

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
(The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes

Oh I used to be disgusted
and now I try to be amused.
But since their wings have got rusted,
You know, the angels wanna wear my red shoes.
But when they told me 'bout their side of the bargain,
That's when I knew that I could not refuse.
And I won't get any older, now the angels wanna wear my red shoes.

I was watching while you're dancing away.
Our love got fractured in the echo and sway.
How come everybody wants to be your friend?
You know that it still hurts me just to say it.

Oh, I know that she's disgusted (oh why's that)
Cause she's feeling so abused. (oh that's too bad)
She gets tired of the lust, (oh I'm so sad)
but it's so hard to refuse.
How can you say that I'm too old,
when the angels have stolen my red shoes.

Oh, I said I'm so happy, I could die.
She said Drop dead, then left with another guy.
That's what you get if you go chasing after vengeance.
Ever since you got me punctured this has been my sentence.
Oh I used to be disgusted
Well now I try to be amused.
But since their wings have got rusted,
you know, the angels wanna wear my red shoes.
But when they told me 'bout their side of the bargain,
that's when I knew that I could not refuse.
And I won't get any older, now the angels wanna wear my red shoes.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Alison

Oh it's so funny to be seeing you after so long, girl.
And with the way you look I understand
that you were not impressed.
But I heard you let that little friend of mine
take off your party dress.
I'm not going to get too sentimental
like those other sticky valentines,
'cause I don't know if you were loving some body.
I only know it isn't mine.
Alison, I know this world is killing you.

Oh, Alison, my aim is true.

Well I see you've got a husband now.
Did he leave your pretty fingers lying
in the wedding cake?
You used to hold him right in your hand.
I'll bet he took all he could take.
Sometimes I wish that I could stop you from talking
when I hear the silly things that you say.
I think somebody better put out the big light,
cause I can't stand to see you this way.

Alison, I know this world is killing you.
Oh, Alison, my aim is true.
My aim is true.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Blame It On Cain

Once upon a time, I had a little money.
Government burglars took it long
before I could mail it to you.
Still, you are the only one.
Now I can't let it slip away.
So if the man with the ticker tape,
he tries to take it,
well this is what I'm gonna say.

Blame it on Cain.
Don't blame it on me.
Oh, oh, oh it's nobody's fault,
but we need somebody to burn.

Well if I was a saint with
a silver cup
and the money got low
we could always heat it up
or trade it in.
But then the radio that heaven will be wired to your purse.
And then you can run down the wave band,
coast to coast, hand in hand.
Bad to worse, curse for curse,
don't be dissatisfied.
So you're not satisfied.

chorus

I think I've lived a little too long
on the outskirts of town

I think I'm going insane
from talking to myself for so long.
Oh but I've never been accused.
When they step up on your face,
you wear that good look grin.
I gotta break out one weekend
Before I do somebody in.
But every single time
I feel a little stronger,
they tell me it's a crime.
Well how much longer?

chorus

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
I'm Not Angry

You're upstairs with the boyfriend while I'm left here to listen.
I hear you calling his name, I hear the stutter of ignition.
I could hear you whispering as I crept by your door.
So you found some other joker who could please you more.

I'm not angry, I'm not angry anymore.
I'm not angry, I'm not angry anymore.
Ooh, I know what you're doin'.
I know where you've been.
I know where, but I don't care,
'cause there's no such thing as an original sin.

I've got this camera click, click, clickin' in my head.
I got you talking with your hands, got you smiling with your legs.
Spent all my time in a vanity factory,
wonderin' when they're gonna come and take it all back.

chorus

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Less Than Zero

Calling Mister Oswald with the swastika tattoo,
There is a vacancy waiting in the English voodoo,
Carving V for vandal on the guilty boy's head.
When he's had enough of that maybe you'll take him to bed
To teach him he's alive before he wishes he was dead.

Chorus

Turn up the TV. No one listening will suspect,
Even your mother won't detect it,
So your father won't know.

They think that I've got no respect
But everything means less than zero.
Hey, ooh hey, hey, ooh hey.

Oswald and his sister are doing it again.
They've got the finest home movies that you have ever seen.
They've got a thousand variations: every service with a smile.
They're gonna take a little break, and they'll be back after a while.
Well I hear that South America is coming into style.

Chorus

A pistol was still smoking, a man lay on the floor.
Mister Oswald said he had an understanding with the law.
He said he heard about a couple living in the USA.
He said they traded in their baby for a Chevrolet.
Let's talk about the future now we've put the past away.

Chorus

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Miracle Man

You never asked me what I wanted. You only asked me why.
I never thought that so much trouble was restin' on my reply,
I could say it was the nights when I was lonely
and you were the only one who'd come.
I could tell you that I like your sensitivity,
when you know it's the way that you walk.

(chorus)

Why do you have to say that there's always someone
who can do it better than I can?
But don't you think that I know that walking on the water
won't make me a miracle man?

Baby's gotta have the things she wants.
You know she's gotta have the things she loves.
She's got a ten-inch bamboo cigarette holder
and her black patent leather gloves.
And I'm doing everything just tryin' to please her,
even crawling around on all fours.
Oh, I thought by now that it was gonna be easy,
but she still seems to want for more.

(chorus)

I hear they're givin' you a bad reputation

just because you've never been denied.
You try to say you've done it all before.
Baby, you know that you just get tired.
Yet everybody loves you so much, girl.
I just don't know how you stand the strain.
Oh, I, I'm the one who's here tonight,
and I don't wanna do it all in vain.

(chorus)

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Mystery Dance

Romeo was restless, he was ready to kill.
He jumped out the window cause he couldn't sit still.
Juliet was waiting with a safety net.
He said Don't bury me cause I'm not dead yet.

Why don't you tell me 'bout the mystery dance.
I wanna know about the mystery dance.
Why don't you show me,
'cause I've tried and I've tried,
And I'm still mystified.

I can't do it anymore and I'm not satisfied.
I can't do it anymore and I'm not satisfied.

Well I remember when the lights went out
And I was tryin' to make it look like it was never in doubt.
She thought that I knew, and I thought that she knew,
So both of us were willing, but we didn't know how to do it.

chorus

Well I was down under the covers in the middle of the night,
Tryin' to discover my left foot from my right.
You can see those pictures in any magazine.
But what's the use of looking when you don't know what they mean.

chorus

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
No Dancing

Oh I know that she
Has made a fool of him
Like girls have done so many nights before
Time and time again
Life is so strange

I don't know why
But somebody, somebody has to cry
There's gonna be no dancing when they get home
There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing when they get home

Now he's telling her
Every little thing he's done
Once he glanced at the jackets of some paperbacks
Now he's read every one
He's such a drag
He's not insane
It's just that everybody
Has to feel his pain
There's gonna be no dancing when they get home

He's getting down on his knees
He finds that the girl is not so easy to please
Oh oh, after all, his nights were just a paper striptease
She's caught it like some disease

If he says no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing on my own

She can't even speak to him
He can't face her now
He says Even though I wanna shake your hand
All I ever do is bow.
So now you see
How it can be.
Why can't you give me anythin' but sympathy?

There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing
There's gonna be no dancing

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Pay It Back

Stop thief; you're gonna come to grief
if you don't take a little more care.
You're gonna get more than the family plan
from this one shoestring affair.
I may be crazy but I can't contemplate
being trapped between the doctor and the magistrate.

One of these days I'm gonna pay it back, pay it back,
one of these days.
One of these days I'm gonna pay it back, pay it back,
one of these days.

And then they told me I could be somebody
if I didn't let too much get in my way.
And I tried so hard just to be myself,
but I keep on fading away.
Until the lights went out, I didn't know what to do.
If I could fool myself, then maybe I'd fool you too.

chorus

I wouldn't say that I was raised on romance.
Let's not get stuck in the past.
I love you more than everything in the world.
I don't expect that will last.
They told me everything was guaranteed.
Somebody somewhere must've lied to me.

chorus.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Sneaky Feelings

Now everybody's breakin' up somebody else's home,
before somebody else starts breaking up their own.
I get you in my dreams.
You should hear the things you say.
It's not that it's so much fun,
but it's safer that way.

Sneaky feeling, sneaky feelings,
you can't let those kind of feelings show.
I'd like to get right through the way I feel for you,
but I've still got a long way to go.

Why don't we call it a day, and we can both confess.
You can force me to use a little tenderness.
White lies, alibis, anything but say that it's true.
Now we could sit like lovers, staring in each other's eyes,
but the magic of the moment might become too much for you.

Sneaky feeling, sneaky feelings,
you can't let those kind of feelings show.
I'd like to get right through the way I feel for you,
but I've still got a long way to go.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Waiting For The End Of The World

The man from the television crawled into the train.
I wonder who he's gonna stick it in this time.
Everyone was looking for a little entertainment,
so they'll probably pull his hands off
when they find out his name.
And then they shut down the power all along the line,
and we got stuck in the tunnel where no lights shine.
They got to touching all the girls were to scared to call out.
Nobody was saying anything at all.

We were waiting for the end of the world,
waiting for the end of the world,
waiting for the end of the world.
Dear Lord I sincerely hope you're coming
'cause you really started something.

Things got back to normal as the train began to roll again.
We got to the station about twenty minutes later.
The legendary hitchhiker says that he knows where it's at.
Now he'd like to go to Spain or somewhere like that,
with his two-tone Bible and his funny cigarettes,
his suntan lotion and his castanets.

He was waiting for the end of the world,
waiting for the end of the world,
waiting for the end of the world.
Dear Lord I sincerely hope you're coming
'cause you really started something.

And then the bride, the groom, the congregation and the priest
all got onto the train when we were three stations east, yeah.
Hiding from a scandal in the national press,
they had been trying to get married since they stole the wedding dress.
You may see them drowning as you stroll along the beach,
but don't throw out the lifeline till they're clean out of reach.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Watching The Detectives

Nice girls not one with a defect,
cellophane shrink-wrapped, so correct.
Red dogs under illegal legs.
She looks so good that he gets down and begs.

She is watching the detectives.
ooh, he's so cute!

She is watching the detectives
when they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot.
They beat him up until the teardrops start,
but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no heart.

Long shot of that jumping sign,
Visible shivers running down my spine.
Cut the baby taking off her clothes.
Close-up of the sign that says, We never close
You snatch a tune, you a match a cigarette,
She pulls the eyes out with a face like a magnet.
I don't know how much more of this I can take.
She's filing her nails while they're dragging the lake.

Chorus

You think you're alone until you realize you're in it.
Now fear is here to stay. Love is here for a visit.
They call it instant justice when it's past the legal limit.
Someone's scratching at the window. I wonder who is it?
The detectives come to check if you belong to the parents
who are ready to hear the worst about their daughter's disappearance.
Though it nearly took a miracle to get you to stay,
it only took my little fingers to blow you away.

Just like watching the detectives.
Don't get cute!
It's just like watching the detectives.
I get so angry when the teardrops start,
but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no heart.
Watching the detectives.
It's just like watching the detectives.

----- 1977 My Aim Is True -----
Welcome To The Working Week

Now that your picture's in the paper being rhythmically admired
and you can have anyone that you have ever desired,
all you gotta tell me now is why, why, why, why.

Welcome to the workin' week.
Oh I know it don't thrill you, I hope it don't kill you.
Welcome to the workin' week.
You gotta do it till you're through it so you better get to it.

All of your family had to kill to survive,
and they're still waitin' for their big day to arrive.
But if they knew how I felt they'd bury me alive.

Welcome to the workin' week.
Oh I know it don't thrill you, I hope it don't kill you.
Welcome to the workin' week.
You gotta do it till you're through it so you better get to it.

I hear you sayin', Hey, the city's all right
when you only read about it in books.
Spend all your money gettin' so convinced
that you never even bother to look.
Sometimes I wonder if we're livin' in the same land,
Why d'you wanna be my friend when I feel like a juggler
running out of hands?

Welcome to the workin' week, oh, welcome to the working week.

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea

Photographs of fancy tricks to get your kicks at sixty-six
He thinks of all the lips that he licks
And all the girls that he's going to fix
She gave a little flirt, gave herself a little cuddle
But there's no place here for the mini-skirt waddle
Capital punishment, she's last year's model
They call her Natasha when she looks like Elsie
I don't want to go to Chelsea

Oh no it does not move me
Even though I've seen the movie
I don't want to check your pulse
I don't want nobody else
I don't want to go to Chelsea

Everybody's got new orders
Be a nice girl and kiss the warders
Now the teacher is away
All the kids begin to play
Men come screaming, dressed in white coats
Shake you very gently by the throat
One's named Gus, one's named Alfie
I don't want to go to Chelsea

Oh no it does not move me
Even though I've seen the movie
I don't want to check your pulse
I don't want nobody else
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Oh no it does not move me
Even though I've seen the movie
I don't want to check your pulse
I don't want nobody else
I don't want to go to Chelsea

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Hand In Hand

No, don't ask me to apologise.
I won't ask you to forgive me.
If I'm gonna go down,
you're gonna come with me
You say 'Why don't you be a man about it,
like they do in the grown-up movies?'
But when it comes to the other way around,
you say you just wanna use me.
Oh, you sit and you wonder whether
it's gonna be syndicated.
You sit with your knees together.
All the time your breath is baited.
Hand in Hand

No, don't ask me to apologise.
I won't ask you to forgive me.
If I'm gonna go down,
you're gonna come with me
Don't you know I got the bully boys out
changing someone's facial design,
sitting with my toy room lout,
polishing my precious china
Don't you know I'm an animal?
But don't you know I can't stand up steady?
But you can't show me any kind of hell
that I don't know already.
Hand in Hand.

No, don't ask me to apologise.
I won't ask you to forgive me.
If I'm gonna go down,
you're gonna come with me
Hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand...

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Lip Service

You left the motor running.
But I know you're so attractive.
Getting in some sharp practice.
You better not do anything reckless.
But everybody is going through the motions.
Everybody is going through the motions.
Are you really only going through the motions?
Lip service is all you'll ever get from me.
Lip service is all you'll ever get from me.
Lip service is all you'll ever get from me.
But if you change your mind
you can send it in a letter to me
Don't make any sudden movements.
These are dangerous amusements.
When did you become so choosy?
Don't act like you're above me;
just look at your shoes.
But if you change your mind
you can send it a letter to me
But if you change your mind
you can send it a letter to me
But if you change your mind
you can send a little letter to me

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Lipstick Vogue

Don't say you love me when it's just a rumour
Don't say a word if there is any doubt.
Sometimes I think that love is just a tumour;
You've got to cut it out.
You say you're sorry for the things that you've done.
You say you're sorry but you know you don't mean it.
I wouldn't worry. I had so much fun.

Sometimes I almost feel just like a human being
It's you
Not just another mouth in the lipstick vogue
It's you
Not just another mouth in the lipstick vogue

Get to the slot machine almost dead on arrival
Just hit me one more time with that live wire
Maybe they told you you were only a girl in a million
You say I've got not feelings;
This is a good way to kill them.

Select the control and then insert the token
You wanna throw me away but I'm not broken.
You've got a lot to say. Well I'm not joking.
There are some words they don't allow to be spoken.

Sometimes I almost feel just like a human being
It's you
Not just another mouth in the lipstick vogue

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Little Triggers

Little triggers that you pull with your tongue.
Little triggers. I don't wanna be hung up,
strung up, when you don't call up.
Little sniggers on your lips.
Little triggers in your grip.
Little triggers. My hand on your hip.

Thinkin' all about those censored sequences
Worryin' about the consequences
Waiting until I come to my senses
Better put it all in present tenses

Chorus

Worryin' about the common decency
When it is only a question of frequency
When you say O.K. But I gotta cheek
to be sayin' you're tired of me
when you don't even weaken these

Chorus

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Living In Paradise

I don't like those other guys looking at your curves
I don't like you walking round with physical jerks
Everything they say and do is getting on my nerves
Soon they will be lucky to be picking up the perks
'Cause when they pull the shutters down
and throw up in the dark,
they'll find that all the dogs outside
bite much worse than they bark.
Here we are living in paradise,

living in luxury.

Oh, the thrill is here but it won't last long
You better have your fun before it moves along
And you're already looking for another,
fool like me.

I call you Betty Felon 'cause you are a pretty villain
And I think that I should tell them that you'd
make a pretty killing
'Cause meanwhile up in heaven they are waiting at the gate
saying 'We'd always knew you'd make it,
didn't think you'd come this late'.

And now it's much too dangerous to stop what you've begun
When everyone in paradise carries a gun

[Chorus]

Later in the evening when arrangements are made,
I'll be at the keyhole outside your bedroom door.

'Cause I'm the first to know whenever the plans are laid
that never go further than floor to floor.

You think that I don't know the boy that you're touching,
but I'll be at the video and I will be watching

[Chorus]

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----

Night Rally

I would send out for assistance but there's someone on the signal wire
And the corporation logo is flashing on and off in the sky
They're putting all your names in the forbidden book
I know what they're doing but I don't want to look
You think they're so dumb, you think they're so funny
Wait until they've got you running to the
Night rally, night rally, night rally
Everybody's singing with their hand on their heart
About deeds done in the darkest hours
That's just the sort of catchy little melody
To get you singing in the showers
Oh, I know that I'm ungrateful
I've got it lying on a plate
And I'm not buying my share of souvenirs
You can stand to attention
You can pray to your uncle
Only get that chicken out of here
Everyone gets armbands and 3-D glasses
Some are in the back room
And they're taking those night classes
You think they're so dumb, you think they're so funny
Wait until they've got you running to the
Night rally, night rally, night rally

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----

No Action

I don't wanna kiss you. I don't wanna touch.
I don't wanna see you 'cause I don't miss you that much.
I'm not a telephone junkie.
I told you that we were just good friends.
But when I hold you like I hold that bakelite in my hands,
there's no action,
there's no action,
there's no action.
Every time I phone you, I just wanna put you down.
He's got the keys to the car.
They are the keys to the kingdom.
He's got everything you need.
It's a shame that he didn't bring them.
I'm not a telephone junkie.
If I'm inserting my coin I'm doing just fine.
And the things in my head start hurting my mind.
And I think about the way things used to be,
knowing you with him is driving me crazy.
Sometimes I phone you when I know you're not lonely,
but I always disconnect it in time.

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----

Pump It Up

I've been on tenterhooks
Ending in dirty looks,
List'ning to the Muzak,
Thinking 'bout this 'n' that.
She said that's that.
I don't wanna chitter-chat.
Turn it down a little bit
Or turn it down flat.

Pump it up when you don't really need it.
Pump it up until you can feel it.

Down in the pleasure centre,
Hell bent or heaven sent,
Listen to the propaganda,
Listen to the latest slander.
There's nothing underhand
That she wouldn't understand.

Pump it up until you can feel it.
Pump it up when you don't really need it.

She's been a bad girl.
She's like a chemical.
Though you try to stop it,
She's like a narcotic.
You wanna torture her.
You wanna talk to her.
All the things you bought for her,
Putting up your temp'ature.

Pump it up until you can feel it.
Pump it up when you don't really need it.

Out in the fashion show,
Down in the bargain bin,
You put your passion out
Under the pressure pin.
Fall into submission,
Hit-and-run transmission.
No use wishing now for any other sin.

Pump it up until you can feel it.
Pump it up when you don't really need it.

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
Radio Radio

I was tuning in the shine on the light night dial
doing anything my radio advised
with every one of those late night stations
playing songs bringing tears to me eyes
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver
when the switch broke 'cause it's old
They're saying things that I can hardly believe.
They really think we're getting out of control.

Radio is a sound salvation
Radio is cleaning up the nation
They say you better listen to the voice of reason
But they don't give you any choice
'cause they think that it's treason.
So you had better do as you are told.
You better listen to the radio.

I wanna bite the hand that feeds me.
I wanna bite that hand so badly.
I want to make them wish they'd never seen me.

Some of my friends sit around every evening
and they worry about the times ahead

But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference
and the promise of an early bed
You either shut up or get cut out;
they don't wanna hear about it.
It's only inches on the reel-to-reel.
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools
tryin' to anaesthetise the way that you feel

[Chorus]

Wonderful radio
Marvelous radio
Wonderful radio
Radio, radio...

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
The Beat

We're all going on a summer holiday
Vigilante's coming out to follow me.
Heard somebody say they're out to collar me.
Anybody wanna swallow me?
It takes two to tumble. It takes two to tango.
Speak up; don't mumble if you're in the combo.
On the beat, on the beat.

Till a man comes along and he says,
'Have you been a good boy, never played with your toy?
Though you never enjoy, such a pleasure to employ.'
See your friends in the state their in.
See your friends getting under their skin.
See your friends getting taken in.
Well, if you only knew the things you do to me.
I'd do anything to confuse the enemy.
There's only one thing wrong with you befriending me.
Take it easy. I think you're bending me.
I've been a bad boy with the standard leader.
My neighbor's revving up his Vauxhall Viva.
On the beat, on the upbeat.
Till a man comes along and he says,
'Have you been a good boy, never played with your toy?
Though you never enjoy, such a pleasure to employ.'
See your friends walking down the street.
See your friends never quite complete.
See your friends getting under their feet.
Oh, I don't want to disease you,
but I'm no good with machinery.
Oh, I don't wanna freeze you.

Stop looking at the scenery.
I keep thinking about your mother.
Oh, I don't wanna lick them.
I don't wanna be a lover.
I just wanna be your victim.
I don't go out much at night.
I don't go out much at all.
Did you think you were the only one
who was waiting for a call
On the beat, on the upbeat.
Till a man comes along and he says,
'Have you been a good boy, never played with your toy?
Though you never enjoy, such a pleasure to employ.'
See your friends treat me like a stranger.
See your friends despite all the arrangements.
See your friends Nothing here has changed.
Just the beat.

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
This Year's Girl

See her picture in a thousand places
'cause she's this year's girl.
You think you all own little pieces
of this year's girl.
Forget your fancy manners,
Forget your English grammar,
'cause you don't really give a damn
about this year's girl.

Still you're hoping that she's well spoken
'cause she's this year's girl.
You want her broken with her mouth wide open
'cause she's this year's girl.
Never knowing it's a real attraction,
All these promises of satisfaction,
While she's being bored to distraction
being this year's girl.

Time's running out. She's not happy with the cost.
There'd be no doubt, only she's forgotten
much more than she's lost.

A bright spark might corner the market
in this year's girl.
You see yourself rolling on the carpet
with this year's girl.
Those disco synthesizers,
Those daily tranquilizers,

Those body building prizes,
Those bedroom alibis,
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl.
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl.
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl.

----- 1978 This Year's Model -----
You Belong To Me

What are you girls gonna tell your mother?
I don't want to hear another word about young lovers
Or hiding your boyfriend in the cupboard.
She's been to see the doctor, so you hope that she recovers.
You act dumb.
You say you're so numb.
You say you don't come
Under his thumb.

Don't wanna be a goody-goody.
I don't want just anybody.
No, I don't want anybody saying
'You belong to me. You belong to me.'

Your eyes are absent, your mouth is silent;
Pumping like a fire hydrant.
Things you see are getting hard to swallow.
You're easily led, but you're much too scared to follow.
You've been warned.
You're going to get torn.
No uniform is gonna keep you warm.

Don't wanna be a goody-goody.
I don't want just anybody.
No, I don't want anybody saying
'You belong to me. You belong to me.'

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Accidents Will Happen

Oh I just don't know where to begin
Though he says he'll wait forever
It's now or never
But she keeps him hanging on
The silly champion
She says she can't go home
Without a chaperone

Accidents will happen
We only hit and run

He used to be your victim
Now you're not the only one
Accidents will happen
We only hit and run
I don't want to hear it
'Cause I know what I've done

There's so many fish in the sea
That only rise up in the sweat and smoke like mercury
But they keep you hanging on
They say you're so young
Your mind is made up but your mouth is undone

Chorus

And it's the damage that we do
And never know
It's the words that we don't say
That scare me so

There's so many people to see
So many people you can check up on
And add to your collection
But they keep you hanging on
Until you're well hung
Your mouth is made up but your mind is undone

Chorus

I know, I know, (repeat)

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Big Boys

I am starting to function
In the usual way
Everything is so provocative
Very very, temporary

I shall walk
Out of this place
I shall walk
Out on you
'Cause you go silly
If she's willing
Trying so hard to be like the big boys

So you take her to the pictures
Trying to become a fixture

Inch by inch trying to reach her
All the way through the second feature
Worrying about your physical fitness
Tell me how you got this sickness, Oh ohhhh..

I was caught in the suction
By a face like a truncheon
I was down upon one knee
Stroking her vanity
I was stuck on a hammerhead
I came alive and left for dead
As my face returned to red
Choking on my pride and pity

We can talk
Until your face is blue
We can talk but she'll get to you
After you've been loved and hated
By the ones you've watched and waited
Found that they were overrated

She'll be the one - when the girls have gone home
She'll be the one - when the party's over
She'll be the one - that you'll wish you'd held onto
She'll be the one - but it's too late for you to
She'll be the one - who knows all your history
She'll be the one -
So you can cross her off your list
And you try so hard
And you try so hard
And you try so hard
To be like the big boys, oh.

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Busy Bodies

So you think that you have seen her
When you're lying in between her
And you tell me that you don't care
Busy bodies getting nowhere
Everybody's getting meaner
Busy bodies
Caught in the concertina
You check her outline
Break her regulations
You watch her legs through several
Service stations
Busy bodies

Very busy
Getting nowhere
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere
Now you're ready for the merger
With the company you're part of
And you do the dirty business
With your latest sleeping partner
You're becoming
Automatic
Busy bodies
Out playing with the traffic
You want attention
You try my patience
With the best intentions you are nothing but a nuisance
Busy bodies
Busy busy
Getting nowhere
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere
Now you've given your performance
Though the matinee was idle
And you find that a wave of her right hand
Could seem so tidal
Just a second
Satisfaction
Busy bodies
Temporarily out of action
You wash and brush up
You want to dress up
You want to kiss her
But she's busy with her makeup
Busy bodies
Very busy
Getting nowhere
Nowhere

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Chemistry Class

She throws back her hair and she shows you her mouth
The breath that I waste trying to ruin your life
Beauty's on a budget but you take it on the chin
'Cause you have to do your duty taking orders from the kingpin
You've got a chemistry class I want a piece of your mind
You don't know what you started when you mixed it up with mine
Are you ready for the final solution? Oh. Oh.
They chopped you up in butcher's school
Threw you out of the academy of garbage
You'll be a joker all your life
A student at the comedy college

People pleasing people pleasing people like you
You've been around so long but you still don't know what to do
(Chorus)

Sparks are flying from electrical pylons
Snakes and ladders running up and down her nylons
Ready to experiment, you're ready to be burned
If it wasn't for some accidents then some would never ever learn
(Chorus)

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Goon Squad

Mother, Father, I'm here in the zoo
I can't come home 'cause I've grown up too soon
I got my sentence
I got my command
They said they'd make me major if I met all their demands
I could be a corporal into corporal punishment
Or the general manager of a large establishment
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the
Goon squad
They've come to look you over and they're giving you the eye
Goon squad
They want you to come out to play
You'd better say goodbye
Some grow just like their dads
And some grow up too tall
Some go drinking with the lads
Some don't grow up at all
And you must find the proper place
For everything you see
But you'll never get to make a lampshade out of me
I could join a chain of males or be the missing link
Looking for a lucky girl to put me in the pink
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the
Good squad
Mother, Father, I'm doing so well
I'm making such progress now that you can hardly tell
I fit in a little dedication
With one eye on the clock
They caught you under medication
You could be in for a shock
Thinking up the alibis that everyone's forgotten
Just another mummy's boy gone to rotten
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the
Goon squad....

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Green Shirt

There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen
Who comes into my house every night.
And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green
And she turns them into black and white.

But you tease, and you flirt
And you shine all the buttons on your green shirt
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

Better cut off all identifying labels
Before they put you on the torture table
'Cause somewhere in the Quisling Clinic
There's a shorthand typist taking seconds over minutes
She's listening in to the Venus line
She's picking out names
I hope none of them are mine

But you tease, and you flirt...

Never said I was a stool pigeon
I never said I was a diplomat
Everybody is under suspicion
But you don't wanna hear about that

'Cause you tease, and you flirt...

Better send a begging letter to the big investigation
Who put these fingerprints on my imagination?

You tease, and you flirt...
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Moods For Moderns

Moods for moderns
I get hit looking for a miss
I never thought that it would come to this
Moods for moderns
Though we may never be the same again
I am so proud that you've been taken in vain
What if none of your dreams come true?
I can never run from you
There's never been a how d'you do

There's never been an ending
Soon you'll belong to someone else
And I will be your stranger just pretending
Moods for moderns
Memory lingers
I let you into
Foreign fingers
Moods for moderns
I never thought that would see the day
I never thought that I would give you away
(Chorus)
Moods for moderns
Let them break us
Strong and sudden
Foreign fingers

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Oliver's Army

Don't start me talking
I could talk all night
My mind goes sleepwalking
While I'm putting the world to right
Called careers information
Have you got yourself an occupation?

Oliver's army is here to stay
Oliver's army are on their way
And I would rather be anywhere else
But here today

There was a checkpoint Charlie
He didn't crack a smile
But it's no laughing party
When you've been on the murder mile
Only takes one itchy trigger
One more widow, one less white nigger

Chorus

Hong Kong is up for grabs
London is full of Arabs
We could be in Palestine
Overrun by a Chinese line
With the boys from the Mersey and the Thames and the Tyne
But there's no danger
It's a professional career
Though it could be arranged
With just a word in Mr. Churchill's ear

If you're out of luck or out of work
We could send you to Johannesburg

Chorus

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Party Girl

They say you're nothing but a party girl
Just like a million more all over the world
I know I shouldn't be raising my hopes so high
But I have seen the hungry look in their eyes
They'd settle for anything in disguise of love
Seen the party girls look me over
Seen 'em leaving when the party's over

They can't touch me now
You say you don't mind
We're so hard to find
I could give you anything but time
Give it just one more try
Give it a chance
Starts like fascination
Ends up like a trance

Oh you'll never be the guilty party girl
Maybe someday we can go hiding from this world
Maybe I'll never get over the change in style
But I don't want to lock you up and say you're mine
Don't want to lose you or say goodbye
I'm the guilty party and I want my slice
But I know you've got me and I'm in a grip-like vise.

They can't touch me now
You say you don't mind
We're so hard to find
I could give you anything
I would give you anything
I can give you anything but time
Give you anything but time

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Senior Service

Chorus:
Senior service
Junior dissatisfaction
It's a breath you took too late
It's a death that's worse than fate
Senior service

Junior dissatisfaction
Though it may be second hand
It's by no means second rate
I want your neck
I want the seat that you sit at
I want your cheque
Because they told me I would get on
I wanna chop off your head and watch it roll into the basket
If you should drop dead tonight then they won't have to ask me twice
(Chorus)
They took me in the office and they told me very carefully
The way that I could benefit from death and disability
(Chorus)
I want your company car
I want your girlfriend and love
I want your place at the bar
Because there's always another man
To chop off your head and watch it roll into the basket
If you should drop dead tonight then they won't have to ask me twice
(Chorus)

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Sunday's Best

Times are tough for English babies
Send the army and the navy
Beat up strangers who talk funny
Take their greasy foreign money
Skin shop, red leather, hot line
Be prepared for the engaged sign
Bridal books, engagement rings
And other wicked little things
Chorus:
Standing in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest
But Sunday's best
Stylish slacks to suit your pocket
Back supports and picture lockets
Sleepy towns and sleeper trains
To the dogs and down the drains
Major roads and ladies smalls
Hearts of oak and long trunk calls
Continental interference
At death's door with life insurance
Chorus
Sunday's best, Sunday's finest
When your money's in the minus
And you suffer from your shyness

You can listen to us whiners
Don't look now under the bed
An arm, a leg and a severed head
Read about the private lives
The songs of praise, the readers' wives
Listen to the decent people
Though you treat them just like sheep
Put them all in boots and khaki
Blame it all upon the darkies
Chorus
Sunday's best

----- 1979 Armed Forces -----
Two Little Hitlers

Why are we racing to be so old?
I'm up late pacing the floor
I won't be told
You have your reservations
I'm bought and sold
I'll face the music
I'll face the facts
Even when we walk in polka dots and chequer slacks
Bowling and squawking
Running after titbits
Bobbing and squinting
Just like a nitwit
Two little Hitlers will fight it out until
One little Hitler does the other one's will
I will return
I will not burn
Down in the basement
I need my head examined
I need my eyes excited
I'd like to join the party
But I was not invited
You make a member of me
I'll be delighted
I wouldn't cry for lost souls, you might drown
Dirty words for dirty minds
Written in a toilet town
Dial me a Valentine
She's a smooth operator
It's all so calculated
She's got a calculator
She's my soft touch typewriter
And I'm the great dictator
(Chorus)
A simple game of self-respect

You flick a switch and the world goes off
Nobody jumps as you expect
I would have thought you would have had enough by now
You call selective dating
For some effective mating
I thought I'd let you down, dear
But you were just deflating
I knew right from the start
We'd end up hating
Pictures of the merchandise
Plastered on the wall
We can look so long as we don't have to talk at all
You say you'll never know him
He's an unnatural man
He doesn't want your pleasure
He wants as no one can
He wants to know the names of
All those he's better than
(Chorus)
I will return
I will not burn

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
5ive Gears In Reverse

Five gears in reverse
For girls looking for the big lift
Somebody send out for the night nurse
Please don't stick me on the late shift
If you don't know by now
Nobody's gonna tell you
If you don't know by now
The shock will probably kill you
But if your patience is exhausted and you still cannot decide
You're sitting in the garage contemplating suicide
And you have no motivation you can't even catch your breath
All of this acceleration is driving you to death
Five gears in reverse
You think I don't know what I'm doing
Another fashionable first
Like walking down the road to ruin
But if you're safe and sound
Don't let me interrupt you
And if you're gagged and bound
Well how can I corrupt you
Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
B Movie

I found America hiding in the corner of my wallet
It's a well kept secret, thought that I had better swallow it
Before they make me spit out the truth
Before they find you're lying about your youth
B movie, that's all you are to me
Just a soft soap story
Don't want the woman to adore me
You can't stand it when it goes from real to reel
Too real too real
You can't stand it when I throw punch lines you can feel
All the time, there's a rule book in Britannia
That no one ever waives
And everybody's on the make
It's not your heart I want to break
Turn out the lights
I'm thinking that I want to go to sleep now
Just give me a promise that I'm supposed to keep now
I don't want some fool asking me why
When I find you're finally making me cry

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Beaten To The Punch

You say that you can and then you run to get your mummy
And you're almost beaten to the punch
Looking for the man who sold you the dummy
And you're almost beaten to the punch
Laughing at the older guys who say it's just as well
Saved by the wedding bell
Almost beaten to the punch
You're looking for somebody new that you can knock about
You are almost beaten to the punch
If you've got a head for figures then you'd better count me out
You were almost beaten to the punch
You pulled the peace but you soon called it love
You go hand in glove
Almost beaten to the punch
Your body speaks so much louder than your voice
You let it do the talking so I don't have any choice
Now you find the younger guys are putting up resistance
And you're almost beaten to the punch
You better get out now because you'll never go the distance
And you're almost beaten to the punch
You'll find a girl and you'll promise her anything
Even a wedding ring
Almost beaten to the punch

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----

Black And White World

I was looking at the black and white world
It seemed so exciting
If you'd only put me back to back with that girl
When the night's inviting
With just a little lighting
There'll never be days like that again
When I was just a boy and men were men
You never go from moment to moment
You're the living double of a single fiction
You're very colourful with your compliments
As you feel the finger's friction
It's a freeze-frame
Still it's real life
You don't want to look
Cause you've seen the film and you've read the book

I was looking at the black and white world
Trying to name some pin-up
Those days she was just a beautiful girl
Now she's framed and hung up
I thought she was young
Up until I saw her last night in close detail
Though they all fade away when you're so pale
It's more than just a physical attraction
It starts with a face and ends up a fixation
But you're never gonna feel a fraction
Of the way it used to work on your imagination
When you were looking at the black and white world...

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Clowntime Is Over

Tears on your blackmail
Written to ransom
A point of the fingernail
Says that he's handsome

Clowntime is over
Time to take cover
While others just talk and talk
Somebody's watching where the others don't walk
Clowntime is over

A voice in the shadows
Says that his men know
He don't step back as expected
He's otherwise and unprotected

Chorus

Almost too good to be true
Who do you? why do you? what do you do?
While everybody's hiding under covers
Who's making lover's lane safe again for lovers?

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
High Fidelity

Some things you never get used to
Even though you're feeling like another man
There's nothing that he can do for you
To shut me away as you walk through
Lovers laughing in their amateur hour
Holding hands in the corridors of power
Even though I'm with somebody else right now

High fidelity
Can you hear me?

There's a new kind of dedication
Maybe you'll find it down the tunnel
Maybe I got above my station
Maybe you're only changing channel

Even though you're nowhere near me
And I know you kiss him so sincerely now
Even though the signal's indistinct
And you worry what silly people think
Who just can't wait to feel so frozen out
I bet he thinks that he was chosen out of the millions
I suppose you'll never know about

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Human Touch

I know I've just gotta get out of this place
I can't stand any more of that mechanical grace
Though you say it's only an industrial squeeze
It looks like luxury and feels like a disease
Oh give it to me, give it to me
I don't want to know much about much
Give it to me, give it to me

I need, I need, I need the human touch
Left with just a house to hold
Drinking your way to dry dock
It's easy to break up a model citizen
Living in the state of shock
I just can't believe I am responsible for this
What the makeup hides can't be hidden with a kiss
Chorus
When I'm talking in tongues I go where you lead
I don't make you plead, oh I need you
How I'd like to fix her in a picture of rage
How I'd like to catch her when she's acting her age
But when she's laying stretched out on the floor
It's no mystery to me anymore
Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
King Horse

Cheap cut satin and bad perfume
Showtime is almost here
Teased up by a strip cartoon
Laughing up your sleeve
Sniggering in your beer
He'd seen the bottom of a lot of glasses
But he'd never seen love so near
He'd seen love get so expensive
But he'd never seen love so dear

Now I know that you're all King Horse
Between tenderness and brute force

She can turn upon a sixpence in the mouth and trousers set
Hit the till, ring the bell, never spill a sip
And still she knows the kind of tip that she is gonna get
A lot of loose exchanges, precious little respect
When it's someone else's weekend
That's the best you can expect

Chorus

So fond of the fabric
So fond of fabrication
From comic books to tragic
Through the heart of complications

Meanwhile back in some secluded spot
He says 'will you please?' and she says 'stop'
If I ever lose this good thing that I've got

I never want to hear the song you dedicated tonight
Cause you see I knew that song so long before we met
That it means much more than it might

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Love For Tender

You won't take my love for tender
You can put your money where your mouth is
But you're so unsure
I could be a miser or a big spender
But you might get much more than you bargained for
Check in on a checkmate
Grassing on a classmate
So beautiful and fortunate
You're the one who hates to love
But he's the one who loves to hate
He can fix you all for good
Because he is the neighbourhood
You can get money for blood
Blood money for doing no good
Better tell me now, have you made your selection?
Are you ready for correction?
Cause the wages of sin are an expensive infection
It'll make you bankrupt
Better pay up now, don't interrupt
So in love, I'm so sincere
Just like a well-known financier
You know I've never been corrupt
I'll pay you a compliment
And you'll think I am innocent
You can total up the balance sheet
And never know if I'm a counterfeit
You won't take my love for tender...

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Men Called Uncle

Now there's newsprint all over your face
Well maybe that's why I can read you like a book
Just when I thought I was getting my taste to bite
I go and lose my appetite

Look at the men that you'd call uncle
They'd like to sink their teeth into you
For the pride and the pleasure
And the privilege of having you

If I say you're the one do you think that I'm serious
You get that kind of talk from older men
If I say I love you then I must be delirious
So why are you trying to put my temperature up again

Look at the men that you'd call uncle
Having a heart attack round your ankles

When you wake up with X-rated eyes
When you wake up still shaking
How can I apologize
As you check your effects and check your reflection
I'm so affected in the face of your affection

Look at the men that you'd call uncle
Having a heart attack round your ankles

I could swear, I could promise that I'll always be true to you
But we may not live to be so old
I could even say I'm going to do something new to you
Now the girls I see just leave me cold

Look at the men that you call uncle...

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Motel Matches

Somewhere in the distance I can hear Who Shot Sam?
This is my conviction, that I am an innocent man
Though you say I'm unkind
I'm being as nice as I can

Boys everywhere, fumbling with the catches
I struck lucky with motel matches
Falling for you without a second look
Falling out of your open pocketbook
Giving you away like motel matches

I wake with the siren in an emergency
Though your mind is full of love
In your eyes there is a vacancy
And you know what I'll do
When the light outside changes from red to blue

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
New Amsterdam

You're sending me tulips mistaken for lilies
You give me your lip after punching me silly
You turned my head till it rolled down the brain drain
If I had any sense now I wouldn't want it back again

New Amsterdam it's become much too much
Till I have the possession of everything she touches
Till I step on the brakes to get out of her clutches
Till I speak double dutch to a real double duchess

Down on the mainspring, listen to the tick tock
Clock all the faces that move in on your block
Twice shy and dog tired because you've been bitten
Everything you say now sounds like it was ghost-written

Chorus

Back in London they'll take you to heart after a little while
Though I look right at home I still feel like an exile
Somehow I found myself down at the dockside
Thinking about the old days of Liverpool and Rotherhithe
The transparent people who live on the other side
Living a life that is almost like suicide

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Opportunity

Born in the middle of a second big baby boom
Those noisy boys just might have spoken up too soon
Now I'm looking for a little girl, I wonder where she's gone
Big money for families having more than one
Opportunity, opportunity
This is your big opportunity
They shop around
follow you without a sound
Whatever you do now
Don't turn around
Whatever happened to the pride of the nation?
They say, just wait until you break formation
She was sitting pretty on a velvet cushion
But her bedroom eyes were like a button she was pushing
She said, When they get to Dover they'll be taking over
I said I'd come to her defense and then she pulled me over
Chorus

I'm in the foxhole, I'm down in the trench
I'd be a hero but I can't stand the stench

The Fitness Institute was full of General Motormen
And the Hollow House of Beauty wouldn't stand a chance with them
The chairman of this boredom is a compliment collector
I'd like to be his funeral director
Chorus
Please don't turn around...

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Possession

If there's anything that you want
If there's anything that you need
There's no need to be evasive
Money talks and it's persuasive

Possession
Now you're sending me your best wishes
Signed with love and vicious kisses
You lack lust, you're so lacklustre
Is that all the strength you can muster

Possession
Even when we are out of touch
Now I know that I've seen too much
Seen too much
So I see us lying back to back
My case is closed my case is packed
I'll get out before the violence
Or the tears or the silence

Possession

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Riot Act

Forever doesn't mean forever anymore
I said forever
But it doesn't look like I'm gonna be around much anymore
When the heat gets sub-tropical
And the talk gets so topical

Riot act - you can read me the riot act
You can make me a matter of fact
Or a villain in a million
A slip of the tongue is gonna keep me civilian

Why do you talk such stupid nonsense
When my mind could rest much easier
Instead of all this dumb dumb insolence

I would be happier with amnesia

They say forget her
Now it looks like you're either gonna be for me or against me
I got your letter
Now they say I don't care for the colour that it paints me
Trying to be so bad is bad enough
Don't make me laugh by talking tough
Don't put your heart out on your sleeve
When your remarks are off the cuff

Chorus

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Secondary Modern

This must be the place
Second place in the human race
Down in the basement
Now I know what he meant
Secondary modern
But there won't be a problem till the girls go home
This is the hand that you never shook
You never gave me the chance that I took
Secondary modern
But there won't be a problem till the girls go home
Is it out of the question
Between you and me
Is it pleasure or business
Or a packet of three?
Nobody makes me sad like you
Now my whole world goes from blue to blue
Secondary modern
But there won't be a problem till the girls go home...

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
Temptation

Who's this kid with his mumbo jumbo
Living in air-conditioned limbo
Though they treat him just like a guest
He's living under threat of arrest
Now that he's finally trying to make some sense
He drinks in self-defense
Give me temptation

The subtle touch of authority will
Take you anytime down to the station
You say that it's alright by me

Now you're living with the curse of sophistication
Now that you're shackled up to the rigmarole
With absolute control
I see you lying so wide awake
After I've given you all that you can take
So for heaven's sake
Give me temptation

Still you want to succeed so badly
Finding your life will not be deadly
You tell me you can take it or leave it
Sometimes I think that you really believe it
You're just itching to break her secret laws
As you go from claws to clause
Give me temptation

----- 1980 Get Happy!! -----
The Imposter

Trying to be too bad
Trying to talk too tough
Trying to jack the lad
You'd think he'd had enough

But he's not the man you'd think that he can be
I just don't know why you can't see
That he is only the imposter
That he is only the imposter

You've never been this far
You've always been too smart
And you know all our boys
Are really girls at heart

Chorus

When I said that I was lying I might have been lying
Never let me hear you say you're not trying
This is your big decision
Hope you're not disappointed
He's got double vision
When you want him double jointed

Chorus

He'll only bring you souvenirs
It's only gonna end in tears
And he is only the imposter

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Big Tears

Everyone is busy with the regular routine
The sniper just takes his aim
Everyone is window shopping, no one is amazed
Even if he hit you, you'd still think it's just a graze
You go to a movie, you go to a show
You think that you're living, you don't really know

Big tears mean nothing
You can count them as they fall
Big tears mean nothing
When you're lying in your coffin
Tell me who's been taken in

Oh, you talk about the new boss automatic clause
But of course they make it all up for you
Always fascinated by the weird edge of town
Come home disappointed every time they put you down
Laughing with the old boys, saying that it's all noise

I suppose big tears mean nothing
You can count them as they fall
Big tears mean nothing
When you're lying in your coffin
Tell me who's been taken in

All the buttons of my overcoat
They have fallen off one by one
You wouldn't even like me if you'd never had a drink
You wouldn't even like me if you never stopped to think
Standing in the shadow, turning wives to widows

Don't you know big tears mean nothing
You can count them as they fall
Big tears mean nothing
When you're lying in your coffin
Tell me who's been taken in
Tell me who, me or you's been taken in
Tell me, tell me, tell me

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Clean Money

Payday's coming and we wash it away
Clean money, clean money
Payday's coming and we wash it away
Clean money, clean money

That's what I want to do
I want to spend it on you

Checking on a checkmate
Grassing on a classmate
So beautiful and fortunate
He hates to love, you love to hate
He can fix you for good
'Cause he is the neighborhood
You can't get money for blood
Blood money for doin' no good

But they won't take my love for tender

Payday's coming and we wash it away
Clean money, clean money
Payday's coming and we wash it away
Clean money, clean money

That's what I want to do
I want to spend it on you

Have you made your selection ?
Are you ready for correction ?
'Cause the wages of sin
Are an expensive infection
And it's under the counter
Under the Geiger counter
Who stole your thunder ?

But they won't take my love for tender

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Clowntime Is Over

Tears on your blackmail
Written to ransom
A point of the fingernail
Says that he's handsome

Clowntime is over
Time to take cover
While others just talk and talk
Somebody's watching where the others don't walk
Clowntime is over

A voice in the shadows
Says that his men know

He don't step back as expected
He's otherwise and unprotected

Chorus

Almost too good to be true
Who do you? why do you? what do you do?
While everybody's hiding under covers
Who's making lover's lane safe again for lovers?

