



all Summer Long

A Collection of Lyrics by
Paul Sand



all Summer Long

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All Summer Long

I'm going to sit beneath a tree
Let the sun shine down on me
Gonna take things easily
All summer long

All my emotions are spent
But my mind will not relent
Let nature experiment
All summer long

Don't know what happened
Things were going so well
Must have run out of energy
Oh, what the hell

When autumn comes I'll energise
Like a phoenix I shall rise
Until then I'll watch the skies
All summer long

A man brings a tray of beers out
To his friends upon the green
Beside the sea the boardwalks ring
With the sound of the slot machine
In the Italian Alps a coach-load of tourists
Plunges into a ravine
There's a map and a diagram of it
On the television screen
Along with reruns and variety shows
And politicians seen on holiday
Tourists throng the city sights,
Oh but in between
The roads splay out into the suburbs
It's hot and dusty there
Nothing but the occasional sound of a radio
Carried upon the air

When autumn comes I'll energise
Like a phoenix I shall rise
Until then I'll watch the skies
All summer long

All Over

swimmers in the waves, bathers in the heat
dancers in the discos kicking up their feet
in the cafes they are talking and they're walking in the street
all over – all over
people are moving moving
people are moving
all over

workers in the offices high above
couples in the parks so in love
shoppers in the precincts push and shove
all over – all over
people are moving moving
people are moving
all over

then the silver missiles thread their course across the sky
above the sea above the land they fly
then the silver missiles thread their course across the sky
and they get to their targets by and by

then inside the discos and out on the beach
high up in the offices, way down in the streets
from the river in the valley to the sun upon the hill
all over – all over
people are still still still
people are still
and it's all
over

Always Say Yes To Your Partner

Always say yes to your partner
Always say yes, that's the rule
Always say yes to your partner
Yes Denise – Yes Paul

I would like to go out to the movies tonight
(Oh my god, that's the last thing I want to do
There's beers in the fridge and the football is on)
Go to the movies? I'd love to!

I was thinking we might visit James this weekend
(That's his friend James – I'd rather have my teeth drilled
He makes snide remarks, while touching my bum)
You don't seem too keen – Oh I'm thrilled!
It would make my life really fulfilled

Always say yes to your partner
Say yes, it'll see you both through
Always say yes to your partner
I do – I do

I've been offered a job in New Zealand – What?!
But I'm stuck in England, my work is here
Oh I am sure we can work something out
Can't we Paul? – Yes my dear ...yes my dear...

When both of us are feeling good, we sail along
When one of us is feeling bad, the other's strong
But when both of us are feeling bad, that's when things start to go wrong

I only said – I know what you said
Well let me finish – Are you finished now?
No I'm going out – Well I'm going to bed
You always do this
Stupid cow

Why should I say yes to that asshole
If my friends could see, they'd know well
That I'm in the right and you're in the wrong
Go to hell!
Go to Hell!

When both of us are flying high, we revel
When one of us is far away, we'll travel
When both of us feel like the devil, that's when things start to unravel

You are a monster – You're a spoiled brat
I'd have left you years ago if I could
You're crazy – You're stupid – You're ugly – You're fat
Well fuck off – I'll fuck off for good! – For good? – For good!
How is it then, that we don't feel so good?

One of us sobbing in bed, the other pacing down below
Till one appears at the door and dares to say 'hello
I'm sorry dear, it's all my fault, can we make up? I love you so
And on we go
And on we go...

Would you like to have lunch at the Beach Café?
I'm supposed to meet John – Oh well, some other day
No I'll put him off – Sure? – Yes, it's okay – Okay
Once more into the fray

(The food at that joint has gone right downhill
But if it brings peace) – It's raining you know
(The truth is, the food there makes me feel ill)
Got the keys? – Yes – Here we go!
We will sit in the rain and eat lumps of dough
Just to show
That we know

You must always say yes to your partner
Always say yes, that is all
Always say yes to your partner
Yes Denise ...Yes Denise ...Yes Denise...
Yes Paul?!!

Animals And Plants

fishing cat fish dwarf gourami, tiger run through monsoon storm
in pudding pipe tree loris cling and under forest sheltering
peacocks perform
orchid shine, mosquito swarm, blue trumpet vine rise
across the swamp the large racket-tailed drongo flies
towering banyan waves its roots, fairy bluebird plucks a fig
porcupine in bamboo shoots, ants milk aphids
great bandicoots dig
rejoice

howler monkey howl through jungle, humming bird hover in breeze
coral creeper scramble higher, over guava through papaya
iguana sees
smile wipe off a crocodile, as fat piranha eat their fill
while near the sky a toco toucan claps its bill
glory bush shower purple fire, the boa constrictor squeeze
a capybara till it's still, puma pouncing for the kill
jaguars in trees
surveying at a glance
animals and plants

across the seas, penguins and seals diving, flying fish flying
the white sharks preying and dolphins playing
across the seas, the conger eels shocking, sea horses flocking
man of war sailing where the corals grow
and the blue whale sings low

buffalo rumble over plains, great grizzly rears, giant redwood shades
rattler sting, mocking bird sing, alligators bellowing
in everglades
hickory tree, pronghorn fawn, goose and moose and bighorn lambs
chipmunk and skunk, gopher loaf and beaver dams
tobacco, cotton, sugar cane, meadow-jumping mouse jump through the grain
prairie dog bark, road runner run by yucca, cacti, till it's gone
from horizon
rejoice

chamois goats slide, squirrels glide, leech sucks blood, wild hemlock blown
in sorrel, laurel, midwife blinks and leaps, while stinking iris
stinks alone
where seagulls screech and puffins mate, eel grass and bladderwrack lie strewn
along a beach waddles the great northern loon

caribou thunder across dark tundra, lichen, moss, young snowshoe hare
lemmings drown down in the bay, snowy owl prey, great walrus slay
white polar bear
with tusk sharp as a lance
animals and plants

coyote howls, eagle owls, in Tasmania the devil prowls
night-time blooms, jessamine looms, water lilies and mushrooms
oilbirds take flight, bush babies excite, Honolulu queens shine bright
gila monsters fight, vampire bats run, hop, bite, till it gets light

kookaburra laugh at daybreak, platypus paddle 'long a stream
koala, possum, wallaby, small kangaroo bounce through gum tree
while wombat dream
lungfish breathing with one lung, barramundi cruise up river
bottle brush poke scarlet tongue, lyrebird quiver
burrawang bloom, spider flower, flametree flame across the sun
budgerigar, cockatoo and cockatiel fly
but emu run
rejoice

weaver perch on fever tree, lion roar, impala graze
green mamba hiss and spread its hood, hung from bastard white stinkwood
as mantis preys
through black wattle swing baboon, rhinoceros charge and stab
two rosy faced lovebirds swoon in baobab
hyena laugh and eat giraffe, gorilla bark and aardvark feeds
marabou stork bleeds a carcass, mouth brooder swim through
papyrus reeds
and two fat elephants
animals and plants

plagues of locusts, pink flamingos, herds of zebra, soaring swallows
ironwood forests, red ants marching, salmon leaping, mangroves arching
foxes flying, fields of wheat, butterflies and sugar beet
rejoice

giant panda, humpback headstander, mandrill with the rainbow bum
soporific moonflower, komodo dragon, chameleon
pink-footed boobies, fish in trees, bacteria, algae, viruses
venus flytrap, watercress, the sacred gharial from Irrawaddy, yes
around the world they dance
animals and plants

Applause

a soul so needy a soul so raw
it craves affection and still needs more
a joke a song a speech a cause
a laugh a smile a cheer applause

she writes her name in the stars above
but fame is not the same as love

the breathless tours the glory days
the endless hits the endless praise
the look of love in others' eyes
their need to feel to touch their prize

she writes her name in the stars above
but fame is not the same as love

in her dreams she rises from the well-made beds
of the comfortable and the cynical
rises like starlight to the very pinnacle
where she stays for the rest of her days

another curtain another bow
pretty then is older now
another husband another row
helpless hopeful anyhow

she writes her name in the stars above
but fame is not the same as love

another headline another display
anything to keep them looking her way
crowd are listless fans are bored
smaller venues final chord

spread the word she's on the floor
this one-time star will shine no more
never again never again
alone she remembers when

she wrote her name in the stars above
but fame is not the same
as love

Art

At our Institute for Art and Glamour all the students learn
To paint valuable paintings and to dance with grace
To lift up their lovely voices, to shoot prize-winning films
And remind us that the world's a most artistic place

I know some of us think fashion's something that young people do
Just to make us feel bad but here that's not the case
Here we instil the absolute and everlasting values
Of classical beauty, neatness and taste

Art- From the dawn of time
Art - A fist raised in the sky
Art - Like a diamond
It will not die!

Glamour is a part of art and make-up is a must
Like paintings on a canvas, ever lovely, ever spruce
With perfumes and colognes to hide those nasty rotting smells
Which all human beings cannot help but produce

The graphic arts of advertising brighten up our streets
They take our minds off drudgery, they take our minds off grime
And motion pictures whisk us off to never never lands
Where the golden greats of Hollywood are always in their prime

Art- From the dawn of time
Art - A fist raised in the sky
Art - Like a diamond
It will not die!

Some subjects do disturb us, starving faces and old age
But we know the spirited discussions that such topics start
And when at last posterity comes, those same starving faces
Will still be alive - that's the triumph of art

So art, like medicine, may not taste nice but does us good
I'm told Wagner's music is in fact far better than it sounds
And through this artistic splendour, generations may remember
Our everlasting glory and our greatness without bounds

Art- From the dawn of time
Art - A fist raised in the sky
Art - Like a diamond
We will not die!

Bedsit Land

I travelled to London City
To work as a secretary
Found a room in bedsit land
It's quite near a cash and carry

Friday get the week's supplies in
Saturday the launderette
Sitting in an all-night café
Smoking one last cigarette

There's no work where I come from
Things up there are pretty bleak
Try to send my mum and dad
At least a tenner every week

Neon lights light up the night-time
Hear the traffic come and go
And the sound of drunken revellers
Carousing down below

Spanish Lisa's working hotels
Irish Kate is getting married
Australian Pete is doing Europe
Times I fear I'm sinking in
The shifting sand
Of bedsit land

But when I get my lucky break
Yes, when I get the upper hand
I'll remember with affection
My bedsit in bedsit land

Get me out of here
Get me out of here
Get me out of here

The Billie Holiday Song

When Mom and Pop got married
He was eighteen she was sixteen and I was three
I was a woman when I was six
Scrubbing those damn white steps all over Baltimore
But I don't do and I don't say anything
Unless I mean it

A bitch don't want no one to rape her
I know because it happened to me when I was ten
They put me in a raggedy red dress
And locked me up with the body of a dead girl
But I don't do and I don't say anything
Unless I mean it

I was a huge success, thirty-five hundred dollars a week
I had white gowns and white gloves and white shoes and every night
They'd bring me white gardenias and the white junk
But I don't do and I don't say anything
Unless I mean it

The Feds might not speak to me on the street
But they'd gladly sleep with me in the Federal Building
Getting booked and getting busted
For years it made me feel just like a damn cripple
But I don't do and I don't say anything
Unless I mean it

Some damn body's always trying to embalm me
But I'm always making a comeback
When's blacky gonna sing? When's blacky gonna sing?
When's blacky gonna sing?

You can be up to your boobies in white satin
With white gloves on
With white shoes on
With white gardenias in your hair
With no sugar cane for miles around
And you can still be working on a plantation
But I don't do and I don't say anything
Unless I mean it
Unless I mean it

Bliss

Somewhere high on a mountain-side
beside a glistening stream
a lone log cabin sits out on a rock
while all around
the glacial peaks
of the Himalayas
gleam

Above the cabin, a plume of smoke
rises into the air
inside the cabin it's warm and it's clean
with one small bed
a Persian rug
one small table
and a chair

Outside the air is like champagne
in the endless valley far below
with settlements along their banks
shimmering snake-like rivers flow

Across the way a vast waterfall
gushes endlessly
it's bliss
bliss
bliss

And here I am
at the end of this queue
at Sainsbury's

Bring On The Fighting Gods

Gather round me children
I wanna tell you about the Lord
Now you may think he's a peaceful guy
You wouldn't see him with a sword
But Gods can't always be peaceful, no
Sometimes they gotta play rough
And rain down pestilence and plague
So beware, things are gonna get tough
When the Lord starts to strut his stuff

Jesus ransacked the temples, I come not to bring peace, he said
But to set every boy against his own dad and let the dead bury the dead
Cos here comes the Apocalypse, the end of the world is nigh
That's what our Lord Jesus said, you're all gonna die
You wanna know why?

