

2ND HONEYMOON BY DEAFSCHOOL

50
years

50th Anniversary edition



The Band



Enrico Cadillac Jnr. Vocals

Eric Shark Vocals

Bette Bright Vocals

Rev.Max Ripple Keyboards, accordion

Steve 'Average' Lindsey Bass guitar, piano, vocals

'Clive' Langer Guitar, piano

Timothy Whittaker Drums

Ian Ritchie Saxophones recorder

Paul Pilnick Guitar, accordion, bass guitar, banjo

The Tracks

WHAT A WAY TO END ALL

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

WHERE'S THE WEEKEND?

1976 / Langer / Allen / Lindsey / Martin (Warner Chappell Ltd)

COCKTAILS AT 8

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

BIGGER SPLASH

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCKING

1976 / Langer (Warner Chappell Ltd)

2ND HONEYMOON

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

GET SET READY GO

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

NEARLY MOONLIT NIGHT MOTEL

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

ROOM SERVICE

1976 / Ripple / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

HI JO HI

1976 / Langer / Shark (Warner Chappell Ltd)

SNAPSHOTS

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

FINAL ACT

1976 / Lindsey (Warner Chappell Ltd)

BONUS TRACKS

DING DONG

1976 Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell)

WAITING FOR YOU

1976 Langer / Allen (Copyright Control / Elevate Music Limited)

WHAT A WAY TO END IT ALL - BBC Session

1976 / Langer / Allen (Warner Chappell Ltd)

WHERE'S THE WEEKEND? - BBC Session

1976 / Langer / Allen / Lindsey / Martin (Warner Chappell Ltd)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCKING - BBC Session

1976 / Langer (Warner Chappell Ltd)

FINAL ACT - BBC Session

1976 / Lindsey (Warner Chappell Ltd) / © 1976 Warner Brothers Music Ltd



DEAF SCHOOL



1ST ALBUM  
2ND HONEYMOON

2ND HONEYMOON BY DEAF SCHOOL 50th Anniversary edition

“In the whole history of Liverpool music two bands matter most, one is The Beatles and the other is Deaf School. If that seems like a sweeping statement then consider this: after the pop revolution of the 1960s led by The Beatles and other Merseyside groups, it looked as if the city’s music scene had dried up forever. But in 1975 there came a motley band of Liverpool art students called Deaf School. And they were the catalyst for the most dramatic revival since Lazarus. Their impact on the city is with us to this day.” – Paul Du Noyer

This is a three-part soap opera. The sort of tale that no script writer would ever consider – and yet, in so many ways it’s the ultimate rock ‘n’ roll story. The band who played a gig where three members and their manager Sex Pistols actually met:

“We did our debut show in London at The Nashville in 1975, and Glen Matlock, Steve Jones, Paul Cook first met Malcolm McLaren there,” recalls guitarist Clive Langer.

“Years later, I found out from Glen that they’d been there, and I remember telling him that some bloke had been heckling me, shout out, ‘What a shonker’ (slang for ‘big nose’). Turns out it was Jonesy doing it!” laughs vocalist Steve ‘Enrico Cadillac’ Allen.

Deaf School were the band who so nearly signed to Virgin, yet ended up with an unusual deal with Warner Brothers.

“Richard Branson was really keen on us. In fact, he wined and dined us, and we were ready to commit to Virgin,” admits Langer now.

“But then our management signed us to Warners. It was strange, because although we were a British band, the deal was with the parent label in America,” adds Allen. “It also gave us the option to get back out recordings, which was unheard of at the time!”

They are the band who almost single-handedly revived the Liverpool music scene in the early 1970s.

“The whole area was dead musically, before Deaf School,” explains Langer. “The Cavern had been shut for about a year. There were some heavy rock bands, but precious little else. Then we came along and started selling out gigs.”

“We were the bridge between the art students and the football fans in the city,” believes Allen. “We attracted a huge cross section of people.”

