

2026 edition

# DEAF SCHOOL

SONGBOOK

LYRICS  
and discography



Composition and formatting **HENK REIJERSE**

# The Band




**Eric Shark** (Thomas Sam Davis, 1950-2010) vocals,  
**Bette Bright** vocals,  
**Max Ripple** (John Wood) keys,  
**Enrico Cadillac** (Steve Allen) vocals,  
**Ian Ritchie** woodwind,  
**Steve 'Average' Lindsey** bass guitar,  
**Clive Langer** guitar and



**Deaf School** is a British rock band from Liverpool. The original period of existence was in the 1970s. Formed by Liverpool Art College students and staff, Deaf School is named after

the practice venue, a former school for the deaf that had become an outbuilding of a university. Their original goal was to play the university's 1973 Christmas dance.

## Deaf School at the Melkweg Amsterdam



Monty Rakusen Photography, December 1974



DEAF SCHOOL  
IN  
AMSTERDAM  
DEC 1974 PHOTOS BY  
NENTY

## History

Between 1976 and 1978, the year it broke up, Deaf School recorded three albums for **Warner Brothers**. The art rock style of the first album had roots in cabaret and later publication evolved into a harder punk rock sound. Deaf School is recognised as a major influence on many British musicians.

Almost all members of the band enjoyed successful careers, most notably guitarist **Clive Langer**, who produced **Madness** and **Dexys Midnight Runners**, two non-Liverpool acts that call Deaf School as an influence. Langer also wrote (with Elvis Costello) the song *Shipbuilding*.

The informal early occupation was gradually phased out, although the live shows were still chaotic and colourful, characterised by their

diversity of costumes and instrumentation, with strong elements of performing arts. Deaf School's debut album **2nd Honeymoon** was released in the UK in August 1976. Reception at the time was dampened by the sudden popularity of punk rock, a style whose anger and urgency seemed at odds with Deaf School's more erratic and eclectic approach. The band itself seemed to address this issue on the subsequent albums **Don't Stop The World** (1977) and **English Boys/Working Girls** (1978), which were more aggressive and focussed. Despite some exuberant promotion by Warner Brothers and their continued popularity as a live act, Deaf School did not achieve significant hit parade success.

In 1977, their first two albums were repackaged together for the American market and several American concerts were played in support, but



BETTE BRIGHT & ENRICO CADILLAC, JR. OF DEAF SCHOOL.



**E**VEN LA had never seen anything quite like them. Deaf School that is. A very British group who really have nothing to do with punk rock at all. Except, perhaps, that they don't spend much money on clothes.

For three consecutive nights Deaf School confused the audience at the infamous Whiskey once of A-Go-Go fame. They confused the people at Warner Brothers. And they confused the press. As hard as everyone tried, no one could quite classify this wonderfully unique Liverpool rock 'n' roll band.

One Warner Brothers Executive described them as 'desperate' after witnessing the opening night set in which Enrico Cadillac Jr. turned in a performance charged with enough adrenalin to galvanise the bland crowd of archetypal laid-back liggers.

Deaf School have matured, now ready to take their place at the top of the rock 'n' roll hierarchy. Their imaginative, refreshing sound offered a pleasant contrast to the pedestrian bluesy rock 'n' roll headliner Corky Laing tossed out.

The band joked about the tremendous differences between the size of Whittaker's kit and Laing's mammoth set-up. But that didn't stop Tim Whittaker from keeping better metronome-like time than Laing. Often when Corky and group were playing standard 12 bar blues, Miss Bright would giggle, 'Oh god, here comes his tenth drum solo this set!'

Miss Bright is a true musical connoisseur. Self indulgent solos are not her particular fave-tave. 'I even walked out on Led Zeppelin,' she revealed with pride.

Deaf School don't spend much money on clothes when they don't have to. Enrico Cadillac Jr., who looks like a demented Ricky Ricardo, flaunted a new suit he had purchased for a mere ten dollars and a one dollar tie. These boys have style.

