Extracts from Queueueue

Below are three song lyrics from five songs in Queueue. The show is sung-through, hence no script!

Lyrics:

1. Life Acoustic (Ensemble)
2. Power Thru (Alice, Solo)
3. Invincible (Harry, Solo)
4. Getting Older (Jazz, Solo)
5. Coffee Shop on the Moon (Ensemble)
Song Lyrics 1: Life Acoustic

One of the big themes in Queueue is the way we’re part of a generation obsessed with the internet - and perhaps at time we should tone that down.

Alice
Eyes open your mind,
Chuck your phone, you’ll be fine. I think.
I think silicon’s conquering my time.

Harry
Charge yourself away from digital.
Ditch it all to walk on waterfalls.
Life acoustic, like blue tulips, like stars.

Alice
Cos I don’t wanna live like this,
Splintering inside like an atom split.
I just wanna spliff away
All night and day
Sign me out from this shit.

Harry
They say this is where the future lies. It’s a lie.

Alice
I could swim, I’d climb, I’d walk, I’d fly - if offline.

Chorus:
Your young blood is burning up.
Decisions, decisions,
Your teenage ambitions
Are blowing away,
But today they’re blown up.

Young blood is burning up.
Decisions, decisions,
Your childish visions
Decaying away,
Cos today you’re grown up.
Song Lyrics 2: Power Thru

In this scene, Alice sits down to work. She tries to get into a flow, but keeps getting interrupted by phone calls.

(Phone rings)

(Spoken)
No I’m just at a cafe working. Um. Working through the customer data? Right I see. I sent that already? That’s right, a while ago. Oh it’s not a problem. Bye Larry.

(Sung)
When you send the perfect email giving every single detail, and they get back two weeks later saying “Thanks”.
When they’re passive aggressive, draft a massive aggressive message, take a step back and a xanax and relax.
Though if you saw my inbox you’d say, “Are you mental??”
But if you wanna stand a chance when you’re in finance as a freelance, you just run with it all.

No more phone calls..
I’ve done fuck all..
Focus come on come on come on focus.
I’m going so slow, cos...

Power thru my new to-do list,
Stamina to get shit done.
Call to action. No distractions..
I don’t answer to anyone.

(Spoken)
Hi Vincent. No that’s fine. Yeah, I’ll do that. That’s fine, it’s on my list, yeah. Yeah, no, it’s on my list. Number fourteen. No, I mean, I mean, I can do that . I don’t understand, but you want me to do..??? OK I mean, right, i’ll make it. No. No yeah. I’ll make it number 7.
Bye bye.

(Sung)
When you’re incredibly busy. But, like, he’s not your boss though, is he?.. But you dunno how to just say no..
When there’s a **ping** and a **bleep** and a **ring** inter-AGH-rupting everything - and you wonder why you just can’t flow..
Now if you watched me working weekends, you’d think workabolic,
When you’re driven by a mission to be earning in the millions, you go for it.
Still done fuck all,
No more phone calls..
Focus come on come on come on focus,
Starting to flow...

Goosebumps pumping, and my mind is blown.
My entire body’s feeling in the zone.
This is working - come on come on feel this
Working - come on come on feel this:
Look who’s independent!
My electricity...

...powers thru my new to-do list,
Stamina to get shit done.
Call to action. No distractions..
I don’t answer to anyone.
**Song Lyrics 3: Anonymous**

In this rap solo, Harry is exhausted at applying for jobs, and instead decides to play a computer game.

Nothing to die for, noone to lie for,
Nothing left at all to apply for - time for
Crime or maybe just amazon-primal
violence. - Does that make sense?

Applied to every sort of job going nationwide.
Mmm, I tried: but I’m Mr Overqualified.
That’s what she said - “you’re just too hot,
you’re too smart” - then she drove off in her smart car.

Oopsydaisy - still a baby unemployed schoolboy:
“Everyone avoid the deconstructionist Freud-boy!”
Supermanic oceanic panic. Can I vanish yet?
Bored of this green blue blood red planet.

One of these is true: I’m a little insane, I’m a woman inside, or the bible.
Hey when I cracked the rules and I hacked my school was I 12, 11, 10 or 9? Cool.

[Voice: Yeah that never happened.]

Speak inside my head, [Voice. 8-7 - 6 - 5 - 4]
“Seeking all-out death and destruction of everything

[Voice: Game Loading]

Mission accepted, commander obeyed,
Spaceships deployed, and a strategy made.
Leading the war,
Control of it all,
I’m invincible.

I give the orders, my soldiers obey.
Enemies fearing each word that I say.
Downfall for all.
Justice for sure.
I’m invincible.

What now? Nee-naw, not now.
The mother-ship and I have got a lotta shit shot down.
OoK, good day! Email came - quit game -
What an honour, mom! Job-offer from - Bill Gates??