Chorus

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Crawling To The U.S.A.

I thought I would go to the sea and shrink down very tiny
And slide inside the telephone wire that runs under the briny
Till I found there is a way of crawling to the U.S.A.

You had better not go too far
There's one way out, there's only one way
Leave your mother and your father
Crawling to the U.S.A.

Saw it late one night on a secret channel
It's farther on along the tunnel
It's way beyond the final station
That's the one they never mention

You had better not go too far
There's one way out, there's only one way
Leave your mother and your father
Crawling to the U.S.A.

You don't have to pay them that much
You had better bring your lunch
It's undercover, around the houses
Up your skirt and down your trousers

You had better not go too far
There's one way out, there's only one way
Leave your mother and your father
Crawling to the U.S.A.

She said, I catch you taking liberties and they do not impress me
Attach me to your credit card and then you can undress me
Everybody is on their knees except the Russians and the Chinese

You had better not go too far

There's one way out, there's only one way
Leave your mother and your father
Crawling to the U.S.A.

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Dr. Luther's Assistant

Everything seems so tranquil
Home movies with no subtitles
Don't you wish you knew what they were sayin'
When the film keeps playin', playin' ?
Oh, he's Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll close in when he seems so distant
Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll get on top of you when you lower your resistance
Some say he is just a lackey
Changing words while the ink is still tacky
He's absolutely indispensable
He keeps the other boys in suspense
Oh, he's Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll close in when he seems so distant
Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll get on top of you when you lower your resistance
Luther is locked in a broken-down cinema
Watches his wife with his video camera
Sees his best boy makin' her grin
Out of the kitchen, she's gone with the wind
Oh, Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll close in, when he seems so distant
Doctor Luther's assistant
He'll get on top of you when you lower your resistance

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Ghost Train

Maureen and Stan were looking for a job
They got songs for every occasion
And a little limelight robbery
No one will employ them
There's nothing to decide
So he autographs his overdraft
While she goes out of her mind
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces
Unwanted posters of the haunted places

Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones

Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones

Maureen and Stan at the skating rink
Looking for the drummer who threw up in the sink
Laughing and singing, dressed up like dice
Maybe they could freeze to death out there on the ice
Look at the graceful way she dances
On foot speaks, the other answers

Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones
Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones

She plays the queen of the fleapit
He plays a Spanish guitar
He got a black eye from a waitress
She's not seeing any stars
You can be refused, you can be replaced
You can change your name but you can't change your face
While they make believe it's just another holiday
They turn on each other when they hear that joker say

Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones
Roll up for the ghost train
We only want the pretty ones

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Girls Talk

There are some things you can't cover up
With lipstick and powder
I thought I heard you mention my name
Can't you talk any louder?
Don't come any closer
Don't come any nearer
My vision of you can't get any clearer
Oh, I just want to hear girls talk
I got a loaded imagination being fired by girls' talk

But I can't say the words you want to hear
I suppose you're going to have to play it by ear
Right here and now
Girls talk and they want to know how
Girls talk and they say it's not allowed
Girls talk, if they say that it's so
Don't you think that I know by now
That the word up on everyone's lips
Stick that you're dedicated
Though you may not be an old fashioned girl
You're still going to get dated
Was it really murder?
Were you just pretending?
Lately I have heard you are the living end
Girls talk and they wanna know about her
Girls talk, they wanna know if I care
Girls talk and they wanna know where

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Hoover Factory

Five miles out of London on the Western Avenue
Must have been a wonder when it was brand new
Talkin' 'bout the splendour of the Hoover factory
I know that you'd agree if you had seen it too
It's not a matter of life or death
But what is, what is ?
It doesn't matter if I take another breath
Who cares ? Who cares ?
Green for go, green for action
From Park Royal to North Acton
Past scrolls and inscriptions like those of the Egyptian age
And one of these days the Hoover factory
Is gonna be all the rage in those fashionable pages

Five miles out of London on the Western Avenue
Must have been a wonder when it was brand new
Talkin' 'bout the splendour of the Hoover factory
I know that you'd agree if you had seen it too
It's not a matter of life or death
But what is, what is ?
It doesn't matter if I take another breath
Who cares ? Who cares ?

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Just A Memory

Layin' about, lyin' in bed
Maybe it was something that I thought I'd said

With the tempo of today and the temptation of tomorrow
I don't know if I could give you anything but sorrow

They stay alive this late on Radio Five
But the pen that I write with won't tell the truth
'Cause the moments that I can't recall
Are the moments that you treasure
Better take another measure for measure
Losing you is just a memory
Memories don't mean that much to me
Losing you is just a memory
Memories don't mean that much to me

Now you're here, I'm here too
Could be this easy for me and you
Losing you is just a memory
Memories don't mean that much to me
Losing you is just a memory
Memories don't mean that much to me

Lyin' about layin' in bed
Maybe it was something that I thought I'd said

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Radio Sweetheart

My head is spinning and my legs are weak
Goose step dancing, can't hear myself speak
Hope in the eyes of the ugly girls
That settle for the lies of the last chancers
When slow motion drunks pick wallflower dancers

You come here looking for the ride to glory
Go back home with a hard luck story
I can hardly wait around until the weekend comes to town

Play one more for my radio sweetheart
Hide your love, hide your love
Though we are so far apart
You've got to hide your love
'Cause that's the way the whole thing started
I wish we had never parted

When it's late and the night gets colder
Don't lay your head on any other shoulder
Some hire themselves out for a good time
But you and I, we have been sold
So I keep on saying...

Play one more for my radio sweetheart
Hide your love, hide your love
Though we are so far apart
You've got to hide your love
'Cause that's the way the whole thing started
I wish we had never parted

Play one more for my radio sweetheart

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Stranger In The House

This never was one of the great romances
But I thought you'd always have those young girl's eyes
But now they look in tired and bitter glances
At the ghost of a man who walks 'round in my disguise

I get the feeling that I don't belong here
But there's no welcome in the window anyway
And I look down for a number on my keychain
'Cause it feels more like a hotel everyday

There's a stranger in the house; nobody's seen his face
But everybody says he's taken my place
There's a stranger in the house no one will ever see
But everybody says he looks like me

And now you say you've got no expectations
But I know you also miss those carefree days
And for all the angry words that passed between us
You still don't understand me when I say

There's a stranger in the house; nobody's seen his face
But everybody says he's taken my place
There's a stranger in the house no one will ever see
But everybody says he looks like me

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Talking In The Dark

I tried in vain to drive myself insane
I talk to myself but I don't listen
I found out what I was missing

I miss talking in the dark
Without you, I'm not conversational
Without the sense of the occasional
Without you, I miss talking in the dark

When the barking and the biting is through
We can talk like we're in love or talk like we're above it
We can talk and talk until we talk ourselves out of it

I look for the news, somebody to abuse
I look at myself but it's so chancy
I see things that I don't fancy

I miss talking in the dark
Without you, I'm not conversational
Without the sense of the occasional
Without you, I miss talking in the dark
Without you, I miss talking in the dark

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Tiny Steps

Muscle baby won't let go
Weekend baby won't say no
Is she an active beauty ?
I should say so

Wooden bones and pretty lashes
Iodine for your baby's gashes
Little tombs for your baby's ashes
If something goes wrong

Tiny steps almost real
Tiny fingers you almost feel
Make her walk or make her kneel
Oh, she's almost human beneath that Cuban heel

Who's that down at the bottom of the garden ?
Who's that hiding underneath the sofa ?
Who gets blamed whenever you're in trouble ?
She's your friend and she's your double

Tiny steps almost real
Tiny fingers you almost feel
Make her walk or make her kneel
Oh, she's almost human beneath that Cuban heel

Pretty little fashion face
Pick anyone up off the shelf
Though you say it's a disgrace
You know you owe it to yourself
You can even shop around
Though you won't find any cheaper
She's your baby now

You can keep her

Tiny steps almost real
Tiny fingers you almost feel
Make her walk or make her kneel
Oh, she's almost human beneath that Cuban heel

----- 1980 Ten Bloody Marys & Ten Hows Your Fathers -----
Wednesday Week

The movies save on conversation
And the TV saves on sight
We met in a head-on collision
So I would say our chances would be slight

You can lead and I will follow
See us dancing cheek to cheek
You'll remember me tomorrow
But you won't give a damn by Wednesday Week

Say you love me until you do so
Joso singing just like Caruso
Three little words roll off your tongue
Somehow your face just doesn't look so young

You say you want to strike a bargain
Now there is no need to speak
You say you want to learn the jargon
But you won't give a damn by Wednesday Week

You start acting like a zombie
Someone wants your piece of cake
You think you want to jump up on me
But you won't give a damn by Wednesday Week

Oh what a letdown when the battle was finally won
One little breakdown and then it was over and done
I wish I had your confidence
It's love and not coincidence
Do you say these words to everyone ?

You're fantastic, you're terrific
Your excellence is almost scientific
You took the words out of my mouth
You put the tongue into my cheek
But I'd better lose my memory by Wednesday Week

----- 1981 Trust -----
Big Sister's Clothes

Sheep to the slaughter oh I thought this must be love
All your sons and daughters in a strangle hold with a kid glove
She's got eyes like saucers oh you think she's a dish
She is the blue chip that belongs to the big fish

Chorus:

But it's easier to say I love you,
than Yours sincerely I suppose
All little sisters like to try on big sister's clothes
Big sister's clothes

The sport of kings, the old queen's heart
The prince in darkness stole some tart
And it's in the papers, it's in the charts
It's in the stop press before it all starts.

With a hammer on the slap and tickle under grisly garments
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of armaments
Compassion went out of fashion
That's all your concern meant
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on home improvements

Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
Clubland

With a handful of backhanders and a bevy of beauty
You're going off limits
Going off duty
Going off the rails
Going off with booty
They tell tales of fiction found on all the criminal types
Lead to a higher ranking man or a face with thin red stripes

Chorus:

The boys next door
The mums and dads
New weds and nearly-deads
Have you ever been had in Clubland?

There's a piece in someone's pocket to do the dirty work
You've come to shoot the pony
They've come to do the jerk
They leave him half way to paradise
They leave you half way to bliss
The ladies' invitation never seemed like this

Chorus

The long arm of the law slides up the outskirts of town
Meanwhile in Clubland they are ready to pull them down

The right to work is traded in for the right to refuse admission
Don't pass out now, there's no refund
Did you find out what you were missing
The crowd is taking forty winks minus ten percent
You barely get required sleep to go lingering with contemptment

Thursday to Saturday
Money's gone already
Some things come in common these days
Your hands and work aren't steady

Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
Different Finger

Please put your rings on a different finger if you meet me tonight
'Cause I can't stand those suspicious glances
'Cause I know the things they're saying are right
They're saying why don't you straighten up
And see what you've got to lose
Put it all down to fate but you still got the chance to choose
I don't want to hear your whole life story
Or about my strange resemblance to some old flame
All I want is one night of glory
I don't even know your second name
Please put your rings on a different finger 'cause we've got so much at stake
I can't stand those suspicious glances
'Cause they seem to cover every move I make
But if I can be alone with you completely tonight
Put your rings on a different finger
Before I turn out the light

----- 1981 Trust -----
Fish 'n' Chip Paper

When Sunday morning dandruff turns out to be confetti
And the cost of living in sin would make a poor man out of Paul Getty
The girl in your dreams would have you up on an under age charge
And the man of the moment is the lifer at large
Chorus:
If you've got something to hide, if you've got something to sell
If you've got somebody's pride she might kiss and tell

Or wind up with a fight fan in the Hammersmith Hotel
You better speak up now if you want your piece
You better speak up now
It won't mean a thing later
Yesterday's news is tomorrow's fish and chip paper
Your girl says she's leaving and this time she really means it
You can just look at the pictures, you don't actually have to read it
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
There's a man in the launderette and he's looking through your underwear
for clues
And the milkman is working through the News of the Screws
He says...
Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
From A Whisper To A Scream

Oh it's not easy to resist temptation
Walking around looking like a figment of somebody else's imagination
Taking every word she says just like an open invitation
But the power of persuasion is no match for anticipation
Chorus:
Like a finger running down a seam
From a whisper to a scream
So I whisper and I scream
But don't get me wrong
Please don't leave me waitin' too long
Waitin' too long
Waitin' too long
Waitin' too long
Hey
Oh oh oh oh oh
Oh if the customers like it then they'll keep on paying
If they keep on drinking then they'll end up staying
I heard someone say where have we met before
But the one over the eight seem less like one or more like four
Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
Lover's Walk

I won't walk with my head bowed
Beyond caution where lovers walk
Your love walks where three's a crowd
Beyond caution where lovers walk
Lovers walk, lovers scramble
Beyond caution where the lovers walk
Lovers step, shuffle and gamble
Beyond caution where lovers walk

Lovers trip, lovers stumble
Lovers dip, lovers fumble
Lovers lip where love has crumbled
Beyond caution where lovers walk
Lovers strut, lovers stroll, lovers leap
Lovers late, lovers wait
Making promises that they can't keep
Lovers link up arm in arm
Lovers slink up, lovers charm
Lovers drink up and come to harm
Beyond caution where lovers walk
Love is gone and it's no one's fault
Love has stopped here, lovers halt
Lovers don't walk, lovers run
Will you look what love has done
Will you look what love has done
Will you look what love has done
Beyond caution where lovers walk
Now love's limping on a lover's crutch
Looking for a hand with a personal touch
Beyond caution where lovers walk

----- 1981 Trust -----
Luxembourg

Dressed up like a dog's dinner
Butter wouldn't melt on your paws
If this is a dog's life
Then you're the cat's clothes
They hire out your sons
And hire out your daughters
The man from abroad says he's already bought her
And now you look like a lover but you're only a tourist
Chorus:
You're either talking or yawning
You didn't listen to a thing you heard
Don't start your morning moaning or you might wake up in Luxembourg
You get up, you get over
You're worried by her body
She's worryin' about her bodily odour
You pull off
The pull over
You say that you love her when you really loathe her
Serves you right now she wants you to feed her and clothe her
Chorus
They're smiling sweetly while they're looking daggers
Kick you where it really matters
Send all your friends to Coventry
And look for your name in last night's obituaries

If you've got the Deutschmarks
If you've got the Yen, then
You get the shirt off her back and the clock off Big Ben
Somebody's soft touch
Struck all these bargains
In the drinking clubs with the council men
Making plans to put lead back in their pencils again
Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
New Lace Sleeves

Bad lovers face to face in the morning
Shy apologies and polite regrets
Slow dances that left no warning of
Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning
Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere
Even presidents have newspaper lovers
Ministers go crawling under covers
She's no angel
He's no saint
They're all covered up with white wash and grease paint
And you say...

Chorus
The teacher never told you anything but white lies
But you never see the lies
And you believe
Oh you know you have been captured
You feel so civilized
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

The salty lips of the socialite sisters
With their continental fingers that have
Never seen working blisters
Oh I know they've got their problems
I wish I was one of them
They say daddy's coming home soon
With his sergeant stripes and his Empire mug and spoon
No more fast buck
And when are they gonna learn their lesson
When are they gonna stop all of these victory processions
And you say...

Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
Pretty Words

I ask you nicely
Get my face slapped under wraps
What's going on precisely
Is there something wrong perhaps?
Surprise, surprise (surprise, surprise)
It's more like a booby trap than a booby prize
Civil disobedience from a soldier with a dirty rifle
You're loosening all the screws that hold the hinges of my life
Fat cats and army brats
Hep cats and dog tags pawing over girly mags

Chorus:

Pretty words don't mean much anymore
I don't mean to be mean much anymore
All I see are snapshots, big shots, tender spots
mug shots, machine slots
Till you don't know what's what
You don't know what you got
Curious women running after curious men
Curiosity didn't kill the cat
It was a poisoned pen
But there's not much choice (it's Hobson's choice)
Between a cruel mouth and a jealous voice
Got back to London
Picked a paper from the mat
No words of consolation
Just cartoons and chitter chatter
Well well, fancy that
Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat
No backbone, blood and guts
Better keep your big mouth shut
Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----

Shot With His Own Gun

How does it feel now you've been undressed
by a man with a mind like the gutter press
So disappointed to find it's no big sin
Lying skin to skin

Chorus

Shot with his own gun
Now dad is keeping mum
Shot with his own gun

Now somebody has to pay for the one who got away
What's on his mind now is anyone's guess
Losing his touch with each caress
Spending every evening looking so appealing

He comes without warning
Leaves without feeling

Chorus

On your marks, man, ready, set
Let's get loaded and forget
The little corporal got in the way
And he got hit by an emotional ricochet
It's a bit more now than dressing up dolly
Playing house seems so melancholy

Chorus

Oh it's too sad to be true
Your blue murder's killing you

----- 1981 Trust -----
Strict Time

There's a hand on a wire that leads to my mouth
I can hear you knocking but I'm not coming out
Don't want to be a puppet or a ventriloquist
'Cause there's no ventilation on a critical list
Fingers creeping up my spine are not mine to resist
Strict time

Chorus

Toughen up, toughen up
Keep your lip buttoned up
Strict time

Oh the muscles flex and the fingers curl
And a cold sweat breaks out on the sweater girl
Strict time
Oh he's all hands, don't touch that dial
The courting cold wars weekend witch trial
Strict time
All the boys are straight laced and the girls are frigid
The talk is two-faced and the rules are rigid 'cause it's strict time
Strict time

Chorus

You talk in hushed tones, I talk in lush tones
Try to look Italian through the musical Valium
Strict time
Thinking of grand larceny
Smoking the everlasting cigarette of chastity

Cute assistants staying alive
More like a hand job than the hand jive
Strict time

Chorus

----- 1981 Trust -----
Watch Your Step

Don't say a word
Don't say anything
Don't say a word
I'm not even listening
I read in the papers about their escape
They're just two bit of kids from a bunch of sour grapes
You better watch your step

Watch who's knocking on your front door
Now you know that they're watching
What are you waiting for?
Think you're young and original
Get out before...
They get to watch your step

Every day is full of fun
And family spies
They're making heroes out of fall guys
They say it's good for business
From Singapore to Widnes
You better watch your step

Broken noses hung up on the wall
Back slapping drinkers cheer the heavy weight brawl
So punch drunk they don't understand at all
You better watch your step

Every night
Go out full of carnal desires
End up in the closing time choirs
When you're kicking in the car chrome
And you're drinking down the Eau de Cologne
And you're spitting out the Kodachrome
You better watch your step

Bye
I send you all my regards
You're so tough
You're so hard
Listen to the hammers falling in the breaker's yard

You better watch your step
You better watch your step
Ooh, watch your step

----- 1981 Trust -----
White Knuckles

White knuckles came down to put the frighteners on
I believe she's the one that he's got his heart set on
It doesn't matter if your face doesn't fit
There's no charge for changing it
Oooh ooh

What are you doing
You see right through him
You don't have to take it when he gets cruel

Chorus:

White knuckles on black and blue skin
You don't have to take it so you just give in
White knuckles sweatin' on the headboard
He never found out what the kisser was for
Losing face with the boys while she's whispering in his ear
They never found out why they called it laughing gear
Maybe they weren't loved when they were young
Maybe they should be hung by their tongues
Oooh ooh

Under the blankets with the body jerk
He needs her like the axe needs the turkey
Making a mockery of his fancy footwork

Chorus:

White knuckles on black and blue skin
He didn't mean to hit her but she kept laughin
White knuckles sweatin' on the headboard
He never found out what the kisser was for
There's always someone new to toy with when the penny drops in the slot
Now it's all petty crime on the news at nine
But it's all she's got
Love on the never never dreams don't come cheap
I don't close my eyes when I go to sleep
Oooh

It gets right under your skin
It makes you as miserable as sin
But you don't have to take it so you just give in
Chorus

Why don't you come round anymore
Mama said
He's using you
Sister said
I told you so too
When he goes through your head

You took him to be true

----- 1981 Trust -----
You'll Never Be A Man

You need protection from the physical art of conversation
Though the fist is mightier than the lip, it adds the aggravation

Bridge and Chorus:

I got the password

I got persuasion

A proposition for invasion of your privacy

Give yourself away and find the fake in me

You'll never be a man

No matter how many foreign bodies you can take

You'll never be a man

When you're half a woman and you're half awake

With a face full of tears and a chemical shake

Given half a chance, that I can take

Are you so superior, are you in such pain

Are you made out of porcelain?

When they made you they broke the cast

Don't wanna be first, I just want to last

You strike a profile on the low side of my imagination

My eyes climbed down to find the point of possible saturation

Bridge and Chorus

I got the password

I got persuasion

A proposition for invasion of your privacy

Give yourself away and find the fake in me

You'll never be a man

No matter how many foreign bodies you can take

You'll never be a man

When you're half a woman and you're half awake

Under the table with a chemical shake

Given half a chance, that I can take

Are you so superior, are you in such pain

Are you made out of porcelain?

When they made you they broke the cast

Don't wanna be first, I just want to last

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
...And In Every Home

You turn to the sinister when you get the boot

Sliding down the banister in your Sunday suit

Lying on a slag heap of blankets and magazines

She's only thirty-five going on seventeen

You'd better roll over and go to sleep if you don't come clean

And in every home there will be lots of time
I will be all yours you might have been admired
(And in every home there will be lots of time)
They say they're very sorry but you are not desired
Oh heaven preserve us
Oh heaven preserve us
Oh heaven preserve us
Because they don't deserve us
Holding your life in your hand
With an artificial limp wrist
And so a young blade becomes a has-been
Looking for a new twist
A year after the wedding he broke all their china plates
He's in prison now she's running with his mates
Sees him every Sunday
And he asks her where she's been
She's only thirty-five going on seventeen
She's going to cop a packet if he ever finds her
In between the sheets
(chorus)

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Almost Blue

Almost blue
Almost doing things we used to do
There's a girl here and she's almost you
Almost all the things that your eyes once promised
I see in hers too
Now your eyes are red from crying

Almost blue
Flirting with this disaster became me
It named me as the fool who only aimed to be

Almost blue
It's almost touching it will almost do
There is a part of me that's always true...always
Not all good things come to an end now it is only a chosen few
I've seen such an unhappy couple

Almost me
Almost you
Almost blue

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Beyond Belief

History repeats the old conceits

The glib replies the same defeats
Keep your finger on important issues
With crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues
I'm just the oily slick
On the windup world of the nervous tick
In a very fashionable hovel
I hang around dying to be tortured
You'll never be alone in the bone orchard
This battle with the bottle is nothing so novel

So in this almost empty gin palace
Through a two-way looking glass
You see your Alice
You know she has no sense
For all your jealousy
In a sense she still smiles very sweetly
Charged with insults and flattery
Her body moves with malice
Do you have to be so cruel to be callous
And now you find you fit this identikit completely
You say you have no secrets
And then leave discreetly

I might make it California's fault
Be locked in Geneva's deepest vault
Just like the canals of Mars and the great barrier reef
I come to you beyond belief

My hands were clammy and cunning
She's been suitably stunning
But I know there's not a hope in Hades
All the laddies cat call and wolf whistle
So-called gentlemen and ladies
Dog fight like rose and thistle

I've got a feeling
I'm going to get a lot of grief
Once this seemed so appealing
Now I am beyond belief

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Boy With A Problem

I feel like a boy with a problem
I can't believe what we've forgotten
And I even slapped your face and made you cry
It's the last thing I want to do
Pull the curtains on me and you

Pull the carpet from under love
Pull out like young lovers do
You swore you wouldn't shout
If it's not your punch then its your pout
Days in silence try my temper
Nights spent drinking to remember
How memories are always tender
I crept out last night behind your back
The little they know might be the pieces I lack
Came home drunk
Talking in circles
The spirit is willing but I don't believe in miracles
I've got a problem but let's go to bed
I can roll over and I can play dead
But here I am in the doghouse instead
I feel like a boy with a problem
I can't believe all you've forgotten

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Human Hands

I've been talking to the wall and it's been answering me
Oh darling how I miss you
I'm just the mere shadow of my former selfishness
I crave the silhouette of your kiss
With only the blue light of the TV on
Lip reading threats and false alarms
There's a boy somewhere holding hands with himself
And a girl in a window on the Reeperbarn

Whenever I put my foot in my mouth and you begin to doubt
That it's you that I'm dreaming about
Do I have to draw you a diagram?
All I ever want is just to fall into your human hands

With the kings and queens of the dance hall craze
Checkmate in three moves in your heyday
But the girls don't listen to your line anymore
Now you're part of someone else
On the factory floor, you still say Wheres the action?
Now you manufacture happiness
And get sold on the cheap for someone's satisfaction

Chorus

All you toy soldiers and scaremongers
Are you living in this world sometimes I wonder
In between saying you've seen too much and saying you've seen it all before
Tighter and tighter I hold you tightly

You know I love you more than slightly
Although I've never said it like this before

Chorus

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Kid About It

He saw no tears in her eyes
Say you wouldn't kid about it
She's telling all of those lies
She swore she'd never told before
But I doubt it
So he bit his tongue
And tried hard to capture his breath
When she said I waited all my life
For just a little death
Say you wouldn't kid about it
Say you wouldn't kid about it
Say you wouldn't kid about it
Sometimes he takes himself so seriously
She makes her movements mysteriously
Slow fast or furiously
It's a big responsibility
With a face full of mixed ability
Big dreams of elegance
Singing the leaving of Liverpool
And turning into Americans
Say you wouldn't kid about it
So what if this is a man's world
I want to be a kid again about it
Give me back my sadness
I couldn't hide it even if I tried girl
We fight so frail
Making love tooth and nail
You gave me the kiss of my life
I might even live to tell the tale
(chorus)

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Little Savage

I would have waited all my life
Just to make love out of something other than spite
But the beauty is the beast you're baiting
Should really be worth the waiting
You do something very special to
Mr. Average
Now the lamb lies with the lion

He's just a little savage
And so you turn your back on me
And all the hot air that only echoes stale tobacco
Actions speak louder now than words
By just a fraction
What's the use of saying I love you when I'm drinking to distraction
We save our sanity
By saying such and such
After all its been discussed
You say you must be touched
(chorus)

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Man Out Of Time

So this is where he came to hide
When he ran from you
In a private detective's overcoat
And dirty dead man's shoes
The pretty things of Knightsbridge
Lying for a minister of state
Is a far cry from the nod and wink
Here at traitor's gate
'Cause the high heel he used to be has been ground down
And he listens for the footsteps that would follow him around

To murder my love is a crime
But will you still love
A man out of time

There's a tuppenny hapenny millionaire
Looking for a fourpenny one
With a tight grip on the short hairs
Of the public imagination
For his private wife and kids somehow
Real life becomes a rumour
Days of dutch courage
Just three French letters and a German sense of humour
He's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like a fridge
He stands to be insulted and he pays for the privilege

Chorus

The biggest wheels of industry
Retire sharp and short
And the after dinner overtures
Are nothing but an after thought
Somebody's creeping in the kitchen
There's a reputation to be made

Whose nerves are always on a knife's edge
Who's up late polishing the blade
Love is always scarpering or cowering or fawning
You drink yourself insensitive and hate yourself in the morning

Chorus

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Pidgin English

There's a young girl with her old man who's too sick to mention
She'll be turning twenty seven as she draws her widow's pension
But he couldn't catch a common cold he couldn't get arrested
Too terrified to answer back
Too tired to have resisted
Many hands make light work
Shorthand makes life easy
When he's out on night work
Make sure no one sees me
It all ends up in a slanging match with body talk and bruises
A change is better than a rest
Silly beggars can't be choosers
One of a thousand pities you can't categorize
There are ten commandments of love
When will you realise
There are ten commandments of love
I believe, I trust, I promise, I wish love's just a throwaway kiss
In this Pidgin English
If you're so wise use your lips and your eyes
Take it to the bridge she sighs
You go cheep cheep cheep between bullseyes and bluster
Stiff as your poker face
Keener than mustard
From your own back yard to the land of exotica
From the truth society to neurotic erotica
Silence is golden
Money talks diamonds and ermine
There's a word in Spanish
Italian and German
In sign language, morse code, semaphore and gibberish
Have you forgotten how to say it
In your Pidgin English?
(chorus)
PS I love you

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Shabby Doll

Giving you more of what for

Always worked for me before
Now I'm a shabby doll
What's going on behind the green elevator door
With just a shabby doll
There's a hit man facing
A compromising situation
With just a shabby doll
And a very neat line in character assassination
She's just a shabby doll
She's just a shabby doll
She's putting him off and putting you on
She's just the shabby doll
You're swearing upon you know in your heart
She's gone you know in your heart
She's just a shabby doll
There's a girl in this dress
There's always a girl in distress
She's just a shabby doll
She's so sure she's self-possessed
Then again she's half undressed
She's just a shabby doll
The boy that I used to be
Showed no sign of sympathy
For just a shabby doll
I have betrayed you and me
And paid for my own bribery
With just a shabby doll
(chorus)
He's the tired toy that everyone enjoyed
He wants to be a fancy man but he's nothing but a nancy boy
He's all pride and no joy
And being what you might call a whore
Always worked for me before
Now I'm a shabby doll
Untie the gag the cat's out of the bag
But won't show his claws
He's just a shabby doll
She said you must be joking
Some things are left unspoken
You're just a shabby doll
He's lying limp and soaking
He was openly broken
By just a shabby doll
(chorus)

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Tears Before Bedtime

I know the name on the tip of your tongue

And I know that accusing look
Everybody knows I've been so wrong
That's the problem and here's the hook
Tears before bedtime
There'll be trouble tonight
I don't want to talk about it anymore
I don't want to have another fight
I don't want to talk I don't want to fight
How wrong can I be before I am right
For the tears that you boo hoo hoo hoo
There can be no defence
You say you'll forgive and forget
But it's only a pretense
Either you can leave the past behind
Or give me something to disconnect my mind
I sleep with my fists clenched tight
When I don't lie awake all night
I guess time gave up the ghost too late
And the balance of our love
Very soon turns to hate
Darling your suspiciousness
Tortures me at night
But I can't excuse the cruel words
That I use whenever we fight
(chorus)

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
The Long Honeymoon

All the bedroom lights go out
As the neighbourhood gets quiet
Everything in heaven and earth is almost right
But there's a wife who's wondering where her husband could be tonight
And when the phone rang only once she took a dreadful fright

Little things just seem to undermine her confidence in him
He was late this time last week
Who can she turn to when the chance of coincidence is slim
'Cause the baby isn't old enough to speak

There's been a long honeymoon
She thought too late and spoke too soon
There's no money back guarantee on future happiness
There's been a long honeymoon
If he's out on a date then her life's in ruins
She never thought her love could ever be as strong as this

All the movies and the papers
Feature the murders of lonely women

If he isn't in by ten she'll call up her best friend
Why doesn't he come home
Why does her friends phone keep on ringing
Maybe she should just pretend

Chorus

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
The Loved Ones

Don't get smart or sarcastic
He snaps back just like elastic
Spare us the theatrics and the verbal gymnastics
We break wise guys just like matchsticks
What would the loved ones say
Your pride and joy is all blown up
What would the loved ones say
The bride and boy are barely grown up
You're not my particular poison
I've got nothing against you myself
You could have been a danger to the boys and girls
Now you're a danger to yourself
Oh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say
Oh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say
The ugly little dreams run round your bed
The ugly little scenes you get the needle and no thread
They stitched you up this time
They say you'll do
They bitch about your pretty face turning ugly on you
The butcher the baker and the bassline maker
Say you can leave her I can take her
You spend your whole life like a minute or two later
One day its going to end sooner than greater
What would the loved ones say
He'll be remembered young and pretty
What would the loved ones say
Now he's a hit in every city
Now there's a name well never forget
There's one born every minute or two
Don't pin a medal on me yet
They might be waiting for you
(chorus)
PPS I love you

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
Town Cryer

I'm the town crier
And everybody knows
I'm a little down
With a lifetime to go
Maybe you don't believe my heart is in the right place
Why don't you take a good look at my face
Other boys use the splendour of their trembling lip
They're so teddy bear tender and tragically hip
I'm never going to cry again
I'm going to be as strong as them
They say they'd die for love
And then they live it out
They'll give you something to cry about
And suddenly you really fall to pieces
I'm the town crier
And everybody knows
I'm a little down
With a lifetime to go
Maybe you don't believe my heart is in the right place
Why don't you take a good look at my face
Other boys use the splendour of their trembling lip
They're so teddy bear tender and tragically hip
Love and unhappiness go arm in arm
Long suffering friends of your fatal charm
Living for the pity that you're going to get hurt
Just a little boy lost in a big man's shirt
And suddenly you really fall to pieces

----- 1982 Imperial Bedroom -----
You Little Fool

Daddy's best girl in the world is not supposed to have a boyfriend
But she's never wanted at home
Other girls are allowed to wear their makeup
She sneaks out her lipstick powder and comb
She surrounds his name with hearts and flowers
Talks on the telephone for hours and hours
But with the bird in his hand
And two on a string
The words of love have an imitation ring

You little fool
I suppose that your going to stay all night
You little fool
Don't look at me that way you know it isn't right
You little fool

They say no news is good news
The little girl wants information

Mother just gives her some pills to choose
And says go and use your imagination

Daddy's best girl in the world says just look what I got
As she sits beside him on the high stool
With his arm around her neck snowball in one hand
And the other full of imitation jewels
She fingers a string of pearls
An imitation but he'll never know it
Imitation lashes flutter above
Looking for an imitation of love

You little fool
I suppose that your going to stay all night
You little fool
So don't look at me that way you know it isn't right
You little fool

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Charm School

Men made out of monkeys
Men made into mice
Happy days are here again
And all the drinks half price
A girl with a trick and a man with a calling
Trying to make a living out of your downfalling
Trying to make a living out of anything at all
Didn't they teach you anything except how to be cruel
In that charm school
You and I as lovers
Were nothing but a farce
Trying to make a silk purse
Out of a sows arse
Saying 'Why don't you watch me'
Hardly speaking sotto voce
I've got a notion
I've got an angle
Take your dreams and promises
And put them through the mangle
They say it's hell to finance too
And I just want to romance you
In this perpetual nightclub
I'll be yours eternal
Though the hours are long
And the noise infernal
Just one shameful act or sometimes two
We make believe we're making do

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Everyday I Write The Book

Don't tell me you don't know what love is
When you're old enough to know better
When you find strange hands in your sweater
When your dreamboat turns out to be a footnote
I'm a man with a mission in two or three editions

And I'm giving you a longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday I write the book

Chapter One we didn't really get along
Chapter Two I think I fell in love with you
You said you'd stand by me in the middle of Chapter Three
But you were up to your old tricks in Chapters Four, Five and Six

The way you walk
The way you talk, and try to kiss me, and laugh
In four or five paragraphs
All your compliments and your cutting remarks
Are captured here in my quotation marks

Don't tell me you don't know the difference
Between a lover and a fighter
With my pen and my electric typewriter
Even in a perfect world where everyone was equal
I'd still own the film rights and be working on the sequel

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
King Of Thieves

[Verse 1]
I had forgotten all about "The Case of the Three Pins"
They said I must be cracked
Until the brown paper parcel landed on my welcome mat
Even the pretty secretaries who wouldn't even
Let me hang my hat
All recognize my handwriting
And return to sender as a matter of fact
If I were you I'd change my name again
They don't care what they do to you believe me

[Chorus]
This is the coronation of the king of thieves
His occupation is the king of thieves
He can steal more than you can save
You can take him on but you're not that brave

[Verse 2]

I'll tell your fortune in a minute or two
I might even tell you what comes next
The moguls want a human sacrifice
And look at that girl, young hungry and perplexed
They took away the best years of her life
Ah but it's all in good fun
And if you kept your nose clean
You can laugh now at the caring things they've done
If I were you I'd change my name again
They don't care what they do to you believe me

[Chorus]

This is the coronation of the king of thieves
His occupation is the king of thieves
He can steal more than you can save
You can take him on but you're not that brave

[Bridge]

I'll write this story down, but you'll never guess the final twist
Blow the whistle on the whole design
As they find my name on that fatal mailing list

[Verse 3]

And I hear the clatter of a typewriter
Another rookie eating up the reams
I think it's time to put my feet under the desk
And place my mark on another man's dreams
If I were you I'd change my name again
They don't care what they do to you believe me

[Chorus]

This is the coronation of the king of thieves
His occupation is the king of thieves
He can steal more than you can save
You can take him on but you're not that brave

[Outro]

This is the coronation of the king of thieves
And look at that girl
Look at that girl
Look at that girl
Look at that girl
Look at that girl
This is the coronation of the king of thieves
And look at that girl
Look at that girl
Look at that girl
Look at that girl

Look at that girl

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Let Them All Talk

Hear what I say
See what I do
Believe me now I'm all over you
All over you
I know a place
A certain very tender spot
To have and to hold
To have and have not
Listening to the sad song that the radio plays
Have we come this fa-fa-fa to find a soul cliché
Let them talk
Let them talk
Let them all talk
Oh yeah we're killing time
Just to keep you clocking on
These are the best years of your life
Now they're here and gone
Do the world a service
And you could do yourself a favour
Whose tongue now is tasting last weeks flavour
Our day will come
When you have squandered all your youth
To have and to hold
A stranger to the truth
Listening to the sad song that the radio plays
Have we come this fa-fa-fa to find a soul cliché
Let them talk

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Love Went Mad

I've looked at it every way I can
From under and above
And every chance I've had
My love went mad
Love went mad love went mad
Do you feel like I feel?
Do you have a heart?
Do you have a heart of iron and steel?
Are you a man now you wear a man's hat?
Are you a man now or are you a rat?
You go to church quiet as a mouse
You're a big cheese now in the workhouse
With these vulgar fractions of the treble clef

I wish you luck with a capital 'F'
A self-made mug is hard to break
A silent partner in someone else's mistake
Every day goes by without a hitch
You feel the urge becoming an itch
The boys in blue are hard to catch
They're busy turning Piccadilly
Into Brands Hatch
But with your fingers in your ears
Feeling bright as a button
Thinking 'thank god there'll be no more
Lamb dressed as mutton'
Playing family favourites on a tissue and a comb
Dying a thousand deaths
In the safety of your own home

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Mouth Almighty

This town belongs to you and your tricks of confidence
All the pavements for miles around are littered with your footprints
Now every girl I get close to seems to be wearing your perfume
And the clock strikes the letters of your name
Both midnight and noon
But I used to shoot my mouth off
Till you'd had enough of me
Once or twice nightly
I know I've got my faults
And among them I can't control my tounge
But if you didn't believe me
Why did you have to leave me
With my mouth almighty
Mouth almighty that's what I've got
Mouth almighty telling you what's what
Mouth almighty
I wish I'd never opened my mouth almighty
So I threw away the rose and held onto the thorn
Crawling round with my crooner cufflinks and my calling card cologne
But the realization of being replaced starts to tell tales across my face
Without a soul to talk to or a hair out of place

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Pills And Soap

They talked to the sister, the father and the mother
With a microphone in one hand and a chequebook in the other
And the camera noses into the tears on her face
The tears on her face
The tears on her face

You can put them back together with your paper and paste
But you can't put them back together
You can't put them back together

Chorus

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, jemmy your desire
Out of the frying pan into the fire
The king is in the counting house
Some folk have all the luck
And all we get are pictures of Lord and Lady Muck
They come from lovely people with a hard line in hypocrisy
There are ashtrays of emotion for the fag ends of the aristocracy

Chorus

The sugar coated pill is getting bitterer still
You think your country needs you but you know it never will
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag
Don't dilly dally boys rally 'round the flag
Give us our daily bread in individual slices
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis

Chorus

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
Shipbuilding

Is it worth it
A new winter coat and shoes for the wife
And a bicycle on the boy's birthday
It's just a rumour that was spread around town
By the women and children
Soon we'll be shipbuilding
Well I ask you
The boy said 'Dad they're going to take me to task
But I' ll be back by Christmas'
It's just a rumour that was spread around town
Somebody said that someone got filled in
For saying that people get killed in
The result of this shipbuilding

With all the will in the world

Diving for dear life
When we could be diving for pearls

It's just a rumour that was spread around town
A telegram or a picture postcard
Within weeks they'll be re-opening the shipyards
And notifying the next of kin
Once again
It's all we're skilled in
We will be shipbuilding

With all the will in the world
Diving for dear life
When we could be diving for pearls

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
The Element Within Her

It's the element within her
Something under her skin
That is shining out through the face of the girl
Two sapphires and couple of rows of pearls
It's just a part of it
Like your fine tresses
You know what my guess is
La la la la la la la la la la la
He was a playboy
Could charm the birds right out of the trees
Now he says 'What do I do with these?'
La la la la la la la la la la la
This love in my heart
Let no-one set asunder
Sometimes I wonder
La la la la la la la la la la la
But back in the bedroom
With her electric heater
He says "are you cold?"
She says "no, but you are la'
La la la la la la la la la la la

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
The Greatest Thing

Everyone stopped when she walked into the room
Isn't this the greatest thing
Everyone own up but nobody could touch her
Isn't this the greatest thing
Punch the clock keep boxing clever
You'll be young enough for ever

Isn't this the greatest thing
Isn't this the greatest thing
I heard some new confection
Said we can't afford to feel affection
And it's the lastest thing
In and out of matrimony
Never once removed the Sony
'Cos it's a status thing
So girls like that above described
Are not to be so easily bribed
With a white frock and a ring
Punch the clock and in time you'll get pulled apart
If you're married on paper and not in your heart
But I won't be told that life with the one you love is sordid
Just because some authority says you can't afford it
Since nights were long and days were olden
Woman to man has been beholden
But since then times have been changing
She sends back his tribute of a rose
And says this ring is better suited for the nose
He's always fingering
I punch the clock and it's ok
I know a girl who takes my breath away
And it's the greatest
And it's the greatest thing

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
The Invisible Man

I was committed to life and then commuted to the outskirts
With all the love in the world
Living for thirty minutes at a time with a break in the middle for adverts
But it's a wonderful world within these cinema walls
Where a shower of affection becomes Niagara Falls
And you wish she could step down from the screen to your seat in the stalls
Cos if stars are only painted on the ceiling above
Then who can you turn to and whodo you love
I want to get out while I still can
I want to be like Harry Houdini
Now I'm the invisible man
My head is spinning round faster and faster
Here I stand on the edge of disaster
I'm shattered like a piece of crystal porcelain or alabaster
Crowds surround loudspeakers hanging from the lampposts
Listening to the murder mystery
Meanwhile someone's hiding in the classroom
Forging books of history
Never mind there's a good film showing tonight
Where they hang everybody who can read and write

Oh that could never happen here but then again it might

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
The World And His Wife

The family circle gathers round from very far and near
To pass around the same remarks they passed away last year
The little girl you dangle on your knee without mishap
Stirs something in your memory and something in your lap
But it's a living
This is the life
For the world and his wife
The world and his wife
The kissing cousins slip outside to cuddle and confess
She says sweet nothing at all it's much more of a mess
The conversation melts like chocolate down their open jaws
As the juniper berry slips down just like last night's drawers
To tell the truth our Mum ran off with someone else's father
Went for two week's holiday in Taramasalata
Daddy went out with the rubbish and he kept on walking
Between Mum and the walls
God only knows who does the talking
But later on in the evening through the tears and fol de rol
Come the sentimental feelings for the lure of vitriol
Longing thoughts go hankering for the old home overseas
With a blindfold and a national anthem sung in different keys.

