

RAGS TO RAGS

Hangover's come.
All the night birds have flown.
Who's gonna take Cinderella home now midnight's gone?

She won't be there when they greet the WAGS.
She won't be there in the fashion mags.
She's had a yearning heart since she came to life.
She wears fanciful rags.

Dream after dream.
There ain't a golden coach on the scene.
You've been had says the pumpkin man full of glee.
Better put that shoe back on.

She won't be there when the lights blaze down.
She won't be there in the people crowd.
Another sorry show on disillusion row.
She wears fanciful rags.

Time hurries by and her cover is blown
As she wakes up on a windswept road
But the seeds of love have not been sown
'Cause cupid's bow's been turned to stone.

Absent lady with her plastic bags, she wears fanciful rags.

She wears.
Rags to rags never to riches.
She wears fanciful rags.

NO EASY WAY OUT

Troubles can wait I ain't got time today,
Gonna leave that rain to fall.
I've got my old guitar and there's whisky in the jar,
Gonna leave that rain to fall.

No easy way out from all I know but even though I gotta go,
It ain't you.

It's up in the air but I guess that I'm not there anymore.

No easy way out from all I know but even though I gotta go,
It ain't you.

Now the reason's gone but we just carry on,
ain't no use in wondering why.
Gonna hop on the breeze and do just what I please,
For a while in my own time.

No easy way out from all I know but even though I gotta go,
It ain't you.
Nothing to do but spend my days looking for lots of things not to say
But it ain't you.

No easy way out.

But don't worry your head 'bout the things I say,
It don't mean that much anyhow, anyway,
It ain't you.

Talking 'bout you and me babe.
It ain't you, it ain't me.
No easy way out.

DONKEY WORK

She said there's no time for us.

Polishing chrome on a fireman's truck.
Putting up a tent for the rainbow bus.
Waiting in line for a ticket to ride.
Do it on the highway in the dead of the night.

Working all day, working all night.
She said there's no time for us.

Eating onion pie from a looking glass.
Listening in loops to « All things must pass ».
Buying diamond rings for a girl in the sky.
Cry, baby, cry see I'm learning to fly.

Working all day, working all night.
She said there's no time for us.

I never thought you could be so busy.

Filling in holes at the Albert hall.
Trying to fix a roof on the Hollywood Bowl.
Growing golden apples like money on trees.
Searching for the man but he ain't been seen.
Strawberry picking in the pouring rain.
Carrying weights along northern lanes.
Running here and there across the universe.
Getting no better sure it's gonna get worse.

She said there's no time for us.
I never thought you could be so busy.
There's no time.

ROCKETSHIP

Past midnight, under starlight, somewhere in the universe.
Automatic direction, heading for a sweet connection
Far away from Earth.
Sitting in a rocketship, me and my friends on a one way trip
Then we bumped into the sun.
Getting high on outer space, trying hard to keep a straight face
Then we bumped into the sun.

You're the only one who shines.

Times changing, Earth's fading away, Sirius bound at the speed of light.
Wonder if we'll ever get home now the captain's stoned,
Singing on into the night.
Sitting in a rocket ship, me and my friends on a one way trip
Then we bumped into the sun.
Getting high on outer space, trying hard to keep a straight face
Then we bumped into the sun.

You're the only one who shines.

EASY COMING

High time on the Waterloo ride, I got a sunset rendezvous.
Up and down, round and round and the heat is pouring through.
Warning signs, electric lines and the hum of sliding doors.
Picking up speed and I'm feeling uneasy 'cause I'm six feet off the floor.
Reel love, will we meet?
There's a stream of pictures flowing through in silent feedback.

Now the image slides to the riverside lights, here comes the flood.
It's ebb and flow, touch and go and the beat of pumping blood.
Making my way through the gathering grey, heading toward her door.
Top of the stairs, up in the air and the sound of silence roars.

Easy coming, swiftly gone.

It's a changing room, it's a changing day, there's a veil across her light.
Gotta hold fast but I lose my grasp and she's falling out of sight.

Behind the screen, beyond a dream, here she come again.
Out of the frame, out of the picture, gonna leave a lad insane.
Reel love, will we meet?
There's a stream of pictures flowing through.

Easy coming, swiftly gone.

SHOOTING STARS

Now it's truly nighttime in my head, the lights are down and I'm really off the track.