The very Reverend Max Ripple admits that the band laughed when he first bought an antique Farfisa organ which adds to their earthy sound. Drummer Whittaker boasts proudly of 1959 snare drums which facilitate that essential back beat.

And so the curious (including non-queers Manhattan Transfer and Harry Nilsson) stood faithfully outside the Whiskey for three nights running, often coming back for more and more of the addictive sounds. No one quite knew what 'kind' of music Deaf School played but they were certain about one thing. They'd never heard anything like it before.

**T**HE GIG: Admittedly, Deaf School are going over the top on this, their first American tour. Determined to impress without excess, their performances exhilarating. And exhausting. Guitarist Clive Langer has substantial blisters to prove it.

And no wonder. The band have infinitely improved. Now the music matches the visuals perfectly. It's almost like watching a movie with a captivating soundtrack. Only better.

They begin like the last silent frames from some great detective epic from the thirties with 'Last Night' as Eric Shark talk-sings a very Raymond Chandlerish monologue over some backstreet music. Suddenly seedy dark lights turn bright revealing the entire band as they launch into the hard driving 'Get Set Ready Go'. Betty wears a gold lame slicker and outrageous gold and black striped shades.

'Where does she get her clothes?' one lady clad in the latest Gucci apparel drawled when Miss Bright took off the slicker to reveal a rather 'brief' dress with the word 'swanky' cut out on the butt.

Enrico Cadillac Jr., takes a cigarette from a crumpled pack, lights it, and throws the empty pack into the crowd, all the while singing rock lyrics with total obsession. Occasionally, he'll snarl at the audience. And they love it.

Guitarist Clive Langer is the virtuoso of the group, consistently getting the most incredible sounds from his 15 pound amplifier. With

## Putting on the agony



ENRICO CADILLAC Jr.

When she croons, 'don't like what I see in the mirror,' almost every male in the club screams out cliché offers, practically creaming their pants with joy. Obviously Miss Bright gets an ovation mighty.

Typically, they end the set with a touch of black humour. 'Now we'll bring you all down with a song about suicide,' Enrico says as the band kick off 'What A Way To End It All'.

**T**HE INTERVIEW: The following stimulating discourse took place on a Thursday afternoon. The participants were guitarist Clive Langer, drummer Tim Whittaker, bassist Frankie Average, the Reverend Max Ripple, and vocalist Eric Shark.

Any similarity or resemblance to persons living or dead is purely accidental.

The night before, during one of Corky Laing's numerous solo sets, several band members expressed the feeling that winning the annual Melody Maker pop/rock contest several years back was in retrospect more of a hindrance than a help.

'For one thing,' Shark points out, 'it made us do the first album too early. We would have naturally gotten to the point where we would have progressed and been signed to a label without the contest. Then we wouldn't have made that album prematurely.'

Negative consequence number 2

## Putting on the style



BETTY BRIGHT: a true musical connoisseur.

Enrico, Langer is responsible for most of the material. As with any rock band, it's the great songs that makes it great.

Deaf School are probably one of the only bands to play Los Angeles and look even stranger than the audience. Hardened posers could not take their eyes off the unorthodox front line of Betty Bright, Eric Shark and Enrico; all of them bumping and grinding to the music, driven by sensual rhythmic configurations.

Deaf School offer a diverse assortment of musical delicacies, oscillating between Broadway musicals, sixties flavoured rock, seventies experimentation and traditional British music hall samplings.

At the root of every song is a solid rhythmic groove, captured by drummer Whittaker, bassist Frankie Average and guitarist extraordinaire Langer. A new song 'I Wanna Be Your Boy' has a vocal that uses Bowie and Ferry for a starting point before exploring totally new territories. Lots of echo makes the already tense atmosphere extra eerie.

The gentlemen's favourite section of the show undoubtedly is Miss Bright's turn on stage on 'Final Act' where she out-cants Bette Midler.

