stumbling around in your usual daze.
The sun shines down through the urban haze.
There's no time to worry 'bout the World and its Ways.*

Solo

*Now I don't mind if there's no revolution;
We don't have a problem, don't need a solution.
Take a look ahead at the coming of your days...
I couldn't care less about the World and its Ways.*

*Wake up in the morning, it's the break of day.
Take a look around, you can hear somebody say:
"There's gotta be something to do today.
I've gotta get out, gotta be on my way."*

*It doesn't take much to get out of the maze,
Stumbling around in your usual daze.
The sun shines down through the urban haze.
There's no time to worry 'bout the World and its Ways.*

Solo

Don't Take It Alone

It didn't take too long before the problems of choosing such an iconoclastic life made themselves apparent. Friends deserted me, strangers treated me with contempt and life hit rock bottom. It was a painful time but it toughened me up and gave me a new respect for the important things in life: namely friends and family. I have been fortunate to have always had a tolerant and supportive family who certainly helped me when I needed it the most. Friends were less tolerant however and the ones I have made since then I have valued more highly and made a real effort to keep.



You'll never walk alone? Huh! - photo Frances Coogan

*Life can get you down, you should know that my friend,
Spend it all alone it can drive you right round the bend.
It's the simple things you find that can make the whole shebang seem worth while,
Open up your heart and let a friend convert your frown to a smile.*

*Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Turn to the one that's by your side,
Take them by the hand, say: "I'm on your side". Come on!
Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Walk up to the fire, try and turn the tide,
Put your hand in the fire; reach right inside. Come on!*

Solo

*Life, it can be cruel, that's to teach you my friend.
You need to suffer pain, that's to toughen you up for the end.
But don't take it hard 'cause its just a bunch of life after all,
Just be sure to keep your friends and don't forget to laugh as you fall.*

*Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Turn to the one that's by your side,
Take them by the hand, say: "I'm on your side". Come on!
Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Walk up to the fire; you can turn the tide,
Put your hand in the fire; reach right inside. Come on!*

*Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Turn to the one that's by your side,
Take them by the hand, say: "I'm on your side". Come on!
Don't take it alone. Don't take it alone.
Walk up to the fire; time to take that ride,
Put your hand in the fire; reach right inside. Come on!*

Tuckerbag Carpark Peartree Wine

Fortunately for the Dole Bludger not everyone in the world treats you with contempt. In particular, other Dole Bludgers are equals and since they share many of the same difficulties it is natural to make friends with them. If they are musical and creative as well, so much the better. Richard Morgan is one such, and he used to make alcohol from various sources, since the bought variety was too expensive. In a particularly memorable instance he picked a sack of pears from the pear tree in the [then] Tuckerbag supermarket carpark and made wine from it. One night at his house we sat around drinking the result and playing music, in the middle of it this song was born.



The eponymous peartree - photo Warren Mars

*Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine,
Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine.*

*I want to make me a wine divine! The kind of wine that'll blow your mind.
Knock the socks off your old head-gaskets. Gonna drink the lot right now!*

*Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine,
Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine.*

*I wanna go to an old carpark. Somewhere in a western town.
Pick me a case off that old brown peartree, Put it in a vat til it stops being murky.*

*I want to make me a wine divine! The kind of wine that'll blow your mind.
Knock the socks off your old head-gaskets. Gonna drink the lot right now!*

*Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine,
Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine.*

Solo

*Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine,
Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine.*

*I want to make me a wine divine! The kind of wine that'll blow your mind.
Knock the socks off your old head-gaskets. Gonna drink the lot right now!*

*Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine,
Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine, Tuckerbag carpark peartree wine.*

Life In The Sun

The good side of life on the Dole is very good as far as I am concerned: You don't need to work! When no one's on your case making you jump through hoops and no one's abusing you for taking their taxes and you've paid your bills, it provides a great sense of freedom that I prize above all else.



