# **\*2 Minutes to Midnight" Iron Maiden**

s metal grew in the late '70s, preconceived notions of what the genre should sound like made innovations difficult to come by. Then Iron Maiden began trampling boundaries, providing a much-needed kick to heavy music and introducing elements that would be further explored in the '80s by bands like Metallica. While guitarists Dave Murray and Adrian Smith injected thrashing, punk-influenced riffs and harmonized leads, bassist Steve Harris managed to avoid the

root-only sound of so many metal bass lines. KEY NOTES Most of the

riffs in "2 Minutes to Midnight" are based on movable dyad (twonote) stabs that are bro-



ken up by palm-muted single notes. Using all downstrokes will yield a tight sound here. Also, you may want to give spe-

cial attention to your pick hand: start by working on simplified variations on the riffs. For instance, try applying the picking patterns of the verse and prechorus riffs to a single power chord, as shown in the figure above. Start slowly, and gradually increase the speed until you can crank out the driving rhythms without thinking too hard or struggling to stay in time.

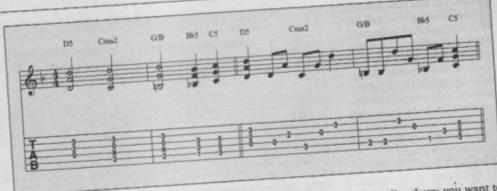
BIG PICTURE The lead work in "2 Minutes to Midnight" features a blend of structured licks and off-the-cuff flurries. Rather than being concerned with the exact reproduction of these parts, focus on the general pitch range of each lick, along with any deviations from the appropriate minor scale (particularly the Ct notes that yield a Dorian [1-2-3-4-5-6-7] sound in the E-minor section) and any additional tricks, such as whammybar moves and tremolo picking. Once you can get enough ideas under your fingers and can play a convincing lead without stopping or stumbling, just go for it.

-IORDAN BAKER

## White Room" Cream

ong before he made illadvised forays into R&B and dance music, and even before he let it all hang out after midnight and laid down Sally, Eric Clapton was called "God"-and for good reason. On Cream's "White Room," recorded in 1968, Clapton tears through an seemingly limitless supply of frenzied pentatonic licks while shuffling his foot on the wah pedal, creating psychedelic effects and helping save the blues from obscurity.

KEY NOTES At the foundation of "White Room" is Rhy. Fig. 1, which appears in all of the verses and again in the outro/guitar solo. Clapton varies this figure slightly with each Wheels of Fire repeat. To achieve his



freewheeling feel, you needn't learn each variation note

for note. Instead, just hold each basic voicing for the appropriate rhythmic value, and then start picking at the notes within each shape in a way that feels natural to you, as in the figure above.

BIG PICTURE In the solo, Clapton devours the 10th-position D minor pentatonic scale (D-F-G-A-C) like a fat man does pork at an all-you-can-eat rib house. If you were to get onstage and play the solo for rote, you'd sound like a total guitar-store wanker. So, just go through the solo, take several licks that appeal to you, and internalize them: you want to not only learn the licks on your axe but be able to hear them in your head (and be able sing them, too). Practice this sort of lick thievery with lots of different instrumentalists-guitarists and non-guitarists alikeand you'll never be at a loss for notes when it comes time to improvise. -ADAM PERLMUTTER



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As Recorded by Iron Maiden

(From the Capitol Recording POWERSLAVE)

