

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...