

BEFORE

You watch them preening
With each other as you sit
Like any other day here on your own
You have another cigarette
Another coffee
Then you pay the bill
And wander home

You fill the vases with fresh flowers
Check the linen
Take a shower
And spray on your best Cologne
Arrange the photos of you hanging out
With people that you can't believe
You've ever known

And somewhere
It must be somewhere
There is the flicker of the thought
That memories are not enough
There may have been the kind of stuff
That he called 'love'
But like all memories
It never is enough

The rain is falling like confetti
At that long forgotten wedding day
From which you took flight
Oh how you smoked great dope till dawn
And glistened satiated on the lawn
By the moonlight

And somewhere
It must be somewhere
There is the flicker of the thought
That sweet revenge might compensate
Those hours staring at the clock
When you sat waiting for the knock
It was already too late

And somewhere
It must be somewhere
There is the remnant of a dream
Of the plans beyond your door
Where no one knows you anymore
Cause like those remnants
You have faded into
Before
Before you gave up laughing

Before the world was frightening
Before you were the one everybody never sees
Before you couldn't leave here Before you had a new name
Before you were the one who guilt never frees
Before this was your life
Before this was your end
Before your friends wondered where you are
And how you are
And who you are
Before you couldn't answer anymore
About anything that happened before

INTACT & SMILING

I ran around in circles
Like a hamster on a wheel
Enchanted by your magic
The ground beneath your heel

But somewhere deep inside me
I knew you'd never steal
The knowledge I'd survive you
And the things you put me through

The don'ts, the won'ts, the no-gos
When you tell me what to do
You mould me in your image
But you haven't got a clue

But you cannot stop me dreaming
Of fresh fields and pastures new

And now I'm stepping out of your picture
Into the fresh air I've saved
Walking tall
Intact and smiling
An independent soul
Nobody's slave

You're caught up in your imaginations
Like a cog inside a wheel
Tangled up in bitterness
A spider's web of steel
The only time you're smiling
Is when you try to make me kneel
Your dominating tendency
Is losing its appeal

So I'm leaving you in the shadow
With all the love that I've saved

Walking tall Intact and smiling
An independent soul
Nobody's slave

IN THE LIGHT OF FIRES BURNING

The carousel is turning
The fairground is alive
With the sound of 'Telstar' playing
And Joe Meek has scored a '5'
La La La La La La

On the coconut stall
Had Johnny remembered to call
We'd be having a ball right now
Ah-Ah Ah-Ah Ah-Ah Ah-Ah

In the light of fires burning
Burning brightly in the distance
From the distance of the brightly burning fires
Came the light

Oh Syd
Look what we did
We took all your dreams
And made them nightmares instead
And Emily only plays cards now
At the W.I.
At the W.I.

The carousel's stopped turning
The sky is painted black
Gerry Goffin's on the ghost train
And he knows he's going back
La La La La La La

To the candy-floss days
Where Sedaka's getting ready to play
And Carole's on the phone right now
Ah-Ah Ah-Ah Ah-Ah Ah-Ah

In the light of fires burning
Burning brightly in the distance
From the distance of the brightly burning fires
Came the light
Oh Syd Look what we did
We took all your devils
And made them angels instead
And Arnold Layne knits pretty cardigans

For the W.I.
For the W.I.
For the W.I.

The carousel is burning
The fairground is alight
And The Beatles on Ed Sullivan
Take a magic carpet ride
La La La La La La

LONDON'S AFTER-WORK DRINKING CULTURE

As you loosen your tie
You know you can't get out of this
It's the done thing if you want to get on
After work you hang out
With the guys from the company
Everyone's huddled together
In charcoal and grey
Don't ever stay until last
Lest they think you're a loner
But never leave first lest they tear you to pieces
Once again you are smelling the breath
Of that man from HR
And you wonder how he ever made it this far
And you ask yourself
Hasn't he got a young family
Or maybe a fiancée waiting at home
Or else long since accustomed to going to bed
On her own
But in truth of course it's most likely
That he's unattached
And he drinks cause it helps
Face the long journey back
Have a platform snack
That he'll scoff on the train
And then ten minutes walk
Up the hill in the rain
And when he gets home
He'll be having a shower
He'll be sitting there wrapped in a towel
Hunched over his laptop on his bed
For hours and hours and hours
And hours and hours
Always worried his flatmate
Might come barging in
Cause his room is the one with the wardrobe
But sometimes he just wants to talk
And there's no getting rid of him
And he goes on and on and on and on

Until dawn
And it's all this the man from HR has
To look forward to
As he's standing there
Having a drink with you
And in an unguarded blink of an eye
You can see very clearly
That he's never really liked you
No not one little bit
At all
Not at all
Not at all
As you loosen your tie
You know you can't get out of this
It's the done thing if you want to get on
On and on and on and on and on

THUNDER IN VIENNA

Just when I least expect it
I was almost half asleep
In a slow recuperation from before
There's a bolt that hit the building
Like a molten silver shell
And I'm too close to the explosion to ignore

And it rips the sky apart
Practically stops my heart
But at the same time
It brought me to myself
'Cause I was just avoiding stuff
And I needed shaking up
And I'm still hearing the echoes as I write
As I write

And now I'm waiting for the next one
On tenterhooks and then some
And I need the electricity tonight
I wasn't thinking about the weather
I seldom do that ever
But now it seems that's all that's on my mind