----- 1983 Punch the Clock -----
The Classroom Or The Cot

From a great big man or a tiny tot
But from this day everyday will be Boxing Day
Don't need your indecision let there be no doubt
Don't need your permission I can count you out
TKO
They put the numb into number they put the cut into cutie
They put the slum into slumber and the boot into beauty
But from this day everyday will be Boxing Day
It's a fight to the finish let there be no doubt
As the seconds turn into minutes I can count you out
TKO
You need a back to break or a back to stab
Now your birthday suit looks dull and drab
Everyday will be Boxing Day
Now you don't look so glamorous
Whenever I feel so amorous
I can count you out
TKO

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Home Truth

I hung up the phone tonight
Just as you said I love you
Once this would have been coincidence
Now these things start to bother me
You still close your eyes when I kiss you
And I close mine too
But we didn't open them again
Quite as wide as we should
This is where the home truth ends
This is where the home truth ends
Does your touch feel the same as it should do
Or is it someone quite similar
Who killed me with kindness last night
Now do I look at all familiar?
But none of these things seem to matter
Since we've grown apart
I'd put back the pieces of what's shattered
But I don't know where to start
This is where the home truth ends
This is where the home truth ends
This is where the home truth ends
And I feel like a clown
It's tearing me up
It's tearing me down
You say which are the lies that you tell me
Well where do I begin?
So I turn on the TV again
And the world comes crashing in
Is it my shirt or my toothpaste
That is whiter than white?
Is it the lies that I tell you
Or the lies that I might?
This is where the home truth ends
This is where the home truth ends
Chorus

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Inch By Inch

You can take a powder
You can take a drink
You can keep the shrink
And the kitchen sink
Write my name in heaven
in invisible ink
I just woke up from dreaming, I think

You can take me over
You can give me a lip
You can take me under
You can give me the slip
Take off everything or tear me off a strip
Like a lady in the chamber
and another in the clip

Chorus

Don't move a muscle baby
Don't even flinch
You can miss me by a mile
Or just inch by inch
Inch by inch
Inch by inch
Inch by inch
You can pull me up again
Inch by inch
Inch by inch
As pulses race
I long to see that look upon your face

You can take me outside
You can take me apart
You can take me upstairs
you can take me to heart
You made me love you when
you thought you were so smart
Don't try to stop me now when
you told me to start

Chorus

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Joe Porterhouse

The children sit upon the stairs
High above a valley of tears
Don't let them see you crying that way oh no
Oh no Joe Porterhouse
Is not gone forever
He'll be back another day
Don't let them see you crying that way
Chorus
Please don't wake him let him sleep
It's a moment she can keep
Like an old bus ticket or a photograph

Resting on the mantelpiece
While for the wicked there is no peace
She says it's not his time to go
Why we were nearly lovers years ago
Now what is left for me
Among the broken branches of the family tree
Heart like an anchor
Arms like cable
He stood all alone on an iron turntable
Don't let them see you crying that way oh no
The sun beats down
It's cracking the flags
Boys who should know better
Are stamping out fags
Don't let them see you laughing that way
Chorus
Oh no Joe Porterhouse
Is not gone forever
He'll be back another day
Don't let them see you crying that way

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Love Field

You lie so unfolded
In a love field
With your contempt for any modesty
In a love field

In a love field
In a love field
You yield with your lips still sealed
In a love field

Lost in a sea of imaginary women
Everything you'd want
From the dawn to the dimming

Breath comes sharp and heart beats faster
In a love field
Cold ground for a pillow
Under a blanket of stars
In a love field

In a love field
In a love field

Headlights that startled
This embrace of hours

In a love field

In a crooked house
Where things can be arranged
You think you're different from the rest
But you don't know how you've changed

Under an archway
On a road of white linen
In a love field
Feel the anxious rhythm of a functional stranger
In a love field

In a love field
In a love field
She's so tense but it's never mentioned
In a love field

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Peace In Our Time

Out of the aeroplane stepped Chamberlain with a condemned man's stare
But we all cheered wildly, a photograph was taken,
as he waved a piece of paper in the air
Now the Disco Machine lives in Munich and we are all friends
And I slip on my Italian dancing shoes as the evening descends
And the bells take their toll once again in a victory chime
And we can thank God that we've finally got
peace in our time
There's a man going round taking names no
matter who you claim to be
As innocent as babies, a mad dog with rabies,
you're still a part of some conspiracy
Meanwhile there's a light over the ocean
burning brighter than the sun
And a man sits alone in a bar and says Oh God,
what have we done?
Chorus
They're lighting a bonfire upon every hilltop in the land
Just another tiny island invaded when he's got
the whole world in his hands
And the Heavyweight Champion fights in the
International Propaganda Star Wars
There's already one spaceman in the White
House what do you want another one for?
Chorus

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Room With No Number

Picture a hotel room
Clothes scattered across the floor
Covers pulled back from the pillow
A sign hung on the door
Two lovers locked up tight
Through the endless days and nights
Hiding something they can't show
Something no-one else must know
Chorus
There's a room without a number
While the sign outside says there's
no vacancy as you take your key
They smile at you so understandingly
She cried out in the night
Woke the porter from his sleep
He grinned slyly to himself
As he went to fetch his keys
Look what love has brought them to
This terrible nightmare
His or hers he could not tell
As they were still sleeping there
Chorus
And I wish he could be
The man he was before he was me
A girl arrived at first light
And enquired if they'd been seen
And why the numbers ran from twelve
Missing out thirteen
And they said oh my darling
Put it down to superstition
Try to avoid a scandal
And don't arouse suspicion
They re-arranged the furniture
They even papered over the door
There's a room without a number
While the sign outside says there's
no vacancy as you take your key
They smile just so so you know
Chorus

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Sour Milk-Cow Blues

You like coffee and you like tea
Much more than you like me
And everybody says watch out yeah
For the sour milk-cow blues
You like your coffee just a little too sweet

Without your sugar life is incomplete
And everybody says watch out yeah
For the sour milk-cow blues
I think about you everyday
Something about you is not the same
Something about the things you say
Sounds like a different woman with a different name
Sour milk-cow blues
You wear a different size and style of shoe
I think that someone must be poisoning you
To replace you with a living double
Get out of my life right now and save them all of the trouble
They changed your complexion and your personality
Somebody's putting ideas in your head
They took the girl of my dreams and left you here instead
Sour milk-cow blues
You take your place in this parade of pleas
You dial a number and they offer relief
All alone with just your own device
They give you something and it isn't advice
To break the hearts of a million listeners
Start out as lovers and you end up as prisoners
Somebody's suffering from the things that you do
Somebody's suffering but you're glad it isn't you
Put your fingertips up to the screen
Repeat after me, wake at the count of three
Now I don't know which is worse
What they're doing to you or what you're doing to me
Sour milk-cow blues

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
The Comedians

I fell under such gentle persuasion
You can't refuse it's like a home from home
Meanwhile in the Motor car kingdom
They're finding that all that glitters is not chrome
The social circle have these cardiac complaints
Their hearts are empty when their hands are full
All these new found fond acquaintances
Turn out to be the red rag to my bull
Chorus
And I'm up while the dawn is breaking
Even though my heart is aching
I should be drinking a toast to absent friends
Instead of these comedians
I've looked into these eyes upon reflection
They've seen the face of love, they've seen a few
What kind of love is this upon inspection

You'll be the last to know who's fooling who
Chorus

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
The Deportees Club

In the Arrivederci Roma nightclub, bar and grill
Standing in the fibreglass ruins watching time stand still
All your troubles you confess
to another faceless backless dress
Schnapps chianti porter and ouzo
Pernod vodka sambuca I love you so
Deportee
Tatty beauty talking in riddles
Rome burns down everybody's on the fiddle
Two thousand dollars for wife and some class
A thousand years drowned in a chaser glass
How I wish that she was mine
I could have been a King in Six Eight Time
Schnapps chianti porter and ouzo
Pernod vodka sambuca I love you so
Deportee
It's a brittle charm but she's had enough
Still she wrote her number on his paper cuff
You don't know where to start or where to stop
All this pillow talk is nothing more than talking shop
When I came here tonight my pockets were overflowing
They took my return ticket without me even knowing
I pray to the saints and all the martyrs
For the secret life of Frank Sinatra
But none of these things have come to pass
In America the law is a piece of ass
I'm a deportee

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
The Great Unknown

They took old Danny Boy for a ride
From the arms of his bride to be
Threw him into the murky waters
By the dog biscuit factory
Quick dry the tears and stifle cheers
As he sinks just like a stone
Footprints set in sentimental cement
Now burden down his bones
Lest we forget
Here lies the Great unknown
My my my Delilah
Who's the butcher that you harbour

Take the rich man to the cleaners
And the strong man to the barber
From her face down to her torso
Sort of gruesome only more so
Hooks and eyes, fingers and thumbs
Ladies and gentlemen here she comes
The Great unknown
Where shall we sing
At a wedding or a wake
Whose name shall we cherish
And for whose sake
Now this year's cannon fodder
Tell the future general's jokes
They were keeping the home fires burning
As we slipped out for a smoke
Though the VIP's sang Wooden Heart
The band played Hearts of Oak
(Chorus)
And here comes the day I shall perish all alone
Say here lies the Great unknown

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
The Only Flame In Town

I know a girl got my mind in a mess
I never heard her say goodnight and God bless
She's not the only flame in town
And when we're alone we never quarrel
I'm miles away now here's the moral
She's not the only flame in town
She's not the only flame in town
She's got to stop thinking that I'm
carrying this torch around
He struck a match and it lit up her face
We should have struck a match girl
To burn down the whole place
Now you're not the only flame in town
But you blew hot and cold
Turned my heart to a cinder
And with each passing day
You'd be less tender and more tinder
Now you're not the only flame in town
She's not the only flame in town
She's got to stop thinking that I'm
carrying this torch around
Thought I saw your face in the fire
But it's so hard to remember
Even an inferno can cool down to an ember
Now you're not the only flame

You're not the only flame
You're not the only flame in town

----- 1984 Goodbye Cruel World -----
Worthless Thing

How many times can you jump out of the cupboard
Before someone gets suspicious or someone gets discovered
You can live forever in a split second of fame
Come on down the price is right what's your name
While a crocodile makes good shoes and a dog may change his coat
I can't change what's written on your face tonight and I quote

Chorus

Oh I wish you could see
Quite how much you could mean to me
You worthless thing
If you were ten feet taller and almost handsome
I might pay this king's ransom

You worthless thing

They commit blue murder along Union Avenue
Then they sell you souvenir matches
Nightclubs full of grave robbers from Memphis, Tennessee
And Las Vegas body snatchers

And he's carrying a warning can't you see how his eyes glint
Keep your bloody hands off my life your affectionate fingerprint

Chorus

All the cars and pills and girls who tore his shirt to tatters
Do you know how tall he was 'cos that is all that really matters?
Do you know his mother's last name do you think that he's divine?
You've seen the film you've read the book
you're drinking vintage Elvis Presley wine
Bored out of your tiny mind while life is twice as large
They'll cut her down to size on television
She's available and beautiful, but with more time to devote
They're going to take this cable now and stick it down your throat
So this is an obituary which should be right and fitting
For every clockwork cat and conceivable kitten

Chorus

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Battered Old Bird

The landlady's husband came up to town today
Since he left them both ten years ago to serve the ministry
The dark down road of his approach in constant rain was drenched
The tenant's boy said How d'ya do then swore in French
Did you teach this little child these curses on my soul
You should both be shut down in the coal-hole
That's the way to treat a child who cries out in the night

And a woman who teaches wrong from right

Chorus:

He's a Battered Old Bird
And he's living up there
There's a place where time stands still
If you keep taking those little pink pills
Hush your mouth you hypocrite
His humour cut her deep
The tight lipped leer of judgement
That had seen her love desert her just like sleep
Filthy words on children's lips are better, my dear spouse
Then if I were to speak my mind about this house

Chorus

On the first floor there are two old maids
Each one wishing that the other was afraid
And next door to them is a man so mild
'Til he chopped off the head of a visitor's child
He danced upon the bonfire
Swallowed sleeping pills like dreams
With a bottle of sweet sherry that everything redeems

Chorus

And on the second floor is the Macintosh Man
He's in his overcoats more than out of them
And the typewriter's rattling all through the night
He's burgundy for breakfast tight
He says One day I'll throw away all of my cares
And it is always Christmas in a cupboard at the top of the stairs

Chorus

Well here's a boy if ever there was
Who's going to do big things
That's what they all say and that's how the trouble begins
I've seen them rise and fall
Been through their big deals and smalls
He'd better have a dream that goes beyond four walls
You think he should be sent outside playing with the traffic
When pieces of him are already scattered in the attic

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----

Blue Chair

Now it's just you and me, my blue friend
And you say that it's you that she's thinking of
And our affair must end
But if it's you that she's thinking of
I think my broken heart might mend

Chorus:

Now it's my turn to talk and your turn to think
Your turn to buy and my turn to drink

Your turn to cry and my turn to sink down in the Blue Chair
Down in the Blue Chair

Now I've made up my mind I've made my mistake
And I know that she cries for you
When she's barely awake
Well she's going to bend your mind
Well I hope it don't break

Chorus

Down in the Blue Chair
We can watch our troubles rise
Like smoke into the air
And drift up to the ceiling
Down in the Blue Chair
You can feel just like a boy or a man
And next minute you can find yourself kneeling
Down in the Blue Chair
They're boasting of loving the daylights right out of her in the small hours
Down in the Blue Chair
You say that your love lasts forever when you know the night is just hours

And still I want her right now
Not any minute, hour or day
And wherever she is tonight
I want her anyway
I suppose she never said to you,
You were just in the way

Chorus

Down in the Blue Chair
Down in the blue
Blue becomes you
Down in the Blue Chair

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Crimes Of Paris

I thought it was you and your optimist's view of the clock
And how it's always another day
Just after twelve o'clock's struck
You said Now I only want you so I don't have to promise
But tiny children in grown-up clothes whispered all the Crimes of Paris
Chorus:
You're not the girl next-door or a girl from France
Or the cigarette-girl in the sizzle hot-pants
All the words of love seem cruel and crass

When you're tough and transparent as armoured glass
You're everywhere girl in an everyday mess
Who'll pay for the Crimes of Paris
I heard that you fell for the Hell or to Hammersmith Blues
In the tiny torn up pieces of his mind he's irresistible too
Now it's hard to say now if he's only stupid or smart
When he crawled through the door
And poured out more of his creeping-Jesus heart
Chorus
And it's all here and now
She hit him with that paper-weight Eiffel Tower
And I tried to hold on to you but I don't know how
And I find it hard to swallow good advice
Like going down three times to only come up twice
She's so convenient, he's always stiff as hair-lacquer
It's hard to discover now he's in love with her
It was her way of getting her own back
You never did anything she couldn't do on her own
You're as good as your word and that's no good to her
You'd better leave that kitten alone
Chorus

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Home is Anywhere You Hang Your Head

Here comes Mr. Misery
He's tearing out his hair again
He's crying over her again
He's standing in the super-market shouting at the customers
Here comes Mr. Misery
He'll never be any good with a mouth full of gold and blood
He's contemplating murder again
He must be in love

Chorus:
But you know she doesn't want you
But you can't seem to get it in your head
Oh and you can't sleep at night
And she haunts you when you go to bed
When you're tired of talking and you can't drink it down
So you hang around and drown instead
Home isn't where it used to be
Home is anywhere you hang your head
You hang your head
Home is anywhere
You hang your head
Home is anywhere
You hang your head
Home is anywhere you hang your head

Here comes Mr. Misery
Looking for a place for his mouth to shoot
Saying You'd look cute in your birthday suit
You tore him out and screwed him up
Like a bad page in a naughty picture book
The day ended as it began
As he was seconds older than the man he was this morning
And the world has wiped it's mouth since then
Or maybe it was yawning

Chorus

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Honey, Are You Straight Or Are You Blind?

Who do you see when you turn your eyes down?
Who do you see when I'm not seeing you?
The news is out all over town and all these girls
Are taking turns at being you

Chorus:

Well, well, well
You'd better make up your mind
Honey, are you straight or are you blind?

She's coming in between us you know that she is
I'm not holding on to her but one of us is
My hands are in my pocket, my face is in a book
She could walk 'round naked and I wouldn't sneak a look

Chorus

Honey are you straight or are you blind?
She walked in and your eyes flew out the door
You squeezed my hand 'til the circulation ceases
She's just a doll like so many more
She's the kind of doll that you'd like to pull to pieces

Chorus

Well, well, well
You'd better make up your mind
Honey are you straight or are you blind?

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
I Hope You're Happy Now

He's a fine figure of a man and handsome too
With his eyes upon the secret places he'd like to undo
Still he knows who knows who and where and how
And I hope you're happy now

He's got all the things you need and some that you will never
But you make him sound like frozen food, his love will last forever
Still he knows what you want and what you don't allow
And I hope you're happy now

I hope that you're happy now like you're supposed to be
And I know that this will hurt you more than it hurts me
He's acting innocent and proud still you know what he's after
Like a matador with his pork sword, while we all die of laughter
In his turquoise pajamas and motorcycle hat
I hope you're happy now because you'll soon put pay to that
I knew then what I know now I never loved you anyhow
And I hope you're happy now

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----

I Want You

Oh my baby baby I love you more than I can tell
I don't think I can live without you
And I know that I never will
Oh my baby baby I want you so it scares me to death
I can't say anymore than I love you
Everything else is a waste of breath

I want you
You've had your fun you don't get well no more
I want you
Your fingernails go dragging down the wall
Be careful darling you might fall

I want you
I woke up and one of us was crying
I want you
You said Young man I do believe you're dying
I want you
If you need a second opinion as you seem to do these days
I want you
You can look in my eyes and you can count the ways

I want you
Did you mean to tell me but seem to forget
I want you
Since when were you so generous and inarticulate
I want you

It's the stupid details that my heart is breaking for
It's the way your shoulders shake and what they're shaking for
I want you
It's knowing that he knows you now after only guessing
It's the thought of him undressing you or you undressing

I want you
He tossed some tatty compliment your way
I want you
And you were fool enough to love it when he said
I want you
I want you
The truth can't hurt you it's just like the dark
It scares you witless
But in time you see things clear and stark
I want you
Go on and hurt me then we'll let it drop
I want you
I'm afraid I won't know where to stop
I want you
I'm not ashamed to say I cried for you
I want you
I want to know the things you did that we do too
I want you
I want to hear he pleases you more than I do
I want you
I might as well be useless for all it means to you
I want you
Did you call his name out as he held you down
I want you
Oh no my darling not with that clown
I want you

I want you
You've had your fun you don't get well no more
I want you
No-one who wants you could want you more

I want you
I want you
I want you
Every night when I go off to bed and when I wake up
I want you
I'm going to say it once again 'til I instill it
I know I'm going to feel this way until you kill it
I want you
I want you

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----

Next Time 'Round

As I stepped out upon the landing my heart was already down the stairs
She's in the bedroom with that boy of hers
Though her face is creased and her eyes seem strange
There's a second-hand emotion on battered forty-five
My tears were never enough to keep that girl alive
Now she seems contrite will she make the change
Chorus:

The next time 'round
The next time 'round
You'll be someone else's baby
But I'll be underground
The Next Time 'Round
Then you took two steps forward and then one step on your back
Now it's a future for me and you that I lack
You'll be the one who'll stands out in the dark
Even when you're all dressed in black
Chorus
You've got something I want now
And I've got something I can't hide
I've got too much love for you now
Have you got too much pride

Sometimes I name and number all the things you gave to me
Your elastic love, this velvet-line purgatory
You used to take the breath out of me
Now I think you'll be the death of me
Chorus
You'll be in some sputnik baby
But I'll be underground
The Next Time 'Round

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Poor Napoleon

I can't lie on this bed anymore it burns my skin
You can take the truthful things you've said to me
And fit them on the head of a pin
Poor Napoleon

You always look so disappointed when I take my stockings off
Don't you know the facts of life, boy
Don't you know what these things cost
She was selling stolen kisses to travelling salesmen and minstrel singers
You put a penny in the slot
She called you her Magic Fingers
Poor Napoleon

I bet she isn't all that's advertised
I bet that isn't all she fakes
Just like that place where they take your spine
And turn it into soapflakes

Bare wires from the socket to the bed where you embraced that girl
Did you ever think there's far too many people in the world?
One day they'll probably make a movie out of all of this
There won't even have to be a murder just a slow dissolving kiss
Poor Napoleon

So good night little school boy, you'd better learn some self control
Did you mess up your hairstyle, pour scorn in your begging bowl

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Tokyo Storm Warning

The sky fell over cheap Korean monster-movie scenery
And spilled into the mezzanine of the crushed capsule hotel
Between the Disney abattoir and the chemical refinery
And I knew I was in trouble but I thought I was in hell
So you look around the tiny room
And you wonder where the hell you are
While the K.K.K. convention are all stranded in the bar
They wear hoods and carry shotguns in the main streets of Montgomery
But they're helpless here as babies 'cause they're only here on holiday

Chorus:
What do we care if the world is a joke
(Tokyo Storm Warning)
We'll give it a big kiss
We'll give it a poke
(Tokyo Storm Warning)
Death wears a big hat 'cause he's a big bloke
(Tokyo Storm Warning)
We're only living this instant

The black sand stuck beneath her feet in a warm Sorrento sunrise
A barefoot girl from Naples or was it a Barcelona hi-rise
Whistles out a tuneless theme song of a hundred cheap suggestions
And a million false seductions and all those eternal questions

Chorus

So they flew the Super-Constellation all the way from Rimini
And feasted them on fish and chips from a newspaper facsimile
Now dead Italian tourists bodies litter up the Broadway
Some people can't be told you know they have to learn the hard way

Holidays are dirt-cheap in the Costa del Malvinas
In the Hotel Argentina they can hardly tell between us
For Teresa is a waitress though she's now known as Juanita
In a tango bar in Stanley or in Puerto Margarita
She's the sweetest and the sauciest
The loveliest and naughtiest
She's Miss Buenos Aires in a world of lacy lingerie

Chorus

Japanese God-Jesus robots telling teenage fortunes
For all we know and all we care they might as well be Martians
They say gold paint on the palace gates comes from the teeth of pensioners
They're so tired of shooting protest singers
That they hardly mention us
While fountains fill with second-hand perfume
And sodden trading stamps
They'll hang the bullies and the louts that dampen down the day

Chorus

We braved the cold November air and the undertaker's curses
Saying Take me to the Folies Bergere and please don't spare the hearses
For he always had a dream of that revolver in your purse
How you loved him 'til you hated him and made him cry for mercy
He said Don't ever mention my name there or talk of all the nights you cried
We've always been like worlds apart now you're seeing two nightmares collide

Chorus

----- 1986 Blood & Chocolate -----
Uncomplicated

Blood and Chocolate
I hope you're satisfied what you have done
You think it's over now
But we've only just begun
I asked for water
And they gave me rose' wine
A horse that knows arithmetic
And a dog that tells your fortune

Chorus:
It's in your eyes
Uncomplicated

I want to buy you
A big blue Diamel
Cheap white plastic shoes

That don't walk out and don't let in
I want to show you
How I love you
When you're over me
There's no-one above you

Chorus

You think it's over now
But this is only the beginning

Chorus

----- 1986 King of America -----
American Without Tears

Outside in New Orleans the heat was almost frightening
But my hotel room as usual was freezing and unkind
On TV they prosecute anyone who's exciting
So I put on my overcoat and went down to find
In Revlon and Crimpelene they captured my heart
To the strain of a piano and a cocktail murderess
She was singing that It's Too Late, I agreed with that part
For two English girls who had changed their address

Chorus

Oh it seems we've been crying for years and for years
Now I don't speak any English, just American without tears
Just American without tears

One had been a beauty queen and the other was her friend
They had known rogues and rascals and showbiz impresarios
While the boys were licking Hitler they had something to defend
From men armed with chewing gum and fine nylon hose
By a bicycle factory as they sounded the siren
And returned into the dancehall she knew he was the one
Though he wasn't tall or handsome she laughed when he told her
I'm the Sheriff of Nottingham and this is Little John

Chorus

At a dock in Southampton full of tearful goodbyes
Newsreel commentators said Cheerio, G.I. brides
Soon they'll be finding the cold facts and lies
New words for suspenders and young girls backsides
Now I'm in America and running from you
Like my grandfather before me walked the streets of New York
And I think of all the women I pretend mean more than you
When I open my mouth and I can't seem to talk

Oh it seems we've been crying for years and for years
Now I don't speak any English just American without tears
Just American without tears

----- 1986 King of America -----
Brilliant Mistake

He thought he was the King of America
Where they pour Coca Cola just like vintage wine
Now I try hard not to become hysterical
But I'm not sure if I am laughing or crying
I wish that I could push a button
And talk in the past and not the present tense
And watch this hurtin' feeling disappear
Like it was common sense

It was a fine idea at the time
Now it's a brilliant mistake

She said that she was working for the ABC News
It was as much of the alphabet as she knew how to use
Her perfume was unspeakable
It lingered in the air
Like her artificial laughter
Her mementos of affairs
Oh I said I see you know him
Isn't that very fortunate for you
And she showed me his calling card
He came third or fourth and there were more than one or two

He was a fine idea at the time
Now he's a brilliant mistake

He thought he was the King of America
But it was just a boulevard of broken dreams
A trick they do with mirrors and with chemicals
The words of love in whispers
And the axe of love in screams
I wish that I could push a button
And talk in the past and not the present tense
And watch this lovin' feeling disappear
Like it was common sense

I was a fine idea at the time
Now I'm a brilliant mistake

----- 1986 King of America -----
Glitter Gulch

Enter Madam X painted in a shocking pink spangled dress
Her teeth are perfect but her mouth is loose
Rubbing their hands together she persuades them that it's better to confess
Which unpleasant fate they'd like to choose

(chorus)

Every step might be your last
Money signs are in your eyes sucker
You've been taken in this time
You might just get out alive if you're lucky
All the vultures tuning in to Glitter Gulch
Are looking in on you
And they're hungry
he stood five feet tall in his elevator shoes and stovepipe hat
He was known by several different names
Prompted by Madam X he answered all their questions
And then after that he said I'm sick and tired of stupid games

(chorus)

We've got prizes if you can afford
Some small humiliation before you get your reward
And I'd rather be an outlaw than an inlaw to you
And to live my life in miserable poverty
Than to have to grovel to have some dream home hovel
So watch me while I get away with prime time robbery
As he enters Madam X he thinks of red raged faces and the sweet greenbacks
He climbed upon his honey and he covered her with money
As they do their victory dance
He thinks I hope they choke upon their laughter tracks
They can all go straight to hell while we howl down the whole hotel

----- 1986 King of America -----

I'll Wear It Proudly

I hate these flaming curtains they're not the color of your hair
I hate these striplights they're not so undoing as your stare
I hate the buttons on your shirt when all I wanna do is tear
I hate this bloody big bed of mine when you're not here

Chorus

Well I finally found someone to turn me upside down
And nail my feet up where my head should be
If they had a King of Fools then I could wear that crown
And you can all die laughing because I'll wear it proudly

Well you seem to be shivering dear and the room is awfully warm
In the white and scarlet billows that subside beyond the storm
You have this expression dear no words could take its place
And I wear it like a badge that you put all over my face

Chorus

I'll wear it proudly through the dives and the dancehalls
If you'll wear it proudly through the snakepits and catcalls
Like a fifteen year old kid wears a vampire kiss
If you don't know what is wrong with me
Then you don't know what you've missed

We are arms and legs wrapped round more than my memory tonight
When the bell rang out and the air outside turned blue from fright
But in shameless moments you made more of me than just a mess
And a handful of eagerness says What do you suggest?

Chorus

----- 1986 King of America -----
Indoor Fireworks

We play these parlour games
We play at make believe
When we get to the part where I say that I'm going to leave
Everybody loves a happy ending but we don't even try
We go straight past pretending
To the part where everybody loves to cry

Chorus

Indoor fireworks
Can still burn your fingers
Indoor fireworks
We swore were safe as houses
They're not so spectacular
They don't burn up in the sky
But they can dazzle or delight
Or bring a tear
When the smoke gets in your eyes

You were the spice of life
The gin in my vermouth
And though the sparks would fly
I thought our love was fireproof
Sometimes we'd fight in public darling
With very little cause
But different kinds of sparks would fly
When we got on our own behind closed doors

Chorus

It's time to tell the truth
These things have to be faced

My fuse is burning out
And all that powder's gone to waste
Don't think for a moment dear that we'll ever be through
I'll build a bonfire of my dreams
And burn a broken effigy of me and you

Chorus

----- 1986 King of America -----
Jack Of All Parades

When we first met I didn't know what to do
My old love lines were all worn out on you
And the world walked round my mouth
They lit me up and they snuffed me out
[chorus]

And I was everybody's boy
But soon that thrill just fades
To be the love of one true heart
Or the Jack of all parades
You won't know who to thank
You won't know who to blame
It's just a part of the Murdering Game
'Cos down in the fleshpots
Where they pay you in pounds
They're laughing like drains
And baying like bloodhounds
For the Jack of all parades
The Jack of all parades
Once I knew a girl
That looked so much like Judy Garland
That people would stop and give her money
And everybody was Frankie, Jimmy or Bobby
Not the Jack, the Jack of all Parades,
Oh the Jack, the Jack of all Parades,
Oh the Jack, of all Parades.
Now the way that I feel is no longer news
You know my love and how to refuse it
Cause you know where the door is
And how to use it
Oh you know you do
But from my chequered past
To this shattered terrace
Where you can't keep your mind off
the Crimes of Paris
And you can't keep your peace
And try to forget it
And I can't forgive you
For things you haven't done yet

Oh I was anybody's boy
But soon that thrill just fades
To be the love of one true heart
Or the Jack of all parades
When we first met I didn't know what to do
My old love lines were all worn out on you
And the world walked 'round my mouth
I didn't mean to say it
I just blurted it out
As you pretended not to notice
Or be taken aback
And I loved you there and then
It's as simple as that
Oh I was everybody's boy
But soon that thrill just fades
To be the love of one true heart
Or the Jack of all parades
To be the love of one true heart
Or the Jack of all parades
Oh the Jack of all parades

----- 1986 King of America -----
Little Palaces

In Chocolate Town all the trains are painted brown
On the silver paper of the wrapper
There's a dapper little man
And he wears a wax moustache
That he twists with nicotine fingers
As he drops his cigarette ash
And someone comes and sweeps it up
And then he doffs his cap
And there's a rat in someone's bedroom
And they're shutting someone's trap
And they'll soon be pulling down the little palaces

And the doors swing back and forward from the past into the present
And the bedside crucifixion turns from wood to phosphorescent.
And they're moving problem families from the South up to the North
Mother's crying over some soft soap opera divorce
And you say you didn't do it, but you know you did of course
And they'll soon be pulling down the little palaces.

It's like shouting in a matchbox, filled with plasterboard and hope
Like a picture of Prince William in the arms of John the Pope
There's a world of good intentions, and pity in their eyes
The sedated homes of England, are theirs to vandalize

So you knock the kids about a bit, because they've got your name

And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the same
And they feel like knocking down the little palaces.

You're the twinkle in your daddy's eye, a name you spray and scribble
You made the girls all turn their heads, and in turn they made you miserable
To be the heir apparent, to the kingdom of the invisible

Where you knock the kids about a bit, because they've got your name
And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the same
And they feel like knocking down the little palaces.

----- 1986 King of America -----

Lovable

(chorus)

It's going round the town

It's going round the town

It's going round the town

You're so lovable

My baby gave me notice to quit

I just can't get used to it

She broke my little heart in two

Now somebody else is being the same old you

(chorus)

My baby has Egyptian eyes

And a wicked look beyond compare

If you thought I was a fool for you

Then I must be a bigger fool for her

(chorus)

He'd turn the flowers of springtime into a wreath

He says he'd love you eternally

I say please please can't you keep it brief

They say they're going to bury you

Because you're so lovable

Put your money where your mouth was

You're so lovable

Each tender mumble brings us closer to bedlam

You're so lovable

The toast of the town and the talk of the bedroom

You're so lovable

You're so sweet

You're so honest

You say 'I'll be true to you boy'

But I won't promise

Then you say you love me

Then you show me

As you lie there so lifelike below me

(chorus)

----- 1986 King of America -----

Our Little Angel

This is the place where I made my best mistakes
This is the place even angels don't understand
I've seen the disappointment in her face
And the collection of engagement rings on her right hand
She sits alone apart from the crowd
In a white dress she wears like a question mark
Friends speak of her fondly
Enemies just think out loud
You think you're man enough to please her
And you're fool enough to start
You're not going to do a thing to our little angel
There's nothing you're thinking tonight that tomorrow won't change
Now the cabaret is frozen and the laughter comes in cans
And the lonely hearts club clientele don't know what to do with their hands
You think that you'll be sweet to her but everybody knows
That you're the marshmallow valentine that got stuck on her clothes
But you're not going to do a thing to our little angel
There's nothing you're thinking tonight that tomorrow won't change
So you mix your drinks and words
You make bad jokes you make bad time
The floors are there to walk over
The walls are there to climb
You swear that you'll never go back again once you're inside
You're never the bridegroom she's always the bride
And you're not going to do a thing to our little angel
There's nothing you're thinking tonight that tomorrow won't change
You'll come in a sweetheart and you'll go out a stranger
Well you try to love her but she's so contrary
Like a chainsaw running through a dictionary
So get your mind off the sweet behind of our little angel
You're not going to do a thing
You're not going to do a thing
You're not going to do a thing to our little angel

----- 1986 King of America -----

Poisoned Rose

The poisoned rose
That you gave to me
It left me half alive
And half in ecstasy
But if half of your love
Is all I can win
Give me just a fraction
But no more medicine

The poisoned rose
On a Valentine card
That you take straight to the heart
That you call my junkyard
But if all I can do
Is save pieces of you
The piece of your mind
The piece of your heart
Didn't tear me apart
Like the poisoned rose
I received from you

I don't know
How we came to grow
Into this very sad affair
Everytime we do the decent thing
Somebody spikes the drink
And a single becomes a pair

The poisoned rose
That you wear at your best
That I keep pressed between the white sheets
Where you lie half undressed
I threw away my shirt and shoes
You looked and I dived in
It's just you and me now
'Cause I threw away the gin
I threw away your alibis
And all your worn-out clothes
I threw myself upon the floor
But I couldn't throw away
This poisoned rose
This poisoned rose
This poisoned rose

----- 1986 King of America -----
Sleep Of The Just

The soldier asked my name and did I come here very often
Well I thought that he was asking me to dance
In my holy coat and hat and him in his red bonnet
We'd have made a lovely couple but we never had the chance

Chorus
And now you say that you've got to go
Well if you must you must
I suppose that you need the sleep of the just

Well it was a powerful day and there were black crows in the road

And I kept my strong opinions to my chest
I suppose I should have told them that I was on fire for you
When the bus burst into flames outside some place, 'The Poet's Rest'

Chorus

A girl woke up in a naked light and said Oh no not again
He even looked like her brother in the army but she never mentions him
He'll be tucked up in his bed tonight with his dirty-pictures girl
Saying, 'You're some mother's daughter you know or is it
immaterial girl?'

Now she's pinned up upon the barracks wall in her home town
All the soldiers taking turns with their attentions
And as they speculate what she'd look like beneath that thin nightgown
His family pride was rising up as he cast his eyes down

Chorus

----- 1986 King of America -----
Suit Of Lights

While Nat King Cole sings Welcome To My World
You request some song you hate you sentimental fool
And it's the force of habit
If it moves then you fuck it
If it doesn't move you stab it
And I thought I heard The Working Man's Blues
He went out to work that night and wasted his breath
Outside there was a public execution
Inside he died a thousand deaths

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they put him in a suit of lights

In the perforated first editions
Where they advocate the hangman's noose
Then tell the sorry tale of the spent Princess
Her uncouth escort looking down her dress
Anyway they say that she wears the trousers
And learnt everything that she does
And doesn't know if she should tell him yes
Or let him go

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they put him in a suit of lights

Well it's a dog's life in a rope leash or a diamond collar
It's enough to make you think right now
But you don't bother

For goodness sake as you cry and shake
Let's keep you face down in the dirt where you belong
And think of all the pleasure that it brings
Though you know that it's wrong

And there's still life in your body
But most of it's leaving
Can't you give us all a break
Can't you stop breathing

And I thought I heard The Working Man's Blues
I went to work that night and wasted my breath
Outside they're painting tar on somebody
It's the closest to a work of art that they will ever be

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they put him in a suit of lights
And they put him in a suit of lights

----- 1986 King of America -----
The Big Light

Well I had a little feeling to have a big night
And I woke up feeling small and not so brave and not quite right
I had to face the who am I and where is she and what did I do
But worst of all I had to face the big light
Chorus:
The big light came through my window and it opened up my eyelids
And it snapped them up like roller blinds and told me things that I did
I can't face another day and night of good ideas and complications
And I'm thankful that I didn't open another bottle of inspiration
When the hangover this morning had a personality
And I cast my shattered mind over selected memories
I didn't even touch the light switch so I knew I'd never see
The Haggard face that would be staring back at me
Chorus
Well I had a little feeling to have a big time
And I woke up to alarm bells like a big church chime
I had to face the who am I and who is she and what did I do

But worst of all I had to face the big light
Chorus

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
A Town Called Big Nothing (Really Big Nothing)

Big nothing.
He stood in the road outside of town
With a broken clockwork toy in his hand.
A graveyard for childish dreams in his palm
A broken lifeline.
Big nothing.

The mechanical amusement sputtered to life in his fist.
As he clenched, it whirred and died again.
It was a cowboy who drew his gun,
but the pistol was welded to the holster
by age and careless children,
So it struggled and strained
and it unwound its own spring.
Big nothing.

He didn't need tattoos to show where he'd been
And who he'd loved.
It was the same thing that men had cried for;
That women had dyed their hair for.
The cellophane illusion of a starry sky
Stretched over an open sore.
Big nothing.

He thought about his lost daughter
The way her eyes would alight at the greedy circus barker's blackmail song
How he wanted to smash her skull in when she parroted back,
'Tell mommy; tell poppy; you need this little dolly.'
Big nothing.

Big nothing.
The smoky voice of the petaled girl woke him long enough.
There was too much light in the room, so he unscrewed the bulb.
She took him to bed like an adopted dog.
Big nothing.

She lit sickly incense, as he tried to tell himself
The resemblance were pure and coincidental.
He unleashed his grip on the toy and all it meant to him,
And it wound down forever.
Big nothing.

He woke up in a sweat, the next day.

With her smile still painted on his mouth
He walked out of a town called Big Nothing.
Big nothing.

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
American Without Tears #2 (Twilight Version)

December 1965 in Caracas
When Arnie LaFlamme took his piece of the pie
When he packed up the casino chips, the IOU and the abacus
And switched off the jukebox in a "A Fool Such as I"
He was a leg man who was open to offers
But he couldn't get her off his mind as he passed the tourist office
and as he entertained himself singing just like Sammy Davis Junior
He toyed with a trip to Miami

For money like that
he could have sweet talk in her ear
Now they don't speak any English
Just American without tears

It was an idea that he dandled on his knee
and nursed it like his coffee cup
when he couldn't find any other way
It always seemed to come to him
while the day was dipping down
and sun was like a light bulb
being swallowed by a clown
He took her for everything
He took her for his only one
He took her out of Coventry and over to Idaho
But the war wound that he carried home
wasn't really visible
When the bullets were forgotten
she lived dowdy, down, and miserable

And she seemed to be crying for year after year
and says, "You don't speak any English
Just American between tears."

"Arnie" she said to me, "Will you turn down the radio.
You haven't slept a wink since we came to Havana
When you're gonna get the strength to go over to Florida?
All you ever listen to is 'The Voice of America'."
It was the story of a young English poppet
Who took up with a soldier boy
and thought she would profit.
Just like me she found out what true love is about
Anyway she's in New Orleans it would never work out

Oh she seemed to be crying for year after year
Now you don't speak any English
Just American between tears.
Just American without tears.
For you seem to be crying year after year
Now you don't speak any English
Just American without tears.
Just American without tears.

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Baby's Got A Brand New Hairdo

Baby's got a brand new hairdo
But doesn't she look so nice?
She said everything that she cares to
She's saying it not once but twice
She said it doesn't matter unless I say it matters
Well, I don't care about all that modern jazz

The girl that used to have it, and the girl I still have
She's the girl that used to have it and the girl I still have

Baby's got a brand new hairdo
And doesn't she look so fine?
She said everything that she used to
Except she's picking your heart, not mine
She said "it doesn't matter unless I say it matters"
I don't care about all that modern jazz

The girl that used to have it, and girl I still have
She's the girl that used to have it, and the girl I still have

Baby's got a brand new hairdo
And doesn't she look so good?
She looks like Billy Boy Arnold
said I wish you would,I wish you would
Baby's got a brand new hairdo
I wonder what's left inside
She used to be at med school
before she learned how to be snide
She walks in the place and everybody scatters
I don't care about all the modern girls

She's the girl that I used to have and the girl I still have
She the, she the....

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----

Big Sister

Sheep to the slaughter
Oh, this must be love
All your sons and daughters in a strangle hold with a kid glove
Eyes like saucers; oh, you think she's a dish
She is the blue chip that belongs to the big fish

Big sister will be watching over you
Sister see, sister do
She's got a safe bet
She's got you playing Russian Roulette
The sport of kings, the old queen's heart
The prince of darkness stole some tart
It's in the papers, it's in the charts
It's in the stop press before it all starts.

With a hammer on the slap and tickle under grisly garments
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of armaments
Compassion went out of fashion that's all your concern meant
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on home improvements

Big sister will be watching over you
Sister see, sister do
She's got a safe bet
She's got you playing Russian Roulette
She's got a safe bet
She's got you playing Russian Roulette

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----

Black Sails In The Sunset

Vain boys are gonna have to swallow their pride this time
So let the punishment fit the crime
It's under the table, under your skin
Into the cable, is this the death of the glory you're in

Black sails in the sunset
White noise goin' "yakety yak"
All the money in the world 'll never bring your body back
It's some mysterious dance nobody can do
Thought I knew all the steps quite clearly
I don't have a clue.

You're Cinderella with a ball and chain
The shoe seems to fit you
You tell the truth sometimes but

You wouldn't know it if it hit you
Is this some new trick wired up in your head?
Do you make me sick, or was I just force fed?

Black sails in the sunset
White noise going "yakety yak"
All the money in the world 'll never bring your body back
It's some mysterious dance nobody can do
Thought I knew all the steps quite clearly
I don't have a clue.

Black sails in the sunset
White noise going "yakety yak"
Black sails in the sunset
White noise going "yakety yak"
All the money in the world 'll never bring your body back.

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Heathen Town

They used to call it Sin City
Now it's gone way past that.
Painting the town
And then burning it down
Now even that's old hat.
Now there's a choir of angels
At the fall of Rome
Singing "Ave Maria"
Or "Home Sweet Home"

Chorus:
It's just a heathen town
I hear only evil
as my tongue is tightened.
I used to be god-fearing
now I'm so frightened
'cause the devil will drag you under
by the sharp tailfin
of your checkered cab
And I can't sit down,
I'm going overboard
in this heathen town.

It starts as a flirtation
and ends up as an expensive habit.
With one eye on her place
in debtor's prison
And the other on a girl

dressed as a rabbit.
Now you can live forever
endure fits and starts
The only stake you cannot raise
Is the one driven through your heart.

Chorus

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Imperial Bedroom

Everyone agreed that she looked delightful
Except for her sister, who was hateful and spiteful
Blushing bright red from her head to her feet
But rushing into the bridal suite

The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir

Life turns out like a TV serial
A head full of daydreams, his hands full of material
She says it's nothing, he's messing up her hair
And still he looks so neat
Stepping into the bridal suite

The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir

So the best man will do his best again
Now they're getting dressed again
Blushing bright red from her head to her feet
Sneaking out of the bridal suite

The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir

We know who you're with and where you are
In the imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir
Two names on the register

In the imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir
Au revoir

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Little Goody Two Shoes

You can take a powder
You can take a drink.
You can keep the shrink
And the kitchen sink
Can write my name in heaven in invisible ink.
Just leave it, baby, when there's no time to think.

Chorus

Little goody two shoes is here to clinch.
You can miss me by a mile or you can miss by an inch.
Don't move a muscle, baby, don't even flinch
Or little goody two shoes will feel the pinch.

You can take me over
You can give me a lip
You can take me over
You can give me the slip
You can take off everything or tear me off a strip
With a bullet in the chamber and another in the clip

Chorus

Just when you thought you got what you deserved
Just when it's time to stop trying
A voice says, "Boy, have you got a nerve
Why do you have to keep crying and crying?"

You can take me outside
You can take me apart
You can take me upstairs
You can take me to heart
You can take the decision that it's time to depart
Don't try to stop me when you told me to start

Chorus.

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Seven Day Weekend

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Monday's calling you too early when you're sound asleep
Bells are ringing by your bedside and out in the streets
You say Monday's long enough, but this is just the start
Tuesday's just the same as Monday without the surprising part

Wednesday's point of no return
When you've squandered all you've earned

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend.

This is all I'm thinking about as the days go by
Spend your life on holiday and even when I die
There could be but one inscription: "This was not his day"
If it isn't Thursday anymore, it must be Friday

I can't wait until I maybe
Get off work and see my baby
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend.

I can't wait until I maybe
Get off work and see my baby
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven day weekend
(Repeat)

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Shoes Without Heels

This love of mine is like a stepping stone
These shoes are made for walking in reverse
At the dead of night, you tiptoe out and leave me all alone
Putting on your satin slip-ons and your sultry French cologne.

She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over me
From here to there and you know how it feels
When she walks right out of the door.

Well, I thought that I was bigger than this town
I thought I'd stand the pace and go the distance
But she picked me out, she used me up, and then she put me down
Now I'm driven til I'm crying, or I dream until I drown.

She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over me
From here to there and you know how it feels
When she walks right out of the door.

While you're busy banking underwear and other useless trinkets,
Spare a thought for worthless men who drag on women like they're
cigarettes, 'cause you watch him walk away from you
While he gets down and deals
Oh, he'll watch you walk away without heels

Oh, you think that he's a fool to tolerate
All the liberty you cherish and you roughly take
But to watch your love turn slowly from indifference into hate
Would hurt him more than any heart that you might care to break.

She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over you
But when she's finished, I know what I'll do
When she walks right back through the door.

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
The Flirting Kind

She used to be the flirting kind
But the boy loved her anyway
He made up with his mind
She said, What's a girl to do to be content?
Use your imagination
Time to experiment
Make love like a punishment
So they call her the flirting kind
The flirting kind

You better stop, stop your running round
I got everything I wanted
I could make up for lost ground
Like the flirting kind
Just the flirting kind
Your love is best
But I'll leave like the rest
Just the flirting kind
Just the flirting kind
Just the flirting kind

They say that her fate is sealed
But she's much too beautiful to ever yield
She says, What's a girl to do to be content?
Use your imagination
Time to experiment
Make love like a punishment
So they call her the flirting kind
The flirting kind

She's crying in her sleep
For a man torn down
Now he's a man all over
He's all over, all over the town

She's the flirting kind
Just the flirting kind
Your love is best
But I'll leave like the rest
Just the flirting kind
Just the flirting kind

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
The People's Limousine

It's a chilly Florentine evening
Two men in evening hats
Telling tales of the underground and
fishing for Reds
Policemen armed with Uzis
stand guard but they don't speak
Ain't seen no Michaelangelo
he'll be here next week.

The girl in the shoes
with the crystal heels went chaperoned by her brother
They raise a glass of amber wine
take pictures of each other
of the policemen in the fountains
and the sickle and the hammer
and they came with Uncle Romulus
with his walking cane and camera

Chorus
She looked like someone's girlfriend
she looked like a dream
she looked as unlikely
as the people's limousine.

Come and sit by me, girl, before I breathe the breath out of you
Hush your mouth and cover your eyes for I'll tell your father of you
He paid to have you painted in the company of angels
Only to find you flirting anew with Chico Marx and perverted Engels

Chorus

The patron saint of television smiles down from the shelf
Romulus can't criticize but he can't bless himself
He has a tin of pea-green paint and a big roll of black tape
To vandalize these obscenities then make his escape
She walked up to the nice policeman and asked him for a match
He saw Romulus approaching and slipped off the safety catch
Then cut down her uncle, he was painted red and green

Just as she was kidnapped in the people's limousine

Chorus

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
The Stamping Ground

The stamping ground
The stamping ground
All your old gang still hang around
Coming in with the same blokes
Going home with the same jokes
If you ever go missing I know where you'll be found
The stamping ground

The big fellow on the front door knows your face
The barman pretends that he saved you a place
But when your back is turned they say she's older than she tells
I could stand the main attraction but not the cling-on tails

Chorus

Everybody know everybody's trouble
Who comes in alone, who leaves as a couple
They've seen you coming and they act like they're pleased to meet you
Say it's very nice to know you but I wouldn't want to be you

Chorus

You talk like you don't have a brain in your head
You act like you don't have a care in your bed
The lights are on, there's no one home it scares you to death
You'd stamp on anyone who stops to take a breath

Chorus

The stamping ground

----- 1987 Out Of Our Idiot -----
Turning The Town Red

You've been taught that this won't do
They put me in the picture but the film turned blue
A glimpse of you, Turning The Town Red.

A head full of brand new words and a mouth full of shocks
You're a big boy now, with a face to stop clocks.
Turning the town red.

You made your bed, and now you'd better dream in it.
The word that you once whispered, now you're screamin' it.

Days drip down the damp wallpaper.
Pictures plastered on the ivy creeper between your old toy soldiers
and your mother's sleepers.
Turning the town red.

You made your bed, you'd better face the consequence.
A black pool opened at my feet into a dream sequence.
Turning the town red.

You know I heard her call my name
At least, I think that's what she said.
Surely I'm the correlation that's gonna cause her shame
So, what's she doing in my bed?
Turning the town red. (Repeat.)
(Painting the town red.)

