Jethro Tull Song List

17
4.W.D. (Low Ratio)
Acres Wild
Aeroplane
Alive And Well And Living In
And Further On
...And The Mouse Police Never Sleeps
Animelée
Another Christmas Song
Apogee
Aqualung
Astronomy
Audition
Automotive Engineering
Back To The Family
Back-Door Angels
Bad-Eyed and Loveless
Baker St. Muse
Batteries Not Included
Beastie
Beggar's Farm
Beltane
Big Dipper
Big Riff and Mando
Black Satin Dancer
Black Sunday
Black and White Television
Blues Instrumental (Untitled)
Bourée
Broadford Bazaar
Broadsword
Budapest
Bungle In The Jungle
By Kind Permission Of
Cat's Squirrel
The Chateau D'Isaster Tapes
Cheap Day Return
Cheerio
The Chequered Flag (Dead or Alive)
Christmas Song
Clasp
Cold Wind To Valhalla
Commons Brawl
Conundrum (instrumental)
Coronach
Crazed Institution
Crew Nights
Critique Oblique
Cross-Eyed Mary
Crossfire
Crossword
Cup Of Wonder
The Curse
The Dambusters March/Medley (instrumental)
Dark Ages
Dharma For One
Different Germany
Doctor To My Disease
Dogs In The Midwinter
Down At The End Of Your Road
Dr. Bogenbroom
Drive On The Young Side Of Life
Driving Song
Dun Ringill
Ears Of Tin
Elegy
End Game
European Legacy
Fallen On Hard Times
Farm On The Freeway
Fat Man
Fire At Midnight
First Post
Flute Solo Improvisation/God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen/Bourée (instrumental)
Fly By Night
Flying Colours
Flying Dutchman
For A Thousand Mothers
For Michael Collins, Jeffrey and Me
From A Dead Beat To An Old Greaser
For Later
Fylingdale Flyer
General Crossing
Glory Row
Gold-Tipped Boots, Black Jacket and Tie
Grace
Guitar Solo (instrumental)
Hard Liner
The Story Of The Hare Who Lost His Spectacles
Heat
Heavy Horses
Heavy Water
Home
Hunting Girl
Hymn 43
I Don't Want To Be Me
I'm Your Gun
Inside
It's Breaking Me Up
Jack Frost and The Hooded Crow
Jack-A-Lynn
Jack-In-The-Green
Jeffrey Goes To Leicester Square
John Barleycorn
Journeyman
Jump Start
Just Trying To Be
Kelpie
King Henry's Madrigal
Kissing Willie
Ladies
Lap Of Luxury
Later, That Same Evening
Law Of The Bungle
Law Of The Bungle Part II
Left Right
Lick Your Fingers Clean
Life Is A Long Song
Lights Out
Like A Tall Thin Girl
Living In The Past
Living In These Hard Times
Locomotive Breath
Locomotive Breath (Instrumental)
Look At The Animals
Look Into The Sun
Looking For Eden
Love Story
Made In England
Man Of Principle
March The Mad Scientist
Mayhem, Maybe
Medley: Teacher/Bungle In The Jungle/Rainbow Blues/Locomotive Breath
Minstrel In The Gallery
Mother Goose
Moths
Motoreyes
Mountain Men
Move On Alone
My God
My Sunday Feeling
A New Day Yesterday
No Lullaby
No Rehearsal
No Step
Nobody's Car
North Sea Oil
Nothing Is Easy
Nothing To Say
Nursie
Occasional Demons
Old Ghosts
One Brown Mouse
Jethro Tull Song List

One For John Gee
One White Duck
One White Duck/0^10 = Nothing At All
Only Solitaire
Orion
Overhang
Pan Dance
Paparazzi
Paradise Steakhouse
Part Of The Machine
A Passion Play
A Passion Play (extract)
A Passion Play Edit #8
A Passion Play Edit #9
Passion Play Extract
Pibroch (Cap In Hand)
Pibroch (Pee Break)/Black Satin Dancer (Instrumental)
Piece Of Cake
Pied Piper
The Pine Marten’s Jig
Play In Time
Post Last
Protect and Survive
Pussy Willow
Quartet
Quatrain (instrumental)
Queen and Country
Quizz Kid
Radio Free Moscow
Rainbow Blues
Raising Steam
The Rattlesnake Trail
Reasons For Waiting
Requiem
Rhythm In Gold
Ring Out, Solstice Bells
Rock Island
Rocks On The Road
Roll Yer Own
Rosa On The Factory Floor
Round
Rover
Saboteur
Said She Was A Dancer
Salamander
Saturation
Scenario
Seal Driver
Sealion
Sealion II
Serenade To A Cuckoo
Silver River Turning
Singing All Day
Skating Away On The Thin Ice Of The New Day
Sleeping With The Dog
Slipstream
Slow Marching Band
A Small Cigar
So Much Trouble
Solitaire
Some Day The Sun Won't Shine For You
Something's On The Move
Son
A Song For Jeffrey
Songs From The Wood
Sossity, You're A Woman
Sparrow On The Schoolyard Wall
Steel Monkey
Still Loving You Tonight
A Stitch In Time
Stormy Monday Blues
Strange Avenues
Strip Cartoon
Summerday Sands
Sunshine Day
Sweet Dream
Taxi Grab
Teacher
Thick As A Brick
Thick As A Brick Edit #1
Thick As A Brick Edit #4
Thinking Round Corners
The Third Hoorah
This Is Not Love
Tiger Toon
A Time For Everything
To Be Sad Is A Mad Way To Be
To Cry You A Song
Toad In The Hole
Too Many Too
Too Old To Rock 'n' Roll: Too Young To Die
Trains
Truck Stop Runner
Tundra
Two Fingers
Under Wraps #1
Under Wraps #2
Undressed To Kill
Uniform
Up The 'Pool
Up To Me
User-Friendly
Velvet Green
The Waking Edge
Walk Into Light
WarChild
Warm Sporran
Watching Me Watching You
We Used To Know
Weathercock
The Whaler's Dues
When Jesus Came To Play
The Whistler
White Innocence
Wind-Up
Wind-Up/Locomotive Breath/Land Of Hope And Glory-Medley
Witch's Promise
With You There To Help Me
Wond'ring Again
Wond'ring Aloud
Working John, Working Joe

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20 YEARS OF JETHRO TULL

I. The Radio Archives And Rare Tracks

Stormy Monday Blues

I said they call it Stormy Monday
But I said [...] 
I said they call it Stormy Monday [...] 
Wednesday's full of sorrow, 
I said that Thursday's oh-so, it's oh-so-sad. It's oh-so-sad.

I said lord, lord, why don't you have mercy, 
You gotta have mercy on me.

I been trying to find my woman, 
Won't you bring her home to me?

I said they call it stormy Monday.

Pibroch (Pee Break)/Black Satin Dancer (Instrumental)

[Instrumental]

Jack Frost And The Hooded Crow

Through long December nights we talk in words of rain or snow while you, through chattering teeth, reply and curse us as you go. Why not spare a thought this day for those who have no flame
To warm their bones at Christmas time?  
Say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

Now as the last broad oak leaf falls, we beg: consider this ---  
there's some who have no coin to save for turkey, wine or gifts.  
No children's laughter round the fire, no family left to know.  
So lend a warm and a helping hand ---  
say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

As holly pricks and ivy clings,  
your fate is none too clear.  
The Lord may find you wanting, let your good fortune disappear.  
All homely comforts blown away and all that's left to show  
is to share your joy at Christmas time  
with Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

I'm Your Gun

Blew my smoke on a sunny day  
when the first black powder came my way.  
Hot lead ball from a muzzle cold ---  
to win fair lady and take your gold.  
I know it hardly seems the time ---  
(I am your gun)  
to talk of blue steel so sublime.  
I can understand your point of view.  
To tell the truth I'd scare me too.

Match, wheel and flintlock, they all caught your eye.  
Pearl-handled ladies' models, scaled down to size.  
I am the peacemaker, so the theory goes.  
But I don't choose the company I keep ---  
and it shows.

I am your gun.  
Love me, I'm your gun.

Maxim and Browning, they helped me along.  
Stoner, Kalashnikov --- thrilled to my song.  
Now one of me exists, for each one of you,  
So how can you blame me for the things that I do?

Now I take second place to the motor car
in the score of killing kept thus far.
And just remember, if you don't mind ---
it's not the gun that kills
but the man behind.

I am your gun.

Down At The End Of Your Road

I am your neighbor. I seem most respectable,
But underneath I'm an iniquitous toad.
So many dreadful mishaps have befallen you ---
down at the end of your road.
And I live down the end of your road.

I'm working on ways to remove you from paradise ---
from your striped lawn and your new swimming pool.
I place broken bottles in your geraniums ---
sabotage your gardening tools.
And I live down the end of your road.

By day I am a real estate gentleman.
I deal in fine properties --- cheap at the price.
After dark, I plan my most devious practices
which you might think are not very nice.

Designing a system to reverse your plumbing ---
welling up, as you sit on your private throne.
will come up all kinds of vile and despicable nasties
you would rather not have in your home.
And I live down the end of your road.

Dispensed loathsome creatures in your drawing room,
Sent doggy poo-poos in your morning mail.
Rat's heads and lark's wings should set your tums turning
and your houses will soon be for sale.
And I live down the end of your road.

I live down the end of your road.

Coronach
Grey the mist --- cold the dawn;
cruel the sea and stern the shore.
Brave the man who sets his course
For Albion.

Sweet the rose --- sharp the thorn;
meek the soil and proud the corn.
Blessed the lamb that would be born
within this green and pleasant land.
Hi-O-Ran-I-O
Hi-O-Ran-I-O

Brown furrow shine
beneath the rain washed blue.
Bright crystal streams
from eagle mountains born.
Fortune has smiled on those who wake anew,
within this fortress nature built
to stay the hand of war.

With the wind from the east
came the first of those who tread
upon this stone, this stone of kings;
this realm, this new Jerusalem.
Hi-O-Ran-I-O
Hi-O-Ran-I-O

Summerday Sands

I once met a girl with the life in her hands
and we lay together on the summerday sands.
I gave her my raincoat and told her, `Lady, be good!'
And we made truth together, where no one else would.

I smiled through her fingers and ran the dust through her hands ---
the hour-glass of reason on the summerday sands.

We sat as the sea caught fire.
Waited as the flames grew higher
in her eyes.
We watched the eagle born ---
wings clipped, tail feathers shorn
but we saw him rise ---
over summerday sands.

