

**1. The Wilds**

All the dead cowboys  
On the endless plane  
All the adventures  
Not ventured again  
All the lost spacemen  
With finger and thumb  
Around the earth's waters  
And the death of the sun

If I could find a little peace  
A little peace of mind  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece of land  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece that's mine  
In the wilds, the wilds  
The wilds, the wilds, the wilds

All the black forests  
The silence of rain  
On uncharted mountains  
Untrodden, untamed  
All the white waters  
The creatures that creep  
The darkness that covers  
The beasts of the deep

If I could find a little peace  
A little peace of mind  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece of land  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece that's mine  
In the wilds, the wilds  
The wilds, the wilds, the wilds

I saw the summer turn  
I felt the grass grow

I heard you speak of love  
And I know, I know, I know  
It's all gonna break my heart  
It's all gonna break my heart  
'Cause joy and pain you know  
Were the same thing from the start

If I could find a little peace  
A little peace of mind  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece of land  
If I could find a little piece  
A little piece that's mine  
In the wilds, the wilds  
The wilds, the wilds, the wilds  
In the wilds...

## **2. You Are Here**

We cycled east in Berlin  
To catch a piece of war  
A jazz band was rehearsing  
Behind a half closed door  
The map we lost in Neukölln  
Was stained with rain and beer  
And the sign posts, they all shouted:  
'You are here, you are here'

I'd like to go to Paris  
But what if I arrived  
To find  
Paris up in flames?  
I'd like to go to Venice  
But what if I arrived  
To find  
Venice lost to rain?

We walked the night in Dublin  
Until our feet were raw  
'Til the pavements knew our secrets  
And the sky began to pour  
With whiskey on your lips you

Whispered in my ear  
'You are here, you are here  
You are here'

I'd like to go Stockholm  
But what if I arrived  
To find  
Silence in the streets?  
I'd like to go Moscow  
But what if I arrived  
To find  
Moscow fast asleep?

These dreams  
They wash away, they wash away from me  
These days  
I hold on fast to land and sky and sea  
These dreams  
They rush away, they rush away from me  
They break down, they break down

We broke down by the river  
When we ran out of road  
The padlocks on the railing  
Were rusting in the snow  
The seagulls on the storm wind  
Cried out in love or fear:  
'You are here, you are here  
You are here.  
You are here, you are here  
You are here...'

### **3. This Old Town**

Seek and find  
I'm deep in the water supply  
Rush of gutters  
In blood red pulse of night  
Sold my soul  
To the river and the railway line  
Broken churches  
Their mouths wide to the sky

This old town won't hold me now  
This old town won't hold me now

Cut a shape  
In the place where the night comes apart  
In the pubs  
Where the old ones sing out their hearts  
You went so easy, so easily gone  
We were left watching the sky  
For a sign, never to come

Old town, come hold me now, come hold me now  
Old town, come hold me now

Rock me like the rooftops  
As the train rolls by  
As the city loves the suburbs  
Like the river loves the sky

As the soil drinks the rain  
On the park boulevards  
While the treetops whisper  
In the places you aren't  
Old town, console me now, console me now  
Old town, console me now

#### **4. Don't Fall Down**

You owned the room, a reception for you  
You came in shadow but you want balloons  
Smile to the wall and put on a face  
It won't work this time, the pain's too great

Don't fall down, don't fall now  
I'll catch you and we'll go dancing  
The skyline, a high wire  
I'll catch you and we'll go

For every time that you push me aside  
I lose my step, I drop for miles  
Gather round close to pick up the beat

On the darkest day of February

Don't fall down, don't fall now  
I'll catch you and we'll go dancing  
The skyline, a high wire  
I'll catch you and we'll go

We'll go spinning, we'll go skating  
Never knowing when the ice is breaking  
We'll go spinning, we'll slide in  
Never knowing when the ice is thin  
x 2  
We'll go spinning, we'll go dancing  
We'll go spinning, we'll go dancing...

## 5. Dream

There's always a baby crying  
Always a street cat whining  
Somewhere in the night  
There's always a siren singing  
Always a phone ringing  
Somewhere out of sight

Don't lie to me  
The wolf is at the door  
Everything is change in continuum  
And I have had this dream before

Please, stop apologising, these  
Terrors come and go  
Like shadows on the wall  
Please, stop patronising, these  
Spells won't fade to gold  
With the rising of the dawn

Don't lie to me  
The wolf is at the door  
Everything is change in continuum  
And I have had this dream before  
Everything is change ad infinitum  
And I have had this dream before

## 6. Moving to the Sticks

Don't worry 'bout me, I'm picking up bricks  
Don't worry 'bout me, I'm giving up all these tricks  
I've got something in me to fix  
I'm moving to the sticks