This then is the story of Deaf School, told across the sleeve notes for the re-issues of their three iconic studio albums: ‘2nd Generation’ (1976), ‘Don’t Stop The World’ (1977) and ‘English Boys/Working Girls’ (1978). So, where to start? How about at the beginning, which is 1973, Liverpool College Of Art. London-born Clive Langer enrolls for his first year, and comes across this guy wearing a leather jacket and tight jeans. It was Steve Allen.

“I thought that he looked really cool,” says the guitarist now. “We ended up sitting together on a coach trip to Blackpool...”

“Actually, the first thing you said to me was, ‘Where can I get something to eat?’,” interjects Allen. The pair banter like this constantly, forever correcting and interrupting each other in a good-natured manner.

As inevitably happens in all good rock ‘n’ roll stories, the pair strike up a friendship and decide to form a band. Well, what else would you do? Except that they didn’t want a team of serious musos. Oh, no. For them what mattered was character.

“If there were two drummers, and one could play really well, but looked awful, while the other wasn’t so talented, but had a certain cool look.....guess who we’d take?” smiles Allen. “The only exception was with our bassist Steve Lindsey, who was known as Mr. Average. He could have been Paul McCartney’s son, musically. Although he didn’t played a Hofner bass. He was the one who came up with musical suggestions all the time.”

At the time, there seemed to be no limit to the number of people in the band. It was an ensemble that grew, it appeared, at will.



"We had a lot of female backing singers," sneakily reveals Allen. "Why? Because they were attractive. No other reason. So, sometimes we'd have girls in the band who really had no voices, and we'd have to get rid of them. I suppose the most members we ever had was 14."

Initially, the band was put together for a college Christmas show in 1973, but such was the fun had by everyone concerned that it took on a life of its own.

Deaf School – who took their name literally from a building that used to be a school for the deaf ("It became the sculpture department for the college," explains Langer) – got gigs at a local venue called O'Connor's Tavern, and at a place called Back Of The Moon, where they had a residency.

"We got that through an uncle of mine," says Merseysider Allen. "Well, I called him an 'uncle'; even though he was no relation. But every week there would be more and more people turning up to see us. The queue would go right round the building."

As their fame grew, so the band saw fans turning up mimicking the sort of garish clothing that had become their trademark. Not for this lot denim, leather and T-shirts. This was entertainment. And their stage

attire reflected a musical style that drew from so many different dynasties and eras. It was inspired by cabaret, burlesque, vaudeville, music hall. But also had elements of rock 'n' roll, pop and hard rock.

"We drew from everywhere," avers Allen. "People often compared us to Kilburn And The High Roads, but we had our own approach. We were the B-52's before there was a B-52's. Some saw us as a new Sparks, but that was never the case. There was Split Enz in New Zealand doing their own thing, but that was it."

Drawing from a huge pool of influences – Bowie, Roxy Music, Supertramp, Frank Sinatra, Kurt Weil, to name just a small percentage – Deaf School stood apart from the masses. By 1975, the line-up had solidified around Allen and Langer, plus singers Bette Bright and Eric Shark, the aforementioned Steve Lindsey, Max Ripple on keyboards, Ian Ritchie on woodwind and Tim Whittaker on drums.



The big break, as it were, came when the band won the '75 'Melody Maker Rock/Folk/Pop Contest'; they'd been entered by Lindsey, who hadn't told the rest of the band. At the time, 'Melody Maker' was the pre-eminent music weekly magazine, so this success was a major triumph. It led to that aforementioned Warner Brothers deal ("One of the reasons we signed was because the deal was done by Derek Taylor, who'd worked a lot with the Beatles," says Langer now). With hindsight, neither Langer nor Allen are convinced they made the right decision.

"If we'd gone with Virgin or Island (who'd also showed interest), then we'd have been on a cool young label," sighs Allen. "Warners were a big company, and that might have counted against us when punk happened."

The debut album, '2nd Honeymoon' was initially produced by 'Muff' Winwood, former bassist with the Spencer Davis Group, and at the time making a reputation as a producer.

"Muff was great, but too clinical," believes Langer, "We wanted to sound like Kilburn And The High Roads or Chili Willie & The

Red Hot Peppers, Nick Lowe – pub rockers. And Muff had just finished working with Sparks. But I have to say that the best sounding tracks are the ones produced by Muff - 'Hi Jo Hi, 'Bigger Splash'..."

