

Tom-Tom Song

There were peacock feathers in his hair
And lizard skin he wore for underwear
Fastened with the tooth and claw of bear
Mammoth hooves for boots
Laced with strong tree roots

He walks the path that we have walked before
He walks the path we can't see anymore
It's marked with beaver track and badger spore
Now we can't see for the concrete floor
Our urban heels tap the floor

There were grains of sand between her toes
A giant golden tusk pierced her nose
Green green were her frills and furbelows
Woven from hedgerows
She wears clothes that grow

She is the Shaman lady she can see
Spirits of animals inside of me
She's kundalini queen, princess of chi
And everything she is I want to be
Everything she is I can be

Candle In The Night

You took me from behind this time
You took me by surprise
I turned around and found you
Pounding in my heart, between my eyes, between my thighs

I watched you till my vision cleared
Then I watched you disappear
Now you're dead this bed is cold as lead
By I still feel your warm breath and your hot head

You were my light at bedtime
My candle in the night
You are still aflame with passion
But I am stiff with fright
Darling departed
Was that you who farted
Please rest in peace between my sheets
Don't fly them round the room

You came again tonight at three
And lay on top of me
Pinned me down politely, lifted up my nightie
Like a ghostly missionary

I promised that if you were good
I'd never love another man
There's no need to haunt me, flaunt yourself and taunt me
Cos I know I never can

You were my light at bedtime
My candle in the night
You are still aflame with passion
But I am stiff with fright
Darling departed
Was that you who farted
Please rest in peace between my sheets
Don't fly them round the room

Euterpretation

I found it on the pavement
Between the cracks where rain went
So small it was all in my mind
A highly illogical find

I fished it from the gutter
From all the mortal clutter
Leaving that nonsense behind
A totally logical find

Hey you stop looking skywards
And glue your ear to my words
You're wasting you're wasting your time
The pearl is hidden in the slime

When I die I'm going to go smiling
When I die I'm going to open my eyes
I want to see the light at the end of the tunnel
I want to see my jewel shine
When I die I don't want to be sleeping
And when we say goodbye I don't want to be weeping
Cos the secret I am keeping
Is that we never die

Funky Town Map Shop

He showed me a startling relief map
Of the Himalayas
But he must have misheard me cos I was
Only going to Wales
Only going to Wales for the weekend
One-man tent and my two-timing boyfriend
But when I asked him again a bit louder
He said go to Tibet where the mountains stand prouder
Go to Tibet where the mountains stand prouder

He sold me that startling relief map
Of the Himalayas
But I bought it on impulse cos I was
Only going to Wales
Only going to Wales for the weekend
One-man tent and my two-timing boyfriend
How can I sleep in a field full of drunks
When I could go to Tibet and wake up with the monks
Go to Tibet and wake up with the monks

I'm not Jesus
He was just a man and God is so much more than a man
Woman and man

Oh mystery map shop assistant
What on Earth can I do
I can't go that fast east on my moped
Be better if I flew
Better if I flew on a carpet but can you recommend
A shop where I could spot such an object
Big enough for me and my boyfriend
Magic enough for me and my boyfriend

He unfolded that startling relief map
Of the Himalayas
And said you won't need no carpet to get there
Or any other conveyance
Sit cross-legged or stand
And decide where you want to land
When I looked down at the map I turned pale
That startling relief was to real scale
Startling relief was to totally real scale

I'm not Jesus
He was just a man and God is so much more than a man
Woman and man

Oh mystery map shop assistant

Are you absolutely sure
You seem to be walking on water
And just one man's down that before
You're surrounded by an unearthly fire
And the flames are bluer than the sky or the sea
You've taken me higher than a heavenly choir
Won't you shut your map shop and talk to me
Shut your map shop and totally enlighten me

'This is no ordinary map shop
It's the Himalayas
And I'm no ordinary map shop assistant
Cos we're instantly in Wales
We're landing in the field of view
And we're standing in the stream of your dreams
We're camping in the tents of your desire
And your boyfriend is there fuelling the fire
Your boyfriend is there chucking stuff on the fire

He's not Jesus
He is just a man
And God he's so much more than a man

Citizens Advice

I need some citizens advice
Something to get me through it
Some marriage guidance would be nice
To show me how to do it
Cast aside theory cast aside the law
Cast aside words in iron and stone
Listen to only those who know the score
The number to phone

Breathe in breathe out breathe in

I need a good Samaritan
Someone who'll stop and listen
I need to dial 999
Report a person missing
Cast aside theory cast aside the law
Cast aside psychotherapy
Listen to only those who know for sure
The way to be free

Breathe in breathe out breathe in breath out etc

Macho Lullaby

Wishing wells have all dried up
Magic spells are out of luck
Carousels have all got stuck
And the government doesn't give a fuck
Cos the summer of love fell on somebody's land
Flowers and children sold for a grand
By hurdy-gurdy man and tambourine man
And I can't be in their band but maybe you can

Mr Ben was really zen
but he never made the news at ten
He was not as cool as Bob Dylan
But he had better attitude to women
And I think he would say with his hand on his heart
Zimmerman and zimmerframe are not far apart
Let's up the pace and start another race
Arse about face