Cos Jesus was a fighting man, yeah – Jesus was a fighting man
Jesus was a fighting man and that's because He surely was The Son of God

Allah said I'll cast terror in the heart of the infidel
Strike off their heads, pile 'em up high and cast 'em straight down into Hell
Cos we're gonna have a Jihad in accord with Islamic Law
We're gonna tear 'em limb from limb in a goddam Holy War
And don't skimp on the gore

Cos Mohomed was a fighting man, Mohomed was a fighting man
Mohomed was a fighting man, He made it clear that we must fear The Wrath of God

Cos the Muslims are God's chosen ones and the Christians they're God's chosen ones
But first, who did He choose? – He chose Moses – whoa, Moses, yeah!
And all them other Jews

Cos Jehovah said I am vengeful, forge your ploughshare into a sword
And with fire and brimstone and gnashing of teeth, we'll strike 'em down, sayeth the Lord
It's eye for eye and tooth for tooth, as ye sow, so shall ye reap
The sun ain't gonna shine forsooth, till the earth's a smokin' heap
C'mon let's make them angels weep

Cos Isaiah was a fighting man, Jeremiah was a fighting man
And Ruth, she was a fighting man, cos they first heard, they heard the Word
And the Word was God

Confucians, Buddhists, Taoists
They don't have no god at all
Instead they talk of inner peace
And hide behind their big old wall
And meditate along with tranquil Brahma
Or just take a nap
And drift away with monks
That Dalai Lama
Isn't he a right old charmer
Smoke and gongs and puppet drama
Chakras, mantras, bells and karma
Whooshy whooshy whoosh
What a load of crap
They're all yella
And that Buddha
He's just a little fat fella

The Muslims, they got great missiles, won't you look at them stockpiles grow
Those Jewish guys got weapons galore and they know how to put on a show
And Christians, an amazing breed, could wipe out the human race
And when those three get up to speed, the best seats'll be in space
It'll put a smile on the Good Lord's face

Cos the Muslim God's a fighting God
The Christian God's a fighting God
The God 'o the Jews is a fighting God
Bring on the fighting Gods
Bring on the fighting Gods
Bring on the fighting Gods

Imagine those forces meeting head on
Fulfilling the prophecies we've read on
The Day of Judgement, Armageddon
Tell me – what are the odds?
Bring on the fighting Gods!

The Cabinet Maker

I was a cabinet maker
I used to walk to work from here
saw the sun rise over the shipyards
in winter the snow
and in summer the sky would be open and clear

Our company just folded
we didn't know till that last day
he went bust, that was it
when I looked, I found
there was eight hundred pound
in that week's pay

time
all this time
so much time

It was alright for a few weeks
I would go shopping with the wife
but after a while the money ran out
I got on her nerves
I was no use to her, she'd got her own life

After a year we were rowing
she didn't want sex anymore
I was out all day looking for work
it's not very clever
looking for work when you're fifty-four

time
all this time
so much time
what do you do when your thoughts turn black

I started wander to round town
watching girls coming out of school
and women
I tried but I couldn't stop
I was getting all sexed up
just looking at them
oh

I was even looking at my daughter
God forgive me, I was that far gone
I'd leave the bathroom door open
hoping that she would come in
and find me with nothing on

I wasn't myself anymore
I went to the doctor in the end
he gave me some pills for depression
I told him, I said
I am not depressed, I'm frightened

of time
all this time
so much time
what do you do when your thoughts turn black
time
too much time

They say the devil finds work for idle hands
I seen this old film on TV
where a man changed into a monster
it was a horror film
and I don't know what's happening to me

I was a cabinet maker
worked with the same blokes every day
we talked about football and telly and things
if I see them now
there's none of them working, we've nothing to say

time
all this time
so much time
what do you do when your thoughts turn black
time
too much time
I've got all the time in the world
and no way back

City People

City people have culture
They have élan
If you're from the styx or some nowhere place
They don't give a damn
A polite word, an excuse
And they've escaped
You have nothing to offer them
They've got you taped
You don't stand a chance
They stick their noses in the air
Cos city people don't care

City people don't know the land
Or the sky
They work, they rest, they eat, they sleep
And they don't know why
Packed into cars and buses
Neither here nor there
No sense of space
But they're always going somewhere
And as they go
They stick their noses in the air
Cos city people don't care

From my window I see houses and roads off into the distance
Mile after mile of city sprawl
In all its magnificence

But city people have cold shoulders
Their smiles are taut
Like lords and ladies-in-waiting
At some court
The party's moved into the other room
And you're alone
And you end up talking to some other lost soul
Till you go home
If you're not one of them
They stick their noses in the air
Cos city people
Don't care

Class War

Rich folk dash in flashy limos private airplanes custom-built
Villa grounds with guard dogs guarding precious paintings framed in gilt
Poor folk shuffle through the shadows furtive glances lurking unseen
Concrete vandals spray cans spraying bloodshed red and envy green
Bricks through windows sirens wail
Let us our traditions hail

As up the castle and down the ditch
Fight the poor against the rich
Fight the rich against the poor
Waging class war

They're common vulgar unkempt drunkard dirty smelly tommy rot
They're lazy scrounging cannon fodder line them up and shoot the lot!
You idle rich posh upper class twits toffee-noses wags and bores
You hoity-toity airs and graces snobby stuck-up gits, up yours!
Like a needle in a groove
Our nation is on the move

As up the castle and down the ditch
Fight the poor against the rich
Fight the rich against the poor
Waging class war

Whilst all around us demons laugh
And all around us angels weep
Whilst all around the world goes by
Sweet dreams and nightmares haunt our sleep
We dare not peep

So with feudal forelock perfect princess myth and madness circling
Sire the peasants are revolting King is dead long live the king

Sing rage rage rage rage
Such is our glorious heritage
And hate hate hate hate
that's what made this country great
Great!

As up the castle and down the ditch
Fight the poor against the rich
Fight the rich against the poor
Waging class war

Cotton Club

At the Cotton Club in Harlem, upon Lennox Avenue
Soon as you arrive you're gonna come alive, you know that I ain't jivin' you

You can meet with the elite, yeah, you can dance till the break of day
You can tap your feet to the crazy beat of Mister Cab Cab Calloway

You was lost and now you're found, yeah, you can groove till you're really gone
You can cut a rug, you can jitterbug to the Duke of Ellington

Cos it's the aristocrat of Harlem, where the angels pray to Beelzebub
Where the white folks sway to the black folks' drum
Come
To the Cotton Club

Big spenders, sharp dressers turn up in big cadillacs
Show people, white hoodlums all come to watch the blacks

Big Frenchie will attend you, and when your feet done left the ground
And you've had enough of the real stuff, you can kick the gong around

Shoot up a line and you'll feel fine, get hep to the promised land
Where the chorus girls will oblige the swells with whatever comes to hand

Cos it's the aristocrat of Harlem, where the angels pray to Beelzebub
Where the white folks sway to the black folks' drum
Come
To the Cotton Club

Adelaide Hall will tell you all how the blackbirds and the bluebirds got together
Ethel Waters in a bright spotlight will sing a new song, Stormy Weather

The Cotton Club's been closed now for fifty years or more
But if you tune your mind, pretty soon you'll find you can still hear the audience roar

As Snakehips Tucker hits the dance floor, Jigsaw Jackson, Lena Horne
And the Chinese chow is being served now and the band's kicking up a storm

Oh the Cotton Club's got rhythm, the Cotton Club's out of sight
It has jazz and snazz and razzmatazz, yeah, the Cotton Club still shines bright

Cos it's the aristocrat of Harlem, where the angels pray to Beelzebub
Where the white folks sway to the black folks' drum
Come
To the Cotton Club

Creature Called Drum

I come from these wide open spaces
where the world looks like it's just begun
rivers and forests thick with trees
spirits and juju and wildebeest
I could have stayed and lived in peace
under the sun
under the sun

But the Creature called Dance says dance
and the Creature called Song says sing
and the Creature called Drum says drum
and we drum with the rhythm of rain and heat
we drum with our hearts as we advance
we drum with anything we can beat
and even proud Death
has to dance

In Adelaide, Houston, Petersburg
in Peking, Brasilia and London
everyone makes the sacrifice
follows the spirit of surprise
when they could rest in paradise
under the sun
under the sun

But the Creature called Dance says dance
and the Creature called Song says sing
and the Creature called Drum says drum
and we drum with the pistons in cars and trains
we drum with machines in factory plants
we drum with the thunder of missiles and planes
and even proud Death
has to dance

Curious Toys

I start my day with foreplay
Get myself into the motion
Swathe my belly with Joy Jelly
Smear on Emotion Lotion
Fill each chasm with Orgasm Cream
Till every cell's on heat
Then I grab the dildo
Give myself a great big treat

Give me more
Give me more of those curious toys
Give me more more more of those curious toys

I'm turning on my Humming Bird
The one I can adjust
From a 'purring whirring action'
To a 'wild pulsating thrust'
Now I'm going crazy
With the Finger And The Thumb
Vibrating and rotating
Till I come come come!

Where is my Rubber Man?
Where is my Anal Pole?
Let us mount the Queening Stool
And play find the hole
Get my cat-o-nine-tails out
And whip him till he cowers
Strap his Rubber Donger on
And bounce around for hours

Give me more
Give me more of those curious toys
Give me more more more of those curious toys

Where's my Rude Monkey?
Wow it's really funky
Where's my Rude Monkey?
Wow it's really chunky
It's a hunky gunky stinky spunky
Monkey

Shall I wear the full-length Body Hose
In 'sable silk fish net'?
The Peephole Bra with 'crutchless briefs'?
The Lace-Trimmed Corselet?
the Suspender Belt and Leotard
In 'shiny leatherette'?
Or Chantilly-Lace French Knickers
With the Tiny Tassel Set?

At last my muscle man arrives
To give me my massage
Cunnilingus, sixty-nine, rope bondage
Spanking and frottage
We up the ratio of fellatio
Till our zones are red and large
Then we ride about and we slide about
In organic discharge

Give me more
Give me more of those curious toys
Give me more more more of those curious toys

Let us hump like camels
We're two consenting mammals
Let our bodies clash
Infect me with your rash
Shake me till I lather
Pretend you are my father
Be a rude nude crude lewd
Dude

By now it's getting late, my dreams await
I'm seeing stars
Life's absurd, yes that's the word
It's all gratuitous
We don't believe in God
We worship money in the bank
We're whores raiding the pleasure stores
And life's a jolly wank

So give me more
Give me more of those curious toys
Give me more more more more more more
Of those curious toys

Edge Of Time

Why worry about the future
Only one life to live
What in the world can we hope for
What in return can we give
With or without a mountain to climb
With or without reason or rhyme
It's clear

That here we are on the edge of time
Watching the view as the future arrives
Here we are on the edge of time
In the prime of our lives
Having the time of our lives

I worry about things sometimes
I crawl inside my shell
Frightened to live, frightened to give
But then I think what the hell
Everyone else must feel the same
And fear by any other name
Is fear

Yet here we are on the edge of time
Watching the view as the future arrives
Here we are on the edge of time
In the prime of our lives
Having the time of our lives

Cultivate a happy disposition
Don't let your troubles cloud your vision
If you've a problem make a decision
And always trust your intuition
Be clear
Watch the world appear

And here we are on the edge of time
Watching the view as the future arrives
Here we are on the edge of time
In the prime of our lives
Having the time of our lives

Erotic Earth

where the ocean laps the sand
where the sky kisses the land
venus kicks her shoes off and
adonis grabs her by the hand
satyrs nymphs throw off their clothes
dance like the river flows
they dance for all they're worth
on the erotic earth

hot water spring rushing ice
bring on the birds of paradise
juices rising in the stalks
volcano spurts and parrot squawks
dance in the dark green light
skeletons dance in the dead of night
they dance for all they're worth
on the erotic earth

sometimes I just want your body
need to wrap my limbs around you
curl your body all around me
all the jurisdictions
the restrictions, facts and fictions
what do we know about anything
except fertility

tropic of capricorn
couples kiss and couples faun
touch me here and touch me there
you can touch me anywhere
earth dancing round the sun
babies pop out one by one

painted dancers tread the soil
naked bodies shining oil
witch doctor leap and spin
flashing eyes and toothless grin
tall and short and fat and thin
everybody up and all join in
we dance for all we're worth
on the erotic earth

Especially Me

Whenever I am feeling low
And the road seems dark and long
Do I lie down and give up? – No
I sing this little song

I'm a human being
And humans are the best
I'm proud to be a human
We're better than the rest

Plants just sit there growing
Being watered, being warmed
Birds flap about in a mindless way
And monkeys are deformed

But human beings are wonderful
We're bold and brave and free
Oh human beings are wonderful
Yes
And especially me

Animals know nothing
They mill about in herds
They grunt & bark & squeak & moo
Whilst we can speak long words

Animals are vulgar
They run around in the nude
They're too dim to realise
That they are just our food

But human beings know how to dress
We move so gracefully
Oh human beings are the perfect shape
Yes
And especially me

Humans are immortal
Unlike those we dominate
Our souls flutter up to heaven
If we're good, and we are, we are great

The human spine's a miracle
So are the human hands
The brain so clever so complex
That no one understands
No one understands

We are not lonely or bad, we are not stupid or sad
Life is not futile, we are not small, banging our heads against a brick wall
With no one to hear our pitiful cries – No, don't think that – that way madness lies
We are not just stuff that grows on a pebble in space – We are the human race
And there is no end to our specialness – No! – Yes!

Soon there will be humans
With feathery wings that fly
And clones of us with spare bits
So our bodies never die

Superhuman humans
With telepathic thoughts
Who know the meaning of everything
And are also good at sports

So what's the secret of our success?
It's our integrity
We seem to glow with an inner light
Yes
And especially me

So if you're sad and boring
And you've gone and lost your dream
Or even if you're very poor
Don't let down the team

Simply rise above it
And sing this song with pride
I'm a human being
I am on the winning side

Us humans walk like gods upon the earth
We're making history
Us human beings are the stuff of legend
Yes – and especially me – me
Meeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Eye To Eye

I am writing this letter
to tell you how much
you will always mean to me
we have not always seen eye to eye
and you know and I know why
but now that our story is all but over
you must see how sincerely I mean it
when I tell you how much
you will always mean to me

eye to eye
say goodbye
let the time fly
white bird
over a calm sea
under a blue sky

Fear!

You squeeze a spot, it starts to crack
Some flesh falls out, you push it back
It won't go back, some more skin tears
Your nose caves in, you try repairs – Fear!

