**1. England Loves a Poor Boy (The Ballad of Ernest Marke)**

Come on lads the world’s for free

Who else are you gonna be?

No sun shall set over thee

‘Cause all are for his majesty

England cried out “Go to war”

And all the rats did run

England loves a poor boy

England loves a poor boy with a gun

The Kru and the Paddy and the servant freed

The lost and the hopeful and the foreign seed

Don’t believe that you aren’t one

We march to the beat of the Empire’s drum

And it sounds, and it sounds

‘Til your feet bleed numb

England loves a poor boy

England loves a poor boy with a gun

And when you’ve seen that nowhere’s free

And hate has gnawed a hole in thee

Hear it loud amongst the cheers:

“There is no land for heroes here”

Your own don’t know you now

Your youth is all undone

England loves a poor boy

England loves a poor boy with a gun

Old Man Trouble won’t cry no tears

Old Man Trouble won’t buy no dreams

He’s been walking these streets since 1919

Dragging this story ‘cross fifty years

England cried out “Go to war”, “Go to war”,

And all the rats did run

England loves a poor boy

England loves a poor boy with a gun

**2. Hungry**

Your face and I’m still there waiting

Seventeen with nothing else to have faith in

I’ve been hungry for years

And I need to believe in the way that

I stop living and just be when you’re near

I’ve been hungry for years

*Chorus:*

Though I starve for you inside

Dance you round my head

I go hungry to bed

And you, wired to the moon

Crushed by all you dread

We go hungry to bed

And this dream, this dream will slide

Nothing rubs out secrets like time

You’ll forget you lost your mind for me

This dream I need to keep

Sewn in my pocket to remind me

I can be beautiful sometimes

People are beautiful sometimes

*Repeat Chorus*

No they can’t they won’t pin us down

Nothing that happens in moving cars counts
And we were drunk and don’t remember anyway

That’s the account we gave of it the next day

And I remember clearly not being near you

Things we didn’t do and didn’t say

And I’m still there, I can still hear you

Not telling me, not to be afraid

*Repeat Chorus*

**3. Company of Ghosts**

A waste of a sky

A null of yellow light on white brick

A shame of moss green on door steps foot slicked

A senseless everything this

A refuse of cats on the windowsill

A wane of a whine to an embarrassed moon

It’s a bloody fight gasping up in to the city

It’s summer pushing its head through

It’s a pity, it’s a pity

A tattering of dusk unwinding

A tawdry dance of backlit dust

While paving stones wait for your impression

Wood pigeons pose pensive for your procession

Down Huskisson street in the company of ghosts

The sailors and the sorry men

Gently remembering home

You coming back to me again

With pockets full of notes

And stories of wild men

You coming back with songs of hope

In the company of ghosts

The whole world’s coming home.

We watch the sky for a sign of sleep

Our lovers and children are all at sea

Holding to hope and the holy host

My heart’s afloat and leaving me

Down Huskisson street in the company of ghosts

The midnight and the brawling men

Gently remembering home

**4. Exit Signs**

I’ve been staring at exit signs

For years now

And you bastards don’t know the difference

If I’m in tune or passing out

And we’ve all seen the guy at the bar

Cadging a drink

Like you should give him more respect

‘Cause he used to be in a band in 1982

And who are you to ignore

I’ve been hitting against this town

For ten rounds

And you know I can’t tell the difference

If I’m winning or falling down

Somebody ring me a bell

Give me a note

Stand me a drink, we’ll sing

Of better stories

Hope and Glory

One day more we’re turning in to gold.

They ate you whole

They crunched your bones

They made you old

And everyone’s a singer

In this room

Every stiletto’s a stage

And all the songs revolve on you

And somebody’s sister’ll cry

Throwing a drink to all the loved and left

‘Cause she wants to be adored

Like all those girls before

They ate you whole

They crunched your bones

They made you old

Are you still talking *(repeat)*

About rock and roll?

**5. Can’t Sleep**

Six a.m. the ground is wet with dew

Spilt drinks and fallen faces
I’ll walk through the elegance with you

Show you all the favoured placed

Oh you know you love this toilsome place

With the late night laws and the havoc

Oh you know the noise keeps you awake

But you can’t sleep without it

Like the old man’s eyes on the living room wall

Like the ghosts in the double glazing

We’ll sink those days ‘til they don’t call

We’ll keep those stories fading

Oh you know I love this toilsome place

With the open doors and the habits

Oh you know the noise keeps you awake

But you can’t sleep without it

You can’t sleep without it

*(Repeat)*

A favourite gravestone in St James’

They won’t see us there

The bells with keep the dreams out

While the birds tie litter in our hair

You speak to me in voices of warning

Something ‘bout

These feelings of falling

These feelings of falling

You can’t sleep without it

*(Repeat)*

**6. On his 60th Birthday**

You people, you people who

Would lean on me

I’m a buckler, a breaker

No good you see

I give like the water

And the winter’s freeze

And you bring your love to shame me

You people you people who

Would close entwine

I bow my head

Avert my eyes

I’ve loved you in

The quiet times

But I gave you only silence

And it weighs on me

And it weighs on me

I’m crooked with it

I reach for Leonard

‘Cause he knows me well

We tried in our way

We were restless men

But I never reached the road or sea

I let the landscape cover me

And it weighs on me

And it weighs on me

I’m crooked with it

Oh I was still as the silent tree

As all of this

Came on to me.