Rob Dickins (then Managing Director of Warner Brothers Publishing, and the band's mentor) produced the rest of the record, which was then mixed by Pete Swettenham.

Released in 1976, neither the album nor the single 'What A Way To End It All' (with 'Nearly Moonlit Night Motel' on the B-side) were a success. It's hard now to understand why it all failed. The album sounds bright, breezy, referenced so many other artists, yet also had its own charm and unique pop/rock sensibility. But such was the frustration for Deaf School.

"We tried to copy Roxy Music, and came out as Deaf School," laughs Allen. "We tried to copy Kilburn And The High Roads, and came out as Deaf School."

Next time: Producer choices, hello America... and still no chart success.

What a Way to End It

(Langer/Allen)

Goodbye cruel world and cheerio
Through all this time I've got to

What a way to end it all
What a way to end it all

Goodbye cruel world, it's all sewn up
You've got it made, I'm out of luck

Alright, okay, let's go, oh
Alright, okay, I know I'm on my way

Why doesn't someone call me up
The number's in the book
But if I'm gonna do this thing
It should be off the hook

What a way to end it all
What a way to end it all

I don't like it, but it's better this way
I can't take it for another day
I won't make it any other way

Excuse me now, I just can't stay
I don't like it, but it's better this way
I can't take it for another day

Why doesn't someone call me up
The number's in the book
But if I'm gonna do this thing
It should be off the hook

What a way to end it all
What a way to end it all
What a way to end it all
What a way to end it all

Oh no, here I go, oh no

Where's the Weekend?

(Langer/Allen)

Morning call, what's in store
Operator?

Nine to five such a bore
See you later

Pack your things, off we go
Make it soon please
Like your style don't you know
Balmy days these

It's not who but what you know
Saturday's the day to go
Got my pay yesterday
Blown it all, that's the way
Feeling low earning dough
Easy come, easy go

Monday comes, Tuesday goes
(We don't worry)
Wednesday runs, Thursday slows
(What's the hurry)
Friday's here, here we go
(Where's the money)
I got style for a while
(What's so funny)

It's not who but what you know
Saturday's the day to go
Got my pay yesterday

Blown it all, that's the way
Feeling low earning dough
Easy come, easy go

Monday comes, Tuesday goes
(We don't worry)
Wednesday runs, Thursday slows
(What's the hurry)
Friday's here, here we go
(Where's the money)
I got style for a while
(What's so funny)

Think I might have some laughs
In the deep end
Black and white photographs
(Where's the weekend)

It's not who but what you know
Saturday's the day to go
Got my pay yesterday
Blown it all, that's the way
Feeling low earning dough
Easy come, easy go

Here's the weekend
Now

Cocktails at Eight

(Langer/Allen)

Oh I was helpless in her hands though
Sweet mystery of life was there
A whiff of moonlit silver sands oh
Disappearing into air

She said she didn't want a romance
Just something casual to wear
Thought I might just have a slight
chance
To make a rendezvous with her

We made it cocktails at eight
It was a sure-fire date
And I was over the moon
But I was mooning too soon

She was dame with real class
I thought I'd have one more glass
And when I looked at my watch
It was the hour at last

But still my date didn't show
I watched the time come and go
And so I drank like a boy
And oh the night went so slow

But still my date didn't show
I watched the time come and go
And so I drank like a boy
And oh the night went so slow

Oh now the waiter was grinning
At this devil with women
Both his eyes on the door
Oh yes he'd seen this before

I told the barman my tale
As he was ringing my sale
He said you can't win them all
And asked if that would be all



Bigger Splash

(Langer/Allen)

Do you really mean to say
That it's all over and we've had our day
How can you mean it when you sleep away
This is walking on autumn leaves
It's just a melodramatic song
Sing along, sing along

Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash

Yesterday what it brings
It's almost daylight and we're throwing things
You're not the only one I know who sings
Same again now it's just like that
Walking along in the wind and the rain on the promenade
It's a start, it's a start

Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash

Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash
Make a dash, a bigger splash



Knock Knock Knocking

(Langer)

When I'm away from you
I have time for the things that I want to do
I want nothing to do with you
I said I don't want nothing to do with you

I get the ring, ring, ring of the telephone
I gotcha knock, knock, knocking on my door
I want to kick, kick, kick you on the floor

What do you want
What do you need
It can't be me

Go get out and stay away
Leave off, keep out my way
Cause I want nothing to do with you
I said I don't want nothing to do with you



You make me beat, beat, beat my head against the wall
You only nag, nag, nag me when you call
You know I'd hit, hit, hit you if you weren't small

What do you want
What do you need
It can't be me

How can I tell you that I love you when I don't
You don't believe I could do that to you do you?

I get the ring, ring, ring of the telephone
I gotcha knock, knock, knocking on my door
I want to kick, kick, kick you on the floor

What do you want
What do you need
It can't be me

A chest of tears, a chest of pain
A case of fears again and again and again



Get Set Ready Go

(Langer)

Suburb living really gets you down
So you take the car drive it into town
eChange down gear, drive around and around

Get set ready go into the night
Low key night life feels kinda right

Muzak, soft lights, don't you think the time is right

Need a match, don't I know your face
Another gamble, another race
Move in close then shoot a line
I got the money if you've got the time

Check out your coat, it's another drive
So late, wait, find another dive
A cigarette and a certain bet
It's the time and place good to be alive

Oh brother, one of those nights
Another one of those nights

City lights and cold night air
Up, down, stagger around, almost there
Another night over, a day to begin
And you're so worried about the shape you're in

Get set ready go into the night
Low key night life feels kinda right



2nd Honeymoon

(Langer/Allen)

Silver sand and birds and sea of course
Tightly held hands and you and me off course
Riding together on one hired horse
A second time around to see

If we could find a little magic now
A brief encounter with ourselves now
If we could fan a fading flame somehow
And find that place in which love dwells

But isn't this a scene from some old movie
A pretty but a useless escapade
And sometimes it's alright
And it's all right sometimes
And when it's not you know
It will be won't it though

I think those years have really gotten to me
I can't turn on my love serenade
And sometimes it's alright
And it's all right sometimes
And when it's not you know
It will be won't it though

We'll just pretend we're passing strangers now
Two calling sirens in the fog now
Pretend that fate will lend a hand somehow
And just by chance make our paths cross



And though we have the brilliant stars above
That look like tea trays in the sky
There's more to second honeymoons, old love
There's more to this than meets the eye

But isn't this a scene from some old movie
A pretty but a useless escapade
And sometimes it's alright
And it's all right sometimes
And when it's not you know
It will be won't it though



Nearly Moonlit Night Motel

(Langer/Allen)

In some secluded sober place
Where we could disappear without a trace
And with your hand tight held in mine
We'd sign as Mr. and Mrs. simply divine

Then in that July noon day sun
We more or less agreed that business should be fun
Though it was 90° in the shade
I paid too much for fizzy iced lemonade

Five and six are on the second floor
Two singles with an adjoining door

I think that I could make you mine
But yes I know in rhyme it sounds rather a corny line
And in the morning when we'd rise
I'd like to sigh and kiss the nighttime dearie from your eyes

Memories I think are made of this
My pretty, I will miss the sheer bliss of your kiss
And though we will be leaving soon
This business trip is sending me up to the moon

Please could we stay (oh no we couldn't)
But we should stay (oh no we shouldn't)
Don't run away (I really mustn't)



In some secluded sober place
Where we could disappear without a trace
And with your hand tight held in mine
We'd sign as Mr. and Mrs. simply divine

And in that July noon day sun
We more or less agreed that business should be fun
Though it was 90° in the shade
I paid too much for fizzy iced lemonade

Please could we stay (oh no we couldn't)
But we should stay (oh no we shouldn't)
Don't run away (I really mustn't)

Was romance in? Too soon to tell
In the nearly moonlit night motel
It was more beautiful by far you know
The overnight bags in the car to go
Vacate by noon and bring us down to Earth
We'll be there soon (for what it's worth)

