

# 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, 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, 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, time