Came the ten o'clock curfew.
She said, ```I must start my car.
I'm staying with someone I met last night in a bar.''
I called from my wave top ---
```At least tell me your name!''
She smiled from her wheelspin
and said, ```It's all the same.''
I thought for a minute, jumped back on dry land ---
left one set of footprints on the summerday sands.

I once met a girl with the life in her hands
and we lied together on the summerday sands.

**Too Many Too**

Too many drivers in too many cars.
Too many lost souls drinking in too many bars.
Too many heroes stepping on too many toes.
Too many yes-men nodding when they really mean no.
Too many lives each cat can lose ---
we've got too many too.
Too many too.

Too much sunshine. Too many drops of rain.
Too many equal and average children who will all grow up the same.
Too many fireside politicians holding too many views.
Too many questions --- but there are answers too few.
Too many lives each cat can lose ---
we've got too many too.

If I were a liar --- yes, and you were a cheat ---
there would be too many places where we all could meet.
Too many temples where we could worship the beast.
Where he who thinks he had the most in fact has the least.
Too many lives each cat can lose --
I've got too many too.
I've got too many too.
March The Mad Scientist

What would you like for Christmas ---
a new polarity?
You're binary, and desperate to deal
in high figures
that lick us with their hotter flame ---
lick each and everyone the same.
And March, the mad scientist,
rings a new change
in ever-dancing colours.

He rings it here and he rings it...
but no one stops to see
the change of fate and the fate of change
that slips into his pocket ---
so he locks it all away from view
and shares not what he thought you knew.
And April is summer-bound,
And February's blue.
And no one stops to see the colours.

Pan Dance

[Instrumental]

Strip Cartoon

Fish and chips, sandpaper lips and a rainy pavement.
Soho lights, another night --- thinking of you.
Black cat, sat on a wall, winks at me darkly.
Suggesting ways and means that I might win a smile ---
as you leave the place where you work until 12.30
and the policemen nods as you pass along his beat.
Sweaty feet, troubled brow -- we're all in the same game, lady.
Life's no bowl of cherries --- it's a black and white strip cartoon.

I've been warned that you and your friends are crazy as from your hearts you bare your parts to the gentlemen, who, while they drool, trying to keep cool, spill their Scotch and water. But I'm not that way, I must say --- I'd much prefer to see you in your texturised rubber rainwear around 12.30. Come and play shades of grey in my black and white strip cartoon. Strip cartoon is all I'm after. Strip cartoon is all I crave --- so come to my place around 12.30 `cos I'm a leading politician at a dangerous age.

King Henry's Madrigal

[Instrumental]

A Stitch In Time

I work in dark factories --- a cog in the big wheel driving grey satanic mills and weaving sad stories. And faceless masters --- oh, they pay me plenty --- crumbs from their luncheon packs, harsh wine from bottles halek empty.

A stitch in time saves nine.
Said Cock Robin from the wall.
It's an early bird catches the worm.
Show a little pride before you fall.
So I flew to the south sun with birds of a feather to drink in the warm nights and tell of fine weather. A stitch in time saves nine.

Listen all you young folk --- your lives on a timetable clocking on twenty-one --- fly while you're able. A stitch in time saves nine.
I remember when we had a lot of things to do ---
impressed by all the words we read
and the heroes that we knew.
Climb on your your dream --- a dream of our own making
to find a place that we could later lose
to whatever time would bring.

We were seventeen and the cakeman was affecting you ---
moving you to greater things (in a lesser way)
you had to prove.
The clock struck summertime. You were going round in circles now.
Wishing you were seventeen. At twenty-one, it was a long time gone.
And now here you are. You're locked in your own excuse.
The circle's getting smaller every day.
You're busy planning the next fifty years.
So stay the way you are and keep your head down to the same old ground.
Just paint your picture boy until you find
a closed circle's better than an open line.

Yes stay the way you are. I got a circle that's the same as yours.
It may be bigger, but I've more to lose.
Who is the luckier man --- me or you?

**One For John Gee**

*Instrumental*

**Aeroplane**

Flying --- made of sticks and paper ---
aeroplane.
Dying --- is the wind but climbing ---
my aeroplane.
Blowing, and going somewhere high ---
in the evening tumbling down ---
but it's surely been up there.

Crying --- want to live my life as
my aeroplane

Sighing in the sun's eye, but softly ---
my aeroplane.

Lonely, but only till it comes down
where there's people running round.
But it's surely been up there.

Flying --- my aeroplane.

Sunshine Day

Woke up this morning to look at things in their funny way.
Why can't they be like they used to be only yesterday.
Ooh --- bring back my sunshine day.

I look at things that once were mine with such despair.
Why do the things I say only fall on empty air?
Ooh --- bring back my sunshine day.
My mind cries: Bring back my sunshine day.

I say the things I used to say, but they don't seem right.
Why does this world seem like the darkest endless night?
Ooh --- bring back my sunshine day.
Bring back my sunshine day.

II. Flawed Gems And The Other Side Of Tull

Lick Your Fingers Clean

I'll see you at the weighing in
when your life's sum-total's made.
And you set your wealth in godly deeds
against the sins you've laid.
So place your final burden
on your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber pot back down the line
to be filled up again.
Take your mind off your election
and try to get it straight.
And don't pretend perfection ---
you'll be crucified too late.
And he'll say you really should make the deal
as he offers round the hat.
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for that.
And as you join the good ship earth
and you mingle with the dust
be sure to leave your underpants
with someone you can trust.
And the hard-headed social worker who bathes his hands in blood
will welcome you with arms held high
and cover you with mud.
And he'll say you really should make the deal
as he offers round the hat.
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for that.

The Chateau D'Isaster Tapes

a) Scenario

In long years of ancient time, stood alone a friend of mine.
Reflected by the ever-burning sigh of a god who happened by.
And in the dawn, there came the song of some sweet lady singing in his ear.
Your god has gone, and from now on, you'll have to learn to hate
the things you fear.

We want to know, are we inside the womb
of passion plays, and by righteousness consumed?
Or just in lush contentment of our souls?

And so began the age of man.
They left his body in the sand.
Their glasses raised to a god on high
who smiled upon them from the sky.
So take the stage. Spin down the ages. Loose the passion.
Spill the rage upon your son who holds the gun up to your head ---
the play's begun.

b) Audition

Then God, the director, smells a rat.
Pulls another rabbit from His hat.
Sniffs the air and He says, "Well, that's that --- I'm going.''
The actors milling helplessly --- the script is blowing out to sea.
But what the hell, we didn't even pass an audition.
The lines you'll have to improvise. The words are written in
the eyes of politicians who despise their fathers.
And so the play necessitates that all you boys participate
in fierce competition to eliminate each other.

And groupies, on their way to war,
get to write the next film score.
But the rock and roll star knows his glory is really nothing.
Men of religion, on the make,
pledge an oath they undertake to
make you white for God's own sake, and none other.

While ladies get their bedding done
to win themselves a bouncing son ---
but bad girls do it for the fun of just being.
And me, I'm here to sing along,
and I'm not concerned with the righting wrongs,
just asking questions that belong without an answer.
The God is laughing up his sleeve
as He pours himself another cup of tea,
and He waves goodbye to you and me,
at least for now.

c) No Rehearsal

Did you learn your lines today? Well, there is no rehearsal.
The tickets have all been sold for tomorrow's matinee.
There's a telegram from the writer, 
but there is no rehearsal.  
The electrician has been told to make the spotlights brighter.  
There's one seat in the circle --- five hundred million in the stalls.  
Simply everyone will be there, but the safety curtain falls when 
the bomb that's in the dressing room 
blows the windows from their frames.  
And the prompter in his corner is sorry that he came. 

Did you learn your lines today?  Well there is no rehearsal.  
The interval will last until the ice-cream lady melts away.  
The twelve piece orchestra are here, but there is no rehearsal.  
The first violinist's hands are chilled --- he's gone deaf in both ears.  
Well, the scenery is colourful, but the paint is so damn thin.  
You see the wall behind is crumbling,  
and the stage door is bricked-in.  
But the audience keep arriving 
`till they're standing in the wings.  
And we take the final curtain call, and the ceiling crashes in.

Beltane

Have you ever stood in the April wood  
and called the new year in?  
While the phantoms of three thousand years fly  
as the dead leaves spin?  
There's a snap in the grass behind your feet  
and a tap upon your shoulder.  
And the thin wind crawls along your neck ---  
it's just the old gods getting older.  
And the kestral drops like a fall of shot and  
the red cloud hanging high ---  
come --- a Beltane.  

Have you ever loved a lover of the old elastic truth?  
And doted on the daughter in the ministry of youth?  
Thrust your head between the breasts of the fertile innocent.  
And taken up the cause of love, for the sake of argument.  
Or while the kisses drop like a fall of shot  
from soft lips in the rain ---  
come --- a Beltane.  

Happy old new year to you and yours.
The sun's up for one more day, to be sure.
Play it out gladly, for your card's marked again.

Have you walked around your parks and towns so knife-edged orderly?
While the fires are burned on the hills upturned
in far-off wild country.
And felt the chill on your window sill
as the green man comes around.
With his walking cane of sweet hazel --- brings it crashing down.
Sends your knuckles white as the thin stick bites.
Well, it's just your groaning pains.
Come --- a Beltane.

Crossword

Walking on air, shoulder and head above you.
Down in the street, black canyons walking through.
Hooded sad eyes, fixed on your shuffle shoes.
Life is a clue in your crossword.

Typewriter turk. Telephone terror takes time to wind down.
Push-button finger shakes.
City of dreams. Back to your quiet nightmare.
Your life is a clue in the crossword.

Working to rule in your own time.
Drag yourself home to your star sign page.
Staying awake on cold yesterday's steak and warm beer.

Ladder of string --- climbing to sweet success.
Homework aside. Your brain on the train to test.
Pick up the news (you left on the seat beside you).
Your life is a clue in the crossword.

Saturation

They left me, leaving my house on fire, me running round ---
got out through the window.
While clinging to the skirts of fate
was not my idea of fun
I'll jump to it gladly.
The town was filled with smoke and hate.
Came to my senses just too late
to realize that all I ever owned
was borrowed. I thanked them for having shown
me that nothing ever really belongs to anyone.

They burned my books and they broke my car,
and gave the dog to a man who used him for breeding.
They felled my trees and they tramped flowers and threw
the kitten into my new pool.
The same things done to other men had made them run away from the city.
This being the case, I joined them there and breathing air spent
the night with these new friends.

**Jack-A-Lynn**

Cold aeroplanes, slow boats, warm trains
remind me of Jack-A-Lynn.
Lush hotels and pretty girls
won't cheer the misty mood I'm in.
Silly, sad --- I've never had to write this before ---

Funny how long nights allow
When phantoms tread around my bed
to offer restless dreams they bring.
And it's just the time and place to find
a sad song to play

Magpies that shriek, old boots that leak
call me to Jack-A-Lynn.
Coal-black cats in policeman's hats
nosing where the mice have been.
And the long miaow's beginning now
and I'm far, far from home ---
and Jack-A-Lynn.

**Motoreyes**
Out on the fast and free way,
hhumming along through a build-up ad-man's dream.
Steaking past in a cloud of spray
goes the high-performance motor queen.
And she looks round at me
reflecting neon in her motoreyes.
And now the chase is on.
I know who'll be the loser --- me.

See the end curve coming, then we're
back on the street through the late theater crowds.
And the stop lights go and we're cruising side by side
still humming loud.
And she looks round again ---
herr motoreyes going to tell me when.
Put her right foot to the floor.
Shows me she's no slow woman.

She takes her cafe noir, smokes small cigars
showing just a touch of thigh (sigh!).
And sips her whisky straight, and she stays up late
to kiss the morning bye-bye.

Now we're out of town, going to shake her down
if I can stay along.
Got my blue light on, put her in the net
with my siren song.
Pulls over to the side ---
herr motoreyes are staring wide.
She flashes her I.D.
and makes a bigger fool of me.

Blues Instrumental (Untitled)

[Instrumental]

Rhythm In Gold
I have to call you up. Think I've seen a vision of rhythm in gold. No cat could ever move that way. No puss would dare to be so bold. Must tell the boys to follow you. Catch you where you go to ground. A lady of means, I can see. Rhythm in gold is getting to me. What's your name, and where can I find you?

Are you just a rich man's friend, or was it always in the family? You seem to throw the challenge down, by the way you didn't even look at me. Put the boys on you. Immobilize your nine-eleven.

There's nothing I could do for you that would really matter much anyway. You belong to everyone. Rhythm in gold's the number that you play. Put the boys on you. Sabotage your nine-eleven.

**Part Of The Machine**

Everybody's jumping on the circus train. Some jump high, some jump off again. And the razzmatazz is rolling, women folk unveiled. All truths to light, all crosses nailed. Aiming high where the eagle circles --- where he keeps his tail feathers clean. And wonders `Am I still a free bird? Or just a part of the machine.''

They hitch their covered wagons and they roll out west. Politics in the pockets of their Sunday best. Shaking hands, kissing babies, for all that they're worth. Oh, they promise you gold, promise heaven on earth.

Still, that old bald eagle circles --- it's not the first time that he's seen his reflection in the eyes of innocence. He's become just another part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you --- to look up to. He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky.
up above the whole machine.

Smart guys aren't running --- they're home and dry.
Up in the mountains where the eagle flies.
They wouldn't take that job offered on a plate.
They got to fly with the eagle, and he won't wait.
Looking down on the smoke and the factories
till the truth creeps up unseen.
They see themselves in the faces of their children
and realize they too are part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you ---
to wake up to.
He could be my wings to fly
in a big bird sky, hey ---
let's be part of the machine.
Part of the machine.

Mayhem, Maybe

When we're working nights, the village round
the old church becomes scary town.
All curtained windows and bolted doors
but never a eye to see
as us fairy folks sweep from the hill
Never caught us and never will.
Pulling roses and daffodils ---
mayhem in the high degree.

The blacksmith chased us all to ground.
They searched all night --- we were never found.
The tinker boys and the sheriff's men
shaking the tallest tree.
And we sat and watched the women hide.
Laughed so much we split our sides.
Scattered horses that they would ride ---
mayhem in the high degree.

We crossed through fields of midnight green
often heard but seldom seen.
Tore along hedges, stripping leaves ---
no-one could quite agree
whether we came from north or south.
We stole the screams from out their mouths
and go where no man would allow
mayhem in the high degree.

Like scaly carp and feathered swan
to nature's world we do belong.
We ride the thin winds of the night
and set dark spirits free.
We terrify the mare and foal.
The fox stood still and far too bold.
So we strung him up, brush neatly folded ---
mayhem, maybe.

Overhang

Good morning, gentlemen. Why the uneasy frowns?
Too much everything and I can't recall. Did I let you down?
Nobody will answer me. Makes me feel that I want to die.
My mind is inclined to lie.
Oh, no --- think I did it last night again.
Oh, no --- been out on the overhang again.

My hotel room was a battleground.
How did I find my way?
My wallet's gone and my jacket's torn.
My memory's a hazy grey.
Do I seem to remember now, two creatures about eight feet tall?
No safety net to break my fall.
Oh, no --- must have done it last night again.
Oh, no --- crawled out on the overhang again.
Been out on the overhang.

Watching demons and spirits glide.
Heading out to the nearest star.
Better lead me back to the bar.
Oh, no --- might do it tonight again.
Oh, no --- crawled out on the overhang again.
Been out on the overhang.
Crawling out on the overhang.
Out of the overhang.
Kelpie

There was a warm wind with the high tide on the south of the hill.
When a young girl went a-walking and I followed with a will.
``Good day to you, my fine young lady with your lips so sweetly full.
May I help you comb your long hair --- sweep it from that brow so cool?''

Up, ride with the kelpie.
I'll steal your soul to the deep.
If you don't ride with me while the devil's free
I'll ride with somebody else.

Well I'm a man when I'm feeling the urge to step ashore.
So I may charm you --- not alarm you.
Tell you all fine things, and more.
Up, ride with the kelpie.
I'll steal your soul to the deep.
If you don't ride with me while the devil's free
I'll ride with somebody else.

Say goodbye to all your dear kin --- for they hate to see you go
in your young prime, to this place of mine in the still loch far below.
Up, ride with the kelpie.
I'll steal your soul to the deep.
If you don't ride with me while the devil's free
I'll ride with somebody else.

Living In These Hard Times

The bomb's in the china. The fat's in the fire.
There's no turkey left on the table.
The commuter's return on the six o'clock flyer brings no bale of hay for the stable.
Well, the light, it is failing along the green belt as we follow the hard road signs. Semi-detached in our suburban-ness --- we're living in these hard times.

Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew. Another bun in the oven --- oh, what to do? We'll laugh and we'll sing and try to bring a pound from your pocket. Good day to you. Oh, these hard times.

The politicians sat on the wall and traded with the union game. Someone slapped a writ on our deficit --- not a penny left to our name. Oh, the times are hard and the credits lean, and they toss and they turn in sleep. And the line they take is the line they make --- but it's not the line they keep.

The cow jumped over yesterday's moon and the lock ran away with the key. You know what you like, and you like what you know but there is no jam for tea. Well the light it is failing along the green belt as we follow the hard road signs. Semi-detached in our suburban-ness --- we're living in these hard times.
Crossfire

Spring light in a hazy May
and a man with a gun at the door
Someone's crawling on the roof above ---
    all the media here for the show
I've been waiting for our friends to come
Like spiders down ropes to free-fall
A thirty round clip for a visiting card ---
    admit one to the embassy ball

Caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue
In go the windows and out go the lights
Call me a doctor. Fetch me a policeman
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight

I'm just a soul with an innocent face ---
    a regular boy dressed in blue
    conducting myself in a proper way
    as befitting the job that I do
They came down on me like a ton of bricks
Swept off my feet, knocked about
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait
    for the hard men to get me out

Calm reason floats from the street below
    and the slow fuse burns through the night
Everyone's tried to talk it through
    but they can't seem to get the deal right
Somewhere there are Brownings in a two-hand hold ---
    cocked and locked, one up the spout
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait
    for the hard men to get me out

Fylingdale Flyer
Through clear skies tracking lightly from far down the line
No fanfare, just a blip on the screen
No quick conclusions now --- everything will be fine
Short-circuit glitsch and not what it seems
Fylingdale Flyer --- you're only half way there
Green screen liar ---
for a second or so we were running scared

On late shift, feeling drowsy eyes glued to the display
Dead cert alert, lit match to the straw
One last quick game of bowls --- we can still win the day
Fail-safe; forget the things that you saw

They checked the systems through and they read A-o.k.
Some tiny fuse has probably blown
Sit back; relax and soon it will just go away
Keep your hands off that red telephone

Working John, Working Joe

When I was a young man (as all good tales begin)
  I was taught to hold out my hand
And for my pay I worked an honest day
  and took what pittance I could win
Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe
  and I'm doing what I know
  for God and the Economy
Big brother watches over me
And the state protects and feeds me
And my conscience never leaves me
And I'm loyal to the unions
  who protect me at all levels

And as I grew, the winds of fortune blew
  and the bank smiled down upon me
And mortgaged to the hilt I threw
  the breeze of caution behind me
Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe
  and I'm good at what I know
And God and the Economy
    have blessed me with equality
Now I'm equal to the best of you
And better than the rest of you
    who would criticise my success
in times of national unrest

Now I own my horseless carriage
    in its central-heated garage
And I commute eighty miles a day ---
    up at seven to make it pay
I direct ten limited companies
    with seeming consummate expertise
two ulcers and a heart disease
    a trembling feeling in both knees ---
I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe

Black Sunday

Tomorrow is the one day I would change for a Monday
    with freezing rains melting and no trains running
    and sad eyes passing in windows flimsy
    and my seat rocking from legs not quite matching
Got passport, credit cards, a plane that I'm catching
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

The taxi that takes me will be moving too quickly
My suitcases simply too full for the closing
    of pants, shirts and kisses all packed in a hurry
Two best-selling paper backs chosen at random ---
    no sign of sales-persons to whom I might hand them
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

And down at the airport are probably waiting
    a few thousand passengers, overbooked seating
Time long suspended in transit-lounge traumas ---
    connections broken and Special Branch waiting
    conspicuously standing in holiday clothing
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

Pick up my feet and kick off my lethargy
Down to the gate with the old mood upon me
Get out and chase the small immortality
   born in the minute of my next returning
Impatient feet tapping and cigarette burning
Homecoming one day too soon

And back at the house there's a grey sky a-tumbling
Milk bottles piling on door steps a-crumbling
Curtains all drawn and cold water plumbing
Notepaper scribbles I read unbelieving
Saying how sorry, how sad was the leaving
   ...one day too soon

Protect And Survive

They said protect and you'll survive ---
   (but our postman didn't call)
8lbs. of over-pressure wave seemed to glue him to the wall
They said protect and you'll survive

E.M.P. took out the radio ---
   (and our milk-man didn't call)
Flash blinded by the pretty lights,
   didn't see his bottles fall
or feel the warm black rain arrive

Big friendly cloud builds in the West
   (and our dust-men haven't called)
They left the dual carriageway at a hundred miles an hour ---
a tail wind chasing them away

And in deep shelters lurk below, sub-regional control
   who sympathise but cannot help
to mend your body or your soul
Self-appointed guadians of the race with egg upon their face
When steady sirens sing all-clear they pop up,
   find nobody here

And so I watch two new suns spin ---
   (our paper man doesn't call)
Burnt shadow printed on the road --- now there's nothing there at all
They said protect and you'll survive

Batteries Not Included

Six o'clock in the morning
Wake up by the bed
There sits a Japanese toy
And I like it
See the name on the wrapping
Can't read yet but I know
   it's made for me (lucky boy)
And I want it
Lights that flash, wheels that go round
Digital display
Fresh silicon chips to enjoy
And I need them
   (Where's the batteries?)
Sitting silent and empty
Wish I could breathe life
   in my new friend who's terribly still
And I like him
Just like me. P'rhaps he's hungry.
Six volts make him smile
And twelve volts would probably kill
How I like him
   Daddy, where's the batteries
   I can't find my batteries
(There's no batteries)
Seven o'clock in the morning
They find me by the bed
   with my friend the Japanese toy
I am with him
Mummy, Daddy --- can't see you,
   hear you. Batteries not
   included in this little boy
(Where's my batteries?)

Uniform
See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn
See grey stripes bowling down the street
Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn
Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets ---
Uniforms

See golden halo'd men of high renown
    prance to the politicians' beat
Well tailored in unswerving elegance
    with shoes by Gucci on their feet ---
Uniforms

How do you know who the hell you are?
Wake up each day under a different star
Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home
    like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform

White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven
Beneath the swelling box so neat
    the teeming millions of the future fly ---
    the spinning cricket ball to cheat
They're all uniform

4.W.D. (Low Ratio)

Met a man just the other day ---
    said his name was Jim. Boy, won't you take a look!
Got a car for you --- it's a real steal
Cleaned it right down --- new brakes, clutch and here's the hook
Yes, it's a 4.W.D. (low ratio)

Cash to Jim. I took it home
    through the deep mud. Plugged happy as a boy in sand
Fitted wide tyres, spotlight, a winch as well
    and some brush bars up front to complete the plan
Now it's really a 4.W.D. (low ratio)

Take you down to the edge of town
Where the road stops, we start to hold the ground
Well, I'm blessed! Got traction in a special way
Hold the roll bar, slide back, feel me pull it round
Let me show you my 4.W.D. (low ratio)

The Pine Marten's Jig

[Instrumental]

And Further On

We saw the heavens break and all the world go down to sleep
   and rocks on mossy banks drip acid rain from craggy steeps
Saw fiery angels kiss the dawn
Wish you goodbye till further on
Will you still be there further on?

And troubled dynasties, like legions lost, have blown away
Hounds hard upon their heels call to their quarry --- wait and play
Before the last faint light has gone
Wish you goodbye till further on
Will you still be there further on?

The angry waves grow high --- cut icy teeth on northern shores
Brave fires that flicker, cough --- give way to winds
   through broken doors
And with the last line almost drawn --- wish you goodbye till further on
Will you still be there further on?
HEAVY HORSES

...And The Mouse Police Never Sleeps

Muscled, black with steel-green eye
swishing through the rye grass
with thoughts of mouse-and-apple pie.
Tail balancing at half-mast.
...And the mouse police never sleeps ---
lying in the cherry tree.
Savage bed foot-warmer of purest feline ancestry.
Look out, little furry folk!
He's the all-night working cat.
Eats but one in every ten ---
leaves the others on the mat.
...And the mouse police never sleeps ---
waiting by the cellar door.
Window-box town crier;
birth and death registrar.
With claws that rake a furrow red ---
licensed to multilate.
From warm milk on a lazy day
to dawn patrol on hungry hate.
...No, the mouse police never sleeps ---
climbing on the ivy.
Windy roof-top weathercock.
Warm-blooded night on a cold tile.

Acres Wild

I'll make love to you
in all good places
under black mountains
in open spaces.
By deep brown rivers
  that slither darkly
  through far marches
  where the blue hare races.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
  northern father's western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
  through far marches of acres wild.

I'll make love to you
  in narrow side streets
  with shuttered windows,
  crumbling chimneys.

Come with me to the weary town ---
  discos silent under tiles
  that slide from roof-tops, scatter softly
  on concrete marches of acres wild.

By red bricks pointed
  with cement fingers
Flaking damply from sagging shoulders.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
  northern father's western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
  through far marches of acres wild.

No Lullaby

Keep your eyes open and prick up your ears ---
  rehearse your loudest cry.
There's folk out there who would do you harm
  so I'll sing you no lullaby.
There's a lock on the window; there's a chain on the door:
  a big dog in the hall.
But there's dragons and beasties out there in the night
  to snatch you if you fall.

So come out fighting with your rattle in hand.
Thrust and parry. Light
  a match to catch the devil's eye. Bring
  a cross of fire to the fight.

And let no sleep bring false relief
  from the tension of the fray.
Come wake the dead with the scream of life.
Do battle with ghosts at play.

Gather your toys at the call-to-arms
  and swing your big bear down.
Upon our necks when we come to set
  you sleeping safe and sound.

It's as well we tell no lie
  to chase the face that cries.
And little birds can't fly
  so keep an open eye.
It's as well we tell no lie
  so I'll sing you no lullaby.

Moths

The leaded window opened
  to move the dancing candle flame
And the first Moths of summer
  suicidal came.
And a new breeze chattered
  in its May-bud tenderness ---
Sending water-lillies sailing
  as she turned to get undressed.
And the long night awakened
  and we soared on powdered wings ---
Circling our tomorrows
  in the wary month of Spring.
Chasing shadows slipping
  in a magic lantern slide ---
Creatures of the candle
  on a night-light-ride.
Dipping and weaving --- flutter
through the golden needle's eye
in our haystack madness. Butterfly-stroking
on a Spring-tide high.
Life's too long (as the Lemming said)
as the candle burned and the Moths were wed.
And we'll all burn together as the wick grows higher ---
before the candle's dead.
The leaded window opened
to move the dancing candle flame.
And the first moths of summer
suicidal came
to join in the worship
of the light that never dies
in a moment's reflection
of two moths spinning in her eyes.

Journeyman

Spine-tingling railway sleepers ---
Sleepy houses lying four-square and firm
Orange beams divide the darkness
Rumbling fit to turn the waking worm.
Sliding through Victorian tunnels
where green moss oozes from the pores.
Dull echoes from the wet embankments
Battlefield allotments. Fresh open sores.

In late night commuter madness
Double-locked black briefcase on the floor
like a faithful dog with master
sleeping in the draught beside the carriage door.
To each Journeyman his own home-coming
Cold supper nearing with each station stop
Frosty flakes on empty platforms
Fireside slippers waiting. Flip. Flop.

Journeyman night-tripping on the late fantastic
Too late to stop for tea at Gerard's Cross
and hear the soft shoes on the footbridge shuffle
as the wheels turn biting on the midnight frost.
On the late commuter special
Carriage lights that flicker, fade and die
Howling into hollow blackness
Dusky diesel shudders in full cry.
Down redundant morning papers
Abandon crosswords with a cough
Stationmaster in his wisdom
    told the guard to turn the heating off.

Rover

I chase your every footstep
    and I follow every whim.
When you call the tune I'm ready
    to strike up the battle hymn.
My lady of the meadows ---
My comber of the beach ---
You've thrown the stick for your dog's trick