They filled the dancing queen with gasoline but I left the road, next station's out of reach.

I gotta walk the lines of the neon signs and play the pantomime for the moneymen and the hounds.

Now I can't turn back.

A raven flies in front of my eyes, coal black wings covering rainbow rays.

And there's a hard rain coming like a roller coaster,

It's gonna wash away the ground beneath my feet.

I've gotta find some time to chase away the mess I've made and live with what is done.

Now I can't turn back.

Roaming roads, I ain't never gonna make it back.

Crossing roads, I ain't never gonna make it.

It's the end of a time, the end of a tune floating by the corner of my street.

There's a young man singing in a bar in the evening, I can hear his song and the people sing along.

You gotta hold that song keep it coming on till the day is done

In memory of a shooting star,

Now I can't turn back.

WHEELBARROWMAN

You got a hedgerow needs a trim.
You got weeds moving in.
Call me up 'cause I'm the man,
I've got my clippers close at hand.

They call me the gardener,
The best they ever had.
Most of my friends are pushing up daisies.

Red harvest under the sun.
Digging holes, feeding the land.
Out of the green into a nightmare,
You've got so many roots to share

They call me the gardener,
The best they ever had.
Most of my friends are pushing up daisies.

Wheelbarrow-man, I am wheelbarrow-man.

Dear mother nature's son,
You're the next one to be my fun.
Believe me a spade's a spade,
I'm gonna bury you in the shade.

They call me the gardener,
The best they ever had.
Most of my friends are pushing up daisies.

REMEMBER

I saw your picture on the front page of the daily metro news.
Some bloody fool had made a film about you,
What could I do?
But say the only thing to say
'Cause you broke it all and took everything away.

I must remember never to forget how much I hate you.

I saw your condescending features on the late evening news.
Some bloody fool had made a statue of you,
What could I do?
But say the only thing to say
'Cause you broke it all and took everything away.

I must remember never to forget how much I hate you.

I think that I will always hate you
If only I remember to be true.

DANNY THE KILLER

Danny Olson was a man they say he shot his brother down.
He joined the civil war and lost his way near Abeltown.

Danny was a killer in the northern lands,
Gunned down his brother, the northern lights in his eyes.

One icy morning on Thomson Heights,
Winter fog blinding his eyes,
December wind through the red trees,
He couldn't even see the ground beneath his feet.

Danny was a killer in the northern lands,
Gunned down his brother, the northern lights in his eyes.

Danny Olson was a man they say he shot his brother down.
He joined the civil war and lost his way near Abeltown.

He caught a sound behind his back,
A figure running down the frozen track,
A bullet spat out through the grey,
A shadow fell, a shadow falls, a shadow slipped away.

Danny was a killer in the northern lands,
Gunned down his brother, the northern lights in his eyes.

Danny the killer

DRY BAYOU BLUES

Get in the boat and I'll sing you a song.
I guess you know the river's many miles long.
Goin' for a row, let's row away.

If only there was water in this goddam river.

Been many a day we ain't had a drop.
My guitar's cracked from bottom to top.
My 'gator cries and damns the skies
'Cause we can't play the blues when the bayou's dry

Fifteen days on the Daisy Belle
And we never got to full steam ahead.
Got stuck in a dock down south,
No chance to slip away.
I've learned how to spell Mississippi now,
Counted every shell on the river bank
But I still can't play the blues when the bayou's dry.

I just can't sing the blues when the bayou's dry.

VANITY CASES

I met the man who bought the moon.
He built a golden terrace on a brighter sunny side.
He built a mile-long swimming pool.
When he fancied to touch the stars he just climbed up on the roof.

Now he's gone, he learned how to live alone,
On his own, he says that he's been reborn.

I met the man who bought the sun.
He spent his holidays in a splendid country house.
He held a mirror in his hand
To contemplate his tan and how he looked like mister universe

Now he's gone, he doesn't need to run anymore,
On his own, he says that he's been reborn

And he doesn't give a damn if the rain keeps a-falling

I met the man who knew the truth.
He cut off his tongue and his fingers and he threw them all away.
He built a silent attitude.
He didn't want to reveal the secrets locked inside his head.

Now he's gone, he writes everything he's done,
On his own, he says that he's been reborn.

Opening up vanity cases.
Closing up vanity cases.