

Queen for a day

Old boys hanging on the edge of oblivion,
Pour them a drink 'cos I think that they're sinking deeper, still sober
dressed up to play for the bride of the day
a special request and the priest gets undressed 'cos it's over and he's still sober

play the songs but nobody listens, all the hits from the 1960s, yeah ,yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah.....

her dress is tight and soon won't fit her
the groom throws up as the band considers
how much time is left 'till the end of this crime,
how will they leave the stage, will they get paid,
as they smile and wave..... on this wedding day

monkey suits in a grand hotel, drinking up the beer 'cos it's free and hell
they deserve it.....haven't they earned it?
Stand up , sit down, here comes the best man
Telling his jokes as part of an awful plan
He gets bolder while the food gets colder

Later much later when nobody cares
The drummer collapses on the back stairs
After joking it'll never be over (after choking on all that free scotch and soda)
It's not worth it at all, all that commotion
The soul killing drunken slow motion
Of baby doll girls hanging on to their special day curls
And their drowning fools all lined up for the slaughter when the clocks stops
and the fat lady chokes with laughter , all to be queen for a day, oh to be queen for
a day....

The shop of love

In the shop of love, there a man stands
Below the shelf of hearts, he takes one in his hands
Then a voice behind, gently tells him this
If you break it sir, you must pay for it

In the shop of love, our door is never closed
We have what no one wants but everybody needs
Glue for broken hearts, string and alcohol
For those who fell apart, under Cupids curse

Desire took your hand and it brought you here
But satisfaction left you... feeling emptier
There is nothing, sir, left that you can do
But to kill the thing before it kills you

The invisible man

I cant tell you when i saw him last
when he began to fade away
Perhaps maybe she could have asked
what did he have to say

Now i hope that you won't mind
When i say that she never tried
And the worst thing of it all
Was how little she did mind

All that's left to see of him
Is a shadow on the wall
A faded memory
Of The invisible man

Sometimes he calls me from somewhere
And he tells me he's just fine
sends a card without a stamp
Every year at Christmas time

She never noticed he was gone
he was never really there
I hope someday he'll find someone
who makes him whole again

And if you feel love pass you by
But there's no one to be seen
Well, that was my long lost friend who became
The invisible man

Dust

Where are my babies, where are my children?

What have you done with them?

Whatever you've started, will never be finished

Nothing you can do , can bring them back again

Oh, lord, look at the place we used to live in

Oh, lord, look at the house that we built,

What would you think if someone did this terrible thing to you?

What would you say if I came knocking at your door for help

Asking (begging/pleading/saying).....

Chorus

Oh, lord, look at the sky it's raining blood and tar

Oh, lord, look at the buildings falling one by one

What would think if someone did this terrible thing to you?

What would you say if I came knocking at your door for help

Asking (begging/pleading/saying).....

Chorus

Dust in the air, dust everywhere,

Dust in the air, dust in their hair

Nothing you can do ,can bring them back again

The deepest secret

In your hand a paper cup that's shaking like crazy
Now maybe you would like to know a thing or two?

Well, lovers walk right by us but you can't see it,
What was written on his face is not the truth

I won't bore you with the details of our marriage
Or the cigarette burns on my feet
But if you want to know the deepest secret
Go ask someone else....go ask him

In your hand a letter sent from somewhere foreign
He always had a funny way of letting us know
I can't tell you if he's gone for good or just pretending
But I won't walk right out of here and let you drown

There's a story that he told to the natives
And the purple beads he gave me for my soul
But if you want to know the deepest secret
Go ask someone else, go ask him.....

You will always have someone to call on,
I'll write my number on the bill for you.....

Scratching an itch

She's been shopping
Scratching an itch
Now she's cleaning
The same bit
Till its shiny and rubbed
Till it doesn't exist
Not to be clean
But to be scratching an itch

Squeezing me out
Of the tube we call home
Not to be clean
But to be scratching alone
All shiny and rubbed
Till I don't exist
Not to be clean
But to be scratching an itch

She has the house, the money, the fridge
Which she rubs every moment
she feels that need
Now shes cleaning the same bit
till it bleeds

Scratching the itch
It's the scratching disease
Scratching the itch

Until it bleeds

Scratching the itch

Life in the clearings

Life in the clearings, selfless and safe
Cut down to grow again, made and remade
The world drove us here, love, love kept us safe
No more days spent working to be saved

Tell us your troubles, throw off your cares
Nobody knows your name or why you were
scared

Unstrap your burden, lay down your guns
Walk to the river, walk into the sun
Life in the clearings, by the edge of the world
Torn down to live again, turned and returned

Come all you lonesome
Come all you broken
Come all you hopeless
Come all you lost
Come all you troubled
Come all you helpless
Come all you fearful
Come all you lost

The casino of the poor

The red and black, the numbers, we cannot choose

The bloody wheel is still spinning

We can't go back, my brothers, we'll only lose

While their bloody hands are in the till

Shall I question all this struggle, all this work, the pick, the shovel

Shall I stoop to smell the earth and wonder

Shall I take the axe, I could, to my master if I would

Will it answer all that I'm still asking?

I'm not complaining, I'm only saying

We're not complaining, we're not even staying

Now that luck has cast me bones, I shall suck upon the marrow

on this ship of fools, who is the master?

I am the saint of unbelievers, lovers loved, who always cheated

Will they answer all that I'm still asking?

I'm not complaining, I'm only saying

We're not complaining, we're not even staying

The casino of the poor is calling, calling us to her doors

In that place are only losing numbers

Shall we drink ourselves to death or finish off what we do best

Shall we take the pill but never swallow?

Pilgrims hill

Her face as white, as white as snow

Her hair the colour of the earth

Painted swans, all in a row,
crossing the river that crosses below

She'd walk across the fields at night

And count the stars that kept her alive

Slept under white swollen clouds

Dreaming of things that came up from down

We give too little and we take too much

I don't know why we don't know much

The world gets broken and it falls apart

When everybody kills the thing they love

Sparrows marked the sky and fell

On pilgrims hill we watched them die

Not one of us would save their lives

Not one of them would she deny

Snow fell soft came falling down

tiny ghosts stars kissing the ground

The soldiers clockwork marched to town

Dreaming of things that came up from down

For the sake of a woman

Stone cold sober , so I know what I'm saying
Goodbye babe, I have to be going
I'm cursed with feet that will never stop moving
I'll write you a postcard, so you'll know how I'm doing

Train whistle blowing, breaks my heart when I'm lonesome
Time never goes so slow as that motion
Big wheels that always sing, of more than they can give
A new town, another wonderful life
Where you can't buy a thrill

Stone cold sober, so I know what I'm doing
Tracks in the snow are a sign I must follow
There's no end or no beginning to this fools endless searching
Or to the time that gets thrown away
For the sake of a woman

Milk and honey

I'm a lazy boy; she's a happy girl
With her needle and thread she unravels my head
When there's something wrong, I stay at home
Stay in bed with my baby instead
She's got weights on her shoes
To keep her feet on the ground

Now she picks me up, she lets me fall
To keep me fresh for that moment of joy
When I feel tired, feel a little low
I wrap myself around her river of soul
I love her like I love the sun
The lights go out when my love is gone

And if I'm going to make it, this recipe will have to be just right
A little milk and honey...and some happiness in my life
She's the one that keeps me coming back
She's the one that keeps me coming home