

# Pete Townshend, One Note-Prologue

(Little Boy)

One note, sounds like a light ray  
One note, sounds like a new day  
One note, holds all the others,  
millions of colors  
So one note is best!

(Pete)

The last war finally ended with a huge explosion in Japan.  
Some of the liberated prisoners of war from Berma  
brought home souvenirs, like Shamisen.,  
little banjos with lizard skin resonators.

That terrible bond  
All those perfect Japanese gardens  
Timber houses with paper walls  
Consumed in the monumental roar of darkness  
All those one stringed musical instruments burning black  
Those delicate single notes bended.

But there is peace there of course  
In the end all those in pain died quietly in the gentle arms of the shadow  
And as ever, the sun rises.