Oh please don't promise me the moon
When all I want is the sky
And please don't hold me tight tonight
When all I want is to fly
This flesh would melt if you were to shout
Your macho lullaby

Getting Down With The Jones's

Mr Jones
Why don't you leave your wife alone
She's only trying to live her life
So put down the knife
Mr Jones

Mrs Jones
Why don't you break the bastard's bones
Cos you don't have to take this shit
Don't have to be hit
Mrs Jones

Children Jones
Why don't you give the police a phone
And tell them that they're needed at home
And hope they don't moan
Children Jones

Grandpa Jones
Swear on the grave of Grandma Jones
Your son has got a mind of his own
The kid's not a clone of
Grandpa Jones

We are family
Unfortunately
Jones, Jones, sticks and stones
It's your name that's hurting me
No need to pull a punch or fight or bite or pinch
Cos if you push me just one more inch
I'm gonna fall
Out of this family tree

Someone Catch Me

Someone catch me if I fall cos I'm not flying any more and I don't want to hit
the floor

Somebody with strong arms
Long legs and earthly charms
Bring me down before I come to harm
Cos wings are dangerous things
And I've cut loose my strings

Up above the streets and houses
People look as small as mice
I could splat in your back yard
And spread to everybody else's
Chute me, parachute me, hey now
Send me, parascend me, oh wow
You could save the lives of ten thou
Only takes a little know-how
Only takes a trampoline
To send me back the way I've been
To send me through the roof

Somebody with brown eyes
Soft hands and strapping thighs
Hold me down and let me tell you lies
Cos I forgot the truth
When I went through the roof

World Without Safety Netting

What if the sky
Got so high
That only pigs could fly
And decent folk would die
What if the sun
Got a gun
Then there would be nowhere
For the human race to run

Blue and gold
Don't go getting
Cruel and cold
Or what's the betting
We'll grow old
And be forgetting
Our world
Without safety netting

What if the trees
Fell to their knees
Their paper made petitions
But we didn't read their pleas
What if the grass
Got off its arse
And went to grace a rock in space
Where its rolling curves might last

Black and white
We're looking at
Perpetual night
Unless there is a
God who might
Let there be light

Nursery Rhyme

I don't know where you grow your ideas, dear
Pretty maids in a row show their years, dear
Call me Mary, call me quite contrary
Call me up your cockle-shell blow

Silver bells toll their knells for your old pals
Parallels between hell and the angels
You're very big and hairy
But I can be quite scary too

No Mary-Mary fool

Nursery Rhyme
Out of real time
It's an adult crime
A pet hate of mine
You dirty swine

I suppose roses grow round your door
Little pricks and the smell of manure
I'd let you pick my cherry
I'd let you make me merry
If you weren't such a bore

Nursery Rhyme
(how does it go, how does it go)
Out of real time
(how does it grow, how does it grow)
It's an adult crime
A pet hate of mine
You dirty dirty swine

Bikes and Butterflies

I'm looking back
And I'm looking sad
I'm looking for my Dad

I'm getting high
Trying not to cry
I never said goodbye to my Dad

He's gone where the sun never shines
And where the daughter draws lonely lines
In the sand with a stick
Bikes and butterflies
Like the lines on her face as her life flies by without him

I try to sing
I'd do anything
To raise him from the dead

I want to scream
Stop ignoring me
You brick wall for my head

He's gone where the sun never shines
He'll never see his daughter or read her lonely lines

But she thinks he'd agree
With the bikes and butterflies
And the lines on her face as her life spiders by without him

I'm looking back I'm looking sad
I'm getting high I start to cry
I try to sing I want to scream
Don't you want me for your sunbeam

He's gone where the sun always shines
And where the daughter draws endless rhymes
From the pool at his feet
Frogs and newts and weed
All the friends that she'll need
As her life bleeds to death without him without him

Song for the marriage of X and Y

Marry me
Let it come to pass and let it be
We can live together totally
We can live as one and still be free
You'll see when you marry me
When I going down on bended knee
Let's love each other endlessly
Until death is departed

Marry you
That's a thing I think that I could do
When you touch me touch me through and through
When you trust me trust me to be true
To you when I marry you
I'll mean it when I say I do
Believe it when you say you do too
Until death is departed

Headlessly
I see you and you
Look like me
I feel you and there's
Empathy
Between us this is already
Matrimony

We are the lovers
And we're the ones that make the world go round
You are the lovers
And you're the ones who make the world go round

And round

Natural Nurturer

You're not what I would call a natural nurturer
Not quite a night nurse of the male kind
You're not the world's most avid plant waterer
To little things like greetings cards you are blind
But I don't need somebody who'll treat me like a daughter
Cos I've looked after myself for the longest time
I don't need you to be my father
But I might need you to be the father of my child

You can't stand pink, you think roses stink, you hate love hearts
But I appreciate you for your masculine parts
You hate blue bows, tiny fingers and toes, anything that grows
Except your love for me which is never fluffy at least as far as it shows
But I don't need somebody who'll treat me like a daughter
Cos I've looked after myself for the longest time
I don't need you to be my father
But I might need you to be the father of my child