So don't think about me, I'm passing up the plans  
Going to build a house with my bare hands  
Going to dig a hole and catch fish  
I'm moving to the sticks

So turn the lights down on me  
Turn the lights down low  
Turn the lights down on me  
Turn the lights down low  
I know a bonfire from a burned out engine  
And I know what it is to be alone...  
And I know what it is to be alone

Don't need a streetlight hanging over me  
I'm losing focus, losing clarity  
I'm gonna be a poet, I'm gonna be a witch  
I'm moving to the sticks

So don't think about me, I'll outrun these palpitations  
Skip these murmurs, skip the explanations  
I'm getting out of it  
I'm moving to the sticks

So turn the lights down on me  
Turn the lights down low  
Turn the lights down on me  
Turn the lights down low  
I know a bonfire from a burned out engine  
And I know what it is to be alone  
I know a flick knife from a flash light from a dark night  
And I know what it is to be alone  
I know what it is to be alone

## 7. Finest Hour

Were you there with me, in my majesty?  
At the barricades, on the record sleeve?  
I was blessed truth, you were born to believe  
I was living art, you were on your knees

Don't pick me out in a crowd  
Don't call my name out loud  
Don't throw your light on me, you see  
It's not my finest hour

And if I made you laugh, hold on to that  
If I was gentle then, if I was elegant  
Keep the photographs, keep the magazine scraps  
Piece me back together again

Don't pick me out in the crowd  
Don't call my name out loud  
Don't throw your light on me, you see  
It's not my finest hour

But in the right shade  
With the dusk behind me  
I'm all ablaze  
I'm all I might be  
On the rolling stage  
When the daylight finds me I fade

I'll climb the Anglican tower  
Call over rooftop and spire  
I'm not the one you admire  
It's not my finest hour

A beautiful youth is dancing in the dark  
A beautiful youth is dancing in the dark  
My beautiful youth is dancing in the dark with me

## **8. Magical Times**

These are magical times, rootless and wild  
We are dancing unbound, unruled by the tides  
I see ghosts of stars in a rolling sky  
These are magical times, and where am I?

These are wondrous days when planets align  
Sun and moon kiss and the dark swallows fire  
I see silver and gold scattered high and wide  
These are magical times, and where am I?

There are men singing songs from space  
And I'm gravity, I'm endless weight  
I saw the sky alight, too late  
A million years ago  
A million miles away

These are clear sharp nights sparkling with signs  
When new worlds turn and new truths shine  
With my finger tips, I could touch the divine  
These are magical times, and where am I?

There are men singing songs from space  
And I'm gravity, I'm endless weight  
I saw the sky alight, too late  
A million years ago  
A million miles away

These are magical times, and where am I?

## **9. Cut up the Sky**

Cut up the sky and roll back the stone  
Tear up the river to hear the mud moan  
Tug parent from child, rip flesh from bone  
There'll be no going home in the morning

Pull poets from papers and lovers from beds  
Draw teachers from desks and dress them instead

In the strange bright costumes of the brave and the dead  
There'll be no going home in the morning

Pluck my eyes from their sockets, my heart from my chest  
Tear up the map book, the bible, the rest  
Look over my shoulder, you'll see nothing left  
There'll be no going home in the morning  
There'll be no going home in the morning

Paint me a city in blood and in gold  
Light me a path for the true and the bold  
My house has been gutted, my hopes have been sold  
There'll be no going home, there'll be no going home...

## **10. I Saw the City**

I saw the city, streamers were tied to it  
I saw the city exploding with pigeons  
I saw the city: the skyline a trapeze  
I saw the city: bright brick confetti

The Palm House: a wedding cake  
St Brides: a music box  
St James's: an ice rink  
Your eyes a rolling tide of  
Litter, silt, seagulls, sardine tins  
Piano keys, lost keys, broken shells  
Bitter dregs, dead fish  
Chip wrappers, shopping lists  
Scratched blues records, scratched blues

When The Grapes was a dance hall  
When The Cracke was a priest hole  
When breakfast was 2pm  
And we sang to cats in their midnight fits

Your voice bouncing through chapels and crypts  
Startling starling sharp from St Brides roof  
While dead parties bled in to morning  
Bass lines floating like fat balloons

I saw the city half lost to weather

Your raised arms raising the river  
Electric conductor you turned  
The sky to torrent, current

I saw the city dressed in all your clothes  
I saw the city run with all your colours  
I walked the city and it wore your scent  
I saw you dancing in Sefton Park, 2am

Toe and wrist upturned  
Scarves and skirts trailing like wings.  
I saw you  
I saw you...