Your eyes explode, it's all gone wrong
Your brain pops out, you're too far gone
You grab your hair, oh what the heck
And pull your whole head off its neck – Fear!

Squids and spiders, bats from hell, demons with an evil smell
Hooded beasts and monstrous ghouls, goblins sitting on toadstools
While we're here, let's live in Fear!

You fall asleep, you run amok
Your brain's deranged, you've come unstuck
Police dogs bark, you run you fall
You scream, I can explain it all – Fear!

It's all unknown and I'm alone
Don't notice me, I'm very small
Life's so unfair, it's a nightmare
It makes me want to cuss and swear
And curl up in a ball
Let me sleep through it all

You'll fail the test, you'll get the sack
Your friends will go and won't come back
Government will go and then there'll be
Murder chaos anarchy – and Fear!

Wars will start, bombs will come
The earth will plunge into the sun
Let's be rational, let's be clear
The only thing we have to fear – is Fear!

Flying saucers moths and germs, radiation cancer worms
Eagle's beaks and beetle's wings, people doing dirty things

While we're here, let's live in overbearing tearing scaring wetting vetting fretting sweating
Gibbering shivering, quivering withering slithering blithering
Fear!

Forever Bound

look in the crystal ball world at our fingertips
plasma screen plugged into ivory tower
from bases to spaces, the hungry heart chases
through patterns of knowledge to places of power

satellites twinkle and data banks update
our orbits and flight paths surrounding the earth
calls through the ether and spells, prophecies
mathemagical systems of birth and rebirth

lost souls or found
heads in the skies or feet on the ground
lost souls or found
where we have come from or where
we are bound

rhythms and impulses, heartbeats and brainwaves
the memory traces of infinite scenes
fashioning worlds from the depths of our psyches
our gods in the heavens our ghosts in machines

lost souls or found
heads in the skies or feet on the ground
lost souls or found
where we have come from or where
we are bound

dreamtime on planet earth
new veils of mystery
new games to play
dreamtime on planet earth
borne out of history
into the future and far
far away

here we come shooting up airwaves and bouncing off skies
eternally programmed to follow our star
through dream symbols, palaces, phalluses, passions
analyses of who on earth we are

lost souls or found
heads in the skies or feet on the ground
lost souls or found
where we have come from or where
we are bound
forever bound

For Our Son

He's been inside you
Not an hour ago
And you come back and act as if
You feel like making love
But I know, but I know

I know because he phoned me up
I know because he told me
I know because his smell is on you
I know you don't want
To hold me, to hold me

You don't want to make love
You want to be above suspicion
All I can do is roll over
Mumble I'm too tired
Which gives you permission

Your partner's always tired
He's no use
That's why you have to do
What you do
That's your excuse

But even if I'd been asleep
I would have woken
I'm not too tired
I'm just too hurt
Feel like all my bones have broken

That's why he phones
And why it goes on
It weakens me until all is lost
But who has won

I should chuck you out
Or leave and be done
And I would, I would
If it wasn't for our son

For our son

For The Children

They're just like their father and they're just like me
They look at us so trustingly
I give myself completely
For the children

Making sure they're not getting hurt
Crawling out the window or eating dirt
Always on the alert
For the children

I'm getting used to having my attention divided
Rocking the cot as they sleep inside it
Pouring the tea with my other hand while
The visitor talks, I nod and smile

When I have to leave them at the nursery
I look back and they're looking at me
Complete telepathy
With the children

Stay with them
Play with them
Bring to them
Sing to them
They'll sit and gurgle and flirt for hours
Sometimes their minds seem to teem with fears
They go bright red and scream
The little dears

From the beginning however tough
You start to let go just enough
Without any loss of love
For the children

They may look like their father and me
But theirs is the 21st century
And they are the future, they're new
Here's to
The children

From The Heart

he lives alone now
he's looking for work
he sees his boy at weekends
and in the evening
with a pocket calculator
he accounts for the currency he spends
and the currency comes in kisses and plastic
and the two go flying apart
as if sometime there was an atomic explosion
splitting the head from the heart
it's up to her now
she's got the boy to bring up
on no account can she cry
she's got too much to do
there's clothing and food
and everything else that she can't afford to buy
and the currency comes in kisses and plastic
and the two go flying apart
as if sometime there was an atomic explosion
splitting the head from the heart
where's the money coming from?
love won't pay the rent
what are we going to do?
what is happening to us?
if you're going, go
I should never have married you
I should never have married you
he sleeps alone now
he's four years old
his mother's face smiling above
she kisses him
he shuts his eyes
and dreams impossible dreams of love
and the currency comes in kisses and plastic
and the two go flying apart
as if sometime there was an atomic explosion
splitting the head from the heart
from the heart

Funny Bodies

When a new face meets my eyes
I always register surprise
And it makes me quite depressed
When I see that they are dressed

Dainty feet and feet like kippers, thick toenails that break the clippers
Under foot and under toe, great bunions, corns, verrucas grow
Muscly calves, legs even more so, trying to support the torso
Lanky thighs, quite slender, slight, or frothing with great appetite
That pucker into smiling dimples, bodies all aglow with pimples

What a great creator God is
To have made such funny bodies

Tiny tummies or so fat they concertina when they're sat
With buttons concave or convex, in which age-old dirt collects
Guts digesting snacks and lunches, backs with knots and spots and hunches
Arching backs that lift and swing and twist like trees in lightening
With pigeon or with barrel chests, sweet nipples or great blooming breasts

What a great creator God is
To have made such funny bodies

Can we believe what we are seeing?
Crazy zany human being
Legs akimbo eyes askance
Watch the funny mammals dance

All the different kinds of bottoms, small or great big hippopotums
Buttocks bald or full of fur, that brown stain around the sphincter
Tufts of hair from under bones, like grasses sprouting out from stones
Sprouting from those nooks and crannies, hiding little knobs and fannies
Or big drooping hanging hot appendages that sweat a lot
Lips and hips and fingertips
Lumps and bumps and rumps and stumps
Bags of lungs and lights and hearts
Flesh and blood and stinky parts

What a great creator God is
To have made such funny bodies

The Garden Of Love

Welcome to the garden, all creatures great and small
we've orchards laced with exotic fruit and you can taste them all
So step right up and enjoy yourself, there's none of that forbidden stuff
Cos this ain't the Garden of Eden baby, this is the Garden of Love

There's no obligation, you can just hang out
Take a walk through the perfumed groves, see what it's all about
First you want a little, then you can't get enough
Cos this ain't the Garden of Eden baby, this is the Garden of Love

Like the poet said, love's a bird on the wing, a red red rose, a wedding ring
Who knows what the future may bring, love is a many splendoured thing
But you don't have to be a poet, cos when you got it, you sure know it

This ain't the Garden of Eden, no, this is a real paradise
You wanna be naughty, be naughty, you wanna be nice, be nice
You wanna take things nice and slow, you wanna play it rough
I mean you can just sit there, a'feedin or readin, but this is the Garden of Love

Gonna touch, touch, touch, touch the fire – There is such, such, such, such desire
Have as much, much, much, you'll never tire – Join the choir in the Garden of Love

You wanna walk in the moonlight, you want the thrill of romance
You wanna feel safe and serene, you wanna take a chance
You wanna stretch out in stardust, you wanna strut your stuff
This ain't the garden, it's more of a hardon - yeah – Garden of Love

So many pleasures for you to find, delights for you to dwell upon
Pleasures of the heart, pleasures of the mind, pleasures of the imagination
And don't forget spirituality – yeah, but mostly of the body

Gonna peep, peep, peep into the garden – Gonna creep, creep, creep into the garden
Goin deep, deep, deep into the garden – Goin deep in the Garden of Love

Now it's time to come on in, you won't ever want to go
The more that you experience, the more you wanna know
But don't start getting hoity toity when you see everyone in the buff
Cos this ain't the Garden of Eden honey

This is the Garden
No need to say pardon
This is the Garden of Love

Go Away

For some reason I'm not firing
Got to undo all the wiring
Cos I have tried aspiring
And it is far too tiring
Don't want my friends enquiring

It's time to hurt my pride
To run away and hide
And find out what's inside there
For far too long I've lied
Tell all my friends I've died

Inside me is a mess
Which I harness or suppress
Which I cover up and dress
That's me more or less
But where's the happiness?
Where's the happiness?!

The truth is I am petty
My dreams light as confetti
I wish to be Paul Getty
Recline upon a settee
Watch TV and eat spaghetti

Inside me is a mess
Which I harness or suppress
Which I cover up and dress
That's me more or less
But where's the happiness?
Where's the happiness?!

Once I rode into the fray
With my passions on display
Now my dreams have gone astray
Let the devil come what may
I'm not coming out to play

So go away

Goal!

weekdays sometimes drag by
daily papers daily bread, but saturday's a dream
crowding from all over
on foot on buses charabancs, to support the team

then twenty-two men and a referee
run on the pitch amid the din
toss up for kick-off, place the ball
the whistle blows, see the game begin
our side will win

because football is teamwork, good for the soul
watching all the brave young men
running dribbling tackling booting
heading kicking passing shooting – Goal!

now they're surging forward
oops there goes the yellow card, bloody referee
streaming up the green field
come on, score - oh that's a foul, should be a penalty

we never let things get us down
we do things wholeheartedly
It's all for one and one for all
come to the match and you'll agree
yes siree

because football is teamwork, good for the soul
watching all the brave young men
running dribbling tackling booting
heading kicking passing shooting – Goal!

the crowds upon the terraces, the VIPs in suits
watch a player racing down - he leaps he aims he shoots
he scores - and with the applause - he runs
you're only young once - you're only young once

We never let things get us down
how we love to watch them play
it's all for one and one for all
we'll be at that game saturday
come what may

because football is teamwork, good for the soul
watching all the brave young men
running dribbling tackling booting
heading kicking passing shooting – Goal!

Heart Of Gold

In these difficult times of do or die
Where livelihood is in short supply
Where the cash runs out and the blood runs cold
Where is the heart
The heart of gold

In these treacherous times of expedience
Where attack is the only form of defence
Where human life is bought and sold
Where is the heart
The heart of gold

Where is the heart that has understood
Where is the heart that sees the good
Where is the heart bright as the sun
Let it shine let it shine upon everyone

I have lived too long in defeat
Want to hang my sign down on Easy Street
Won't you tell me before I'm too old
Where is the heart
The heart of gold

Where is the heart
The heart of gold

Here Goes

time flies
heaven knows
here it comes
there it goes...

I'll keep my own company
I don't know where I am bound
but I will not be found
on the shelf

I'll keep my own company
to stop me sleepwalking through
got to keep talking
to myself

what happened
at the start I was just glad to be free
can't even remember all the things
I was going to be
have I gone numb
distraught and disappointed
is this what I've become
is this me
just have to find a way
it's okay, it has to be
all my formative friends are gone
I'll keep my own company
from now on

time flies
heaven knows
here it comes
here goes...

High Summer

boats bobbing in the harbour here
masts tinkling in the breeze
got my right hand wrapped round a glass of beer
looking forward to a life of ease

a year ago my partner and I
decided to call it a day
people change, kids were gone
we weren't getting on anyway
it's high summer

six months ago mum had a fall
two weeks dad sat by her side
till the doctor said we must turn off those machines
and dad went home and died
it's high summer

when my kids moved out, I was proud of them
they were so happy and strong
when my folks died, I blessed them both
they'd lived so well so long
when my partner left, it was for the best
for twenty-five years we'd got along

but just yesterday as the sun set
I sat in the last of the light
when these great deep sobs burst out of me
didn't stop all night
it's high summer

boats bobbing in the harbour here
masts tinkling in the breeze
got my right hand wrapped round a glass of beer
looking forward to a life of ease...

