

The Audience Is Listening

Steve Vai

Now Stevie, now don't be nervous, honey, ok? I'm gonna go in and I'm gonna introduce you and then you're gonna come in with your guitar and you're gonna play that nice, nice music you were telling me about

And while you're doing that, I'll be sitting in the back of the room.

we'll have such a good time, so don't be nervous honey.

It will relax everybody and we'll be so happy.

I'm gonna go now, I'll introduce you, ok?

Heads up. Now you kids you, all of you, calm down.

That's good, ok.

Everyone in your own seats, that's good. ok.

now, little Stevie Vai is going to play a composition on the guitar.

He wrote it all by himself.

Ok. Stevie, bring your three friends up, they can play with you.

That Stevie Vai, what a nice little boy.

I wrote this song for all my friends.

When I grow up, I'm gonna be a famous rock 'n' roll guitar player.

Love it, eh, he, he, go ahead. And that is my whammy bar. And it's gonna be loud. Don't you think that's a bit loud? Boys!!!

It's getting to loud! You're getting out of control, boys.

Stevie, now calm down class, calm down. Mr. Vai, you've gotta turn it down. What did you say, you want me to turn it down? You mean down like this That sounds like noise, Mr Vai, and I

want it stopped. You all got detention. Uh, oh, here comes trouble

Ayy, Vai, are you outta your mind? You guys, ya don't back off.

You must be crazy. I'm gonna flip out, I'm telling you.

If this is my final flip out, you guys are gonna go with me.

Ah, shut up

Will you two stop dancing like that.

Frankie, leave that girl alone. We're not gonna have another incident like Mildred.

Come here to me, Vai, don't you hear me?

Come here you little snit. Wait 'till I get my hands, don't run away.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, Vai. Knock it off. Get off my desk.

Hey Andrea, check this out.

Oh, Stevie, you promised me you'd play nice music.

People out of control, dancing on the desks, playing with girls.

That awful noise just makes people go wild.

You gotta turn that music down, Stevie, please.

I'm fearless in my heart.

They will always see that in my eyes, I am the passion, I am the warfare, I will never stop.

Always constant, accurate, and intense.

Mark my words, you'll never amount to anything, Steve Vai.

You'll see, you'll be a bum, in the streets.

A bum, that's it, a bum.

I thought you were such a nice little boy.
You know what? Your mean, you got a mean, nasty, vicious streak.
Why don't you just quit school? Move to California with all those other bums.
Go, that's where you belong, with all those crazies out in California.
Maybe you'll become famous, ha.
That's the funniest thing I've ever heard.
You, famous? With that noise? ha, I'll see you in jail. Give me a break, Stevie, stop it.
You'll see, mark my words.

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