    but it's floating out of reach.
The long road is a rainbow and the pot of gold lies there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again ---
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

As the robin craves the summer
    to hide his smock of red,
I need the pillow of your hair
    in which to hide my head.
I'm simple in my sadness,
    resourceful in remorse.
Then I'm down straining at the lead ---
    holding on a windward course.

Strip me from the bundle
    of balloons at every fair:  
    colourful and carefree ---
Designed to make you stare.
But I'm lost and I'm losing
    the thread that holds me down.
And I'm up hot and rising
    in the lights of every town.
One Brown Mouse

Smile your little smile --- take some tea with me awhile.
Brush away that black cloud from your shoulder.
Twitch your whiskers. Feel that you're really real.
Another tea-time --- another day older.

Puff warm breath on your tiny hands.
You wish you were a man
who every day can turn another page.
Behind your glass you sit and look
at my ever-open book ---
One brown mouse sitting in a cage.

Do you wonder if I really care for you ---
Am I just the company you keep ---
Which one of us exercises on the old treadmill ---
Who hides his head, pretending to sleep?

Smile your little smile --- take some tea with me awhile.
And every day we'll turn another page.
Behind our glass we'll sit and look
at our ever-open book ---
One brown mouse sitting in a cage.

Heavy Horses

Iron-clad feather-feet pounding the dust
An October's day, towards evening
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to the plough
Salt on a deep chest seasoning
Last of the line at an honest day's toil
Turning the deep sod under
Flint at the fetlock, chasing the bone
Flies at the nostrils plunder.
The Suffolk, the Clydesdale, the Percheron vie
with the Shire on his feathers floating
Hauling soft timber into the dusk
to bed on a warm straw coating.

Heavy Horses, move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding --- slipping and sliding free
Now you're down to the few
And there's no work to do
The tractor's on its way.

Let me find you a filly for your proud stallion seed
to keep the old line going.
And we'll stand you abreast at the back of the wood
behind the young trees growing
To hide you from eyes that mock at your girth,
and your eighteen hands at the shoulder
And one day when the oil barons have all dripped dry
and the nights are seen to draw colder
They'll beg for your strength, your gentle power
your noble grace and your bearing
And you'll strain once again to the sound of the gulls
in the wake of the deep plough, sharing.

Standing like tanks on the brow of the hill
Up into the cold wind facing
In stiff battle harness, chained to the world
Against the low sun racing
Bring me a wheel of oaken wood
A rein of polished leather
A Heavy Horse and a tumbling sky
Brewing heavy weather.

Bring a song for the evening
Clean brass to flash the dawn
across these acres glistening
like dew on a carpet lawn
In these dark towns folk lie sleeping
as the heavy horses thunder by
to wake the dying city
with the living horseman's cry
At once the old hands quicken ---
bring pick and wisp and curry comb ---
thrill to the sound of all
the heavy horses coming home.

**Weathercock**

Good morning Weathercock: How did you fare last night?
Did the cold wind bite you, did you face up to the fright
When the leaves spin from October
    and whip around your tail?
Did you shake from the blast, did you shiver through the gale?

Give us direction; the best of goodwill ---
Put us in touch with fair winds.
Sing to us softly, hum evening's song ---
Tell us what the blacksmith has done for you.

Do you simply reflect changes in the patterns of the sky,
Or is it true to say the weather heeds the twinkle in your eye?
Do you fight the rush of winter; do you hold snowflakes at bay?
Do you lift the dawn sun from the fields and help him on his way?

Good morning Weathercock: make this day bright.
Put us in touch with your fair winds.
Sing to us softly, hum evening's song.
Point the way to better days we can share with you.
LIVING IN THE PAST

Song For Jeffrey

[See THIS WAS]

Love Story

Going back in the morning time
to see if my love has changed her mind, yeah.
I know what I will find
that she is wasting time,
she could be picking roses.

Going back in the morning time
to see if my love has seen the light, yeah.
Oh, I told her last night
she should improve her sight,
she could be painting the roof.

Going back in the morning time
to see if my love has come around, yeah.
She offered me no sound,
her head is in the ground,
She could be calling for winter.

Christmas Song

Once in Royal David's City stood a lonely cattle shed,
where a mother held her baby.
You'd do well to remember the things He later said.
When you're stuffing yourselves at the Christmas parties, you'll just laugh when I tell you to take a running jump. You're missing the point I'm sure does not need making that Christmas spirit is not what you drink.

So how can you laugh when your own mother's hungry, and how can you smile when the reasons for smiling are wrong? And if I just messed up your thoughtless pleasures, remember, if you wish, this is just a Christmas song.

(Hey! Santa! Pass us that bottle, will you?)

**Living In The Past**

Happy and I'm smiling, walk a mile to drink your water. You know I'd love to love you, and above you there's no other. We'll go walking out while others shout of war's disaster. Oh, we won't give in, let's go living in the past.

Once I used to join in every boy and girl was my friend. Now there's revolution, but they don't know what they're fighting. Let us close out eyes; outside their lives go on much faster. Oh, we won't give in, we'll keep living in the past.

**Driving Song**

Will they ever stop drivin' me? Have they ever taken time to see That I need some rest
if I'm to do my best?
Can I please stop workin' so hard?
They just tell me gotta close it hard.
Got to think of my health.
Can I be by myself?

Oh, they tell me I'll be home someday.
Well I doubt it if I continue this way,
'cause this hard life I've led
is makin' me dead.

Sweet Dream

You'll hear me calling in your sweet dream,
can't hear your daddy's warning cry.
You're going back to be all the things you want to be,
while in sweet dreams you softly sigh.

You hear my voice is calling
to be mine again,
live the rest of your life in a day.
Get out and get what you can
while your mummy's at home a-sleeping.
No time to understand
'cause they lost what they thought they were keeping.

No one can see us in your sweet dream.
don't hear you leave to start the car.
All wrapped up tightly in the coat you borrowed from me,
your place of resting is not far.

You'll hear my voice is calling
to be mine again,
live the rest of your life in a day.
Get out and get what you can
While your mummy's at home a-sleeping.
No time to understand,
'cause they lost what they thought they were keeping.
Singing All Day

Singing all day, singing `bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing `bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing `bout nothing,
  oo, my, my, my,
  oo, my, my, my.

Went down to the station to look for her there,
looked through the crowds for a glimpse of her hair,
nothing to see but the crowds keep a-staring at me,
  my, my,
  oo, my, my, my.

Down in the street, try'n' to remember,
shuffling my feet outside a menswear,
is that her in the fur coat?
No it's not December yet,
  my, my, my,
  oo, my, my, my.

Singing all day, singing `bout nothing.

Back to the house, maybe she'll phone me,
singing my song, feeling so lonely.
I'll sing very softly, so if the phone rings
I can hear it, I can hear it.

Singing all day, singing `bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing `bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing `bout nothing,
  oo, my, my, my,
  oo, my, my, my.

Witch's Promise

Lend me your ear while I call you a fool.
You were kissed by a witch one night in the wood,
and later insisted your feelings were true. The witch's promise was coming, believing he listened while laughing you flew.

Leaves falling red, yellow, brown, all are the same, and the love you have found lay outside in the rain. Washed clean by the water but nursing its pain. The witch's promise was coming, and you're looking elsewhere for your own selfish gain.

Keep looking, keep looking for somewhere to be, well, you're wasting your time, they're not stupid like he is. Meanwhile leaves are still falling, you're too blind to see.

You won't find it easy now, it's only fair. He was willing to give to you, you didn't care. You're waiting for more but you've already had your share. The witch's promise is turning, so don't you wait up for him, he's going to be late.

Inside

[See BENEFIT]

Alive And Well And Living In

Nobody sees her here, her eyes are slowly closing. If she should want some peace, she sits there, without moving, and puts a pillow over the phone. And if she feels like dancing no one will know it. Giving herself a chance there's no need to show her how it should be.

She can't remember now when she was all in pieces. She's quite content to sit there listening to what he says. How he didn't like to be alone. And if he feels like crying she's there to hear him. No reason to complain and nothing to fear, they always will be...
Just Trying To Be

There was a time when you were so young and walked in their way.
They made you feel they loved you all-seeing they say.
You're going wrong if their game you don't play
And that the song I sing will leave you astray.

Unfeeling, feel lonely rejection,
unknowing, know you're going wrong.
And they can't see that we're just trying to be,
and not what we seem,
and even now believe that it's not real and only a dream.

By Kind Permission Of

[Introduction:]
Please, let's have a big welcome for Jethro Tull.

Whoop!
Hello. Hang on, press on. Be back with you in a minute.
I'd better not open this now because it might contain contraband.
We'll give it to John to supplement his camels. He dropped on his head when he was very small. We occasionally cut his fingernails off and smoke them. This is a... a song about... about everything.

Dharma For One

[Introduction:]
She's really turned on by the television, and vice versa.
Here's a song called, [???]. Yes, right. Rearranged though, nevertheless. A new lease on life. In other words, it's just a bit louder. `Dharma For One'.
[Lyrics:]
Dharma, seek and you will find
truth within your mind, Dharma.

Dharma, each to his own we say,
together we'll end astray, Dharma.

Truth is like freedom, it doesn't fool me.
Be true to yourself, never think that you're free.
Dharma will come eventually.

[Outtroduction:]
Thank you!  [???]  

Wond'ring Again

There's the stillness of death on a deathly unliving sea,
and the motor car magical world long since ceased to be,
when the Eve-bitten apple returned to destroy the tree.

Incestuous ancestry's charabanc ride,
spawning new millions throws the world on its side.
Supporting their far-flung illusion, the national curse,
and those with no sandwiches please get off the bus.

The excrement bubbles,
the century's slime decays
and the brainwashing government lackeys
would have us say
it's under control and we'll soon be on our way
to a grand year for babies and quiz panel games
of the hot hungry millions you'll be sure to remain.

The natural resources are dwindling and no one grows old,
and those with no homes to go to, please dig yourself holes.

We wandered through quiet lands, felt the first breath of snow.
Searched for the last pigeon, slate grey I've been told.
Stumbled on a daffodil which she crushed in the rush, heard it sigh,
and left it to die.
At once felt remorse and were touched by the loss of our own, 
held its poor broken head in her hands, 
dropped soft tears in the snow, 
and it's only the taking that makes you what you are.

Wond'ring aloud will a son one day be born 
to share in our infancy 
in the child's path we've worn. 
In the aging seclusion of this earth that our birth did surprise 
we'll open his eyes.

Hymn 43

[See AQUALUNG]

Life Is A Long Song

When you're falling awake and you take stock of the new day, 
and you hear your voice croak as you choke on what you need to say, 
well, don't you fret, don't you fear, 
I will give you good cheer.

Life's a long song. 
Life's a long song. 
Life's a long song. 

If you wait then your plate I will fill. 

As the verses unfold and your soul suffers the long day, 
and the twelve o'clock gloom spins the room, 
you struggle on your way. 
Well, don't you sigh, don't you cry, 
llick the dust from your eye.

Life's a long song. 
Life's a long song. 
Life's a long song.
We will meet in the sweet light of dawn.

As the Baker Street train spills your pain all over your new dress, and the symphony sounds underground put you under duress, well don't you squeal as the heel grinds you under the wheel.

Life's a long song.
Life's a long song.
Life's a long song.

But the tune ends too soon for us all.

Up The `Pool

I'm going up the `pool from down the smoke below
to taste my mum's jam sarnies and see our Aunty Flo.
The candyfloss salesman watches ladies in the sand
down for a freaky weekend in the hope that they'll be meeting Mister Universe.

The iron tower smiles down upon the silver sea
and along the golden mile they'll be swigging mugs of tea.
The politicians there who've come to take the air
while posing for the daily press
will look around and blame the mess
on Edward Bear.

There'll be bucket, spades and bingo, cockles, mussels, rainy days, seaweed and sand castles, icy waves.
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies, old vests, braces dangling down,
sun-tanned stranded starfish in a daze.

We're going up the `pool from down the smoke below
to taste my mum's jam sarnies and see our Aunty Flo.
The candy floss salesman watches ladies in the sand
down for a freaky weekend in the hope that they'll be meeting Mister Universe.

There'll be buckets, spades and bingo, cockles, mussels, rainy days, seaweed and sand castles, icy waves,
Deck chairs, rubber dinghies, old vests, braces dangling down, 
sun-tanned stranded starfish in a daze.

Oh Blackpool, 
oh Blackpool.

**Dr. Bogenbroom**

I have one foot in the graveyard and the other on the bus, 
and the passengers do trample each other in the rush. 
And the chicken hearted lawman is throwing up his fill 
to see the kindly doctor to pass the super pill. 
Well, I'm going down, three cheers for Doctor Bogenbroom. 
Well, I'm on my way, three cheers for Doctor Bogenbroom.

Well I've tried my best to love you all, 
all you hypocrites and whores, 
with your eyes on each other and the locks upon your doors. 
Well you drowned me in the fountain of life and I hated you 
for living while I was dying, we were all just passing through. 
Well, I'm going down, three cheers for Doctor Bogenbroom. 
Well, I'm on my way, three cheers for Doctor Bogenbroom.

**For Later**

*[Instrumental]*

**Nursie**

Tip-toes in silence `round my bed 
and quiets the raindrops overhead. 
With her everlasting smile 
She still my fever for a while.
Oh, nursie dear,  
I'm glad you're here  
to brush away my pain.
THIS WAS

My Sunday Feeling

My Sunday feeling is coming on over me.
My Sunday feeling is coming on over me,
Now that the night is over.
Got to clear my head so I can see.
Till I get to put together,
that old feeling won't let me be.

Won't somebody tell me where I laid my head last night?
Won't somebody tell me where I laid my head last night?
I really don't remember,
But with one more cigarette and I think I might.
Till I get to put together,
well that old feeling can't get me right.

Need some assistance, have you listened to what I said?
Need some assistance, have you listened to what I said?
Oh, I don't feel so good.
Need someone to help me to my bed.
Till I get to put together,
that old feeling is in my head.

Some Day The Sun Won't Shine For You

In the morning -- gonna get my things together.
Packing up and I'm leaving this place.
I don't believe you'll cry, there'll be a smile upon your face.

I didn't think how much you'd hurt me.
That's something that I laugh about.
Bring in the good times, baby.
And let the bad times out.

That old sun keeps on shining,
But someday it won't shine for you.
In the morning I'll be leaving.
I'll leave your mother too.

Beggar's Farm

You're taking chances. And your reputation's going down.
Going out in the night-time. You think you make no sound.
But you don't fool me. 'Cos I know what you feel.
If you ignore the things I say --
someday soon's gonna find you
'way down on Beggar's Farm.

I pay my money for no returns.
I think I need you. Going to find someone.
Oh, you don't fool me. 'Cos I know what you feel.
When you go out I ask you why.
And I won't worry when I see you lying
down on Beggar's Farm.

When you run to me, going to turn away.
Won't even listen when you try to say
that you were only fooling around --
'Cos I know what you feel.
But if you ask me nicely, woman --
I'll wake up early one day soon and
I'll visit you down on Beggar's Farm.

Move On Alone

I feel so sad now that she's gone,
I've been loving that woman too long.
There is no place to go because my friends have all moved,
Got nothing but sit in the sun.
Got tired of crying, guess I'll move on alone.

My bed is so empty and my heart is grown cold, guess I'll just die before I grow old. The place is untidy, that's 'cos I ain't done my dirt, I just grown tired of thinking. Got tired of crying, guess I'll move on alone.

Serenade To A Cuckoo

[Instrumental]

Dharma For One

[Instrumental]

It's Breaking Me Up

So many long days. In so many ways. I try to get through to what lies deep inside of you. Oh, baby. I said, you're breaking me up, woman. Yeah, you're breaking me down. You're lying in little pieces -- scattered all around. You're doing your worst to see me get hurt. You're waiting to see the tears running out of me. But, oh, baby, I said you're breaking me up, woman. You're breaking me down. You're lying in little pieces -- scattered all around.

My teares have run dry and you wonder why.
I've found a new woman who don't do the things you can. Oh, baby, I said you're breaking me up, woman. You're breaking me down. You're lying in little pieces -- scattered all around.

**Cat's Squirrel**

**A Song For Jeffrey**

Gonna lose my way tomorrow, gonna give away my car. I'd take you along with me, but you would not go so far. Don't see what I do not want to see, you don't hear what I don't say. Won't be what I don't want to be, I continue in my way.

Don't see, see, see where I'm goin', Don't see, see, see where I'm goin', Don't see, see, see where I'm goin' to, I don't want to.

Everyday I see the mornin' come on in the same old way. I tell myself tomorrow brings me things I would not dream today.

**Round**

[Instrumental]
With You There To Help Me

In days of peace --
sweet smelling summer nights
of wine and song;
dusty pavements burning feet.
Why am I crying, I want to know.
How can I smile and make it right?
For sixty days and eighty nights
and not give in and lose the fight.

I'm going back to the ones that I know,
with whom I can be what I want to be.
Just one week for the feeling to go --
and with you there to help me
then it probably will.

I won't go down
acting the same old play.
Give sixty days for just one night.
Don't think I'd make it: but then I might.

I'm going back to the ones that I know,
with whom I can be what I want to be.
Just one week for the feeling to go --
and with you there to help me
then it probably will.

Nothing To Say

Everyday there's someone asking
what is there to do?
Should I love or should I fight
is it all the same to you?
No I say I have the answer
proven to be true,
But if I were to share it with you,
you would stand to gain
and I to lose.
Oh I couldn't bear it
so I've got nothing to say.
Nothing to say.

Every morning pressure forming
all around my eyes.
Ceilings crash, the walls collapse,
broken by the lies
that your misfortune brought upon us
and I won't disguise them.
So don't ask me will I explain
I won't even begin to tell you why.
No, just because I have a name
well I've got nothing to say.
Nothing to say.

Climb a tower of freedom,
paint your own deceiving sign.
It's not my power
to criticize or to ask you to be blind
To your own pressing problem
and the hate you must unwind.
So ask of me no answer
there is none that I could give
you wouldn't find.
I went your way ten years ago
and I've got nothing to say.
Nothing to say.

Inside

All the places I've been make it hard to begin
to enjoy life again on the inside,
but I mean to.
Take a walk around the block
and be glad that I've got me some time
to be in from the outside,
and inside with you.

I'm sitting on the corner feeling glad.
Got no money coming in but I can't be sad.
That was the best cup of coffee I ever had.
And I won't worry about a thing
because we've got it made,
here on the inside, outside so far away.

And we'll laugh and we'll sing
get someone to bring our friends here
for tea in the evening --
Old Jeffrey makes three.
Take a walk in the park,
does the wind in the dark
sound like music to you?
Well I'm thinking it does to me.

Can you cook, can you sew --
well, I don't want to know.
That is not what you need on the inside,
to make the time go.

Counting lambs, counting sheep
we will fall into sleep
and we awake to a new day of living
and loving you so.

Son

Oh, I feel sympathy. Be grateful my son for what you get.
Expression and passion. Ten days for watching the sunset;
when I was your age amusement we made for ourselves.
``Permission to breathe sir,'' don't talk like that, I'm your old man.
They'll soon be demobbed son, so join up as soon as you can.
You can't borrow that
`cos that's for the races and doesn't grow on trees.

I only feel what touches me
and feel in touching I can see
a better state to be in.
Who has the right
to question what I might do,
in feeling I should touch the real
and only things I feel.

It's advice and it's nice to know when you're best advised.
You've only turned thirty, so son, you'd better apologize.
And when you grow up, if you're good
we will buy you a bike.

For Michael Collins, Jeffrey And Me

Watery eyes of the last sighing seconds,
blue reflections mute and dim
beckon tearful child of wonder
to repentance of the sin.
And the blind and lusty lovers
of the great eternal lie
go on believing nothing
since something has to die.
And the ape's curiosity --
money power wins,
and the yellow soft mountains move under him.

I'm with you L.E.M.
though it's a shame that it had to be you.
The mother ship is just a blip
from your trip made for two.
I'm with you boys, so please employ just a little extra care.
It's on my mind I'm left behind
when I should have been there.
Walking with you.

And the limp face hungry viewers
fight to fasten with their eyes
like the man hung from the trapeze --
whose fall will satisfy.
And congratulate each other
on their rare and wondrous deed
That their begrudged money bought
to sow the monkey's seed.
And the yellow soft mountains
they grow very still
witness as intrusion the humanoid thrill.

To Cry You A Song

Flying so high, trying to remember
how many cigarettes did I bring along?
When I get down I'll jump in a taxi cab
driving through London town
to cry you a song.

It's been a long time --
still shaking my wings.
Well, I'm a glad bird
I got changes to ring.

Closing my dream inside its paper-bag.
Thought I saw angels
but I could have been wrong.
Search in my case,
can't find what they're looking for.
Waving me through
to cry you a song.

It's been a long time --
still shaking my wings.
Well I'm a glad bird
I got changes to ring.

Lights in the street,
peeping through curtains drawn.
Rattling of safety chain taking too long.
The smile in your eyes was never so sweet before --
Benefit Lyrics

Came down from the skies
to cry you a song.

A Time For Everything

Once it seemed there would always be
a time for everything.
Ages passed I knew at last
my life had never been.
I'd been missing what time could bring.

Fifty years and I'm filled with tears and joys
I never cried.
Burn the wagon and chain the mule.
The past is all denied.
There's no time for everything.
No time for everything.

Teacher

Well the dawn was coming,
heard him ringing on my bell.
He said, `My name's the teacher,
that is what I call myself.
And I have a lesson
that I must impart to you.
It's an old expression
but I must insist it's true.

Jump up, look around,
find yourself some fun,
no sense in sitting there hating everyone.
No man's an island and his castle isn't home,
the nest is for nothing when the bird has flown.''

So I took a journey,
threw my world into the sea.
With me went the teacher
who found fun instead of me.

Hey man, what's the plan, what was that you said?
Sun-tanned, drink in hand, lying there in bed.
I try to socialize but I can't seem to find
what I was looking for, got something on my mind.

Then the teacher told me
it had been a lot of fun.
Thanked me for his ticket
and all that I had done.

Hey man, what's the plan, what was that you said?
Sun-tanned, drink in hand, lying there in bed.
I try to socialize but I can't seem to find
what I was looking for, got something on my mind.

**Play In Time**

Got to take in what I can.
There is no time to do what must be done,
While I do some thinking.
Sleeping is hard to come by,
So we'll all sit down and try to play in time,
and we feel like singing.
Talking to people in my way.
Blues were my favorite colour,
til I looked around and found another song
that I felt like singing.
Trying so hard to reach you;
playing what must be played, what must be sung --
and it's what I'm singing.
Talking to people in my way.

**Sossity: You're A Woman**
Hello you straight-laced lady,  
dressed in white but your shoes aren't clean.  
Painted them up with polish  
in the hope we can't see where you've been.  
The smiling face that you've worn  
to greet me rising at morning --  
sent me out to work for my score.  
Please me and say what it's for.  
Give me the straight-laced promise  
and not the pathetic lie.  

Tie me down with your ribbons  
and sulk when I ask you why.  
Your Sunday paper voice cries  
demanding truths I deny.  
The bitter-sweet kiss you pretended  
is offered, our affair mended.  
Sossity: You're a woman.  
Society: You're a woman.  

All of the tears you're wasting  
are for yourself and not for me.  
It's sad to know you're aging  
Sadder still to admit I'm free.  
Your immature physical toy has grown,  
too young to enjoy at last your straight-laced agreement:  
woman, you were too old for me.  
Sossity: You're a woman.  
Society: You're a woman.
AQUALUNG

'T\n the beginning Man created God; 5 And these lesser men were cast into the
| and in the image of Man           void; And some were burned, and some were
|,|, created he him.                   put apart from their kind.

2 And Man gave unto God a multitude of names, that he might be Lord of all
the earth when it was suited to Man.

3 And on the seven millionth
day Man rested and did lean
heavily on his God and saw that
it was good.

4 And Man formed Aqualung of
the dust of the ground, and a
host of others likened unto his kind.

6 And Man became the God that he had
created and with his miracles did
rule over all the earth.

7 But as all these things
came to pass, the Spirit that did
cause man to create his God
lived on within all men: even
within Aqualung.

8 And man saw it not.

9 But for Christ's sake he'd
better start looking.

'Aqualung

Sitting on a park bench --
eyeing ittle girls with bad intent.
Snot running down his nose --
greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Drying in the cold sun --
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Feeling like a dead duck --
spitting out pieces of his broken luck.

Sun streaking cold --
an old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
the only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
as he bends to pick a dog-end --
he goes down to the bog
and warms his feet.

Feeling alone --
the army's up the rode
salvation à la mode and
a cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend --
don't start away uneasy
you poor old sod, you see, it's only me.
Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze --
when the ice that
clings on to your beard is
screaming agony.
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
with deep-sea-diver sounds,
and the flowers bloom like
madness in the spring.

Cross-Eyed Mary

Who would be a poor man, a beggarman, a thief --
if he had a rich man in his hand.
And who would steal the candy
from a laughing baby's mouth
if he could take it from the money man.
Cross-eyed Mary goes jumping in again.
She signs no contract
but she always plays the game.
Dines in Hampstead village
on expense accounted gruel,
and the jack-knife barber drops her off at school.
Laughing in the playground -- gets no kicks from little boys:
would rather make it with a letching grey.
Or maybe her attention is drawn by Aqualung,
who watches through the railings as they play.
Cross-eyed Mary finds it hard to get along.
She's a poor man's rich girl
and she'll do it for a song.
She's a rich man stealer
but her favour's good and strong:
She's the Robin Hood of Highgate --
helps the poor man get along.
Cheap Day Return

On Preston platform
do your soft shoe shuffle dance.
Brush away the cigarette ash that's
falling down your pants.
And you sadly wonder
does the nurse treat your old man
the way she should.
She made you tea,
asked for your autograph --
what a laugh.

Mother Goose

As I did walk by Hampstead Fair
I came upon Mother Goose -- so I turned her loose --
she was screaming.
And a foreign student said to me --
was it really true there are elephants and lions too
in Piccadilly Circus?

Walked down by the bathing pond
to try and catch some sun.
Saw at least a hundred schoolgirls sobbing
into handkerchiefs as one.
I don't believe they knew
I was a schoolboy.

And a bearded lady said to me --
if you start your raving and your misbehaving --
you'll be sorry.
Then the chicken-fancier came to play --
with his long red beard (and his sister's weird:
she drives a lorry).

Laughed down by the putting green --
I popped 'em in their holes.
Four and twenty labourers were labouring --
digging up their gold.
I don't believe they knew
that I was Long John Silver.
Saw Johnny Scarecrow make his rounds
in his jet-black mac (which he won't give back) --
stole it from a snow man.

Wond'ring Aloud

Wond'ring aloud --
how we feel today.
Last night sipped the sunset --
my hands in her hair.
We are our own saviours
as we start both our hearts beating life
into each other.

Wond'ring aloud --
will the years treat us well.
As she floats in the kitchen,
I'm tasting the smell
of toast as the butter runs.
Then she comes, spilling crumbs on the bed
and I shake my head.
And it's only the giving
that makes you what you are.

Up To Me

Take you to the cinema
and leave you in a Wimpy Bar --
you tell me that we've gone to far --
come running up to me.
Make the scene at Cousin Jack's --
leave him put the bottles back --
mends his glasses that I cracked --
well that one's up to me.
Buy a silver cloud to ride --
pack the tennis club inside --
trouser cuffs hung far too wide --
well it was up to me.
Tyres down on your bicyle --
your nose feels like an icicle --
the yellow fingered smoky girl
is looking up to me.
Well I'm a common working man
with a half of bitter -- bread and jam
and if it pleases me I'll put one on you man --
when the copper fades away.
The rainy season comes to pass --
the day-glo pirate sinks at last --
and if I laughed a bit to fast.
Well it was up to me.

My God

People -- what have you done --
locked Him in His golden cage.
Made Him bend to your religion --
Him resurrected from the grave.
He is the god of nothing --
if that's all that you can see.
You are the god of everything --
He's inside you and me.
So lean upon Him gently
and don't call on Him to save you
from your social graces
and the sins you used to waive.
The bloody Church of England --
in chains of history --
requests your earthly presence at
the vicarage for tea.
And the graven image you-know-who --
with His plastic crucifix --
he's got him fixed --
confuses me as to who and where and why --
as to how he gets his kicks.
Confessing to the endless sin --
the endless whining sounds.
You'll be praying till next Thursday to
all the gods that you can count.

Hymn 43

Oh father high in heaven -- smile down upon your son
whose busy with his money games -- his women and his gun.
Oh Jesus save me!
And the unsung Western hero killed an Indian or three
and made his name in Hollywood
to set the white man free.
Oh Jesus save me!
If Jesus saves -- well, He'd better save Himself
from the gory glory seekers who use His name in death.
Oh Jesus save me!
I saw him in the city and on the mountains of the moon --
His cross was rather bloody --
He could hardly roll His stone.
Oh Jesus save me!

Slipstream

Well the lush separation unfolds you --
and the products of wealth
push you along on the bow wave
of the spiritless undying selves.
And you press on God's waiter your last dime --