Holiday Brochures

I've been at this job fifty years, or did I start it yesterday, who knows
That's the way it goes
Past the rows of terraces, there's a shop that advertises trips by air
Special fare
And though I can't afford the price, I've samples of their merchandise
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
Photographs of every country, countries where it's always sunny
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
Over seas and far away, wouldn't mind a holiday
The wind howls from the cold north, walking homeward through the crowds I see again
Tired faces in the rain
Businessmen and teenagers, secretaries, loyal mothers almost dropping
With their shopping
God forgive me for my sins but every night I dream of Butlins
I am wasted, I am spent, lead me to my travel agent
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
Photographs of every country, countries where it's always sunny
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
This routine is not for me, can't you feel the sun and the sea
Breaking on the sand, rolling back to the land
A tropical land of greens and reds
Where all the women walk about with jars on their heads
Oh but England in spring, England in spring is more beautiful than anything
Home with family or out with friends, at least I know my way about
If I left England my soul would choke – anyway I'm broke
Hallo old age, goodbye youth, where's the passion, impulse, truth? I've seen
My thoughts turn mean
I blame myself if things are wrong, I'm tired, but surely circumstances play a part
And I know in my heart
I'm a mammal, I'm a primate and I need a decent climate
Daily boredom makes me sick, how I yearn for the exotic
Give me cash, let me scrounge, got to get to that departure lounge
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
Photographs of every country, countries where it's always sunny
Holiday brochures – Holiday brochures
This routine is not for me, can't you feel the sun and the sea
Breaking on the sand, rolling back to the land
A tropical land of greens and reds
Where all the women walk about with jars on their heads
Come ye all, and have some fun, let's catch a plane to catch the sun
In Rio, Peking, Cairo, Rome, anywhere but home sweet home
There we'll flourish, here we freeze, let's leave England to the Tories
Leave tonight, it's wrong to stay, let's all begin a life-long holiday

How Pure The Child

Their little snubby noses
Their great big sparkly eyes
With happy smiling faces
They live in paradise
There is nothing gross about them
Nothing wild
How pure the child

We put their little clothees on
We love to see them fed
We give them lots of kisses
And we tuck them up in bed
With their sweet little bodies undefiled
How pure the child

Here's a little black boy
Here's a little yellow girl
Here's a little green boy
Yes it takes all colours to make this world

What does the future hold for them?
What will fate decree?
Their hairs will sprout, their parts pop out
They'll suffer puberty
But until they can speak
They're meek and mild
How pure
How pure
The child

Husbands And Wives

They look for a place, they're setting up home
Painting, decorating, no end to the chores
Announcing the pregnancy to mums and to dads
Teats, bottles, nappies, perambulators
Family at Christmas, trips with the kids
Some social evenings with their married friends
Rules for the children, daily routines
Monday to Friday, odd jobs at weekends
Earning and saving, it's all above board
Up late discussing what they can afford
They work every hour until night-time arrives

Husbands and wives, the young and the old
In health and in sickness, to have and to hold
To have and to hold all through their lives
Husbands and wives

Husbands and wives get used to each other
And their feelings get hard to locate
Accusations and frustrations
Pressures build up and they won't abate
Unforgivable betrayals
Reproaching each other forever more
Incessant squabbling which seems so petty
To outsiders who don't know the score
It's irritation or a matter of tact
There's no control or it's a balancing act
Look out, here come the knives

Husbands and wives, the young and the old
In health and in sickness, to have and to hold
To have and to hold all through their lives
Husbands and wives

Real understanding, yet so much bleeding
Each one's weakness leaves the other needing
Some end in divorce, everyone suffers
Bitterness and remorse, once they were lovers

Touching and feeling, testing the ground
Wooing and following each other about
Leaving their homes, breaking with friends

Sense of adventure, things'll work out
Nights on the town, hours on the phone
Deciding to get married soon
Fiancés meeting future in-laws
The wedding reception, the honeymoon
And that's how it all began
They said 'thank god we're out of the frying pan'
Now they're scenes of soft focus in the archives

Husbands and wives, the young and the old
In health and in sickness, to have and to hold
To have and to hold all through their lives
Husbands and wives

Some children take a look at their parents
See the balance of power, all the deterrents
The blackmail, the cowardice, the narrow minds
The self-protective convenient blinds
Out of touch, lacking in trust
And the children say no, that's not for us

But soon they want a home and some kids
So they forget what once they said
First it's a show of living in
Next thing you know they're getting wed
Family at Christmas, trips with the kids
Some social evenings with their married friends
Rules for the children, daily routines
Monday to friday, odd jobs at weekends
Earning and saving, it's all above board
Up late discussing what they can afford
And so the palaver survives

Husbands and wives, the young and the old
In health and in sickness, to have and to hold
To have and to hold all through their lives
Husbands and wives

I Fall In Love Every Day

The student in the launderette getting things clean
The motorcycle messenger on his machine
The musician playing saxophone in the subway
Can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love every day

The charmer at the petrol pump who fills up my tank
The counter clerk who checks my balance down at the bank
The shy boy at the CD store who holds me at bay
Can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love every day

Early each morning all the joggers jog around my block
Come streaming out of offices for lunch at one o'clock
Late afternoon in cars and buses joining the hubbub
Then late at night all the men fall out of the pub

The dude with his ghetto blaster out taking the air
The old man on the wooden bench with his carefully groomed hair
The husband in the park watching his children at play
Can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love every day

The butcher boy and the girl at the florist are sweet
She gives him sprays of flowers and he gives her meat
The young priest at St. Cuthberts who makes me want to pray
Can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love every day

Love in Summer when everything is flowering
And in Autumn when the feelings are overpowering
Winter when people get as close as they can be
Spring when a young woman's love turns to fancy

The teacher off to school, the young policeman on his beat
The rollerblader racing backwards down the middle of the street
I don't know what comes over me, I'm wasting away
Can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love every day
No I can't keep my mind on my work I fall in love
Every day

I Feel Wretched

I feel wretched
The children are undisciplined
They are rude and insolent
They've no consideration for the law
I haven't got the patience anymore

I feel wretched
The other teachers show no respect
The way they go behind my back
Cocky-locky, so superior
Thirty years I've been a teacher here

My pay grading's schedule B
The head mistress is younger than me
I put in for senior salary
But she had to put her oar in, didn't she
My application got refused
I have to take her sly abuse
She rules the roost

They're all younger than me
They're pushing me out
I've been passed over
So this is it

Only four more years till I retire
And now I can't get any higher
But you have to stay or you lose your pension too
I'll have to see these four years through
I feel wretched
I really do

If There Was A War

if there was a war
a nuclear war
I'd stand on the hill and wonder at the view
and the smell in the air like a barbeque
and then I'd be useful too
no regrets – no regrets
I could hand out the serviettes

if there was a war
a nuclear war
everything would be fresh and new
we'd delight in each other yes we'd muddle through
and then I'd be useful too
we could share – we would care
things would need doing everywhere

yes if there was a war
well if there was
it would break down all the barriers
when life is easy, what's there to live for?
and apathy is far worse than war
we'd all mutate
I can hardly wait
we'd all be different
and probably far more intelligent
oh yes
even war must have its season
stands to reason

but even if I don't survive
I don't want to think what I'm doing things for
anymore
I want to enjoy my life
so badly

if there was a war
I would give my life
gladly

In My Dreams

My Grandma was a shop girl, she could speak back-slang
she brought up two children and they lived in Abbey Wood
when I knew her she had Parkinson's disease and couldn't speak
with me in tow, my mum would go to help her, when she could
Grandma would sit in her armchair, smiling frailly
I'd sit on the floor and I'd watch her as she watched me

She is with me in my dreams

My Granddad he would carry her about and when she died
he said mustn't grumble, not to worry, can't complain
he'd been a builder, then a teacher, having qualified
he'd a shock of white hair, twinkling eyes and a walking cane
we wrote letters to each other and when he was going to die
in that dreadful hospital, we held hands and said goodbye

He is with me in my dreams

My Grandma on my father's side was a Jew from Austria
they'd a small shop in Vienna which they left because of Hitler
her younger son was killed in an accident in the war
they settled then in England and from school I'd visit her
they went on a holiday back to Austria
to see it for the last time and she died while they were there

She is with me in my dreams

Her husband was a quiet man and when he returned alone
he came home with us and we watched football on TV
he'd been interred in prison camps in world wars one and two
world war one in Britain, world war two in Germany
later he remarried in an old folks home at Kew
he'd try to give me advice and tell me what he'd lived through

He is with me in my dreams

They are with me in my dreams

In Praise Of Love

when I'm with you I'm so happy
sudden smiles, too much to take
when I'm with you I'm so happy
everything for its own sake

in praise of love
in praise of love
in praise
of days
of love

lying around telling jokes
laughing more than the jokes deserve
shall we get up now, shall we go out walking
shall we go out swimming, or stay in talking

in praise of love
in praise of love
in praise
of days
of love

Don't be cynical about love
For in the face of all aridity and disenchantment
It is as perennial as the grass

I don't care what comes after
I don't care what went before
when I'm with you I'm so happy
I can only love you more

in praise of love
in praise of love
in praise
of days
and days
and days
and days
of love

IN THE NEWS

CURVY CAROL IN THE SUN! – ETHIOPIAN DROUGHT GOES ON!
A MILLION GOLF CLUBS MUST BE WON!

TRENDY VICAR WARNS OF SIN! – ANOTHER MILLION YOU CAN WIN!
POPSTAR DUSTY PUSS FLIES IN!

CURVY CAROL GETS ABOUT! - POPSTAR DUSTY PUSS FLIES OUT!
PICS OF VICTIMS OF THE DROUGHT! – PLUS OUR ROYAL INTERVIEWS!

IT'S ALL IN THE NEWS! - WHAT'S THE TRUTH ABOUT IQs?
WHAT YOUR BRAIN DOES WHEN YOU SNOOZE! – IT'S ALL IN THE NEWS!

T E LAWRENCE - WAS HE REAL? – UNEMPLOYMENT: WE REVEAL!
PRICELESS ANTIQUES AT A STEAL!

PRICELESS ROYALS AT THE RITZ! – THE UNEMPLOYED TO USE THEIR WITS!
ZULU TRIBES THAT SHOW THEIR TITS!

ZULU ANTIQUES COME UP TRUMPS! – HOW TO GET OUT OF THE DUMPS!
AND LOVELY LADY LUCY LUMPS LOOKS AT BATHS BIDETS AND LOOS

IT'S ALL IN THE NEWS – COFFEE TABLE BOOK REVIEWS!
VICAR BLAMES PERMISSIVE VIEWS! – DUSTY PUSS SINGS FAMINE BLUES!
IT'S ALL IN THE NEWS

THEY ONLY PRINT WHAT THEY CAN SELL
IF WE DON'T WANT IT THEY CAN TELL
GOD BLESS OUR PAPERS THEY ARE FREE
AND THEY EXPRESS US PERFECTLY

VICAR CHOIRBOY RAPE SURPRISE! – NOW IT'S CAROL THUNDERTHIGHS!
UNEMPLOYED YOUTHS VANDALISE!

POLICE ARRESTS - A HUNDRED DEAD! – FAMINE SINGLE STREAKS AHEAD!
LAWRENCE - WAS HE BAD IN BED?

HERO DUSTY TOPS WITH CHICKS! – PHOTOS SHOW VANDALS HAD STICKS!
HEADLESS CAROL: PRICELESS PICS! – YOU CAN WIN A SUPER CRUISE!

IT'S ALL IN THE NEWS – BAD LANGUAGE OUR CHILDREN USE!
ARE THE NEGROES LIKE THE JEWS? – HOUSEWIVES SNIFFING SUPERGLUES!
ADD SOME LIFE TO CABBAGE STEWS! – HEARTBREAK HUBBIES HIT THE BOOZE!
SINGALONG WITH OUR DOLE QUEUES! – DRUGS OUR TEENAGE THUGS ABUSE!
PLAY THE MARKET: YOU CAN'T LOSE! – HEADLESS CAROL GOT HER DUES!
AND OUR NEWSPAPER SAYS J'ACCUSE! – AND WIN A PAIR OF ROYAL SHOES!
AND IT'S ALL IN THE
NEWS!

In The Sixties

There was a golden age
when men and women walked the earth
and uttered words of love and peace
a world of magic and rebirth
in the sixties

We stood for something then
we all got stoned and everything shone
we listened to sounds and people walked down
to the river with nothing on
in the sixties

Then the seventies came
and blew out the flame
it was never the same
nor was I
every ideal was breached
world peace never reached
The Beach Boys were beached
I could cry

In place of the flower
aggression and power
but I would not cower
I'd fly
fly away to a beach
out of touch out of reach
Through my work I would preach
till I die

...And if the world is mean
at least the stories will be told
of a hopeful world I've seen
in that golden age of old
in the sixties

...I still believe that when
things get back to normal, then
it'll be the sixties
again

The Jails Are Full

THE THE THE JAILS THE JAILS
THE JAILS ARE THE JAILS ARE
ARE ARE ARE THE JAILS ARE
FULL

Our pri son sys tem now in ters
for ty five thou sand pri son ers
con di tions there are get ting worse
the jails are full

Cri mi nals can't be free to vent
their crimes up on the inn o cent
but locked up as a pun ish ment
the jails are full

THE THE THE JAILS THE JAILS
THE JAILS ARE THE JAILS ARE
ARE ARE ARE THE JAILS ARE
FULL

And wel fare ser vi ces are fleeced
the old the sick the un em ployed
school leav ers home less have no say
pol ice and wea pon ry's in creased
mo ra li ty is hard to beat
where as a count ry that's co r rupt
will eat
it self a way

We're go ing to work we're hang ing on
we're look ing out for num ber one
and we'll sur vive this re ces sion

So lock the doors pull down the blinds
serve up the roast un cork the wines
mean while deep down with in our minds

THE THE THE JAILS THE JAILS
THE JAILS ARE THE JAILS ARE
ARE ARE ARE THE JAILS ARE
FULL

Jolly Bonking

This is a story of two people
And it could be any one of you

He bent to kiss her full lips
He tasted the sweetness of her mouth
To keep from falling, her hands reached out
They embraced
The curtains fluttered in the breeze
And the room was filled with a magical light
And locked in each other's arms
They stood there like angels – glorified

jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking is fun to do
jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking our whole lives through

Her blouse fell off
She threw him down roughly upon her duvet
Her fingernails dug deep into his flesh
With a fierce but gentle passion
His trousers fell off
She pleased him with her loving tongue
Outside a blackbird was warbling
Heralding the spring

jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking is fun to do
jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking our whole lives through

Suddenly she felt the full thrust of his hardness
Her body responding, rolling over and over
They seemed to flow together into a oneness
Then the waves came crashing down against the rocks

They lay back looking at the ceiling
She smiled, a secret smile
In the streets below, some children were playing
Listen, he said, listen – they're playing our song...

... jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking is fun to do
jolly bonking, jolly bonking, jolly bonking our whole lives through

King Sunshine

We spend the day on the beach
The boys are fighting-fit
The sea is something quite out of reach
Nothing to do but look at it

Another bather stirs
Why don't I do something?
My boys crash through like young warriors
Spoiling our audience with the King

King Sunshine rides on the waves
And all the world are his slaves
King Sunshine rides through the skies
And time flies

My boys return for snacks
I need to catch the sun
I'm trying far too hard to relax
If I could only talk to someone

King Sunshine rides on the waves
And all the world are his slaves
King Sunshine rides through the skies
And time flies

I speak with the sun privately
I say my husband's gone
Now it's just us three
I'm finding it very hard
Help me
Help me

But the sun sails out to sea
The bathers leave one by one
My boys will shortly be wanting their tea
One last look at the horizon

King Sunshine rides on the waves
And all the world are his slaves
King Sunshine rides through the skies
And time flies

Law And Order

We the government of South Africa
Implement measures only to maintain
Law and order

The photo of a man being thrown
From a rooftop by officials is a fake
As are all such photographs

Some people have no respect for law and order
Law and Order

Reports of teeth being broken by pliers
And electric shocks administered to genitals
Are untrue

The sexual torturing of women
By inserting iron rods and burning with cigarettes
Does not take place

Some people have no respect for law and order
Law and Order

In the west you criticise us
But your own governments
Commit great atrocities
Don't you know?
You are hypocrites

But you are no trouble to us
Just as you are no trouble to your own governments
Your horror of violence ensures that

You people have great respect for law and order
Law and Order

Lay Yourself Bare

lay yourself bare
that's how to write a song
lay yourself bare

lay yourself bare
that's what we said back then
you want to hear all those impersonal love songs again and again?
don't you dare – you're supposed to care
that's how to write a song, lay yourself bare

lay yourself bare
but if you want to write that song
you must live your life truthfully, try to see honestly
away with the vanity, that's how you've got to be
but beware – it could end in despair
if you live like that and just lay yourself bare

and it hurts
you bump into things
you are off the beaten track while others are not
you're making it up as you go along
and everything is going wrong
crushing every single hope you've got

and it hurts
sometimes people hurt you
or they just don't share your vision
are you taking yourself too seriously or what?

lay yourself bare?
why put yourself through that?
why put yourself through the shit-loads of heartache
a life of disaster, of torment and madness
when I could be happy and mindless and without a care?
fucking nightmare
and just for a song?
well I'm not going to do it
not now
not never

so there!

Let's Clean Up

Commercial redevelopment for downtown Guatemala
Sponsored by our Rockabilly Gala at La Scala

Our reflationary tourist plans for the Bay of Widney
Then half-way round the world to open Spiritual Week in Sidney

Let's clean up the world!

Our prestigious Health Foundation in the heart of Indonesia
Our new luxurious complex in Bombay for Art and Leisure

Our job-creation programmes for the children of Taiwan
Deodorants and breath capsules for men in Pakistan

Let's clean up the world!

On to the Nice Campaign for Peace to decide the winning photo
Our Sterilization Project for the people of Lesotho

Our fight to ease the plight caused by the blight on Syrian fig trees
Our Genetic Engineering Institute to help the Pygmies

Let's clean up the world!

In Rome attend the Seminar for Nuclear Deterrents
And the right of the unborn child to abort its parents

My appearance in Brazil so they don't feel they've lived in vain
Then straight to London to spearhead the Save The Beef Campaign

Flag Day for the Maoris
Drama Workshops for Nepal
Jumble for the Abos
Senna pods for Senegal

Let's clean up the world!

Look Good

Have Fun Love Life Look Good
Have Fun Love Life Look Good
Have Fun Love Life Look Good

...Hi! I'm Denise Black. And I'm going to teach you how to be fit.
This is a SPECIALLY DESIGNED system for you to do at home,
as if you were ACTUALLY WITH ME.
I guess you've all heard about keeping fit.
Well I'm going to take you one step further
and get you dancing AT THE SAME TIME!

Make a move – Let your body groove
Tap your feet – And think petite
Exercise – Will make you wise – I mean superwise
Weave and bob – Don't be a slob
Pass all the tests – Muscle up those breasts
Stay off the pud – Like you know you should
Have Fun Love Life Look Good

...That was fun wasn't it.
But this workout program is more than just exercise and fun.
It's a PHILOSOPHY.
A holistic approach, from the physical right through to the spiritual.
AND you won't get nasty bulky muscles.
How many times have you said "WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE THE OTHERS?"
Well, from now on, the others will want to be like you.
All you need is confidence. What we call the BIG "C".
Have you got the BIG "C"? I've got the BIG "C".
You wouldn't believe it – I look so young and healthy.
But I'm 68. I'm a GRANDMOTHER!
Now we're ready for the second exercise.
What we call EXERCISE NUMBER TWO.
This is SPECIALLY DESIGNED to tone and strengthen the buttock,
slim and trim the ENTIRE LEG, reverse the ageing process,
and help the GOOGLIES FLOW!

Squeeze your nose – Between your toes
C'mon take hold – You're not old
Know who you are – You're a star – A superstar – Anorexiar
Do pelvic squirms – And you won't get worms
Don't guzzle cream – You got self-esteem
Stay off the pud – Like you know you should
Have Fun Love Life Look Good

Shake up and prance with Felicity Kendal
Jump up and down with Isla St Clair
Work out with Jane Fonda and Angela Rippon
Meet Charlie Drake and Lionel Blair
Stay Young Win Love Get Rich

Eat like a sparrow – Get straight and narrow
No more stress – Let's adolescence
Be a lean machine – Get really clean – I mean superclean

...Now we're really getting to work on those little problem areas.
As those wonderful Greeks would say, SLIM IN BODY SLIM IN MIND.
Let's see you dance away those disgusting bulges, get rid of that revolting body odour.
Say goodbye to chubby thighs, sagging bottoms, spare tyres, inadequacy and loneliness.
Be fit, healthy and ARIAN!

Lift up your leg – Stretch one arm out
Lift the other leg – Goosestep about...

...That's it! You've got DANCEABILITY. Dance yourself dizzy.
Get together in groups and applaud yourselves.
Open up whole new leisure worlds of group narcissism.
Suppress a smile whenever you see an ugly fat nobody walk by.
Take them into a corner and tell them about their PROBLEM.
Because nobody need have a PROBLEM.
Remember: Your body is your temple. Discipline is liberation.
And whatever you do – DON'T DESPAIR!
Goodbye.

Stay off the pud – Like you know you should
Have Fun Love Life Look Good

The Lovely Doreen

and we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
and you were captain, I was crew
and Sam was there and Dandy too
as we sailed on The Lovely Doreen

and we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
our kids and dogs played on the beach
the working week seemed out of reach
as we sailed on The Lovely Doreen

and we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
your mum and dad and you and me
and who would like a G and T
as we sailed on The Lovely Doreen

...and all our dearest friends were there
sailing along on a wing and a prayer
with a heigh-ho me hearties and a devil-may-care

and we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
we sailed on The Lovely Doreen
I watch her sailing out of view
a tiny dot amid the blue
that happy captain and her crew...

and when I quit the human race
I'll wear a smile upon my face
remembering those days of grace
when we sailed on The Lovely Doreen

so raise the anchor, take the helm
guide us safe through Neptune's realm...

Love You So

You didn't come back all night again
I sat and waited up
Listening to cars, hearing people pass
Crying and I couldn't stop

It isn't because I'm weak you know
It's only because I love you so
Love you so

Went to work this morning
Not much good for anything
Felt myself lock in a state of shock
Every time I heard the phone ring

And it isn't because I'm weak you know
It's only because I love you so
Love you so

All the same, maybe I'm to blame, maybe I stopped you living
You always burn with such a flame, and I am so forgiving

Got back here this evening
It was just the same as before
No sign of you, don't know what I'll do
But I can't take any more

And it isn't because I'm weak you know
It's only because I love you so
Love you so

Don't you remember how much you loved me, begged me to live with you
Now you don't even come back and face me, that's such a cowardly thing to do

Well I'm taking some things, some things I can carry
I'll get someone to collect the rest
So you can come back, you needn't worry
This bird has flown the nest

And this is just to let you know
You lost someone who loved you so
And this is just to let you know
You lost someone who loved you so
And this is just to let you know
You lost someone who loved you so
Loved you so

Love On The Sly

separate stories
something you said
nothing in writing
phones clicking dead
pure fabrication
creak of a bed

passions that fly
living the lie
of love
on the sly

your place or mine
we come and we go
mustn't hurt others
nothing must show
loving each other
and no-one will know

the passions that fly
living the lie
of love
on the sly

always a fear
someone we know
may discover us here
nobody will
but somehow the danger
increases the thrill
and I can't wait until

our secret liaisons
together alone
no-one to answer
no-one to phone
no-one's permission
none but our own

passions that fly
living the lie
of love
on the sly

Maybe That's The Way Things Go

Whatever happened to the love in your heart
Whatever happened to that wonderful glow
The warmth and sweetness you possessed at the start
Maybe that's the way things go

Did all your visions vanish into thin air
Were you so hurt, when did this bitterness grow
The human psyche arcs from hope to despair
Maybe that's the way things go

Disappointment breeds
You ignore your needs
Put your dreams on hold
And think you're safe at last
But that trail leads
To a world that's always cold

For what you gave me then, I'd like to repay
To hold you close until you finally know
How wonderful you are, and yes, you can say
Maybe that's the way things go
But I still love you so

The Miracle Of Life

In a forest clearing, seeing, hearing nature in the raw
it's a joy to me, every peony that lines the forest floor
the humble reed is bound to bleed if you cut it with a knife
how dare we eat, when every bleat is a miracle of life
a magical, empirical, tragic and yet lyrical
miracle of life

Every columbine, every porcupine, even lemmings, limpets, lice
every grizzly bear, every snow-shoe hare, every bird of paradise
every babe they breed has a mouth to feed and they don't need no strife
even grass and gorse, every galloping horse is a miracle of life
a magical, empirical, tragic and yet lyrical
miracle of life

And the birds all sing ring-a-ding-ding
and the trees all go hey-nonny-no
and the animals dance with the shrubs and plants
with a rum-tum-tum and a lizard up your bum

Come weeping willow, armadillo, bull and billy goat
come stickle-back and natterjack, come weasel, yak and stoat
come damask rose, come rooks and crows, come the whole world and his wife
come great blue whales with garden snails to the miracle of life

Come duck and drake and mountain moss
rattle snake, rhinoceros
leaping panther, zebra, dingo
pyracantha, pink flamingo
doves and quails and giant auks
swallow-tails and sparrow hawks
lambs and foals and golden bells
lemon soles and slipper shells
everything that feels and smells
from the Philippines to Fife
as the curlew cries
even spuds have eyes
in the miracle of life
the magical, empirical
tragic and yet lyrical
miracle of life

Music

when music plays there is no stopping
feet a'tapping, hands a'clapping
fingers snapping, bodies popping

Vivaldi Bartok Bach compose, whilst all across the shires
medieval troubadours with shawms and flutes and lutes and lyres
Indians of the Andes play their pipes on mountain tops
Surfin Safari with Bert Kampfaert and the Boston Pops

music

jungle tribes are shaking spears and leaping with the drums
computer programmer composers work it out with sums
a worker whistles while he works, L'Apres Midi D'Un Faun
they shipped some slaves across the waves, that's how the blues was born

music

in Bali gamelan orchestras play as dancers dance with masks
and in secluded monasteries, monks will chant all day
that they perform these tasks, is all God asks

disco rockabilly swing, new wave jive reggae soul
tamla bluebeat country jazz funk punk and rock and roll
the Art of Fugue, the Rite of Spring, the Stranger on the Shore
there's serious music of the rich and silly music of the poor

music

as around the universe they go, each planet star and moon
they all make cosmic sounds, whilst down on earth below
a million crooners croon a Gershwin toon

clarinets banjos bagpipes drums horns tablas harps sitars
oboes sackbutts fifes kazoos and bloody great orchestras
because there's only death to gain and only life to lose
sing out ye choirs, ring out ye bells and blow ye didgeridoos

music

My Brother

My brother is a tall balding man
With pain and love and spite in his eyes
My brother is a painter, an artist
And I have watched his fortunes rise

He doesn't care for the snobs or the sharks
Of the art world, though they provide his money
He sees things with an eye for the truth
Things which no one else can see

My brother is proud and brave and free
All my life I have admired my brother
Though he's never been a brother to me

When we were young he used to call me a sissy
He was always making dares
One time he rammed a pot of paint over my head
And pushed me down the stairs

My brother is proud and brave and free
All my life I have admired my brother
Though he's never been a brother to me

I wanted life and I wanted children
Now I live with a family man
I'm loyal to him and I love my children
I get out and about when I can
But my brother is the talented one
He's the talented one
I don't mind

I go to my brother's exhibitions
And I read all his reviews
I don't resent him, he's got talent
I'm proud that he's in the news
I agree with all his views
He is great, give him his dues, win or lose

My brother is proud and brave and free
All my life I have admired my brother
Though he's never been a brother to me

My Life With You

Through good and bad times, ups and downs
And through the foggy dew
Through fields and villages and towns
And birds that sing cuckoo
I'll share my life with you

The idle stoat, the fragrant flower
The wild beasts that moo
Or howl upon the witching hour
Proclaim my vow anew
To share my life with you

When things aren't right, we have a fight, until I hear the voice
Lay down your fists, the voice insists, no choice, no choice

This little planet's barking mad
And no one's got a clue
What's wrong goes right, what's good goes bad
But you're my point of view
I'll share my life with you

We met, it must be years ago, in a big room with a small piano
You played the flute and sang so sweet, my heart wanted to soar but it just skipped a beat
We kissed on the steps of the old town hall, kissed on the steps - that was all
I'd no idea how things would go, but you were so lovely, I wanted you to know
And I still want you so

Through thick and thin, through cold and hot
Inner peace or in a stew
I'll be there whether you like it or not
The first one in the queue
To share my life with you

We row, we shout, we stomp about, on and on we go
But oh the love, the love sweet love we know, we know

