

Chapter 1

Allan Rayman

Dear Allan, I am your biggest fan. Enclosed is a picture of my big, beautiful tits! No, but... really, I had to start with something horny like that to get your attention, right? Look, I'll skip all the bullshit: I write songs, and I've got the goods, baby. Got what it takes: big time. I've made a demo. A tape. You've been my main source of inspiration, duh, so I must play it for you. I would really love to hand it to you personally but—I know! I know—that's not how this works. A girl can dream, though, right? I will leave it at the front gate of your house: 2522 Hill End Road, Los Angeles, California. Don't worry, I won't linger: just delivering it personally is something I must do for myself. I just bought your new album on tape! Taking it with me for the drive, and... will obviously be listening the whole way there. So... with a full tank of gas and just shy of a 5-hour drive, California, here I come!

Respectfully yours... Alabama? [*laughs*] Not actually. For now, call me... #1 Girl

When you're through providing your own action for the evening, it's Big Block Video's turn. With 9,000 ways to make it a Big Block Video...

The moon is rising. The passion is growing. The animal is out

How do you do... My name is Allan Rayman. And this is The Lonely Travels of Alabama the Laguna Queen. [*music plays*]

The year is 1981. Alabama is a 20-something year-old who decides to run away from home. Before she leaves, she sets it on fire... with her mother inside

She knows home as a small town
Her father wasn't around
She blames her country for the sounds
Of her mother with another
While her father's in the ground
Down, down
They say the devil's in the details
She sees him in the house
And the star-spangled banner
The pictures all around
She makes plans to burn it down
Down, down
Down, down
Down, down
Down, down
Down, down
She don't always think of you
But when she's sad and lonely
She just blew, well
Another one-point-oh-five
Fucking fly, never felt so...

New Snack-Em Fruit Drops have real Oh, man! fruit-like flavor to give the fruity boost they Bummer! need. Don't just give 'em snacks: give 'em Snack-Ems

Welcome back to KGRG Grunge, LA's #1 grunge and alternative rock station. It's the morning of April 5th, 1994, and you are alive. Are you well? It's gonna be a great day, you know why? KGRG Grunge, in partnership with our sponsor: Big Block Video, are celebrating Allan Rayman for an entire hour! Fuck ye

s! The chart-topping alternative rock artist that's been crooning his way in to the hearts of every young girl in America and across the seas has freshly released his latest album: The Lonely Travels of Alabama the Laguna Queen. Having only been out a month, it's already made it's way to #1 on the Billboard music charts. Now as much as we would love to play his new album here at KGRG Grunge, we have decided that for this next hour we will be looking back at Allan's catalog and playing some of our favorites from over the years. I've also decided that I'm gonna open up the phone lines and start taking some phone calls. I wanna chat about this new album. (I wonder if anyone else is [?]) I wanna chat about his career, and how maybe all this stuff ties together. So give us a call here at KGRG Grunge at 555-1255, and let's chat. Here's Time, by Allan Rayman, on the All-Allan Hour at KGRG Grunge.

Sever the girl, she'd never smile
Waste my time and birth my child
Told her what I'd do
Point my finger back at you
She'd rather lie than tell the truth
"That kid don't look a thing like you"
You tell her how you feel
Erase that thing that you won't heal

All I want from you
Is time
Time, time, time
All I want from you
(All I really want from you)
Is time
Time, time, time

Sever the girl, she'd never smile
Waste my time and birth my child
She used to be down for what I'd do
She'd share that fucked-up point of view
What kind of man would turn his back
On a woman he loved for a lie like that
Runnin' around with your face drawn
You fixed that fight and you wrote that song

Sever the girl, she'd never smile
Waste my time and birth my child
Told her that I don't know now
I'd make this better if I knew how
Sever the girl, this point of view
I'd point my finger back at you
She'd rather lie than tell the truth
"That kid don't look a thing like you"

All I want from you
Is time
Time, time, time
All I want from you
(All I really want from you)
Is time, time, time

All I want from you
Is time
Time, time, time
All I want from you
(All I really want from you)
Is time, time, time

All I want from you

Is time
Time, time, time
All I want from you
(All I really want from you)
Is time, time, time