Room Service

(Allen/Ripple)

Room service, room service
Send up a scotch and soda, a dry martini
And a single white orchid

Oh don't be cruel
No please don't make me wait
Hold back the dawn because
she's always late
All this and heaven too could not
make me more in the mood for you
Oh no

Oh don't be cruel
No please don't stay away
Open your heart if you can find a way
And if you're planning not to call
do think again I guess that's all
Oh no

Oh don't be cruel
No please don't make me cry
Don't give your heart to any other guy
I'm trying hard but I can't hide
this feeling that I've got inside
Oh no

Room service, room service
Cancel the dry martini and call
the theatre would you
Tell them, tell them
We won't be arriving
Tonight



Hi Jo Hi

(Langer/Shark)

(Hi Jo hi) Hi
(My my my)
(You're looking high) Why thank you
(See you now)

I can't be late, it's a charity date
Got to cut the ribbon at the vicar's fete
The next bus don't leave till eight
What would they say if I was late

(Hello Ace) Hello
(You've shaved your face) That's right
(Didn't you have a beard?) Mhm
(Weren't you kind of weird?)

Uh huh Jane
I'm kind of still the same
I'm in the present tense
Don't mean to give offence

(Hi there John) Hi
(Bill long gone) Not me
(Ain't seen you around)
(Have you been out of town?)

Oh no Bill, been kind of ill
I'm better now, I took my pills
Ain't you seen it in the news
It's good to be back with all of yours

(Hi Jock, woah)

(Ain't it time to go?)
(Hope you've got your car)
(Though it's not too far)

The car's a pain
I'll go catch that train
But it's such a lovely day
If only I could stay

(Hi Jo hi) Hi
(My my my)
(You're looking high) Why thank you
(See you now)

I can't be late, it's a charity date
Got to cut the ribbon at the vicar's fete
The next bus don't leave till eight
What would they say if I was late

(Hello Ace) Hello
(You've shaved your face) That's right
(Didn't you have a beard?) Sure did
(Weren't you kind of weird?)

Uh huh Jane
I'm kind of still the same
I'm in the present tense
Don't mean to give offence



DEAF SCHOOL
50TH ANNIVERSARY
2ND HONEYMOON

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Snapshots

(Langer/Allen)

Stop now, it's better behind us faded
Snapshots or whatever you got
It's just like old times
But didn't I tell you that these
Old flames are never the same, no no
Old flames are never the same
Old flames are never the same

Slow down, you leave me standing
I don't think so fast
Oh we must find the best way
For this thing can't last

No smiles, it's better for both of us
This hard way, it's the only way
Such a very strange thing
You're taking me into such a cruel spin
The spin that I'm in
Well It's a cruel, cruel spin, the spin that I'm in
It's a cruel spin, the spin that I'm in

Hold on, I'm head over heels
Could be the real thing
And all that it brings
Oh I'm so up down
Oh no it feels so good, I knew that it would
I said it feels good, feels good, I knew that it would
And it's the real thing, real thing and all that it brings

Slow down, you leave me standing
I don't think so fast
Oh we must find the best way
For this thing can't last

Strange, strange thing
(I know that it brings)
Strange, strange thing
(I know that it brings)
Strange, strange thing
(I know that it brings)
Strange, strange thing
(I know that it brings)

Final Act

(Lindsey)

And it's ten to twelve, close the door
Don't let them in, I won't see any more
Of the boys
I don't like the noise
Could be, it's me

Did you see their eyes
Hear their sighs
Pleading for more at the last curtain call
I could weep, I'm ready for sleep
Could be, it's me

My dressing room strewn
With costumes and flowers
Admirers and friends who've waited for hours
Telegrams, cards and casual hallos

Don't like what I see in my mirror

Did my make-up run, was it overdone
Under the lights
Had no time to be frightened or scared
But nobody cared
But me, just me

Don't like what I see in my mirror

And it's ten to twelve, close the door
Don't let them in, I won't see any more
Of the boys
I don't like the noise
Could be, it's me



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