----- 1989 Spike -----
Any King's Shilling

You're a fine one, oh yes you are
You're a fine one just like me
And we're friends now, oh wouldn't you say?
We've been friends now, oh haven't we?
Stay at home tonight if you know what's good
for you
I can't say more it would be telling
For if you don't what will become of you
Just isn't worth any king's shilling
I will answer when they make that call, pull
upon this ragged uniform
Up till now I know it's been your trade
Spit and polish the potato parade
Stay at home tonight if you know what's good
for you
I can't say more it would be telling
For if you don't what will become of you
Just isn't worth any king's shilling
Please don't put your silly head in that pretty
soldier's hat
You've done your duty, that's enough of that
I don't know if what I'm doing is right
I don't know if you should be forgiving
But for me it seems it means my life
While for you it could just be a living
Stay at home tonight if you know what's good
for you

I can't say more it would be telling
For if you don't what will become of you
Just isn't worth any king's shilling
Please don't put your silly head in that British
soldier's hat
You've done your duty that's enough of that
You're a fine one, oh yes you are

----- 1989 Spike -----
Baby Plays Around

It's not open to discussion anymore
She's out again tonight and I'm alone once more
She's all I have worth waiting for
But baby plays around

And so it seems I've always been the last to know
To hold on to that girl, I had to let her go
I wish to God I didn't love her so
But baby plays around

I try to be strong hold on to my pride
She doesn't even know it's wrong,
how much I hurt Inside
And heaven knows I've tried
But baby plays around just a plaything
It's hard to reconcile the facts I'm facing

It's not open to discussion anymore
She walks those shiny streets
I walk the worn out floor
She's all I have worth living for
Baby plays, baby plays around

----- 1989 Spike -----
Chewing Gum

With their cardboard hands by their sides,
here's a naked man and lady
And they're yours to cut out and keep
So you can dress them up maybe
They don't know just who they are, or who they're
supposed to be
You can make them happy or sad
Or assume their identity
So here they are in the departure lounge
It's the Gateway to the East
She is just another mail-order bride
She doesn't know he's a kinky beast

So he gives her a picture of Maradona and child
She wants to roll and rock
As he spills his beer over her, bumps and he
grinds, as he repeats Bang-Cock

Chorus:

There must be something that is better than this
It starts with a slap and ends up with a kiss
Begins with you bawling and it ends up in tears
Oh my little one, take that chewing gum out of
your ears

She might as well be in the jungle

She might as well be on the moon

He's away on a business trip, in Dusseldorf , but
she's becoming immune

To the lack of glamour and danger in a West-
German city today

The nearest she comes to the Dynasty he
promised her

Is a Chinese takeaway

Chorus

Though he only taught her three little words, it
doesn't matter if they're dirty or clean

He can only control what they look like

He can never possess what they mean

Now he wants to whisper in her ear

All the shrinking nothingness

But something always comes between them,

I wonder if you can guess

Chorus

----- 1989 Spike -----

Coal Train Robberies

Yesterday's coal train came to rest in the bitter
cutting

And as the signals took an age to change it was
easy pickings

So you go to the movies where they smash it up

You want to feel your heart pumping it makes
you feel good

All through the karaoke girls were squealing
the hits

As another Mercedes-Benz gets blown to bits

While all the time in the camptown theatres
of Piccadilly

They're going to throw a black-face minstrel
show for the barefoot children

That they're always selling

They'll say It's quaint as the guilty ones faint

and claim they ain't underneath this paint
We interrupt these liberal saints with their
whips and watermelon
Reports are coming in of a coal-train robbery
It's like another world, or it had better be
So we return to whitewashed pout of his
committed lips
Since he was declared the long lost fountain
of youth that drips and drips and drips
They'll be sending him round from door to door,
to sell you back what's already yours
So many good deeds, so little time
Say the advertising agency swine
When man has destroyed what he thinks he owns
I hope no living thing cries over his bones
If you don't believe that I'm going for good
You can count the days I'm gone and chop up
the chairs for firewood
Reports are coming in of a coal-train robbery

----- 1989 Spike -----
Deep Dark Truthful Mirror

One day you're going to have to face
A deep dark truthful mirror
And it's going to tell you things that I still love
you too much to say
The sky was just a purple bruise, the ground
was iron
And you fell all around the town until you
looked the same

Chorus
The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie from
your tongue trips
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

Now the flagstone streets where the newspaper
shouts ring to the boots of roustabouts
But you're never in any doubt, there's something
happening somewhere

You chase down the road till your fingers bleed
On a fiberglass tumbleweed
You can blow around the town, but it all shuts
down the same

Chorus

So you bay for the boy in the tiger-skin trunks
They set him up, set him up on the stool
He falls down, he falls down like a drunk
And you drink till you drool
And it's his story you'll flatter
You'll stretch him out like a saint
But the canvas that he splattered will be the
picture that you never paint

Chorus

A stripping puppet on a liquid stick gets into it
pretty thick
A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears, but how do
you know he really needs it?
'Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand,
Jesus wept he felt abandoned
You're spellbound baby there's no doubting that
Did you ever see a stare like a Persian cat?

Chorus

----- 1989 Spike -----
God's Comic

I wish you'd known me when I was alive, I was
a funny feller
The crowd would hoot and holler for more
I wore a drunk's red nose for applause
Oh yes I was a comical priest
With a joke for the flock and a hand up your
fleece
Drooling the drink and the lipstick and
greasepaint
Down the cardboard front of my dirty dog-collar

Chorus:

Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead,
now I'm dead, now I'm dead
And I'm going on to meet my reward
I was scared, I was scared, I was scared, I was
scared
He might of never heard God's Comic

So there he was on a water-bed
Drinking a cola of a mystery brand
Reading an airport novelette, listening to
Andrew Lloyd-Webber's Requiem

He said, before it had really begun, I prefer
the one about my son
I've been wading through all this unbelievable
junk and wondering if I should have given
the world to the monkeys

Chorus

I'm going to take a little trip down Paradise's
endless shores
They say that travel broadens the mind, till you
can't get your head out of doors

I'm sitting here on the top of the world
I hang around in the longest night
Until each beast has gone bed and then I say
God bless and turn out the light

While you lie in the dark, afraid to breathe and
you beg and you promise
And you bargain and you plead
Sometimes you confuse me with Santa Claus
It's the big white beard I suppose
I'm going up to the pole, where you folks die of cold
I might be gone for a while if you need me

Now I'm dead, now I'm dead, now I'm dead,
now I'm dead, now I'm dead and you're all
going on to meet your reward
Are you scared? Are you scared? Are you scared?
Are you scared?

----- 1989 Spike -----
Last Boat Leaving

Hush my little one don't cry so
You know your daddy's bound to go
They took his pride
They took his voice
Don't upset him now, don't make a noise
They said You're lucky son you've still got a choice
Last boat leaving
Don't waste your tears
It's not as if I'm in chains
I don't want to go now, it would be better for
you, too, if I don't look back when we sail
Hush my dear, while I whisper it in your ear
We're not going to sail tonight
We're going to disappear

And it feels like a punishment, but I don't know what for
Take care of your mother, son, it's you that she adores
'Cos no matter how long we sail we'll never reach the shore
Last boat leaving
So dry your tears
It's not as if I'm in chains
When you go to school, son, you'll read my
story in history books
Only they won't mention my name
So hush now, my darling, my sweet little one
I hope that you never have to do what I've done
Do you know what I've done?
Why I'm going away? On the last boat leaving
this stinking town
It's the last boat leaving, it's the last boat leaving
You've had my innocence, you've had my heartbreak
You've taken the place where I once belonged
Now what more can you take?

----- 1989 Spike -----
Let Him Dangle

Bentley said to Craig Let him have it Chris
They still don't know today just what he meant
by this
Craig fired the pistol, but was too young to swing
So the police took Bentley and the very next thing
Let him dangle
Let him dangle
Bentley had surrendered, he was under arrest,
when he gave Chris Craig that fatal request
Craig shot Sidney Miles, he took Bentley's word
The prosecution claimed as they charged them
with murder
Let him dangle
Let him dangle
They say Derek Bentley was easily led
Well what's that to the woman that Sidney
Miles wed
Though guilty was the verdict, and Craig had
shot him dead
The gallows were for Bentley and still she
never said
Let him dangle
Let him dangle
Well it's hard to imagine it's the times that
have changed
When there's a murder in the kitchen that is
brutal and strange

If killing anybody is a terrible crime
Why does this bloodthirsty chorus come round
from time to time
Let him dangle
Not many people thought that Bentley would
hang
But the word never came, the phone never rang
Outside Wandsworth Prison there was horror
and hate
As the hangman shook Bentley's hand to
calculate his weight
Let him dangle
From a welfare state to society murder
Bring back the noose is always heard
Whenever those swine are under attack
But it won't make you even
It won't bring him back
Let him dangle
Let him dangle (String him up)

----- 1989 Spike -----
Miss Macbeth

All the children testified that Miss Macbeth
wore a fishbone slide in her cobweb tresses
Her eyes were black like first foot coal, clutched
as white as chalk-dust
Her fingers sweated india-ink and poison-pen
letters
There is a hungry hanging tree, just below your
bedroom window
You can hear her take a broom to beat out a
tattoo on the ceiling
Her bloodless face ran red inside but was she
really evil, was she only pantomime
Now the chalk on the wall says that somebody
saves, that somebody's face has just been
washed off the pavement
Into a puzzle where petrol will be poisoned by rain
Miss Macbeth saw her reflection
As confetti bled it's colours down the drain
Chorus:
And everyday she lives out another love song
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong
Well how can you miss what you've never
possessed
Miss Macbeth
Well we all should have known when the
children paraded

They portrayed her in their fairytales, sprinkling
Deadly Nightshade
And as they tormented her she rose to the bait
Even a scapegoat must have someone to hate
And everyday she lives out another love song
You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know
it's wrong
Well how can you miss what you've never
possessed
Miss Macbeth
Sometimes people are just what they appear to be
With no redemption at all
We try to walk upright when we can't even crawl
Miss Macbeth has a gollywog she chucks under
the chin and she whispers to it tenderly
Then sticks it on a pin
And It might be coincidence, but a boy down
the lane, that she said went white as he could
do, then doubled over in pain
Chorus

----- 1989 Spike -----
Pads, Paws And Claws

She's a feline tormentor, not any vaudeville wife
But with a drunk-town lament he leads her a miserable life
But when he's full of that beer-champagne
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
And if he should wake up in some terrible dive
And he don't know if he's so-so
But he's so surprised he's alive
Come on little honey, let me under your hive
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
She pads, pads around the bedroom, practicing ways to flirt
He paws, pours another drink and anything in a skirt
Anything wearing a necklace
He thinks of claws scratching his back
He's going out there he's not coming back
She's got spider-leg fingers, sharpened whenever he strays
And she carries a bird-purse, with all of her womanly ways
Till he's drinking hairspray, she knows that he never would dare
She could be in pictures if she wasn't all covered in fur
He's coming home now and here's the surprise
You wouldn't believe the lies that he tries
She cut him down to her favourite size
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws
She pads, paws, pads, paws and claws

----- 1989 Spike -----

Satellite

She looked like she learned to dance from a
series of still pictures
She's madly excited now, she throws her hands
up like a tulip
She looks like an illustration of a cocktail party
Where cartoon bubbles burst in the air,
champagne rolls off her tongue
Like a second language
And it should have been her biggest night
The satellite looks down on her as she begins
to cry
All over the world at the very same time people
sharing the same sorrow
As the satellite looks down her darkest hour is
somebody's bright tomorrow
He pulled on a cigarette, in the crook of his
first finger
Felt the static electric charge of her perfect
hour-glass figure
As he undressed her with his eyes her weakness
was his talent
How could she know as she stepped through
the lights, that her dress would become
transparent
And with his face pressed to the screen, he
muttered words he'd never dare to say if she
could see him
All over the world at the very same time
People sharing the same cheap sensation the
thrill of watching somebody watching those
forbidden things we never mention
Chorus:
The satellite looks down right now and forever
What it has pulled apart let no man tether his
own body to his dream,
His dream to someone else
Oh no, oh no.
She went back to a pitiful compromise
He'd go back to his family
But for the matter of a thousand miles that
separated them entirely
In the hot unloving spotlight, with secrets
it arouses
Now they both know what it's like inside a
pornographer's trousers
And in a funny way it's anonymous, the satellite
it blesses us and makes these dreams come

true... All over the world
Chorus

----- 1989 Spike -----
Stalin Malone

(Instrumental)
I'm going to make you even fear the dream
you dream
So don't even think about it don't make a wish
You think that I don't see you as you trawl
those young weak fish
Hooked on those poor wonders, till they want
you alone
Though they can't tell a cuckoo-clock from the
squeals of saxophones
That's when they'll fear my name
Stalin Malone
I'm telling you the day will come when this
man gets what he merits
Though people still wear animal skins to ward
off evil spirits
Only wife-swapping and witchcraft woke the
dormitory town
'Til horse's heads up in the trees came
dripping down
Yes, horse's heads up hung in the trees after
the bird had flown
Did you wonder of my whereabouts as the
barrack-room was blown
Did anybody call my name?
Stalin Malone
In a room called creation, where you all obey
my laws
Where Second is gravity and pain is like
applause
You think that this phenomenon is some
coincidence
But I've got people everywhere, you're under
my surveillance, in the pocket of my pants
Okay, she left me, but I'll soon get over that
Falling out of the Blood Tub and rolling, on
my back
Waking up to the one o'clock gun with a
Punch and Judy bird
Reaching out for a gelignite beer that fills me
up with murder
To overhear forbidden songs her lover must
have known

Between the pity and advice... There's no one
here to help you now, but speak after the tone
Leave for me a message of hope
Stalin Malone
Now the church door is a roller-shutter with
padlocks and keys
Just like all of the other dispensaries
The saloon is like a casket, stained wood and
human dust
Stale with conversation that hangs on your
clothes like smoke
The wooden clock said she would dance
dressed only in flower
As the jazz band drowns the hysterical bird that
it spits out on the hour
I'd drop out of sight and disappear, turn up in
another town, but somehow
I just can't seem to put it down, put it down
put it down
I just want to hold her now in that I'm not alone
but do I have to see her fall into his arms
before I can atone..
Get my jacket on, get my story straight,
I'm leaving on my own

----- 1989 Spike -----
... This Town ...

That Charlie Sedarka was a-playing the piano
like he was pawing a dirty book
He bit a hole in his big bottom lip and gave his
very best little boy look
It was a song with a topical verse which I'm
afraid he then proceeded to sing
Something about the moody doomed love of
the Fish-Finger King
Chorus:
You're nobody in this town
You're nobody in this crowd
You're nobody till everybody in this town
thinks you're poison,
Got your number knows it must be avoided
You're nobody till everybody in this town
thinks you're a bastard
Mr. Getgood moved up to Self-Made Man Row
Although he swears that he's the salt of the earth
He's so proud of the kick-me-hard sign that
they hung on his back at birth
He said I appreciate beauty, if I have one, then

it's my fault

Beauty is on my pillow, beauty is there in
my vault

Chorus

The girl with the eternity rock went down on
her bookie to buy some stock

Now all her signs in the shopping arcades say
The corporation thief is The New Jesse James
Her clothes and her attention were scant, her
eyes were everywhere,

Her eyes were like absinthe

The little green figures that dance on his screen
say everything you want to hear and nothing
they mean

They made love while she was changing her dress
She wiped him off she wiped him out and then
she made him confess

A little amused by the belief in her power
You must remember this it was the fetish of
the hour

Chorus

----- 1989 Spike -----

Tramp The Dirt Down

I saw a newspaper picture from the political
campaign

A woman was kissing a child, who was obviously
in pain

She spills with compassion, as that young child's
face in her hands she grips

Can you imagine all that greed and avarice
coming down on that child's lips

Well I hope I don't die too soon

I pray the Lord my soul to save

Yes I'll be a good boy, I'm trying so hard to behave
Because there's one thing I know, I'd like to live
long enough to savour

That's when they finally put you in the ground

I'll stand on your grave and tramp the dirt down

When England was the whore of the world

Margaret was her madam

And the future looked as bright and as clear as
the black tarmacadam

Well I hope that she sleeps well at night, isn't
haunted by every tiny detail

'Cos when she held that lovely face in her hands

all she thought of was betrayal

And now the cynical ones say that it all ends
the same in the long run
Try telling that to the desperate father who just
squeezed the life from his only son
And how it's only voices in your head and
dreams you never dreamt
Try telling him the subtle difference between
justice and contempt
Try telling me she isn't angry with this pitiful
discontent
When they flaunt it in your face as you line up
for punishment
And then expect you to say "Thank you"
straighten up, look proud and pleased
Because you've only got the symptoms, you
haven't got the whole disease
Just like a schoolboy, whose head's like a tin-can
filled up with dreams then poured down
the drain
Try telling that to the boys on both sides, being
blown to bits or beaten and maimed
Who takes all the glory and none of the shame

Well I hope you live long now, I pray the Lord
your soul to keep
I think I'll be going before we fold our arms
and start to weep
I never thought for a moment that human life
could be so cheap
But when they finally put you in the ground
They'll stand there laughing and tramp the
dirt down

----- 1989 Spike -----
Veronica

Is it all in that pretty little head of yours?
What goes on in that place in the dark?
Well I used to know a girl and I could have
sworn that her name was Veronica
Well she used to have a carefree mind of her
own and a delicate look in her eye
These days I'm afraid she's not even sure if her
name is Veronica

Chorus:

Do you suppose, that waiting hands on eyes,
Veronica has gone to hide?
And all the time she laughs at those who shout
her name and steal her clothes
Veronica
Veronica

Did the days drag by? Did the favours wane?
Did he roam down the town all the while?
Will you wake from your dream, with a wolf at
the door, reaching out for Veronica
Well it was all of sixty-five years ago
When the world was the street where she lived
And a young man sailed on a ship in the sea
With a picture of Veronica
On the "Empress of India"
And as she closed her eyes upon the world
And picked upon the bones of last week's news
She spoke his name out loud again

Chorus

Veronica sits in her favourite chair and she sits
very quiet and still
And they call her a name that they never get
right and if they don't then nobody else will
But she used to have a carefree mind of her
own, with devilish look in her eye
Saying "You can call me anything you like, but
my name is Veronica"

Chorus

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
After The Fall

In an anonymous rendezvous
Where the forbidden lovers repair
They're burning down another damn candle
They're melting the tables and chairs
Beneath them applause from the balcony
whenever they accomplished making love
Other times they thought they heard laughter
Coming from the balcony above

CHORUS

She lies to his right and she carelessly recites
All of her brand new appetites

She seems brittle and small, it don't sound like her at all
Since she came back to him after the fall
She said You never visit the countryside
So I've made you a country to order
She put up a little tent in the bedroom
Crickets played on a tape-recorder
The ceiling was festooned with phosphorous stars
She noticed his skin turning cold
Burning all his clothes on the bonfire
Relax she whispered and tightened the blindfold

CHORUS

You've changed but not for the better babe
I'd tell you why but what's the use
'Cos it's the same kind of pity
A drunkard gives as his excuse
You were sharp and ideal as a bobby pin
Now your eyes are deserted and quiet
We both look like those poor shattered mannequins
Thrown through the window in the riot
She lies in his arms and without any qualms
Revels in shallow delights
She seems brittle and small, it don't sound like her at all

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
All Grown Up

I'm trouble she said
Spread out on the floor of her father's house
Her promise was almost undone
Under her tongue, dissolving her responsibilities
To finally deny everyone with every unflattering comparison

Chorus

All grown up
And you don't care anymore
And you hate all the people that you used to adore
And you despise all the rumors and lies of the life you led before

Did I hear you right?
You're feeling hounded and pushed around
You want to just lay down and die
If all of this life has been such a big disappointment to you
Why don't you stop blaming some guy
And go give the next one a try

Chorus

But look at yourself
You'll see you're still so young
You haven't earned the weariness
That sounds so jaded on your tongue

I'm weak she says
And blesses herself and gets into bed
Clutching the covers to her throat
So punish me now and let me go back to the sham of my life
This night is the perfect antidote for all of the poison that
you wrote

Chorus

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
 Couldn't Call It Unexpected No. 4

I saw a girl who'd found her consolation
She said "One day my Prince of Peace will come"
Above her head a portrait of her father
The wilted favour that he gave her still fastened to the frame
"They've got his bones and everything he owns
I've got his name"

Well you can laugh at this sentimental story
But in time you'll have to make amends
The sudden chill where lovers doubt their immortality
As the clouds cover the sky the evening ends
Describing a picture of eyes finally closing
As you sometimes glimpse terrible faces in the fire
We'll I'm the lucky goon
Who composed this tune
From birds arranged on the high wire

Who on earth is tapping at the window?
Does that face still linger at the pane?
I saw you shiver though the room was like a furnace
A shadow of regret across a young mother's face
So toll the bell or rock the cradle
Please don't let me fear anything I cannot explain
I can't believe, I'll never believe in anything again

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
 Georgie And Her Rival

Georgie grew to hate her name
It sounded like a tiny man
And the one she had said I can't see you, but I'll call you
whenever I can

Sometimes the phone would ring, when she was half-asleep
A voice would drag her down with its suggestions
Though she often felt cheated, she never felt cheap

CHORUS

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so
alive
It's impossible to tear apart
Georgie and her rival
It was half-past February
And he hadn't called since New Year's Day
Maybe he'd found another woman to say those words no chapel girl
should say
Her mother would phone and always keep talking
She'd try to be polite, making faces
But somewhere in the back of her mind, her rival was stalking

CHORUS

Her rival would always wait till the eighth or ninth bell
He'd be desperate anyway and drunk as well
She always liked to hurt him to prove he was prepared
To love her anyway that she wanted
So she could tell which she preferred
He sat up with his address book trying to think what mood he's in
His finger traced past Georgie's name to someone who needed less
persuading
He didn't hear through her disguise he didn't leave her in a rush
Just like the promise that he left on her machine
That almost made her blush
The radio plays a lover's symphony
The number you have dialed has been re-directed
Now she puts him on the speaker-phone
Whenever she has company

CHORUS

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
Harpies Bizarre

He selects the plainest face from a spiteful row of girls
Elegant insulted women, a flaw of cultured pearls
He drops a name or two, she fails to catch
At last he's met his match
Unspoiled and unaffected, he wants her so much
She puts up half-hearted resistance, like she was taught to do
She's heard some of those small town playboys but this is
something new

His promise seems dangerous, she'd like to believe
He says You'd better leave
You've only got yourself to blame, shame, or deceive
The waiting lines are long
They never get too far
Everyone wearing that medal with pride
Harpies Bizarre
I looked on but hesitated
I failed to interrupt
You're so hard to tell the truth to
So easy to corrupt
I'll memorize your face
Your tragic smile
The hurt look in your eyes
As you betrayed yourself to the part of him that dies
The waiting lines are long
They never get too far
They're shining up their shoes to kick a falling star
You think you should be somebody
But you don't know who you are
Everyone wearing that medal with pride
Harpies Bizarre

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
How To Be Dumb

I was hell-bent on destroying my powers of concentration
While you were living like a saint
And all the time the very one you trusted was washing off
somebody else's paint
Now you've got yourself a brand new occupation
Every fleeting thought is a pearl
And beautiful people stampede to the doorway
of the funniest fucker in the world
They're here to help you
Satisfy your desire
There's a bright future for all you professional liars

CHORUS

Now you know how to be dumb
Are you ready to take your place in the modern museum of mistakes?
Don't you know how to be dumb?
Like a building thrown up overnight in one of those reverse earthquakes
They emptied out all the asylums, they emptied out all the gaols
The New Bruise was the name of a dance craze
By Jesus Cross and the Cruel Nails
Followed up by Torturing Little Beaver
With their contraption of barbed wire

Between the fear and the fever lies all the rejection they require
They'll be howling by midnight, they'll be drooling by dawn
Skulls shrunk down to the size of their brains
Heads shaven and shorn

CHORUS

Trapped in the House of the Perpetual Sucker
Where bitterness always ends so pitifully
You always had to dress up your envy in some half-remembered
philosophy
Now you're masquerading as pale powdered genius
Whose ever bad intention has been purged
You could've walked out any time you wanted but face it you
didn't have the courage
I guess that makes you a full time hypocrite or some kind of
twisted dilettante
Funny though people don't usually get so ugly till they think
they know what they want
Scratch your own head stupid
Count up to three
Roll over on your back
Repeat after me
Don't you know how to be dumb?
Are you ready to take your place in the modern museum of mistakes?
Don't you know how to be dumb?

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
Hurry Down Doomsday (The Bugs Are Taking Over)

The man in the corner of this picture has a sinister purpose
In the teeming Temple of the Railroad Kings
He's planting a trashy paperback book for accidental purchase
Containing all the secrets of life and other useless things

But I can't bring myself to look
Wake up Zombie write yourself another book
You want to scream and shout my little flaxen lout
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

She sleeps with the shirt of a late, great country singer
Stretched out on her poor jealous husband's pillow
In time you can turn these obsessions into careers
While the parents of those kidnapped children start the bidding
for their tears

But I can't bring myself to look
Wake up Zombie
Get yourself off the hook

You want to scream and shout my little waxen lout
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

Forget about Beethoven, Rembrandt and rock and roll
Forget about Mickey Mouse, Marlboro and Coca Cola
Forget about Cadillac, Mercedes and Toyota
Forget about Buddha, Allah, Jesus and Jehovah
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

Any day now a giant insect mutation
Will swoop down and devour the white man's burden
Starting out with all of the sensitive ones
Better make like a fly if you don't want to die
Look out there goes Gordon

But I can't bring myself to think
Wake up Zombie
Kick up a big stink
You want to scream and shout my little Saxon lout
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
Invasion Hit Parade

Now that you set everybody free
What are you going to do about me?
Don't want to be treated like some poor grateful clown
I'd rather go back in the sweet underground
Where I can tell by the colour of my skin
And I know my neighbour 'cos he's the one, yes he's the one
Who always turns me in
A woman works the tunnel in the middle of the night
Picking up every lost object in sight
Handbags, toupees, lost legs and fingernails
The black market eats up all your failures
Her transistor offers no salvation or regrets
No pool, no pets, no cigarettes
Just non-stop Disco Tex and the Sex-o-lettes

CHORUS

There's no name, no name for the place or pain we'll cause you
again and again
If you do not co-operate with the Invasion Hit Parade
The liberation forces make movies of their own
Playing their Doors records and pretending to be stoned
Drowning out a broadcast that wasn't authorised
Incidentally the revolution will be televised
With one head for business and another for good looks

Until they started arriving with their rubber aprons and their
butcher's hooks

CHORUS

They're hunting us down here with Liberty's light
A handshaking double talking procession of the mighty
Pursued by a T.V. crew and coming after them
A limousine of singing stars and their brotherhood anthem
The former dictator was impeccably behaved
They're mopping up all the stubborn ones who just refuse to be saved

CHORUS

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
Playboy To A Man

You had your own way one too many times and now
you're going to find out what it's like
Just what it's like, now you're a mess
You wanted something you could never possess
You went your own way one too many nights
You treated her like some small oversight
What in the world makes her think that she can
Turn you from a playboy into a man

CHORUS

She's going to make you suffer tonight
To turn you from a playboy into a man
And when you're worthy of her then she might
Turn you from a playboy into a man
You thought you were the answer to her prayers
the perfect gift that every girl prefers
But that's the trouble 'cos every girl still thinks you're hers
So there you are with your gold chains jangling
Your lucky charms and jewelry dangling
But when she saw you she turned and ran
To turn you from a playboy into a man

CHORUS

You couldn't see that the juvenile things you do
Would drag you down and now that the joke's on you
You're pretty cold you end as you start
When your facade isn't falling apart
So now you're standing in your underwear
Well now you know just how it feels for her
You're halfway there you know that she can turn you from a

playboy into a man

CHORUS

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
So Like Candy

Here lies the powder and perfume
The pretty clothes are scattered 'round the room
And it's so like Candy
Here lies the lipstick and the face
The coloured tablets keep it all in place
And it's so like Candy
So like Candy

Chorus

What did I do to make her go
Why must she be the one
That I have to love
So like Candy

Here lies a picture of a girl
Her arms are tight around that lucky guy
And it's so like Candy
And in her eyes a certain look
I thought I'd seen the last of long ago
And it's so like Candy
So like Candy

Chorus

I remember the day that picture was taken
We were so happy then
But that's so like Candy
She seemed so sweet to me I was mistaken
Oh no not that again
But that's so like Candy
She just can't face the day
So she turns and melts away

Here lie the records that she scratched
And on the sleeve I find a note attached
And it's so like Candy
"My Darling Dear it's such a waste"
She couldn't say "goodbye", but "I admire your taste"
And it's so like Candy
So like Candy

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
Sweet Pear

Sweet pear, sweet pear
Those who say they love you would never dare
I'll watch out for you
I'll always be there
In the hour of distress you need not fear
In all the world there's only one true love
And finding it's hard enough
I bless whatever's in the sky above
For bringing you to me
But there's a void without your kiss
I wake on the precipice above the abyss
And though the touch of your lips these fears dismiss
Make no mistake there is an ache I have to live with
Was my grip too loose, my grip too strong
That made you want to run away
And now you're back where I pretend you belong
I wonder every night and day
How long
I swear this is my prayer
till we're burned and scattered in the atmosphere
Or lost in the world across a crowded room
I am your stupid lover, your wretched groom

----- 1991 Mighty Like a Rose -----
The Other Side Of Summer

The sun struggles up another beautiful day
And I felt glad in my own suspicious way
Despite the contradiction and confusion
Felt tragic without reason
There's malice and there's magic in every season

Chorus

From the foaming breakers of the poisonous surf
The other side of Summer
To the burning forests in the hills of Astroturf
The other side of Summer
The automatic gates close up between the shanties and the palace
The blowtorch amusements, the voodoo chalice
The pale pathetic promises that everybody swallows
A teenage girl is crying 'cos she don't look like a million dollars
So help her if you can
'Cos she don't seem to have the attention span

Chorus

Was it a millionaire who said "imagine no possessions"?
A poor little schoolboy who said "we don't need no lessons"?
The rabid rebel dogs ransack the shampoo shop
The pop princess is downtown shooting up
And if that goddess is fit for burning
The sun will struggle up the world will still keep turning
Madman standing by the side of the road saying
"Look at my eyes, look at my eyes, look at my eyes, look at my eyes"
Now you can't afford to fake all the drugs your parents used to take
Because of their mistakes you'd better be wide awake

Chorus

The mightiest rose
The absence of perfume
The casual killers
The military curfew
The cardboard city
An unwanted birthday
The other side of summer
The dancing was desperate, the music was worse
They bury your dreams and dig up the worthless
Goodnight
God bless
And kiss "goodbye" to the earth

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
 Damnation's Cellar

Did anybody notice, over marmalade and eggs
In between the Princess' legs
What with wars and floods and beggars
Not to mention stocks and shares
If you have a moment to spare
Can you write and reassure me that I have seen
They're constructing a time machine
There will be no need for the obituary pages
We can have any hero from the bygone ages
'Til the truth emerges, the argument rages
Chorus:
The major and the minor
Turn from tallow into tar
Should we leave them in their place?
Down in damnation's cellar
When any form of deity that you might enjoy
Can be conjured with a test-tube and a flame

If it's out there then science can explain it
Or at least remove the blame
And if there is anyone you'd like to see again
The speak up quickly
Send us back Da Vinci then we don't have to ponder
The maddening smile of La Giaconda
The critics say Nijinsky, the dancer, of course
While the punters would probably prefer the horse
You'll find it's quicker than history, cheaper than divorce
Chorus
Bring back Liberace or Ollie and Stan
Shakespeare will have to wait his turn
Elvis Presley and Puccini shall return
I suppose we live and learn, though it's hard to believe as we
cheerfully burn
It's curious
Some will call for justice.
There are murders to solve
What about Hitler? Or at least Lee Harvey Oswald
Give us this day and everything we squander
Anyone beautiful
Somebody blonder
They'll never please mankind, so lie back and enjoy it
Stop press: They've just decided to destroy it
Chorus

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Dear Sweet Filthy World

Dear sweet filthy world, my wife or whoever reads this
I think that I've lived too long
With all of my promise unfulfilled
But there is a veil drawn over all of that
I know you'll probably say, Spare us the melodrama
I don't know how he chose the pills or the stupid revolver
I'm out of luck
I'm not that strong
My hands, your neck
I might have wrung
Don't try to find me
I'm not worth anything anymore
I am not leaving you with all of your problems
[] Cause biggest one is me
Life is dark
Cold as the sea
Embrace me in my anguish
Put seaweed in my hair and vow that you won't cry because
I've gone

I can't go on, I can't go on, I can't go on
I must close now

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Expert Rites

I marvel at the wonder of it in our souless age
Fast flow the tears upon the page
Don't be alarmed I am her friend
Will I be excused if I presume
As It's more than disappointment that we share
You share the same sorry life, the families fight,
That unhappy blade you both invite
This romantic ideal has a lonely appeal
I once loved someone the way that you do
But I had to let her go
I live with my regret

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
For Other Eyes

I don't know what I would do
If this letter should fall into
Other hands than it should pass through
For other eyes
He said, It was nothing...it's over and done
But the rotten worm was burrowing still
Its spirit invades me bleeding me white
For other replies
I searched his pockets
I searched his eyes
I searched his wallet for clues and lies
And I found a number that I somehow dialed
A woman answered, a woman smiled
Then she hung up on the silence unperplexed
Innocently spun her rolodex
I dialed again I could not resist
Revealing just the dentist receptionist
One day we'll laugh about it or maybe we'll curse
But there is one thing that is making it worse
And it's the lack of forgiveness that I can't disguise
No matter how well he lies
And we don't know each other anymore
And when we touch our lips feel sore
I question the longing left in his sighs
For other eyes

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
I Almost Had A Weakness

Thank you for the flowers
I threw them on the fire
And I burned the photographs that you had enclosed
God they were ugly children
So you're the little bastard of that brother of mine
Trying to trick a poor old woman
'Til I almost had a weakness

Last week Cousin Florence
Bit your Uncle Joe
Hit him on the forehead with a knife and a fork
She said that he looked like the devil
Then she said... pass the vinegar, I'm beginning to think
I'm the only one who hasn't taken to the drinking of it
Though I almost had a weakness

It pains me to mention
These delicate concerns
While I have to tolerate you family jewels
I really mustn't grumble
'Cause when I die the cats and dogs will jump up and down
And you little swines will get nothing

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
I Thought I'd Write To Juliet

I thought I'd write to Juliet, for she would understand
And when someone is already dead they can no longer let
you down
Instead I find myself talking to you, as my oldest friend
Tell me how I can advise someone, that I don't even know,
To welcome death
For I received a letter that is worth reporting
And though it may raise a cynical smile
It leaves a sinking feeling
Like when a soldier in a story says to the sergeant...
Have you seen my pride and joy?...
You know the rest...and it's no joke...Forgive me please as
I quote...
This is a letter of thanks, as I'm so bored here in I can't
say where.
So I'm writing to people that I may never meet
And I was thinking if something you said...
I'm a female soldier, my name is Constance.
I enlisted in the military needing funds for college
I'm twenty-three years old and if I do get home alive
I imagine I may think again...
I'm sleeping with my eyes open for fear of attack

Your words are a comfort, they're the best thing that I have
Apart from family pictures and, of course, my gas mask
I don't know why I am writing to you

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
 Jacksons, Monk And Rowe

Sister 4 and Brothers 3
Hanging off the family tree
Practising for getting old
Do you want your fortune told
They're looking for you high and low
Now there's nowhere for you to go
So you'll just have to come out and face the music
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe
Long ago when we were kids and we cut your hair to bits
As we carried off like spoils the heads we'd smash right off
your dolls
But the wind is changing you know
Are you sure of your friends and your foe
Have you got what it takes to carry it off
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe
As the sun beats down and life begins to complicate
Will we both incinerate
If we touch that brass name-plate
Messrs. All, noble Sirs
Highly paid solicitors
Find enclosed my signed divorce
Sad proceedings you endorse
The burden of pity will show
In the people we used to know
Have you got enough strength to carry it off
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
 Romeo's Seance

Is anyone there I can talk to?
Give us a sign if you're with me
Can't you see that I'm dying to hear you
Everyone else has lost interest
And I'm all alone in this dream house
Though you're gone
I don't feel like crying
Romeo is calling you
Knock once or twice if you're out there
Send me a message my sweetheart
When I'm out and about I'll be coming to see you
It isn't easy to live with this matronly face

At the window
Try to contact me, if you can see how I'm suffering
Romeo is calling you
Scatter the paper and thimbles
You can take care of the candles
An unplugged radio plays. She is close now
Me and my hand-holding baby walking the floor and the
ceiling
This is the song she dictated this evening.
Romeo is calling you
Romeo is calling you

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Swine

You're a swine and I'm saying that's an insult to the pig
In the foul furrow that you dig
Why don't you lay your head down
In that unconsecrated ground
Was she your mother?
Or was she your bride
To defile and to blister
To gnaw at her side
Is this the end of the world?
Now that you've finished your life
This riddle is the work of my little pen-knife

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Taking My Life In Your Hands

My dear impulsive darling I suspect my letter got to
you too late
And it's really just a silly fragment of paper
But it means so much to those who wait
All the suffering days and nights till I dare dream again
There you suddenly stand and I'll be damned if you
didn't disappear with the dawn
Chorus:
Hours pass and darkness comes
Soon I will close my eyes
Will you return if you don't reply
You'll be taking my life in your hands
You'll be taking my life in your hands
Taking my life in your hands
I don't know why my dearest darling
I can't tell you how I feel when you are near
When I see you have returned my letters unopened
I will tear them up, your voice ringing in my ears

But you're kidding yourself if you think this
correspondence will end
I can always pretend words I don't have the courage to
send
Reach you
Repeat chorus

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
The Birds Will Still Be Singing

Summertime withers as the sun descends
He wants to kiss you, will you condescend?
Before you wake and find a chill within your bones
Under a fine canopy of lover's dust and humourous bones
Banish all dismay
Extinguish every sorrow

Eternity stinks, my darling. That's no joke
Don't waste your precious time pretending you're
heartbroken
There will be tears and candles
Pretty words to say
Spare me the lily-white lily
With the awful perfume of decay

Banish all dismay
Extinguish every sorrow
If I'm lost or I'm forgiven
The birds will still be singing

It's so hard to tear myself away
Even when you know it's over
It's too much to say.

Banish all dismay
Extinguish every sorrow
If I'm lost or I'm forgiven
The birds will still be singing

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
The First to Leave

I should open with a kiss
For if you're reading this
You must have opened up your case
And found this letter where I placed it
In between the silk and lace
There were other clues, like your walking shoes
But I still refused to believe

That you were meant to be the first to leave
Everybody here sends you their love
How can I forget you still walk above
Or
below
Perhaps you'll never know this purgatory
We never could agree
There's a thought, there's a pause
No time to repent
Eternally yours
In a permanent lent
But if I should give you up
If you're right and life just stops
And I never see your face again
Then from unearthly pleasures, proud and plain
I shall abstain
Until you realise, my loss is your surprise
Unless you know otherwise
Then don't grieve
You see I had to be the first to leave

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
The Letter Home

c/0 St. Ignatius House, Willoughby Drive, Parrametta,
New South Wales
This fifth day of July, in the year of Our Lord nineteen
hundred and thirty five
Why must I apologize every time that I sit down to write
Through my own fault I may find
You're no longer living at this address
Please excuse the lack of news
The feeling of strange privilege
for the hour of trial, in these times of distress
Mean more than years imprisoned by etiquette.
I can remember when we were children
Though I could never imagine this day
Your brother told me we'd live forever
I'll go one better, I heard myself say
And it seems so strange, now that he's gone to recall all these
games
While the years have divided us
Friendships have strained and broken
Oh, by the way, how's that girl that you wed
I hated you then, but I'm over the worst of it
I can't come home, I might as well say, life is short
I shall not write again

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----

This Offer Is Unrepeatable

Don't send any money!
Fate has no price
Ignore at your peril this splendid advice
An invaluable link in an infinite chain
An offer like this will just not come again
You wish you had women to charm and bewitch
Power of life and death over the rich young girls will
be swooning
Because you're exciting them
And not only fall at your feet but be biting them
Guaranteed, guaranteed to capture your breath
Or just possibly scare you to death
Sign it and seal it and send it to friends
But don't mention my name
Don't make any long term plans
In thirty-six hours your fortunes will change
Your best friends won't know you
And neither will strangers
Do not keep this letter
It must leave your hand
You have been selected from over five thousand
A twister or dupe will bamboozle or hoodwink you
I can't say more it would only confuse you
The wine that they offer will go to your head
And you'll start to see double in fishes and bread
Guaranteed, guaranteed for a lifetime or more
Guaranteed, for this world and the next
Guaranteed, guaranteed for the world and its mother
Cherish this life as you won't get another one
Unless you should take up this fabulous offer
Don't leave it too late or you'll be bound to suffer
And webetide anyone so webegone
You won't know you're born or about to pass on
You'll never get tired
You'll never get bored
By the way I just hope you're insured
And if you're not satisfied
If you want more
We can always provide an improved overture
Guaranteed at a price that is almost unbeatable
This offer is unrepeatable
Your trouble will vanish
Your tears will dry
Your blessing will just multiply
Guaranteed at a price that is almost unbeatable
This offer is unrepeatable
Guaranteed, guaranteed to bring fortune and favor

A riot of colours and flavours
Guaranteed at a price that is almost unbeatable
This offer is unrepeatable
Would I lie to you? Would I sell you a dud?
Just sign on the line. Could you possibly write it in
blood?

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
This Sad Burlesque

I write in hopes that by the time you get this letter
We may live to see a change for the better
Or are we so devoted to these wretched selfish motives
When the cold facts and figures all add up
They cannot contradict this sad burlesque
This sad burlesque
With miserable failures making entertainment of our fate
Laughter cannot dignify or elevate
This sad burlesque
Now can they recall being young and idealistic
Before wading knee-deep in hogwash and arithmetic
The pitying smirk
The argument runs like clockwork
Will run down eventually and splutter to a stop
P.S. Well by now you know the worst of it
And we've heard all the alibis that they've rehearsed
The smug predictions
If it's not a contradiction
Keep faith in human nature
And have mercy on the creatures in this sad burlesque

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Who Do You Think You Are?

The hunted look, the haunted grace
The empty laugh that you cultivate
You fall into that false embrace
And kiss the air about her face
Who do you think you are?
The tres bon mots you almost quote from your
Quiver of literary darts
A thousand or so tuneless violins thrilling your cheap
little heart
Who do you think you are?
My cigarette burns right down to the ash, my coffee
cup is unstained
The waiter hovers close at hand
His courtesy strained
Who do you think you are?

I close with my regards
Well I'm the red-face gentleman
Caught in this picture postcard
Who do you think you are?
Trying my best to make the best of your absence
Though the joke gets tired and sordid
Sea-shell hearts get trampled under foot
Punchlines unrewarded
But even at this distance it's not easy to accept
The vision that I chase returns when I least expect it
I've fallen from your tired embrace
I kiss the air around the place that should be your face.

----- 1993 The Juliet Letters -----
Why?

Why is Daddy not here?
Are you crying?
Why?
Does he still love me?
Will you take care of me?
If you both love me so
Why don't you love each other
Mummy's gone missing
Daddy's on fire
Daddy's on fire
Daddy's on fire

Who Do You Think You Are?
The hunted look, the haunted grace

----- 1993 Two And A Half Years in 31 Minutes -----
Green Shirt

There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen
Who comes into my house every night.
And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green
And she turns them into black and white.

But you tease, and you flirt
And you shine all the buttons on your green shirt
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

Better cut off all identifying labels
Before they put you on the torture table

'Cause somewhere in the Quisling Clinic
There's a shorthand typist taking seconds over minutes
She's listening in to the Venus line
She's picking out names
I hope none of them are mine

But you tease, and you flirt...

Never said I was a stool pigeon
I never said I was a diplomat
Everybody is under suspicion
But you don't wanna hear about that

'Cause you tease, and you flirt...

Better send a begging letter to the big investigation
Who put these fingerprints on my imagination?

There are are whys in the windows, there are whys in the wall
There are whys in the kitchen and whys in the halls
There are whys on poles and whys on your face
There are whys in the holes coming out all over the place

You tease, and you flirt...
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Cheap Reward

Oh, well, I feel so loose tonight I might fall to pieces
So be prepared to sweep me out the door
And I might be horizontal by the time the music ceases
So I think I'll get acquainted with the floor

Oh, I was trying to get away from the things that I always do
Hello, floorboards once again--how are you?

Lip Service--well, that's all you'll ever get from me
Well, how could you believe I'll take you seriously?
With your cheap rewards, your blackmail, and your comical rage
Just remember you'll only be the boss so long as you pay my wage

All the sign posts on this road that point one way
Don't act like you're above me, just look at your shoes
I'll turn the light out now 'cause there's nothing more to say
And it's all been lost before so there's nothing to lose

Oh, but you could say that you love me very painlessly

I would've done the same for you, oh, but you said to me:

Lip service--well, that's all you'll ever get from me
Well, how could you believe I'd take you seriously?
With your cheap rewards, your blackmail, and your comical rage
Just remember you'll only be the boss so long as you pay my wage
Just remember you'll only be the boss so long as you pay my wage

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Green Shirt

There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen
Who comes into my house every night.
And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green
And she turns them into black and white.

But you tease, and you flirt
And you shine all the buttons on your green shirt
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

Better cut off all identifying labels
Before they put you on the torture table
'Cause somewhere in the Quisling Clinic
There's a shorthand typist taking seconds over minutes
She's listening in to the Venus line
She's picking out names
I hope none of them are mine

But you tease, and you flirt...

Never said I was a stool pigeon
I never said I was a diplomat
Everybody is under suspicion
But you don't wanna hear about that

'Cause you tease, and you flirt...

Better send a begging letter to the big investigation
Who put these fingerprints on my imagination?

There are are wires in the windows, there are wires in the wall
There are wires in the kitchen and wires in the halls
There are wires on poles and wires on your face
There are wires in the holes coming out all over the place

You tease, and you flirt...
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----

Imagination (Is A Powerful Deceiver)

So you're trying to make connection, you heard whispers in the hall
She'll be out again this evening, when you come around to call
So, you dodge the lady-killer, who came creepin' 'cross the floor
Then you caught up in a whirlwind, you got blown right out the door

Oh, yes it was a whirlwind, sweet romance was on your side
If you wanna dance on my face, you must tell me why you lied

Imagination is a powerful deceiver
When you try to believe her just a little too much
Imagination is a powerful deceiver
I'll go out of my mind, if I'm losing your touch

I see a look of recognition, so well hidden in your eye
And your peepshow regulations, they just don't seem to apply,
Well, did I see you in the circus, in the ring without a hand
Now you think that you can curse us, steal the show and stop the band

Oh, you can follow your dreams, oh but please don't lead me on,
If you wanna bleed in my face, you were here and now you're gone

Imagination is a powerful deceiver
When you try to believe her just a little too much
Imagination is a powerful deceiver
I'll go out of my mind, if I'm losing your touch
I'll go out of my mind, if I'm losing your touch
I'll go out of my mind, if I'm losing your touch

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----

Jump Up

Everybody's talking like they can't sit down
And looking like they can't stand up
It must be the latest style
And they've seen a lot of things that you never see
Back on the mile up to the hanging tree
Some people can't keep their fingers clean
Just clicking their heels to the beat of the scene
Trying to keep careen until the first edition of last night's obituries

Jump up--hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says that he's never heard
Of you or me

No tombstone would ever surprise me
When I'm locked in a room about half the size of a matchbox
Got holes in my socks
They match the ones that I got in my feet
I put my feet in the holes in the street and somebody paved me over
I was a statue standing on the corner
Tell me, how else can a boy get to see those pretty pleats?

Candidate talkin' on the radio from the "Cheaters Jamboree"
It must be their lastest fool
'Cause it's a two-horse race and he changed his bets
Like it was just another brand of cigarettes

Some people judge and they just guess the rest
They can't understand that don't mean that you're blessed
They ought to catch the Express Next Stop No Where
That way you can forget

Jump up--hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says that he's never heard
Of you or me

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Mystery Dance

Romeo was restless, he was ready to kill.
He jumped out the window cause he couldn't sit still.
Juliet was waiting with a safety net.
He said Don't bury me cause I'm not dead yet.