Transcribed by Jordan Baker

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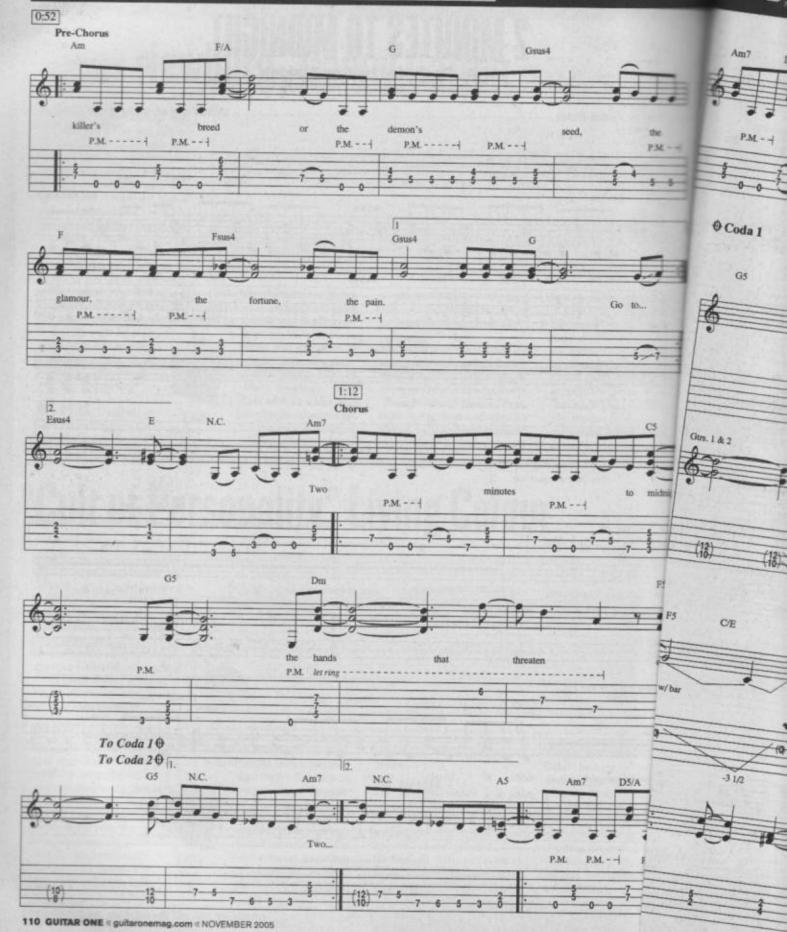
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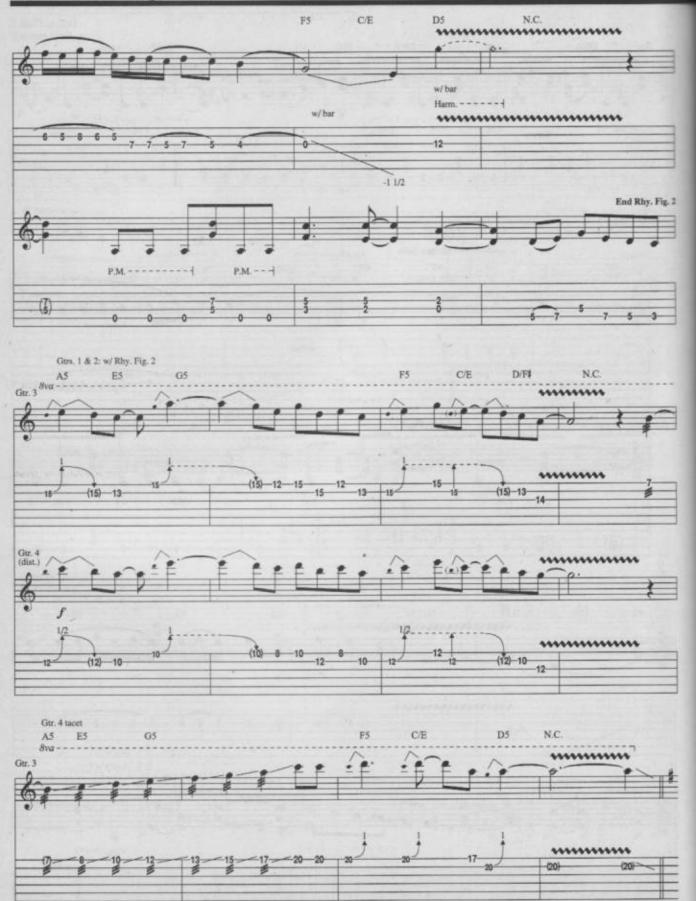


### **2 Minutes To Midnigh**



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repeats)





### Lyrics

### Verse 1

Kill for gain or shoot to maim, but we don't need a reason. The golden goose is on the loose and never out of season. Blackened pride still burns inside this shell of bloody treason. Here's my gun for a barrel of fun, for the love of living death.

### Pre-Chorus

The killer's breed or the demon's seed, The glamour, the fortune, the pain. Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain, Don't you pray for my soul anymore.

### Chorus

Two minutes to midnight, The hands that threaten doom. Two minutes to midnight, To kill the unborn in the womb.

The blind men shout, "Let the creatures out, we'll show the unbelievers." Napalm screams of human flames for a prime time Belsen feast, yeah. As the reasons for the carnage cut their meat and lick the gravy, We oil the jaws of the war machine and feed it with our babies.

The body bags and little rags of children tom in two,
And the jellied brains of those who remain to put the finger right on you.
As the madmen play on words and make us all dance to their song,
To the tune of starving millions to make a better kind of gun.

### Outro

Midnight, midnight, midnight, it's all night. Midnight, midnight, midnight, it's all night. Midnight, all night.



P.M. -4