From mountain tops to marshy ground
Across the oceans blue
You're the one joy I have found
With you I feel I'm homeward-bound
The sight that makes my poor heart pound
The one note that rings true
To share my life with you

Nothing But Cry

They put her to bed in the little room
But they never told me they were having a party that night

There was a fire in the room
But they had the music on, they never heard her scream

And when they found her, the smoke had choked her
It had got inside her chest and her lungs and it choked her

If I'd have known they were planning
Having a party, I could have taken her home

Oh I can't get it out of my thoughts
To think of my baby dying like that
No I can't get it out of my thoughts

I can't blame anyone at the house
They'd always looked after her, they loved her just like I did

It hit them hard and the woman
Of the house, she'd a nervous breakdown over it

Oh I can't get it out of my thoughts
To think of my baby dying like that
No I can't get it out of my thoughts

I can still see her going off to school
Oh she loved school and she was doing so well
I can still see her where we live
I think she's going to come round the door any minute
I'll see her darling face
And find out it was all
A dream

Oh I can't get it out of my thoughts
To think of my baby dying like that
No I can't get it out of my thoughts

The priest talks to me, it's a comfort
I can cry and they say to be able to cry is a blessing
I've done nothing but cry

Noughts And Infinities

I've no idea if there was ever once upon a time
we tend to try to round things off with reason as with rhyme

we tend to conjure up the world in our own image
observing our lives from energetic youth to entropic age
project our own mortality upon the bigger stage

then, by construing the world as finite
we can measure and define it
until humility and truth return to undermine it

every scientific search into Pandora's box
ends in gnomonic paradox
the universe is an energy flow
and the total energy in the universe is zero
but is there is such a thing as nothing? no
hello?

science and scientists, once aloof
inhabitants of an ivory tower
with incontrovertible methods of proof
where power is knowledge and knowledge is power
rising above humanity
constantly raising the roof
whereas now with due humility
we watch yet another exotic flower
blooming from our own fragile psyche

no one may doubt the applications
of science and its technologies
its machines, its bombs, its inoculations
but its grasp of the rudimentaries
is awash with noughts and infinities

One Day In The Middle Of My Life

kids to skool, consult my list
late for work, appointments missed
collect the kids, do I exist
do I exist – only when pissed

one day in the middle of my life

rebel without a cause
actress without applause
backache and menopause
where's the insanity clause

one day in the middle of my life

my work was once a career
it was all in the future
now the future is here
what's the score
what's it for

my dreams have all gone underground
and I don't know where I am bound
probably just round and round
where will it end – round the bend

one day in the middle of my life

I've been swallowed up, I don't exist
change my life, raise my fist
make a start, write a list
but first I gotta get pissed

one day in the middle of my life
one day in the middle of my life
one day in the middle of my life
this day

Only Natural

Henry the eighth possessed an appetite well beyond his need
Call it greed
It's only natural

Primitive tribes would get worked up, go to the next village with their war gear on
And kill everyone
It's only natural

Alexander conquered every country and made his the ruling state
That's why we call him great
It's only natural

Machiavelli taught us how the means are justified by the ends
Beware of friends
It's only natural

We can't do any good, it's human nature, be thankful for what you've got
You can't change things, what can one person do, forget it, it's the way of the world
Some are bound to rot
Put your mind at ease
Thank god for the police

Lusting after shiny objects, silver, gold, bright pennies, that's how things are run
Healthy competition
It's only natural

Adam and Eve got chunked out of Eden, we're not morally enslaved
We are depraved
It's only natural

Some people think that love, peace and equality are ideas of great worth
But trying to improve things would only upset nature's delicate balance
The wimps would inherit the earth
You'd only be ensuring
The survival of the boring

No, we need power and poverty, injustice, greed and cruelty, without these
We'd be weakening the species
It's only natural

And what is natural
Is natural

Our Kids

who's banging on our ceilings
who's cracking up our walls
with crazy loud incessant thumping noise that never ends
who's into heavy metal
who's into daytime soap
who's buffeting the air with endless episodes of Friends

it's Our Kids – it's Our Kids – it's Our Kids
and we love 'em

the dining room's disaster
the living room's a tip
and what was once a kitchen looks like nuclear bombs have struck
we dare not look in their rooms
not been inside for years
the smells of rotting pizzas, smoke and drugs, oh what the fuck

it's Our Kids – it's Our Kids – it's Our Kids
and we love 'em

one day they'll go away
who knows when, who knows why
maybe they won't go away
maybe we're gonna fry
maybe we're gonna have to leave
but wouldn't we just start to grieve
and so the years roll by...
they take their toll
but let 'em roll

from milk to baby foods, our love
surrounds them as they grow
we see the teacher whenever one of them misbehaves
we support them through their schools
till they know all they need to know
I mean we give them everything and now they're dancing on our graves

but it's Our Kids – they're monosyllabic or they're rude
they think they're doing us favours when they eat up all the food
with cackling girly laughter just like witches in a coven
and hoards of blokes invading the fridge and setting fire to the oven
oh leaders may rule over great empires but these they could not govern
cos they're Our Kids – they're Our Kids – they're Our Kids and God help us
we love 'em

Pictures Of Her

a face in a crowd puts my mind in a whirl
it's a look, it's a laugh, it's a smile, it's a girl
it's one of those days when the sun's full of shine
turning air into nectar and water to wine
and my eyes have zoomed in, like a camera lens
so I don't see that she's with a bunch of my friends
someone tells me her name and I'm trying to keep cool
but my face is on fire and I grin like a fool
she says something to me, but what is it she's said
and pictures of her float around in my head

pictures of her float around in my mind
have I just seen the light, am I mad, am I blind
as I wake, as I work, as I sleep in my bed
pictures of her float around in my head

we sit in a café, we walk and we chat
and I'm happy, yes happy to leave it at that
she's a glory, a beauty, a wonder, a friend
and I don't know or care if or where it will end
it's a day, it's a week, it's a month, it's a year
and the sky's always blue and the air crystal clear
and then I'm at the altar, I'm saying I do
with a strange intimation of just passing through
I feel faint, is it panic or passion or dread
as these pictures of her float around in my head

pictures of her float around in my mind
have I just tied the knot, am I mad, am I blind
as I wake, as I work, as I sleep in our bed
pictures of her float around in my head

now that everything's sorted, desire turns to need
there are plumbers to contact and babies to feed
there are hot summer evenings and cold winter nights
there are duties and deadlines and failures and fights
there is shouting and screaming and torture and pain
till I swear on my life, I'll not see her again
it's the end, it is over, we're best off apart
and although I'm a wreck and I've broken her heart
and although we've both said things that can't be unsaid
pictures of her float around in my head

pictures of her float around in my dreams
I want to let go, but I can't, cos it seems
that whatever was done and whatever was said
fucking pictures of her still go round in my head

it's one of those days when the sun's full of shine
turning air into nectar and water to wine
a face in the crowd puts my mind in a whirl
it's a look, it's a laugh, it's a smile, it's the girl
she has wrinkles and lines now, that wasn't the plan
we have turned into little old lady and man
she says 'shall we?' – I'm thinking we made it, we're here
and the sky's blue again and the air crystal clear
I follow, I'm fine with whatever she said
and pictures of her float around in my head

pictures of her float around in my mind
I've seen the light, I'm not mad, I'm not blind
as we wake, as we work, as we sleep in our bed
pictures of her float around in my head

Please Let Me Stay

Recently in bed at night I've felt quite downcast
I've only just learned how to live yet half my life is past
half my life is over, it fills me full of dread
cos when I've lived the other half, then I will be dead
it's made me very frightened, it's made me very cross
it's such a stupid system, I demand to see the boss
and I will say
please let me stay

If there is a heaven, it seems a bad idea
and as my prize for being good I want to stay right here
give me life and lots of it and more and more and more
And if I live forever, it will never be a bore
there are fish and fields and mountains high and animals that hop
There are sunny days with trees and sky, oh please don't let it stop
and so I say
please let me stay

How I'd leap and laugh and chortle
If I found I was immortal

Please don't make my teeth fall out, don't make me shrink and bend
it's cheap of you to wear me out till I accept the end
how dare you make me hobble with arthritis in each leg
till I fall down and don't get up, so on my knees I beg
please make me immortal, make my friends immortal too
I want to go on doing the kind of things I do
day after day, come what may
and so I say please let me stay
I'd like to stay, I need to stay
I have to stay

stay

stay

stay

stay

stay

stay

stay

Pleasure

In the future there'll be so much leisure, we'll all be poets and painters no doubt
We'll be elevated by the burden of the mystery
We'll study history and skip about
and there'll be

Pleasure – Pleasure – No more pressure
Our souls and our bodies and our minds will thrive
We'll treasure our leisure – We'll all feel fresher
And a beautiful new spiritual age will arrive

In the future we'll all be unemployed, except for the few who still want to be rich
They'll have all the power and they'll try to make us cower
But we won't fall for that old sales pitch
we'll switch to

Pleasure – Pleasure – No more pressure
Our souls and our bodies and our minds will thrive
We'll treasure our leisure – We'll all feel fresher
And a beautiful new spiritual age will arrive

Business will need to make sure we have money, so we can buy their goods
And we'll pretend to love it, but we'll be high above it
We will be out of the woods
because

In the future, people won't be mean, money will be just a service to life
The poor will be the new aristocracy, philosophy
and bonhomie and drugs will be rife
There'll be no strife
on account of

Pleasure – Pleasure – No more pressure
Our souls and our bodies and our minds will thrive
We'll treasure our leisure – We'll all feel fresher
And a beautiful new spiritual age will arrive

Cos we won't need to get ahead, no we'll stay home in bed
And drink until we're dead, that's what I said
Sheer pleasure
The sheerest of sheer pleasure, nothing but goddam pleasure
Followed by a war and then some more
Pleasure

Poor Old Ben

'Twas Christmas time when first we hunted from the Braggard's inn on the Weald
 And having no hound van, we had to coax an old village bus across the field
 And coming back the axle snapped, but Ben was not perturbed at the sight
 Of a pack of hounds stranded sixty miles from home on a winter's night

He found a place of refreshment nearby, ready to welcome us
 And the oddest thing was that Ben found a dump with an exactly similar bus
 And soon he'd cadged a sufficiency of spares, so that we could all move on
 And that old bus kept on running for us for many seasons to come

So poor old Ben has gone on with the other good men
 No doubt it was his gallant heart that gave out at last
 He was a loyal friend, staunch and resourceful to the end
 And without his help we'd not have gone a'hunting as we did
 When all the world was young

Ben was a very stalwart man, he was liked by everyone
 He whipped into the beagles, being a tremendous chap to run
 And one time, jumping a gorse bush, when he'd already run many a mile
 He fell fifty feet into a quarry, which stopped him running for quite a while

Ben was a very musical man, who played tunes on a saw
 And ran a cabaret of dancing girls at the Beagle Balls before the war
 Then he joined the Shiny Tenth and they had him thumping on a drum
 And they dressed him up in a leopard skin, till he went off to fight the Hun

So poor old Ben has gone on with the other good men
 No doubt it was his gallant heart that gave out at last
 He was a loyal friend, staunch and resourceful to the end
 And without his help we'd not have gone a'hunting as we did
 When all the world was young

I suppose we must have journeyed together, all across the Welsh frontiers
 And never one wrong word between us, in so many long and happy years
 His ashes are scattered, where he most loved to run with his friends
 In that lovely and ever glorious land behind the Braggard's Inn

So poor old Ben has gone on with the other good men
 No doubt it was his gallant heart that gave out at last
 He was a loyal friend, staunch and resourceful to the end
 And without his help we'd not have gone a'hunting as we did
 When all the world was young

When all the world was young

Rich

when you awake you will not have to go to work
the bed you're lying on is clean and fine
you stretch right out
kick the covers off
the air is so warm and the stars shine

Rich – Rich
no more struggle, no more schemes
Rich – Rich
Rich beyond your wildest dreams

beyond the balcony you step outside
into the night air and the lapping of the sea
glass in hand you wander down the beach
and whisper to yourself ...I am free

Rich – Rich
no more struggle, no more schemes
Rich – Rich
Rich beyond your wildest dreams

you laugh, you laugh
you whirl about beneath the stars
you laugh to think of all that wealth
you laugh, you laugh
there's no one there to see you
you laugh and quietly drink your health
as down upon the sand you sit
and you still can't quite believe it
believe it

back inside, the mirror winks at you
you're still the same, sweet child you used to be
switch off the light, pad back to the room
slip inside the sheets and sleep so peacefully

Rich – Rich
no more struggle, no more schemes
Rich – Rich
Rich beyond your wildest dreams

Sam And Dandy's Song

You are weak and I am strong
You are short and I am long
I am right and you are wrong
And this is Sam and Dandy's song

I am clean and you are shitty
I am handsome you are squitty
You are ugly it's a pity
This is Sam and Dandy's ditty

I am helpful and you aren't
I'll get noticed and you shan't
I can do things that you can't
This is Sam and Dandy's chant

But you can play if I can choose
So I can win and you can lose
Then you will cry cos you're bad news
And this is Sam and Dandy's blues

Dandy And Sam's Song

I'm a princess you're a pain
You can't read you got no brain
When you lose you go insane
And this is Dandy and Sam's refrain

You destroy things I invent
You're from hell I'm heaven-sent
I am sweet you're excrement
This is Dandy and Sam's lament

I'm a plum and you're a prune
You're the darkness I'm the moon
I'm a goddess you're a goon
This is Dandy and Sam's toon

But though you always treat me wrong
And say I'm weak so you feel strong
I will love you all life long
Cos this is Dandy and Sam's song

The Same Boat

I know that you don't love me now, I don't love you, so what
Who cares, that's life, you oughta be content with what you got
But whether you are or not
It's you and me in the same boat, in the same boat, you and me
You and me in the same boat, in the same boat eternally

What's the point of making waves, when you and me both know
What's the point us breaking up, where you gonna go
I don't think so, no
It's you and me in the same boat, in the same boat, you and me
You and me in the same boat, in the same boat eternally

You won't leave me, we'll go on repeating
Year in year out, like the central heating

There's nothing going to change round here, there's nothing to be planned
There's nothing to be frightened of, there's nothing underhand
Nothing to understand, just
It's you and me in the same boat, in the same boat, you and me
You and me in the same boat, in the same boat eternally

Why? Don't ask why
It's much too late
How? Don't ask how
Love turns to hate
Just don't show me your despair
And don't pretend you care
I got enough on my plate

Grin and bear it, beggars can't be choosers
If the coat fits, wear it, both of us are losers

Admit it, you're no movie star, switch on the TV set
Wind up the volume good and loud so we can both forget
We never should have met – and this is as good as it's gonna get

Just you and me in the same boat, in the same boat, you and me
You and me in the same boat, in the same boat eternally
Eternally eternally eternally eternally...