She's like Gwen Verdon and Luise Ball wrapped up in one glorious whole as originally as you'd expect from the whisky band. Sleazy red lights lend themselves to the wonderfully smoky lounge atmosphere.

was the reaction of the British media. Suddenly Deaf School exploded in a sea of full page adverts and superlative accolades, smelling unfortunately like hype.

'The press don't like us in England because of that context,' Langer believes. 'They didn't see us on a grass roots level and consequently thought we just appeared overnight.'

'We came off a bit manufactured,' Eric continues, 'which wasn't at all true because we had done a lot of groundwork.'

Another stumbling block was the arrival of punk rock, a force which stole the spotlight from Deaf School, leaving them stranded, a band without categories or labels.

'One problem is that it's good to have an underground pose,' says the Reverend, gesturing as if to emphasise he's the only one without a glass. 'Most punk rock bands have that pose but we were given this very slick image, stagey and shows even though we weren't at all like that. Actually we were a bit threadbare at the time.'

'Some people ignore us because they can't put any labels on us,' Whittaker says looking pleased with their elusiveness. 'They don't know where to put us and they don't like it if they can't put you in a box. What's the point of labels?'

'But the public need labels to know what you're about,' Langer continued. 'They don't know if it's hip to see us. I think we confuse people in England.'

The band's scope is as much a cause for confusion as anything else. While visually Deaf School are sophisticated, even exotic, at a grass roots level they are an authentic rock 'n' roll band, playing seventies music with sixties leanings.

'My big thing is to make Deaf School a rock 'n' roll band as well as lots of other things,' Langer explains, 'he's wearing a Clash badge... From the beginning we always wanted to be a band.'

'As opposed to a show?' Whittaker asks.

'Yeah,' Clive says adamantly. 'If it's coming across strictly like a show then something is wrong. Although people dress up and it's kinda visual, we're just a band.'

'It's much easier from my end now,' Shark says on behalf of the vocalist faction. 'Now that the band are so tight you don't have to think so much about what to do because the music tells you. Before we all had ideas of what we should be doing that didn't quite make it and sometimes got a bit out of control...'

'We're more professional now because the communication in playing and ideas is stronger.'

Average puts forth.

Most of the band are early Kinks enthusiasts, illustrated in songs like 'Where's The Weekend' or 'Get Set Ready Go'. Even 'Hypertension' is a bit Kinky.

'I thought it was written into our contract that we had to like the Kinks,' Eric says sarcastically.

'I don't like old or new Kinks,' the Reverend adds dryly. 'Just middle aged Kinks.'

'Sure a lot of our music comes from the sixties, because we were growing up then, even if we weren't consciously listening to the records saying 'I'm gonna be great in ten years'.'

'When we started the band things were getting pretty boring musically in Britain,' Langer recalls. 'I used to quite like Free but I think Bad Company are terrible. We wanted to do something new. And by doing something new we're looking back at the things that really did work like early Beatles, Kinks and Stones.'

'There wasn't so much inspiration around when we started,' muses Whittaker.

'Right,' Clive agrees instantly. 'So you had to go back to try and make it something new. See, we're not really ashamed of ripping people off.'

Like vintage wine, Deaf School are an acquired taste.

'The more you listen to the albums,' Whittaker said laughing. 'The weirder it gets.'

Deaf School wow the USA—Barbara Charone waxes lyrical

there was no commercial breakthrough. By mutual consent, the band left Warner Brothers in 1978 and pursued a separate career.

At the time of dissolution, several members continued to work in the music circuit. Singer **Bette Bright** led her own band **The Illuminations** (and married Madness singer **Suggs**). **Clive Langer** became one of the premier record producers of the 1980s and 1990s, including by partnering with **Madness, Morrissey, David Bowie, Dexys Midnight Runners** and **Bush**. Bass player **Steve Lindsey** founded **The Planets** and scored a Top of the Pops performance with his song **Lines**. **Enrico Cadillac Jr** (real name **Steve Allen**) joined **Ian Broudie** (former member of **Big in Japan**) to form the **Original Mirrors** who released two albums. Allen later formed **The Perils of Plastic** with former **Attractions** keyboardist **Steve Nieve**, before starting a successful pan-European solo career, later taking on **Espiritu's** management and taking on an A&R position at Warner Bros. Records from 1993 to 2004. **Ian Ritchie** became a prolific composer, producer and session musician. **Eric Shark** started working with **Geoff Davies** and formed **Probe Plus**, responsible for **Half Man Half Biscuit**, among others.