as he hands you the bill.
And you spin in the slipstream --
timeless -- unreasoning --
paddle right out of the mess.

Locomotive Breath

In the shuffling madess
of the locomotive breath,
runs the all-time loser,
headlong to his death.
He feels the piston scraping --
steam breaking on his brow --
old Charlie stole the handle and
the train won't stop going --
no way to slow down.
He sees his children jumping off
at the stations -- one by one.
His woman and his best friend --
in bed and having fun.
He's crawling down the corridor
on his hands and knees --
old Charlie stole the handle and
the train won't stop going --
no way to slow down.
He hears the silence howling --
catches angels as they fall.
And the all-time winner
has got him by the balls.
He picks up Gideons Bible --
open at page one --
old Charlie stole the handle and
the train won't stop going --
no way to slow down.

Wind Up

When I was young and they packed me off to school
and taught me how not to play the game,
I didn't mind if they groomed me for success,
or if they said that I was a fool.
So I left there in the morning
with their God tucked underneath my arm --
their half-assed smiles and the book of rules.
So I asked this God a question
and by way of firm reply,
He said -- I'm not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.
So to my old headmaster (and to anyone who cares):
before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers --
I don't believe you:
you had the whole damn thing all wrong --
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.
Well you can excomunicate me on my way to Sunday school
and have all the bishops harmonize these lines --
how do you dare tell me that I'm my Father's son
when that was just an accident of Birth.
I'd rather look around me -- compose a better song
`cos that's the honest measure of my worth.
In your pomp and all your glory you're a poorer man than me,
as you lick the boots of death born out of fear.
I don't believe you:
you had the whole damn thing all wrong --
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.
NIGHTCAP

Credits:
Unknown people on the internet provided the lyrics for the Chateau D'Isaster Tapes and A Small Cigar. (If anyone knows who was involved, I'll take names.)

Dave Scocca collected and edited those lyrics, and typed in the ``Living in the Slightly More Recent Past'' singles.

Ken Stitzel and Paul Tarvydas provided the rest of the Disc Two lyrics.

Breck Witte provided many corrections, as did all of the above as well.

David M. Marks provided yet another round of corrections.

I've probably forgotten someone --- write me and let me know! I want to give credit where credit is due.

Omissions are all of our faults (or Ian's for being hopelessly unclear!) Mistakes are probably my fault; I've made a number of typos this far in the project, and suspect I've made more this time around.

Send corrections to me: colomon@eecs.umich.edu
We probably don't want to flood the newsletter with trivial corrections. On the other hand, you might want to share interesting insights with everyone; it can't possibly be worse than the recent flood of nimiquitous toad mail. (I hope!)

Sol Foster
colomon@eecs.umich.edu

My Round --- Chateau D'Isaster Tapes
Look at the Animals

The tiny ant leaves his tiny ant drops in the sand,
And makes his home inside a rusty watering can,
Occasionally going out to look for bread and jam.

He runs into a sparrow who hasn't eaten for a week,
And later, quite contented, the sparrow cleans his beak,
Failing to notice pussy cat has come out to take a leak.

Our cat partakes of dinner when a sodden kangaroo
Emerges from the undergrowth and asks to use the loo.
Kangaroos aren't usually dangerous, for that would never do.

My goodness, will you look at all the animals queuing on the stairs!
Look at the animals in the zoo; how would you like to be one?
They're waiting to use the lavatory and putting chewing gum in each
other's hair.
Look at the animals, look at you; well how would you like to free one?

Good gracious, will you look at all the animals playing with their tools!
Look at the animals, look at you; well how would you like to queer one?
Flying from the chandeliers and treading in their elephantine stools.
Look at the animals, two by two; aren't you glad to be one?

This kangaroo's a lunatic and his pouch is very full
Of pussy cats and penguins who can't fly as a rule,
But then neither could the pussy cat: he never went to school.

The kangaroo gets nervous when confronted by the size
Of an elephant named Simon who is always telling lies;
He swears he wears green corduroys and can button up his fly.

Presently, a fatter Simon's indigestion fails.
He regurgitates the whole damn mess into an aluminum pail,
And the tiny ant scuttles back inside his watering can
Occasionally going out to look for bread and jam.

## Law of the Bungle

The tiger flashes sharpened teeth.
Bowler-hatted; summer briefs
Beneath his pinstriped skin.

To kill demands a business sense;
Economy moves non-residence
Approaching from down-wind.

Being a tiger means you laugh
Whenever lesser tigers have
To eat meat that's infected.

Being a tiger means your mate
When overfed will defecate
In places least expected.

Knowing a tiger means you must
Accept his promise of mutual trust
And offer him your throat.
Loving a tiger means you take
Second place to the cake you bake
And with undying servile obedience
keep the stiffly starched collar
of his conference shirt spotless
and remove daily the daubed bloody
evidence of his dastardly misdeeds
from the otherwise immaculate elegance
of his pinstripe tiger coat.

Period.

Law of the Bungle Part II

``Hello. This is `Law of the Bungle Part II'. By the way, I'm Martin Barre; but sometimes I'm an owl, and my feathers are really smooth, and when I feel romantic I like to dress up in men's clothing.''

[Instrumental]

Left Right

The master playwright
Urges you to play right/play wrong;
Life is long and every night's the first night.

The wardrobe mistress
Urges you to dress left/dress right;
What a mess when your underpants are too tight.

Who's on the stage door
To help you find the way in/way out?
It's not a sin to be knowing that you don't know.

When you breathe your last line
Will you make your exit stage left/stage right?
Well, you might decide while there's still time.

You have an angel on your shoulder
But you wear the old god's horns.
And you dance around the maypole
While the vicar makes a toast
To the pagan celebration
And extends an invitation to us all
So he can save us when we fall.

Who's your leading lady?
Will you help to get her off the bus? It's best
to pass the test before you get too lazy.

Strike up the orchestra.
Take your cues on the up-beat/Beat down
Anyone who says he doesn't like the sound.

Solitaire

Brain-storming, habit-forming, battle-warning weary winsome actor spewing
  spineless chilling lines--
The critics falling over to tell themselves he's boring
And really not an awful lot of fun.

Well who the hell can he be when he's never had V.D.,
And he doesn't even sit on toilet seats?

Court-jesting, never-resting--he must be very cunning
To assume an air of dignity
And bless us all
With his oratory prowess,
His lame-brained antics and his jumping in the air.

And every night his act's the same
And so it must be all a game of chess he's playing--

But you're wrong, Steve. You see, it's only solitaire.
Critique Oblique

Critic of the black and white
It's your first night.
The Passion Play gets in the way,
Spoils your insight.

Tell me how the baby's made,
How the lady's laid,
Why the old dogs howl with sadness.

The blue thing in the ball leaves naught but a bloody footprint on the memory of last summer's trip to Europe

Did you buy a passport from the queen?

And your little sister's immaculate virginity wings away on the bony shoulder of a young horse named George who stole surreptitiously into her geography revision.
The examining body examined her body.

Post Last

One two three Two

The editor lies screaming (begging in his working drink),
Questioning "Who is God's favorite rock star this week?"
And will the front page pay [take?] him?

The deadline for the headline is the breadline.

Scenario

In long years of ancient time, stood alone a friend of mine.
Reflected by the ever-burning sigh of a god who happened by.

http://remus.rutgers.edu/JethroTull/Albums/Nightcap-lyrics.html (6 of 26) [28/07/2003 03:44:48 p.m.]
And in the dawn, there came the song
Of some sweet lady singing in his ear.
Your god has gone, and from now on,
You'll have to learn to hate the things you fear.

We want to know, are we inside the womb?
Of passion plays, in thy righteousness consumed?
Or just in lush contentment of our souls?

And so began the age of man,
And they left his body in the sand.
Their glasses raised to a god on high,
Who smiled upon them from the sky.

So take the stage.
Spin down the ages.
Loose the passion.
Spill the rage upon your son
Who holds the gun up to your head.
The play's begun.

Then God, the director, smells a rat.
Pulls another rabbit from His hat.
Sniffs the air and He says `Well, that's that--I'm going.''

Audition

The actors milling helplessly--
The script is blowing out to sea.
But what the hell, we didn't even pass an audition.

The lines you'll have to improvise.
The words are written in the eyes
Of politicians who despise their fathers.

And so the play necessitates
That all you boys participate
In fierce competition to eliminate each other.

And groupies, on their way to war,
Get to write the next film score,
But the rock and roll star knows his glory is really nothing.

Men of religion, on the make,
Pledge an oath they undertake
To make you wise for God's own sake, and none other.

While ladies get their bedding done
To win themselves a bouncing son--
But bad girls do it for the fun of just being.

And me, I'm here to sing along,
And I'm not concerned with righting wrongs,
Just asking questions that belong without an answer.

But God is laughing up his sleeve
As He pours himself another cup of tea,
And He waves good-bye to you and me, at least for now.

No Rehearsal

Did you learn your lines today?
Well, there is no rehearsal.
The tickets have all been sold
For tomorrow's matinee.

There's a telegram from the writer,
But there is no rehearsal.
The electrician has been told
To make the spotlights brighter.

There is one seat in the circle--
Five hundred million in the stalls.
Simply everyone will be there,
But the safety curtain falls
When the bomb that's in the dressing room
Blows the windows from their frames.
And the prompter in his corner is sorry that he came.

There is one seat in the circle--
Five hundred million in the stalls.
Simply everyone will be there
But the safety curtain falls
When the bomb that's in the dressing room
Blows the windows from their frames.
And the prompter in his corner is sorry that he came.

When the bomb that's in the dressing room
Blows the windows from their frames.
And the prompter in his corner is sorry that he came.

Did you learn your lines today?
Well there is no rehearsal.
The interval will last until
The ice-cream lady melts away.

The twelve piece orchestra are here,
But there is no rehearsal.
The first violinist's hands are chilled--
He's gone deaf in both ears.

Well, the scenery is colorful,
But the paint is so damn thin.
You see the wall behind is crumbling,
And the stage door is bricked in.
But the audience keep arriving
'til they're standing in the wings.
And we take the final curtain call,
And the ceiling crashes in.

Your Round --- Unreleased & Rare Tracks

Paradise Steakhouse

I'd like to take you
to the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown
To a window chair

In the Paradise Steakhouse
Where there's a cup of silver coffee
Steaming chrome reflections
From the mist in your hair

Try not to watch me (Try not to watch me)
Just call me after darkfall (Call me after darkfall)
I'll bring a whip to sow
My seed on your land

In the Paradise Steakhouse
There's a cup of silver coffee
A sheath of steel so you may hold
My sword in your hand

I'll cut you, divide you
Into tender pieces
No wings to fly away
Upon my dear

In the Paradise Steakhouse
On a plate upon a table
I will carve your name with care
To last the years

I'd like to eat you (I'd like to eat you)
All fire will consume you (Fire will consume you)
Roast on the spit of love
On this arrow true

In the Paradise Steakhouse
I'll taste every finger
Baking [picking?] in the ashes
Til the flames rise anew

[Repeat first and second stanzas]

Sealion II

Would you like to see my lion
My friend Cecil is damp and smooth
A damp smooth sea lion
Yes, Cecil is a sea lion
(Cecil is a sea lion)

Cecil is a clever sea lion
Cecil sometimes swims
And often sits
(And balances multicolored striped balls?)
Yes, balances multicolored striped balls
Clever Cecil

(Cecil is a sea lion)

Cecil the sea lion is serene
He doesn't wear spectacles or a scarf
(No central heating or cement)
Well [But?] the whole ocean is Cecil's home

(Cecil is a sea lion)

Piece of Cake

Come running. Go for overkill.
If you don't come now, I'll be over the hill, all right?
Tell me, ``All right.''
Got a sell-by date. Soon be out of stock.
Pop me in your trolley you can start my clock. Well, all right?
Tell me, ``All right.''
I could be on your shelf, could be the risk you take.
I'm a cup of hot coffee, I'm a piece of cake.

I'm the hot chicken in your superstore.
You can take me home if you can take some more, Well, all right?
Tell me, ``All right.''
I could be on your shelf, could be the bread you bake.
I can fill your larder, I'm a piece of cake.

Show me rosemary, I'll show her wild thyme.
See you at the checkout or on the credit line. Well, all right?
Tell me, ``All right.''
I'm your spicy filling, I'm your low-fat spread.
I'll be your smooth rubber, be your pencil lead, All right?
Tell me, ``All right.''
If you set me to simmer, if you grill my steak--
you can bowl me over, I'm a piece of cake.

Quartet

[Instrumental]

[Ken Stitzel writes: Notice that part of it is borrowed from Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D Minor?]

Silver River Turning

I walked down that boulder road,
Through a child's eye saw places where I used to go.
Where I crawled barefoot with a fishing pole
to the rock that overlooked that steelhead hole
but it's true--silver river turning blue.

It was a small town in a smaller world.
Just a black dot on an old map with its edges curled.
Where they built their industries on the edge of town--
Leaching chemicals from underground
now it's true--that silver river turning blue.

Just got a late reaction.  Face reality and stare it down.
Sometimes it's harder hanging on.  Much easier to look around.
But I need that job.

Well, this place no city: we're just small players here.
Like a million other heroes drinking poor man's beer.
We know what's right.  We're just living it wrong.
But there's no easy answer in the green man's song.
What do you do?  When your river's turning Blue.
Crew Nights

Tear it down in double quick time
To get the eighth truck shifted 'bout midnight
The locker rooms are empty but the [Strobo Tickers?] [strobe boats?]
still spin with their pitching lights
And someone with a yellow pass
Gives out precise directions as to where and when

And here am I with a drumstick,
While young girls set to rendezvous, and be recognized again
Tomorrow is an off-day,
Be in Baltimore by Thursday is the only law.
There's a suite down at the hotel
Reserved for making merry with connecting doors.
The lighting man's already improvised a bar,
And printed invitations to the ball.
Off duty cops line corridors wearing Tull [two?] T-shirts proudly
on the band's [...] wall

Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives,
Best boots and road suits and nine lives.

Feeling that it might be wrong to
Temporarily belong to the P.A. man [men?]
Some angel from the midwest is regretting being
Undressed with no suntan
His polaroid is snapping
The head carpenter is rapping on
The gates of dawn

Sitting lonely with a warm beer
The girl with dental braces wishes that she hadn't gone.

Crew nights, no bar fights or [feeders?] [veeders?] wives
Thin walls and late [blade?] calls and nine lives.

[Ken Stitzel writes: Still no clue on the first line, but I think
``late calls'' is definitely correct for the second line. It makes
sense from a stagehand terminology perspective. I know that it
sounds like there's a `b'' sound in there, but I think it's just a
minor flaw in Ian's diction. (It's really tough to sing clearly,
especially in rock music.)]
Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives,
Best boots and road suits and nine lives.

**The Curse**

Young Gladys was a silky maiden
At thirteen, she was going strong, yeah.
Oh, Gladys.

Nicely filled out, fully laden,
But down below there was something wrong, yeah.
Oh, Gladys.

Nobody told her about the secrets
That ladies have to hide
Mom had no words to describe the things
That happened inside.
Need someone to help me,
I feel that there's a curse on me, oh.

Went down into the local disco,
For what used to be the one night, yeah,
Oh Gladys.

Felt a searching hand to frisk her,
Along the legs of the water line, yeah,
Oh Gladys.

Now Gladys knew she was in no condition
In no mood to play

I cracked a knee in her soft spot, nothing
Had got in her way.

I want no one to touch me,
I feel there's a curse on me, oh.

Directed down to the local drugstore
Got fixed up, now she's doing fine, yeah
Oh Gladys
Equipped with various kinds of apparatus
You know the feminine hygiene kind, yeah
Oh Gladys

Must have been a man to do these things
Who won her fall from grace
That day he programmed me
   [That lady programmed me?]
You should have seen the smile on his face
He said `You'll need someone to help you
When you feel like cursing me', oh.

Rosa on the Factory Floor

She moves with machinery for the fancy sports car trade.
Part of the industrial process: she sees that they stay made.
She works from early A.M.. They work her to the bone.
When I call her in the evening, she's too tired to lift the phone.

Damned if I'll wait for her, and I'll be damned if I don't.
Damned if I only see that Rosa on the factory floor.

Signed on for the duration. They say she came from the East.
With her tool bag and her coveralls, to pay the rent at least.
She doesn't talk with workers on the rest of the line
and over in the canteen, she's alone most of the time.

Somewhere in her history is a lock without a key.
She doesn't trust the management--and she won't trust me.
We're two different animals. We live jungles apart.
She circles round her freedom and I circle round her heart.

A Small Cigar

A small cigar can change the world
I know, I've done it frequently at parties
Where I've won all the guests' attention
With my generosity and suave gentlemanly bearing
A little flat tin case is all you need
Breast-pocket conversation opener
And one of those ciggie lighters that look rather good
You can throw away when empty
Must be declared a great success
My small cigars all vanish within minutes

Excuse me, mine host, that I may visit
A nearby tobacconist
To replenish my supply of small cigars
And make the party swing again

I know my clothes seem shabby
And don't fit this Hampstead soiree
Where unread copies of Rolling Stone
Well-thumbed Playboys
Decorate the hi-fi stereo record shelves
If you ask me they're on their way
To upper-middle-class oblivion
The stupid twits, they roll their only
One cigarette between them
My small cigar's redundant now
In the haze of smoking pleasure
Call it a day
Get the hell away
Go down the cafe
For a cup of real tea

By the tube station, there's a drunk old fool
Who sells papers in the rush hour
I hand to him ten small cigars
He smiles, says, ``Son, God bless you''

A small cigar
Has changed his world, my friend
A small cigar
Has changed the world again

A small cigar . . .

Man of Principle
One day he'll walk from out of this place.  
You'll see a quiet determination on his face.  
He'll toe no lines.  Suffer no fools.  
But he'll raise three cheers to the losing team  
from the other school.  
A little dedication.  A little pair of daddy's shoes to fill.  
Compleat education.  One day he'll be a man of principle.  

And the battle's on. And he'll play to win.  
Feel the blue blood rushing quick beneath his skin.  
And grim they stand. And hard they fall.  
Harder still, when their backs are up against the wall.  
Gonna get your attention. But he's carrying his cross to the other hill.  
With divine intervention, he can be a man of principle.  

In the evening light, with a fair-ground girl--  
he stops himself as his head begins to whirl.  
And he walks her home. And there's a kiss goodbye.  
She feels a chill as she looks him in the eye.  
Well, there's a time and a place now  
and it's not tonight she'll bend his will.  
Slow realization--she's looking at a man of principle.  
Hung from the highest station by his old school tie--  
undressed to kill  
He could be a real sensation. But he's a man of principle.  

[Ken Stitzel writes: Cool song. Like "Quartet", the melody is based on a part of JS Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D Minor. Part of what makes it so cool. :-)]

Commons Brawl

All right and honorable gentlemen  
And lady, too  
Will kindly try to restrain themselves  
In derring-do  

As verbal hard graffiti flies
And echoes wall to wall
Our precious model of democracy
It's the House of Commons brawl

One member from some dark mill town
Furious did cry
Spittle froth from folded chin
To dim the lie

Let's serve this brief and list the rush
Of who's allowed catcalls
Let's finish this right here and now
At the House of Commons brawl

Kick, punch with the government
As with jackets off they fly heaven-bent
Scratch gouge with the other side
As the party firmly admit a fight

Another day in the lives of those
Who would guide us through
If all is prepped that we should
By their example do
But there again I think for less
For gyving to the wall

[Ken Stitzel writes: I'm pretty sure it's gyving=fettering or shackling]
The wrong house but the right idea
To end the Commons brawl

---

No Step

I looked out of my window, saw a stencil black,

NO STEP. NO STEP.

There were nervous mothers with children crying in the back.

NO STEP. NO STEP.

Someone bought me my ticket, now I'm on the wing.
Hope my angels are watching me, do I hear them sing?

NO STEP. NO STEP.

Those afterburners cut in and kicked us high.

NO STEP. NO STEP.

The thin air shimmered, the sun cut through and burned my eye.

NO STEP. NO STEP.

Someone bought me my ticket, now I'm on the wing.

Hope my angels are watching me, do I hear them sing?

NO STEP.

NO STEP NO STEP.

NO STEP NO STEP.

NO STEP NO STEP.

Give me a jet stream schooner or a crew-legged goose.

NO STEP. NO STEP.

I'm a clear-air jockey when they turn me loose

NO STEP. NO STEP.

Someone bought me my ticket to the captain's seat.

Will the shakes soon leave me, will I find my feet?

NO STEP. NO STEP.

NO STEP. NO STEP.

NO STEP.


Drive On The Young Side Of Life

Your mother she protected you
And softened every blow
And brought you up to fear the worst
To be careful as you go
And the learned educators
With drip-feed [thrifty?] facts to fill
You up to here with reason
Well-meaning overkill

If you find yourself a-growing
to be old before your time
Get off the endless corridor
Set your soul out on the line

Drive on the young side of life

When the pressure pains are building
And you're forced to join the crush
In the race to mediocrity
So respectable and plush

And while the child within is raging
And threatens to break out
Get off the endless corridor
Make a timely turnabout

Drive on the young side of life.

I Don't Want to Be Me

Got a grand house out in the country.
Marble pillars holding the door.
Empty bottles lining the wall from the night before.
Got a Roller out in the garage.
But the wheels are stuck to the floor.
Got no reason to go anywhere--no friends call anymore.
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be me,
I know it's hard to see, But I don't want to be me.

Had me playing down at the palace.
I was declared the belle of the ball.
Made the boys take my goods and chattels away--
now I'm staring at an empty hall.
I don't want to be me.
Pardon me--I'm on my way.
Pardon me but I'm going.
Taking on the simple life and I feel the grass roots growing.
I'm going to ride the ragged road--
diamond spurs jangling into the sunset.
No circuits running overload--Well maybe I'm not done yet.

Now there's nothing left in the cupboard
and three bears' been eating my soup.
My life is one big critical mess if you take a look.
And the butler's off in Ibiza on expense account gone berserk.
But I can't check out of this crazy world
without being a jerk--I don't want to be me.

Broadford Bazaar

Dirty white caravans down our road, sailing.
Vivas, Cortinas, weaving in their wake.
With hot, red-faced drivers, horns flattened, fists whaling,
Putting trust in blind corners as they overtake.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car.''
There's home-dyed woolens, and wee plastic [Cuillins]
[blessed?] [Cuchulains?]
[Cuchulain == mythical Irish hero --- wee plastic Cuchulains?]

[jo-l@kcbbs.gen.nz (jo lobb) explains: Broadford is a town on
Skye (where the road that passes Dun Ringill leaves the main
road, incidentally) and Skye's famous Cuillin Hills are nearby.
I suppose tourists could be expected to buy wee plastic models
of spectacular hills .... Also, the Cuillin Hills are ``also
known as the Coolins or Cuchullins, possibly after an Ossianic
hero...'', so maybe wee plastic model heroes do make sense, after
all.]

The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

Out of the north, no oil-rigs are drifting.
And jobs for the many are down to the few.
Blue-bottle choppers, they visit no longer.
Like flies to the jampots, they were just passing through.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car''
Where once stood oil-rigs so phallic
There's only swear-words in Gaelic
To say at the Broadford bazaar.

All kinds of people come down for the opening.
Crofters and cottiers, white [wild?] settlers galore.

[Crofter == farmer renting land]
[Cottier == farmer renting land]

And up on the hill, there's an old sheep that's dying,
But it had two new lambs born just a fortnight before.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car.''
We'll take pounds, francs and dollars from the well-heeled,
And stamps from the Green Shield.
The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

Lights Out

Last light's out
They're all abed
And something's in my room
Creeping down towards me on the wall

Daddy said it's just some flickering
headlight through the gloom
Making shapes through trees outside the hall

But what the hell does he know?
He doesn't feel the dread
The cold restricting terror in the dark

I've seen that silhouette before
Nightcap Lyrics

Something the newsman said
Something about some monster in the park

Chorus:
It's you, you're the man on the TV screen
It's you front page face of the dead
Locked up in the light of day
At night come out to play
To terrorize me there above my bed

The air is still and heavy now
There's thunder in the sky
He's dreaming up some message he can send

I'm scared completely helpless
and I think I'm going to cry
Are grownups brave or do they just pretend?

His face is growing clearer
I can see his eyes glow red
My teddy bear's the only friend I can feel

The shadow's hand slips down the wall
And touches teddy's head
I now suspect that shadow will touch me

Chorus

Repeat chorus

It's you...

Truck Stop Runner

Stopped off on a long drive.
Down from the high country.
Spent a long time sitting here,
Long time counting hot miles.
Ohh, oh I'd like a cup of black coffee and a piece of sweet cake.
But the girl in the print dress doesn't want my money--
she won't take it: she says--
Oh she says.
Oh she says I just know you're a Leo,
I can tell you've got a lion's heart.
She went on in this way for a while,
Like some 60's sister playing a part.
Ohh this cup of black coffee gonna do me just fine.
Through the dust in the mirror tiles I can see that door,
Keep it close behind.

Oh she says.
She says, come on over to my house,
make a journey here sometime.
You know there's a party going on,
a ladder in my stocking you can climb,
There's a ladder you can climb.

Oh she looked so liberated.
She was looking fit to start.
She got this back to front and sideways,
wore her sleeve upon her heart.
Ohhh, oh, just one more coffee's 'bout all I can take.
Have to do a truck stop runner now.
I'm not man enough to make it,
She says.
She says.

Oh she says.
She says, come on over to my house,
make a journey here sometime.
You know there's a party going on,
a ladder in my stocking you can climb,
There's a ladder you can climb.

Stopped off on a long drive.
Down from the high country.
Spent a long time sitting here,
Long time counting hot miles.
Ohh, oh I'd like a cup of black coffee and a piece of sweet cake.
But the girl in the print dress doesn't want my money--
she won't take it:  she says--

Oh she says.
She says, come on over to my house,
make a journey here sometime.
Kick off those tired sports shoes--
got a ladder in my stocking you can climb,
There's a ladder you can climb.

Truck stop runner.

I'll be a truck stop runner.

Hard Liner

Hard liner, she brings ice when I bring fire.
She's a hard liner.
Tightrope cross Niagara
She'd cut the wire
Never feel a thing.
Walked the sidewalk of another strange avenue.
Kicked my heels and wished my feet were in some other shoes.
But I'm not running from that hard liner.

Well she brings ice when I bring fire.
She's a real hard liner.
How does she retain my heart's desire?
It's a funny thing.
Knows what she wants, knows how to get it, too.
Scares me with cold logic, scares me with the witch's brew.
But I keep on drinking.
Hard liner.

Hard liner.
I'm framed and I'm hanging on the wall.
She's a hard liner.
I'm like some big game trophy hat-stand in the hall.
But I remember warm and loving nights.
Her [red?] hair, restaurants,
Swaying bust, headlights
It's a funny thing.

Hard liner.
Yeah, she brings ice when I bring fire.
Hard liner.
Tightrope 'cross Niagara, don't cut my wire.
Hard liner, hard, hard liner.
She brings sun when I bring rain.
She's a real hard liner.
Yeah, we've got it all crossed up again.

Hard liner.  Hard liner.
Now I don't think we can stay in the same town.
Kissing Willie

Breaking hearts in a market town. She eats filet of sole and washes it down with sparkling wine. Nice girl, but a bad girl's better. Qualifies in both ways to my mind. But now she's kissing Willie.

She shows a leg --- shows it damn well. Knows how to drive a man right back to being a child. Well, she's a --- nice girl, but her bad girl's better. I can read it in her cheating eyes and know that in a while --- Well, she'll be kissing Willie. (My best friend, Willie.)

Willie stands and Willie falls. Willie bangs his head behind grey factory walls. She's a --- nice girl, but her bad girl's better. Me and Willie just can't help come, when she calls. Now she's kissing Willie. (My best friend, Willie.)

The Rattlesnake Trail

Got a hair shirt round my shoulder. Got a cold stew in my spoon. And I'm falling on my head, lifting feet of lead --- now it's got me baying at the moon. Well, there's a race on for tomorrow. I'm stretching out for what might have been. Going to come out from the night, got my second sight --- play rough --- you know what I mean. I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail up that dusty hill --- on the rattlesnake trail.

Got the law laid down to the left of me. Got the real world to the right. Heading up through the middle with my cat and my fiddle ---
yeah, looking for a fight.
Going to ride hard in bandit country --- on the blind side of the bend.
Keep my nose to the wind while the rabbit's skinned ---
bed down at the journey's end. (Be a rattlesnake.)
I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail
up that dusty hill --- on the rattlesnake trail.

The rattlesnake trail.
I'm going on the rattlesnake trail.

Going to be with wolves in winter --- run in angry packs by day.
But when you give a dog a bone, he has to be alone ---
growl, keep the other dogs away.
See that thin moon on the mountain. See that cold star in the sky.
Going to bring them down --- shake them to the ground ---
put that apple in the pie. (Be a rattlesnake.)
I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail
up that dusty hill --- on the rattlesnake trail.

Ears Of Tin

In the late hours of a sunset rendezvous ---
chill breeze against tide, that carries me from you.
Got a job in a southern city --- got some lead-free in my tank.
Now I must whisper goodbye --- I'm bound for the mainland.

Island in the city, Cut by a cold sea.
People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.

Now the sun breaks through rain as I climb Glen Shiel
on the trail of those old cattlemen who drove their bargain south again.
And in the eyes of those five sisters of Kintail
there's a wink of seduction from the mainland.

Island in the city. Cut by a cold sea.
People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.