Why don't you tell me 'bout the mystery dance.
I wanna know about the mystery dance.
Why don't you show me,
'cause I've tried and I've tried,
and I'm still mystified.
I can't do it anymore and I'm not satisfied.

Well I remember when the lights went out
and I was tryin' to make it look like it was never in doubt.
She thought that I knew, and I thought that she knew,
so both of us were willing, but we didn't know how to do it.

chorus

Well I was down under the covers in the middle of the night,
tryin' to discover my left foot from my right.
You can see those pictures in any magazine.
But what's the use of looking when you don't know what they mean.

chorus

I'm gonna walk right up to heaven dodging lightening rods
I'm going to have this very personal conversation with God
I'll say you've got the information why don't you say so
Well say I've been around and i still don't know

Chrous

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Poison Moon

Cut loose in a nightmare, cast off in my dreams
If home is anywhere that I can hang my hat
Then it's coming apart at the seams
My luck is hanging upside down
I try to hold on tight
But money's rolling out of town
And love slips right out of sight

And these bones, they don't look so good to me
Jokers talk and they all disagree
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon

You look in the mirror
I'm sorry, but it can't be replaced
You're thrown straight out in that cruel parade
Buttoned down and laced
It starts like fascination, it ends up like a trance
You've gotta use your imagination on some of that magazine romance

And these bones--they don't look so good to me
Jokers talk and they all disagree
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Running Out Of Angels

They say they're running out of angels
They say I'm running out of time
Oh you don't have to be lucky
It is easier than trying, now they're bringing down a
Hammer on anything that sells
I suppose you're a winner

Because they're running out of angels

And all the lies upon the tongues of all the girls upon the rails
Will ruin any man who moved too soon
All except the one who seems to know more than she tells
You know she looks just like an angel
but she sings so out of tune

They say they're running out of angels
They say I'm running out of time
Oh you don't have to be lucky
It is easier than trying, now they're bringing down a
Hammer on anything that sells
I suppose you're a winner
Because they're running out of angels
Oh

----- 1993 Two And One Half Years -----
Wave A White Flag

Take off your shoes, hang up your wings
Stack up the chairs, roll up the rug
Savor the things that sobriety brings
Drain in the last from a jug

But when I hit the bottle, there's no tellin' what I'll do
'Cause something deep inside me wants to turn you black and blue
I can't resist you, I can't wait
To twist your loving arms till you capitulate

Beat me in the kitchen, and I'll beat you in the hall
There's nothing I love better than a free for all
To take your pretty neck and see which way it bends
But when it is all over we will still be friends

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol
Too many people just can't get kissed
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby
Hope you don't murder me

Oh, was it all right, or was it okay
I'll make it all up to you someday
Oh, but you didn't have to laugh that way
Oh, no, you didn't have to laugh that way

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol
Too many people just can't get kissed
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby
Hope you don't murder me

Gee, baby, hope you don't murder me

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
13 Steps Lead Down

When nobody knows she puts on secret clothes
And lies in the meadow with her hands tied behind her back
I won't refuse if you know how to use it
Just stop playing that ugly drug music
Chorus

Thirteen steps lead down
Thirteen steps lead down
There's commoners and kings
And everyone's a prisoner of
Paper and glue
And a decent pair of scissors
So tonight I'm drinking to your health
Because I just can't stand myself
Thirteen steps lead down

She stands and fails
On fashion fingernails
Her lovers have her walking 'round
In instruments of torture
And one of them is poisonous
The other is a thief they say
So what one could give to her
The other cannot take away
When nobody knows she puts on secret clothes
And lies in her splendour for a picture opportunity
Cover up that bruise, put on patent leather shoes
Just stop playing that bad mood music

Chorus

Thirteen steps lead down

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
20% Amnesia

What is your destiny? the policewoman said 20% amnesia
The word that she wanted was destination I'm afraid 20% amnesia
This is your future boy, this is your fate 20% amnesia
And you're obsolete and they can't afford to educate you 20% amnesia
In his bedtime boot boy jersey
Ringing up some fantasy tart
Give me strength or give me mercy
Life intimidates art

CHORUS:

Give me strength or give me mercy
Don't let me lose heart
From rage to anaesthesia
Twenty percent amnesia
Were you passed out on the sofa 20% amnesia
While justice was bartered by a drunken oaf? 20% amnesia
This is all your glorious country thinks of your life 20% amnesia
Stripped Jack naked with a Stanley knife 20% amnesia
So the German Queen went home again
But she couldn't find forgiveness
They made a fist of her hand of friendship
But it's only business

CHORUS

The wine you drink has never seen a grape
And now your sci-fi suit has lost its shape
But its a dangerous game that comedy plays
Sometimes it tells you the truth, sometimes it delays it
Think back, think back if you still can
When the trumpet sounded and the world began
Somebody said We must have won
So they started burying the bogeyman
Mister Gorbachov came cap in hand 20% amnesia
From a bankrupt land to a bankrupt land 20% amnesia
Mister Gorbachov and some other fella 20% amnesia
Were taken to a show called Cinderella 20% amnesia
It wasn't an accident, it wasn't a mystery 20% amnesia
It was calculated and the rest is history 20% amnesia
You don't have to listen to me
That's the triumph of free will
When there are promises to break
And dreams to kill

CHORUS

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
All The Rage

The twitching impulse is to speak your mind
I'll lend you my microscope and maybe you will find it
Is it in that ugly place that's just behind your face
Where you keep my picture still despite the fact
That you had me replaced

Chorus

Say "Goodbye"
Baby can't you act your age?
You know why
I'm going to give it to you straight
Although I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still it's all the rage

I'll probably play along
Left to my own devices
Spare me the drone of your advice
The sins of garter and gin
Confession may delay
You know the measuring pole
The merry boots of clay
I've heard it all before
You'll say it anyway

Chorus

Alone with your tweezers and your handkerchief
You murder time and truth, love, laughter and belief
So don't try to touch my heart, it's darker than you think
And don't try to read my mind because it's full of disappearing ink

Chorus

Although I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still it's all the rage

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Clown Strike

She'll fix you with an iron cross
And cover you up with petals
And hang you up with some amber beads
And four or five precious metals
And in that black flamingo chair
You'll sit among her trophies
And pray to be abandoned
Till you don't know what hope is

CHORUS:

But there's one thing that I had to keep inside
Because I was shaking
Why don't you get some pride

There was a clown strike
And the clowns threw down their tools
But you don't have to play so hard
And I'm nobody's fool
You don't have to go so far
'Cause I love you as you are
The big top is deserted now
And the circus girl rehearses
She knows how to turn their heads
And not fall between two horses
But all that seems a simple step
If only I were able
To love you like I want to do
And not by some times table

CHORUS

And it's pandemonium
For the humble and the mighty
You don't have to tumble for me
Even a clown knows when to strike
Tell me what you want of me
Or are you terrified of failure?
You put on a superstitious face
Behind all this paraphernalia
We're not living in a masquerade
Where you only have three wishes
It isn't easy to see
In a lifetime of mistaken kisses

CHORUS

In this pandemonium
For the humble and the mighty
You don't have to tumble for me
Even a clown knows when to strike

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Favourite Hour:

Figure hanging on a leather band
Cog consults the watch he cups in his hand
Bejewelled movement measures lost and vanished time
Pray for the boy who makes his bed in cold earth and quicklime

[Chorus:]
So stay the hands, arrest the time
Till I am captured by your touch
Blessings I don't count

Small mercies and such
The flags may lower as we approach the favourite hour

Now there's a tragic waste of brutal youth
Strip and polish this unvarnished truth
The tricky door that gapes beneath the ragged noose
The crippled verdict begs again for the lamest excuse

[Chorus]

Put out my eyes so I may never spy
Waving branches as they're waving goodbye
Their vile perfume brings to my mouth a bitter taste
The murmuring brooks had best speak up, it's a terrible waste

[Chorus]

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Just About Glad

I'm just about glad that I knew you once
And it was more than just a passing acquaintance
I'm just about glad that it was a memory
That doesn't need constant maintenance
There are a few things that I regret
But nothing that I need to forget
For all of the courage that we never had
I'm just about glad

CHORUS:

Just about glad we didn't do that thing
Just about glad we didn't have that fling
Just about glad we didn't give it a try
Just about glad, is that a tear in your eye
And on the few times I rang to propose
There was a man there or so I suppose
The greatest lover that you never had
I'm just about glad
They called time and vodka and lime
In some far flung Canadian club
Just about glad
And there I was just waiting to fall
Like a toe just aching to stub
Just about glad
Later on I could never accept it
When you finally gave it all to him
Just about glad
And you said that my nurse was sweet

But her lamp was just beginning to dim
I'm just about glad
That we never did that thing we were going to do
I'm just about glad I can look you in the eye
But I can't say the same for you
And though the passion still flutters and flickers
It never got into our knickers
For all of the courage that we never had
I'm just about, I'm just about
I'm just about, I'm just about

CHORUS

And it's all just a stupid creation
Of my feverous imagination
If I'm the greatest lover that you never had
I'm just about, I'm just about
I'm just about, I'm just about

CHORUS

Is that a tear in your eye

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Kinder Murder

Here in the bar, the boys like to have fun
There's a wager lost and an argument won
There's a stone-washed damsel on a junk food run

It's a kinder murder

There's a ladder to heaven from a battered stiletto
Spitting out the words that he put into her mouth
See her in silhouette going down south

It's a kinder murder
It's a kinder murder

She could have kept her knees together
Should have kept her mouth shut

It's a kinder murder
It's a kinder murder

Jimmy took her down to the perimeter fence
He was back in half an hour, he said he left her senseless
Then he went back to his regiment

It's a kinder murder

The officer said it has to be denied
There's a tear-stained would-be teenage bride
All the family pride in the little ram-rider

It's a kinder murder
It's a kinder murder

She could have kept her knees together
Should have kept her mouth shut

It's a kinder murder
It's a kinder murder

The child went missing and the photo fit his face
Dishonoured Jimmy just read about the case
He said that he was just taking up space

It's a kinder murder

Jimmy took his best friend's keys from the pile on the table in a flash
He was dreaming of the pigskin seats and the walnut dash
The knickers in her handbag and the one false eyelash

It's a kinder murder
It's a kinder murder

She could have kept her knees together
Could have kept her mouth shut

It's a kinder murder

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
London's Brilliant Parade

Outside my window
Not long before sleep arrives
They come with their sirens
And they sweep away all the boys
Busy draining the joy from their lives
They never said their prayers out loud

And while I'm dreaming
There's a passing motor car
That broadcasts a popular song
And a girl appears to be saying
"Do you think that I'm going to go far?"

First Chorus

Just look at me
I'm having the time of my life
Or something quite like it
When I'm walking out and about
In London's brilliant parade

She's one of those girls that you just can't place
You feel guilty desiring such an innocent face
But of course they knew that when they cast her
Along with the red Routemaster
And the film takes place in an MGB
And a perfect re-creation of "The Speakeasy"
Everybody looks happy and twisted
Though she probably never existed
For old times' sake
Don't let me awake

I wouldn't want you to walk across Hungerford Bridge
Especially at twilight
Looking through the bolts and the girders
Into the water below
You'll never find your answer there

They sounded the "all-clear" in the occidental bazaar
They used to call Oxford Street
Now the bankrupt souls in the city
Are finally tasting defeat

Second Chorus

Don't look at me
I'm having the time of my life
Or something quite like it
When I'm walking out and about
In London's brilliant parade

From the gates of St. Mary's, there were horses in Olympia
And a trolley bus in Fulham Broadway
The lions and the tigers in Regents Park
Couldn't pay their way
And now they're not the only ones

At the Hammersmith Palais
In Kensington and Camden Town
There's a part that I used to play;
The lovely Diorama is really part of the drama, I'd say

First Chorus

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
My Science Fiction Twin

My science fiction twin
Is doing better than expected
He captured a little blonde trophy wife
Who's really very well connected
And when he calls home with his alibi
She says Is this really necessary?
But she knows that a man can't be a man
Unless he's punishing his secretary
He sips in the glow of a '61 vintage
Just as the day is dimming
With every intention of surrendering
To fifty-foot women
Who put the fascination back into my science fiction twin
My science fiction twin
Decided to become invisible
He has my eyes, my face, my voice
But he's only happy when I'm miserable
The words flew from his mouth
And they were gently gathered by reporters
Trying to frame his once infamous flame
With tattered pictures of her daughter
Her hair is all made out of porcupine
Her figure is fantastic
But as you know, they corrupted her
So they're being sarcastic
To put the fascination back into my science fiction twin
He'll scream and shout
Everything is working out just as he predicted
Pride and position in the gallery of attempted people
Oh and the pain is so sweet
Better stamp his little feet
And you'll even have time to pity me
How can you feel contempt?
You wonder where this fellow went
My science fiction twin
Escorted by his lovely nieces
Filled up his purse dictating verse
While painting masterpieces
His almost universal excellence
Is starting to disturb me
They asked how in the world he does all these things
And he answered Superbly
He's trapped in his own parallel dimension
That's why I'm so forgiving
But how could I possibly forget to mention those fifty-foot women

Who put the fascination back into my science fiction twin
My science fiction twin

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Pony Street

She lives on Pony Street
And they should scatter flowers at her feet
But when they come calling I think it's appalling
They're sober and they're polite
They're deeply respectful when I would expect them
To keep her out all night

That little martinet
Will get her own way yet
If you need instruction in mindless destruction
I'll show you a thing or two
You used to adore me but now my life flashes before me
For you to view

Oh mother, oh mother, sometimes you are so mortifying
From the hole in your leopard skin tights I can tell you've been spying
But your generation confesses before it transgresses
Those Super-8 movies of daddy in your disco dresses

If you're going out tonight
I won't wait up
Reading Das Kapital
Watching Home Shopping Club

While you're flogging a dead horse
All the way down Pony Street
Where you live after a fashion
All the way down Pony Street
The life and the soul of every indiscretion
That lives on, that lives on, that lives on
Pony Street

Daughter, oh daughter, you know I will love you forever
But spare me the white ankle socks with the lace and the leather
For you and your cartoon threat do no good to resist me
For I am the genuine thing but for you it's just history

If you're going out tonight
How can you be sure
Where you lay your pretty head
Mother may have been before

So you're flogging a dead horse

All the way down Pony Street
Where you live after a fashion
All the way down Pony Street
The life and the soul of every indiscretion
That lives on
She lives on Pony Street
She lives on, she lives on

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Rocking Horse Road

The chains from the bridle and the reins fell from my hands
The engines are idle and the ship sails on dry land
I stood there stupefied, I thought I recognized
Walking down Rocking Horse Road, getting lost
Shot through Vaseline, he picks up the paper from the lawn
And tucks The Suburban Assassin underneath his arm
He smiles weakly and turns away
I know you'll never come to harm
Walking down Rocking Horse Road, it's so peaceful
It's like a photograph
From the other side of the world
I said I want you only
And then I left you alone
Crying on Rocking Horse Road, or somewhere quite like it
The cemetery gardens, there are names not numbers on the gateposts
And the eyes in the curtain follow you like a smirking ghost
I know I must not look back
'Cause part of me is waiting still
There on Rocking Horse Road for you
In a little dream house made for two
Well you were the one that made your escape
In your stocking feet and your sticky tape
All the way down

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Still Too Soon To Know

Do you love him
Or is it still too soon to know?
When I think back a couple of days
Before I found you in his spell
Was there a warning?
What can I say
Should I look away
It's still too soon to know
Are you sorry
Or is it still too soon to know?
It didn't take much to break us in two

For it was in the way that he came close to touching you
The look in your eyes
I thought I recognised
It's still too soon to know
And it's still too soon to know
Will you stay or will you go?
It's still too soon to know
When I think back a couple of days
If I wasn't happy then, I never will be
I wonder was this ignorance or bliss?
It's still too soon to know

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
Sulky Girl

She wears a wedding ring her sister lent
To throw them off the scent
Just let them guess, it's what they expect
Who in the world has bitten her neck?
She's discovered wearing last night's dress
The carnal and cunning, she couldn't express
Who do you think she's trying to impress?

Chorus

I think you'd better hold your tongue
Although you've never been that strong
I'm sorry to say that I knew all along
You're no match for that sulky girl

She left her European town
Before she let the family down
She couldn't stand the Massacre Game
So she dyed her hair and adopted another name
With the evidence of passing out stamped on her hand
She glows in the dark
He thinks she's from another planet

Chorus

Sulky girl
I'm sure you look a picture when you cry
Threatening the silent treatment doesn't qualify
It's like money in the bank
Your expression is blank
But while the chance appears
You'll be nearer to tears
Sulky girl, sulky girl

He said "Hello, my pretty flower"

Just trying out his tycoon power
Avoiding the mirror, her pitying stare
She said "You're mistaken, your money's no good in here"
Just some stupid little know-it-all
Who thought she looked easy; he's not that astute
He'll pay for the distance
Between cruelty and beauty

Chorus

So I won't tell you again
What do you gain
By blackening her name
She's smarter than you
Oh isn't it a shame
You're gonna lose that sulky girl
Sulky girl

I saw you practising your blackmail faces
Suddenly you're talking like a duchess
But you're still a waitress
I saw through your pretence
But in my defence
There are a few events
I think will spare the censor
Sulky girl, sulky girl

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
This Is Hell

CHORUS:

This is hell, this is hell
I am sorry to tell you
It never gets better or worse
But you get used to it after a spell
For heaven is hell in reverse
The bruiser spun a hula hoop
As all the barmen preen and pout
The neon i of nightclub flickers on and off
And finally blew out
The irritating jingle
Of the belly-dancing phoney Turkish girls
The eerie glare of ultra violet
Perfect dental work

CHORUS

The failed Don Juan in the big bow-tie
Is very sorry that he spoke

For he's mislaid his punchline
More than halfway through a very tasteless joke

----- 1994 Brutal Youth -----
You Tripped At Every Step

Take your tiny feet out of your mother's shoes
Or there is going to be a terrible scene
It's not just the lipstick drawn on crooked
When they find how wicked we are
How wicked we have been
How I've been tempted
How you tripped at every step

You tripped at every step, you tripped at every step
How you tripped at every step

There's a merry tune that starts in I and ends in You
Like many famous pop songs do
You would sing along with little tell-tale staggers
While balancing on daggers
Though they were killing you
You looked so deadly

Chorus

And I would run to catch you
Anytime you call
Only you drank that potion
And went out of control
There's nothing to stop you
So how can you fall?
Let me take your hand
Put down that frying pan
Darkness would become me underneath the table
As the fury raged around the house
Your despairing tread was angry and unstable
You never suspected
Just as that cartoon mouse
Went undetected
So you tripped at every step

In another world of gin and cigarettes
Those cocktail cabinets put mud in your eye
Maybe that is why you find it hard to see me
And if you don't believe me
Before you start to cry
Don't ever leave me
As you start to lose your grip

You will stumble as you slip
As you tripped at every step
You tripped at every step, you tripped at every step
As you tripped at every step

----- 1995 Deep Dead Blue -----
Deep Dead Blue:

Deep dead blue
That I invite
Bringing on disguise of night
Turn the whole Kaleidoscope
Deep dead blue

Deep dead blue that nightly shades
Most unlikely escapades
As the lights that frighten fade
Till the dawn drags into view
I'm lost in deep dead blue

Deep dead blue
I'd rather stay
Far from the cruel coloured day
Leave me in my monochrome
Till I find a finer hue
Beyond the deep dead blue

----- 1995 Deep Dead Blue -----
Shamed Into Love

I fear, my dear,
We've forgotten the things strangers do,
If we could look back
To the terrible thrill that we knew.
Am I imagining a world without you,
Must we be shamed into love?

What can I say,
Will you pardon my stupid embrace?
Sometimes I'm desperate
While you're wiping the smile from your face
Am I surrendering, or am I replaced,
Must we be shamed into love?

Shamed into love
Your once a fool for having it
Twice a fool for letting it go
Somewhere my love there's a feeling deep inside of me

But it cant let go or well never know

But then, my darling,
I've forbidden myself to confess.
I've looked around now
But I always return to your face.
In a world where everything I once cursed, I bless.
It must be you who shamed me into love.
Must we be shamed into love.

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
All This Useless Beauty

It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit
If she wasn't so ladylike
She imagines how she might have lived
back when legends and history collide
So she looks to her prince finding since he's so charmingly
slumped at her side
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall
And she's waiting for passion or humour to strike

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beauty

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time
'Til he almost began to negotiate
She held his head like a baby and said "It's okay if you cry"
Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess
He desires to impress his associates
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased
So she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

Chorus

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic books
That were later disgraced to face celluloid
It won't even make sense but you can bet
If she isn't a sweetheart or plaything or pet
The film turns her into an unveiled threat

Nonsense prevails, modesty fails
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity
While the calendar fades almost all barricades to a pale compromise
And our leaders have feasts on the backsides of beasts
They still think they're the gods of antiquity
If something you missed didn't even exist
It was just an ideal -- is it such a surprise?

Chorus

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Complicated Shadows

Well you know your time has come and you're sorry for what you've done
You should've never have been playing with a gun
In those Complicated Shadows
Well there's a line that you must toe
and it'll soon be time to go
but it's darker than you know in those Complicated Shadows

All you gangsters and rude clowns
Who were shooting up the town
When you should have found someone to put the blame on
Though the fury's hot and hard
I still see that cold graveyard
There's a solitary stone that's got your name on

You don't have to take it from me
But I know what I spake
You think you're like iron and steel
But iron and steel will bend and break
In those Complicated Shadows

Go!

Sometimes justice you will find
Is just dumb not colour-blind
And your poor shattered mind can't take it all in
All those phantoms and those shades
Should Jump up on Judgement Day
And say to the Almighty "I'm still stinking of sin"

But the jury was dismissed
Took his neck and they give it a twist
So you see you won't be missed in those Complicated Shadows

You can say just what you like in a voice like a John Ford film
Take the law into your hands
You will soon get tired of killing
In those Complicated Shadows
Complicated Shadows
Complicated Shadows
Complicated Shadows
Go!

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Distorted Angel

Strange things seem to occur, somewhere behind the nursery door
Though I was just a bit of a kid, it was the bit that she was looking for
Now I don't know where to begin confessing
The way she's making me feel it can't be a sin
I was taught to believe you were looking down on everyone
And your benevolent face is beautiful to gaze upon
Now I just don't know who to tell to go to hell
Who put the old devil in the distorted angel?
Distorted Angel
Pure illuminated sweetness
Frightening small children is just about your only weakness
I thought that you would tell me what I'm living for
But I can't see you anymore
I don't know what we did but I'm sorry if it made you cry
And if there's any justice at all I'd be punished for it I'd surmise
It will mark the spot very well where I fell
Under the shadow of the distorted angel
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel
Below the shadow of the distorted angel
Angel
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel
Below the shadow of the distorted angel
Angel

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
I Want to Vanish

I want to vanish
This is my fondest wish
To go where I cannot be captured
Laid on a decorated dish
Even in splendor this curious fate
Is more than I care to surrender
Now it's too late

Whether in wonder or indecent haste
You arrange the mirrors and the spools
To snare the rare and precious jewels
That were only made of paste

If you should stumble upon my last remark
I'm crying in the wilderness
I'm trying my best to make it dark
How can I tell you I'm rarer than most
I'm certain as a lost dog
Pondering a sign post

Chorus

I want to vanish
This is my last request
I've given you the awful truth
Now give me my rest

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
It's Time

The party's over
Your time is up
You've had your last pointless teardrop
Washed down in that broken coffee cup
This magic moment concludes when that cigarette ends
Did you get what you wanted?
Well I suppose that depends
Well I suppose that depends
If you go, if you go
Where passion is squandered and money is spent
It's time, it's time
It's time, it's time
It's time, it's time, it's time
You must see it's time that you went
You must see it's time that you went
Our brief acquaintance was such a mistake
Now it seems more like a sentence
Or something you always had to fake
This magic moment concludes when they turn out the light
It's not the days when you leave me
But all I fear are the nights
But all I fear are the nights
Chorus
You told the same joke to me too many times
I wish that someone would hit it
Just before you reach
Just before you reach
Just before you reach the punchline
The party's over
Time we broke up
It always seemed like a bad dream
One where I finally woke up
This magic moment concluding our mutual fate
But if you do have to leave me
Who will I have left to hate?
Who will I have left to hate?
Chorus

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Little Atoms

I arose and Marigold lay down with Curious Iris
Cherry gave to Victor her prudence and her virus
For the sake of purity I can recall the time and place
Between Wisdom and Murder she gave up her immaculate face
My poor belated chastity fell foul of grown up games,
With false and lovely modesty
I can recall the names I'll miss
In the particle of me that cares for this
I betrayed those little atoms with a kiss
Patience has her virtue still
but every grace must have its price
I through some felicity may spin a tale of constant vice
I took my better nature out, drowned it in the babbling stream
Took the blossom of my youth and blew it all to smithereens

Chorus

And if you still don't like my song then you can just go to hell
I don't care if I'm right or wrong or if my typewriter can spell
But I cannot promise you I've said Goodbye to childish things
There's still some pretty insults left and such sport in threatening

Chorus

And for the sake of clarity
They are Faith, Hope, and Charity
In the particle of me that cares for this

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Poor Fractured Atlas

He's out in the woods with his squirrel gun
To try to recapture his anger
He's screaming some words at the top of his lungs
Until he begins to feel younger
But back at his desk in the city we find
Our trembling punch-drunken fighter
Who can't find the strength now to punish the length
Of the ribbon in his little typewriter

Poor Fractured Atlas

Threw himself across the mattress
Waving his withering pencil
As if it were a pirate's cutlass
I'm almost certain he's trying to increase his burden
He said "That's how the child in me planned it;
A woman wouldn't understand it"

I believe there was something that I wanted to say
Before I conclude this epistle
But you would forgive me for holding my tongue
'Cause man made the blade and the pistol

Yes man made the waterfall over the dam
To temper his tantrum with magic
Now you can't be sure of that tent of azure
Since he punched a hole in the fabric

Chorus

A woman wouldn't understand it
A woman wouldn't understand it

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Shallow Grave

When I fall in endless sleep
I hope that I'll be buried deep
Let me be the one that fortune favours
Even good children got shallow graves
Throw another clown to the lions
Throw another Joan on the blaze
Cast me away on the cruel calm ocean
and leave me for days and days and days and days and days
I won't lie in this poor shallow grave
I won't lie, I won't lie in this poor shallow grave
Dig me down deep where the dead men sleep
I won't lie in this poor shallow grave
Bless the poor 'cos like the rich
They all end up in a ditch
In this world of fools and knaves
Even good children got shallow graves
The tinker, the tailor, the fabulous five
Nobody gets out of this alive
Chorus
Dig me down deep where the dead men sleep
I won't lie in this poor shallow grave
Dig me down deep where the dead men sleep
I won't lie in this poor shallow grave
Dig me down, dig me down, dig me down deep
I won't lie in this poor shallow grave

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
Starting To Come To Me

It's started to come to me
Your new career would probably end like this
All that professional lipstick pressed into an amateur kiss
Farewell to the studied lines and carefully broken hearts
The overpowering perfume and the glimpse of her garter
Mingling with the sweet smoldering scent of the martyr
Well it's starting to come to me

Starting to come to me
So you began to recognize the well-dressed man that everybody loves
It started when you chopped off all the fingers of those pony skin gloves
Then you cut a hole out where the lovelight used to shine
Your tears of pleasure equal measure crocodile and brine
You try to laugh it off saying I knew all the time...
But it's starting to come to me
Starting to come to me
Sometimes you bring me down to play reluctant confidant
You say you may reward him if he gives you what you want
But these are days to treasure and to hold
They are much too precious to be sold
You'd probably play the pirate if you weren't so busy digging up the gold
Now you could tell he wanted you 'cause you almost taste it on his breath
But you always cheated life just like the bold dare-devil cheated death
Incidentally, late last night your understudy finally got what you deserve
In private she's seductive but in public she's prim, porcelain and nervous
Afraid someone will recognize the shame in her eyes
You've still got your dignity or the next best disguise
You never know when to say no and when to compromise
But it's starting to come to me
Starting to come to me
Starting to come to me

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
The Other End (of the Telescope)

Shall we agree that just this once
I'm gonna change my life
Until it's just as tiny or important as you like?
And in time we won't even recall that we spoke
Words that turned out to be as big as smoke
As smoke that disappears in the air
There's always something that's smoldering somewhere
I know it don't make a difference to you
But oh! It sure made a difference to me
You'll see me off in the distance, I hope
At the other end
At the other end of the telescope.
The promise of indulgence in my confidential voice
Approached immortal danger but you'll never know how close
Then down the hall I overheard such a heavenly choir
They interrupted my evil designs
One day you are up in the clouds
The next thing you're down with the Sweet Adelines
(Chorus)
Lie down baby now don't say a word
There there baby your vision is blurred
Your head is so sore from all of that thinking

I don't want to hurt you now
But I think you're shrinking
You're half-naked ambition and you're half out of your wits
Or several tiny fractions that this portrait still omits
And it's so hard to pick the receiver up when I call
I never noticed you could be so small
The answer was under your nose but the question never arose
I know it don't make a difference to you
But oh! It sure made a difference to me
'Cause late in the evening as I sit here moping
With a bamboo needle on a shellac of Chopin
And the cast-iron heart that you failed to tear open
At the other end
At the other end of the telescope

----- 1996 All This Useless Beauty -----
You Bowed Down

I expect you're entitled to know why I'm making contact
With acquaintances scattered all over the land
I'd promise you now and again that I'd honour the contract
If it hadn't crumbled away in my hand
So we broke that vow independently now
But I don't know why you absolutely deny
You bowed down
You bowed down
When you first looked away I might say it was really a kindness
It must have hurt you to see how dreams sour
Now they say that justice and love are the next things to blindness
Well you're getting plenty of both of them now
And so you parade where appointments are made
And never meant to be kept
Unless you accept
You bowed down
You bowed down
You value the burnt amber of falling leaves
And you long to delay
As you feel their breath as they whisper
It won't hurt you now to betray
If you just bow down
And now every time that we meet on the edge of hysteria
You're helping them sell off some new party line
I remember a time when you would have seemed so superior
Now you say Will you please meet this good friend of mine?
So you're in demand as long as you kiss their hand
But all the applause is for their name not yours
You bowed down
You bowed down
You bowed down

You bowed down
You bowed down
You bowed down
You bowed down
You bowed down

----- 1997 Extreme Honey - Best Of Warner Bros Years -----
My Dark Life

She says nobody wants to believe,
You're the same as everyone.
What makes me unique?

My Dark Life.

There was a kink in the world,
Sent that statue tumbling,
An invitation east.
So we could watch it all crumbling.

She came on, like a light,
And so softly she spoke.
"You don't know, you don't know about,
My dark life".

And you think, you're a guest,
You're a tourist at best.
Peering into the corners of
My dark life.

Now that you tear your dreams,
From consumptive ballerinas.
She'll stand on tiptoe for you,
In her gray and tattered tutu.

She stays where she is,
'Cause of voyeurs like these,
With an accusative look that says,
"My dark life".

Robber men await you there,
Each beguiling alley,
To shake you and to pierce you,
And remind you of,
My dark life.

Enter the pious elite,
In their preening finery,
And bang the tambourine.

They're dining on rice paper scenery.

See how the villain attracts,
Envious glances from everyone.
She's waitressing by day.
It doesn't bring in much money now.

And the strong concealed arms,
Set off bells and alarms,
In the strangest locations of
My dark life.

But the fantasy slipped,
As he tipped her in cigarettes.
She tries to smile very graciously,
When she wants to kill him.

Now the victory is sweet,
You get down on your knees.
It's the perfect position for
Kissing western leather.

So they came from ugly Texas,
And from nameless Tennessee.
From peculiar Missouri,
And from places closer to me.

All the cream of heartless England,
Cheer the carnival is over.
The remnants of red army bandsmen played
America, the beautiful.

----- 1997 Extreme Honey - Best Of Warner Bros Years -----
The Bridge I Burned

I'm walking down Times Square in the electric daylight
The sailors on shore leave stand out in their perfect white
I'm up here with my spying glass at the window of the world
For better or for worse - it's a perverse universe, my love.

Now I know, I should have never walked over the bridge I burned
Now I know, somehow I don't feel so alone.

[the sermon]

You mutter underneath your breath -
It echos round the world
Everybody comes from nowhere.
There is hope, it loops up in the air

Now I know, I should have never walked over the bridge I burned
Now I know, somehow I don't feel so alone.

You said I used to be handsome if you screwed up your eyes
Professors and vampires drank up all the tears I cried.
Now there's a bird at my window, he feeds upon the pain
And sometimes he sings to me - a mocking bird in the twilight of infamy.

Now I know, I should have never walked over the bridge I burned
Now I know, somehow I don't feel so alone.
Now I know, I should have never walked over the bridge I burned
Now I know, they've burned one sinner and the others are set to follow
Now I know.
Now I know.

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
God Give Me Strength

Now I have nothing
So God give me strength
'Cos I'm weak in her wake
And if I'm strong I might still break
And I don't have anything to share
That I won't throw away into the air

That song is sung out
This bell is rung out
She was the light that I'd bless
She took my last chance of happiness
So God give me strength
God give me strength

I can't hold on to her
God give me strength
When the phone doesn't ring
And I'm lost in imagining
Everything that kind of love is worth
As I tumble back down to the earth

That song is sung out
This bell is rung out
She was the light that I'd bless
She took my last chance of happiness
So God give me strength

God if she'd grant me her indulgence and decline
I might as well
Wipe her from my memory

Fracture the spell
As she becomes my enemy

Maybe I was washed out
Like a lip-print on his shirt
See, I'm only human
I want him to hurt
I want him
I want him to hurt

Since I lost the power to pretend
That there could ever be a happy ending

That song is sung out
This bell is rung out
She was the light that I'd bless
She took my last chance of happiness
So God give me strength
God give me strength

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
I Still Have That Other Girl

I have to say that we should finish it now
Before we weaken cause we already know this is wrong
I could give in, sometimes I think that I will
Despite the temptation I try to be very strong

In my reluctance seems a surprise
It's not cause I don't want you
But I just
Know I must... hesitate

Because I still have that other girl
In my head
I still have that other girl in my head

There may be ugly rumors that
I have been lying
There may be angry tears, but
They're never worth the crying
That is why
Sometimes I... hesitate

Because I still have that other girl
In my head
I still have that other girl in my head
I still have that other girl in my head

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
In The Darkest Place

In the darkest place
I know
That is where you'll find me
Even though you didn't have to remind me
I shut out the lights
Your eyes adjust
They'll never be the same
You know I love you so
Lets start again

Since you put me down
It seems
I've been very gloomy
You may laugh,
But pretty girls look right through me
They don't sense the faintest glimmering
That is the torch I bear
There's light enough for me to find my way

But I only have to tell myself that by now
You could be with someone else
Is there light beneath your door and
Laughter from within?
Do your friends come around
Saying, "Try to find another lover"?
He won't love you like I do

In the darkest place
I'm lost
I have abandoned every hope
Maybe you'll understand I must
Shut out the light
Your eyes adjust
They'll never be the same
You know I love you so
Lets start again
Do your friends come around
Saying, "Try to find another lover"?
He won't love you like I do

In the darkest place
That is where you'll find me
In the darkest place
That is where you'll find me

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----

My Thief

When I go to sleep, you become my thief
Why don't you steal what you can keep?
But you won't let me be
You break into my dreams
And every day seems different

Sometimes I pretend you'll come back again
And you'll console the heart you stole
Have pity on the man
Who knows that you have gone
And has begun to break down

I feel almost possessed
So long as I don't lose this glorious distress then
You can take all I have left
I know it's over
If you can't be my lover
Be my thief

I'm so drowsy now, I'll unlock the door
What fades in time will hurt much more
So here's that happy scene
Where you come back to me
It's only found in fiction

I feel almost possessed
So long as I don't lose this glorious distress then
You can take all I have left
I know it's over
If you can't be my lover
Be my thief

I didn't lead you on,
But there will always be
A little larceny in everyone
So hush and don't you cry
I'm trying to be kind
Because I have a perfect alibi"

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
Painted From Memory

Such a picture of loveliness
Didn't you notice the resemblance?
Doesn't it look like she could speak?

Those eyes I tried to capture

They are lost to me now forever
They smile for someone else

Funny, how looks can be deceiving
But she's not easily
Painted from memory

You'd think that I would know by now
Those eyes I tried to capture
They are lost to me now forever
They smile for someone else

And so this had to be
Painted from memory

She is gone, and I must accept it
She is lost to me now
But I can't look away just yet though
She smiles for someone else

And so this had to be
Painted from memory

Funny, now I can see
How looks can be deceiving
And so this had to be
Painted from memory

Funny, now I can see
How looks can be deceiving

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
Such Unlikely Lovers

On a hot city day
When your white shirt turns to grey
That's when she'll arrive
When you look how you feel
Someone steps upon your heel
That's when she will come

Listen now
I'm not saying that there will be violins
But don't be surprised if they appear
Playing in some doorway
Still I can't believe that this is happening
We're such unlikely lovers

Though no one seems to notice as they hurry by

Ask me what I'm thinking, and I won't deny it

Can you believe it's happening?
Can you believe it's happening?

There were no magic spells
You can keep the flowers and bells
They just don't seem right
Can it actually be?
Me and you and you and me
Though we're like day and night

Listen now
I'm not saying that there will be violins
But don't be surprised if they appear
Playing in some doorway
Still I can't believe that this is happening
We're such unlikely lovers

Though no one seems to notice as they hurry by
Ask me what I'm feeling, and I won't deny it

Can you believe it's happening?
I am bewildered

Can you believe it's happening?
Somebody help me

Can you believe it's happening?

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
Tears At The Birthday Party

Think back now when we were young
There were always tears at the birthday party
You know how children can be
So cruel
That's how it starts, but
What if we never learn how to behave?
I did something, and you never forgave me
I never thought that it could be like this

But now I see
I see you share your cake with him
Unwrapping presents that I should have sent
What can I do?
Must I watch you?

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles

So Happy Birthday again

And it's the same every year
Seems that I remember it as something more, but
You know how children can grow
So strange
I still adore you
What if we never learn from our mistakes?
But then, you'll never know how my heart aches

I never thought that it would be like this
But now I see
I see you share your cake with him
Unwrapping presents that I should have sent
What can I do?
Must I watch you?

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

One day I know he'll forget
To pay you the compliments you're after
You'll hang your sad, aching head
Behind a brittle smile or a shrill of laughter
What if we only get what we deserve?
Somehow I couldn't quite summon the nerve
Upon each anniversary
Then do you ever think of me?
Unwrapping presents that I should have sent
What can I do?
Must I watch you?

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

Close the door, dim the lights, blow out the candles
So Happy Birthday again

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
The Long Division

Did somebody try to catch your eye
And almost change your sad expression?
Did somebody's hand linger too long?
Must I now make my confession?
But you'll never know
What suspicion is
Until you lie awake

And every night you ask yourself
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
Three goes into two
There's nothing left over

How's it gonna feel? This time it's real
It's not a temporary fracture
This is what you get, the stage is set
For you and your attempted rapture
Is he gonna smile
That indulgent smile
When you come running home?

And every night you ask yourself,
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
Three goes into two
There's nothing left over

What am I gonna say? You turn away
And you leave me here despairing
What am I going to do? I look at you
You seem to be so long past caring
Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Only to find out now that it's a joke

So ask yourself,
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
When three goes into two
There's nothing left over

Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"

Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
The Sweetest Punch

You only saw red
After I said, "How can we continue?"
Hidden from your view
In the blue corner that I painted myself into
Then we started to fight
And it changed everything
Here's the ring

You dropped the band, I can't understand it
Not after all we've been through
Words start to fly, my glass jaw and I
Will find one to walk right into

You knocked me out
It was the sweetest punch
The bell goes...

I can hear it ringing, but I didn't see it coming
We all say things we don't mean
You can't take it back
Now the room is spinning, but was I the last to notice?
I can see I'll never win
So if you're going
Then you better go to him
Then you better go to him

I only saw stars
I dropped my guard, and that's how it ended
What was I to do
In the blue corner where I seemed to hang suspended?
Then with seconds to go
You delivered the blow
Here I go

You dropped the band, I can't understand it
Not after all we've been through
Words start to fly, my glass jaw and I
Will find one to walk right into

You knocked me out
It was the sweetest punch
The bell goes...

I can hear it ringing, but I didn't see it coming
We all say things we don't mean
You can't take it back
Now the room is spinning, but was I the last to notice?
I can see I'll never win
So if you're going
Then you better go to him
Then you better go to him

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
This House Is Empty Now

These rooms play tricks upon you
Remember when they were always filled with laughter?
But now they're quite deserted
They seem to just echo voices raised in anger

Maybe you will see my face
Reflected there on the pane
In the window of our poor
Forlorn and broken home

Still this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am I supposed to live without you?

These walls were lined with pictures
Remember the glass we charged in celebration?
But now I fill my life up
With all that I can to deaden this sensation

Do you recognize the face
Fixed in that fine silver frame
Were you really so unhappy then?
You never said

So this house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am I supposed to live without you?

Oh, if I could just become forgetful

When night seems endless
Does the extinguished candle care
About the darkness?

It's funny how my memory
Will bring you so close then make you disappear
Meanwhile all our friends must choose
Who they will favour, who they will lose
Hang the garland high or close the door
And throw away the key

This house is empty now
There's no one living here
You have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am I supposed to live without you?

This house is empty now
There's no one living here
You have to care about
This house is empty now
There's nothing I can do
To make you want to stay
So tell me how
Am I supposed to live without you?

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
Toledo

All through the night you telephoned
I saw the light blinking red
Beside the cradle
But you don't know how far I've gone
Now I must live with the lie
That I made

But if I call, I know I won't have to say it
You'll hear my voice - something is bound to betray it

But do people living in Toledo
Know that their name hasn't travelled very well?
And does anybody in Ohio
Dream of that Spanish citadel?
But it's no use saying that I love you
And how that girl really didn't mean a thing to me
For if anyone should look into your eyes

It's not forgiveness that they're gonna see

You hear her voice - "How could you do that?"
You hear her voice - "How could you do that?"

So I walked outside in the bright
Sunshine and lovers pass by
Smiling and joking
But they don't know the fool I was
Why should they care what was lost
What was broken?

But if I call, I know I won't have to say it
You'll hear my voice - something is bound to betray it

But do people living in Toledo
Know that their name hasn't travelled very well?
And does anybody in Ohio
Dream of that Spanish citadel?
But it's no use saying that I love you
And how that girl really didn't mean a thing to me
For if anyone should look into your eyes
It's not forgiveness that they're gonna see

But do people living in Toledo
Know that their name hasn't travelled very well?
And does anybody in Ohio
Dream of that Spanish citadel?
But we still have Florence, Alabama

----- 1998 Painted from Memory -----
What's Her Name Today?

What's her name today?
What's her name today?
She could be anyone
I might have known you'd leave her crying

What's her name again?
You should be ashamed
How could you treat her so unspeakably?
Or did you think she was a different girl?
For as the radio played in the bedroom wall
What was that name you called her?

Was she the one who took away your pride
And your reason?
Oh, why did you decide that
You'd punish any girl you meet

To try and make that feeling go away?

What's her name today?
What's her name today?
Is her hair hanging down?
Or maybe it's fixed with a ribbon

Are her eyes still blue?
Should she trust in you?
Because it's a lonely world
She wants to believe for a while in all the things you say
But as the radio played in the bedroom wall
What was that name you called her?

Isn't her smile reminiscent of someone else?
Well, is it or isn't it?
Oh, why did you decide that
You'd punish any girl you meet
To try and make that feeling go away?

What's her name today?
Is she going to stay
So you can ruin her?
And soon she'll be twisted in chiffon

Dress her like a doll
String her like a pearl
She hears peals of bells, but it's hard to tell
Now that she's hung up like a chandelier
What's her name?
What's her name?
What's her name today?

----- 1999 The Very Best Of Elvis Costello -----
That Day Is Done

I feel such sorrow, I feel such shame
I know I won't arrive on time
Before whatever out there is gone
What can I do, that day is done

It's just a promise that I made
I said I'd walk in her parade
Hot scalding tears I thought would flow
Still in my heart they'll never show

Chorus:
That day is done
That day is done

You know where I've gone I won't be coming back
That day is done

Well I recall the time and place
Where they announced her precious face
I thought at once my heart would burst
Still every time is like the first

There was applause as she stepped up
I wished that I could interrupt
I made no sign, I made no sound
I know I must stay underground

Chorus

That's why she walks, or so they say
She always knew just what I needed
But if she would just look my way
One time before they proceed

She sprinkles flowers in the dirt
That's when a thrill becomes a hurt
I know I'll never see her face
She walks away from my resting place

Chorus

----- 2001 For The Stars -----
For The Stars

The stars were so much brighter then,
They dim and die,
So why pretend
The sky goes on forever:
But if they fade as science teaches,
Poets lose the power of speech.
Waste paper, ink and feather.

If I'd taken up the trumpet
As I should have done,
Then I wouldn't be
Always losing sleep,
While I'm trying to make this rhyme.

For the stars
Were so much,
They were so much brighter then.
If I couldn't put a price on your head,
What's the use of me trying

For the stars?

The morning comes, the days are
Just the time between
Until the dusk,
When we can be together,

If I'd taken up the drums
And I could play in time,
If I had the power,
Would I be wond'ring how,
I'm ever going to write this down.

For the stars
Were so much,
They were so much brighter then.
If I couldn't put a price on your head,
Then what's the use of me trying
For the stars?

----- 2001 For The Stars -----
Green Song

Fine rain was falling on the gravel and glades.
The last rays of September bejewelled broken blades.
But there's someone that I long for.
Oh, where have you been?
As the red earth lies under a covering of green.

Do you trip on the city's golden gutters and kerbs?
As the seasons grow wild and the ground undisturbed.
'Till you find what you are now
Is less than you've been;
As the red earth lies under a covering of green.

Is patience exhausted?
Are your pockets picked clean?
I was lost in the next world
Or somewhere in between.
And it's much as predicted,
They go down that same track.
They say they'll return
But they never come back.

Fine rain was falling on the gravel and glades.
The last rays of September bejewelled broken blades.
Are you still restless'
Or are you serene?
As the red earth lies under just a covering of green.

----- 2001 For The Stars -----
Just A Curio

In the cold pale sunlight that was slanting down, I spied
Frost reflecting on the glass and in the air outside,
Fond relations mouthing words of love and tragedy.
Though it's cold there's vapour rising from a moving stream.
In a narrow, shallow bed of fine linen and starch,
Where her long hair tumbled once upon her graceful arch,
Lace hung on the counters and the walnut cabinets,
Teeth ware chattering like schoolgirls clicking castanets.
There will be no light to guide as you ascend the stairs.
There may be a candle as you kneel and say your prayers.
Throw the window wide and open, keep this mark from me,
Just the letter T and its most dread companion B.
How in heaven? Hadn't it been conquered long ago?
How did it come back again? It's just a curio.

----- 2001 For The Stars -----
No Wonder

I stole a glance at my reflection,
Though these days I tend to hurry by
How pale the rose of my complexion
How strange the knowing look that's in my eye.
But when the springtime was ablaze
You took my hand, you held my gaze

There is no wonder there
I learned my lesson well
No need to wonder where that girl has gone.