Secret Lives Of Ambition

back doors open wide as front doors close
a victory denied, we strike a pose
and learn to hide what everybody knows
that in the dark inside ambition glows

we love to pit our wits against the best
we plan to fly far higher than the rest
we see ourselves now rising on the crest
with all our colours flying we're obsessed

through the surface smooth as glass
internal currents moving on
through the eyes of needles pass
the secret lives of ambition

backhanders grease the palm and oil the wheels
with sweeteners to charm the secret deals
to receive the prize he humbly kneels
for thoughts that rise as slippery as eels

through the surface smooth as glass
internal currents moving on
through the eyes of needles pass
the secret lives of ambition

the imagination chases
through the brain's wide open spaces
dreams that dare not show their faces
there's corruption in low places

minds are circumspect as egos preen
the advertised effect is good and clean
as celluloid projected on a screen
in order to protect the selfish gene

through the surface smooth as glass
internal currents moving on
through the eyes of needles pass
the secret lives of ambition
burning ambition

Shadows

Sometimes a devil will spring out from a hole in hell
Get under your skin and wriggle into every cell
Rubbing against the grain, making your life a pain
You're in a bad mood, you're just depressed, you're Lucifer
You got no use for him, you got no use for her
Spitting out your poisonous stuff, while your loved ones try to love
It casts a shadow over your heart, it casts a shadow and it tears you apart, so
Say no

Don't let the shadows swallow you up or you are lost
Don't let the shadows swallow you up whatever the cost
Keep the shadows behind you, don't be led
Don't listen to the devils a'whispering in your head
Keep moving, never stop
And don't let the shadows swallow you up

You're one degree under, a bit on edge, you wish you were dead
You're up and about but you got out the wrong side of bed
Irritable, filled with hate, perhaps it was something you ate
Anyhow you're critical of everything everyone does
All you want to do is sneer and jeer and spurt green pus
Everyone's incompetent, you never get the things you want
You stupid bloody stupid shits, you stupid bloody bastards, twits and gits
It's the pits

Don't let the shadows swallow you up, they'll feed on your mind
Don't let the shadows swallow you up, they'll make you unkind
Don't let the devils hold you at bay
Follow your instincts, it's the only way
Never let your spirits drop
And don't let the shadows swallow you up

Cultivate a happy disposition
Don't let troubles cloud your vision
If there's a problem, make a decision
And always trust your intuition
Choose – refuse the blues

Don't let the shadows swallow you up or you are lost
Don't let the shadows swallow you up whatever the cost
Keep the shadows behind you, don't be led
Don't listen to the devils a'whispering in your head
Keep moving, never stop
And don't let the shadows swallow you up

The Silence

children sing
bells ring
silent spring
blossoming

no sound, but the sound of a single cry
no sight of the people or the landscape passing by
no sense of life or concern, no sense of fear
no thought, but the thought that every day I will return here

fire red smoke thick – guns crackling like static
minds on automatic – patterns through the panic

on you go, it's raining fire the skies aglow
today maybe, your street your house your family
and time for you will stop and then what can you do

you scream, with all your senses numb
you scream and still no sound will come
you scream until you're deaf and dumb
and you've become
the silence

out in the yard, hear myself say
children be good while I'm away

early morning, at the market shopping
then the air raid warning, running never stopping
while the bombs were dropping, at the corner turning
see the rubble burning, from the neighbours learning
and the horror dawning

you scream, with all your senses numb
you scream and still no sound will come
you scream until you're deaf and dumb
and you've become
the silence

out in the yard, hear myself say
children be good while I'm away

children sing
bells ring
silent spring
blossoming

Silicon City

Whether you're a cyborg or a mutant or a clone
We have all those little extras that you'll need around the home
Solar transportation for the thrill of driving fast
Double glazing anodised in silver satin glass
We're the final word in personal luxury
From the Interstellar Centre here at Cosmic Control
Silicon City

For the man about the cosmos, for the monster about town
Hexaphonic hi-fi with the soul-destroying sound
Pangalactic answerphones
Venusian alloy floors
Synthetic sapphire primo-plastic double-duplex doors
With the quality-ensuring guarantee
From the Interstellar Centre here at Cosmic Control
Silicon City

Why let your boring humdrum lives be seedy?
feed yourselves, forget about the needy
Relax and let your eyes get nice and beady
Don't be ashamed, it's natural to be greedy
Yes indeedy

Overcome your natural putrescence
Gorge yourselves with lots and lots of presents
Bodies die but cash is of the essence
So counteract your built-in obsolescence
Come on you peasants!

For the robot of distinction, for the zombie of good taste
We have biometric turbo-teflon texturised toothpaste
Automatic total-integration household locks
With digital display board matching turntable and socks
The ultimate in high technology
From the Interstellar Centre here at Cosmic Control
Silicon City

Sleep

I want to sleep, I have to snooze
Don't bother telling me the news
I'm tired and I've got the blues
So let me sleep
Sweet sleep

Just forty winks and forty more
Don't trouble me with what's in store
Life is just one great big bore
So let me sleep
Sweet sleep

I'm tired of doing what is best
Let me slumber, let me rest
Down rivers of forgetfulness
Oh let me sleep
Sweet sleep

In and out with the tide
All the effort, all the pride
All the feelings long denied
Let them slide

All the effort, all the pain
Working hard against the grain
Not going through that again
it's all in vain

Let me lie 'neath leafy bows
Let me linger, let me drowse
Forgetting all the here and nows
Just let me sleep
Sweet sleep

Something Happened

something happened to us
that's why you see what you see
because something happened to us
and nothing will ever be
the same

what happened just happened
no need to recall
what happened can happen
that's all

the night before it occurred
was just like any other night
then after, without a word
we both thought it would be right
to forget

what happened just happened
no need to recall
what happened can happen
that's all

but it's pressed into our faces
it gets in everywhere
it hovers like a question in the air
and maybe no-one knows
but people stare

and the people we used to be
just disappeared overnight
two other people, strangers appeared
seems nothing can make us feel
alright

what happened just happened
no need to recall
what happened can happen
that's all

that's all

Song Without End

A song without any meaning at all
It has a feeling but the feeling is small
You hear it once and you are in its thrall
This is the song without end

The kind of melody, a simple lick
That gets inside of you and works its trick
Weaving its magic till it makes you sick
This is the song without end

Your voice is humming it, it's tapping your toes
It's in your heart and it's up your nose
What are we doing here, nobody knows
This is the song without end

A song that comes in a million styles
We follow on with big happy smiles
Before we know it we've bought bathroom tiles
This is the song without end

You're buying half the store, you're at the till
They charge you double, you don't check the bill
You go out humming and you're humming still
Humming the song without end

It keeps on playing, nothing you can do
It plays in cafes, airports, churches too
Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for you
It tolls the song without end

It is the melody that runs our lives
And when at last your day of judgement arrives
Your life is over but the song survives
It is the song without end

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la song without end

It is your very best friend
It is the song without end

Spin Planet Spin

TV and newspapers spread the alarm
If you are poor you're gonna come to harm
But I'm ambitious, I revel in greed
I'm upwardly mobile, I'm getting up speed
I'll be go-getting, jet-setting, bed-wetting
Who cares about the problems down on the ground
I'm heaven bound

Up in the air I'm not tied to this planet
No one down there has got a thing on me
I can go anywhere I want
Spin planet spin

Up here in heaven the service is good
Pate de fois gras bourbon and gin
Just how I like it, impersonal
Spin planet spin

Spin planet spin, like a roulette wheel, like the barrel of a gun
You got a problem? Go jump in the sea
Up in the air and duty free

The Stewards and Stewardesses crowd around
Another drink? Anything I want?
They've been told to look after me, they want to get close
Because I am famous and that makes me interesting

Look at all those people swarming down there
They're green with envy, it's so unattractive
They live, they die, they worship me
It's hard to believe they all have names

These people here in the other seats
They don't want problems, they're here to win
They're all very rich, like me
Steward! Steward! Another Bloody Mary
With service like this - who needs friends?

Skating the clouds, dazed by the sun
We're VIPs, not just anyone
Another deal, another chance to win
Spin planet spin

Spin planet spin, like a roulette wheel, like the barrel of a gun
You got a problem? Well fiddledeedee
Up in the air and duty free

Ssh!

no one tells the truth, it turns the world upon its head
no one tells the truth, the truth is what is left unsaid

a chair will often have four legs and little birds have wings
but no one credits these as truths, the truth means other things

few will bare their private thoughts of families and friends
the truth, in all it's glory, is where true friendship ends

no one spills the beans about their partner, unless forced
and one who blabs in public's either crazy or divorced

the secrets of the human heart may just as soon be lies
hidden even from ourselves in layers of disguise

there's no objective truth, there's only what each subject sees
the public world's the world in which we weave our fantasies

'this war is forced upon us, this war is for the good
we disapprove of war of course, but must do what we should'

'it isn't for our wealth we fight, though wealthy we may be
we hate the thought that others starve and give to charity'

but freedom and democracy make us feel guilty too
we cannot blame our leaders for what we let them do

and so, behind the happy smiles of virtue and goodwill
each human heart is locked and lost, the child within us still

there is one key unlocks the heart, a form for truth's depiction
within a movie or a book, within a work of fiction

ironic that word fiction, but really no mistake
for all our lies to serve as truth, truth must be seen as fake

to dig beneath the surface, to make sense of pretence
any similarity must be coincidence...

yet fiction serves a purpose, not injustice to defeat
but to siphon off some loneliness and safeguard the deceit

for it's fantasy we cling to and without it we'd be dead
no one tells the truth, the truth is better left unsaid

ssh!

The Human Way

In all of the worlds across space and time
the day of the humans is most sublime
they're watching us in admiration
looking to us for inspiration
they're overcome with adulation
they say
let's all do it the human way

The human way, the human way
let's all do it the human way

The way we look, the way we smile
we're clever and cool and they like our style
walking on two legs with such agility
plus our intellectual facility
our genius and our humility
win the day
let's all do it the human way

The human way, the human way
let's all do it the human way

All across the cosmos
they're watching and praising
the human spirit that's so amazing
amazing...

Everything us humans do
is applauded by cosmic creatures who
hang on to our every word
know everything that has occurred
to us and even God has been heard
to say
let's all do it the human way

The human way, the human way
let's all do it the human way

The Strange Parade

through the visions of the night
apparitions come to light
through the light and through the shade
comes the human cavalcade
things of livers, lights and lungs
searching eyes and ears and tongues
searching out the long lost friend
aspiring to the bitter end
by applying great devotion
to some dream, ideal or notion
living only in the mind
living deaf and dumb and blind
living for the human chain
nerve ends tweaking, seeking brain
stretching further but in vain
there will be no truth to gain
not a glimmer, not a grain
but the pleasure and the pain
and as they fade
so does
the strange
parade

The First Time

We are climbing up the road that rises by the bay
Carved into the cliff, the bay road twists and bends
The bathers on the beach below are so far away
As we turn at the top the road just ends
With windblown trees in the heat of the day
The air fizzes, the sea becalms
We sit down just to catch our breath
And fall into each other's arms

That was the first time, it was the first time
That was the first time, the very first time

I go to my hotel room, you go to yours
I am watching the palm trees swaying down by the sea
Sometime later there's a clicking of doors
We are pulling the bed out onto the balcony
What with the music from the bars, the sight of the stars
The lapping of the ocean and the rustling of palms
Before we can even catch our breath
We fall into each other's arms

That was the first time, it was the first time
That was the first time, the very first time

Dancing in the night - Swimming in the sea
Walking in the hills - You and me
Since then we've never met
O but we don't forget

It's the start of your holiday, it's the end of mine
You beg me to stay but I have to say no
I am leaving on a coach in the early hours
And you insist on being there to see me go
Then as the luggage is stored and the passengers board
My head rings out with false alarms
As we turn to say goodbye
We fall into each other's arms

That was the first time, it was the first time
That was the first time, the very first time

The Waiting Room

I can't recall her face
moved into this small place
needs decorating for a start
I haven't got the heart
it's bare and blank but I'm at peace
with thankfully no memories

waiting time without end, waiting for life to resume
waiting for the unmet friend, waiting here in this waiting room
in this waiting room

feeling through my fingertips
feel them circling my lips
it's so long since I felt a kiss
we've all known times like this
they happen now and then
and they will pass but who knows when

waiting time without end, waiting for life to resume
waiting for the unmet friend, waiting here in this waiting room
in this waiting room

the smile of a stranger
could it signal danger
a casual meeting
suddenly the heart is beating

I don't mind if things are tough
I believe in love
that flushes faces opens eyes
we have to fall to rise
we have to realise
the future's always a surprise

one day I will meet you
and I'll come up like new
suddenly an appetite
full of life and full of light
just have faith and realise
the future's always a surprise

waiting time without end, waiting for life to resume
waiting for the unmet friend, waiting here in this waiting room
in this waiting room
this waiting room

They're Gone

they're gone
with all their noise and fuss
and I am free to adjust
now they're gone
and the future's all around
every sight every sound
o children blind you to the world outside
keep you up all day all night
are they ill are they alright
and there is nowhere you can hide
you must forget the world is wide
until they're gone
o kids can steal your life away
till you wake up one day
and they're gone
and they're gone
and they're
gone

They've All Gone Away

Tonight he told me he was sorry
But he'd like to be my friend
I can't believe it
He proposed to me only last weekend

Tonight he admitted
He was having another affair
And apologised
Saying he should have told me earlier

I said I understand
Why do I always understand?
Perhaps he relied on that
Could he be so underhand?