Storm-lashed on the high-rise --- their words are spray to the wind.
Blown like silent laughter. Falling on ears of tin.

Take my heart and take my brawn.
Take by stealth or take by storm ---
set my brain to **cruise**.
I can see the glow of the suburb lights.
I'm fresh from the out-world ---
**singing the mainland blues.**

There was a girl where I came from.
Seems a long time, long time gone by.
Wears the west wind in her hair.
She calls from the hill --- yeah, she calls
in my mainland blues.

There's a coast road that winds to heaven's door
where a fat ferry floats on muted diesel roar.
And there's a light on the hillside --- and there's a flame in her
eyes, but how cold the lights burn on the mainland.

Island in the city. Cut by a cold sea.
People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.
Storm-lashed on the high-rise --- their words are spray to the wind.
Blown like silent laughter. Falling on ears of tin
in my mainland blues.

**Undressed To Kill**

Working on the late shift --- first drink of the day.
Pull a chair up to the table, have to look the other way.
What kind of place am I in? And who's this over here?
Shaking through the silver bubbles climbing through my beer.
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl
undressed to kill?

Staring through the smoke haze --- plaid shirts in the night.
Well, I'm making sure that everything is zipped up tight.
Who's that jumping on the table? Putting tonic in my gin?
Brushing silken dollars on her cold white skin.
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.
Could you meet the eyes of a working girl
undressed to kill?

She could have been sweet seventeen. There again, well, so could I.
There was a tear drop sparkle on the inside of her thigh.
Going to fetch myself a cold beer. I've got to get a grip.
Find some place to touch down. Find a landing strip.
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.
Can you meet the eyes of a working girl
all undressed to kill?

Last one out is a cold duck. Padding down the road.
I wait outside, my motor running --- got a warm dream to unload.
Can I face her in the sunshine? In he harsh real light of day?
She walks out with recognition in her eyes --- I look away.
Won't let it move me, but I can't sit still.
Couldn't meet the eyes of a working girl
undressed to kill.

**Rock Island**

Savage night on a misty island. Lights wink out in the canyon walls.
Two old boys in a stolen racer. Black rubber contrails in the unwashed halls.
And all roads out of here, seem to lead right back to the Rock Island.

I've gone back to Paris, London, and even riding on a jumbo to Bombay.
The long haul back holds faint attraction, but the people here know they're o.k.
See the girl following the red balloon: walking all alone on her Rock Island.

 Doesn't everyone have their own Rock Island? Their own little patch of sand?
Where the slow waves crawl and your angels fall and you find you can hardly stand.
And just as you're drowning, well, the tide goes down.
And you're back on your Rock Island.

Hey there girlie with the torn dress, shaking: who was it touched you? Who was it ruined your day?
Whose footprint calling card? And what they want, stepping
on your beach anyway?
I'll be your life raft out of here, but you'd only drift right back to your Rock Island.

Hey, boy with the personal stereo: nothing 'tween the ears but that hard rock sound.
Playing to your empty room, empty guitar tune, No use waiting for that C.B.S. to come around.
`Cos all roads out of here, seem to lead right back to your Rock Island.

**Heavy Water**

I walked out in the city night,
A burning in my eyes, like it was broad daylight.
And it was hot, down there in the crowd.
The stars went out behind a thunder cloud.
Chatter in the air, like a telegraph line.
Big drops hissing on the neon sign.
Thumping in my heart, and it's hurting me to see.
Smokestack blowing, now they're pouring heavy water on me.

She was a southern girl. We stared man to man.
I move like a stranger in this strange land.
She was a round hole, I was a square peg.
I watched the little black specks running down her leg.
Didn't seem to mind that dirty rain coming down ---
shirt hanging open. She was wet and brown.
Thumping in my heart, and it's hurting me to see.
Smokestack blowing, now they're pouring heavy water on me.

What goes up has to fall back down.
It's no night to be out dancing in a party town
when it runs hot and it runs so wide ---
running in the street like a thin black tide.
Chatter in the air, like a telegraph line.
Big drops hissing on the neon sign.
Thumping in my heart, and it's hurting me to see.
Smokestack blowing, now they're pouring
Another Christmas Song

Hope everybody's ringing on their own bell, this fine morning.
Hope everyone's connected to that long distance phone.
Old man, he's a mountain.
Old man, he's an island.
Old man, he's a-walking says
``I'm going to call, call all my children home.''

Hope everybody's dancing to their own drum this fine morning ---
the beat of distant Africa or a Polish factory town.
Old man, he's calling for his supper.
Calling for his whisky.
Calling for his sons and daughters, yeah ---
calling all his children round.

Sharp ears are tuned in to the drones and chanters warming.
Mist blowing round some headland, somewhere in your memory.
Everyone is from somewhere ---
even if you've never been there.
So take a minute to remember the part of you
that might be the old man calling me.

How many wars you're fighting out there, this winter's morning?
Maybe it's always time for another Christmas song.
Old man he's asleep now.
Got appointments to keep now.
Dreaming of his sons and daughters, and proving ---
proving that the blood is strong.

The Whaler's Dues

Money speaks. Soft hearts lose. The truth only whispers.
It's the whaler's dues.
I've been running on diesel. Been running on coal. Running on borrowed time, if truth's to be told. Two whales in the ocean, cruising the night search for each other before we turn out their light.

Been accused of deep murder on the North Atlantic swell but I have three hungry children and a young wife as well. And behind stand generations of hard hunting men who raised a glass to the living, and went killing again. Are you with me?

Money speaks, soft hearts lose. The truth only whispers. Now pay the whaler's dues. Can you forgive me?

Now I'm old and I sit land-locked in a back-country jail to reflect on all of my sins and the death of the whale. Send me back down the ages. Put me to sea once again when the oceans were full --- yes, and men would be men. Can you forgive me?

Big Riff and Mando

Marty loved the sound of the stolen mandolin. Somebody took it on a dare in the night-time. Run up to the radio, calling out to the wind. Now, bring it, bring it back at least an hour before flight time. It was a souvenir, but it was a right arm missing. Swap a woodwork rhythm for a humbucking top line.

Big Riff, rough boy, wants to be a singer in a band. A little slow in the brain box, but he had a quick right hand. Run left, run right --- everywhere he look --- nobody watching, no, but that was all he took last night.

Running on the power of a stolen mandolin. Steal a little inspiration. Steal a little muscle. Will he wake in the morning, wondering --- was it really worth it? So make a little deal, Yeah, make a little hustle.
Ringing on the radio --- got a proposition for those English boys.  
I'll make the sing-song --- you can make the background noise.  
One, two, three, four --- one bar and in.  
Give you back the mando, if you'll let this singer sing tonight.  

Marty loved the sound of the stolen mandolin.  
Big Riff took it on a dare in the night-time.  
Now it's four o'clock, and we're waiting at the sound-check.  
Looking for a face staring in from the sunshine.  
We got two strong lawmen from the sheriff's office.  
They're going to lift Big Riff before he plays the first line.  

Big Riff, rough boy, wants to be a singer in a band.  
Yeah, help him on the stage now, put that microphone in his hand.  
Think hard, think right --- nothing in his mind ---  
So Riff did a runner, but he left the mandolin behind.  

Strange Avenues

Strange avenues where you lose all sense of direction  
and everywhere is Main Street in the winter sun.  
The wino sleeps --- cold coat lined with he money section.  
Looking like a a record cover from 1971.  

And here am I --- warm feet and a limo waiting.  
Shall I make us both feel good? And would a dollar do?  
But in your streets, I have no credit rating  
and it might not take a lot to be alone just like you.  

Heading up and out now, from your rock island.  
Really good to have had you here with me.  
And somewhere in the crowd I think I hear a young girl whisper  
``Are you ever lonely, just like me?''
Lap Of Luxury

The money won't last forever ---
rent man called twice today.
I hope some day you'll find me
in the lap of luxury.

Searched for a new apartment
but they don't grow on trees.
Just want to lay my head
in the lap of luxury.

Stepped out on a new horizon ---
felt a new spring in my feet.
Found a job, it could set me up
dangling in the lap of luxury.

And the gaffer is a man of substance ---
drives a jag and takes high tea.
Lives beyond the industrial wasteland,
laughing in the lap of luxury.

I need money, now, to soothe my heart!

Buy me a Datsun or Toyota ---
get the tax man to agree
all expenses I can muster
from the lap of luxury.

Under Wraps

Keep it quiet. (Go slow.)
Circulate. Need to know.
Stamp the date upon your file ---
masquerade, but well worth while.

Wrapped in the warmth of you ---
wrapped up in your smile.
Wrapped in the folds of your attention.

Wear an air --- (keep mum)
of casual indifference.
Careful how you go
about your usual business.

Wrapped in daydreams of you ---
wrapped up by your eyes.
Wrapped in the folds of your attention.
Under wraps! I've got you under wraps.

Tell you when --- (not yet)
soon the great unveiling.
Bless my boots! Upon my soul!
Secrecy, it is my failing.

Wrapped in your Summer night ---
wrapped in your Autumn leaves.
Wrapped in the Winter of your sleeping.

European Legacy

She smiles at me
from beyond the eastern sea-shore.
Flashing jewelled eyes,
she hoists her skirts so high.
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar ---
it's really up to her.
I'll write every cheque she brings to me.
I shoot on sight ---
it's my European legacy.

Round the castle walls ---
about the Highlands and the Islands
the faint reminders stand.
Visitors who took a hand
a thousand years ago, or so ---
stranded high and dry by tides ---
washed up a new identity.
The channel's wide ---
but it's their European legacy.

I strain my eyes
against the southern light advancing.
On whiter cliffs I'm high.
The sea birds roll and tumble as they fly.
I hear distant mainland music echo
in my island ears.
My feet begin to move instinctively
 to the warmer beat of my European legacy.

She smiles at me
 from beyond the eastern sea-shore.
Flashing jewelled eyes,
 she hoists her skirts so high.
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar ---
 it's really up to her.
I'll write every cheque she brings to me.
She shoots on sight ---
 it's her European legacy.

Later, That Same Evening

Later, that same evening, she ran.
I think she ran alone.
Later, she had early warning from
  a hidden phone.
Checked with the embassy ---
 she might have been
 a million miles away.
Should I circulate her likeness
 at all airports without delay?
It was later ---
 later that same evening.
Earlier, we had had a drink or four
in some Kensington hotel.
Hard --- it was hard to keep my mind
on what she had to sell.
And with all business done
we took a cab ---
should it be her place or mine?
Good security prevailed
and I was home just after nine.
It was later ---
later that same evening.

Now I want you back.
Yes, they want you back.
We want you back.
My country wants you back.

Later, in the wee small hours
there was heavy traffic on the radio.
Scare at a channel port ---
small craft warnings to keep to shore.
Lobstermen thought they saw
a submarine
half submerged suspiciously.
Though I arrived too late,
I'm sure she blew a kiss to me
as the sub sailed out to sea.

Saboteur

In and out of shady places ---
walking on cold corners of the maze.
Following the trace you leave unwittingly.
I wanna be no Saboteur.
Oh, no, me no Saboteur.

Painted ducks across your landscape ---
happy in your domesticity (it don't come free).
Misfortune, like a Sparrow Hawk, hangs over you.
Wanna be no Saboteur.
No, no, me no Saboteur.

Deepest regrets I humbly offer you as I cut into your life.
With clean precision, all is simplified --- pass the hat and pass the knife.

By now you must be worried, wondering who is me and what lies behind my art.
I'm only removing broken sea-shells from the beach --- oh, no, me no Saboteur.

There's at least one of me inside your ranks in your factory or school.
I anticipate a cleansing opportunity to take the horns by the bull.

History forever writing pages to be cut or painted grey, or celebrated like Jesus in his temple rage as he chased the money-men away.

I wanna be no Saboteur.
Be no, be no Saboteur.

Radio Free Moscow

Tune into messages from the Eastern avenue.
Lock on to the ether --- squeeze the signal through and through.
War of the air-waves making scare-waves.
I'm getting pictures from my radio (Free Moscow).
Moscow Radio.

Voice of America --- symbol of the free.
Mine of disinformation
pleading sympathy.
Down in the cold-war games
forever naming names.
I'm getting pictures
from my radio (Free Moscow).
Keep getting pictures
from my radio (Free Moscow).

I put my headphones on ---
reach out on the beam.
Shutter up the windows ---
I'm getting up some steam.
Somebody's at the door
catching me in the act ---
they've been keeping the score.
I'm getting pictures
from my radio (Free Moscow).
Yes, I'm getting pictures
from my radio (Free Moscow).

Astronomy

The middle lane has trapped my car
in red-light claustrophobia.
I slip the shackles, cut the rope ---
stand naked with a telescope
as the cat walks alone
under a big sky.
Against the dark so thin and white ---
gonna be a big sky night.

Miss Galileo, come with me
and view the new Astronomy.
Black hole dressing on salad plate ---
quasar at the kissing gate.
Now the cat, he walks alone
under a big sky.
Umbrella dome pin-pricked in lights ---
gonna be a big sky night.
My spectacles, my white lab coat ---
my coffee, thermos and my notes.
I pat my pockets. I got the keys
  to the secrets of the observatory.
And closing the door,
  I feel a new dawn
  as the darker slides align ---
  you to yours and me to mine.

And now you stand, assisting me ---
  I can touch what I can see, see, see.
I look in wonder, I feel no shame ---
  see the consequences of the game.
Expand the universe.
Head for the Big Bang.
Reach for my switch and shout ---
  gonna turn the big sky out.

There's got to be astronomy.
Astronomy.

Tundra

Short Arctic desert day ---
  and someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.
Look around every which way
  but I can't see just where the footprints go.
Is it a casual disappearance? ---
  Plucked from the middle atmosphere
    like straw wind-blown.
No speck on the horizon ---
  no simple message scrawled
    upon the snow.

Unearthly visitation ---
  someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.
Hungry buzzard flier
  circling round and round
    rattling death's tambourine.
Have to run it down the cold wire ---
  late insertion in tomorrow's lost and found.
Should I spread out searching?
  But I'm a little thin upon the ground.

So I raise my lips to coax
  the last drop of brandy from the bottle.
Rest my feet and contemplate
  the mystery that's haunting
this Siberian space.

Show-shoes they bind me down ---
  I'm just one more parasite of the surface layer.
I begin to get the feeling
  I've been on this stage before
and I'm the only player.

One more Arctic desert day ---
  another set of shoes out in the tundra snow.
I make my fade to white-out
  and you can't see me where my footprints go.

Nobody's Car

Black Volga following me ---
  Nobody's car.
Mr. No-one at the wheel of
  Nobody's car.
Wet pavements, thin apartments ---
  quiet dissent from darkened doorways.
I want out alive.
Speak up for me if you can.
So, careful how you drive
  in tourist city.

Slap in front of my hotel ---
it's Nobody's car.
Is that my limousine?
No, it's Nobody's car.
Are you on routine assignment?
Plastic shades on black-browed eye-hole.  
I read this book before.  
I even saw the film.  
How did the ending go?  
(Intourist city.)

Black out.

It's a weird scenario.
   I've seen a thousand times before
   but only on my video.

Feel my steps quick in the headlights
   of Nobody's car.
Down cobbled alley with no exit from
   Nobody's car.
Doors slam, two figures silhouette ---
   somewhere before, I feel we've met.
Can't tell you any more.
I agreed to go along with all they asked of me.
Intourist city.
I drive Nobody's car.

**Heat**

When the rats are running
   and the boys are gunning
for heads on a tin plate ---
you can hear the footfall
   softly in the back yard.
And the black jack is called
   face up on the last card.

You'd better call your witness
   in your dirty business.
Trop tard sera le cri.
Better run while you can ---
   better set the tall sail.
Better make deep cover
   before the boys have you nailed.
There's just one chance to get away ---
I'll catch up with you another day.
I'll close my eyes and count to ten
and come right after you again.

Grab your credit cards ---
cash in on your resources.
Take your passport from the drawer,
don't stop to change the horses.

Get out of the heat.

Now can you feel the pressure?
Have you got the measure
of being a wanted man?
Cold drink in your hand ---
hot sweat on your brow.
And there's no understanding
going to help you now.

Grab your credit cards ---
cash in on your resources.
Take your passport from the drawer,
don't stop to change the horses.
Notify all parties
of an earlier vacation.
No use trying to board the train
after it's left the station.

Get out of the heat.

Under Wraps #2

Paparazzi
Paparazzi, can't make the man.
Paparazzi, can't break the man.

Next to the transit lounge
    see the Paparazzi tears.
No-one came in today
    from Boston or Tangiers.
And in departures ---
    only faceless trippers trip,
    loaded with duty free
    held in white knuckle grip.

Snap it up, flash away ---
    steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type ---
    the news is running late tonight.

Be-decked with Nikon necklaces
    hear the Paparazzi cries.
Under their noses walk
    the famous in disguise.
Conspicuously huddled there
    but no-one stops to look.
They've got their crayons out
    to colour in the book.

Snap it up, flash away ---
    steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type ---
    Paparazzi won't be home tonight.

Paparazzi --- write it down.
Paparazzi --- turn it around.
Paparazzi --- take it, fake it,
    break it.
`Cos it's a story.
Now someone's cut the lines
    communication's down.
All photo film is fogged.
Celebrities surround
    and jab their fingers at me.
They kiss but I can't tell.
Even poor Paparazzi
    must have privacy as well.
Snap it up, flash away ---
   steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type ---
   the news is running late tonight.

Snap it up, flash away ---
   steal a camel for a day.
Break the story in heavy type ---
   Paparazzi won't be home tonight.

**Apogee**

Sailing round the true-blue sphere---
   is it too late to bale out of here?
Well, there has to be some better way
   to turn back the night,
spin on to yesterday.

The old man and his crew---
   after all these years,
   it's apogee.
Pilot training and remorse---
   spirit friends fly too,
   at apogee.
Apogee --- solar bright.
Apogee --- through the night.
Apogee --- overground.
Don't think I'll be coming down.

Screened for a stable mate
   with nerves of ice we flew,
   at apogee.
No creativity allowed
   to pass through stainless veins of steel,
   at apogee.
Apogee --- put the kettle on.
Tight-lipped --- soldier on.
High point --- communicate.
Don't forget to urinate.
So glad they put this window in.
How to explain, how to begin?
See! Tennyson and Wordsworth there
    waiting for me in the cold, thin air.

Beware a host of unearthly daffodils
    drifting golden, turned up loud.
Tell the boys back home,
    I'm gonna get some.

The Wrong Stuff's loose in here ---
    I'm climbing up the walls,
    at apogee.
So hoist the skull and bones ---
    death and glory's free,
    at apogee.

A stranger wind, a solar breeze ---
    I'm walking out upon the starry seas.
See pyramids, see standing stones ---
    pink cotton undies and blue telephones.

Goodbye, cruel world that was my home ---
    there's a cleaner space out there to roam.
Put my feet up on the moons of Mars ---
    sit back, relax and count the stars.

Automotive Engineering

In the hands of science ---
    the complete appliance.
We're moved to motor.
Do you fly a Spitfire?
Do you slide on a tea-tray?
Or walk on a short trip (Sundays).
Or drive come what may (enjoy).

Automotive science and engineering.

When big was better ---
and fast was chic,
the oil was cheaper ---
now we're up the creek.
But the Japs are coming
and everyone's turbo'd
and carbon fibre
is the way to go, go.

Down at the robot factory
things are humming.
New radical suspension ---
no humans testing.
(Wind it up, wind it up.)
Take a trip
in your Freudian slip.
Doctor Ferdinand (Ferdie)
has you in his grip.

General Crossing

It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing ---
button out, button in.

The tall General will mine
a few bridges tonight,
stroking soft machinery.
Fanfare at dawn
courting green steel
lined up for World War One
(Two, Three, Four).

It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing ---
on a landscape with no trees.

The tall General points
to the distance ---
disconnects his power supply.
Writes a stiff note to his nearest
and dearest ---
he takes the battle plan
and contemplates his fly.

The tall General
flies by the seat of history.
The tall General
is crossing.
The tall General
he thinks inevitability.
The tall General
is definitely crossing.
With spit and with polish ---
time for desperate measures.
The pain in the forehead
from holding up to the pressures
of life on the rim
of the convenient alliance.
Out on the rim ---
let me out on the rim.

The tall General will walk
across the compound
with his briefcase and I.D.
Later they'll post him
seemingly missing ---
he's gone to be a Generalski.
STAND UP

A New Day Yesterday

My first and last time with you
and we had some fun.
wenT walking through the trees, yeah!
And then I kissed you once.
Oh I want to see you soon
but I wonder how.
It was a new day yesterday
but it's an old day now.

Spent a long time looking
for a game to play.
My luck should be so bad now
to turn out this way.
Oh I had to leave today
just when I thought I'd found you.
It was a new day yesterday
But it's an old day now.

Jeffrey Goes To Leicester Square

Bright city woman
walking down Leicester Square everyday.
Gonna get a piece of my mind.
You think you're not a piece of my kind.
Ev'rywhere the people looking.
Why don't you get up and sing?

Bright city woman
where did you learn all the things you say?
You listen to the newsmen on TV.
You may fool yourself but you don't fool me.
I'll see you in another place, another time.
You may be someone's, but you won't be mine.

**Bouree**

[Instrumental]

**Back To The Family**

My telephone wakes me in the morning --
have to get up to answer the call.
So I think I'll go back to the family
where no one can ring me at all.
Living this life has its problems
so I think that I'll give it a break.
Oh, I'm going back to the family
`cos I've had about all I can take.

Master's in the counting house
counting all his money.
Sister's sitting by the mirror --
she thinks her hair looks funny.
And here am I thinking to myself
just wond'ring what things to do.

I think I enjoyed all my problems
Where I did not get nothing for free.
Oh, I'm going back to the family --
doing nothing is bothering me.
I'll get a train back to the city
that soft life is getting me down.
There's more fun away from the family
get some action when I pull into town.

Everything I do is wrong,
what the hell was I thinking?
Phone keeps ringing all day long
I got no time for thinking.
And every day has the same old way
of giving me too much to do.

Look Into The Sun

Took a sad song of one sweet evening
I smiled and quickly turned away.
It's not easy singing sad songs
but still the easiest way I have to say.
So when you look into the sun
and see the things we haven't done --
oh was it better then to run
than to spend the summer crying.
Now summer cannot come anyway.

I had waited for time to change her.
The only change that came was over me.
She pretended not to want love --
I hope she was only fooling me.
So when you look into the sun
look for the pleasures nearly won.
Or was it better then to run
than to spend the summer singing.
And summer could have come in a day.

So if you hear my sad song singing
remember who and what you nearly had.
It's not easy singing sad songs
when you can sing the song to make me glad.
So when you look into the sun
and see the words you could have sung:
It's not too late, only begun,
we can still make summer.
Yes, summer always comes anyway.

So when you look into the sun
and see the words you could have sung:
It's not too late, only begun.
Nothing Is Easy

Nothing is easy.
Though time gets you worrying
my friend, it's o.k.
Just take your life easy
and stop all that hurrying,
be happy my way.

When tension starts mounting
and you've lost count
of the pennies you've missed,
just try hard and see why they're not worrying me,
they're last on my list.
Nothing's easy.

Nothing is easy, you'll find
that the squeeze won't turn out so bad.
Your fingers may freeze, worse things happen at sea,
there's good times to be had.
So if you're alone and you're down to the bone,
just give us a play.
You'll smile in a while and discover
that I'll get you happy my way --
nothing's easy.

Fat Man

Don't want to be a fat man,
people would think that I was
just good fun.
Would rather be a thin man,
I am so glad to go on being one.
Too much to carry around with you,
no chance of finding a woman who
will love you in the morning and all the night time too.

Don't want to be a fat man,
have not the patience to ignore all that.
Hate to admit to myself half of my problems
came from being fat.
Won't waste my time feeling sorry for him,
I seen the other side to being thin.
Roll us both down a mountain
and I'm sure the fat man would win.

We Used To Know

Whenever I get to feel this way,
try to find new words to say,
I think about the bad old days
we used to know.

Nights of winter turn me cold --
fears of dying, getting old.
We ran the race and the race was won
by running slowly.

Could be soon we'll cease to sound,
slowly upstairs, faster down.
Then to revisit stony grounds,
we used to know.

Remembering mornings, shillings spent,
made no sense to leave the bed.
The bad old days they came and went
giving way to fruitful years.

Saving up the birds in hand
while in the bush the others land.
Take what we can before the man
says it's time to go.

Each to his own way I'll go mine.
Best of luck in what you find.
But for your own sake remember times
we used to know.

**Reasons For Waiting**

What a sight for my eyes
to see you in sleep.
Could it stop the sun rise
hearing you weep?
You're not seen, you're not heard
but I stand by my word.
Came a thousand miles
just to catch you while you're smiling.

What a day for laughter
and walking at night.
Me following after, your hand holding tight.
And the memory stays clear with the song that you hear.
If I can but make
the words awake the feeling.

What a reason for waiting
and dreaming of dreams.
So here's hoping you've faith in impossible schemes,
that are born in the sigh of the wind blowing by
while the dimming light brings the end to a night of loving.

**For A Thousand Mothers**

Did you hear mother --
saying I'm wrong but I know I'm right.
Did you hear father?
Calling my name into the night.
Saying I'll never be what I am now.
Telling me I'll never find what I've already found.
It was they who were wrong,
and for them here's a song.
Did you hear baby --
come back and tell you the things he's seen.
Did it surprise you
to be picked up at eight in a limousine?
Doing the things he's accustomed to do.
Which at one time it seemed like a dream
now it's true.
And unknowing
you made it all happen this way.

Did you hear mother --
saying I'm wrong but I know I'm right.
Did you hear father?
Calling my name into the night.
Saying I'll never be what I am now.
Telling me I'll never find what I've already found.
It was they who were wrong
and for them here's a song.
WARCHILD

Warchild

I'll take you down to that bright city mile ---
there to powder your sweet face and paint on a smile,
that will show all of the pleasures and none of the pain,
when you join my explosion
and play with my games.
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away.
No unconditional surrender; no armistice day ---
each night I'll die in my contentment and lie in your grave.
While you bring me water and I give you wine ---
let me dance in your tea-cup and you shall swim in mine.
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away.
Open your windows and I'll walk through your doors.
Let me live in your country --- let me sleep by your shores.
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away.

Queen And Country

The wind is on the river and the tide has turned too late,
so we're sailing for another shore where some other ladies wait.
To throw us silken whispers: catch us by the anchor chains ---
But we all laugh so politely and we sail on just the same.
For Queen and Country in the long dying day,
And it's been this way for five long years,
since we signed our souls away.
We bring back gold and ivory; rings of diamonds; strings of pearls ---
make presents to the government
so they can have their social whirl
With Queen and Country in the long dying day.
And it's been this way for five long years
since we signed our souls away.
They build schools and they build factories
With the spoils of battles won.
And we remain their pretty sailor boys ---
hold our heads up to the gun
Of Queen and Country in the long dying day.
And it's been this way for five long years
since we signed our souls away.
To Queen and Country in the long dying day.
And it's been this way for five long years
since we signed our souls away.

Ladies

Ladies of leisure, with their eyes on the back roads ---
All looking for strangers, to whom they extend welcomes
With a smile and a glimpse of pink knees and elbows;
Of satin and velvet --- good ladies, good fortune.
Ladies.
They sing of their heroes: of solitary soldiers
Invested in good health and manner most charming.
Whose favors are numbered (none the less well intended)
By hours in a minute; by those ladies who bless them.
Ladies.

Back-Door Angels

In and out of the front door, ran twelve back-door angels.
Their hair was a golden-brown ---
they didn't see me wink my eye.
`Tis said they put we men to sleep with just a whisper,
And touch the heads of dying dogs --- and make them linger.
They carry their candles high --- and they light the dark hours.
And sweep all the country clean with pressed and scented wild-flowers.
They grow all their roses red, and paint our skies blue ---
drop one penny in every second bowl ---
make half the beggars lose,
why do the faithful have such a will to believe in something?
And call it the name they choose,
having chosen nothing.
Think I'll sit down and invent some fool ---
some Grand Court Jester.
And next time the die is cast, he'll throw a six or two.
In and out of the back-door, ran one front-door angel,
Her hair was a golden-brown ---
she smiled and I think she winked her eye.

SeaLion

Over the mountains, and under the sky ---
riding dirty gray horses, go you and I.
Mating with chance, copulating with mirth ---
the sad-glad paymasters (for what it's worth).
The ice-cream castles are refrigerated;
the super-marketeers are on parade.
There's a golden handshake hanging round your neck,
as you light your cigarette on the burning deck.
And you balance your world on the tip of your nose ---
like a SeaLion with a ball, at the carnival.
You wear a shiny skin and a funny hat ---
the Almighty Animal Trainer lets it go at that.
You bark ever-so-slightly at the Trainer's gun,
with you whiskers melting in the noon-day sun.
You flip and you flop under the Big White Top
where the long-legged ring-mistress starts and stops.
But you know, after all, the act is wearing thin ---
as the crowd grows uneasy and the boos begin.
But you balance your world on the tip of your nose ---
you're a SeaLion with a ball at the carnival.
Just a trace of pride upon our fixed grins ---
for there is no business like the show we're in.
There is no reason, no rhyme, no right
to leave the circus 'til we've said good-night.
The same performance, in the same old way;
