

**We are circus ringmasters and we can be found whistling amongst the winds of fairgrounds, in convents, prostitutions, theatres, realities, feelings, restaurants, ohoho, bang bang.**

**We declare that the blues is a feeling that has cosseted us quite enough in the dilatoriness of its abstractions, as have transatlantic liners, noises and ideas. And while we put on a show of being facile, we are actually searching for the central essence of things, and are pleased if we**

**can hide it;  
we have no wish to count the  
windows of the marvellous elite,  
for FBnCC doesn't exist for anyone,  
and we want everyone to understand this.  
This is FBnCC's balcony, I assure you.  
From there you can hear all the military marches,  
and come down cleaving the air  
like a seraph landing in a  
public baths to piss and understand the parable.**

**FBnCC is neither madness, nor wisdom,  
nor irony,  
look at me, dear bourgeois.**

**Blues used to be a game of nuts in May,  
guitarists would go gathering  
songs that had a final ring,  
then they would exude,  
shout out the verse, and dress it up in  
dolls' bootees, and the verse became  
a queen in order to die a little,  
and the queen became a sardine,  
and the children ran hither  
and you, unseen...  
Then came the great  
ambassadors of feeling,  
who yelled historically in chorus:**

**Psychology Psychology  
hee hee**

**Science Science Science**

**Long live Rock**

**We are not naive**

**We are successive**

**We are exclusive**

**We are not simpletons**

**and we are perfectly capable of an intelligent discussion.**

**Be we, FBnCC, don't agree with them, for art isn't serious, I assure you, and if we reveal the  
crime so as to show that we are learned denounciators, it's to please you, dear audience, I  
assure you, and**

**I adore you.**