“Hi I’m Bill, out of Pure Goodwill, here’s a hundred million dollar for a scholar. Click here.” “Dear Bill, can I have your daughter Jennifer too?”
PS. Spam me again, I’ll avada-cadavra you. HHHA

Dreamtime. Hagrid says to me. “You’ve got a trust fund Harry.”
Scene cut: me but privileged. Surrey.
A village. A terrier. And a sex life. Send away my
ex-wife - BITCH - Buy a rich blond next-wife -

Oh hi Mrs Nosey, wanna diagnose me:
psycho minus therapy or just the wrong minority?
Cos I write with my right-hand, I’m straight and I’m bright and
The hot posh white man’s left out to die and

Scapegoat like a mule: [Voice. You gotta boycott the boy cos of it, yaaa.] )
“Spacecraft dejavu: where’s my inevitable galactic rule”,

[Voice: Game Loading]

Mission accepted, commander obeyed,
Spaceships deployed, and a strategy made.
Leading the war,
Control of it all,
I’m invincible.

I give the orders, my soldiers obey.
Enemies fearing each word that I say.
Downfall for all.
Justice for sure.
I’m invincible.
Song Lyrics 4: The Speed of Life / Getting Older

The barista, Jazz, is bored, and unsure if he’s wasting his life.

Days, though they change, stay the same,
Like a dreamlike machine which does what it says.
People drop by, bring the outside in.
When they leave, have they noticed where it is they’ve been?

I knew the end from the start:
Lonely ghosts, swollen days, then slow-motion nights.
Sitting together, yet sat apart,
Sharing nothing but space, bound by the speed of life...

I’m as old as my dad was
when he had his first kid.
Not being dramatic
But I’ll be jurassic,
If I’m not quick.

I got old while I wasn’t looking.
Kill me now, I’m not disappearing.

I remember the nineties,
Like they were less than yesterday.
Heya Methusaleh,
What’s it like zooming righ’ by your sell-by-date?

I got old while I wasn’t looking.
Spring is nothing if winter’s coming.

Run away. Run away.
Run away. Run away.
Run away. Run away.

I spend a lot of time thinking about myself,
And yet, despite thinking about myself.
I admit I have precisely nothing to show for it.

It’s ten years to the day since I had my first first kiss.
Figured I would be salaried, happily married,
But all I’ve got’s - this.
I got old while I wasn't looking.
Waiting for what I've already missed.

Shut down. Shut down.
Shut down. Shut down.
Shut down. Shut down.

How does everyone know what to do?
My life occurs just one thing after the other.
It's like I'm in an endless queue:
Wait in line for the future to discover you.

I spend a lot of time thinking about myself,
And yet, despite thinking about myself.
I admit I have precisely nothing to show for it.
**Song Lyrics 5: Coffee Shop on the Moon**

As everyone leaves the coffee-shop, they all reflect on what they've experienced: Jazz's dreaminess, Harry's missed opportunities, Alice's exhaustion by overworking.

Jazz: And that was it - it's back to me.  
I wipe the tables down and sweep a day's debris.  
Imagine who - o - o  
Imagine wha - a - at - -  
Oh I can't imagine where they'll be.

Alice. Nine thousand workers stop to check their watch.  
2 o clock, three, half-four, it's five o clock.  
A day ends.  
A dead-end.  
The night alone is left, an afterthought.

Nine thousand workers join conveyor belts.  
Faces commute from hell to better hells.  
They work, play; they play, work:  
the password to the world of growing up.  
*Alice leaves.*

Harry: Should've asked her for her number.  
Too slow - Too shy - to seize  
these missed opportunities.  
Another summer alone.

Jazz: You know you can’t postpone your young years.

Harry: Day after day I have wandered away,  
Winding through cities, drifting feet and aching streets,  
While I wait for someone special to stare out from a coffee-shop.

Hours and hours, I spend watching the world  
(w Alice) Drifting together, catch an eye, then drift apart.  
(w Alice) Shooting (shoot) stars to each other,  
Falling in love with memories.

Jazz Many a day I have daydreamed away.  
Head on a rocket, feet on fire, flown to the moon.  
And looked down on a planet, watch it slowly tick-tock round.

Brewing a shot while I brood at the Earth.
(w Alice/Harry) “Where is it going, where’s it now, and where’s it been?”
Cos we’re searching for an answer:
[(w Alice/Harry) - Search for an answer]
“What does this life want from me?”

Alice: Another day I’ve died away.
Harry: Been livin on my laptop -
Alice: Buried in a screen.
Harry: Remember who - o - o
Alice: Remember wha - a - at - -
Jazz: Oh remember whe - e - ere we’ve been.