**7. Pubs that never close**

With you it’s always up or down

You want the world and a shining crown

To wear in it

With you it’s always high or low

You know everybody else can go on

Ordinary

Last week was a party

A flash of blinding light

This week where’s my party

My glory to suffice

Let’s all walk these streets again

Fighting back the lows

Let’s all drag these high heels home

Fighting back the lows

You’re singing for the sky

Or the weekend to forgive you

While it carries you

You’re singing in to dustbins or windows

All the street lights flatter you

Last week was a party

A song in the dark

This week where’s my party

My shot to the heart?

Let’s all walk these streets again

Fighting back the lows

Let’s all drag these high heels home

Fighting back the lows

Let’s all drag our parties

Out in to the road

Let’s all drag our arguments

And dramas to explode

Let’s all drag our bedding

Out in to the street

Let’s all tramp our lives down

Under dancing feet

Let’s all walk these streets again

Fighting back the lows

Let’s go search for parties

And pubs that never close

**8. The Sleepers**

*(Lyrics from the ballad by George M Matheson, published 1908)*

They’re sleeping, sleeping sound

Are the dear hearts drowned

Out yonder where the great guns blow

And Mother Carey’s screams

Will not disturb their dreams

They’re sleeping sound fathoms deep below

When I have crossed the last long line

We all must cross some day

And drawn my last deep breath of brine

They’ll shovel me away

In to a cramped and crowded grave

And call it sacred ground

But oh, dear souls, it’s I would be

Out there with you beneath the sea

Sleeping sound

For why I think t’would feel like home

If I could only lie

With just a counterpane of foam

Between me and the sky

If I could know that far above

The ships I loved were bound

Out on the old tracks round the world

And you my last sail snugly furled

Sleeping sound

For they’re sleeping, sleeping sound

Are the dear hearts drowned

Out yonder where the great guns blow

And Mother Carey’s screams

Will not disturb their dreams

They’re sleeping sound fathoms deep below

*Repeat*

**9. First Time Lucky**

What can I do for you?

What can I do for you my love?
What can I be for you?

What can I do to deserve your love?

I’ve got this ache that I carry

Down to the sea

I weigh down a boat to cast it

Out from me

And still I find it in my fingers and my thoughts

When your eyes get sore

What can I do for you my love?

What can I do for you?

When will the drums kick in?

When will they write our names on the sky?

When will the band begin?

I’ve been waiting a long, long time

I’ve got this angle on your eyelids that I

Cannot store

You’ve got this darkness in the morning that I

Can’t ignore

I’d take it out to the people

I would scatter it like petals to the floor

What can I do for you my love?

I’ve got a feeling like shouting out an alleluia

To kick down the silence like a broken door

‘Cause I was first time lucky with my hand in yours

I was first time lucky with my hand in yours

Will that do for you my love?

Will I do for you my love?

**10. Don’t Dream of Me**

Maybe it’s only a hole in the heart

That leads me down all these empty passages

All my life

Maybe it’s only an aching space that won’t be filled

That makes me want all the wrong things

All the time

*Chorus*

Don’t dream of me

I don’t need another reason to fall

Stand at a distance

Keep your back to the wall

I don’t need another reason to

Fight and lose another war

I’ll be the falling bird on the

Black night sky

No one sees me losing height

You like a shining dream in the

Corner of my eye

Too real to touch, too fleeting to try

*Repeat Chorus*

And you walk so long

With your head held high

Like a flaming truth

When it’s a flaming lie

‘Cause all you ever are

Is a shot in the dark

A swimming light

A dancing spark

*Repeat Chorus*

**11. Concertina**

You have got such a clever face

Like a wise old frog or a pensive dog

Or an owl with a cigar

You have got such a gentle way

Of blazing out loud in a silent crowd

Like a ghost with a guitar

Wherever you are

Wherever you are

And everybody says you look so young

But I see those lines

Smiling for me

Everybody says you look so young

But I see those lines

Like a concertina

Playing out all your feeling

There’s talk about your atmosphere

The things you say and the things you mean

And the silence in between

There’s talk about your lucky pull

Magnetised by the world’s wide eyes

And tied to a star

Wherever you are

Wherever you are

Repeat Chorus

Like a concertina

Like a concertina

Playing out all your feeling

**12. Lullaby for Alice**

Day’s getting old crying out

Tired old light winding down

Dirty old town needs a place to hide

Hushabye love, he’s wandering home

To the hum of cars and telephones

He’s got you in his pocket

And his heart and his bones, crying out

White for the dead in the watching sky

Black for the newsprint when the ink won’t dry

And red for things we said we’d do

But your eyes are blue

Rockabye love, she’s standing by

At the top of the stairs, ‘til the end of time

The house is dark but the light’s still on

White for the dead in the watching sky

Black for the newsprint when the ink won’t dry

And red for things we said we’d do

But your eyes are blue

Your eyes

Your eyes…