it's the same old story to this Passion Play.
So we'll shoot the moon, and hope to call the tune ---
and make no pin cushion of this big balloon.
Look how we balance the world on the tips of our noses,
like SeaLions with a ball at the carnival.
Skating Away On The Thin Ice Of The New Day

Meanwhile back in the year One --- when you belonged to no-one ---
you didn't stand a chance son, if your pants were undone.
`Cause you were bred for humanity and sold to society ---
one day you'll wake up in the Present Day ---
a million generations removed from expectations
of being who you really want to be.

Skating away ---
skating away ---
skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.

So as you push off from the shore,
won't you turn your head once more --- and make your peace with everyone?
For those who choose to stay,
will live just one more day ---
to do the things they should have done.
And as you cross the wilderness, spinning in your emptiness:
you feel you have to pray.
Looking for a sign
that the Universal Mind (!) has written you into the Passion Play.

Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.

And as you cross the circle line, the ice-wall creaks behind ---
you're a rabbit on the run.
And the silver splinters fly in the corner of your eye ---
shining in the setting sun.
Well, do you ever get the feeling that the story's
too damn real and in the present tense?
Or that everybody's on the stage, and it seems like
you're the only person sitting in the audience?

Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.

Bungle in the Jungle

Walking through forests of palm tree apartments ---
scoff at the monkeys who live in their dark tents
down by the waterhole --- drunk every Friday ---
eating their nuts --- saving their raisins for Sunday.
Lions and tigers who wait in the shadows ---
they're fast but they're lazy, and sleep in green meadows.

Let's bungle in the jungle --- well, that's all right by me. 
I'm a tiger when I want love,
but I'm a snake if we disagree.

Just say a word and the boys will be right there:
with claws at your back to send a chill through the night air.
Is it so frightening to have me at your shoulder?
Thunder and lightning couldn't be bolder.
I'll write on your tombstone, ``I thank you for dinner.''
This game that we animals play is a winner.

Let's bungle in the jungle --- well, that's all right by me. 
I'm a tiger when I want love,
but I'm a snake if we disagree.

The rivers are full of crocodile nasties
and He who made kittens put snakes in the grass.
He's a lover of life but a player of pawns ---
yes, the King on His sunset lies waiting for dawn
to light up His Jungle
as play is resumed.
The monkeys seem willing to strike up the tune.

Only Solitaire

Brain-storming habit-forming battle-warning weary
winsome actor spewing spineless chilling lines ---
the critics falling over to tell themselves he's boring
and really not an awful lot of fun.
Well who the hell can he be when he's never had V.D.,
and he doesn't even sit on toilet seats?
Court-jesting, never-resting --- he must be very cunning
to assume an air of dignity
and bless us all with his oratory prowess,
his lame-brained antics and his jumping in the air.
And every night his act's the same
and so it must be all a game of chess he's playing ---
``But you're wrong, Steve: you see, it's only solitaire.''

The Third Hoorah

Hoorah!

WarChild, dance the days and nights away ---
sweet child, how do you do today?
When your back's to the wall,
and your luck is your all,
then side with whoever you may.
Seek that which within lies waiting to begin
the fight of your life that is everyday.
Dance with the WarChild --- Hoorah.

WarChild, dance the days and nights away ---
sweet child, how do you do today?
In the heart of your heart, there's the tiniest part
of an urge to live to the death ---
with a sword on your hip and a cry on your lips
to strike life in the inner child's breast.
Dance with the WarChild --- Hoorah.

WarChild, dance the days and nights away ---
sweet child, how do you do today?

Two Fingers

I'll see you at the Weighing-In,
when your life's sum-total's made
and you set your wealth in Godly deeds
against the sins you've laid.
And you place your final burden
on your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber-pot back down the line
to be filled up again.

And the hard-headed miracle worker
who bathes his hands in blood,
Will welcome you to the final nod ---
and cover you with mud.
And he'll say, "You really should make the deal,''
as he offers round the hat.
``You'd better lick two fingers clean ---
He'll thank you all for that.''
As you slip on the greasy platform,
and you land upon your back,
You make a wish and you wipe your nose upon the railway track.
While the high-strung locomotive,
with furnace burning bright,
Lumbers on --- you wave goodbye ---
and the sparks fade into night.

And as you join the Good Ship Earth,
and you mingle with the dust ---
you'd better leave your underpants
with someone you can trust.
And when the Old Man with the telescope
cuts the final strand ---
you'd better lick two fingers clean,
before you shake his hand.
Quizz Kid

Cut along the dotted line --- slip in and seal the flap.
Postal competition crazy, though you wear the dunce's cap.
Win a fortnight in Ibiza --- line up for the big hand out.
You'll never know unless you try --- what winning's all about ---
be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.

Six days later there's a rush telegram
Drop everything and telephone this number if you can.
It's a free trip down to London for a weekend of high life.
They'll wine you; dine you; undermine you ---
better not bring the wife ---
be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.

It's a try out for a quizz show that millions watch each week.
Following the fate and fortunes of contestants as they speak.
Answerable to everyone; responsible to all; publicity dissected ---
brain cells splattered on the walls of encyclopaedic knowledge.
May be barbaric but it's fun.
As the clock ticks away a lifetime,
hold your head up to the gun of a million cathode ray tubes
aimed at your tiny skull.
May you find sweet inspiration --- may your memory not be dull.
May you rise to dizzy success.
May your wit be quick and strong.
May you constantly amaze us.
May your answers not be wrong.
May your head be on your shoulders.
May your tongue be in your cheek.
And most of all we pray that you may come back next week!
Be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.
Crazed Institution

Just a little touch of make-up; just a little touch of bull;
just a little 3-chord trick embedded in your platform soul;
you can wear a gold Piaget on your Semaphore wrist;
you can dance the old adage with a dapper new twist.
And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium,
live and die upon your cross of platinum.
Join the crazed institution of the stars.
Be the man that you think (know) you really are.

Crawl inside your major triad, curl up and laugh
as your agent scores another front page photograph.
Is it them or is it you throwing dice inside the loo
awaiting someone else to pull the chain.
Well grab the old bog-handle, hold your breath and light a candle.
Clear your throat and pray for rain to irrigate the corridors that echo in
your brain filled with empty nothingness, empty hunger pains.

And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium,
live and die upon your cross of platinum.
Join the crazed institution of the stars.
Be the man that you think (know) you really are.

Salamander

Salamander ---
born in the sun-kissed flame.
Who was it lit your candle ---
branded you with your name?
I see you walking by my window
in your Kensington haze.
Salamander, burn for me
and I'll burn for you.

Taxi Grab
Shake a leg, it's the big rush,
can't find a taxi can't find a bus.
Bodies jammed in the underground
evacuating London town.
Nowhere to put your feet
as the big store shoppers and the pavements meet.
Red lights --- pin stripes --- short step shuffle into the night.
Tea time calls --- the Bingo Halls open at seven in the old front stalls.
How about a Taxi Grab.

There's an empty cab by the taxi stand
driver's in the café washing his hands.
Big diesel idles --- the keys inside ---
c'mon Sally let's take a ride.
Flag down --- uptown --- no sweat.
For rush hour travel, it's the best bet yet.
Taxi Grab.

From a Dead Beat to an Old Greaser

From a dead beat to an old greaser, here's thinking of you.
You won't remember the long nights;
coffee bars; black tights and white thighs
in shop windows where blonde assistants fully-fashioned a world made
of dummies (with no mummies or daddies to reject them).
When bombs were banned every Sunday and the Shadows played F.B.I.
And tired young sax-players sold their instruments of torture ---
sat in the station sharing wet dreams of Charlie Parker,
Jack Kerouac, Ren"e Magritte, to name a few of the heroes
who were too wise for their own good --- left the young brood to
go on living without them.

Old queers with young faces --- who remember your name,
though you're a dead beat with tired feet;
two ends that don't meet.
To a dead beat from an old greaser.

Think you must have me all wrong.
I didn't care, friend. I wasn't there, friend,
If it's the price of pint that you need, ask me again.
Bad-Eyed and Loveless

Yes'n she's bad-eyed and she's loveless.
A young man's fancy and an old man's dream.
I'm self raising and I flower in her company.
Give me no sugar without her cream.

She's a warm fart at Christmas.
She's a breath of champagne on sparkling night.
Yes'n she's bad-eyed and she's loveless.
Turns other women to envious green.
Yes'n she's bad-eyed and she's loveless.
She's a young man's vision --- in my old man's dream.

Big Dipper

The mist rolls off the beaches:
the train rolls into the station.
Weekend happiness seekers --- pent-up saturation.
Well, we don't mean anyone any harm,
we weren't on the Glasgow train.
See you at the Pleasure Beach:
roller-coasting heroes.
Big Dipper riding ---
we'll give the local lads a hiding
if they keep us from the ladies
hanging out in the penny arcades.
Shaking up the Tower Ballroom
throwing up in the bathroom.
Landlady's in the backroom ---
I'm the Big Dipper ---
it's the weekend rage.

Rich widowed landlady give me your spare front door key.
If you're 39 or over, I'll make love to you next Thursday ---
I may stay over for a week or two
drop a postcard to my mum.
I'll see you at the waltzer ---
we'll go big-dipping daily.
Too Old to Rock 'n' Roll: Too Young to Die

The old Rocker wore his hair too long, 
wore his trouser cuffs too tight. 
Unfashionable to the end --- drank his ale too light. 
Death's head belt buckle --- yesterday's dreams --- 
the transport caf' prophet of doom. 
Ringing no change in his double-sewn seams 
in his post-war-babe gloom.

Now he's too old to Rock'n'Roll but he's too young to die.

He once owned a Harley Davidson and a Triumph Bonneville. 
Counted his friends in burned-out spark plugs 
and prays that he always will. 
But he's the last of the blue blood greaser boys 
all of his mates are doing time: 
mARRIED with three kids up by the ring road 
sold their souls straight down the line. 
And some of them own little sports cars 
and meet at the tennis club do's. 
For drinks on a Sunday --- work on Monday. 
They've thrown away their blue suede shoes.

Now they're too old to Rock'n'Roll and they're too young to die.

So the old Rocker gets out his bike 
to make a ton before he takes his leave. 
Up on the A1 by Scotch Corner 
just like it used to be. 
And as he flies --- tears in his eyes --- 
his wind-whipped words echo the final take 
and he hits the trunk road doing around 120 
with no room left to brake.

And he was too old to Rock'n'Roll but he was too young to die. 
No, you're never too old to Rock'n'Roll if you're too young to die.

Pied Piper
Now if you think Ray blew it,
there was nothing to it.
They patched him up as good as new.
You can see him every day ---
riding down the queen's highway,
handing out his small cigars to the kids from school.
And all the little girls with their bleached blond curls
clump up on their platform soles.
And they say ``Hey Ray --- let's ride away
downtown where we can roll some alley bowls.''
And Ray grins from ear to here, and whispers...

So follow me. Trail along.
my leather jacket's buttoned up.
And my four-stroke song
will pick you up when your last class ends;
and you can tell all your friends:
The Pied Piper pulled you,
The mad biker fooled you,
I'll do what you want to:
If you ride with me on a Friday
anything goes.

So follow me, hold on tight.
My school girl fancy's flowing in free flight.
I've a tenner in my skin tight jeans.
You can touch it if your hands are clean.

The Pied Piper pulled you,
the mad biker fooled you,
I'll do what you want to:
If you ride with me on a Friday
anything goes.

The Chequered Flag (Dead Or Alive)

The disc brakes drag,
the chequered flag sweeps across the oil-slick track.
The young man's home; dry as a bone.
His helmet off, he waves: the crowd waves back.
One lap victory roll. Gladiator soul.
The taker of the day in winning has to say,
Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand,
dead or alive.

The sunlight streaks through the curtain cracks,
touches the old man where he sleeps.
The nurse brings up a cup of tea ---
two biscuits and the morning paper mystery.
The hard road's end, the white god's-send
is nearer everyday, in dying the old man says,
Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand,
dead or alive.

The still-born child can't feel the rain
as the chequered flag falls once again.
The deaf composer completes his final score.
He'll never hear the sweet encore.
The chequered flag, the bull's red rag,
the lemming-hearted hordes
running ever faster to the shore singing,
Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand,
dead or alive.
MINSTREL IN THE GALLERY

Minstrel In The Gallery

The minstrel in the gallery looked down upon the smiling faces.
He met the gazes --- observed the spaces between the old men's cackle.
He brewed a song of love and hatred --- oblique suggestions --- and he waited.
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters --- static-humming panel-beaters --- freshly day-glow'd factory cheaters (salaried and collar-scrubbing).
He titillated men-of-action --- belly warming, hands still rubbing on the parts they never mention.
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating one-line jokers --- T.V. documentary makers (overfed and undertakers).
Sunday paper backgammon players --- family-scarred and women-haters.
Then he called the band down to the stage and he looked at all the friends he'd made.

The minstrel in the gallery looked down on the rabbit-run.
And threw away his looking-glass - saw his face in everyone.

Cold Wind to Valhalla

And ride with us young bonny lass --- with the angels of the night.
Crack wind clatter --- flesh rein bite on an out-size unicorn.

http://remus.rutgers.edu/JethroTull/Albums/MinstrelInTheGallery-lyrics.html (1 of 8) [28/07/2003 03:44:56 p.m.]
Rough-shod winging sky blue flight on a cold wind to Valhalla.
And join with us please --- Valkyrie maidens cry above the cold wind to Valhalla.
Break fast with the gods. Night angels serve with ice-bound majesty.
Frozen flaking fish raw nerve --- in a cup of silver liquid fire.
Moon jet brave beam split ceiling swerve and light the old Valhalla.
Come join with us please --- Valkyrie maidens cry above the cold wind to Valhalla.
The heroes rest upon the sighs of Thor's trusty hand maidens.
Midnight lonely whisper cries, "We're getting a bit short on heroes lately."
Sword snap fright white pale goodbyes in the desolation of Valhalla.
And join with us please --- Valkyrie maidens ride empty-handed on the cold wind to Valhalla.

Black Satin Dancer

Come, let me play with you, black satin dancer.
In all your giving, given is the answer.
Tearing life from limb and looking sweeter than the brightest flower in my garden.
Begging your pardon --- shedding right unreason.
Over sensation fly the fleeting seasons.
Thin wind whispering on broken mandolin.
Bending the minutes --- the hours ever turning on that old gold story of mercy.
Desperate breathing. Tongue nipple-teasing.
Your fast river flowing --- your northern fire fed.
Come, black satin dancer, come softly to bed.

Requiem
Well, I saw a bird today --- flying from a bush and the wind blew it away.
And the black-eyed mother sun scorched the butterfly at play --- velvet veined.
I saw it burn.
With a wintry storm-blown sigh, a silver cloud blew right on by.
And, taking in the morning, I sang --- O Requiem.
Well, my lady told me, `Stay.''
I looked aside and walked away along the Strand.
But I didn't say a word, as the train time-table blurred close behind the taxi stand.
Saw her face in the tear-drop black cab window.
Fading in the traffic; watched her go.
And taking in the morning, heard myself singing --- O Requiem.
Here I go again.
It's the same old story.
Well, I saw a bird today --- I looked aside and walked away along the Strand.

One White Duck / $0^{10} = \text{Nothing At All}$

There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way.
And there's a note on the telephone --- some roses on a tray.
And the motorway's stretching right out to us all,
as I pull on my old wings --- one white duck on your wall.
Isn't it just too damn real?
I'll catch a ride on your violin --- strung upon your bow.
And I'll float on your melody --- sing your chorus soft and low.
There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.
You can see from the fireplace, one white duck on your wall.
Isn't it just too damn real?
So fly away Peter and fly away Paul --- from the finger-tip ledge of contentment.
The long restless rustle of high-heeled boots calls.
And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.

Something must be wrong with me and my brain ---
   if I'm so patently unrewarding.
But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way --- and my zero to your power of ten equals nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my door.
I'm available for consultation,
But remember your way in is also my way out, and love's four-letter word is no compensation.

Well, I'm the Black Ace dog-handler: I'm a waiter on skates --- so don't you jump to your foreskin conclusion.
Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays --- to be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday lunch confusion.

Baker Street Muse

Windy bus-stop. Click. Shop-window. Heel.
Shady gentleman. Fly-button. Feel.
In the underpass, the blind man stands.
With cold flute hands.
Symphony match-seller, breath out of time.
You can call me on another line.

Indian restaurants that curry my brain.
Newspaper warriors changing the names they advertise from the station stand.
With cold print hands.
Symphony word-player, I'll be your headline.  
If you catch me another time.

Didn't make her --- with my Baker Street Ruse.  
Couldn't shake her --- with my Baker Street Bruise.  
Like to take her --- but I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

Ale-spew, puddle-brew --- boys, throw it up clean.  
Coke and Bacardi colours them green.  
From the typing pool goes the mini-skirted princess with great finesse.  
Fertile earth-mother, your burial mound is fifty feet down in the Baker Street underground. (What the hell!)  
Waking down the gutter thinking,  
``How the hell am I today?''
Well, I didn't really ask you but thanks all the same.

Pig-Me And The Whore

``Big bottled Fraulein, put your weight on me,'' said the pig-me to the whore,  
desperate for more in his assault upon the mountain.  
Little man, his youth a fountain.  
Overdrafted and still counting.  
Vernacular, verbose; an attempt at getting close to where he came from.  
In the doorway of the stars, between Blandford Street and Mars;  
Proposition, deal. Flying button feel. Testicle testing.  
Wallet ever-bulging. Dressed to the left, divulging the wrinkles of his years.  
Wedding-bell induced fears.  
Shedding bell-end tears in the pocket of her resistance.  
International assistance flowing generous and full to his never-ready tool.  
Pulls his eyes over her wool.  
And he shudders as he comes.  
And my rudder slowly turns me into the Marylebone Road.
Crash-Barrier Waltzer

And here slip I --- dragging one foot in the gutter ---
   in the midnight echo of the shop that sells cheap radios.
And there sits she --- no bed, no bread, no butter ---
   on a double yellow line --- where she can park anytime.
Old Lady Grey; crash-barrier waltzer ---
   some only son's mother. Baker Street casualty.
Oh, Mr. Policeman --- blue shirt ballet master.
Feet in sticking plaster ---
   move the old lady on.
Strange pas-de-deux ---
   his Romeo to her Juliet.
Her sleeping draught, his poisoned regret.
No drunken bums allowed to sleep here in the crowded emptiness.
Oh officer, let me send her to a cheap hotel ---
   I'll pay the bill and make her well - like hell you bloody will!
No do-good over kill. We must teach them
to be still more independent.

Mother England Reverie

I have no time for Time Magazine or Rolling Stone.
I have no wish for wishing wells or wishing bones.
I have no house in the country I have no motor car.
And if you think I'm joking, then I'm just a one-line joker in a public bar.
And it seems there's no-body left for tennis; and I'm a one-band-man.
And I want no Top Twenty funeral or a hundred grand.

There was a little boy stood on a burning log,
   rubbing his hands with glee. He said, ``Oh Mother England,
did you light my smile; or did you light this fire under me?
One day I'll be a minstrel in the gallery.
And paint you a picture of the queen.
And if sometimes I sing to a cynical degree ---
   it's just the nonsense that it seems.''

So I drift down through the Baker Street valley,
   in my steep-sided un-reality.
And when all is said and all is done --- I couldn't wish
   for a better one.
It's a real-life ripe dead certainty ---
   that I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

Talking to the gutter-stinking, winking in the same
   old way.
I tried to catch my eye but I looked the other way.

Indian restaurants that curry my brain ---
   newspaper warriors changing the names they
   advertise from the station stand.
Circumcised with cold print hands.

Windy bus-stop. Click. Shop-window. Heel.
Shady gentleman. Fly-button. Feel.
In the underpass, the blind man stands.
With cold flute hands.
Symphony match-seller, breath out of time ---
   you can call me on another line.

Didn't make her --- with my Baker Street Ruse.
Couldn't shake her --- with my Baker Street Bruise.
Like to take her --- but I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

   (I can't get out!)

Grace

Hello sun.
Hello bird.
Hello my lady.
Hello breakfast. May I
   buy you again tomorrow?
THE BROADSWORD AND THE BEAST

Beastie

From early days of infancy, through trembling years of youth, long murky middle-age and final hours long in the tooth, he is the hundred names of terror --- creature you love the least. Picture his name before you and exorcise the beast.

He roved up and down through history --- spectre with tales to tell. In the darkness when the campfire's dead --- to each his private hell. If you look behind your shoulder as you feel his eyes to feast, you can witness now the everchanging nature of the beast.

Beastie

If you wear a warmer sporran, you can keep the foe at bay. You can pop those pills and visit some psychiatrist who'll say --- There's nothing I can do for you, everywhere's a danger zone. I'd love to help get rid of it, but I've got one of my own.

There's a beast upon my shoulder and a fiend upon my back. Feel his burning breath a heaving, smoke oozing from his stack. And he moves beneath the covers or he lies below the bed. He's the beast upon your shoulder. He's the price upon your head. He's the lonely fear of dying, and for some, of living too. He's your private nightmare pricking. He'd just love to turn the screw. So stand as one defiant --- yes, and let your voices swell. Stare that beastie in the face and really give him hell.

The Clasp

We travellers on the endless wastes in single orbits, gliding cold-eyed march towards the dawn behind
hard-weather hoods a-hiding.
Meeting as the tall ships do, passing in the channel
afraid to chance a gentle touch ---
afraid to make the clasp.

In high-rise city canyons dwells the discontent of ages.
On ring roads, nose to bumper crawl
commuters in their cages. Cryptic signals flash
across from pilots in the fast lane. Double-locked
and belted in --- too late to make the clasp.

Let's break the journey now on some lonely road.
Sit down as strangers will, let the stress unload.
Talk in confidential terms, share a dark unspoken fear.
Refill the cup and drink it up. Say goodnight and
wish good luck.

Synthetic chiefs with frozen smiles holding unsteady courses.
Grip the reins of history, high on their battle horses.
And meeting as good statesmen do before the T.V.
eyes of millions, hand to hand exchange the lie ---
pretend to make the clasp.

**Fallen On Hard Times**

Fallen on hard times --- but it feels good to know
that milk and honey's just around the bend.
Running on bad lines --- we'd better run as we go,
Tear up, tear up the overdraft again.

Oh, dear Prime Minister --- it's all such a mess.
Go right ahead and pull the rotten tooth.
Oh, Mr. President --- you've been put to the test.
Come clean, for once, and hit us with the truth.

Looking for sunshine --- oh but it's black and it's cold
Yet, you say that milk and honey's just round the bend.
Giving us a hard time, my friends
handing us the same line again.

Fallen on hard times --- and there's nowhere to hide
Now they've re-possessed the Rolls Royce and the mink.

Turning on the peace sign --- and it's back to the wood.
Soon there will be raised a holy stink.
Somebody wake me. I've been sleeping too long.
Oh, I don't have to take this lying down.
You can keep your promises. Shove 'em where they belong.
Don't ask me to the party --- won't be around.

Flying Colours

Shout if you will, but that just won't do.
I, for one, would rather follow softer options.
I'll take the easy line; another sip of wine,
and if I ignore the face you wore it's just a way of
mine to keep from flying colours.

Don't lay your bait while the whole world waits
around to see me shoot you down --- It's all so second-rate.
When we can last for days on a loving night;
or for hours at least on a warm whisper given.
You always pick the best time to rise to the fight.
To break the hard bargain that we've driven.
Once again we're flying colours.

I thought we had it out the night before,
and settled old scores, but not the hard way.
Was it a glass too much? Or a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match --- did we
want them to?
In a fancy restaurant we were all aglow
keeping cool by mutual permission.
How did the conversation get to where we came to blows?
We were set up in a red condition
and again we're flying colours.

Shout --- but you see it still won't do.
With my colours on I can be just as bad as you.
Have I had a glass too much? Did I give a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match --- did we
want them to?
We act our parts so well, like we wrote the play.
All so predictable and we know it.

We'll settle old scores now, and settle the hard way.
You may not even live to outgrow it!
Once again we're flying colours.
Slow Marching Band

Would you join a slow marching band?
And take pleasure in your leaving
as the ferry sails and tears are dried
and cows come home at evening.

Could you get behind a slow marching band?
And join together in the passing
of all we shared through yesterdays
in sorrows neverlasting.

Take a hand and take a bow.
You played for me; that's all for now, oh, and never
mind the words just hum along and keep on going.
Walk on slowly --- don't look behind you.
Don't say goodbye, love. I won't remind you.

Dream of me as the nights draw cold
still marking time through Winter.
You paid the piper and called the tune
and you marched the band away.

Take a hand and take a bow.
You played for me; that's all for now, oh, and never
mind the words just hum along and keep on going.
Walk on slowly --- don't look behind you.
Don't say goodbye, love. I won't remind you.

Broadsword

I see a dark sail on the horizon set under a black
cloud that hides the sun.

Bring me my broadsword and clear understanding.
Bring me my cross of gold as a talisman.
Get up to the roundhouse on the cliff-top standing.
Take women and children and bed them down.

Bring me my broadsword and clear understanding.
Bring me my cross of gold as a talisman.
Bless with a hard heart those who surround me.
Bless the women and children who firm our hands.
Put our backs to the north wind. Hold fast by the river.
Sweet memories to drive us on for the motherland.

\section*{Pussy Willow}

In the half-tone light of a young morning
she sighs and shifts on the pillow.
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly
to kiss the Pussy Willow.

In her fairy-tale world she's a lost soul singing
in a sad voice nobody hears.
She waits in her castle of make-believing
for her white knight to appear.

Pusy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs for the train --- see, eight o'clock's coming
cutting dreams down to size again.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming
cutting dreams down to size again.

She longs for the East and a pale dress flowing
an apartment in old Mayfair.
Or to fish the Spey, spinning the first run of Spring
or to die for a cause somewhere.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming
cutting dreams down to size again.

\section*{Watching Me Watching You}

I sit by the cutting on the Beaconsfield line.
He's watching me watching the trains go by.
And they move so fast --- boy, they really fly.
He's still watching me watching you watching the trains go by.

And the way he stares --- feel like locking my door and pulling my phone from the wall.
His eyes, like lights from a laser, burn making my hair stand --- making the goose-bumps crawl.

He's watching me watching you watching him watching me
I'm watching you watching him watching me watching Stares.

At the cocktail party with a Bucks Fizz in my hand
I feel him watching me watching the girls go by.
And they move so smooth without even trying.
He's still watching me watching you watching the trains go by.

And the crowd thins and he moves up close but he doesn't speak.
I have to look the other way.
But curiosity gets the better part of me and I peek:
Got two drinks in his hand --- see his lips move --- what the hell's he trying to say.

He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
I'm watching you watching him watching me watching Stares.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you watching the trains go by.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.

Seal Driver

Take you away for my magic ship.
I have two hundred diesel horses thundering loud.
Sea birds call your name and the mountain's on fire as the summer lightening cuts the sky like a hot wire.
And you ride on the swell and your heart is alive, 
think I'll make you my seal driver.

I'm no great looker, I'm no fast shakes. 
I'll give you a steady push on a six knot simmering
high tide.
I can hold us down --- keep our head to the wind, 
or let us roll on the broadside, cold spray flying in, 
and we'll ride on the swell and our hearts are alive. 
Let me make you my seal driver.

I could captain you if you'd crew for me 
follow white flecked spindrift --- float on a moonkissed sea.

Could you fancy me as a pirate bold, 
or a longship Viking warrior with the old gods on
his side? 
Well I'm an inshore man and I'm nobody's hero, 
but I'll make you tight for a windy night and a dark
ride. 
Let me take you in hand and bring you alive. 
Going to make you my seal driver.

Cheerio

Along the coast road, by the headland
the early lights of winter glow. 
I'll pour a cup to you my darling. 
Raise it up --- say Cheerio.
Fly By Night

It's hard to say I'm sorry.
May we just forget about today.
You see, I fly by night.
I fly by night.

I laid my love beside the door
and left you sleeping on the floor.
So long. I fly by night,
I fly by night.

And though you might think it's too bad of me
I have to leave you with used memories.

I have no stomach for the dawn.
I feel I should be moving on
and so I fly by night.

Now lady luck's deserted me.
The ghosts of love stand clear to see.
They also fly by night.

Strange figures in the dark.
Did Cupid strike and leave his mark?
It seems his arrows fly by night.
They fly by night.
Let's fly.

Made In England

Somewhere in a town in England
lay a babe with a curious smile.
He was of your father's children.  
Born each side of a dry-stone mile.

He grew up through the schools and factories,  
Brunel's tunnels and bridges bold.  
Grey towers built high on that Kingdom  
with apartments still unsold.

Somewhere in a town in England.  
Could be Newcastle, Leeds or Birmingham.  
And were you made in  
England's green and pleasant land?

He accepts no unemployment  
and is to indeterminate station bred.  
Is possessed of skills and reason.  