In 1988, most of the former members of Deaf School reunited for live performances with one of their performances in Liverpool, released as the live album **2nd Coming**, produced by **Langer** and **Julian Wheatley**. Guests included **Reeves Gabrels of Tin Machine, Nick Lowe and Lee Thompson of Madness**.

**Tim Whittaker** passed away in 1996, but ten years later, in May 2006, the remaining members of Deaf School returned for more concerts, culminating in a show in Liverpool for the reopening of the New Picket in the newly formed Independent District on May 27. In September 2007, Deaf School reunited and played several live shows, including a warm-up at the Dublin Castle pub in Camden Town, followed by the Manchester Academy and the Carling Academy Liverpool. In December 2007

they played again at the Indigo2 venue at The O2 in London for Madness' aftershow party. In September 2009, the band did shows at The Dublin Castle and The Garage in London before returning to Liverpool for four sold-out concerts at The Everyman Theatre and a performance at The Hope Street Festival. Deaf School's three studio albums were remastered and released in September 2009 on Cherry Red's Lemon label.

The full band, complemented by ex-**Crackout** drummer **Nicholas Millard**, played The Deaf School Xmas Bash shows in December 2009 at the 100 Club in London and Liverpool O2 Academy, making ten live performances in 2009, a first since the 1970s.

Bandmate **Thomas Sam Davis** (also known as **Eric Shark**) died of lung disease on January 7, 2010 at the age of 59. The band played two concerts in Liverpool in April as a tribute, with guests such as **Suggs, Ian Broudie** and **Kevin Rowland**.

Deaf School announced nine live performances in early 2011, also known as **The Listen & Learn Tour**, including The Garage London and performances in Sheffield, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Liverpool, culminating in two shows in Tokyo.

The mini album, **Enrico & Bette xx** was released in 2011 with the five new songs **You Turn Away, I Know I Know, The Enrico Song, Goodbye To All That** and **Scary Girlfriend**.