A beer on the sand, any obs? - photo Frances Coogan

*The road I'm on goes into the sun,
I don't want to work, cos I want to stay young.
I'm looking around at the shit down below,
And what am I missing? Well how would I know?*

*And there's no need to worry 'bout me cos I'm laughing: Living is free!
My time is my own, I get what I need,
I wake when I feel and I love my life on the breadline.*

*I have no need to settle down,
Got wind in my face and my skin turns brown.
I don't have to worry about my next meal;
My cheque's on the way and life is unreal.*

*And there's no need to worry 'bout me cos I'm laughing: Living is free!
My time is my own, I get what I need,
I wake when I feel and I love my life on the breadline.*

Solo

*The simple things in life don't get me down,
I get bored, so I go into town.
Stroll 'round the park in the heat of the day,
And looking at the sky; I'm a thousand miles away.*

*And there's no need to worry 'bout me cos I'm laughing: Living is free!
My time is my own, I get what I need,
I wake when I feel and I love my life on the breadline.*

Words & Music: Warren Mars - 1981
Key: Am

Watching The Cherries Grow

Of course a life on the Dole is a life of poverty and to buy things I need I have been forced to take work from time to time. Notwithstanding the fact that normal working people don't believe it, one becomes tainted with the smell of the Dole Bludger however and one is unable to obtain work in all but the most undesirable jobs. The only real walk-up start you can get is that of the seasonal fruit picker and reason is that few people are prepared to do it on account of the miserable pay. In my case I picked cherries over several summers at Wandin, and had a fun time with the other itinerant pickers at the workers campground. This song was written and sung at the camp with other pickers at time.



Yep, they're cherries, ripe for the picking. Careful not to take the buds as well...

*The boss, he wants us to pick those cherries, but that's not what we wanna do.
Yes, he wants us to pick those cherries, and get covered in muddy goo.
Think I'll just sit here by the fire, and watch the cherries grow.*

*Wake up in the morning and the cherries are small,
Sometimes those cherries ' just not there at all.
You know I'm not complaining, but can't you see?
How can we pick those cherries when they're not there to see?*

*No I'm not complaining, walking on that muddy ground.
Rain pours down my fingers while I'm listening to the sound,
Of the radio in my ears and the wind is whistling by,
Thunder in my brain cells and it's pissing from the sky.*

Solo

*Get out and climb those ladders, there's no other way to get your pay.
Perhaps I might get 16 cases, today could be my lucky day!
And then I'll open up a beer, and watch the cherries grow.*

*BJ's stamping his feet and he yells: "GOOD MORNING WORLD!"
Shaking the caravan and waking up the girls,
You gotta get 'em up, and get 'em out to work,
They don't pick many cherries cos most times they shirk.*

*No I'm not complaining, walking on that dusty ground.
Hay fever in my nostrils, while I'm listening to the sound,
Of the radio in my ears and my throat is feeling dry,
Sweating from my armpits and it's blazing from the sky.*

Music: Warren Mars - 1984

Words: Warren Mars, BJ et al - 1984, 2004

Key: E

The Maze

Faith in myself is what keeps me going. The belief that my work is first class and that if I persist in creating and packaging it it will eventually provide a path out of this den of iniquity. I see the world as a maze that one's life describes a path through. For me recognition and success lie at the out door. Surely there is a way that by intelligence and persistence alone I can outwit my enemies, overcome my curse and find the subtle pathway through. Time will tell.



