

## Music & Lyrics (aw)

He

Okay, we don't have very long, but what I'd like to do, in an ideal world, is continue the "Autopsy" song. But I think it's gonna be very hard to get back from there, into "Way Back Into Love," which is the title that Cora demands. What we could do is continue with Greg "The Angel of Death's" version.

She

That's plagiarism.

He

Yes. Yes, yes. Good. Excellent. I would never in a million years use someone else's work. And I'm very glad you agree. So, what we need, we need something brand-new.

She

So, let's see. A song for Cora.

He

Yes.

She

Has to be called "A Way Back Into Love."

He

Correct.

She

And it has to be something Cora would sing about.

He

Good.

She

And it has to be something you would sing about.

He

Good, yeah.

She

What would you sing about?

He

Whatever gets me the job, really.

She

Oh, that's inspiring.

(BEAT)

Okay, two people searching for love, for salvation.

He

Okay, yeah.

She

Love lost, love found. Love lost again.

He

Yes, this is starting to sound a little bit like luggage, but good.

(BEAT)

It doesn't have to be perfect. Just spit it out. They're just lyrics.

She

"Just Lyrics"?

He

Lyrics are important. They're just not as important as melody.

She

I really don't think you get it.

He

Oh, you look angry. Click you pen some more.

She

A melody is like seeing someone for the first time. The physical attraction. Sex.

He

I so get that.

She

But then, as you get to know the person, that's the lyrics. Their story. Who they are underneath. It's the combination of the two that makes it magic. Let's get outside, go for a walk.

He

A walk? What, now?

She

Yeah. Out on the streets you see things and, you know, hear things and eat things. It all sort of unlocks your mind. When you hit a wall, you gotta change the subject.

(BEAT)

So, why did "POP!" break up? I mean, Rhonda told me that you guys were friends growing up?

He

We were, yes, and then Colin met a new manager who convinced him he was the star of the band. And shortly after, he left, taking the last three song's we'd written together, and putting them on his solo album which went on to sell eight million records.

She

How did you deal with that?

He

With drugs, alcohol, and eventually my own solo album. It sold only 50,000 copies, mostly to my mother. *Rolling Stone* called it "A crass, contrived effort, not even good enough for a dentist chair."

She

Well, I'm sure there were other reviews.

He

There were, but not as good as that one. And they were right.

She

Wow, I really appreciate you opening up to me like this. I know what it's like with a shadow hanging over your head.

He

(BEAT)  
What?

She

Shadow... over head...