And it ripped the sky apart
Practically stopped my heart
But at the same time
It brought me to myself
'Cause I was just avoiding stuff
And I needed shaking up
And I'm still hearing the echoes as I write
As I write

Yeah yeah Oh-oh mm mm

Yes, I'm waiting for the next one
Oh please God, where's the next one?
Even just a little thunder
Would be fine
So fine

DEBORAH FLETCHER

Deborah Fletcher
Works in finance
Part-time she lectures
In modern romance
She's got A-level Heartache, Diploma in Love
And a PhD in Lace and Kid Gloves

Her students are wallflowers, misfits and shy
And they pay through the nose
To hear her tell them why
They've been turned away
From passion's locked door
And how to be better and wilder, and more

She'll put you together
With someone or other
And see what transpires
She'll delight and deliver
She loves now or nevers
And all hearts desires

Deborah Fletcher teaches techniques
And Mister, you betcha, she's pretty unique
She leads by example each Saturday night
And she'll give you a sample
If she thinks you look right

She knows every movement
She knows every look
And every one-liner, she's written the book
The tests that she'll set ya will prove,
As she'll study and vet ya, if you'll really do

She'll put you together
With someone or other
And see what transpires
She'll delight and deliver
She loves now or nevers
And all hearts desires

Deborah Fletcher works in accounts
Engenders conjecture in major amounts
She'll get you out of scrapes and circumstance
Metaphorically speaking, into fancier pants

She knows every movement
She knows every look
And every one-liner, she's written the book
The tests that she'll set ya will prove,
As she'll study and vet ya, if you'll really do

She'll put you together
With someone or other
And see what transpires
She'll delight and deliver
She loves now or nevers
And all hearts desires

Deborah Fletcher works in finance
Part-time she lectures in modern romance

CONTROL FREAK

I've always been
Something of an obsessive
With my friends I seem to get so possessive
Why can't I sit back and let things happen for the best?

So when did I first action the collision
Into a world so lacking in precision
When did I last sit back and let things happen for the best?

Sometimes it's easier if you don't move at all
And I'll just check I pulled the plugs
From every wall I'm the man on the street
Buttoned up so neat
And every third step my heart skips a beat

Oh control freak
Slowly losing control
Oh no!

Control freak
And I can't let it go
Oh no!

Please don't touch a thing

I've counted everything
And the cups are lined up perfectly

And it all looks in place to me
Yes it does

Sometimes it's easier if you don't move at all
And I'll just check I pulled the plugs
From every wall
I'm the man on the train
Getting eye strain
Reading the signs again and again
I'm the man on the bus
Dusting off his cuffs
And umpteen times is never enough

Oh control freak
Slowly losing control
Oh no!
Control freak
And I can't let it go
Oh no!
It's much easier if you leave me here
It's easier
Just leave me here In control

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Hey darling
What did we promise ourselves
All those years ago?
That no one would ever intimidate us
And no one would make us afraid to show
Who we are and what we have
And I remember how you laughed and said
"We're ready for our close-up Mr de Mille
As close as you like, aim for the kill
But you can't hurt us anymore"

Safety in numbers
Cast the first stone
Listen to Jesus dying alone
Speed-read between headlines
Where prejudice roams
And wanders through houses
Much closer to home

Hey darling
What did we leave on the sand

All those footsteps ago?
Something for the seagulls way above us
And nothing the angels can't see or know

'Bout what we have and who we are
You finished your message for the stars
Which said:
"Stuff all the homophobes, bigots and yobs
Stuff 'em with our love, watch 'em all gob
Their poison can't touch us anymore"

Safety in numbers
Cast the first stone
Listen to Buddah crying alone
Believe all the headlines
Where conspiracy thrives
And watch all the spineless
Making mental high-fives

But we'll sing and we'll sing
And we'll sing and we'll sing
All the voices will harmonise
Melodies ring:
"Be afraid oh my darlings
Be frightened my dears
We have safety in numbers
May our love cause you fear"
Hey darling
What did we promise ourselves
All those years ago?

THIS SONG (not published by Tapete Songs)

TIP OF YOUR SHOE

I saw the message you had scrawled
On that 21st century toilet wall
It was one of those "let's be honest" rants
About the sort of others we don't understand
The world they are coming from
So come on now and get some
Just look at you, yes, you too
It really didn't take that much to turn you
You said you'd always stood up for their rights
And now they've turned on you in naked spite
They'd shown their true faces in the end
No you weren't a racist but you had to defend

The world you were coming from

So come on now and get some
Just look at you, yes, you too
It really didn't take that much to turn you
Into a scared little man
Who won't see past the tip of his shoe
The tip of your shoe

You've finally decided there's no shame
Having a few bombs dropped in your name
In fact it's a brave and righteous stance
The world needs a hero and this is your chance

To go out and bang the drum
So come on now and get some
Just look at you, yes, you too
It really didn't take that much to turn you
Into a scared little man
Who won't see past the tip of his shoe
The tip of your shoe

It was easy being good
In the good times
We acknowledged
All of Empire's crimes
Now you see no solution but drawing swords
In your simple world of us
And the savage hordes
And the world that they're coming from
So come on now and get some
Just look at you, yes, you too
It really didn't take that much to turn you
From the world you're coming from
So come on now and get some
Just look at you, yes, you too
It really didn't take that much to turn you

Past the tip of your shoe
What happened to the man I knew?
Past the tip of your shoe
What happened to the man I knew?
Past the tip of your shoe
What happened to the man I knew?
The tip of your shoe
(Come on get some)
What happened to the man I knew?
You!