Flies the flag upon his head.

Watches the democratic process  
grind it's way through the Commons cold,  
filled with fiery infiltrators  
who would pave the streets with England's gold.

Walk Into Light

Close in, move out to where you want to go.  
There's a crowd out there handclapping slow.  
We're all powered up, switched on, the rig is tight.  
Step into joy. Walk into light.  
Never mind what some people say.  
They're going to love you anyway.

Shake off that nervous twitch and feel your strength.  
Stand astride the width and walk the length.  
Those super-troopers fired and burning bright.  
Step into joy. Walk into light.  
Stand tall and be yourself.  
You can do it for your health.

Maybe a circus ring, a disco floor.  
Do like we do. And do some more.
A crowded office or a party night.
Step into joy. Walk into light.

Trains

Here I am at the end of the day
with a cup of cold coffee
from the station buffet.
On trains, on trains I seem
to spend my life on trains.

See the blue suit banker in the ticket line.
Got an Evening Standard with Playboy
hidden behind.
On trains, on trains he seems
to spend his life on trains.

Time after time.
Was I just dreaming?
Did I help you aboard?
Full passenger service ---
let me help with the door.
Sit down take the weight off your feet.
There's a train full of people I'd like
you to meet.
On trains, on trains we love
to spend our lives on trains.

Join the secret world of trains.
Feel the pleasure. Touch the pain.
Drift into yesterday.

Once and again
I was just thinking.
We could meet sometime
on the 17.30 where
I usually find
my friends at the end of the day.
May we pay your fare, lady?
We should like you to stay
in our train. On trains ---
you'll have to spend your life
on trains.

I hear there's an office party on the 18.05.
You'll be home for Christmas if they
take you alive from the train.
Those trains, we have to spend our lives
on trains.

Once and again
I was just thinking.
We could meet any time
on number two platform
where I usually find
my friends at the end of the day.
On trains, trains, trains.

End Game

I'm slipping into grey.
And I was (in my way) good to you.
And you were good for me.
Bye bye my love.
Going to play the end game.

It's growing kind of still.
You know there always will be a dream
waiting for you when
sleep comes around.
I had to play the end game.

Bless us all. I must say
it was good, you know.
Keep me in mind for
a re-match in warm snow.

The faces at the door
couldn't have looked more lost to see
me waving as I brush
away a tear.
Gone to play the end game.

Black And White Television

I looked in the mirror then
saw my face in a dream.
With eyes sharp as diamonds
blessed with clear vision.
Things were not as they seemed.
Black and white television
stared back from the wall.
Is that my life?
Am I here at all?

Down in the High Road, see
motor cavalcades glide
past shopwindow dressers
desperately covering
all the parts they can hide.
Black and white television
stares at me again.
Is that their lives?
Even dummies pretend.

The truth is so hard to deny.
The answer is here.
The screen never lies.

Black and white television.
It's the right television.
Show me it's all a dream tonight.

The boys on the corner sulk
in their Suzuki haze.
In primary colours
(each year more startling)
but they still fade to grey
on black and white television.
It's sweeping the land.
Is that your life?
Do you understand?

The truth is so hard to deny.
The answer is here.
The screen never lies.

Black and white television.
Back the right television.
Black and white television.
Hard to fight television.
Show me it's all a dream tonight.

Toad In The Hole

I walk along the Strand
to catch the late ride home.
Shuttle through the evening gloom
knowing I forgot to phone.
The back door's open.
There's a chill blowing in.
Take your warm hands off me.
Let the night begin.
Shush your mouth.
Listen to me.
I won't say nothing ---
just let me be your
toad in the hole.

Kicking through the wet leaves lying
all along the Station Road.
Past tired graffitti wailing,
raw emotion to unload.
There's coal in the fireplace
and money in the bank too.
Deep-pile carpets, tinsel wallpaper.
Still got the back room to do.
Don't be late.
Got a day's work behind me.
Feel a little devastated
but my nights are assigned to you.

Toad in the hole.

No tom-cat creeping, now
could ever be so bold
to hang around our place tonight
when I come in from the cold.
There's a straight-six in the garage
and some fine wine to cool.
Labour-savers in the kitchen,
room in the garden for a pool.
Shush your mouth.
Let imagination run
here in bed-sit heaven
where all the best wishing's done
to warm toad in the hole.

Looking For Eden

As I drove down the road to look for Eden
saw two young girls but left them standing there.
They were too late to get home on the underground
and probably too drunk, too drunk to care.

Can anyone tell me the way to Eden?
I'll ask them there, have they a job for me.
I'm not a fussy man, I can weed and hoe.
I'll be her Adam, she can be my Eve.

And where on earth are all those songs of Eden.
The fairy tales, the shepherds and wise men.
Just one old dosser lurching down Oxford Street
to spend his Christmas lying in the rain.

Don't anybody know the way to Eden.
I'm tired of living my life in free-fall.
They say it's somewhere out on the edge of town.
Perhaps it isn't really there at all.

Looking for Eden.
Do we inhabit some micro-space
and interface through wires.
Dance on a printed circuit board
throw the software to the fires.
My memory's slim --- so volatile
but I'm learning.
Plug yourself in. Stay for awhile.
Un-discerning.

And on dusty terminals
finger me lightly do.
And QWERTY is the name of love
printed on the V.D.U.
Cut yourself free. We're all alone
communicating.
Don't bother me with arithmetic ---
I'm waiting.

User-friendly.
That's what I am to you.

I have to break out of here.
Trapped in my hardware cell.
And come to you as you sleep tonight,
take you back into my hell.
Binary joys and digital sighs
so appealing.
I'm one of the boys and it's only
your mind that I'm stealing.
User-friendly.
That's all I am to you.

Different Germany
The lights are down in Germany
and Germany is closed to me
different somehow this time.

The airport's stiff, cold corridors
ring empty beats through hollow feet
that I find to be mine.

Different Germany.
History repeats somehow.
Different Germany.
Afraid to know you now.

And past my eyes with leathered gaze
stare clean-cut boys all dressed as men
in sharpened uniform.
Who turned the clock? (Moved on or back)
And what dark chill is gathering still
before the storm.

Out in the street a tableau double-glazed
with laughing girls whose fastened smiles
are clearly not meant for me.
CREST OF A KNAVE

Steel Monkey

As the moon slips up, and the sun sets down,
I'm a highrise jockey, and I'm heaven-bound.
Do the workboot shuffle, loose brains from brawn.
I'm a monkey puzzle and the lid is on.

Can you guess my name? Can you guess my trade?
I'm going to catch you anyway.
You might be right. I'll give you guesses three.
Feel me climbing up your knee.

Guess what I am. I'm a steel monkey.

Now some men hustle and some just think.
And some go running before you blink.
Some look up and some look down
from three hundred feet above the ground.

Can you guess my name? And can you guess my trade?
Well, I won't rest before the world is made.
Arm in arm the angels fly.
Keep me from falling out the sky.

Steel monkey.

I work in the thunder and I work in the rain.
I work at my drinking, and I feel no pain.
I work on women, if they want me to.
You can have me climb all over you.

Now, have you guessed my name?
And have you guessed my trade?
I'm cheap at the money I get paid.
In the sulphur city, where men are men,
we bolt those beams then climb again.

Steel monkey.

Farm On The Freeway
Nine miles of two-strand topped with barbed wire
laid by the father for the son.
Good shelter down there on the valley floor,
down by where the sweet stream run.
Now they might give me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
Now all I have got is a cheque and a pickup truck.
I left my farm on the freeway.

They're busy building airports on the south side...
Silicon chip factory on the east.
And the big road's pushing through along the valley floor.
Hot machine pouring six lanes at the very least.
Now, they say they gave me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
Now all I have left is a broken-down pickup truck.
Looks like my farm is a freeway.

They forgot they told us what this old land was for.
Grow two tons the acre, boy, between the stones.
This was no Southfork, it was no Ponderosa.
But it was the place that I called home.
They say they gave me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
And what do I want with a million dollars and a pickup truck?
When I left my farm under the freeway.

Jump Start

In the dark of the city backwoods, something stirs then slips away.
Law and order in darkest Knightsbridge. Crime and punishment at play.
Hey, Mr. Policeman won't you come on over. Hook me up to the power lines
of your love.
Jump start, or tow me away.

And through the bruised machinery, the smoking haze of industry.
Another day with ball and chain. I do my time, then home again.
Hey, Mrs. Maggie won't you come on over. Hook me up to the power lines
of your love.
Jump start, or tow me away.

Well, should I blame the officers? Or maybe, I should blame the priest?
Or should I blame the poor foot soldier
who's left to make the most from least?
Hey, Jack Ripper won't you come on over. Hook me up to the power lines
of your love.
Jump start, or tow me away.

You can blame the newsman talking at you on the satellite T.V.
And if you're fighting for your shipyards, you might as well just blame the sea.
Hey, Mr. Weatherman come on over. Hook me up to the power lines of your love.
Jump start, or tow me away.

**Said She Was A Dancer**

She said she was a dancer. If I believed it, it was my business.
She surely knew a thing or two about control.
Next to the bar we hit the samovar. She almost slipped right through my fingers.
It was snowing outside and in her soul.

Well, maybe you're a dancer, and maybe I'm the King of Old Siam.
I thought it through... best to let the illusion roll.
I wouldn't say I've never heard that tale before, my frozen little señorita,
but if your dream is good, why not share it when the nights are cold?

Hey Moscow, what's your story? Lady, take your time, don't hurry.
Maybe a student of the agricultural plan.
Hey Moscow, what's your name? If you don't want to say, don't worry.
It would probably be hard for me to make it scan.

With her phrase book in her silk soft hand
she spoke in riddles while the vodka listened.
I said, `Let me look up love, if I might be so bold.'
She was the nearest thing to Rock and Roll
that side of the velvet curtain
that separates eastern steel from western gold.

Hey Miss Moscow, what's your story?
You needn't speak aloud, just whisper.
Am I just the closest thing to an Englishman?
You've seen me in your magazines, or maybe on state television.
I'm your Pepsi-Cola, but you won't take me out the can.
She said she was a dancer --- so she did.

She said she was a dancer. If I believed it, it was my business.
It felt like a merry dance that I was being led.
So I stole one kiss. It was a near miss.
She looked at me like I was Jack the Ripper.
She leaned in close. `Goodnight,' was all she said.
So I took myself off to bed.

Dogs In The Midwinter

You ever had a day like I had today, when things are stacked up bad?
You look around and every face you see seems guaranteed to send you mad.
And you peer into those hallowed institutions.
And they bark at you from every side.
But the bite goes wide.

I see them running with their tails hanging low like dogs in the midwinter.
The prophets and the wise men and the hard politicos are all dogs in the midwinter.
Let the breath from the mountain still the pain, clear water from the fountain run sweeter than the rain.
Dogs in the midwinter.

The boss man and the tax man and the moneylenders growl... like dogs in the midwinter.
The weaker of the herd can feel their eyes and hear them howl like dogs in the midwinter.
Though the fox and the rabbit are at peace, cold doggies in the manger turn last suppers into feasts.
Dogs in the midwinter.

You ever had a day like I had today --- dogs in the midwinter.
You look around and every face you see --- dogs in the midwinter.
And you peer into those hallowed institutions.
And they bark at you from every side.
But the bite goes wide.

We're all running on a tightrope, wearing slippers in the snow... we're all dogs in the midwinter.
The ice is ever thinner. Be careful how you go like dogs in the midwinter.
And it's hard to find true equilibrium when you're looking at each other down the muzzle of a gun.
Dogs in the midwinter.

Budapest
I think she was a middle-distance runner...
(the translation wasn't clear).
Could be a budding stately hero.
International competition in a year.
She was a good enough reason for a party...
(well, you couldn't keep up on a hard track mile)
while she ran a perfect circle.
And she wore a perfect smile
in Budapest... hot night in Budapest.

We had to cozzy up in the old gymnasium...
dusting off the mandolins and checking on the gear.
She was helping out at the back-stage...
stopping hearts and chilling beer.
Yes, and her legs went on for ever.
Like staring up at infinity
through a wisp of cotton panty
along a skin of satin sea.
Hot night in Budapest.

You could cut the heat, peel it back with the wrong side of a knife.
Feel it blowing from the sidefills. Feel like you were playing for your life
(if not the money).
Hot night in Budapest.

She bent down to fill the ice box
and stuffed some more warm white wine in
like some weird unearthly vision
wearing only T-shirt, pants and skin.
You know, it rippled, just a hint of muscle.
But the boys and me were heading west
so we left her to the late crew
and a hot night in Budapest.
It was a hot night in Budapest.

She didn't speak much English language...
(she didn't speak much anyway).
She wouldn't make love, but she could make good sandwich
and she poured sweet wine before we played.

Hey, Budapest, cha, cha, cha. Let's watch her now.

I thought I saw her at the late night restaurant.
She would have sent blue shivers down the wall.
But she didn't grace our table.
In fact, she wasn't there at all.
Yes, and her legs went on forever.
Like staring up at infinity.
Her heart was spinning to the west-lands
and she didn't care to be
that night in Budapest.
Hot night in Budapest.

Mountain Men

The poacher and his daughter
throw soft shadows on the water in the night.
A thin moon slips behind them
as they pull the net with no betraying light.
And later on the coast road, I meet them
and the old man winks a smile.
And who am I to fast deny the right
to take a fish once in a while?
I walk with them, they wish me luck
when I ship out on the Sunday from the kyle.
And from the church I hear them singing
as the ship moves sadly from the pier.
Oh, poacher's daughter, Sunday best,
two hundred brave souls share the farewell tear.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Did my tour, did my duty. I did all they asked of me.
Died in the trenches and at Alamein
...died in the Falklands on T.V.
Going back to the mountain kings
where the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Long generations from the Isles
sent to tread the foreign miles
where the spiral ages meet.
Felt naked dust beneath their feet.
Future sun called winds to blow
and the past and present hard-eyed crow
flew hunting high and circling low over blackened plains of Eden.

There's a child and a woman praying for an end to the mystery.
Hoping for a word in a letter
fair wind-blown from across the sea
Crest Of A Knave Lyrics

to where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.
Where the real mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Feel the naked dust beneath my toes
while the future sun calls winds to blow
and the past and present black-eyed crow
flies hunting high and circling low
between dream mountains of our Eden.

The Waking Edge

As I wake up in a room somewhere...
dawn light not yet showing.
There's just a thin horizon between me and her...
the edge of a half-dream glowing.

Well, you know, I felt her in my dream last night.
Strange how the sheets are warm beside me.
Now, how do I catch the waking edge?
As it slips to the far and wide of me.

Didn't I try to hold it down?
Freeze on the picture, hang sharp on the sound.
Catch the waking edge
another time.

Familiar shadows in my hotel room
are still here for the taking.
They seem to linger on as the street lights fade
and the empty dawn is breaking.

Private movie showing in my head...
which button do I press for re-run?
And how do I catch the waking edge?
The edge of a dream about someone.

Well, you know, I felt her in my dream last night...
now the sheets are cold beside me.
Raising Steam

Over high plains, through the snow...
roll those tracks out, don't you know
I'm raising steam.
Thin vein creeping; hot blood flow...
spill a little where the new towns grow.
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,
heading out into that wide world wide.
You got your locomotive sitting on your track
and I don't care which way I ride.
I may not be coming back.

Left a lady with a heart
all in pieces come apart
raising steam.
That engine up front must
have a heart big enough for the both of us.
Riding shotgun on the sunset, stare it in the eye,
rocking on my heels out to the west.
Funny how the whole world, historically,
feels the urge to chase the sun to rest.
We may not be coming back.

Let me be your engineer...
have you smiling ear to ear
raising steam.
And will you tell me how it feels
when you're up and rolling on your driving wheels?
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,
heading out into that wide world wide.
I'll be your locomotive blowing off its stack
and I don't care which way I ride.
I may not be coming back.
Raising steam.
SONGS FROM THE WOOD

Songs From The Wood

Let me bring you songs from the wood:
to make you feel much better than you could know.
Dust you down from tip to toe.
Show you how the garden grows.
Hold you steady as you go.
Join the chorus if you can:
it'll make of you an honest man.
Let me bring you love from the field:
poppies red and roses filled with summer rain.
To heal the wound and still the pain
that threatens again and again
as you drag down every lover's lane.
Life's long celebration's here.
I'll toast you all in penny cheer.
Let me bring you all things refined:
galliards and lute songs served in chilling ale.
Greetings well met fellow, hail!
I am the wind to fill your sail.
I am the cross to take your nail:
A singer of these ageless times.
With kitchen prose and gutter rhymes.
Songs from the wood make you feel much better.

Jack-In-The-Green

Have you seen Jack-In-The-Green?
With his long tail hanging down.
He sits quietly under every tree ---
in the folds of his velvet gown.
He drinks from the empty acorn cup.
the dew that dawn sweetly bestows.
And taps his cane upon the ground ---
signals the snowdrops it's time to grow.

It's no fun being Jack-In-The-Green ---
no place to dance, no time for song.
He wears the colours of the summer soldier ---
carries the green flag all the winter long.

Jack, do you never sleep ---
does the green still run deep in your heart?
Or will these changing times,
motorways, powerlines,
keep us apart?
Well, I don't think so ---
I saw some grass growing through the pavements today.

The rowan, the oak and the holly tree
are the charges left for you to groom.
Each blade of grass whispers Jack-In-The-Green.
Oh Jack, please help me through my winter's night.
And we are the berries on the holly tree.
Oh, the mistlethrush is coming.
Jack, put out the light.

Cup of Wonder

May I make my fond excuses
for the lateness of the hour,
but we accept your invitation, and we bring you Beltane's flower.
For the May Day is the great day, sung along the old straight track.
And those who ancient lines did lay
will heed the song that calls them back.
Pass the word and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.

Ask the green man where he comes from, ask the cup that fills with red.
Ask the old grey standing stones that show the sun its way to bed.
Question all as to their ways,
and learn the secrets that they hold.
Walk the lines of nature's palm
crossed with silver and with gold.
Pass the cup and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.

Join in black December's sadness,
   lie in August's welcome corn.
Stir the cup that's ever-filling
   with the blood of all that's born.
But the May Day is the great day, sung along the old straight track.
And those who ancient lines did lay
   will heed this song that calls them back.
Pass the word and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.

Hunting Girl

One day I walked the road and crossed a field
   to go by where the hounds ran hard.
And on the master raced: behind the hunters chased
   to where the path was barred.
One fine young lady's horse refused the fence to clear.
I unlocked the gate but she did wait until the pack had disappeared.

Crop handle carved in bone;
   sat high upon a throne of finest English leather.
The queen of all the pack,
   this joker raised his hat and talked about the weather.
All should be warned about this high born Hunting Girl.
She took this simple man's downfall in hand;
   I raised the flag that she unfurled.

Boot leather flashing and spurnecks the size of my thumb.
This highborn hunter had tastes as strange as they come.
Unbridled passion: I took the bit in my teeth.
Her standing over --- me on my knees underneath.

My lady, be discrete.
I must get to my feet and go back to the farm.
Whilst I appreciate you are no deviate,
   I might come to some harm.
I'm not inclined to acts refined, if that's how it goes.
Oh, high born Hunting Girl,
    I'm just a normal low born so and so.

Ring Out, Solstice Bells

Now is the solstice of the year,
    winter is the glad song that you hear.
Seven maids move in seven time.
Have the lads up ready in a line.

Ring out these bells.
Ring out, ring solstice bells.
Ring solstice bells.

Join together beneath the mistletoe.
    by the holy oak whereon it grows.
Seven druids dance in seven time.
Sing the song the bells call, loudly chiming.

Ring out these bells.
Ring out, ring solstice bells.
Ring solstice bells.

Praise be to the distant sister sun,
    joyful as the silver planets run.
Seven maids move in seven time.
Sing the song the bells call, loudly chiming.
Ring out those bells.
Ring out, ring solstice bells.
Ring solstice bells.
Ring on, ring out.
Ring on, ring out.

Velvet Green

Walking on velvet green. Scots pine growing.
Isn't it rare to be taking the air, singing.
Walking on velvet green.
Walking on velvet green. Distant cows lowing.
Never a care: with your legs in the air, loving.
Walking on velvet green.
Won't you have my company, yes, take it in your hands.
Go down on velvet green, with a country man.
Who's a young girls fancy and an old maid's dream.
Tell your mother that you walked all night on velvet green.
One dusky half-hour's ride up to the north.
There lies your reputation and all that you're worth.
Where the scent of wild roses turns the milk to cream.
Tell your mother that you walked all night on velvet green.
And the long grass blows in the evening cool.
And August's rare delight may be April's fool.
But think not of that, my love,
I'm tight against the seam.
And I'm growing up to meet you down on velvet green.
Now I may tell you that it's love and not just lust.
And if we live the lie, let's lie in trust.
On golden daffodils, to catch the silver stream that washes out the wild oat seed on velvet green.
We'll dream as lovers under the stars ---
of civilizations raging afar.
And the ragged dawn breaks on your battle scars.
As you walk home cold and alone upon velvet green.
Walking on velvet green. Scots pine growing.
Isn't it rare to be taking the air, singing.
Walking on velvet green.
Walking on velvet green. Distant cows lowing.
Never a care: with your legs in the air, loving.
Walking on velvet green.

The Whistler

I'll buy you six bay mares to put in your stable --- six golden apples bought with my pay.
I am the first piper who calls the sweet tune, but I must be gone by the seventh day.
So come on, I'm the whistler.
I have a fife and a drum to play.
Get ready for the whistler.
I whistle along on the seventh day ---
whistle along on the seventh day.

All kinds of sadness I've left behind me.
Many's the day when I have done wrong.
But I'll be yours for ever and ever.
Climb in the saddle and whistle along.

So come on, I'm the whistler.
I have a fife and a drum to play.
Get ready for the whistler.
I whistle along on the seventh day ---
whistle along on the seventh day.

Deep red are the sun-sets in mystical places.
Black are the nights on summer-day sands.
We'll find the speck of truth in each riddle.
Hold the first grain of love in our hands.

**Pibroch (Cap in Hand)**

There's a light in the house in the wood in the valley.
There's a thought in the head of the man.
Who carries his dreams like the coat slung on his shoulder,
Bringing you love in the cap in his hand.
And each step he takes is one half of a lifetime:
no word he would say could you understand.
So he bundles his regrets into a gesture of sorrow,
Bringing you love cap in hand.
Catching breath as he looks through the dining-room window:
candle lit table for two has been laid.
Strange slippers by the fire.
Strange boots in the hallway.
Put my cap on my head.
I turn and walk away.
Fire at Midnight

I believe in fires at midnight ---
when the dogs have all been fed.
A golden toddy on the mantle ---
a broken gun beneath the bed.
Silken mist outside the window.
Frogs and newts slip in the dark ---
too much hurry ruins the body.
I'll sit easy ... fan the spark
kindled by the dying embers of another working day.
Go upstairs ... take off your makeup ---
fold your clothes neatly away.
Me, I'll sit and write this love song
as I all too seldom do ---
build a little fire this midnight.
It's good to be back home with you.
STORMWATCH

Lines join in faint discord and the Stormwatch brews
a concert of kings as the white sea snaps
at the hells of a soft prayer
whispered

North Sea Oil

Black and viscous --- bound to cure blue lethargy
Sugar-plum petroleum for energy
Tightrope-balanced payments need a small reprieve
Oh, please believe we want to be
in North Sea Oil
New-found wealth sits on the shelf of yesterday
Hot-air balloon --- inflation soon will make you pay
Riggers rig and diggers dig their shallow grave
But we'll be saved and what we crave
is North Sea Oil
Prices boom in Aberdeen and London Town
Ten more years to lay the fears, erase the frown
before we are all nuclear --- the better way!
Oh, let us pray: we want to stay
in North Sea Oil

Orion

Orion, won't you give me your star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

Orion, light your lights:
come guard the open spaces
from the black horizon to the pillow where I lie.
Your faithful dog shines brighter than its lord and master
Your jewelled sword twinkles as the world rolls by.
So come up singing above the cloudy cover
Stare through at people who toss fitful in their sleep.
I know you're watching as the old gent by the station
scuffs his toes on old fag packets lying in the street
And silver shadows flick across the closing bistro.
Sweet waiters link their arms and patter down the street,
their words lost blowing on cold winds in darkest Chelsea.
Prime years fly fading with each young heart's beat

Orion, won't you make me a star sign
Orion, get up on the sky-line
I'm high on your love and I feel fine
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

And young girls shiver as they wait by lonely bus-stops
after sad parties: no-one to take them home
to greasy bed-sitters and make a late-night play
for lost virginity a thousand miles away.

Home

As the dawn sun breaks over sleepy gardens
I'll be here to do all things to comfort you.
And though I've been away
left you alone this way
why don't you come awake
and let your first smile take me home.
The shadows in the park were longer yesterday
and Lady Luck stood still, waiting for the kill.
And on a jumbo ride
over seas grey, deep and wide
I flew for heaven's sake
and let the angels take me home.
Down steep and narrow lanes I see the chimneys smoking
above the golden fields ... know what the robin feels
in his summer jamboree.
All elements agree
  in sweet and stormy blend ---
  midwife to winds that send me home.

Dark Ages

Darlings are you ready for the long winter's fall?
  said the lady in her parlor
  said the butler in the hall.
Is there time for another?
  cried the drunkard in his sleep.
Not likely
  said the little child. What's done
  the Lord can keep.
And the vicar stands a-praying.
And the television dies
  as the white dot flickers and is gone
  and no-one stops to cry.
The big jet rumbles over runway miles
  that scar the patchwork green
where slick tycoons and rich buffoons
  have opened up the seam
of golden nights and champagne flights
ad-man overkill
and in the haze
consumer crazed
  we take the sugar pill.
Jagged fires mark the picket lines
  the politicians weep
and mealy-mouthed
  through corridors of power on tip-toe creep.
Come and see bureaucracy
  make its final heave
and let the new disorder through
while senses take their leave.
Families screaming line the streets
  and put the windows through
in corner shops
where keepers kept
the country's life-blood blue.
Take their pick
  and try the trick
  with loaves and fishes shared
  and the vicar shouts
  as the lights go out,
  and no-one really cares.

Dark Ages
  shaking the dead
Closed pages
  better not read
Cold rages
  burn in your head.

**Warm Sporran**

*[Instrumental]*

**Something's On The Move**

She wore a black tiara
  rare gems upon her fingers
  and she came from distant waters
  where northern lights explode
  to celebrate the dawning
  of the new wastes of winter
  gathering royal momentum
  on the icy road.
With chill mists swirling
  like petticoats in motion
  sighted on horizons
  for ten thousand years
  the lady of the ice sounds
  a deathly distant rumble
  to Titanic-breaking children lost
  in melting crystal tears.
Capturing black pieces
in a glass-fronted museum
the white queen rolls
on the chessboard of the dawn
squeezing through the valleys
pausing briefly in the corries
the Ice-Mother mates
and a new age is born.

Driving all before her
un-stopable, un-straining
her cold creaking mass
follows reindeer down.
Thin spreading fingers seek
to embrace the sill-warm bundles
that huddle on the doorsteps
of a white London Town.
Oh, sunshine --- take me now away from here
I'm a needle on a spiral in a groove.
And the turntable spins
as the last waltz begins
And the weather-man says
something's on the move.

Old Ghosts

Hair stands high on the cat's back like
a ridge of threatening hills.
Sheepdogs howl, make tracks and growl ---
their tails hanging low.
And young children falter in their games
at the altar of life's hide-and-seek
between tall pillars, where Sunday-night killers
in grey raincoats peek.

Misty colours unfold a backcloth cold ---
fine tapestry of silk
I draw around me like a cloak
and soundless glide a-drifting
on eddies whirled in beech leaves furled ---
brown and gold they fly
in the warm mesh of sunlight
sifting now from a cloudless sky.

I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play.

Dun Ringill

Clear light on a slick palm
   as I mis-deal the day
Slip the night from a shaved pack
   make a marked card play
Call twilight hours down
   from a heaven home
   high above the highest bidder
   for the good Lord's throne
In the wee hours I'll meet you
   down by Dun Ringill ---
   oh, and we'll watch the old gods play
by Dun Ringill

We'll wait in stone circles
`til the force comes through ---
   lines joint in faint discord
and the stormwatch brews
   a concert of kings
as the white sea snaps
   at the heels of a soft prayer
   whispered
In the wee hours I'll meet you
   down by Dun Ringill ---
   oh, and I'll take you quickly
by Dun Ringill

Flying Dutchman
Old lady with a barrow; life near ending
Standing by the harbour wall; warm wishes sending
children on the cold sea swell ---
not fishers of men ---
gone to chase away the last herring:
come empty home again.
So come all you lovers of the good life
on your supermarket run ---
Set a sail of your own devising
and be there when the Dutchman comes.
Wee girl in a straw hat: from far east warring
Sad cargo of an old ship: young bodies whoring
Slow ocean hobo --- ports closed to her crew
No hope of immigration --- keep on passing through.
So come all you lovers of the good life
your children playing in the sun ---
set a sympathetic flag a-flying
and be there when the Dutchman comes.

Death grinning like a scarecrow --- Flying Dutchman
Seagull pilots flown from nowhere --- try and touch one
as she slips in on the full tide
and the harbour-master yells
All hands vanished with the captain ---
no one left, the tale to tell.