Is this the way out? - photo Alan To

*There must be a way.
I'm struggling through these thorn trees, trying to find a life in this pain.
It's a strain.
There must be a way.
I have to make my mark, lest I find I've lived this torture in vain.
Down the drain.*

*And there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.
Yes, there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.*

*A man said to me:
"You've gotta realise that you've gotta find somebody new,
Someone true.
You must understand:
You're one in a million, only one in a million will do,
For you."*

*And there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.
Yes, there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.*

Solo

*There must be a way.
If I hold on to my truth, I can still survive and conquer this game,
Make my name.
There must be a way.
I started out with nothing, and still I'm holding on to that flame,
Just the same.*

*And there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.
Yes, there might be a way out of this maze, if I look down deep enough in my soul.*

A Home Of My Own

At the age of 32 after completing my Computer Science degree and experiencing first hand the corrupt and incompetent reality of employment in the professional world and finding that the curse on my life was as strong and unmovable as ever I took a hard look at my future and saw that I might well be on the dole until I die. I had some money from an inheritance and with assistance from my parents I might be able to buy my own house, but not in Melbourne, I would have to move far away to where houses were cheap. After looking around the state I settled on Laharum at the edge of Gariwerd. I planned to buy some land and build my own house. That was the plan...



The farm house I lived in at Laharum - photo Minette Russell-Young

*When I was a boy I lived somewhere special;
A home I shared with all the family.
Then I moved away, and I've lived in rented houses,
But I always dreamed I'd have my own some day.
Now if all goes to plan I'll be living in Laharum,
On a piece of land surrounded by the sky.
With the mountains close at hand, the bush outside my backdoor,
And the feeling that I own my place at last.*

*By and by I'll sit beside my fire.
On my bed I'll lay me down.
With a roof beneath the stars, on walls designed by Mars,
A state it seemed would never come to pass.
For I am a man who didn't fit the system,
All the suits and ties and sucking up the boss.
I'll never be a friend of those management consultants,
Would live and breathe the dollar til they die.*

Solo

*The cockatoos, the kangas and the emus,
The yellow box and black boys in the scrub.
The blue sky and the clouds, and every night the sunset,
With all of this I can't get too far down.
Now if all goes to plan I'll be living in Laharum,
On a piece of land surrounded by the sky.
With the mountains close at hand, the bush outside my backdoor,
And the feeling that I own my place at last.*

Words & Music: Warren Mars - 1995

Key: C

Hand Out

The problem with living on the Dole is all tied up with taking the Government's hand out. It is a struggle just to live on it and even with the most careful budgeting it is virtually impossible buy anything beyond the necessities. On top of this, ordinary workers resent the fact that you don't have to work while they do and that their taxes are keeping you in your lifestyle. Yet if one had independent means keeping one in great style whilst doing nothing, no one would care! All this for a pittance!: The Unemployment Benefit for an Australian adult with no dependents in June, 1983 was \$68.65 per week.

The top of one of my Dole forms from 1983 when I was picking cherries at Wandin

*Wake up in the morning and there's nothing to do.
I've been walking 'round these streets until two.
Got a pretty lady who is on my mind.
I'm looking for a future and writing on the line.*

*It's not alright to live on a handout. It's working its evil ways on my mind.
I could be earning some money like my comrades,
But I don't want a handout, I don't want a handout,
If I'm living in depression, copping all the blame thrown on me.*

*Losing all respect in the town I was born,
They think I should be getting up to greet the dawn.
Economic depression coming down on me.
Why can't all these people just let me be.*

*It's not alright to live on a handout. It's working its evil ways on my mind.
I could be earning some money like my comrades,
But I don't want a handout, I don't want a handout,
If I'm living in depression, copping all the blame thrown on me.*

Solo

*The world is unemployed by the people who screw,
Every cent of money that they can out of you.
Lying every fortnight to the servants with the collars,
Signing on the line for sixty nine dollars.*

*It's not alright to live on a handout. It's working its evil ways on my mind.
I could be earning some money like my comrades,
But I don't want a handout, I don't want a handout,
If I'm living in depression, copping all the blame thrown on me.*

The Dole Bludger's Waltz

After 20 years on the Dole I feel eminently qualified to speak on the entire business. This song is my carefully crafted and definitive distillation of all I have been through. Here I not only give a brief summation of the shortcomings of this life and my response to them but also justify my taking of the government's hand out over all these years. The Artist and Free Thinker is an essential part of society, unfortunately the inhuman idiocy of economic rationalism leaves him nowhere to stand. I demand the right of the Artist to exist and I take my place whether the philistines like it or not!