There is a secret no one knows,
I set my face, I changed my clothes

I dreamed I stood as you were passing,
Just as the horse-drawn carriage sped away.
Of petticoats in puddles dragging,
And my highbutton boots were splashed with clay.
But when the summer was in flame,
You broke your word, denied my name.

There is no wonder there
I learned my lesson well
No need to wonder where that girl has gone.

But as the winter drags along,

It blurs your sense of right and wrong.

There is no wonder there
I learned my lesson well
No need to wonder where that girl has gone.

----- 2001 For The Stars -----
Rope

Down by the harbourside
A boat is fastened by a length of rope
It was a perfect match
Dreaming of escape
Feeling almost detached
Look beneath the waves
The seabirds diving down into black water

The morning bells begin
Schoolchildren chant and spin
A length of rope
Below a hanging tree
Like cruel secrets some of us turn out to be

Should our love increase
We are all released like statues from marble

While in a prison yard
They're taking turns to guard
A length of rope
Are you too weak to fight?
Picking up a thread and then stretching it tight.

Look beneath the waves
The seabirds diving down into black water.
Still our love increased
We are all released like statues from marble.

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
...Dust

If only dust could talk
What would we hear it say?
Before it's brushed aside
Just as it's swept away
It's just the evidence
It's of no consequence
It's only flesh and bone
Why don't we leave it alone?
If only dust could gather into lines of chalk

Around a silhouette detective fiction walks
For it's the only witness that can testify
Can I spit out the truth?
Or would you rather just swallow a lie?
Why did they dam the land?
How did they flood the plain?
Did they erase the name?
And wipe away the stain
You kept your mouth well shut
Appeared to turn your coat
Now there's a name for you but it's stuck in my throat
If dust could only mutter
Or in laughter trill
If it could warn and whisper from the windowsill
But it's the only witness that can testify
Can I split out the truth?
Or would you rather just swallow a lie?
Here comes the juggernaut
Here come The Poisoners
They choke the life and land
And rob the joy from us
Why do they taste of sugar?
Oh, when they're made of money
Here come the Lamb of God
And the butcher's boy, sonny
If dust could only gather in the needle track
Then it would skip a beat and it would jump right back
If dust could only gather in a needle track
Then it would skip a beat
And all the sense I lack

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
15 Petals

15 Petals
One for every year I spent with you
Jewels and precious metals will never do
I love you twisted
And I love you straight
I'd write it down but I can't concentrate
Words won't obey they do as the please
And all I am left with are these&
15 Petals
One for every year I spent with you
Jewels and precious metals will never do
The thorn is blunted
The perfume will fade
I stand where sun is set
I crave the shade

Down in the tavern with Mary and Joe
Palms reached for alms as they throw
15 Petals
One for every hour that we're apart
Tears and useless battles
I'll never start
Mussolini highway
There's a frankincense tree
I picked some up there to carry with me
You take me to places where I'd never go
I love you more than you know
15 Petals
Scattered in the path where you will tread
15 Petals
Of vivid red
One wine-bar vamp with the polythene face
Ein Panzer Kommander with no hair in place
The crooked battalions drilled holes in the square

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----

45

Bells are chiming for victory
There's a page back in history
45
They came back to the world that they fought for
Didn't turn out just like they thought
45

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring
What did you lose?
What did you gain?
What did you win?

Nine years later a child is born
There's a record, so you put it on
45
Nine years more, if we're lucky now
Nine-year-old puts his money down
45

Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat
Every breath that I held for you
45
There's a stack of shellac and vinyl
Which is yours now and which is mine?
45

Chorus

Bass and treble heal every hurt
There's a rebel in a nylon shirt
But the words are a mystery, I've heard
'Til you turn it down to 33 and 1/3
'Cos it helps with the elocution
Corporations turn revolutions
45

So don't you weep and shed
Just change your name instead
What do you lose when it all goes to your head?

I heard something peculiar said:
Perhaps he's got a shot and now he's dead
45

Bells are chiming and tears are falling
It creeps up on you without a warning
45

Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat
Every breath that I bless
I'd be lost, I confess
45

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Alibi

You did it 'cos you wanted
Alibi, alibi
And you took it
'Cos you need it
Alibi, alibi
But if I've done something wrong there's no ifs and buts
'Cos I love you just as much as I hate your guts
Alibi, alibi, alibi&
And you don't need anybody
Alibi, alibi
But you are the only one who knows this
Alibi, alibi
You deserve it 'cos you're special
Alibi, alibi
Maybe Jesus wants you for a sunbeam
Alibi, alibi
But if I've left something out
I apologise
But if you look in my eyes
Then I'm sure you'll see&
Alibis, alibis, alibis&

Sometimes I'm so forgiving
Everything seems bad to me
But I can't go on living
With this alibi, alibi, alibi&
Insane, what a mundane
Alibi, alibi
And you only wanted to be famous
Alibi, alibi
Sorry, but your mummy doesn't love you
Alibi, alibi
Stop me if you've heard this&
Alibi, alibi
But if I've done something right then don't be surprised
There are soldiers who will kill but refuse to die
But if I've done something wrong there's no ifs and buts
'Cos I love you just as much as I hate your guts
Alibi, alibi, alibi, alibi&
You were weak&
You couldn't help it
Alibi, alibi
But you never had a pony
Alibi, alibi
Chorus
And you're such a people person
Alibi, alibi
And I will be true to you forever
Alibi, alibi
But you're stupid and you're lazy
Alibi, alibi
Maybe we can make the future better
Alibi, alibi
Chorus
Sometimes I'm so forgiving
Everything seems bad to me
But I can't go on living
With this alibi, alibi, alibi&
You were happy when you were poor
And more honest and that's your&
Alibi, alibi
Sister is a whore, brother isn't sure
Alibi, alibi
You don't fit the body that you're trapped in
Alibi, alibi
Papa's got a brand new
Alibi, alibi
But if I've done something wrong there's no ifs and buts
'Cos I love you just as much as I hate your guts
But if I've left something out
I apologise

But if you look in my eyes
Then I'm sure you'll see
Alibis, alibis, alibis

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Daddy Can I Turn This?

There is a button and there's a switch
There is a needle and there's a dial
There is a lever I want to lift
And still you treat me like I'm a child
Daddy can I turn this?
Daddy can I turn this?
Will it be very dangerous?
Or will it taste nice?
You wash your hands with perfume and spice
I'll tell you when I want your advice
Daddy can I turn this?
Daddy can I turn this?
Is anybody acting your age?
You got a girl you keep in a cage
You give her presents after a while
A birthday cake containing a file
Daddy can I turn this?
Daddy can I turn this?
The flashing lights go running 'round and 'round
It spits out money
It tastes like honey
So drink it down
It leaves the slightest chemical taste
It could be most unfortunate
Earrings that jangle before they're seen
She slaps your face like a tambourine
Daddy can I turn this?
Daddy can I turn this?
Daddy can I turn this?

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Dissolve

Sugar cube drop into a yellow cup
What makes the world just waking up
Revolve?
Dissolve
Who knows where on earth it's going to stop?
I can't hear you 'cos we're breaking up
Dissolve
And the stones in the track make work for the mechanic
The birds all fly from the branches in a panic

And a back-fire echoes down the hillside
As the last headline report dies
Dissolve
Ice is melting a the distant Pole
The gin and tonic glasses overflow
Dissolve
The precious little else that I could say
Your stupid tear of laughter washed away
Dissolve
While the poisonous light pours from the picture palace
And it flickers on, tries so hard to be scandalous
A child keeps beating on a toy drum
And the tablets dropped on your tongue
Dissolve
So salute me in moving frame
I might not be there when you look again
The mourning border card behind the clock
The hour that he passed, unwound and stopped
Dissolve

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Dust 2...

If dust could only talk
What would we hear it say?
Before it's brushed aside
Just as it's swept away
It's just the evidence
It's of no consequence
It's only flesh and bone
Why don't you leave it alone?
If dust could only speak
Caught in a falling beam
If dust could only cry
If dust could only scream
For it's the single witness that might testify
Could I spit out the truth?
Or would you rather just swallow a lie?
But dust is always caught behind a coat of pain
Beneath the marble fingernails of kings and saints
And in the theatre curtain where they hang a drape
Or in the ticket pocket where your hands escape
Before they start to wander
Or they start to shrink
You rub your eye a little and appear to blink
And then she caught you staring
She knows what you're thinking
What got into you is not a ghost as such
It was just dust

Here comes the juggernaut
Here come The Poisoners
They choke the life and land
And rob the joy from us
Why do they taste of sugar?
Oh, when they're made of money
Here come the Lamb of God
And the butcher's boy, Sonny
Well, I believe we just

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Episode Of Blonde

I spy for the Spirit of Curiosity
All the scandals of each vain monstrosity
I gossip and I pry and I insinuate
If the failure is great
Then it tends to fascinate
A tornado dropped a funnel cloud with twenty tons of rain
Though she had the attention span of warm cellophane
Her lovers fell like skittles in a 10-pin bowling lane
But nothing could compare with the explosion of fame
So you jumped back with alarm
Every Elvis has his army
Every rattlesnake his charm
Can you still hear me?
Am I coming through just fine?
Your memory was buried in simple box of pine

Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak?
Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek?
It's such a shame you had to break the heart
You could have counted on
But the last thing you need is another
Episode of blonde

Revolving like a jeweller's figure on a music box
Spangled curtain parted and night-club scene unlocks
Pinned and fixed and fastened in a follow spot
Arms thrown out to everyone, she's giving all she's got
To the last gasp of a wounded bandeon
Tiny man imploring to the ceiling fan
This stolen feeling
Amplified up through a busted speaker
Blaring, blasting, advertising, distorted beyond reason
Into the street where petty crime-coats shadow panic drunkards,
Half out of the taxi cab the barker seized my elbow
He thought I was another lonely, likely pilgrim looking for St.Telmo

Chorus

I tried to keep a straight face but you know it never pays
He would stare into those eyes and then vacation in her gaze
She was a cute little ruin that he pulled out of the rubble
Now they are both living in a soft soap bubble
The film producer's contemplating, entertaining suicide
The picture crumpled in his fist, his runaway child bride
The timepiece stretched across his wrist
She couldn't care less cast aside
The scent that so repelled him that he swore: insecticide
And there's farewell note to mother
That will conclude your loving Son
Oh, tell your other children not to do as I have done

Chorus

So an artist drags a toothbrush across the first thing that he sees
And names the painting Christ's Last Exit into Purgatory
Receiving secret messages from an alien intelligence
Paying off his stalker it's a legitimate expense
So paste up pictures of those shrill and hollow girls
With puckered lips
She's a trophy on your arm
A magnet for your money clip
The moral of this story is the sorry tale to say
They're pieced with links of chains so they can never run away

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
My Little Blue Window

This is a calling card
Maybe it will be a farewell note
The poison fountain pen now requires the antidote
But if I avert your gaze
And I should become a shrinking flower
Just punch me on the arm
This could be our finest hour
'Til now this was my view
But I'm counting on you
How am I ever going to make you see?
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily
I want you to be
My lovely hooligan
Come by and smash my pane
'Til I can see right though
My little blue window
This is a fingerprint
Maybe you will feel a fond caress

But when you start to speak
Are you tempted to confess?
Well, I was a gloomy soul
Never thought I see a brighter day
The dark interior
Blows those silver clouds away
'Til now this was my view
But I'm counting on you
How am I ever going to make you see?
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily
I want you to be
My lovely hooligan
Come by and smash my pane
'Til I can see right through
My little blue window

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Radio Silence

Signal fading, listen to what I'm saying
Testing, testing
This better be worth all of the breath I'm wasting
Maintaining radio silence from now on
Barricaded in the talk radio station
Hostage taken
The red On-Air light shines on
Something cheaper that passes for free speech
Will have to do
Hear him coming through loud and clear
Trickling in your ear
He'll tell you anything you want to hear
The tape starts running
He's going to tell you something
The strings start strumming
Another humdrum conundrum
Signing off now
Maintaining radio silence from now on
But there's one thing I should have said
The hostage will end up dead
It's just a comedy
The hostage is me
So pay the ransom
Beyond the run-out groove
Get my wife down here
A helicopter on the roof
No police marksman
Maintaining radio silence from now on
Mystery voices
Drowned out by too much choice

That's not to mention
The sad waste of this wonderful invention
Maintaining radio silence from now on
Libraries filled up with failed ideas
There's nothing more for me there
I trust in tender ink and gentle airs
Do those drug dealer still polish women made of wax?
Gangster and world leaders
Require the same protection from attack
From this distance it's hard to tell the difference
Between a king and jack
Between a poet and hack
Maintaining radio silence from now on

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Soul For Hire

Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?
Fool I was, I thought that you fought fire with fire
Got to me more than just a soul for hire
Speaking for myself I wouldn't take the fame, the fees, the glory
For whoring in the practice of the law
I make my case stop and stutter
Soul comes unglued from the uppers
Blood is seeping in the hole
A mother's eye is weeping
I see every human kind
And still the truth is distant
I see every evil men do and desire
Got to be more then just a soul for hire
When it's time to give protection
To the ones who need it most, who are desperate
I get distracted from my job
Streams of ink and piles of paper
What are the breaks?
Jump out the window? Parole? Escape?
Blood is seeping in the hole
A mother's eye is weeping
Hang my head and shut my eyes
I can't see justice twisted
I see every evil men do and desire
Got to be more than just a soul for hire
When it's time to give protection
To the ones who need it most, who are desperate
I get distracted from my job
Streams of ink and piles of paper
To hand them over to dopers and kiddie-rapers

Corrupt in every twisted grudge
And that is just the judge
Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice it this?

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Spooky Girlfriend

I want a girl to make a mess
To do no wrong she must confess
And then perhaps hitch up her dress
'Cos when the flashbulbs explode
She's such a sensitive soul&

I want a girl who is helpless and frail
Who won't pull on my ponytail
I want a girl who has no past
She's made up now
But that won't last
'Cos when she sits on my knee
And then she whispers to me

Can't you see
I could be
I could be
Your spooky girlfriend

The broken toys are all scattered in the attic
Newspapers play with the words of the fanatic
While the greeting cards are your most poetic lyric
And the flat champagne is sweet sugar syrup

I want to paint you with glitter and with dirt
Picture you with innocence and hurt
The shutter closes
Exposes the shot
She says, Are you looking up my skirt?
When you say No
She says Why not?

I want a girl to turn my screw
To wind my watch, to buckle my shoe
And if she won't her mother will do
But when she does as she's told
We'll all turn platinum and gold

But when she sits on my knee
I hear her whispers to me
Can't you see?

I could be your spooky girlfriend

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Tart

Hear silver trumpets will trill in the Arabic streets of Seville
Oranges roll in the gutter
And you pick them up
And pull back the skin
To the red fruit within

But the flavour is
Tart
And the flavour is
Tart
Is it something you crave?
And you say that you only feel bitterness
When you know it's a lie, lie, lie

Wild with a blackberry bush
There were blossoms of cherries to crush
There, at the edge of the asphalt tempting fingertips
You stain your hand, press too hard
They'll colour your lips

But the flavour is
Tart
And the flavour is
Tart
Is it something you crave?
'Cos you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?

Odd, where nothing else grows
It was something like love that she chose
Always a creature of habit
When pity would do
She wore down that heel with no feeling
She kept on her shoes

Chorus

Nylon was hung from a peg
And a kohl black seam ran down her leg
Fishermen look for their nets
And send their regrets
The bug lay there broken
She spoke, Is this some kind of joke?

Chorus

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
Tear Off Your Own Head (It's A Doll Revolution)

Who dries your eyes when you cry real tears?
Who know or cares what an imitation is?
Only you do
You can paint his nails
Make him wear high heels
Why waste time altering the hemline?
Or do you?

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution

You can bat your lashes
You can cut your strings
You can pull his hair with your moveable fingers
It looks so real
If one won't do it, so collect the set
Dress him in pink ribbons
Put him in a kitchenette
How does this feel?

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution

What's that sound?
It will turn you around
It's a doll revolution
They're taking over
And they're tearing it down
It's a doll revolution

You can pull and pinch him
'Til he cries and squeals
You can twist his body 'til it faces backwards
Those plastic features
You could make somebody a pretty little wife
But don't let anybody tell you how to live you life
Broken pieces

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution

Tear off your own head
Revolution

----- 2002 When I Was Cruel -----
When I Was Cruel No. 2

I exit through the spotlight glare
I stepped out into thin air
Into a perfume so rarefied
Here comes the bride
Not quite aside, they snide She's number four
There's number three just by the door
Those in the know, don't even flatter her,
They go one better
She was selling speedboats in a tradeshow when he met her
Look at her now
She's starting to yawn
She looks like she was born to it
But it was so much easier
When I was cruel

She reaches out her arms to me
Imploring: Another melody?
So she can dance her husband out on the floor
The captains of industry just lie there where they fall
In eau-de-nil and pale carnation creation
A satin sash and velvet elevation
She straightens the tipsy head-dress of her spouse
While hers recalls a honey house
There'll be no sorrows left to drown
Early in the morning in your evening gown
But it was so much easier
When I was cruel

The entrance hall was arranged with hostesses and ushers
Who turned out to be the younger wives nursing schoolgirl crushes
Parting the waves of those few feint friends
Fingers once offered are now too heavy to extend
The ghostly first wife glides up stage whispering to raucous talkers
Spilling family secrets out to flunkeys and castrato walkers
See that girl
Watch that scene
Digging the Dancing Queen

Two newspaper editors like playground sneaks
Running the book on which of them is going to last the week
One of them calls to me
And he says, I know you
You gave me this tattoo back in '82

You were a spoilt child then with a record to plug
And I was a shaven headed seaside thug
Things haven't really changed that much
One of us is still getting paid too much
There are some things I can't report
The memory of his last retort
But it was so much easier
When I was cruel

Look at me now
She's starting to yawn
She looks like she was born to it
Ah, but it was so much easier
When I was cruel

----- 2003 North -----
Can You Be True?

Can you be true?
Can this possibly be real?
I knew quite suddenly
Do you sense how I feel?
I long to hear you whisper my name
'Til you tell me
My Darling, you may be my man.

There will be days when you must go from my sight
There may be nights when clouds deny us starlight
Only time will tell us
I hope that it speaks gently if it isn't meant to be
Then again
By then we might not be listening so attentively

I will be there
If the days bring torments and trials
To close the distances only measured in miles
I long to hold you all through the night
And to tell you
My Darling, you make everything seem right
And then I'll hear you calling in my name
And I'll answer
My Darling, I may be your man

----- 2003 North -----
Fallen

All the leaves are turning yellow, red and brown
Soon they'll be scattered as they tumble down
Although they may be swept up so invitingly

I never did what I was told
I trampled though the amber and the burnished gold
But now I clearly see how cruel the young can be

You can convince yourself of anything
If you wish both hard and long
And I believed that life was wonderful
Right up to the moment when love went wrong

I gaze up at the tree-tops and laugh
I need somebody to shake me loose
I want to know what happens next
'Til I don't care at all
There I go
Beginning to fall

----- 2003 North -----
I'm In The Mood Again

Hail to the taxis
They go where I go
Farewell the newspapers that know more than I know
Flung under a street-lamp still burning at dawn
I'm in the mood again

I walk the damp streets rather than slumber
Along past the fine windows of shameless and plunder
But none of their riches could ever compare
I'm in the mood again

I don't know what's come over me
But it's nothing that i'm doing wrong
You took the breath right out of me
Now you'll find it in the early hours
In a lover's song

I lay my head down on fine linens and satins
Away from the mad hatters who live in Manhattan
The Empire State Building illuminating the sky

----- 2003 North -----
Let Me Tell You About Her

I wasn't very indiscreet and yet
That is a notion that I might as well forget
Friends look at me these days with fond surprise
But when I start to speak they roll their eyes
Let me tell you about her
Hush now, I've said too much

There's something indescribable I can't quite catch
Let me tell you about her
The way that she makes me feel
Then draw a curtain on this scene I can't reveal
Some things are too personal
Too intimate to spill
And gentlemen don't speak of them
And this one never will
I wasn't very conversational
Accept to say that, You're sensational
Friends now regard me with indulgent smiles
But when I start to sing they run for miles
Let me tell you about her
Hush now, I've said too much
There's something indescribable I can't quite catch
Let me tell you about her
The way that she makes me feel
Then draw a curtain on this scene I can't reveal

----- 2003 North -----
Someone Took The Words Away

Poor head
Can hardly move my lips for speaking
I said
So, what is this thing I can't explain?
I'd blame all the things I feel but can't quite place
Perhaps they're written on my face
Someone took the words away

Why don't you speak up and say what you mean?
Summon my powers of conversation
I talk to myself,
I'm fine
When you're around,
Then I decline the invitation

It's strange to finally find myself so tongue-tied
A change has come over me
I'm powerless to express
Every thing I know but cannot speak
And if I try my voice will break
Someone took the words away
Someone took the words away

----- 2003 North -----
Still

These few lines I'll devote

To a marvellous girl covered up in my coat
Pull it up to your chin
I'll hold you until the day will begin

Still

Lying in the shadows this new flame will cast
Upon everything we carry from the past
You were made of every love and each regret
Up until the day we met

There are no words that I'm afraid to hear
Unless they are Goodbye, my dear

Still

I was moving very fast
But in one place
Now you speak my name and set my pulse to race
Sometimes words may tumble out but can't eclipse
The feeling when you press your fingers to my lips

I want to kiss you in a rush
And whisper things to make you blush
And you say, Darling, hush
Hush
Still, still

----- 2003 North -----
When Did I Stop Dreaming?

You appeared when I was lost in reverie
If this is not a dream, it's my mistake
And now I lie in wait for dawn to break
I'm fairly sure I'm wide awake
Pardon me, if I seem distant and strange
Just tell me when did I stop dreaming?
Let me get this straight
Did I hallucinate?
This fine and helpless feeling
Tell me when did I stop dreaming?
Let me know if you can help me explain
I didn't recognise the danger
But people will talk
Was I just sleepwalking?
Footprints left on the ceiling
Tell me when did I stop dreaming?
Then why should you care?
This is my nightmare

Was this one dream too deep?
Now if I could only sleep
Answer me, if you see the end in sight
I'm just a soul who's lost in limbo
Neither bad or good
I'd spare you now if I could
One more teardrop
Then I'll wake up
Tell me when did I stop dreaming?

----- 2003 North -----
When Green Eyes Turn Blue

Every single time
It becomes too much
There's nothing I can say
Or touch
But the glory is, as it comes passing through,
I know I will be there
When green eyes turn blue
It's the same for me
Time appears to teach
There is nothing quite beyond our reach
Wits may sharpen up
Their cuts and clever flays
Let them squander all of them
You brighten up my darkest gaze
And as a consequence I can see out of the gloom
That I gathered about myself
That I thought would flatter me
What the hell was the matter with me
Every single time I approached despair
I thought of your name and you were there
I won't burden you
As promises will do
But I know I will be there
When green eyes turn blue.

----- 2003 North -----
When It Sings

All the words you say to me
Have music in them
All the sorrows and the joys like magnetism
And a selfish boy looks through a prism
And says what is
But never asks what isn't
But a voice contains many precious things
It laughs

And then it sings
And all the lies that we can tell
To our foolish selves
Maybe this is the love song that I refused to
Write her when I loved her like I used to
And I fear my heart may spin and fracture
Like tears of stone falling from a statue
But a voice contains all that's true and false
Then cries for someone else
And for some honest tenderness
So I must confess
All the words you say to me
Have music in them
All the sorrows and the joys like magnetism
And a selfish boy looks through a prism
And says what is
But never asks what isn't

----- 2003 North -----
You Left Me In The Dark

See how the elements obey?
Eyes are blue
Skies are grey
Nothing I do can make you stay
I'm glad it will rain today
You left me standing alone
Although I thought that we could not be parted
But if I'd only known
That this would be the last loving remark
You left me in the dark
Then I awoke to my dismay
I thought we'd make it all the way
Allowing myself one more cliché
The last hurrah, the first bouquet
You left me standing alone although
I thought that we could not be parted
But if I'd only known
That this would be the last loving remark
You left me in the dark

----- 2003 North -----
You Turned To Me

You turned to me
And all at once
I knew I was betrayed
My eyes met yours just down the darkened path

Where both of us had strayed
Nothing good can come out of this
I know it may not be
But just then you turned to me

And I thought for a moment
Like the fool that I've become
I might be the one
To turn these lights back on
Just as I began to say
It's never worth the price you pay
I was going there anyway

You turned to me
And all at once
I Thought that you had seen
How I was lost in something quite like love
When all I did was dream
Now as evening becomes the dawn
I wonder where you'll be
And just why you turned to me

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Bedlam

I've got this phosphorescent portrait
of gentle Jesus meek and mild
I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with
carrying another man's child
The solitary star announcing vacancy
burnt out as we arrived
They'd throw us back across the border
if they knew that we survived
And they were surprised to see us
So they greeted us with palms
They asked for ammunition,
acts of contrition and small alms

I might recite a small prayer
If I ever said them
I lay down on an iron frame
Found myself in bedlam
I wish that I could take something
for drowning out the noise
Wailing echoes down the corridors

I've got this imaginary radio, and
I'm punching up the dial
I've got the A.C. trained on the T.V.

so it won't blow up in my eye
And everything that I thought fanciful
and mocked as too extreme
Must be family entertainment here
in the strange land of my dreams
Now I'm practicing my likeness of
St. Francis of Assisi
For if I hold my hand outstretched
A little bird comes to me

I might recite a small prayer
If I ever said them
I lay down on an iron frame
Found myself in bedlam
Escaping from the fingers that were
stretching through the bars
Wailing echoes down the corridors

The player piano picks out Life Goes On
The ringtone rang out Jerusalem
Into the pit of sadness
Where the wretched plunge
We've buried all the innocents
We must bury revenge

They've got this scared and decorated girl
strapped to the steel trunk of a mustang
And then they drove her down a cypress grove
where traitors hang and stars still spangle
They dangled flags and other rags along a
coloured thread of twine
And then they dragged that bruised and purple
heart along the road to Palestine

Someone went off muttering,
he mentioned thirty pieces
Easter saw a slaughtering, each
wrapped in bloodstained fleeces
Then my thoughts returned to vengeance,
but I put up no resistance
Though I seemed a long way from my home
It really was no distance

And I might recite a small prayer
If I ever said them
I lay down on an iron frame
Found myself in bedlam
Bowing like an actor acknowledging applause
Playing the Crusader who was conquering the Moors

And he knew the consequences,
but he won't accept the cause
Wailing echoes down the corridors

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Button My Lip

Don't want to talk about the government
Don't want to talk about some incident
Don't want to talk about some peppermint gum
Don't want to talk about the time to come

Button my lip
'Til I'm smart enough

Don't raise your hand
'Cos I'm not offering
It serves you right
Now you are suffering
Give me a chance
To see it though
It all depends on what you hold is true

Button my lip
With your kiss

Don't want to hear some little sniveling
You just don't get what I'm delivering
Maybe you want me
But you know you can't
I'd say, 'I want you?
But you know I don't

Button my lip
'Til I'm old enough
'Til I'm smart enough
'Til I'm?
Button my lip

Don't want to come at your beckoning
For any day they'll be a reckoning
Don't want to hear what is impossible
Baby, you've become invisible

Button my lip

I've seen those clowns vacant and insolent
I stand accused but I am innocent
I am the mighty and magnificent

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Country Darkness

This tattered document
A mystery you can solve
Some burnt out filament
Flies buzzing around the bulb

Country Darkness

He thought of traveling
Heard an approaching train
Drown out his desperate pulse
A song with no refrain

Country Darkness

She daydreams of forbidden sins
There must be something more
The prison she lives in
The one with the open door

A veil is covering
A glistening cruel blade
Suffer little children
Repent, unfaithful maid

Country Darkness
Country Darkness
Country Darkness

She daydreams of forbidden sins
There must be something more
The prison she lives in
The one with the open door

A veil is covering
A glistening and cruel blade
Suffer little children
Repent, unfaithful maid

Country Darkness
Country Darkness

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Either Side Of The Same Town

Nothing can ever be the same
All of the promises we made seem hollow
But there's still some streets in this town
Marked with your shadow

So if you see me, look surprised
If you don't just pass me by
And I may even brush your sleeve
As you turn to leave

Now it's hard to act like strangers
When we used to be so strong
Everything is changing
And most of it is wrong
What do we know of anything?
Two fools of some renown
Either side of the same town

Somewhere there's a light
I can sense it
Oh, though I may fall back again
Although it's a fight
I know I must remain

Now it's hard to keep ignoring
Someone you recognise
And if I seem contented
It's only my disguise
What do we know of anything?
Two fools of some renown
Either side of the same town

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Heart Shaped Bruise

Tell me now
Or are you only teasing?
I felt the cold hard facts of life
Five degrees from freezing
Does it amuse you to always hurt me so?
I try my best it's not enough
Should I give up and let you?

What more is there to take from me?
There's nothing else to give you, dear
There's nothing more that I can lose
Except this Heart Shaped Bruise

It will fade

From purple to violet
It will fade
Just as the day dissolves into twilight

Tell me now
Or am I only dreaming?
You said that you'd be mine for life
And now you say you're leaving
If I could hold you once more before you go
When I approach you just lash out
Should I give up and let you?

What more is there to take from me?
There's nothing else to give you, dear
There's nothing more that I can lose
Accept this Heart Shaped Bruise

It will fade from purple to violet
It will fade?

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Monkey To Man

A long time ago, our point of view
Was broadcast by Mr. Bartholomew
Now the world is full of sorrow and pain
It's time for us to speak up again

You're slack and sorry
Such an arrogant brood
The only purpose you serve is to bring us our food
We sit here staring at your pomp and pout
Outside the bars we use for keeping you out

You've taken everything that you wanted
Broke it up and plundered it and hunted
Ever since we said it
You went and took the credit
It's been headed this way since the world began
When a vicious creature took the jump from Monkey to Man

Every time that man struggles and fails
He makes up some kind of fairytales
After all of the misery that he has caused
He denies he's descended from the dinosaurs

Points up to heaven with cathedral spires
All the time indulging in his base desires

Ever since we said it
He went and took the credit
It's been headed this way since the world began
When a vicious creature took the jump from Monkey to Man

Big and useless as he has become
With his crying statues and his flying bomb
Goes round acting like the chosen one
Excuse us if we treat him like our idiot cousin

He hangs up flowers and bells and rhymes
Hoping to hell that someone's forgiven his crimes
Fills the air with his pride and his praise
He's big disgrace to our beastly ways

In the fashionable nightclubs and finer precincts
Man uses words to dress up his vile instincts
Ever since we said it
He went and took the credit
It' s been headed this way since the world began
When a vicious creature took the jump from Monkey to Man

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Needle Time

I wish that I didn't hate you
Least not as much as I do
And squander all my contempt for
A little nothing like you
Liars like you are ten-a-penny
Women would slap you, if you knew any

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime

I've got this suitcase of phony wisdom to dispense
These twenty-seven or so years
You'd think I would have made them some cents
Now they want me fingerprinted
Like I was smuggling drugs
While the government does deals with the most convenient thugs

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime
It's Needle Time

I'm trying not to despise you with a passion that is hard to extinguish
Or maybe I really love you
Although it's hard to distinguish

I wish I could be
A little more like a saint is
Forgiving those who trespass against us

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime

I started talking nonsense, just like I did to begin with
Around the time I tired of those sour English

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime
It's Needle Time

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
Nothing Clings Like Ivy

Nothing clings like Ivy
Frightened by the dark
Though she cuts deep
It never leaves a mark

No one quite like Ivy
Ever gets it straight
What she believes
She won't negotiate

All the words of tenderness
That never quite got through
She said You know how young girls are
From my contempt for you.

Outside in the hollow
She may dare herself
For there may be
A serpent in the grass

Nothing clings like Ivy
Trying to scare herself
And it may strike or
Wait for her to pass

All the words of tenderness
That she never possessed
So what's the use of promises?
I had my fingers crossed.

All the words of tenderness
That never quite got through
She said, I laughed behind your back

When I told them to you.

Nothing clings like Ivy
Frightened by the dark
Though she cuts deep
It never leaves a mark

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
She's Pulling Out the Pin

She's pulling out the pin
That lets her hair fall down
She shakes her head and
It goes tumbling
Her smile was out of place
So she swept it off her face

Let me find the words and say them
Like some softly whispered Amen

As she starts to pull away
And all the lights begin to dim
Is she thinking of me
Or is she thinking of him
She's pulling out the pin

She's slipping off the hook
Unbuttoning her dress
There's just enough to make some man a mess
She tears away the veil
With her fingernails

She came out high and kicking
While the band played Hey good lookin'
Do you hear something ticking?

Did somebody tell her?
You can really be redeemed
Could she actually be?
As desperate as she seems
She's tearing at the seams
She's going to extremes
Nobody told her it was a sin
So she's pulling out the pin

She's taping up her hands
Just as a boxer will
They started laughing

But if looks could kill
She'd take them down right now
She's covering her mouth
With some unholy vow
There's nothing more to say
This is her wedding day

Full of shattered glass and mayhem
Not one softly whispered amen
When the shock announcement dawns
And the smoke begins to thin
Where the world without her ends
And the next one begins
She's pulling out the pin

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
The Delivery Man

Abel was able, so Vivian said
Her shoulders flung forward
Her lips in a purse
She talks like the beauty that she never was
Of the fabulous wild nights that she never has

In a certain light he looked like Elvis
In a certain way he feels like Jesus
Everyone dreams of him just as they can
But he's only the humble Delivery Man

Geraldine blushes and brushes away
The cigarette ashes that Vivian scatters
Stares out of the window at the things that she says
While the gossip within her competes with the widow

Ever since he's gone, she feels like crying all the time
She knows for sure Vivian is lying
Now she has a daughter to raise as she can
But she just wouldn't trust that Delivery Man

Ivy puts down the ghost story she's reading
Looks up at that face on the wall
Thinking about how her father lay bleeding
Shot in the back 'cos orders were misleading
And how a flag and a medal don't have any meaning

On the 5th of July as they tore down the fair
When he'd seen all the local girls who were worth kissing
With the smell of the gunpowder still in the air
They noticed that Abel and Ivy were missing

In a certain light he looked like Elvis
In a certain way he seemed like Jesus
He said Why can't you be kind to me like you were meant to be?
When they let me out, I had a brand new identity.
Now everyone dreams of me just as they can.
I want to be your Delivery Man.

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
The Judgement

The accused will rise
To be torn in two
Guilty of nothing but loving you
This is the judgement

And I'm willing to plead
Now you don't want me
Hoping this torment will cease
Will I be released?

There'll be lies, there'll be tears
A jury of your peers
With a pitiful lack of experience
Hand down the judgement

And if I done wrong
And loved you too long
Stand up and just testify
How can I deny?

Objection overruled
I wait for my reprieve
With the trust of the deceived
The wisdom of the fool

It's his sorrowful face too heavy for his head
cos he bowed it as something come over him
It was the judgement

He falls to his knees
Have mercy on me
He clings to the hem of her gown
She says, Just take him down.

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
The Name Of This Thing Is Not Love

There's a part of this feeling that I just cannot kill

But the name of this thing is not love
And I can't take a potion, and I won't take a pill
So it tortures me still
But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start entertaining such a terrible thought
Life is so very short
And the name of this thing is not love

There's a bruise on her arm
And some blood on the floor
But the name of this thing is not love
And they're taunting some girl
That they claim to adore
She can't take anymore
But the name of this thing is not love

Who in the world do you think that you are?
That you pushed me this far
But the name of this thing is not love

He thinks of her still
Although you'd never guess
He's trying so to forget her
The occasional moments that he'll always bless
Watching her dress
For worse or better

He watched her pick over her broken playthings
What played on his mind is not love
The cast aside tokens and discarded rings
Over one of his flings
But the name of this thing is not love

Then he threw something down in the wild rushing river
And won't ever recover
But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start out pretending that you're so very tough
Life is not short enough
But the name of this thing is not love

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
The Scarlet Tide

Well I recall his parting words
Must I accept his fate?
Or take myself far from this place

I thought I heard a black bell toll
A little bird did sing
Man has no choice
When he wants everything

Chorus
We'll rise above the scarlet tide
That trickles down through the mountain
And separates the widow from the bride

Man goes beyond his own decision
Gets caught up in the mechanism
Of swindlers who act like kings
And brokers who break everything

The dark of night was swiftly fading
Close to the dawn of day
Why would I want him just to lose him again

We'll rise above the scarlet tide
That trickles down through the mountain
And separates the widow from the bride

----- 2004 The Delivery Man -----
There's A Story In Your Voice

Once upon another time
If you had the need
I'd step right in the shoes that you've been walking
'Cos someone put the hurt in you
For everyone to see
And you only have to speak to tell your fortune

There's a story in your voice
Both by damage and by choice
It tells of promises and pleasure
And a tale of wine and woe
The uneasy time to come
And the long way 'round we go to get there

Once you told me fairytales
Everybody knows
But I didn't care for their prediction
Now you say you're leaving me
And packing up your clothes
I finally see you were a work of fiction

There's a story in your walk

Then you crumble just like chalk
And I could say that I was sorry
But I wouldn't mean it much
There are pages I can't touch
And something that's been torn out of this chapter

Far away, not far enough
'Cos I can still recall
How it felt when I read that last sentence
Now I go inside some rooms with Gideon in them all
And hide myself from all hope of repentance

There's a story in your eyes
Cheap sunglasses might disguise
But when the bedroom light reveals
All that bravado and that fright
That you cover up in spite
Attempts to strip away this fabrication

There's a story in your voice
Both by damage and by choice
It tells of promises and pleasure
And a tale of wine and woe
The uneasy time to come
And the long way 'round we go to get there

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
Almost Ideal Eyes

Here she comes with her almost ideal eyes
And her flawless skin and her petulant pout
The memory of such a long blonde alibi
Still makes me want to shout out loud and clear
You can come out here in those stolen clothes
Telling me all about some mystery
I hope she isn't one, I hope she isn't one of those

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
You think beauty is a compliment and it's what you pay for
Be sure of what you wish upon,
Be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal

Love is smiles, he will hypnotize you while
He tries to analyze your dream
Fill you up with all his big ideas while he really wants me and

Looking for all the innocence
And the pained pretence and the dismal rage
The vacant lot that thankfully time forgot
Where you never have to act, you never have to act your age

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
You'll find stupid is a compliment and thrill is what you play for
Be sure of what you wish upon,
Be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal

In despair all your friends get uglier
And you find you're wearing an evening gown
Weeping over some tiny broken bird
While the sky is decorated
Shocking pink and a dirty shade of brown
And you think you need to be tranquil
Lies the fear that befits your new career
Whatever you invent you'll never be content in

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
Rebellion is just currency, the moon is what you bay for
Be sure of what you wish upon,
Be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal

Here she comes, here she comes now

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
Hora Decubitus

Siren is bending, the radio humming,
Sun is breaking through and the storm is coming
The score is obscure, the melody fractured
It went by my window
Refused to be captured

I hope that I wake up in time

Good King Neptune came flipping up my street
He was a sad case tripping up the staircase
Friends and relations are laughing at my head
Gathered like crows at the end of my bed

I hope that I wake up in time

If you can or can't quite
Think again
You can't fight
That you might
Not be smite
If it's wrong, it's not right
I say it once and I'll say it again
Now and forever and ever, amen

Siren is bending, the radio is humming,
Who do you love now and who are you damning?
The score is obscure and the melody fractured
The bird by my window refused to be captured

I hope I wake up in time

If you can or can't quite
Think again
You can't fight
That you might
Not be smite
If it's wrong, it's not right
I'll say it once and I'll say it again
Life is a beautiful thing

I've said it before
I can't say it much more
Life is a beautiful thing

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
My Flame Burns Blue (Blood Count)

As the last light glimmers
And the evening hours dim
Maybe I'm too proud to utter it out loud
Even though my flame burns blue

As the night's descending
Once again I find I'll tarry and pretend
My confidential friend
Will suddenly appear in view

All my might
Between velvet and dynamite
Blow out the doors
Let in the light
Falling dust in the beam

And a small stifled scream

Alibis and decoys
Were his eyes so turquoise?
Covered with a lash
They flatter and they flash
Even though my flame burns blue

If I seem a stranger
I feel far from danger
We tamper and we toy
With passion over joy
Even though my flame burns blue

Even though the fire that once was desire
Doesn't look for trouble or dare to flare
Look now
And I won't be there

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
Put Away Forbidden Playthings

Put away forbidden playthings
Amusements and distractions
And dismantle the contraption and carry it away

In time as beauty dissolves into glamour
It slips from your heart and falls under the hammer.
Put away forbidden playthings...

And never return to pluck out that jewel
Or find the thrill that lingers still
While suffering the dream of disobeying.
Put away forbidden playthings...

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
Speak Darkly My Angel

Speak darkly, my angel
Or do I have to plead?
The sweetness has gone out of it
And all that's left is bitter barren greed

A needy lover with her almost vanished liar
Entangled as the gloom is strangled by the clinging briar
That ventures out to gather in the gloom

That perfect mouth is ruined now

For as you turn down the corners of your smile
And cloud your dim corrupted eyes
Just before the concertina wrecks your noble brow
The fatal flaw I can't allow

Depart now, my angel
The gaoler of my youth
Sends fifty thousand reasons why I never ever try to tell the truth
The season's over
And it's time for either one of us to go
Stand by the window
But don't lean so temptingly into the drop that calls below
For if you tumble back
I look so good in black

----- 2006 My Flame Burns Blue -----
Upon A Veil of Midnight Blue

Upon a veil of midnight blue
There hung a crescent moon
To light the view
But I don't whisper the words
When the moment arose
I wonder how she knows

You say your tongue is tied
Your words escape and hide
But she's so patient and kind
She's prepared to read your mind
That's very well till you find
Because of the wine you drank
Your mind is still a blank

I wonder how she knows
I guess she will wonder until
I pluck up the courage to tell her
How you feel
So close you can feel her heart trembling
You look in her eyes as they close
I wonder how she knows

I wonder how she knows

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
Ascension Day

Not a soul was stirring
Not a bird was singing, at least not within my hearing

I was five minutes past caring
Standing in the road just staring

Thought I heard somebody pleading
I thought I heard someone apologise
Some fell down weeping
Others shook their fists up at the skies
And those who were left
Seemed to be wearing disguises

Now there's a queen in waiting
Not enough loving and too much hating
For the prince hidden within her man
Always seems to be hesitating

He said, Let her go, let her go, God bless her
She hasn't been gone long enough for me to miss her
Except for every minute of every hour of every day when I wish I could possess her

40 days passed by
40 alibis
So carry on... that way
And in time... you'll pay
But we'll all be together
Come Ascension Day

Not a hound was howling
Or whimpering or prowling
Now the wind had departed
Not a leaf was hanging on the tree like when it started

But I know they will return
Like they've never gone away
Come Ascension Day

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
Broken Promise Land

There's a place
Where words mean nothing or much less
Such a disgrace
We got to get out of this mess

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
I could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How hard did I slam that door?

I swore I'd never walk away

Until I saw this day
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
Broken Promise Land

There's a town I know
Has a strange resemblance to Jericho
Even though
Seven horns are getting ready to blow

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
Could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How tight shall we close that door?

They only claimed to be redeemed
They take that name and then blaspheme
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
Broken Promise Land

There's a place
Where infidels and showgirls meet
Such a disgrace
Wedding bells crumble in the street

Coming in under the cover of darkness
How high shall we build this wall?
I could've said more but it would've seemed heartless
How tight shall we shut that door?

In the name of the Father and the Son
In the name of gasoline and a gun
It didn't turn out the way we planned
Now I'm living in
Broken Promise Land

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
International echo

The streets were deserted and the house was dark
Down in the basement there was the faintest spark
Three boys hoping to make their mark
International echo

They said it was nothing but a worthless toy
Sign right here and you can be employed
Woke up startled in the state of joy
International echo

The roof is shaking and the house is ablaze
I've been wide-awake for days
I thought I heard a signal breaking through
And at this distance that is hard to do
Could be seven inches
Could be twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo
I was just thinking about you

Send out a message and it's sure to rebound
What's that I hear?
What is that sound?
Seems to be coming from under the ground
International echo

It can't be repeated
It can't be resisted
It went out straight and it came back twisted
If you didn't see it then, then you probably missed it
International echo

Must be something in the atmosphere
Let me be your volunteer
I thought I heard a signal coming through
In a language that I never knew
Give me seven inches
Give me twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo
Even though it was taboo

They paid me money for playing pretend
And they said this must be the end
I was just following the popular trend
International echo

Beer from the bottle and wine from the grape
Stood up straight, got bent out of shape
Now I'm just looking for some way to escape
International echo

Everything I said just seems automatic
Radio plays nothing but static
I think that I'm about to flip my lid

My waitress said that she might be my kid
Give me seven inches
Give me twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

Did you hear me calling you?
'Cos hear I go
International echo

The streets were deserted
The house was dark
Down in the basement there was the faintest spark
Three boys hoping to make their mark
International echo

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
Six Fingered Man

Six-Fingered Man
Playing a seven-string guitar
There are Seven Deadly Sins
Any one of them can do you in
Take what you lost from what you win
It's never enough

Six-Fingered Man
Always the first to blow his horn
His achievements multiply
Pity half of them seem to be lies
Always helps to advertise
It's never enough

He seems so satisfied
With a reputation to protect
Unless he thinks that you're more qualified
Gets so much of his own affection
Stares for hours at his reflection

Long-legged gal walking a very tiny man
They say that it should be forbidden
Must be something he has hidden
Take what you want from what you're given
Oh, it's never enough

Six-Fingered Man
Shaking his fist at everyone
Couldn't even act his age
If you put him on a stage
You might say he's all the rage

But it's never enough

Getting his prints on everything
He's got semi-precious gems
Glinting in his signet ring
Needs his fingers and his thumbs
To help him calculate his sums

Six-Fingered Man
Can't be bothered to stir himself
Sleeps the whole day long or more
Dreams of someone he adores
Drains one drink and starts to pour
Oh, it's never enough

Six-Fingered
Man Alive!
How'd I ever get along with five?

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
The River In Reverse

How long does a promise last?
How long can a lie be told?
What would I take in exchange for my soul?
Would I notice when it was sold?

