

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.