The Unemployed are a political football, here is one place you may be kicked - photo Warren Mars

*Life on the Dole is tough, I never have cash for stuff,
but there is just enough, just to survive.
I can't afford a car, that's just the way things are,
but I am fitter far, because I don't drive.
Hardship! Stops the materialist, fosters the true humanist,
far from the business payroll.
Humble! Here I have all that I need, here there is no place for greed;
ascetic is life on the Dole.*

*Life on the Dole's a fight, they'll call you a parasite,
but you can serve them right, by taking their tax.
It's hard to attract a femme, 'cause you can't support them,
but where they would else condemn, you can relax.
Conscience! How can I take what they pay, unless I give back in some way,
all that some think that I stole.
Worthy! I know the work done by me, merits this strait subsidy,
otherwise known as the Dole.*

Solo

*Life on the Dole is grand, time is at my command,
I wield with artful hand, talent unwalled.
He that for rich man's pelf, slaves like some mindless elf,
cannot fulfill himself, if he is called.
Freedom! Not all fit in the mainstream, some of us follow a dream,
outside the set protocol.
Accept! We are a part of the whole, and since we can't pay the toll,
ours is the life on the Dole.*

Gonna Fly

In a life on the Dole there is much to get you down, and when you don't suit Society and when your life is cursed, it is easy to see that you have no future and you might then bury yourself deep in the Slough of Despond and seek oblivion. However, I am glad to say that my spirit is better than that, and despite all, I can still do my work and can still find enjoyment and substance in life. And Yes! I still believe I may yet find recognition and success and indeed, in the end, I AM GONNA FLY!



Don't let the shaven appearance fool you, this is me in 1985 at the Pakenham Drop Zone.

*Take a look at my life if you want to avoid the strife. Amen.
Take a look at my soul if you want to know. Amen.
Now I'm getting down so I can come up clean.
I'm looking at the world: It's so serene.
I've been down, now I want to get high.
I love this world and I'm gonna fly!*

*I'm gonna fly over the rivers and the mountains,
Gonna fly over the farmlands and the trees.
Gonna fly over the prairies and the wastelands,
Gonna fly over the icelands and the seas.*

*Now I've paid my dues and I don't sing blues. Amen.
My life is mine and I've done my time. Amen.
I've seen people taking all that they can collect.
But there ain't nothing better than your own self respect!
I feel so good and I've no doubt why:
The future is mine and I am gonna fly!*

*I'm gonna fly over the rivers and the mountains,
Gonna fly over the farmlands and the trees.
Gonna fly over the prairies and the wastelands,
Gonna fly over the icelands and the seas.*

Solo

Words & Music: Warren Mars - 1982, 2002, 2005

Key A

Credits



Laying down lead tracks for this album - photo Warren Mars

Vocals:	Warren Mars
Lead Guitar:	Warwick Marsh
Rhythm Guitar:	Guerre En Masse
Keyboards:	Worzel Maazel
Bass Guitar:	Uoreno Marte
Drums:	Marrer Swan

All songs written by Warren Mars except:
"You're A Bum": Mars - Evans - Livingstone
and "Tuckerbag Carpark Peartree Wine": Morgan - Mars - Young
All songs arranged by Warren Mars and © Martian Music.

A big and heartfelt "Thank You" to the few who took my side and supported me through the years.
A partial thank you to the various Australian governments over 20 years who paid me the dole with one hand and then made my life a misery with the other.
And a bolshy great "Get Fucked" to all the jumped-up, pig-ignorant, uncaring, amoral turds who did the government's dirty work over the years and also to those members of the general public with the same characteristics who felt it their duty to put me down for being a struggling artist and free thinker and having the temerity to use some of their taxes to keep my body and soul together.

The album was recorded, mixed and mastered at Martian Sound Studios July-September 2007.

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