I hate that awful moment
I just want to see it through
I don't want to seem weak
Anyway there was nothing I could do

But I don't understand
There have been three men that I've cared about
And it's happened this way every time so far
It must be something in me
I think I'm choosing a kind and thoughtful man
With a sense of fun
Ha ha

I'm maternal that's my trouble
And so they come to me
For comfort and support
When they're feeling lonely

And I am most successful
For after their stay
They've all of them been cured
And they've all gone away

Thugs!

Thugs run the country – Thugs never stop
Thugs in high places – Thugs on top

Thugs on the stock exchange thugs in the church
Thugs in the public schools brandishing the birch
Thugs up in parliament making their name
Thugs in the law courts dishing out pain

Thugs run the country – Thugs never stop
Thugs in high places – Thugs on top

Thugs run the airforce the navy and the army
Thugs in the civil service eloquent and barmy
Millionaire tycoon thugs who chill you to your bones
With flesh that's set like porridge and eyes like little stones

Prattish thugs with jodhpurs on riding with the hounds
Holy thugs with halos, royal thugs with crowns

Thugs run the country – Thugs never stop
Thugs in high places – Thugs on top

You and me scurrying to collect our winter fuel
You and me too cowardly to be that cruel
We don't approve of vice
We're nice

Thugs have public faces, a charm that never fails
But you can't see the dried blood in their fingernails

Try not to blame the thugs they don't know what they do
Try not to blame the thugs they are victims too

Try not to blame the thugs, too much power is bad
Try not to blame the thugs they're all stark staring mad

Thugs run the country – Thugs never stop
Thugs in high places – Thugs on top

Come on slugs
Let's hear it for the thugs!

To Boldly Come

Man has sailed across the oceans
Man has drowned in the deepest seas
Man has walked around the world and back
And climbed the highest trees

We have always looked for new lands
To conquer without fear
And today we're standing on the brink
Of a new frontier

What's the place?
Outer space!

With rockets ready, with spacesuits on
To penetrate to the deepest sun
To conquer new worlds one by one
To boldly go, to boldly go, to boldly go
And boldly come

Into the inky blackness
What mysteries lie there?
Space is very epic
Bigger than nearly anywhere

Are we alone in the cosmos?
Are there aliens about?
Will they have things we want
And so force us to wipe them out?

What's the place?
Outer space!

With rockets ready, with spacesuits on
To penetrate to the deepest sun
To conquer new worlds one by one
To boldly go, to boldly go, to boldly go
And boldly come

Two Of A Kind

Mary and John fall in love at first sight
The way that they look, like they've just seen the light
Their heads full of dreams and their eyes shining bright
Floating along and everything's right

No harm can befall them
Lives full of fun
Two of a kind
Mary and John

Sharing a dream of what's going to be
They rent a cottage way down by the sea
They're working hard but they're feeling free
Next thing they know, she's having a baby

No harm can befall them
Lives full of fun
Two of a kind
Mary and John

In the night with Mary away
John awakes from a dream, his head bright as day
From the pit of his gut, a fit of despair
He shouldn't be there
He shouldn't be there
He shouldn't be there...

She returns to the cottage, babe on her arm
Note on the table but she's feeling calm
The note says 'I've left you, I'm full of alarm
I can't be a father, I mean you no harm'

No harm
No harm?

No harm can befall them
Lives full of fun
Two of a kind
Mary and son

Under A Stone

Wednesday is my day for signing on
I hate the dole
Well you're not supposed to like it are you, I mean
I shouldn't moan

I try to push my hair into a shape
But it's a mess
I catch a glimpse of my reflection in a shop and realise
I look like something that has just crawled out
From under a stone

Cycling off to Brixton in the sun
Still half asleep
So what if I don't look like others, I'm a rebel
And I want it known

Who cares what the robots say
Let them sneer
"Look, here comes that dreadful girl who doesn't wash or make an effort
Looks like something that's crawled out
From under a stone"

Outside the dole, the streetwise mill about
As if they're not ashamed, as if nothing's wrong
Once a woman offered me some dope and I got high
On the illusion that I belong

Inside I join the queue for box eleven
Bet there'll be a problem, if there is a problem
If they make me answer all those questions, go to different offices
I won't sign on I won't sign on I won't sign on

Then coming out I bump into a man I haven't seen for years
He chats me up and I'd go with him if I could
I've always fancied him and I do now but it's no use
I'm not looking good
I'm not looking good
I'm not looking good

Cycling back and thinking about him
I'm so ashamed
Nothing in me will come clear, I buy a paper
With the telly programmes in and crawl back home
Under my stone

Up In Paradise

No one's deaf and no one's blind
No one's ever left behind
No one's ever at all unkind
Everyone's extremely nice
Up in paradise

We're never cold, we're never hot
We're all content with what we've got
And we tend to smile a lot
No one has the slightest vice
Up in paradise

No one's poor and no one needs
Everyone just feeds and feeds
And wears extremely sparkly beads

We know what we like, we like what we know
Sometimes we'll attend a show
And meet the stars before we go

But if our desires we cannot quell
And we find we need new things as well
We raise the taxes down in hell
You cannot hear their cries
Up in paradise

Vision Of You

Nothing to lose
now that you're gone
where is the life I choose
all I see is oblivion
with no clear horizon in view
what else is new
but closing my eyes
the vision was you

Am I someone who gives
or someone who takes
someone who really lives
or just one of the endless fakes
pretending I know what to do
without a clue
but closing my eyes
the vision was you

Why don't I ever know
or trust my own eyes
till later on
when the moment's gone
and I realise

That you have been kind
while I've been bound
by my duty, blind
to the beauty all around
not seeing the one thing that's true
though now I do
I open my eyes
the vision is you
the vision is you

What Happens To Me

I could live in a house or a tree
In a box I could live quite comfortably
In the swirling air or the roaring sea
Cos I don't care
What happens to me

What happens to me is by the bye
What happens to me is rich
I could climb to the top of the pile
Or end up in some ditch
And I don't care which is which

I could be a he or a she
A bat or a bear or a bumblebee
Cos I love life unanimously
And I don't care
What happens to me

What happens to me is by the way
What happens to me is fine
What happens to me is ecstatically
Orgiastically sublime
Even grease and grime

I could get run down by a car
I could get eaten by rats
I could get buried alive in dung
Or live over the road in the flats
It's all the same to me
Long as it's destiny
Cos I'm weird and wild and dangerous
And wonderful to know
I'm a rebel with a cause
And I like to let it show
Yes I like to let it show
As they say in Germany
C'est la vie!

Cos I don't care
What happens to me

Why Not Me?

Don't I deserve nice things?
Don't I deserve diamond rings?
Why not me?

Don't I deserve a chance?
Don't I deserve a house in France
As much as some who've gottem?
Just cos I'm on the bottom
Why not me?

Why am I in despair?
Why don't I get my fair share?
It's always the same
Someone's to blame
Is it me?

Don't I deserve nice things?
I'd be an angel if I had wings
Give me a wad
Listen God
Set me free
Why?
Why not me?

With Julia

as for me
both my retinas have become detached
so I sit here in the dark
remembering

I met Julia at the club
she was drinking with some friends
I noticed her immediately
and she noticed me

I remember our wedding day
and the birth of each child
and when they left home
we travelled

travelled the world
Julia and me
all those Saga holidays

happened suddenly
one minute she was fine
then our kids and their families
swarming about the place
the funeral
and then

mustn't grumble
can't complain
not to worry

but I feel the main bit's over
this is the extra bit
this is the bit you stayed healthy for
exercised
didn't drink too much

I'd give you this extra bit
for one more glass of wine
with Julia

With You

Falling in and out of love
Devils below and heavens above
I'm falling in and out of love with you

With you with you with you with you

Everything's right and everything's wrong
Where in all this do I belong
When everything's right and everything's wrong with you

With you with you with you with you

Why did I make that first mistake
That led to all this give and take
Why did I listen to the mating call
When I'm an individual
Am I an individual

When I've been married twenty years
Love and kisses blood sweat and tears
When I've been married twenty years to you

But when the kids have flown the nest
I'll damn well do what I like best
What I like best
Or will I forever rest with you

With you with you with you with you
With you with you with you
I'd like to hope it could be true

Wonder

I sit upon my granddad's knee
He tells me everything
Of buttercups and daisy bells
And little birds that sing

As a kid I take delight in everything I see
In my teens I learn with shame how wicked the world can be
As an adult I understand that I can be wicked too
But in middle-age I grasp the fact that no one's got a clue
And whatever the rhyme or reason it also eludes me
So as an old codger I take delight in everything I see

So come sit upon your granddad's knee
And I'll teach you a thing
Of buttercups and daisy bells
And little birds that sing
And longish bits of string...

Worry

I worry about things
Always trying to plan
To look where I'm going
Never know where I am

One minute I'm flying
Then I'm falling down holes
If this is my life
Where are the controls?

I worry
I'm a worrier
I worry too much

I met this old singer
Who'd had lots of success
Still working the clubs
Though she's well past her best

I worry
I'm a worrier
I worry too much

Sometimes I get drunk at parties
Then I jump on the table and sing
And no one can stop me, they have to listen
And I'm not worried about a thing
My life is charmed
I cannot be harmed
I forget, and so
I just let myself go

But with the first light of morning
There's a chill in the air
I try to keep laughing
But there's no laughter there

Feel like I'm drowning
Feel like I'm caught
As if things won't come out right
As if life will be short

I worry
I'm a worrier
Shouldn't worry
But I do

You've Got To Believe

We left Plymouth, April '82, on a tiny supply ship
 And set off for the Falklands in mild weather
 Up at seven every day, preparing the flight deck
 Getting the equipment together
 It got hot and humid passing the Equator
 Evenings there'd be videos and Space Invaders
 Everyone was apprehensive about what was to come
 I didn't think about it, we'd be fighting for freedom
 You've got to believe

Arriving off the Falklands, we hid in the fleet
 Always waiting for Air-Attack Alert-Red
 Up on deck scanning for enemy planes
 Sea Harriers screeching overhead
 Mirages flying out of the sun all day
 In low under the radar, drop their bombs and roar away
 It does something to your nerves, no matter how strong you've been
 We were returning with provisions, when our forces took Goose Green
 You've got to believe

Ardent, Antelope, Coventry sank, Galahad, Tristram burned
 A mere body could disappear without trace
 We were used as a decoy for Invincible
 A friend gave me a letter for his wife in case
 An Exocet latched onto one ship, flew along the deck
 Exploded in a hangar and left a burning wreck
 That's how my friend Mark Henderson died
 He was inside
 You've got to believe

After Port Stanley was taken, we were put ashore
 We walked down to the island and this is what we saw
 Nothing, a bleak desolate little place
 A shanty town, a few sheep, a military base
 Over two thousand men, on both sides, died for this
 There were eight hundred Falklanders, who had not been at risk
 So what were we fighting for? Honour? The oil deposits? Public opinion? Politics?

I've left the navy now, I've not had a job since
 I was very moody, I'm a Christian now
 And when I'm with other Christians, I feel wonderful
 The Holy Spirit is inside me and I feel wonderful
 You've got to believe

Zee Atom

Zee atom is a tiny zing - almost microscopic
 Und so to see za vey it verks vee must be philosophic
 Inside zere is a centre bit
 Und lots of zings verl round and round it
 How zo do zey stay on course?
 Vot is ziss mysterious force?
 Vizout being too technical ziss action
 Is vot is known in za business as Mutual Attraction

Zo zee atom is a puny zing
 It verks za same as everyzing
 Za same as makes za birdies sing
 Mutual Attraction!

Say two people are in love und zen zey have a tiff
 Und zey say zose naughty zings zat zey cannot forgiff
 Ziss rejection is za greatest rage
 Zey fill za verld viz zere wreckage
 Und za only vey to stop
 Is zey should kiss und make it up
 Vot zey need's a friend to make correction
 Und restore za lovey dovey Mutual Attraction

Zee atom it is very vee
 Und yet it verks by harmony
 Za same zing inside you und me
 Mutual Attraction!

So I have to find za secret but zee atom it is tiddly
 I try to move za bits around but zey are very fiddly
 I zink "should I let such zings live
 Ven zey are so diminutive?"
 Und zen by chance I find za force
 So vee can stop za bad verld vors
 Und make za machine vich reverses nuclear reaction
 By sending out za purest rays of Mutual Attraction

Zee atom is complete vunce more
 Zee armies zey must zen vizdraw
 Und vee can all make love not vor
 Viz Mutual Attraction!