Wake me up
Wake me up
Wake me up with a slap or a kiss
There must be something better than this
'Cos I don't see how it can get much worse
What do we have to do to send
The river in reverse

Every man a crawling kingsnake
Every girl a half a heartbreak
Every woman sold into shame
To any son without a name

Are your arms too weak to lift?
Another shovel on the graveyard shift
Here comes the flood if you catch my drift
Where the things that they promised are not a gift

If man falls through the mirror of a lake
They fish him out quick and they call him a fake
Give him all the temptations he can take
Tie him up high 'til his bones break

Wake me up
Wake me up
Wake me up with a slap or a kiss
There must be something better than this
'Cos I don't see how it can get much worse
What do we have to do to send
The river in reverse

I thought I heard somebody laugh
Look out your window
They're chasing shadows in the dark
They're counting widows

I felt a sliver of glass
Saw the cross in splinters
I felt the truce of spring
Dig me out of the trench of winter

So count your blessings when they ask permission
To govern with money and superstition
They tell you it's all for your own protection
'Til you fear your own reflection
But the times are passing from illumination
Like bodies falling from a constellation
An uncivil war divides the nation
So erase the tape on that final ape running down creation

Wake me up
Wake me up
Wake me up with a slap or a kiss
There must be something better than this

----- 2006 The River in Reverse -----
The Sharpest Thorn

I wore my finest suit of clothes
The sharpest thorn defending the rose
Hot as a pistol
Keen as a blade
The sharpest thorn upon parade

And it's the same most every year
Ghosts of the dear departed are near
We raise our glasses and we cheer
Should old acquaintance disappear
Just as we wipe away a tear

Archangel Michael will lead the way
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play
Although we know we must repent
We hit the scene and look for sins
That haven't even been invented

The strongest cage that guards the prize
The longest lash that covers your eyes
A sight no eyes are meant to know
Then on the third day he arose

Archangel Michael will lead the way
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play
Although we know we must repent
We hit the scene and look for sins
That haven't even been invented

So Good and Evil were having a fight
It lasts much longer than any one night
It may last longer than a life
And turn a mistress into a wife

And so confetti fills the air
My head is aching
My pockets are bare
I didn't recognise their warning
Then I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
American Gangster Time

Somewhere downtown a pretty girl kneels
Offers her soft of lips and a handful of pills
Peels off her dress and then the rest of her skills
It buys what she wants and the rest she just steals

He speaks between deep swallows of rum
While her head is beating like a big bass drum
And she wishes he were mute and not just dumb
When the trick asked her quick, "Did you come?"

It's a drag
Saluting that starry rag
I'd rather go blind

For speaking my mind
Or use it just like a gag
So raise it in anger
Just let it hang
American Gangster Time

He sits back and he starts to invent
All about some Saigon correspondent
Until the carbine fell silent and spent
I never knew it could be so eloquent"

Next week there'll be some fashionable new sin
For each harlot and each puritan
Pull off their wings, stick 'em on a pin
And just watch the money roll in

It' s a drag
Saluting that starry rag
I' d rather go blind
For speaking my mind
Or use it just like a gag
So raise it in anger
Just let it hang
American Gangster Time

What have you got hidden up your sleeve?
The tracks of the train that were bidding you to leave
When they say you should flatter to deceive
Don't count on any reprieve

The hands of the helpless are raised
Your dead little secrets are praised
The people stand dumbstruck and dazed

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Drum & Bone

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Blare and rubber
Eyes that blubber
Teeth that bite
Hands that slight

Still I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Nerves that shatter
Tongues that flatter

Lips that mutter
Lashes that flutter

Mouths of dust and lips of ripe
Twice as vicious
The words I type
Under a ribbon
Of every stripe

There's a grip that tightens
A dark that frightens
A wise that crackles
A fear that shackles

Yet I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Bridge:

And then that kinder creation
Becomes a fine fixation
All of sudden
With the parts we've hidden
Because they are forbidden

Beneath hide of pain
You'll find a soul of stain
While fists still beat
At heart's deceit

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe this is nothing but a drum and drone
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown

Pig some skin
Stretch it tight
Make myself up overnight

Maybe I need nothing but a drum and bone
Going to beat it 'til I get unknown

Or dig my pin
Kick up some stink
Find myself a brand new kink

Prick that berry
And squeeze this ink

Scratch out all of the words I think
Before your very eyes can blink

Yes, I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Flutter & Wow

Last rays of sunlight die
Full moon begins to rise
Reflected in your eyes

I can't believe that this is happening
You make the motor in me
Flutter and Wow

The crowd was gathering
The clock struck five, then ten
My happy tears descending
I can't believe that this is happening

You make the motor in me

Flutter and Wow

Flutter and how
The incident tape across the bed
Threading it from the reel to the head

I'm planting this thought in a magnetic field
I'm pressing the button
And all of a sudden

Erase everything rotten

Fascinated and uptight

Make shout out loud

Make me cry all day and night

My voice got stuck in my throat&

Pulled my hand up into the sleeve of my coat

So you'd never know how it was shaking

I can't believe that this is happening
You make the motor in me
Flutter and Wow

Flutter and Wow
Flutter and Wow

You make the motor in me
Start up and stop again
When I am spluttering
You make the motor in me
Flutter and wow
Flutter and how

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Go Away

Here in our little spy movie
With my garter and dagger
And my gag and my cuff
And my gunslinger swagger

You used to be my hand-painted villain
You used to be so thrilling

Chorus One:

It's a switch that you're flicking
A fuse you're always tripping
A button that you're pressing
A number that you're pushing

You're always delaying
Denying
Or betraying
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

Go Away, Go Away
Why don't you go away?
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

Verse Two:

Budapest intrigue
Three hours of black and white
Squinting at the subtitles
Through a telescopic sight

Hungarian melody
Repeating endlessly
Is this the end I see?
Approaching in front of me

Repeat Chorus One

In this hysterical epic
Secret passage of the palace
Powder from a hollow ring
Into a poisonous chalice

Unfrosted fondler
In a half moonlit gondola
Pampered hog in a ringlet wig
Gamboled a merry jig

Chorus Two

You're always pursuing
But she won't need possessing
Just undoing and undressing
Why do you keep me guessing?

You're always delaying
Denying
Or betraying
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

Go Away, Go Away
Why don't you go away?
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

Verse Three

In my mystery caper
As I lower the lamp
On a fey little gungel
Who dreamed drilling that that vamp

I'm walking the shade

Of this silent parade
With my pepper and mace
And my heartbroken face

Rainy railway station
Drowns out the tearful parting
The last canister rolling
On our little melodrama

Is this one-horse opera
Or a screwball comedy?
Or just mistaken identity
Well, who do you want to be?

Chorus

It's a switch that you're flicking
A fuse you're always tripping
A button that you're pressing
A number that you're pushing

You're always delaying
Denying
Or betraying
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

Go Away, Go Away
Why don't you go away?
Why don't you come back, baby?
Why don't you go away?

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Harry Worth

I met them first on their wedding night
Faces were flushed by their pledges plight
We passed in the hall and I met them well
But as their carriage arrived, I found that I couldn't quite tell them

It's not very far from tears to mirth
There are not many moments that capture your breath
It's not very long that you spend on this earth
She'd never know just what Harry was worth

He walked the wet sands of summertime
Rain beat the window in drummertime
Cruel with his humour
She was quick with her tongue

But though a year had passed
The honeymoon didn't last
Somehow they didn't seem young

Chorus

They're on their holidays
But they still find a reason to fight
No matter how long they stay
Can't make the rest of the year right

Five years have passed 'til I happened along
He said, "Do you hear that noise? Well, that once was our song"
I looked in her eyes and saw barely a spark
He laughed too loud and then he drank until dark

It's not very far from tears to mirth
It's not many moments that will capture your breath
It's not very long that you spend on this earth
She'd never know just what Harry was worth

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Mr Feathers

They looked at this way ever since she was a girl
Mr. Feathers, Mr. Feathers
The echo in every smile that would curl into
a leer
Oh my dear, Mr. Feathers is near

The counter is falling
Something spoiling
It's really appalling
You pleased and you promised
You never saw it through
Nobody knows the damage that we do
Do you carry it with you?

She passed him out in the street
He suddenly seemed so frail
As her fast heart beat
She should kick him anyway
Sharpen her nails
For eyes that strayed were hands should never stray

She thought she was wanton ever since she was a girl
Mr. Feathers, Mr. Feathers
The kindness in every smile that would curl into a sneer
Oh my dear, Mr Feathers is near

Her lover is calling
Something spoiling
It's really appalling

You pleased and you promised
You never saw it through
Nobody knows the damage that we do

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
My Three Sons

Day is dawning
Almost sounded like a warning
Wind was rushing through the trees almost roaring
I never thought that i'd become
The proud father of My three sons

Here's a fragment
Between the shame and the sentiment
For all the years that I might be absent
I can't do what can't be undone
Oh no, my three sons

I love you more than I can say
What I give to one
The other cannot take away
I bless the day you came to be
With everything that is left to me

Here's your pillow
Go to sleep and I will follow
May you never have any more sorrows
That's not something you can count upon
Still I want it for my three sons

Deep in the night I turn cold and sick
But I only curse arithmetic
I bless the day that you came to be
With everything that is left to me

Day is closing
Old men and infants are dozing
That's the kind of life I've chosen
Just see what I've become
The humble father of my three sons
The humbled father of my three sons

----- 2008 Momofuku -----

No Hiding Place

In the not very distant future
When everything will be free
There won't be any cute secrets
Let alone any novelty

You can say anything you want to
In your fetching cloak of anonymity
Are you feeling out of breath now?
In your desperate pursuit of infamy

Two lovers rocking up and down
In an elevator
15 minutes later
They'll make a killing in the market
They knew how to work it
On that close circuit
My, my, it's a terrible disgrace
You'll find these days that there's
No Hiding Place

How proud are you
You have the knack
You're howling in a vacuum
Whatever I said about you
I didn't say it behind your back

I paid for my immortal sins
I know the enemy within you
As it seems these days
There is no hiding place

Next time someone wants to hurt you
Or set alight your effigy
Don't call on me to help you out
Don't come crying to me sympathy
You stay there with your daubs and scratches
While I summon up the red machine
I'll handing someone matches
And carrying a can of kerosene

Walk up to me
And say what you said
See how brave you are
When I'm about this far away

You sit in judgment and bitch
Well, baby that's rich
You're nothing but a snitch

My, my, it's a terrible disgrace
You'll find these days that there's
No Hiding Place

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Pardon Me, Madam, My Name Is Eve

Pardon me Madam, my name is Eve
I think it's time for you to leave
I don't believe that we have met
That's one thing you would not forget

In another time and life
When I was his only wife
When I was his only bride
Until I was torn out from his side

In the orchard apples are withering
In the shadows something is slithering
So go along there as you must
Try to do as I suggest
He's just a gathering of dust

And if he can't recall my name
Tell him to take his time, it's worth recovering
Think of me, and what I'm covered in
I'm covered in shame

I came back looking for my man
I wandered everywhere and then
I stood outside and gazed upon
A beautiful garden, a shimmering pond

See the sunlight on the leaves that dapple
Did you see my little teeth marks on the apple?
Don't close the door on the hand I'm offering
There is someone outside doing all the suffering

In the orchard, apples are withering
In the shadows, something is slithering
But in another time and life
When I was his only wife

When I was his only bride
Until I was torn out
Until I was torn out
Until I was torn out
From his side

Pardon me, Madam, my name is Eve
Pardon me, Madam, my name is Eve
I think it's time for one of us to leave

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Song With Rose

Between last breaths and first regrets
Days dragged on like cigarettes
In distance martyrs and martinets
Dally, dancing with the empty silhouettes of threats

So, where but heaven does love end
And where on earth does it begin
It's not the kind of love that is pinned
Like a medal
Or presses pennies in a tin

There is hope, and after that, there is only faith
Love like a wraith
Never made me afraid
Consoled as I was by that shade...

Here lie the roses in the ashes
Deep as the barnacles that cling
Just like a lace that runs through everyone and everything

In that other still forever
In that time before the past
I told myself we'd be together
Can you promise me that it will be eternally?

There is hope and after that, there is only faith
And love like a wraith
Never made me afraid
Consoled as I was by that shade...

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Stella Hurt

You should wear your red galoshes
Walking o'er the city pride

Streets are paved with heaven' s pennies
Gutters full of suicides

Teddy steadily fell from graceful
Somewhere near Arcadia
Once she overheard a voice
That she didn't hear on the radio

Velvet gloves and country clubs
Were never going to hold her
Ringing the necks of silly
Southern belles
Who wanted to scold her

Don't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song
Red Alert
Who made Stella Hurt?

Teddy soon dropped out of sight
Turn up in another town
Changed her name for the spotlight
Singing like a blue bird in a sequin gown

She finally fell and married well
But she knew it wouldn't last
Reversing back into the limelight
No one ever saw her even half-plastered

Don't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song
Red Alert
Who made Stella Hurt?

Bridge: Then she saw those soldier boys
Throw their bonnet in the air
Self-made men would pledge their fortunes
Dream of her

Generals in the commissary opened up a case of wine
Checked the perfume of the cork
Made in 1929

They used her up, to raise morale and money
For Old Glory
Her voice was shot beyond repair

But that is not the last act of this story

The night is black as cracked shellac
Abandoned in an attic
Stella is silent as the grave
Until a needle drags her through the static

Don't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song
Red Alert
Who made Stella Hurt?

----- 2008 Momofuku -----
Turpentine

I can't tell if this is real or if I am sleeping
I'll embroider the truth
And that's so I shall reap
I took things that didn't belong to me
I didn't mean to do you wrong

Looking back on all stolen time
Back when I was drinking turpentine
Don't blame me
I only took you in
It takes time to do the poisoning
So let's close the door on this and lock it

And that all this will ever be
Just an accident of chemistry

You did everything to me but stopped short of murder
Couldn't move me much closer to keeping my word
While the crowd threw stones at the hangman
The sky fell down
The bells rang

Looking back on all this stolen time
Back when I was drinking turpentine
Don't blame me
I only took you in
It takes time to do the poisoning
So let's close the door on this and lock it

And that all this will ever be
Just an accident of history

Airless shaft of an underground railway
Effete assassin with a hawk in a sack
The earth will offer us in when our hearts fail
As it swallowed the river running under the track

I can't tell if I'm dreaming or if I'll awaken

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
Down Among the Wines and Spirits

A Former-Champion Prize fighter Discovers His
Name Printed Just Above The Liquor Licensee

Down among the wines and spirits
Where a man gets what he merits&
Once it was written in letters 'bout nine feet tall
Now he sees how far he's fallen
Since he set his mind on her completely
But then I guess that you couldn't have seen him lately
Walking around with a pain that just never ceases
He starts to speak and then he goes to pieces&
Down among the wines and spirits
Where a man gets what he merits&
Lives with the echoing words of their final quarrel
The vacant chamber
The empty barrel
But as he picks himself up from a sawdust floor
Clicks his fingers to that swinging door
Suddenly he's calling out, "More, more, more& "
"I'mtwice the foolish man I was before& "
Down among the wines and spirits
Bubbles escaping from him at the rim a glass of grape
She sails through his memory just like a ship of shapely
And then as it started sink he drowns his sorrows
That fill his nights and empty tomorrows
But as he picks himself up from a sawdust floor
Clicks his fingers to that swinging door
Suddenly he's calling out, "More, more, more& "
Speaks of invisible things he hardly credits
Down among
Down among the wines and spirits

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
Hidden Shame

A The Terrible Confession O f A Life-Long

Petty Criminal

I'm sorry to say that you don't know me
In many ways you never understood
Each time I tried to tell the ugly truth
You always let it pass you by
You said I'd never tell you a lie
Just because I could
Did you really think I was a bad man?
You always said that "bad" should be my middle name
But you don't know the half of it
You don't know how that name fits
You don't know my hidden shame
Hidden shame, shame, shame
That I can't get free
From the blame and the torture and the misery
Must it be my secret for eternity?
Till you know my hidden shame you really don't know me
Well, there's a different kind of prison
And it don't even have to look much like a cell
It's already on your mind
Boy, we can see it in your eyes
So, here's the bars and walls as well
Well, you know I'm never coming home, dear
You said you'd stand by me until I cleared my name
Sure it's easy to be strong
When you know the charge is wrong
But the days and weeks get long
When you've got a hidden shame
Chorus
I had a friend when I was just a boy
We were like brothers
We would run and hide
And we went walking on a high hillside
And I really don't how it happened
He turned to me and had this strange look in his eye
And not a single word was spoken
I must have pushed him, but I don't remember why
And all at once, he lay there broken
And I walked down without him and I buried it deep inside
Chorus
They say you always hurt the one you love
And I'm not saying if I did or if I didn't
But like my shame, that kind of love is always hidden
They locked me up here for the ideas in my head
They never got me for the thing I really did

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----

How Deep is the Red?

Is this is not a pretty tale?
Is this not a riddle?
A bow shoots arrows through the air
A bow drags notes from a fiddle
But who is the beau of a young girl's heart?
That a king may send to battle
Is this not a pretty tale?
Is this not a riddle?
If red is the breast of soldier's tunic hung with a silver medal
And red is the thorn that protects the rose,
a deeper red than the petal
How deep is the red our redeemer bled,
the debt of our sins to settle?
How deep is the red?
How deep is the red?
How deep is the red our redeemer bled?
How deep is the red??

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
I Dreamed of My Old Lover

I dreamed of my old lover last night
I wonder if I spoke out loud
If by chance my husband overheard
He'd put my face back in the crowd
His eyes were clear and gentle then
He'd kiss the worries from my brow
I long to fall to sleep again
And I wonder how he would look now
Would our kids grow stubborn or grow strong
Would their limbs bronze insult to the sun
I wonder how it feels but then
I rarely dream of anyone
In the songs of shame and tales of dread
Where they seal the lovers lips with lead
And all the vines wind through their eyes
But no one knows this passion now
No one knows this passion now
So I keep this fancy to myself
I keep my lipstick twisted tight
I long to fall to sleep again
'Cos I dreamed of my old lover last night

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----

I Felt the Chill

A Inclement Weather Foretells Of A Betrayal

Well, there's a difference in the way that you kissed me
And there's a sadness in your eyes that you can't hide
Why do you tremble when I hold you?
I wonder if you feel the same
I felt the chill before the winter came
But it's easy to say that I won't give in again
I was just tempted for a moment and then some
But it's so easy when you love to lose to control
Now look here if you will
At the faithful man you stole
I felt the chill before the winter came
I suffered the guilt and then accepted the blame
I wanted you before you ever spoke my name
But I knew that we would go wrong
Just as they do in all in those old tragic songs
Did that melody haunt your mind?
Just like a linger of perfume
Now you're in someone else's arms,
locked up in another room
Is there's a difference in the way that he loves you
Is there still sadness in your eyes, you can't deny?
Do you tremble and sigh when he holds you just like I do?
What were you thinking of to throw away our love?
And it's easy to say that you won't give in again
You were just tempted for a moment and half
But it's so hard when you desire to lose control
I don't know what this feeling is but it sure seems cold
I felt the chill before the winter came
I suffered the pain and then accepted the shame
I will have lost your love by end of this sad refrain?
I felt the cold creeping over my skin
Still as the air until the wind rushed in
Still in control, holding on to my heart and soul
Only inches from sin

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
My All Time Doll

When I was away I needed you so
And now coming I'm home to stay
I won't wake in the night and reach for you
And turn on the light and to my dismay

You're not there
You're never around

Or is it me?
It's so hard to see
I flick off the switch
And stare in dark
And wait for you to appear

You're My All-Time Doll
I'm out of control
It's broken my mind
But that's not all that you stole

You're My All-Time Doll
You're all I adore
I'd swear to it now it but I already swore

My eyes are blinded with tears
But it's all my own fault
My lips taste of cruel words
My eyes sting with salt
But you can take the way I feel about you
And put it in a vault

You're My All-Time Doll

From near and from far
I've known many a girl,
Now I'm closing in
My heart is beating
Like a whip on a hide
It's raining outside

You're My All-Time Doll
I'm out of control
It's broken my mind
That's not all that you stole

You're My All-Time Doll
You're all I adore
I'd swear to it now it but I already swore

Every time I rant and rail
Every time I try and fail
Any time I want to quit
And say, "That's the end of it"
When I stand and start to leave
You cool my brow, you tug my sleeve

You're My All-Time Doll

I'm walking, I'm pacing, my heart is racing
I swear that clock is running slow
It only speeds up for a moment or so
Each time it's time for me to go

You're My All-Time Doll
I'm out of control
It's broken my mind
That's not all that you stole

You're My All-Time Doll
You're all I adore
I'd swear to it now it but I already swore

In the far flung cry of a closing saloon
On the blank back side of that poisonous moon
I tried not to think about you
I thought I was immune..

You're My All-Time Doll

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
Red Cotton

I'm cutting up her pure white dress
That I dyed red
That I dyed red
I'm putting scraps in cheap tin locket
What time erases and memory mocks
I'll send them over the ocean foam
Right into those gentle European homes

The slave ship "Blessing" slipped from Liverpool
Over the waves the Royal Navy rules
To go and plunder the Kingdom of Benin
Where certain history ends and shame begins
Dahomey traders paid in powder and shot
Line up their prisoners and they sell them in lots
They packed them tight inside those coffin ships
And they took them to the brand new world of
auction blocks and whips

I' m cutting up her pure white dress
That I dyed red
That I dyed red
I'm putting scraps in cheap tin locket
What time erases and memory mocks
I' ll send them over the ocean foam

Right into those gentle European homes

White is the sheet on your fine linen bed
The blood stained red on each cotton thread
The merchants gather at St. George's Hall
To unveil the kneeling slave who is carved upon the wall
Picture the scene at the Old Salt House docks
Where they loaded the iron shackles and locks
Between a sandstone crocodile, a barrel and a bale
You will see the nameless faces they were offering for sale

So, I sing the praises of Gods glory
As a blue cetacean floats in the basement
An elephant on the second storey
And they queue all day to see him
In my American Museum
But the Lord will judge us with fire and thunder
As man continues with all his blunders
It's only money
It's only numbers
Maybe it is time to put aside these fictitious wonders
But man is feeble
Man is puny
And if it should divide the Union
There is no man who should own another
When he can't even recognise his sister and his brother

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
She Handed Me A Mirror

She handed me a mirror
That she had gazed upon
The glass still held an image
The glass still held an image
But it was of a man
I turned from the reflection
To see who it might be
Is that poor vanity
Quite how she pictures me?

She handed me a mirror
Rather than tell me no"
She let slip a handkerchief
Gentle laughter flowed
Just as her lips bestowed
The dashing word like brother"
The crushing word like friend"
If there was no beginning

How could this be the end?

She handed me a mirror
So I could recognise
The distance from my heart to hers
The distance from my heart to hers
The pity in her eyes
She liked my pretty story
I thanked her for her song
And then I wrote a tale not very long to tell
You are much more than pretty. You are beautiful.

She handed me mirror
But I saw her instead
She handed me a mirror
She handed me a mirror
And that is all she did

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
She Was No Good

She could be no good, I'm telling you
Gather round boys for a tale that is tragic and true
On the Mississippi riverboat, "Magnolia"
No one onboard was smelling too sweet
That precious one must have been stamping her feet
Dictating demands all well and fine
A few rods west of the Bridgeport line
But the veil was drawn and the halo slipped
Tippling tinctures and reciting scripture
Faces where slapped just as kid gloves were suffered
Vile threats were uttered and challenges offered
On the Cumberland riverboat, "E.W. Stephens"
Daggers were drawn on pistols pulled
Staggering 'til dawn filled up with whiskey and rum
And several drunken players ran amok
Rampaging with the crew around the deck
And I received a blow that was unkind
It turned my cheek to the colour of gentian violet
I wouldn't say that this journey had quite been the highlight
Of the All-American Tour
Teetering on the edge of war
Out of the genteel Northern prosceniums
Filled up with imitation Europeans
Down along the river of rough damnations
By the blood-stained cotton and the slave plantations
She could be no good, I'm telling you

Gather round boys for a tale that is tragic and true
And I received a blow that was unkind
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----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
Sulphur To Sugarcane

It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane
'Cos everywhere I travel pretty girls call my name
I give 'em as squeeze and they shoot me a wink
I buy their hot-headed husbands a long cool drink
You'd better come up smelling sweet 'cos you're a long time stinking
Then it's a little too late to complain
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

Now if you catch my eye and you find that it runs down your leg
It's like striking a match pretty hard upon a powder keg
They'll tell you from the borders to the waters in the Gulf
And if you take all the sugar you'll end up in the sulphur
And you'll burn in
"Hello, baby I'm a pleased to meet you"
"I wouldn't do you wrong, honey"
"I wouldn't cheat you, honey"
"When can I see you again?"
"Wrap you up in cellophane"

It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane
And your eyes fill up with brine
Because you're drowning in wine
It's like the last days of Rome
With the despots and divine
There's no place like home
For a little doll from China
It's a little too late to complain
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

You can go west to Texas
Go east to Mississippi
You can run out of money

You can run out of pity

Throw open your purse
Until you're crying for mercy
Go to Alabama
Escape Louisiana
I'm digging like a miner
North and South Carolina
And then if you continue
You will end up in Virginia

The woman in Poughkeepsie
Take their clothes off when they're tipsy
But in Albany, New York
They love the filthy way I talk

As they gargle with the finest champagne
When they can't get the grape or the grain
'Cos it's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

If I could find a piano
Here in Bloomington, Indiana
I would play it with my toes
Until the girls all take their clothes off

Woman knock upon my door
In odd and even numbers
But none of them as wild as I discovered in Columbus

I gave up married women
'Cause I heard it was a sin
But now I'm back in Pittsburgh,
I might take them up again

Because they gargle with the finest champagne
When they can't get the grape or the grain
'Cos it's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

Up in Syracuse
I was once falsely accused
But I'm not here to hurt you
I'm here to steal your

Down in Bridgeport
The woman will kill you for sport
But in Worcester, Massachusetts
They just love my sauce

The woman in Poughkeepsie

Take their clothes off when they're tipsy
But I hear in Ypsilanti
They don't wear any panties

Once they gargle with the finest champagne
They hitch up their skirts and exclaim
It's not very far, Sugar
It's not very far, Sugar
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

----- 2009 Secret, Profane & Sugarcane -----
The Crooked Line

A The Bough Of the Family Tree Bends Near The
River Of Rough Damnations

Life isn't a game won... or tied... lost by either side
Then some people's idea of the straight and narrow
Didn't appeal to me
If you were my life's companion
As it seems you may turn out to be
I'm contemplating
How I hope I'll find you waiting
At the very end of this crooked line...
Love isn't a trial of strength and weakness
Though light into darkness
While some people remark
No worthwhile fire
Ever started without that spark
If you were my life's companion
As it seems you may turn out to be
I'm contemplating
How I hope I'll find you waiting
At the very end of this crooked line...

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Slow Drag With Josephine

The snitch, the snoop, the tattletale
Led a threadbare up the stairs
Adieu, my little ballyhoo
You broke my heart in two
And now I haunt the bars and scent those trite affairs
She went home to gather her comb
And caught him unawares

And there was her man enjoying the lay of the land

He took a walk in the dark with a dish from the stand
Girls and their creations
Tight in the brightest grenadine
But I'd take all that I've seen
For a Slow Drag with Josephine

Josephine, Josephine
But I'd trade all that I've seen for a Slow Drag with Josephine

Gavotte, garrotes, Cotillions and slow Arabesques
Drum-rolls and Farandoles are all made in jest
But when you make that move
I can't resist
When will you declare your armistice?

Josephine, Josephine
But I'd trade all that I've seen for a Slow Drag with Josephine

In another time and place a different fate was cast
He tried to skiddle-daddle-do
She might have slapped him
Just for saying "Grant me one more chance before you pass"
"And curse the nurse that named me the first or bury me at last"

And in three-quarter time
The true and the false
Dancing the "Hesitation Waltz"
Then comes the "Flirtation"
And temptation
Hip, hip hooray
Listen to what I say
Then you can take it away

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
A Voice In The Dark

You can read right through a book of matches
But that won't make you smart
You can laugh in the face of watches
But time will only break your heart

Kings reign beneath umbrellas
Hide pennies down in cellars
And money pours down and yet
Not everyone gets soaking wet

When bores and bullies conspire
To stamp out your spark

Listen for...
A Voice In The Dark

Not a moment too soon as we blue the moon
And a wolf began to howl in tune
I announced for all mankind
A boon
Stand aside you big baboon
Now I'm the prize invention
You're the image of yourself
Forget your cares
You disapproving stares
I'm not here to try to jump your borders
Just ask your nieces and your daughters

↑

I'm flat as sole, I'm happy as a clam
But you don't know the kind of man I am
Little fish swimming in a jealous shoal
Now my net is overflowing
And suddenly I seem to be all seeing and all knowing
I've got something right here
You might want to hear
I have no fear
Lend a hand
Lend an ear
If your rent-money is in arrears

We'll be striking up a symphony bandstand
Long of hair and loose of tooth
There'll be pirouettes and startling handstands
But who but acrobats know how to tell the truth
When all is said and then redundant
They gallivant in peg-leg pants
I'll be your servant
You'll be my pal
And I'll be faithful you know I shall
There's no fool like an old fool
Who blames it all upon his youth
When times are tough and you find you're down
Without a star to wish upon
Listen for...
A Voice In The Dark

I was striking through a box of matches
Hoping that one would spark
I heard somebody calling to me
A voice in the dark
A sound both wild and gentle

Daring and confidential
I thought there was music playing
But it was all and only talk
When liars and bullies conspire to stamp out your spark
Fill up that empty space in your heart
Listen up as the herald says, "Hark"
Believe in a voice in the dark...

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
All These Strangers

Mistreat me darling and I might just disappear
Upon a freighter running dark out of Algiers
Put tiny grains in children's tears
While taking 25% of all those flashbulbs and mementoes
From the mechanized divisions rolling over your frontiers

I saw my baby talking to a man today
Speaking softly in a confidential way
I saw a shadow pull his glove off
As a bluebird flew over
Life's no pleasure
When you doubt the one you love

Who Are All These Strangers?

I never will go back again
Go back into the past
The flood is rising fast
You can break her window and look down
Into the muddy glass
For it's a mirror or a lens to burn...

Now there's a deal done in Benghazi and Belgrade...
Upon a scimitar or other crooked blade
Ransacks and loots, vacated suits
And a pistol points but never shoots, an army sitting in a locomotive yard
Without their boots

Upstairs your man is painting rain out in the street
Imagines women that he's destined still to meet
He's trying sidetrack one to count on
Caught somewhere between a countess and a courtesan
There's only love to feign and then it's gone

Who Are All These Strangers?

He's a privateer as dusk gets near

A brigand after dark, his victim lined with chalk
A corsair filled with horsehair to the core
Dashed on eyes of Adamantine, you despised his stripling whine

That little smudger and the mouthpiece that he's with
Using his clause just like a practised fingersmith
I dreamed I took his digit prints
And then I sewed them on a villain's hands
And watched him ransom and demand
And then called the flatfoots in

I never will go back again
Go back into the past
The flood is rising fast
You can break her window and look down
Into the muddy glass
For it's a mirror or a lens to burn...

Who Are All These Strangers?

All These Strangers

Sat upon a narrow bed
I thought about the things she said

All These Strangers

How I wished the night would end
Tried to stop the days ahead
I'd carve her name down in the wood
Some small remembrance if I could

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Bullets For The New-Born King

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope
But for the dead shot of an amber glass
The blue light of a votive

Rain obscured the window
As the pain was dulled by the grains
Absolved by spoons in flames
In fear in time dissolving

It's not for the faint of pulse
Or anybody false
Those amateurs who simply shed their skins
Where are those traitors now, we once called patriots?

Just like the saints who seem to revel in their sins

Oh my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells in hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

Trumpet sound lamenting
Trampling down the blooms of the deceased
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for the border

Somewhere in the high command there stayed the palest hand
Who saw the order countermand
Erased the tape recorder and then they hung him from a window cord

↑

Swallow down that voodoo vial and stay your breath a while
Before we spill the tale that we have spun
And now I shall confide all that I have denied
Oh I'm so sorry for the things I've done

Oh my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells in hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Church Underground

She stood spotlit in a plain print dress
Came howling out of the wilderness
There beat a cunning and murderous heart
Beneath that calm exterior

You know my name
You don't know my mind
Don't doubt my eyes
They betray the past
And I've already forgotten
Much more than you will ever know

Every word that I have spoken is true
Except the ones that have been broken in two

Trying to make peace after the long night of pretend
Need a pawnbroker or a moneylender

Why do you do me down, Mister?
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister

Turn up the volume, just to turn it down
The trivial secrets buried where the profound
It's enough to put a Church Underground

Deflowered young and then ever since
She tried to wash off his fingerprints
So every charlatan and prince
Was made to feel inferior

She worked for tips in a 10-cent dance
Said moving pictures might pay per chance
10,000 one-way tickets to the sparkling coast
From the blank interior

Everybody's either talking in code
Or getting ready to explode

And she was singing in a five-piece band
Seems that no-one really wants this sound

Why do you do me down, Mister?
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister
Turn up the volume, just to turn it down
The trivial secrets buried where the profound
It's enough to put a Church Underground

The shaft of fanlight streaked with rain
Poured through the glass, punched through the pain
The holy picture hidden in the middle of their poisoned stitch
Her lonely voice was just a ruin in these riches

She must have been dreaming this all along
Could she be redeeming herself in song?
"I'm no-one's martyred, plaster saint
Below the grease, beneath the paint"

I'm rolling like barrel
Swinging like a gallows
I'm rising up fast like all hell and all hallows

↑
Why do you do me down, Mister?
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister
I'll be damned or purgatory bound
Before those jokers ever understand
It's enough to put a Church Underground

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Dr. Watson, I Presume

I sit in the motel room with the doctor
Just before we were supposed to sing
He said regarding this guardian wing
This black and clipped misshapen thing
Hobbling on from claw to ring
Hung upside down and cawing
Pecking at the carrion of the fallen
Battalion
Thawing
On the frozen moor

Blackbird in a crust no more
They fell down 4 and 20
Bloodstained on the land of want and plenty
Now the raven standing at his shoulder
Stared with eyes of molten solder

Dripping on a lacquer box
Introducing keys to locks
Seven talents there where hidden
The mysterious and some forbidden

Take the honey from the comb
Ravel thread around the loom
Dig the dirt up from the tomb
Dr. Watson, I presume

One will follow
Two unknown sorrow
Three for laughter
In Four ever after
Five-foot flood when the waters hit
Six feet deep, the eternal pit

Seven prayers and seven pleas
To eight imagined deities
Cat o' nine tails
Cat of nine lives
Brides turned into old wives tales
Your complexion colours then it pales
And into the sunset it sails

Soon these secrets will be scattered
Heaven knows what lies inside
It took a moment to discover
A lifetime to decide

Take the honey from the comb
Ravel thread around the loom

Dig the dirt up from the tomb
Dr. Watson, I presume

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Five Small Words

Maybe you'll recognize in time
Maybe one day you will discover
All the pain that lies behind
You and your unfortunate love

Somebody might be more
Unsuitable and strange
With eyes that offer everything
And are capable of danger

My mind turns over lies you told
Things said to your other lover
Sweet as they had been to me
You lay there telling them to each other

Now I stand outside the door
My head is filled with phrases
Inside someone's calling out
Their voices rise in praises

Five Small Words
"Don't you want me anymore"
Five Small Words
"Well who is keeping score"
Coward that you are, you would faithlessly implore
"Baby please don't leave me"
"Why don't you believe me?"
"Why did you deceive me?"

It didn't take some shiny dagger
Tattooed fingers grip and hone
I walked under some dark ladder
I heard your final loving moan
All your indiscretions are
So merciful and brief
Genteel poison sprinkled on your Spanish handkerchief

Five Small Words
"Don't you love me anymore?"
Five Small Words
"Well who is keeping score?"
The coward that you are, you would faithlessly implore

"Baby please don't leave me"
"Why don't you believe me?"
"Why did you deceive me?"

Maybe in time you'll want me more
Accidentally like this '45
This '44

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
I Lost You

I Lost You
I Lost You
You slipped from your costume
Like an actress in this tragedy
You're just an apparition in this haunting mystery
I fear that you've passed over me...
There's nothing I can do because
I Lost You

Just like a rich man who is careless of his change
I took you for granted
And then you went to strangers
Deep within my heart I feel a distant fading pulse
A poor woman looking for the last coin in her purse

I Lost You
I Lost You
You slipped from your costume
Like an actress in this tragedy
You're just an apparition in this haunting mystery
I fear that you've passed over me...
There's nothing I can do because
I Lost You

Just like a counterfeit that pass from palm to palm
I chased the one I surely loved to someone else's arms
I mislaid my senses, now that's easy to say
A fool who took his pleasure and then threw his love away

I Lost You
I Lost You
You slipped from your costume
Like an actress in this tragedy
You're just an apparition in this haunting mystery
I fear that you've passed over me...
There's nothing I can do because

I Lost You

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
Jimmie Standing in the Rain

Third-Class ticket in his pocket
Punching out the shadows underneath the sockets
Tweed coat turned up against the fog

Slow coaches rolling o'er the moor
Between the very memory
And approaches of war

Stale bread curling on a luncheon counter
Loose change lonely, not the right amount

Forgotten Man of an indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
The sky is falling
Jimmie standing in the rain

Nobody wants to buy a counterfeited prairie lullaby in a colliery town
The hip flask and fumbled skein of some stagedoor Josephine is all he'll get now
Eyes going in and out of focus
Mild and bitter from tuberculosis

Forgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
The sky is falling
Jimmie standing in the rain

Her soft breath was gentle on his neck
If he could choose the time to die
Then he would come and go like this
Underneath the painted sky

She woke up and called him "Charlie" by mistake
And then in shame began to cry
Tarnished silver band peals off a phrase
And then warms their hands around the brazier

Forgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again

It's finally dawning
Jimmie standing in the rain

Brilliantine glistening
Your soft plaintive whistling
And your wan wandering smile

Died down at The Hippodrome
Now you're walking off to jeers, the lonely sound of jingling spurs, the
"toodle-doots" and "Oh, my dears" down at "The Argyle"

Vile vaudevillians applaud sobriety
There's no place for a half-cut cowboy in polite society

Forgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
It's finally dawning
Jimmie standing in the rain

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
My Lovely Jezebel

She attracts dark rumours
Her travels in blue and other humours
Each time she walks in the room
Brings in much more than you'd assume

Oooh, I looked in her eyes and through that window I fell
She's My Lovely Jezebel
She neglects you and then she ransacks you so very well

She suspects your sweet confection
When you talk in contradictions
Then she walks without detection
Overrules all of your objections
Oooh, I looked in her eyes and through that window I fell
She's My Lovely Jezebel

Man is a miserable ape and a sad pile of sticks
He comes out swinging, gets in a few licks
The longest of drumrolls for the shortest of tricks

So she attracts bad intentions
She distracts all of my attention
With her ways and her wild inventions
The facts of life they forgot to mention

Oooh, I looked in her eyes and down through that window I fell
She's My Lovely Jezebel
She neglects you and then she ransacks you so very well

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
National Ransom

Running pell-mell and harum-scarum
Running as hot as they do or dare
Stick out your tongue
And drink down all the venom
A Cut-Throat Cuthbert
And Millicent St. Cyr

Was the real old Macau
In the new False Americas
With the liberated territories

Unusual suspects shake down, shake down, shake down various dubious characters

Mother's in the kitchen picking bones for breakfast
Boiling them down by the bushel and the score
Pull out your thumb and count what's left on your fist
There's a wolf at the window with a ravening maw

Did you find how to lie?
Did you find out how to cheat?
The elite bleat, their obsolete
So what are your prospects?
Exact, perfect, object
Now if you'd only genuflect

They're running wild
Just like some childish tantrum
Meanwhile we're working every day
Paying off the National Ransom

Woe betide all this hocus-pocus
They're running us ragged at the first attempt
Around the time the killing stopped on Wall St.
You couldn't hold me baby with anything but contempt

Letters peel slowly from our speech
The claxton attempts to preach
Stretching out the stars still out of reach

Drowning
Flailing

Outside someone's wailing

They're running wild
Just like some childish tantrum
Meanwhile we're working every day
Paying off the National Ransom

----- 2010 National Ransom -----

One Bell Ringing

Rain slapping on a window pane
An hour or two of teeming
Storm punching like a hurricane
That tore him out of dreaming

Air screaming through the slightest gap
Rattling between the frame and the sill
Drapes hanging from the final act
When I had you still

One lonely bird is singing
Lower the hood on his last lament
Dash him down on the cold cement
One Bell Ringing

Flies buzzing round the strip search light
They've got him down on his knees
He dreams of honey dripping from a spoon
Girls whispering in Portuguese

Between the muzzle and the black sight
Electrical contact
Deny your name and then carry the blame
Somewhere after the fact

One lonely bird is singing
Lower the hood on his last lament
Dash him down on the cold cement
One Bell Ringing

----- 2010 National Ransom -----

Stations Of The Cross

The tempest blows up from a squall
Past the Cape of Bad Conscience
Into the Gulf of the Cauldron
Roars over the coastline to batter and flatten

Exposing the roots like the dyed hair of a slattern

Scrapper and mauler in a rope ring this small
Outside the wind is punching
But there's no one to hear it
No one hears the bell ring
But the one who comes to fear it
And they continue to brawl

He's buying his way into heaven I suppose
He weeps at the blows
But down in the location that we cannot disclose
He turns the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the Cross

Crowd done up dandy
In diamonds and finery
Baying and howling
All bloodlusty calling
Fists like pistons
Faces like meat spoiling
Haul, boys, haul, bully-boys haul

Later in the evening
Molly and her gunman
Go down the stairs to a dive like a dungeon
Meanwhile in the backroom there's a girl like a sponge
Saying, "Bring him in long as a constable's truncheon"

The gunman wants Molly to kingdom come
Then blows them all to the hereafter
Who's scuttling away now and hidden from our view?
Who tightened the tourniquet, turning her blue?

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
They turn the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the Cross

The gale of hale laughter
Scales up the ivory
Black keys of her fine whine descend into the minor
Die away breathless
Diminishing behind her
Haul boys haul, bully-boys haul

The water came up to the eaves
You'd think that someone had opened a valve

It's too soon to stay now and too late to leave
So spare your remorse all the way up to Calvary

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
They turn the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the Cross

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
That's Not The Part Of Him You're Leaving

I have a friend
She's just a friend
I tried to comfort and defend
I gave her what you might call advice
But nothing like that comes without a price

The rumour was a cruel surprise
And she dissolved before my eyes
I offered my hand and hers and mine entwined
I thought about back then when I wished that she had been mine

There's no use in shedding any tears
He's no good to you the way he is
He's gone beyond forgiving and believing
Half of his heart is torn like paper
It's sweet as the syrup from the maple
But that's not the part of him you're leaving

In time they're bound to wonder why
It's just a thrill you can't deny
I offered my shoulder right away
Now people will talk about what I can't say

And yet the whispers still persist
They're getting harder to resist
How am I supposed to stop loving you now I've begun?
I'm sorry for what I might do more than what I have done

There's no use in shedding any tears
He's no good to you the way he is
He's gone beyond forgiving and believing
Half of his heart is filled with pain
That's sweet as a lick of sugarcane
But that's not the part of him you're leaving

Love is a many splintered thing

That only cuts roses and ribbons that cling
But that's not the part of him you're leaving

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
The Spell That You Cast

The spell that you cast and it
Seems to be wearing off fast
(The spell that you cast)
Come back baby, cos I don't think that I can last
(The spell that you cast)
And I wonder whether
You got some other kind of lover
That you like to please
Better than me
I don't think I can take it
How am I going break it?
The Spell That You Cast

The spell that you've woven well it
Seems to be coming undone
(The spell that you cast)
Come back baby, or at least tell me where you are going
(The spell that you cast)
'Cos you know quite well
That I'm not a jealous kind of feller
But they look in your eyes
And they're all hypnotized
I'm going to miss you madly
'Cos I love you sadly
The Spell That You Cast

Jimmy come quickly 'cos I feel quite sickly
(Oh The Spell That You Cast)
You're like a gangster's Molly with a cannonade volley
(Oh The Spell That You Cast)

I don't think I can take it
How am I going break it?
The Spell That You Cast

----- 2010 National Ransom -----
You Hung The Moon

The homecoming fanfare is echoing still
No tapping on tables
And sensing a chill

Poor families expecting a love one's return
Only summon some charlatan spectre
Oh, when will they learn?

You hung the moon
From a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light
In his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment
The sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side

The lines of the fallen are viewed through the glass
You cannot touch them at all
Or hear their footfall just as they go past
The drunken ground is where they are bound

You hung the moon
From a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment
The sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side

So slap out his terrors
And sneer at his tears
We deal with deserters like this
From the breech to the barrel, the bead we will level
Break earth with a shovel, quick march on the double
And lower him shallow like tallow down in the abyss

You hung the moon
From a gallows in the sky
Choked out the light in his blue lunar eye

The shore is a parchment
The sea has no tide
Since he was taken from my side

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
(She Might Be A) Grenade

She's pulling out the pin
That lets her hair fall down
She's pulling out the pin
She shakes her head

And it goes tumbling

Her smile was out of place
So she swept it off her face

Let me find the words then say them
Like a some softly whispered "Amen"

But she starts to pull away
And the lights begin to dim
Is she thinking of me?
Or is she thinking of him?
She's pulling out the pin...

She's slipping off the hook
Unbuttoning her dress
She's slipping off the hook
There's just enough to make some man a mess
She tears away the veil
With her fingernails

She came out high and kicking
While the band played "Hey, Good Looking"
Do you hear something ticking?

Did somebody tell her she could really be redeemed?
And could she actually be as desperate as she seems?
She's tearing at the seams
She's going to extremes
Nobody told her it was a sin
So she's pulling out the pin

She's taping up her hands just like a boxer will
And they started laughing
But if looks could kill
She'd take them down right now
She's covering her mouth
With some unholy vow
There's nothing more to say
This is her wedding day

Full of shattered glass and mayhem
Not some softly whispered "Amen"

While the shock announcement dawns
And the smoke begins to thin
As the world without ends
And the next one begins
She's pulling out the pin

She's pulling out the pin
She's pulling out the pin
She's pulling out the pin

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Cinco Minutos Con Vos

I stood at the kerb trying not to disturb
The dark carnival crew
And a glittering voice
Far off there said, "Rejoice"
"As the casualties are but few"

Going to tell you now
Before I forget myself
I could let you loose
But the key won't undo the lock
And the face of the clock
Seemed to merrily mock
These Five Minutes With You

Mi padre sabia
Y me lo susurro
Vete a Montevideo y esperame ahi
Por donde empezar
Escuchando siempre estan
Por cinco minutos o mas
Si te atrevez

La sirenas lamentan
La plaga que encuentran
Las balas caen
Y te haran desaparecer
El faro oscurece hay poca esperanza
Cinco minutos con vos

English Version: My father would know
So he whispered it low
"Go to Montevideo and wait for me there"
How can I begin?
They're always listening in
For five minutes or more if you dare

Now the sirens wail
There is a fever in the winding sheets
And the bullets hail
And they pull you right off the streets

Our chances are slim but the searchlights will dim in five minutes for you

The propeller was droning, I woke up alone
They opened the door and they threw me through
And down I went down, like the twist of a screw
Down into the silver, above me the blue
And you stood there waiting but you never knew
Five Minutes With You

They can scatter the earth and find nothing of worth
Wipe out those years of triangular tears
The colours will fly
And the wild wind will cry
I'm strapped to that mast
Knowing they wouldn't last for
Five Minutes With You

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Come The Meantimes

What are you going to say to me?
Will you be betraying me?
Come The Meantimes

Will you be deceiving me?
And beyond believing in me?
Come The Meantimes

He came back, (right back)
And nobody blinked
He came back, (right back)
At least I think that he did
He came back, (right back)
And he ran and he hid
And he muttered and moaned
And said "Let's go get stoned"

Will you be denying me?
Will you still come crying to me
Come The Meantimes

Are you still obeying me?
Will you still be praying to me?
Come The Meantimes

Will you sit in judgment then?
Be the first one to condemn
Come The Meantimes

Now you've got nobody else to blame
And trouble remembering my name
Will you still be cursing me
Come my anniversary
Come The Meantimes

He came back (right back)
And they followed and failed
He came back (right back)
He got hammered and nailed
He came back (right back)
And he wandered alone
They said let's gather some stones
And make them atone

Now I'm in a hall of mirrors
With my secret thoughts and terrors
Come The Meantimes
And I'm drinking to your health
Find I'm only talking to myself
Come The Meantimes

He came back (right back)
And nobody blinked
He came back (right back)
At least I think that he did
He came back (right back)
Then he ran and he hid
And he muttered and moaned
And said "Let's go get stoned"

Blossoms fragrant opening
Poppies full of opium
Come The Meantimes
Phony prophets offer hope
That's a different kind of dope
Come The Meantimes

Right now!
Right now!
Right now!