So come all you lovers of the good life
Look around you, can you see?
Staring ghostly in the mirror ---
it's the Dutchman you will be
..floating slowly out to sea
in a misty misery.

Elegy

[Instrumental]
This Is Not Love

Winds howled. Rains spit down.
All these nights playing precious games.
Cheap hotel in some seaboard town
closed down for the winter and whispered names.
Puppy-dog waves on a big moon sea
snap our heels half-heartedly
and how come you know better than me
that this is not love.
No, this is not love.

Empty drugstore postcards freeze
sunburst images of summers gone.
Think I see us in these promenade days
before we learned October's song.
Out on the headland, one gale-whipped tree;
curious, head bent to see.
And how come you know better than me
that this is not love.

Down to the sad south, smokey plumes
mark that real world city home.
Broken spells and silent gloom
ooze from that concrete honeycomb.
Puppy-dog waves on a big moon sea
snapped our heels half-heartedly
and how come you know better than me
that this is not love.

Occasional Demons
Well, you got a big-jib crane waiting to pick you up.
Mmmm, you see those snakes that crawl, they're just dying
to trip you up.
Live out in sad shacks at the back of town.
Hold your breath while we do you down
`cos we're all kinds of animals coming here:
occasional demons too.

Well, you got a nice apartment here with appliances and CD.
We're gonna leave your stereo, but we'll have your soul for tea.
I'm not speaking of material things.
Gonna chew you up, gonna suck you in
`cos we're all kinds of animals coming here:
occasional demons too.

Smokestacks, belching black, we're the have-nots in your shade.
How about a slice of life, how about some
human trade?
Eat at the best table in town.
No headwaiter going to turn us down
`cos we're all kinds of animals coming here:
occasional demons too.

Roll Yer Own

Roll yer own. Don't mean you got no money.
Only that you got no opportunity to shake it with that friend of mine.
Roll yer own if you can't buy readymade;
you won't be satisfied when you feel the sudden need
to unwind.
You know what moves you in the wee hours
when there's nothing on the answerphone.
And if you don't get enough of that electric love
don't try to get by ---
roll yer own, roll it when there's no-one listening:
when those re-runs play on the late-night
black and white TV.
Roll yer own, roll it when there's something missing
and those wild cats howl, running in the moonshine.
Roll yer own: you got to hit that spot.
Roll yer own when your hands are hot.

Rocks On The Road

There's a black cat down on the quayside.
Ship's lights, green eyes glowing in the dark.
Two young cops handing out a beating:
know how to hurt and leave no mark.
Down in the half-lit bar of the hotel
there's a call for the last round of the day.
Push back the stool, take that elevator ride.
Fall in bed and kick my shoes away.
Rocks on the road.

Can't sleep through the wild sound of the city.
Hear a car full of young boys heading for a fight.
Long distance telephone keeps ringing out engaged:
  wonder who you're talking with tonight.
Who you talking with tonight?
Rocks on the road.

Tired plumbing wakes me in the morning.
Shower runs hot, runs cold playing with me.
Well, I'm up for the down side, life's a bitch
and all that stuff:
so come and shake some apples from my tree.
Have to pay for my minibar madness.
Itemised phone bill overload.
Well now, how about some heavy rolling?
Move these rocks on the road.

Crumbs on the breakfast table.
And a million other little things to spoil my day.
Now how about a little light music
to chase it all away?
To chase it all away.

Sparrow On The Schoolyard Wall
You want to be a bookworm? You wanna be aloof?  
You wanna sit in judgement, looking down from the roof?  
Try a wee sensation: but first you have to want to join in.  
You should be, should be raging down the freeway  
with some friends from the mall.  
Don't stay forever in your limbo: fly before you fall  
little sparrow on the schoolyard wall.

So dress a little dangerous and modify your walk.  
There's nothing wrong with sparrows, but try  
to be a sparrowhawk.  
Hunting in the evening and floating in the heat in the day.  
You might, might acquire some predatory instinct.  
Do the wolf pack crawl.  
Don't stay forever in your limbo: fly before you fall  
little sparrow on the schoolyard wall.

Well, I don't want to be your daddy.  
Don't want to be your engineer of sin.  
And I don't want to play the piper here.  
I'm only banging on a mandolin  
and anyway, you're just a little sparrow  
on the schoolyard wall.

There's nothing wrong with learning. Nothing wrong  
with your books.  
So exercise some judgement. Too much broth can spoil the cook.  
Feel a little sensation and know when it's time to join in.  
You should be, should be raging down the freeway  
with some friends from the mall.  
Don't stay forever in your limbo: fly before you fall  
little sparrow on the schoolyard wall.

Thinking Round Corners

All of you sit up in bed. Don't think in straight lines ahead.  
Can't sleep? Head spin? Don't think in circles, it'll do you in.
Think back to the dream you had; no sense of being good or bad. Jump to the left, jump to the right. Think round corners into night.

Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains. Draw strength from machinery, it's all the same. Thinking round corners. Think round corners, I say.

Pretty girl with neon eyes: best man between white thighs. Bridegroom didn't know a thing: got his love in lights, she wears two rings. Think back to that dream you had. Blue boy sorry, pink girl sad. Yellow cow, big-eyed moon all coming round the corner soon.

Let's stand in rapids: cling to carnivals. Spit life from the maypole in savage ceremony. Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains. Draw strength from machinery, it's all the same. Thinking round corners. Think round corners, I say.

Paper cowboys, tin drums banging where the white man comes. Landowners with whips and chains but soft in bed amidst warm rains. Thinking back to the dream they had. Jack and Jill. Jack the lad. Homestead. Home free. How about leaving some for me?

Let's bathe in malt whisky: covet gold finery through the eyes of a Jackdaw, dressed to the nines. Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains. Draw strength from machinery, it's all the same. Thinking round corners. Think round corners, I say. Thinking round corners.

Still Loving You Tonight

It's a lonely life I live and I live this life to go and if I leave you with one thing it's just that I want you to know I'll still be loving you tonight.
I left flowers on your table, left the lock on your door.  
Staked a claim in your heartlands, put grain in your store.  
I'll still be loving you tonight.

Got fingers on the button of that telephone dial.  
Call in and move your mountains, fill your spaces while 
I'm still loving you tonight.

You want to know how I can leave you?  
How can I move along this way?  
Too much of a good thing can make you crazy  
and it's a good thing that happened to me today.  
I'll still be loving you tonight.

Doctor To My Disease

I've been treated for mild depression  
and I've been treated for growing pains.  
I've been treated for hallucinations;  
now I can see it all coming again.  
Well, you can wind me up. Yeah, you can slow me down.  
You can dig a little, and you can mess me around.  
But there's one thing I should tell you, to which 
you must agree:  
There's no use you playing doctor to my disease.  
Said it's no use you playing doctor to my disease.  

I got no cure for this condition  
that you've been causing me tonight.  
Well, you put my heart in overdrive:  
hand me the bullet I must bite.  
You can stir me up and you can cut me down.  
You can probe a little, push that knife around.  
But there's one thing I should tell you, to which 
you must agree:  
It's no use you playing doctor to my disease.  

Do you have to break my engine  
so you can fix it up again?  
Tuned to crazy imperfection
just to score me out of ten.
Well, you can wind me up. Yeah, you can slow me down.
You can dig a little. Yeah, you can mess me around.
But there's one thing I should tell you, to which
you must agree:
That it's no use you playing doctor to my disease.

Like A Tall Thin Girl

Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.
I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a treat
when I saw her framed in the kitchen door.
She looked good enough to eat.
(And I mean eat.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
She said, ``Whose is this carry-out?''
My face turned chilli red.
Well, I don't know about carrying out,
but you can carry me off to bed.
(And I mean bed.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She moved like a tall thin girl.
Maybe I can fetch for it,
and maybe I can stretch for it.

I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small
but when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground.
This girl was tall.
(And I mean tall.)

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer. Don't play no tambourine
but he's Madras hot on the bongo trot,
if you know just what I mean.
Stands six foot three in his underwear;
going to get him down here and see
if this good lady's got a little sister 'bout the same size as me.
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
Well, can I fetch for it?
Well, maybe I can stretch for it?
Well, am I up for it? Or do I have to go down for it?

White Innocence

She drifted from some minor festival.
Didn't look like any summer of love:
just a thousand weekend warriors in a muddy field.
She was the hand to fit my glove.
Funny thing, the innocence of the lonely.
Funny thing, the charm of the young.

See how she moves just like two angels (in white innocence).
Yet one of them is on the run.
The other's tapping at my car window
and I'm squinting through the sun
trying to see if she's some child of the nineties:
or just another dangerous fantasy of mine.
Yeah. White innocence.
She was white innocence.

A perfect hole was in her stocking:
it made a perfect window to her heart.
I could have moved among her waterfalls:
her misty curtains drawn apart.
Did she see warm safety in my numbers
to want to hitch a ride this way?
Felt like I was taking her to market now
to be sold as the last lot of the day.
Funny thing, the distance of the lonely.
Funny thing, the charm of the young.
White innocence.

She pressed the button, lowered the window:
let her hand trail in the slipstream of the night.
A frost from nowhere seemed to lick her fingers:
I could have warmed them, but the moment wasn't right.
Obvious, she was headed nowhere special:
yes, well it was even obvious to me.
I was doing some, some watching, some waiting:
she'd been here before, most definitely.

There was the promise of early bed-time.
There was the promise of heaven on earth.
Think I was sending out low-voltage electricity:
played it right down for what it was worth.
She turned and looked at me in white innocence
and with the clearest eyes of forever grey
she rested one small hand for a second on my knee:
I stopped the car. She walked away.
Funny thing, the wisdom of the lonely.
Funny thing, the charm of the young.
Away you go now.
White innocence.

Sleeping With The Dog

Her love is like a candle: you light it up at night.
Her heart is like a pack of cards: one chance to guess it right.
Sometimes I do.
She's got a tongue like a viper, but she can whisper like a dove.
Soft touch like brushed velvet: till she hits you from above.
And sometimes she does.

She leaves me breathing: down like a fallen log.
Just when I feel like dancing
I wake up sleeping with the dog.
And it goes: (woof) sleeping with the dog.

I have to guess at the mysteries of her unfathomable soul.
Guess when the time seems right
to make a broken spirit whole
and that time is due. C'm'on.

She leaves me breathing: down like a fallen log
and just when I feel like dancing
I wake up sleeping with the dog.
And it goes: (woof) sleeping with the dog.
Gold-Tipped Boots, Black Jacket And Tie

I'm banered and bruised. I got lines I can't use.
My head won't deliver. Well, I'm sold down the river.
But I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.

Well, I've been second to none:
this horse was ready to run.
Now I'm has-been and used:
disarmed and de-fused
but I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.

I'm egg over-easy
and I'm washing-up squeezy.
Appliance for sale:
fat wind in my sail
and I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.
Well, I'm turning again.

When Jesus Came To Play

I was in my watering-hole with some ugly friends of mine
when he door came off its hinges like a cork from fizzy wine.
He said, ``My name is Jesus: I'm the leader of the band.
Got to set up my equipment, if you boys can lend a hand.''

http://remus.rutgers.edu/JethroTull/Albums/CatfishRising-lyrics.html (10 of 12) [28/07/2003 03:45:04 p.m.]
Oh yeah. When Jesus came to play.

He set that bandstand jumping. Yeah, and he cranked it up so loud. And he moved up to the microphone: had the attention of the crowd. He said, ``My name is Jesus: going to turn your head around. I'm going to make this easy. Got no time to mess around.'' Oh yeah. When Jesus came to play.

``I got no twelve disciples, and I got no cross to bear. If you thought they had me crucified, I guess you weren't there.''
Oh yeah. When Jesus came to play. When Jesus came...

He sang about three or four numbers, but we'd heard it all before. We boys were getting restless: no girls were moving on the floor. Those parables, they were merciless and the tables overturned. And there were no minor miracles but false prophets they were burned. Well, maybe he was Jesus; but his hair could have used a comb. Long before he hit the last notes, we boys had all gone home. Oh yeah. When Jesus came to play.

Oh Jesus, is it really you?

Night In The Wilderness

I could he sitting on the left of you. You'd be looking straight ahead. If I was adrift right across from you, you still would cut me dead. I've had better deep discussions with this plate of soft-shelled crab.

I'd put some spice in your rice. You'd give me blues in the stew. I'd give you catfish jumping. You'd give me all this work to do. Who's got the cheque on this hot dinner? Who's got the tabs on the crab?

Another night in the wilderness:
should have been a night on the town.
Lesson in learning how to hold a conversation down.
I'm in splendid isolation, feel that heavy silence fall.
Got all this cut out for me to do.
Another night in the wilderness of you.

Here I am drinking you with my eyes.
You're looking at the gravy on my bib.
I go weak-kneed at the suggestion of you.
What's wrong with the cut of my jib?
Is there a lobster in the offing, or just a fifty dollar cheque?
Glory Row

Rise up all you fine young ladies and take arms for the show. 
Oh, we'll put your name up in lights, 
put you down on Glory Row. 
Would you be the star of ages 
to light your own way at night? 
Might be a former beauty queen with your high smile stuck on so tightly. 
They come and they go down on Glory Row. 
It's the same old story --- yes, it the same old show.

Well, hello all you gentlemen, I fear I'm a lot like you. 
We're wearing the same school tie but a different pair of shoes. 
How did you get to be who you are? 
Will your children share the blame? 
Is it really worth the time it takes 
to carve your name on Glory Row?

Down on Glory Row. 
It's the same old story --- yes, it the same old show.
A Passion Play Lyrics

A PASSION PLAY

A Passion Play

``Do you still see me even here?''
(The silver cord lies on the ground.)
``And so I'm dead'', the young man said --- over the hill
(not a wish away).
My friends (as one) all stand aligned although their taxis came
too late.
There was / a rush along the Fulham Road.
There was / a hush in the Passion Play.
Such a sense of glowing in the aftermath / ripe with rich attainments
all imagined / sad misdeeds in disarray / the sore thumb screams aloud,
echoing out of the Passion Play.
All the old familiar choruses come crowding in a different key:
Melodies decaying in sweet dissonance.
There was a rush / along the Fulham Road / into the Ever-passion Play.
And who comes here to wish me well?
A sweetly-scented angel fell.
She laid her head upon my disbelief and bathed me with her ever-smile.
And with a howl across the sand I go escorted by a band of gentlemen
in leather bound -- NO-ONE (but someone to be found).
All along the icy wastes there are faces smiling in the gloom.
Roll up roll down,
Feeling unwound? -- step into the viewing room.
The cameras were all around.
We've got you taped -- you're in the play.
Here's your I.D.
(Ideal for identifying one and all.)
Invest your life in the memory bank -- ours the interest and we
thank you.
The ice-cream lady wet her drawers, to see you in the passion play.
  take the prize for instant pleasure
  captain of the cricket team
  public speaking in all weathers
  a knighthood from a queen.
All your best friends' telephones never cooled from the heat of your hand.
There's / a line in a front-page story / 13 horses that also-ran.
Climb in your old umbrella.
Does it have a nasty tear in the dome?
But / the rain only gets in sometimes and / the sun never leaves you alone.
A Passion Play Lyrics

Lover of the black and white -- it's your first night.
The Passion Play / goes all the way / spoils your insight.
Tell me / how the baby's made / how the lady's laid / why the old
dog howls in sadness.
And your little sister's immaculate virginity wings away on the bony
shoulders of a young horse named George who stole surreptitiously
into her geography revision.
(The examining body examined her body.)
Actor of the low-high Q, let's hear your view.
Peek at the lines upon your sleeves since your memory won't do.
Tell me / how the baby's graded / how the lady's faded / why the old dogs
howl with madness.
All of this and some of that's the only way to skin the cat.
And now you've lost a skin or two -- you're for us and we for you.
The dressing room is right behind
We've got you taped -- you're in the play.
How does it feel to be in the play?
How does it feel to play the play?
How does it feel to be the play?
Man of passion rise again, we won't cross you out -- for we do love
you like a son -- of that there's no doubt.
Tell us / is it you who are here for our good cheer?
Or / are we here / for the glory / for the story / for the gory satisfaction
of telling you how absolutely awful you really are?
There was / a rush along the Fulham Road.
There was / a hush in the Passion Play.

The Story Of The Hare Who Lost His Spectacles

This is the story of the hare who lost his spectacles.
Owl loved to rest quietly whilst no one was watching. Sitting on a
fence one day, he was surprised when suddenly a kangaroo ran close
by.
Now this may not seem strange, but when Owl overheard Kangaroo whisper
to no one in particular, ``The hare has lost his spectacles,'' well, he
began to wonder.
Presently, the moon appeared from behind a cloud and there, lying on
the grass was hare. In the stream that flowed by the grass -- a
newt. And sitting astride a twig of a bush -- a bee.
Ostensibly motionless, the hare was trembling with excitement, for
without his spectacles he was completely helpless. Where were his
spectacles? Could someone have stolen them? Had he mislaid them? What
was he to do?
Bee wanted to help, and thinking he had the answer began: ``You
probably ate them thinking they were a carrot.''
``No!' interrupted Owl, who was wise. ``I have good eye-sight, insight, and foresight. How could an intelligent hare make such a silly mistake?'' But all this time, Owl had been sitting on the fence, scowling!

Kangaroo were hopping mad at this sort of talk. She thought herself far superior in intelligence to the others. She was their leader; their guru. She had the answer: ``Hare, you must go in search of the optician.''

But then she realized that Hare was completely helpless without his spectacles. And so, Kangaroo loudly proclaimed, ``I can't send Hare in search of anything!''

``You can guru, you can!'' shouted Newt. ``You can send him with Owl.''

But Owl had gone to sleep. Newt knew too much to be stopped by so small a problem -- ``You can take him in your pouch.''

But alas, Hare was much too big to fit into Kangaroo's pouch.

All this time, it had been quite plain to hare that the others knew nothing about spectacles.

As for all their tempting ideas, well Hare didn't care.
The lost spectacles were his own affair.
And after all, Hare did have a spare a-pair.
A-pair.

THE END

We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door / eat in the corner / talk to the floor -- cheating the spiders who come to say ``Please'', (politely).

They bend at the knees.
Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Old gentlemen talk / of when they were young / of ladies lost and erring sons.

Lace-covered dandies revel (with friends) pure as the truth -- tied at both ends.
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Scented cathedral -- spire pointed down.
We pray for souls in Kentish Town.

A delicate hush -- the gods / floating by / wishing us well -- pie in the sky.

God of ages / Lord of Time -- mine is the right to be wrong.
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Jack rabbit mister spawn a new breed of love-hungry pilgrims (no bodies to feed).
Show me a good man.
I'll show you the door.
The last hymn is sung and the devil cries `More.'

http://remus.rutgers.edu/JethroTull/Albums/APassionPlay-lyrics.html (3 of 5) [28/07/2003 03:45:06 p.m.]
Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done, I've put in a request to take up my turn in that forsaken paradise that calls itself ``Hell'' -- Where no-one has nothing and nothing is well meaning fool, pick up thy bed and rise up from your gloom smiling. Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do. Colors I've none -- dark or light, red, white or blue. Cold is my touch (freezing). Summoned by name -- I am the overseer over you. Given this command to watch o'er our miserable sphere. Fallen from grace / called on to bring sun or rain. Occasional corn from my oversight grew. Fell with mine angels from a far better place, offering services for the saving of face. Now you're here, you may as well admire all whom living has retired from the benign reconciliation. Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights seen in the sky (flashing). I just / lit a fag then / took my leave in the blink of an eye. Passionate play -- join round the maypole in dance (primitive rite) (wrongly). Summoned by name / I am the overseer / over you. Flee the icy Lucifer. Oh he's an awful fellow! What a mistake! I didn't take a feather from his pillow. Here's the everlasting rub: neither am I good or bad. I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat I once had. I'm only breathing. There's life on my ceiling. The flies there are sleeping quietly. Twist my right arm in the dark. I would give two or three for one of those days that never made impressions on the old score. I would gladly be a dog barking up the wrong tree. Everyone's saved -- we're in the grave. See you there for afternoon tea. Time for awaking -- the tea lady's / making a brew-up and / baking new bread. Pick me up at half past none -- there's / not a moment to lose. There is / the train on which I came. On the platform are my old shoes. Station master rings his bell. Whistles blow and flags wave. A little of what you fancy does you good (Or so it should). I thank everybody for making me welcome. I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off. Hail!
Son of kings / make the ever-dying sign / cross your fingers in the sky for those about to BE.
There am I waiting along the sand.
Cast your sweet spell upon the land and sea.
Magus Perde, take your hand from off the chain.
Loose a wish to still / the rain / the storm about to BE.
Here am I (voyager into life).
Tough are the soles that tread the knife's edge.
Break the circle / stretch the line / call upon the devil.
Bring / the gods / the gods' own fire.
In the conflict revel.
The passengers / upon the ferry crossing / waiting to be born / renew the pledge of life's long song / rise to the reveille horn.
Animals / queueing at the gate that stands upon the shore / breathe the ever-burning fire that guards the ever-door.
Man / son of man / buy the flame of ever-life (yours to breathe and breath the pain of living): living BE!
Here am I!
Roll the stone away from the dark into ever-day.
There was a rush / along the Fulham Road / into the Ever-passion Play.
Rainbow Blues

Through northern lights on back streets ---
I told the coachman, ``Just drive me on,
It's the same old destination
but a different world to sing upon.''
So he threw back his head and he counted.
I jumped out about five to nine.
And I waved at the stage door-keeper ---
said, ``Mister, get me to the stage on time.''

Oh, but the rain wasn't made of water
and the snow didn't have a place in the sun
so I slipped behind a rainbow
and waited till the show had done.

I packed my ammunition.
Inside the crowd was shouting, ``Encore'",
But I had a most funny feeling ---
it wasn't me they were shouting for.
So when the tall dark lady smiled at me
I said, ``Oh, baby let us go for a ride.''
And we came upon two drinks or four
and popped them oh so neatly inside.

Oh, but the rain wasn't made of water
and the snow didn't have a place in the sun
so we slipped behind a rainbow
and lay there until we had done.

Let me pack you deep in my suitcase.
Oh, there's sure to be room for two ---
or you can drive me to the airplane
but don't let me catch those rainbow blues.
THICK AS A BRICK

Thick As A Brick

Really don't mind if you sit this one out.

My words but a whisper -- your deafness a SHOUT.
I may make you feel but I can't make you think.
Your sperm's in the gutter -- your love's in the sink.
So you ride yourselves over the fields and
you make all your animal deals and
your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a brick.
And the sand-castle virtues are all swept away in
the tidal destruction
the moral melee.
The elastic retreat rings the close of play as the last wave uncovers
the newfangled way.
But your new shoes are worn at the heels and
your suntan does rapidly peel and
your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a brick.

And the love that I feel is so far away:
I'm a bad dream that I just had today -- and you
shake your head and
say it's a shame.

Spin me back down the years and the days of my youth.
Draw the lace and black curtains and shut out the whole truth.
Spin me down the long ages: let them sing the song.

See there! A son is born -- and we pronounce him fit to fight.
There are black-heads on his shoulders, and he pees himself in the night.
We'll
make a man of him
put him to trade
teach him
to play Monopoly and
to sing in the rain.

The Poet and the painter casting shadows on the water --
as the sun plays on the infantry returning from the sea.
The do-er and the thinker: no allowance for the other --
as the failing light illuminates the mercenary's creed. 
The home fire burning: the kettle almost boiling --
but the master of the house is far away. 
The horses stamping -- their warm breath clouding
in the sharp and frosty morning of the day. 
And the poet lifts his pen while the soldier sheaths his sword. 

And the youngest of the family is moving with authority. 
Building castles by the sea, he dares the tardy tide to wash them all aside. 

The cattle quietly grazing at the grass down by the river 
where the swelling mountain water moves onward to the sea: 
the builder of the castles renews the age-old purpose 
and contemplates the milking girl whose offer is his need. 
The young men of the household have all gone into service and are not to be expected for a year. 
The innocent young master -- thoughts moving ever faster -- has formed the plan to change the man he seems. 
And the poet sheaths his pen while the soldier lifts his sword. 

And the oldest of the family is moving with authority. 
Coming from across the sea, he challenges the son who puts him to the run. 

What do you do when 
the old man's gone -- do you want to be him? And your real self sings the song. 
Do you want to free him? 
No one to help you get up steam -- and the whirlpool turns you `way off-beam. 

LATER. 
I've come down from the upper class to mend your rotten ways. 
My father was a man-of-power whom everyone obeyed. 
So come on all you criminals! 
I've got to put you straight just like I did with my old man -- twenty years too late. 
Your bread and water's going cold. 
Your hair is too short and neat. 
I'll judge you all and make damn sure that no-one judges me. 

You curl your toes in fun as you smile at everyone -- you meet the stares. 
You're unaware that your doings aren't done. 
And you laugh most ruthlessly as you tell us what not to be. 
But how are we supposed to see where we should run? 
I see you shuffle in the courtroom with your rings upon your fingers and your downy little sidies and
your silver-buckle shoes.
Playing at the hard case, you follow the example of the comic-paper idol
who lets you bend the rules.

So!
Come on ye childhood heroes!
Won't you rise up from the pages of your comic-books
your super crooks
and show us all the way.
Well! Make your will and testament. Won't you?
Join your local government.
We'll have Superman for president
let Robin save the day.

You put your bet on number one and it comes up every time.
The other kids have all backed down and they put you first in line.
And so you finally ask yourself just how big you are --
and take your place in a wiser world of bigger motor cars.
And you wonder who to call on.

So! Where the hell was Biggles when you needed him last Saturday?
And where were all the sportsmen who always pulled you though?
Their'e all resting down in Cornwall --
writing up their memoirs for a paper-back edition

LATER.
See there! A man born -- and we pronounce him fit for peace.
There's a load lifted from his shoulders with the discovery of his disease.
We'll
take the child from him
put it to the test
teach it
to be a wise man
how to fool the rest.

QUOTE
We will be geared to the average rather than the exceptional
God is an overwhelming responsibility
we walked through the maternity ward and saw 218 babies wearing nylons
cats are on the upgrade
upgrade? Hipgrave. Oh, Mac.

LATER
In the clear white circles of morning wonder,
I take my place with the lord of the hills.
And the blue-eyed soldiers stand slightly discoloured (in neat little rows)
sporting canvas frills.
With their jock-straps pinching, they slouch to attention, while queueing for sarnies at the office canteen.
Saying -- how's your granny and good old Ernie: he coughed up a tenner on a premium bond win.

The legends (worded in the ancient tribal hymn) lie cradled in the seagull's call.
And all the promises they made are ground beneath the sadist's fall.
The poet and the wise man stand behind the gun, and signal for the crack of dawn.
Light the sun.

Do you believe in the day?  Do you?
Believe in the day!  The Dawn Creation of the Kings has begun.
Soft Venus (lonely maiden) brings the ageless one.
Do you believe in the day?
The fading hero has returned to the night -- and fully pregnant with the day, wise men endorse the poet's sight.
Do you believe in the day?  Do you?  Believe in the day!

Let me tell you the tales of your life of your love and the cut of the knife
the tireless oppression
the wisdom instilled
the desire to kill or be killed.
Let me sing of the losers who lie in the street as the last bus goes by.
The pavements ar empty: the gutters run red -- while the fool toasts his god in the sky.

So come all ye young men who are building castles!
Kindly state the time of the year and join your voices in a hellish chorus.
Mark the precise nature of your fear.
Let me help you pick up your dead as the sins of the father are fed with
the blood of the fools and
the thoughts of the wise and from the pan under your bed.
Let me make you a present of song as the wise man breaks wind and is gone while the fool with the hour-glass is cooking his goose and the nursery rhyme winds along.

So!  Come all ye young men who are building castles!
Kindly state the time of the year and join your voices in a hellish chorus.
Mark the precise nature of your fear.
See!  The summer lightning casts its bolts upon you and the hour of judgement draweth near.
Would you be
the fool stood in his suit of armour or
the wiser man who rushes clear.
So!  Come on ye childhood heroes!
Won't your rise up from the pages of your comic-books
your super-crooks and
show us all the way.
Well!  Make your will and testament.
Won't you?  Join your local government.
We'll have Superman for president
let Robin save the day.
So!  Where the hell was Biggles when you needed him last Saturday?
And where were all the sportsmen who always pulled you through?
They're all resting down in Cornwall -- writing up their memoirs

OF COURSE
So you ride yourselves over the fields and
you make all your animal deals and
your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a brick.