Gather some stones and make them atone

Come The Meantimes
(Let's go get stoned)
Come The Meantimes

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
If I Could Believe

If I could believe two and two is five
Two wrongs make a right
Well then, man alive
Lost in my insolence and sneers
That might sound like prayers
If I could believe

If I could believe
You were from heaven sent
Then just losing you
Would be my punishment
But in the hour of disgrace
I might see his face
If I could believe

If I could believe
Then I know I might
Sleep all through the night
But how many times must I wake in fright
Nagging doubts still tugging on my sleeve

If I could believe two and two is five
Two wrongs make a right
Well then, man alive
Lost in my insolence and sneers
That might sound like prayers
If I could believe
If I could believe

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Refuse To Be Saved

Now that you set everybody free
What you going to do about me?
Don't want to be treated like some poor grateful clown
I'd rather go back in the sweet underground
Where I can tell the time by the colour of my skin
And I know my neighbour 'cos he's the one, yes he's the one
Who always turns me in

A woman works the tunnel in the middle of the night
Picking up every lost object in sight
Handbags, toupees, lost legs and fingernails
The black market eats up all your failures

Her transistor offers no salvation or regrets
No pool, no pets, no cigarettes
Just non-stop Disco Tex and the Sex-o-lettes

There's no name, there's no name
There's no name, there's no name
There's no name, there's no name
For the pain we'll cause you again and again
For the pain we'll cause you again and again

The Liberation Forces make movies of their own
Playing their Doors records and pretending to be stoned
Drowning out a broadcast that wasn't authorised
Incidentally the revolution will be televised
With one head for business and another for good looks
Until they started arriving with their rubber aprons and their butcher's hooks

There's no name, there's no name
There's no name, there's no name
There's no name, there's no name
For the pain we'll cause you again and again
For the pain we'll cause you again and again

They're hunting us down here with Liberty's light
A handshaking double talking procession of the mighty
Pursued by a T.V. crew and coming after them
A limousine of singing stars and their brotherhood anthem
The former dictator was impeccably behaved
They're mopping up all the stubborn ones who just refuse to be saved

I refuse to be saved

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Stick Out Your Tongue

They talked to the sister, the father and the mother
With a microphone in one hand and a chequebook in the other
And the camera noses in to the tears on her face
The tears on her face
The tears on her face
You can put them back together with your paper and paste

Stick out your tongue
Drink down the venom

She sleeps with the shirt of a late, great country singer
Stretched out upon her poor jealous husband's pillow
In time you can turn these obsessions into careers

While the parents of those kidnapped children start the bidding
for their tears

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, jemmy your desire
Out of the frying pan into the fire
The king is in the counting house
Some folk have all the might
And majesty will run on Bombay Gin and German spite
They come from lovely people
(They come from lovely people)
With a hard line in hypocrisy
There are tears of mediocrity
For the fag-ends of the aristocracy

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Stick out your tongue
Stick out your tongue
Drink down the venom

The sugar-coated pill is getting bitterer still
You think your country needs you but you know it never will
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag
Don't dilly dally boys rally 'round the flag
Give us our daily bread in individual slices
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis

What would you say?
What would you do?

(Did you find out how to lie?)

Children and animals two by two

(Did you find out how to cheat?)

Give me the needle

(The elite bleat, they're obsolete)

We're going to melt them down
Stick out your tongue

(We're going to melt them down for pills and soap)

Now if you'd only genuflect

Stick out your tongue

Now if you'd only genuflect

Stick out your tongue

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----

Sugar Won't Work

Lightning Up!
And shake the ground

Is that a horn that's blowing?
Or a bell that's tolling?
Walls are falling
Ships pulled out from their mooring
Is that a river or just a road the storm has stolen?

And this will predict the times these signs will bring
Me and my stupid heart
We were never apart
But now sugar won't work

Lightning Up!
And fly the coop
Far from this tin-pan alley oop
Did you think I was your dupe?
I hear such lies and howlers
Words to pull out your molars

And this will predict the times these signs will bring
Me and my stupid heart
We were never apart
But now sugar won't work

Lightning Up!
Sugar the pill
A wall of ocean ten miles high

Metal darts torn from the sky
Like wanton boys make noise pull wings from flies

And this will predict the times these signs will bring
Me and my stupid heart
We were never apart

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Tripwire

Just because you don't speak the language
Doesn't mean that you can't understand
Just because you don't speak the language
Doesn't mean that you can't understand
The twist in the script of the insult
Scrawled on the back of your hand

Torn from the pages of scripture
Sprayed on a wall in the frays of a flag
Kisses forbidden on lips
And all of your fine clothes worn into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

Don't open the door 'cos they're coming
Don't open the door 'cos they're here
Above there's an ominous humming
Below there's a murmur of prayer

Torn from the pages of scandal
Sprayed on a wall in the frays of a flag
Kisses forbidden on lips
And all of your fine clothes blown into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

There's a cross in the line of the circuit
There's a voice that you might overhear
There's a lens making the picture perfect
They say you have nothing to fear

Torn from the pages of pamphlets
Thrown in the air like confetti in church
Far, far away there's a target
And the sound of an army just starting to march

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

Just because I don't read the language
Doesn't mean that I'm blind to the threat
Though I thought there was more to forgiveness
Than all we conveniently forget

Torn from the pages of history
Repeated again and again and again
You're either for or against us
And that is how the hatred begins

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire
There's a tripwire
Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Viceroy's Row

Now there's a crank in every crowd
Sprinkling gunpowder
Seems that everything is about to blow
They lit the burning paper
With a waxen taper
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting pretty here on Viceroy's Row

He made a fortune out of barbed wire
In the last days of the Empire
Built a cast-iron curtain
Just to keep control

He was a tycoon, then a cheapskate
Went out looking for a keepsake
To tuck into his suitcase on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting pretty here on Viceroy's Row

He had a satchel full of cash

And dishes full of ashes
He went from boom to bust
In the blinking of a lash

Heard the rat-a-tat of the late patrol
Shooting out the lights up on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
They're coming for him slowly
Now the war is over
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row

The woman in a blindfold
She doesn't want her hand held
Walking through a minefield
Saying "How does this feel?"
Stepping on the quicksand
Going down slow
Hiding up here on Viceroy's Row

Nothing satisfies
The ruin of his blue eyes
Like blood stains on a diamond mine
And deep within you felt
Not one measure of his guilt
Staring in the dark up on Viceroy's Row

Yet her penitent lover
Took a ribbon of rubber
Tied her to the bed made of silken thread

But without an ounce of mercy
They denounced him with a curse
Hammering on the door upon Viceroy's Row

Now his little concubine in her cemetery drag
Her face all smeared with charcoal
Is leaving all her cares, so
Take 500 acres and see what you can sow
We came to overthrow those on Viceroy's Row

They're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Wake Me Up

I've got this phosphorescent portrait of gentle Jesus meek and mild
I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with carrying another man's child
The solitary star announcing vacancy burnt out as we arrived
They'd throw us back across the border if they knew that we survived
And they were surprised to see us
So they greeted us with palms
And they asked for ammunition, acts of contrition and small alms

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this

I've got this imaginary radio and I'm punching up the dial
I've got the A.C. trained on the T.V so it won't blow up in my eye
And everything that I thought fanciful or mocked as too extreme
Must be family entertainment here in the strange land of my dreams
And I'm practising my likeness of St. Francis of Assisi
And if I hold my hand outstretched
A little bird comes to me

And I might recite a small prayer
If I ever said them
I lay down on an iron frame
And found myself in Bedlam
Stepping on the fingers that were stretching through the bars
Wailing echoes down the corridors

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this

They've got this scared and decorated girl strapped to the steel trunk of a Mustang
They drove her down a cypress grove where traitors hang and stars still spangle
They dangled flags and other rags along a coloured thread of twine
They dragged that bruised and purple heart along the road to Palestine

Someone went off muttering, he mentioned thirty pieces
Easter saw a slaughtering, each wrapped in bloodstained fleeces

My thoughts returned to vengeance but I put up no resistance
Though I seemed a long way from my home
It really was no distance

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up

There must be something better than this

And the player piano picks out "Life Goes On"
The Ringtone rang out "Jerusalem"
Into the pit of sadness
Where the wretched plunge
We've buried all the Innocents
We must bury revenge

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than this

In the name of the Father and the Son
In the name of Gasoline and a Gun
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Walk Us Uptown

Will you walk us uptown

And wherever you go, you know we will follow
Will you walk us uptown
And we'll stand in the light of your new killing ground and we won't make a sound
Except to sing our sorrow

Will you walk us uptown
While our tears run in torrents
To suffer in silence
Or pray for some solace

Will you wash away our sins
In the cross-fire and cross-currents
As you uncross your fingers and take out some insurance

No matter what the price
It's your own paradise
Will you walk us uptown
Will you walk us uptown

Some hearts are sinking and some hearts are a-flutter
Some scoop gold from the dirt in the gutter
Or swallow the earth pouring into your mouth
As they bury us upright
Saying "Everything's alright..."

Will you walk us uptown?
Like some said that you could
Will we feast on your flesh and drink down your blood

Will you haul down that flag
And dishonour that vow
Cos we must not change it's colour now
Will you walk us uptown

No matter what the price
Each crushed in the corner of their own paradise

Will you walk us uptown

Will you walk us uptown
That's always assuming that you're partly divine
And partly human
You're the king of our hearts
You're the clown with the drum
Will you walk us uptown if we promise not to run

Will you walk us uptown
Will you gather us near
As cowards flee and traitors sneer
Keep a red flag flying
Keep a blue flag as well
And a white flag in case it all goes to hell

----- 2013 Wise Up Ghost -----
Wise Up Ghost

Last lions roar before they're tamed
I stood out in the glorious reign
Knowing full well I can't go home again
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?
Wise Up Ghost
Yield some sighs up
Wise Up Ghost

Go on your merry way now if you must
Fool's Gold turns rivets into rust
'Til you don't know who to trust
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?

Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)
Yield some sighs up (Wise Up Ghost)
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)

Old woman living in a cardboard shoe
Lost so many souls, she don't know what to do
So, say your prayers 'cos down the stairs it's 1932
Wise Up Ghost

She revolves around a sparkling pole
Stares into the mirrored wall
Sees another woman walking through a market stall
(She's pulling out the pin)
Wise Up Ghost
(She's pulling out the pin)

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)
Yield some sighs up (Wise Up Ghost)
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)

Lost girl found on the radio
Down around Larado
Go direct to hell you murdering so-and-so
Wise Up Ghost

Trapped within a House of Feathers
Sitting in a Shirt of Wire
Howling at a Wall of Flowers
Saying "Wise Up Ghost"

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)
Yield some sighs up (Wise Up Ghost)
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)

I walked along an iron pier
Where Rose's kisses turned to tears
Saltwater rushing over the pebbles under there
Wise Up Ghost

Last sigh of passion
Slipped into the room like an assassin
Glad tidings we bring
For you and your King
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)
Yield some sighs up (Wise Up Ghost)
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)

Last lions roar before they're tamed
I stood out in the glorious reign
Knowing full well I can't go home again
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up
When are you going to rise up?
Wise Up Ghost
Yield some sighs up
Wise Up Ghost

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 01 Under Lime -----

[Verse 1]
It's a long way down from the high horse you're on
When you stumble and then you're thrown
And the last time we saw him he was out in the rain
Watching that train roll down the track
Now he's back in showbiz
Trying to make a comeback

[Verse 2]
We know that he's desperate and we know that he's broke
He's the mystery guest we'll puncture
They told a young girl with a clipboard "Just keep him amused"
Whatever you do, don't tell him your name
Whatever you think, don't let him drink
Under lime, under lime, under lime

[Pre-Chorus]
He whistles out of tune, his words don't always rhyme
"But we will be right back, we're almost out of time"

[Chorus]
Down a long corridor he's trying to impress
He was helpin' a showgirl fasten up her dress
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away
And the band starts to play

[Verse 3]
In the violent strip of an undressing room
She loosened his grip and started

Tell me your story, if you feel so inclined
He was a mess, almost resigned
Though she could guess, I think you will find
And she thought, "Oh you know, I wouldn't mind"

[Pre-Chorus]

He asked her boyfriend's name then her whole family tree
She thought "I can't believe it's happening to me"

[Chorus]

And upset, said "Hey pet, would you kindly pass that pill
And allow me to just dictate my dying will?"
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away
And the band starts to play

[Verse 4]

Jimmy was dreamin' as she uncrossed her legs
He shuttered his eyes discreetly
And he thought of a drummer and considered a snare
But the beat of his heart said, "Don't even start"
His conscience was bare, said, "Hey, don't even dare"
She's completely unaware

[Pre-Chorus]

She forced a laugh or a sigh at every alibi
Once every crime was confessed he buttoned up his vest

[Chorus]

Said "Hey gal, you're a pal, you've really been a sport
And you don't get a record if you never get caught"
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away
And the band starts to play

[Outro]

It's a long way down from the high horse you're on
It's a long way back as you cover your track
Or you bury your crime
Under lime, under lime, under lime, under lime

It's a long way down from the high horse you're on
It's a long way back as you cover your track
Or you bury your crime
Under lime, under lime, under lime, under lime

It's a long way down from the high horse you're on
It's a long way back as you cover your track
As you bury your crime
Under lime, under lime, under lime, under lime

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 02 Don't Look Now -----

[Verse 1]

Don't look now, don't you dare
I'm not decent, go sit over there
Would you rather I was draped in priceless fur?
'Cause there's nothing else to wear

Don't look now
I saw you shoot that glance
I said don't peek
At the sway of my dance
And the length of my limb
And the brush of my cheek
Okay, look at me now
What do you see?

[Chorus]

I see you looking at me
Looking at how you're looking at me
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

[Verse 2]

I know what you're thinking
I can read your mind
Oh, I promise, I'll be good this time
Now I wonder what you see
Will you be thinking of me?
Later on, when you're alone
Are you ever alone in longing?

[Chorus]

I'll sit here silent and still
See if I'm breaking your will
I see you looking at me
Looking at how you're looking at me
Oh, don't look at me now

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 03 Burnt Sugar Is So Bitter -----

[Verse 1]

She says, "What is it that I've done?
Did you want me to be punished?"
When she woke up one day to find
That he had started to vanish

[Pre-Chorus 1]

But if you overhear voices
Perhaps you should not be listenin' at all
Twitch the vigilant lips
Make a slow, sour face
Said the scandalous whispering

[Chorus 1]

She's out on her own with the rest of her riches
As the kids paint 'em out of the refrigerator pictures
She picks up the bills, pays off the babysitter
'Cause everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter

[Bridge]

Once there was a time
Before you turned strange
She thought they would be together
For more than a lifetime
Look at 'em now
My, how things have changed
He can tell his sweetheart
Out of any girl on just a whiff
And turn it from a candy to a caramel
And make her hate the silhouette she used to feel
And say, "I know nothing about him"

[Verse 2]

Now what's left of the birthday cake
Is very beautifully frosted
An absent father picks up the phone
To find the number's unlisted

[Pre-Chorus 2]

But while the kids are distracted
They don't notice she's nervous at all
But how long will it take
Not to make a mistake
When a gentleman comes to call?

[Chorus 2]

She's out on her own with the rest of her riches
As the kids tear down the refrigerator pictures
They already know how a woman may advance
From a pretty picture hat to a supermarket trance
And if it's unkind, you might as well forget it
Because everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter

[Outro]

Burnt sugar is so bitter

Burnt sugar

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 04 Stripping Paper -----

[Verse 1]

I got time on my hands, I'm just stripping paper
It's amazing what you will find stripping paper
When you get down to the past

[Verse 2]

Back then we didn't have means for fine decorations
So we painted while mixing wine with flirtation
There in the mess of it all

[Bridge]

He took me right there in the thrill
Not quite against my will
With my back to that rococo wall
We slipped right down to the floor

[Verse 3]

I can't close the door, he complimented my taste
I anointed his serious face with wallpaper paste
I wish we could laugh like that now
But what seemed to follow
That ended up hollow
Was I there?

[Verse 4]

Tear a strip or two
See what what came not much later
Here's a pony and a toy balloon
Behind the vine that withered all too soon
Here's the pencil of a measuring mark
And the monsters you spied in the dark
Now I got no place in her heart
Let me go back to the start

[Outro]

I got time on my hands, I'm just stripping paper
I got time on my hands, I'm just stripping paper
I got time on my hands, I'm just stripping paper

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 05 Unwanted Number -----

[Verse 1]

You should hear the things that they say about me

They're saying "She's no better than she needed to be"
They don't know that he was kind and warm and tender
Soon it's gonna be another unwanted number
Unwanted number

[Bridge 1]

How can I tell them?
How can I express?
How it felt to step out of this life and into his embrace
How can I tell them?
How can I explain?
All the love that I never had I found in him

[Verse 2]

There may be a stain on the family name
But if my father was here I think I know who he'd blame
Mother says that he just doesn't care to remember
And all he thinks of me is another Unwanted Number
Unwanted number

[Bridge 2]

Why can't you tell me
Why can't I expect
Of all the painful lesson that you learned you never earned respect
Why can't you tell me
Why can't I believe
That you really really really cried, whenever he would leave

[Verse 3]

There's a local game where they whisper my shame
They say "He gave her his child
He wouldn't give her his name"
They will torture me from January to September
And I will give my love to another unwanted number
Unwanted number
Unwanted number

[Outro]

I will give my love to another unwanted number
Unwanted number
Unwanted number
And I will give my love
I will give my love
And I will give my love
I will give my love to another unwanted number
Unwanted number
Unwanted number
And I will give my love
I will give my love

And I will give my love
I will give my love to another unwanted number
Unwanted number
Unwanted number
Unwanted number

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 06 I Let the Sun Go Down -----

[Verse 1]
Whenever I'm in the tightest corner
Whenever I feel forlorn
I think of the isle where I was born
And the duty to which I've sworn

But I woke up in a nightmare
With a Union Jack and half a crown
John Bull got caught with his pants down, again

[Pre-Chorus]
That's inviting sundown
It's time to do or die
It's time to say goodbye

[Chorus]
'Cause I'm the man who lost the British Empire
Yes I'm the one, I let the sun go down

[Verse 2]
Don't let the shadows lengthen
And cover my good intentions
They say that darkness brings the right time

But it's also time for tears
I'm so sorry and sincere
Ahead of me a brilliant career

[Pre-Chorus]
Now I'm going nowhere
It's time to do or die
It's time to say goodbye

[Chorus]
'Cause I'm the man who lost the British Empire
Yes I'm the one, I let the sun go down

[Bridge]
Stay awhile, delay the night
I'm too young for twilight

And tell the sun to hesitate
That's when Britain was great

[Verse 3]

Now that the lights are flickering
My pulse is quickening
All over the world the lamps will dim
And never be seen again

The balloon's gone up, the night descends
As they lower the flag on no-man's land
They'll take you down a peg or two
This is the bitter end

[Pre-Chorus]

I walk into darkness
It's time to do or die
It's time to say goodbye

[Chorus]

'Cause I'm the man who lost the British Empire
Yes I'm the one, I let the sun go down

[Outro]

I let the sun go down
Don't let the sun go down
I let the sun go down

Yes I'm the man who lost the British Empire
Yes I'm the one, I let the sun go down

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 07 Mr. & Mrs. Hush -----

[Verse 1]

I tripped through a house of mirrors
Distorted my suspicions and fears
(I heard a whisper)
There is a place where those secrets begin
(They had a list)
I gave my name and they invited me in
(But here's the twist)
A sign flickered and it started to flash
"Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hush"

[Chorus]

Haven't you tired of that darkness yet?
Didn't you cry your heart out?
It's only a dream

What is it about love you can't accept?
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready to be Mr. and Mrs. Hush?
Mr. and Mrs. Hush

[Verse 2]

But it was something I just couldn't understand
Till I slipped my finger into the band
Just think what those eyes might betray
Stare hard now, and don't look away

[Chorus]

Haven't you tired of that darkness yet?
Didn't you cry your heart out?
It's only a dream
What is it about love you can't accept?
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready to be Mr. and Mrs. Hush?
Mr. and Mrs. Hush

[Bridge]

I don't know if I'm deep down
Right inside her heart or outside her door
I don't know if I have the key to either
Uncertain if I should take her hand or leave her

[Verse 3]

(I thought I saw her)
It's a game of blindfold and bluff
(I thought I saw her)
You know I love you, is it ever enough?
(I thought I saw her)
Oh, what did I know
(I thought I saw her)
Heigh-ho and there you go

(I thought I saw her)
We know what has deep down kisses like hers
(I thought I saw her)
A voice that caresses and heels like spurs
(I thought I saw her)
What if you walked in with some other fellow
(I thought I saw her)
Heat is rising and red is the colour
(I thought I saw her)
Green is the colour of my true love's eyes
(I thought I saw her)

Green is the colour of those jealous disguises

[Chorus - Outro]

Haven't you tired of that darkness yet?
Didn't you cry your heart out?
It's only a dream
What is it about my love you can't accept?
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready? (Are you ready?)
Are you ready to be Mr. and Mrs. Hush?
Mr. and Mrs. Hush
Mr. and Mrs. Hush
Mr. and Mrs. Hush

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 08 Photographs Can Lie -----

[Verse 1]

He was wired, dynamite
And she was rare as treasure
That's not the kind of story you deny
In a frame under glass
They'll always be together and so in love
But photographs can lie

[Chorus]

Now they say
That I have the gaze
That must recall my father
Sayin' he's my knight
My bright morning sun
Now I am mourning everyone

[Verse 2]

See him now, know he cheats
Why can't she see through him?
He used to be more valiant than vain
Put him on a pedestal
And it's a long way down there
I'll never be his little girl again

[Chorus]

Now they say
That I have the gaze
That must recall my father
Sayin' he's my knight
My bright morning sun
Now I am mourning everyone

[Verse 3]

Someone else will look at me
And think he is my lover
Developing the image in his eye
In a frame under glass
We'll always be together and so in love
But photographs can lie

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 09 Dishonor the Stars -----

[Intro]

If you wake and chance to look above you
There's one I named to show how much I love you
Hanging up high

[Verse]

Poets long have written and have sung of
Moonlight and some distant satellite and
When we're young we wish upon them

Other men may only dream to kiss you
But it's not a thrill like this
Put your lips a little closer to my cheek
Then whisper, then speak

So tell me if you know
How deep can this thing go?

[Pre-Chorus]

Honey will still desire the flowers
And there will be a love like ours
Until the sky dishonors the stars

[Chorus]

What in the world would all this amount to?
If I can't tell you how much I want you
On such a night the sky might dishonor the stars
Disown and dishonor the stars

[Verse]

Poets long have written and have sung of
Moonlight and some distant satellite and
When we're young we wish upon them

Other men may only dream to kiss you
But it's not a thrill like this
Put your lips a little closer to my cheek
Then whisper, then speak

So tell me if you know
How deep can this thing go?

[Pre-Chorus]
Honey will still desire the flowers
And there will be a love like ours
Until the sky dishonors the stars

[Chorus]
What in the world would all this amount to?
If I can't tell you how much I want you
On such a night the sky might dishonor the stars
Disown and dishonor the stars

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 10 Suspect My Tears -----

[Verse 1]
Do you remember how to say please?
You've had your own way for such a long time
Your lash is sweet down, I dry your cheek
You think I'm powerless when you speak

[Pre-Chorus 1]
You may have something, I don't deny
You look so beautiful when you cry
If I seem unconcerned
Perhaps it's time you learned

[Chorus]
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
You're not the only one who can turn it on
When and where you need it

[Verse 2]
Do you remember how bad it felt?
Big eyes would fill up, your lip would tremble
You want to hurt me but then you melt
You always promise to lose control

[Pre-Chorus 2]
I learned a trick that you used to play
I'm tired of you having it your own way
With the power to persuade
Beginning to cascade

[Chorus]

I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
You're not the only one who can turn it on
When and where you need it

[Bridge]

If you be weeping, I may be cheating or just laughing inside
If you're suspicious that I'm sly and vicious, here's your chance to decide
Two hypocrites collide

[Chorus]

I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
You're not the only one who can turn it on
Where and when you need it
Oh-oh, when you need it

Oh, I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
You're not the only one who can turn it on
When and where you need it
Oh, when you need it

[Outro]

I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears
I'll cry until you suspect my tears

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 11 Why Won't Heaven Help Me? -----

[Verse 1]

I set off alarms and fire off flares
'Cause sometimes they answer prayers
I'm listening
I wait for some distant bell to ring

[Pre-Chorus]

Why won't heaven help me? (far, far away)
Why won't heaven help me? (it's so hard to say)
Why won't heaven help me?

[Chorus]

Hey, you out there
Even if you dare take care of your wishes
If you finally do come true
You may regret that too
Why won't heaven help me?

Why won't heaven help me?

[Verse 2]

Remember the thrill that followed praise
While dressed for a lover's gaze
The moment when
You saw through the lies of older men

[Pre-Chorus]

Why won't heaven help me? (far, far away)
Why won't heaven help me? (it's so hard to say)
Why won't heaven help me?

[Chorus]

Hey, you out there
Even if you dare take care of your wishes
If you finally do come true
You may regret that too
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven)

[Verse 3]

I sensed this was wrong
But take my word, I thought somehow I'd be spared
Alone again
Believe what you want to me 'til then

[Pre-Chorus]

Why won't heaven help me? (far, far away)
Why won't heaven help me? (it's so hard to say)
Why won't heaven help me?

[Chorus]

Hey, you out there
Even if you dare take care of your wishes
If you finally do come true
You may regret that too
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)

[Outro]

Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)
Why won't heaven help me? (why won't heaven?)

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 12 He's Given Me Things -----

[Verse 1]

He's given me things you never would have
And if you did you'd want them back
Forgiven me things I didn't know that
I had done but just faded to black

He's given me time and consolation
Some verses to read and lines to say

I will stay here for a while now
He calls me child now but it works that way

[Verse 2]

He's given me things you couldn't guess at
I don't mean jewels although they were fine
A way to depart, one way to enter
A right to dismiss upon a whim

When I close the door and you're supposing
I kick up my heels and then I scream

"Why was I chosen?"
You'll never know what I give to him

[Bridge]

He's given me things you never thought of
Because they were not yours to give
So take this pill and tranquilize
And roll your eyes at the husbands, not the customers' wives

[Verse 3]

He's forgiven me trials and tears and tantrums
And even all my false alarms
You sat there amused while I was crying
And just seemed to sigh but that's what money can buy

And now I know why I come back to him
And now I know why you'll never do

Who are you out there with one penny
You are so many and we are so few

[Verse 4]

So cover the canvas if you're leaving
There's a bowl in the hallway to wash your hands

If the water runs black please leave some silver
Then step past the glass and never come back
I'm living up here and you can see me
Yes, you can look but you can't touch
'Cause you don't belong, the air is thin here
You may asphyxiate, my dear

For didn't you tell me "You should hold me
Oh please, you must hold me as if I were hung"

To think you were exciting
When love was frightening but I was so young

[Outro]

He's given me things you never dreamed of
Where hopes are dashed and trash is praised
He has an awful lot of money
The past can be bought and then erased

----- 2018 Look Now -----

----- 13 Isabelle in Tears -----

[Verse 1]

Isabelle in tears, Isabelle is ringing
Saying "I need you near to me
But a telephone just isn't worth the flinging
Like a book or that ashtray that I aimed at your head
I'd rather see you dead"

But it's not as it appears
So I tripped up the stairs to find
Isabelle in tears

[Verse 2]

Isabelle remains the Isabelle in tethers
Wears a flimsy negligee of innocence and feathers
She says, "that's a good idea" as she pours herself a shot
But she can't get the genius back into the bottle

After you're kind you'll find that no one cares
So her lovers and her fears leave
Isabelle in tears

[Bridge]

And I left her standing out there in the rain calling my name
As I pulled away pretending that I'd never met her

[Verse 3]

Oh, you'll never know the thrill of the Isabelle of memory

They say she was a bombshell who turned to an incendiary
Till the whole town burned down and returned into the earth
Can you admit your love? Can you confess her worth?

That slant of time obscures
But on certain nights appears
Like Isabelle in tears
That slant of time obscures
But on certain nights appears
Like Isabelle in tears

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 14 Adieu Paris -----

Goodbye, Paris, my old love
O, farewell, Paris
Could I have loved you much less
Or wanted you more?
O, goodbye

Look at the light
And look at your gaze
I looked in your eyes so long and hard
Envy of the stars

The echo of our laughter
Amidst the debris
O, goodbye Paris
You've taken back all that you'd given to me
O, goodbye

Look at the light
And look at your gaze
I looked in your eyes so long and hard
Envy of the stars

After the sadness tears on the page
After the pain the first cry of rage
Only silence so study my face
This will be the last you see from me
Farewell, my friends, the envy of the stars
So long, fare the well, my friends
O, goodbye Paris

Look at the light
And look at your gaze
I looked in your eyes so long and hard
Envy of the stars
Goodbye, Paris, my old love

O, goodbye

Look at the light ...
I looked in your eyes so long and hard
Goodbye, Paris, my old love
Goodbye, Paris, my old love
Goodbye, Paris, my old love
Farewell

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 15 The Final Mrs. Curtain -----

[Verse 1]
He was a plain piece of paper, an ordinary smith
The kind that you never trifle with
Drawn in wide-eyed liner, a solitary lass
Her beauty veiled by tortoiseshell and tinted glass

She was a husband collector of impeccable taste
She said "My hands are tied but my glass is chaste"
He said, "If I were him, I'd fill that to the brim, so tell me more
'Cause that's the kind of talk that I adore"

[Chorus]
To lay with you
To lie with you
To live with you
Maybe die with you

As first love fades
Then two, then three
I'm certain to see
The final Mrs. Curtain

[Verse 2]
There's not enough paper, there's not enough ink
There's not enough hours in the day or poisons to drink
But there are too many teardrops that are still left to cry
And different kinds of kisses to help them dry

[Chorus]
To lay with you
To lie with you
To live with you
Maybe die with you

As first love fades
Then two, then three
I'm certain to see

The final Mrs. Curtain

[Outro]

To lay with you
To lie with you
To live with you
Maybe die with you

I'm the one who'll hold you
'Til we're through
The final Mrs. Curtain

----- 2018 Look Now -----
----- 16 You Shouldn't Look at Me That Way -----

[Verse 1]

Am I fine? Am I pleasing?
Are you pitying? Are you teasing?
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
Should a glance from you just shoot through me
If a glimpse of you could undo me
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way

[Chorus]

Time among all of your enemies
Leaves you nothing but bitter memories
From the first splash of affection
To avoiding your own reflection
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way

[Verse 2]

Now the flashbulbs bedazzle
While you're figuring out the spasm
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
Don't take more than I offer
All my love or I'll make you suffer
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way

[Chorus]

Time among all of your enemies
Makes disguises from drastic melodies
From the first splash of detection
To avoiding your own reflection
You shouldn't look at me

You shouldn't look at me that way

[Outro]

You shouldn't look at me that way

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 01 Revolution #49 -----

Cold as stone, hard as winter
She turned to me and this she said
"Kiss me once and you'll remember
Lay with me 'til we're both dead"

The land was white, the wind a dagger
Life beats a poor man to his grave
Love makes a rich man from a beggar
Love is the one thing we can save

Love is the one thing we can save
Love is the one thing we can save

Cold as stone
Cold as stone
Cold as stone

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 02 No Flag -----

[Verse 1]

I got no religion, I got no philosophy
Got a head full of ideas and words that don't seem to belong to me
You may be joking but I don't get the gag
I sense no future but time seems to drag

[Chorus]

No time for this kind of love
No flag waving high above
No sign for the dark place that I live
No god for the damn that I don't give

[Verse 2]

I got no illusions, I've had no epiphany
Why should anybody listen to me?
She said, "I'm tearing up the sheets that your love letters stained
All of your magic powers have drained"

[Chorus]

No time for this kind of love
No flag waving high above

No sign for the dark place that I live
No god for the damn that I don't give

[Verse 3]

Here's a line in the sand, a word or two in the aftermath
I'm an arrow that shoots up and down on an advertising graph
I could write you verses and recite more than one
But they're not worth the paper that they're written on

[Chorus]

No time for this kind of love
No flag waving high above
No sign for the dark place that I live
No god for the damn that I don't give

[Verse 4]

We want everything and we don't wanna share
Outer space for the faces we fear
Look in the mirror and see who I used to be
Made out of plastic in a factory

[Outro]

No flag
No flag

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 03 They're Not Laughing at Me Now -----

Tell me, how does it feel?
In the hour of deception and the moment of pretend
To be scorned by those rank and those unkind strangers
You were fool enough to call your friends

Will you say as the curtain descends?
"They're not laughing at me now"

When the last of the garlands and laurel crowns
And fine bouquets have all been swept away
You were lost in the smokescreens of cavalcades
And accolades instead of traitor's pay

Where will you find th? courage to say?
"They're not laughing at me now"

You could shake my hand
If I could unfold my fist
If I were a gentleman
If I were a Christian
But I wouldn't risk it

Why would you?
You know my name now
And it's "Mister" to you

Now we're back at the start, no forgiveness in your heart
You turned your coat and asked me to turn my cheek
And it's all in a language
That I can understand but never bring myself to speak

I'll leave it to you, if you dare
It's a peal too appalling to bear
I wonder if you're here or you're there
They're not laughing at me now

They're not laughing at me now
They're not laughing at me now

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 04 Newspaper Pane -----

She looked at the pictures on a newspaper pane
That was taped to the window
To keep out the wind
To keep out the rain

To keep out the nonsense
And block out the needing
To keep up her spirits
With improving reading

But the ink from the columns
Dissolved down into the stain
On the bare wood floor
That extended to the door

Pictures of bright futures somehow ignored
That offered her finery she could never afford
Tempting out savings that she didn't have or could never risk
Not a fashionable kindness, it was grotesque

The beaus with their fiddles played "The Rascal's Release"
We toasted to valor
And wished there were peace
Six months later in a newspaper margin

They were all cut down in a cavalry charge
Weeping Miss Imogen said to her priest
"I gave him my virtue
It was the least I could leave him

On the eve of departure
Though I will long for him now and hereafter

And the child I'll be raising may have his blue eyes
What if he grows up and dies
On some distant unnamable hillside or field
Because a king and a concubine put a mark on his shield"

Thomas tomorrow, Thomas no more
Father and sunshine, beyond and before
William who brought his drum home from the war
To beat it for young lads whose days didn't even add up to a score

I don't spend my time perfecting the past
I live for the future
Because I know it won't last

A bent note on a horn I can't play
The ghosts in the window
That I can't wish away
Freedom to be reckless
Freedom to plunder
Freedom to dream
Freedom to wonder

When you get where I am now
You may feel differently
The cliff drops away sharply
Falls into the sea

No work today
No hope tomorrow
No bread for breaking
No wine for sorrow

Nobody is selling
No truth for telling
No work tomorrow
No work today

Look at that child bride and her ideal bouquet
Boys, pick up a rifle
That's too much to pay
Count out her teardrops
Wipe them away

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 05 I Do (Zula's Song) -----

There's a tree at the crossroads
There's a nail in my shoe
Repeat to me softly
As you vow that we'll see you through
Let's go to the other side
And take in the view
Our eyes will see better there
Watching the river flow
You may say, "I don't know", but "I do"

Every night will be starless
Every day will be fine
Each hour will be peaceful
As the reeds make the river slow
The earth will be broken
And will lie there below
I am yours, you are mine
To long for longer is a crime
You may say, "I don't lie", but "I do"
But "I do"

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 06 We Are All Cowards Now -----

[Verse 1]
Time has taught us
That they're sending out their sons
To take away our guns and our daughters
We are all cowards now

Rivers rising
Darkness fell upon
People blotting out the sun
Disguising how
We are all cowards now

[Bridge]
At least the Emperor Nero had an ear for music
But that's history
Caligula said "God's speed, my steed"
But that's his story

[Verse 2]
They're coming for our Peacemakers
Our Winchesters and Colts
The rattle of our Gatling Guns
Our best cowboy revolts and threats and insults
We are all cowards now

The emptiness of arms
The openness of thighs
The pornography of bullets
The promises and prizes can't disguise
We are all cowards now

[Bridge]
They're draping stones with colours
And a roll of stolen names
Except those we never cared about

And those we need to blame
We'll extinguish that flame, just the same
We are all cowards now

[Verse 3]
Arms are empty
The pornography of plenty
Count commands from one to ten
Number sins from ten to twenty

There's an illusion we believe in
There is honour in their need
Pretty confetti, chemical debt
And a necessity to bleed

My fears too fleet to scupper
My prayers too thin to scream
On my lover's back a zipper
On her limb a straightened seam

So, close the windows tightly
Lower lamps and shades
On the screen, silent rehearsals
For tomorrow's parades
For tomorrow's parades
For tomorrow's parades
We are all cowards now

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 07 Hey Clockface/How Can You Face Me? -----

[Verse 1]
Hey Clockface
Keep your fingers on the dial
You stole those precious moments
And the kisses from her smile
And now I'm living in these hours
Away we will while

I'm not wasting any more time

[Verse 2]

Hey Clockface

I really want to know

Why is it when we're apart

You always take it slow

And when she's here

You always say "It's almost time to go"

You said you'd be a friend to me

But time is just my enemy

And it is hurting me so

[Bridge]

The moon comes through the window shining crescently and bright

The sun rolls round again

If I could turn your face back

Before all of this started

Forty minutes past four when her secrets she parted

[Verse 3]

Forty minutes past four in the faithless A.M

She wound up in his arms and not the man that I am

A spring that is sprung

A cuckoo-bird that sung

Now there's a nail in a bare wall

Where your face once hung

[Verse 4]

Hey Clockface

Now I don't feel a thing

You stole away the heart in me

And then removed my spring

The winding mechanisms shot

The movement is unwound

Don't tick or tock or dare to make a sound

[Verse 5]

Hey Clockface

Well, don't you ever dare

Count me down to zero hour

And keep me waiting here

A minute from departure

I will twist your key and have her come back to me

Have her come back to me

[Outro: "How Can You Face Me?"]

How can you face me?

After what I've been through

After you broke that vow
How can you face me now?
How can you face me now?
How can you face me now?

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 08 The Whirlwind -----

I came out to this town
To seek a new career
Or just another kind of whirlwind
Than one that brought me here

I stare up through the ceiling
Past the plaster and the paint
Considering the stars that shine
And flare and fall before they're spent

How could you know?
My common senses had deserted me on certain nights
When other gentlemen have courted me
But in the light of morning
They would turn to see me go

I've had my moments
But all too few
You think you know me
Maybe you do

But in the light of morning
You will turn to see me go
Nothing's lost and no one's won
It's over now and now it's done

I may be lying
This may be true
You think you know me
Maybe you do, maybe you do
Maybe you do

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 09 Hetty O'Hara Confidential -----

[Verse 1]
Hetty said, "If you ask me nicely
I'll write you up well, don't tell me twice
Or quote you directly or pay the price
I'll peel off your skin like a thin veneer
If something tells me something that I didn't hear from you"

[Refrain]

Who's got the dope?
Who's got the potential?
Hetty O'Hara Confidential

[Verse 2]

Those were different days
Those were different drugs
From a gold-plated palace with the half-mast flags
To a chalk lined body that was full of slugs
She was trading favors for footnote plugs
Who's got the needl??
Who is fit to burst?
A morphine tattoo, an unquenchable thirst
Who's got your girlfriend?
And who had her first?

[Refrain]

Reading her column was essential
Hetty O'Hara Confidential

[Bridge 1]

She could kill a man with a single stroke
She is not the one you want to provoke
If you can't take the heat or you can't take a joke

[Refrain]

Who's got the dope?
Who's got the potential?
Hetty O'Hara Confidential

[Verse 3]

If there was a gentleman caller to a comely wench
And a snooping peeper in a coat of trench
She'd place a line or two at the foot of the page
A cue or a clue to the latest rage
With your true dimensions and your actual age
Trade a life of scandal for a career on the stage

[Refrain]

These little things seem inconsequential
Except to Hetty O'Hara Confidential

[Verse 4]

On the night he came home from the debutante ball
Passed out drunk on the bathroom floor
Call-girl called after taking a peek
At the secret drawer of atomic secrets

Repeating something that I whispered about
They have to take it but they can't dish it out

[Bridge 2]

Who's cleaning up his act and breaking the bank?
But unfortunately didn't remember to thank me
But now the rumor is doing the rounds
That his only friends are villains and scoundrels

[Verse 5]

Her reputation curled like yellow smoke
She named the wrong man in the story she broke
She had an unfortunate character trait
The irresistible impulse to assassinate

[Refrain]

But the damage it did was quite substantial to
Hetty O'Hara Confidential

[Verse 6]

They've got witch trials now with witches to spare
And a jukebox jury full of judgement and fury
With bright neon dresses and porn star hair

She was thrown to the wolves and the dogs and the foxes
Once they'd had their fill of shares and stocks
Their gaze is unforgiving if your morals are lax
Pointing manicured fingers and making a mockery
With voices that sound like broken crockery

Hetty said, "I'm powerless and I feel alone
Now everyone has a megaphone"

[Refrain]

Who's got the dope?
Who's got the potential?
Hetty O'Hara Confidential

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----

----- 10 The Last Confession of Vivian Whip -----

[Verse 1]

Hear the last confession of Vivian Whip
If you're reading this
"My life was lonely
Never hurt a fly
Or spared a kiss
Never killed a soul
Except my own"

[Bridge 1]

But when I took you in my arms
I wonder why it took so long
For me to recognize this precious song
Had it been playing all along?

[Bridge 2]

Just when I needed it
When I couldn't conceive that it's
So hard to lose your nerve
To just get what you need
And not, not what you deserve

[Verse 2]

See the first impression of Vivian Whip
Still denied parole
He's etched in charcoal
"Never hurt a fly or killed a soul
Entertained a doubt
I cared about"

[Bridge 1]

But now I fear we fear too much
I tried my best to keep my watch
To bear up in the light that strips
So stop my mouth up with your lips

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----

----- 11 What Is It That I Need That I Don't Already Have? -----

[Verse 1]

What is it that I need that I don't already have?
Who was there in the past that I couldn't seem to save?
But will I seem so smart, me and my broken heart
When I am pretending to be brave

[Verse 2]

What is there up ahead that I can't already see?
Startling as it seems, well, it's supposed to be
Where am I going next?
And if no one objects
Just close the door and that'll be the end of me

[Bridge]

What is it that I lost that I don't really need
Some glasses for my eyes
And an hour or two of speed
My hands don't blister, my hands don't bleed

But I'll never be contented, repent or ever be lamented
'Til I'm planted down like rotten crops
And covered up with weeds

[Verse 3]

What is it that I want that I can't already taste?
A damson from a tree
A girl that I once chased
A girl who ran away and wanted to be caught
Then bade farewell to my love like some merchandise she bought

[Bridge]

Things are going up like blasphemous prayers
I burned up all my paper money on those London derrieres
Prayers and paper money will burn until you choke
The things I should have said
They were so easily left unspoken
I didn't break you down
You were already broken

[Verse 4]

What is it that I need that I don't already have?
Who was there in the past that I couldn't even see?
But will I seem so smart, me and my broken heart
When I am pretending to be free?
When I am pretending to be free
When I am pretending to be free

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 12 Radio Is Everything -----

I'm sitting here wondering if this matchbox will hold my dreams
Will the red head in my arms go up in flames?
Or dissolve mighty regimes with her screams, or so it seems

She dragged my face from the eye to my lip on the rough side of the striking strip
To the port side of a sinking ship
Staring in a compact mirror
A siren calling from another era
While you made faces and then blew kisses
Drowned in a pool that hypnotized Narcissus

They say I have a perfect face for radio
And a trumpet for listening
A cheek to turn to you
An eye for glistening
Tear that tear from me
Hold it in your memory

Pull away the powder and pain painted dream
Of this and that disgrace
A silver band of marching soles
A button of brass an epaulet of gold
That lantern light, that slight fanfare that consoles
That trivial, sniveling rosary, that ring-a-ding rosemary
Condemned a man, alas, at last, at requiem mass

I sound much better than I look
Like a hero in a book
Now there is too much at stake
But perhaps you mistook my mistake
For the tip in the print you dusted for
From the hand you forgot to shake

Tumbledown Dick said to King Oliver
"I don't shrink down at the thought of you
Give the people back their ringlet Prince just like you ought to do
Journey far from here like Gulliver
To lands at the edge of everywhere
That we have still to discover
Where there's a sole of a jackboot in a broken brace
Poised above a human face forever and ever"

You don't need to see my face
Radio is everything
You don't need to know my name
Radio is everything
The lie that I tell
It just doesn't matter
If I should deceive you
Or if I should flatter
If your bankroll gets thin while some kitty gets fatter
Radio is everything
From the straight to the narrow to the broadcast from within
Radio is everything

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 13 I Can't Say Her Name -----

[Verse 1]
How can I show my face?
I'm a mess and I fear I may confess
I'm a fool with or without her
Make up what you will about her
It's part of the game
I can't say her name

[Verse 2]

I've been left in the dark
Shine a light right in my eyes
You'll never make me talk
Alibis I must protect
An alias you won't detect
I won't place the blame
I can't say her name

[Bridge]
I whisper it so soft and slow
When I think no one's listening
No one knows
The thought of her so strong and slow
Stays on my mind
I won't ever let her go

[Verse 3]
How can I go to sleep?
When I know all too well I'm in this thing too deep
It's all I can do not to shout about it
I don't need your pity
I'm powerless and proud
And I don't feel ashamed
Oh, but I can't say her name

----- 2020 Hey Clockface -----
----- 14 Byline -----

[Verse 1]
I read by line by line by line
Some words of yours, some words of mine
Some sentiments are best forgot
Some letters read then folded shut

[Verse 2]
The profile on the postage stamp
I traced it by my reading lamp
Remembered when I'd sit in wait
Then marked our parting from that date

[Verse 3]
I read by line by line by line
That old sarcastic Valentine
That you denied you'd sent to me
Then took it back

[Bridge]
It's a thought that we shared, a careless phrase
A curse or a joke, some words of praise

But I didn't write
Did you wonder why?
It was the easiest way to say "Goodbye"

[Verse 4]

You'll see my photo beside the article
"That's just some guy I used to know
I was never his
He was always mine
But I wrote him off by line by line"
By line by line by line by line by line by line
By line by line