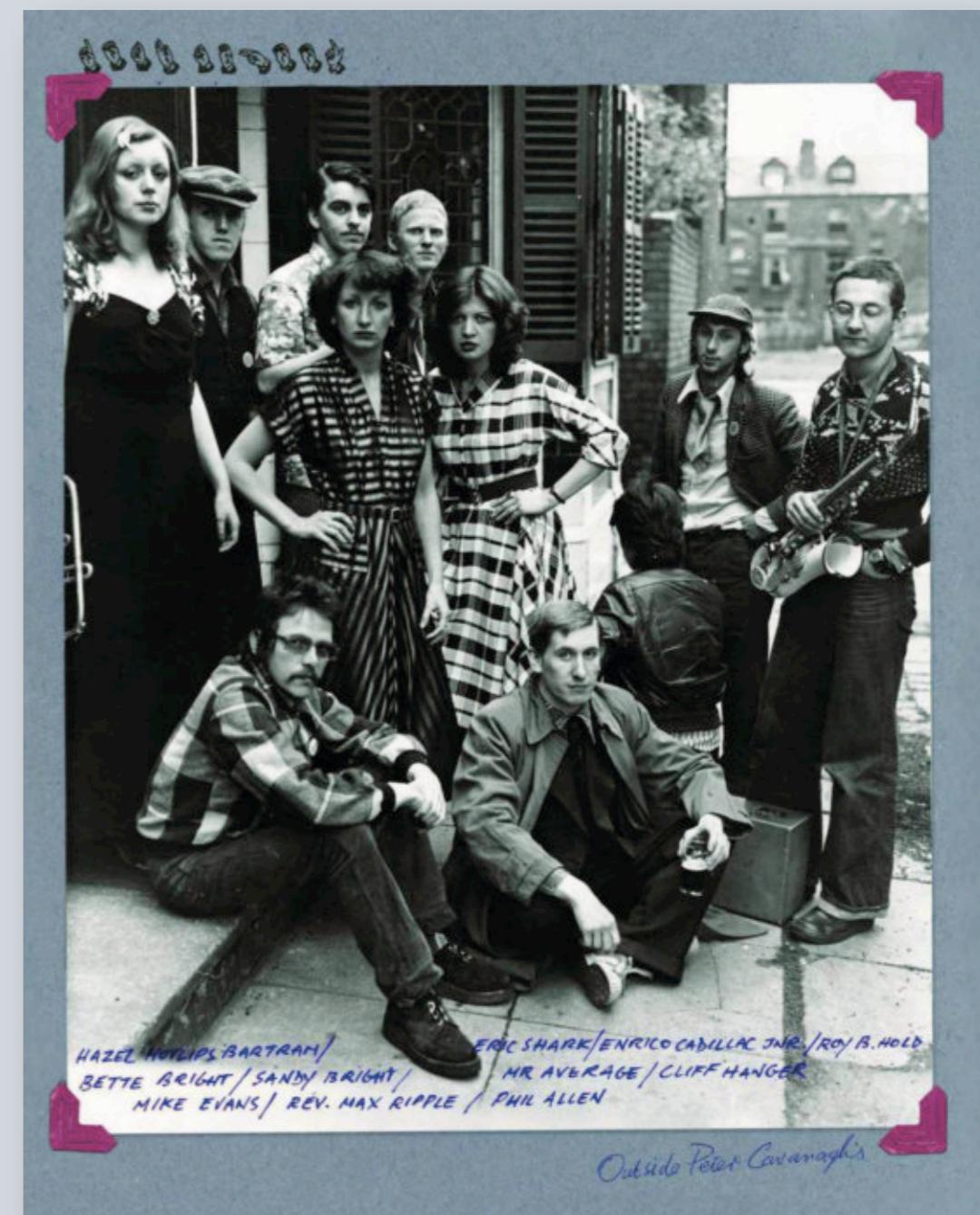
Deaf School reappeared at The Everyman Theatre Liverpool for two emotionally charged Goodbye to the Everyman shows as part of the renovation closing events and starred at the Port Eliot festival in July 2011.

**Paul Du Noyer's** biography **Deaf School: the Non-Stop Pop Art Punk Rock Party** was published in the UK in October 2013 by Liverpool University Press, marking the 40th anniversary of the band's founding. In 2013, **Gregg Braden** joined the band as a

regular drummer. Deaf School's latest album **LAUNDERETTE** was released in Japan on May 27, 2015 by Hyabusa Landings. The album features seven new studio songs alongside five songs recorded live at the Floral Pavilion in New Brighton in November 2014, along with a 1987 bonus song starring Eric Shark as lead singer.

The full studio album **Let's Do This Again Next Week** with new material, their first in 39 years,

was released in December 2017 with new songs written by the band in various formations. Although still a member of the band, tour commitments with **Roger Waters** (with whom he worked for three decades) prevented Ian Ritchie from contributing to the recordings. A short tour in support of the album, with the full line-up of seven people from the band, followed the same month.



# Discography

## Albums

2nd Honeymoon	Warner Bros. Records	1976
Don't Stop The World	Warner Bros. Records	1977
English Boys/Working Girls	Warner Bros. Records,	1978
2nd Coming : Liverpool '88 (Live album)	Demon Records	1988
Enrico + Bette xx (Mini album)	Deaf School Music	2011
Lauderette	Lost House Archive Club	2015
Let's Do This Again Next Week...	Deaf School	2017

## Singles

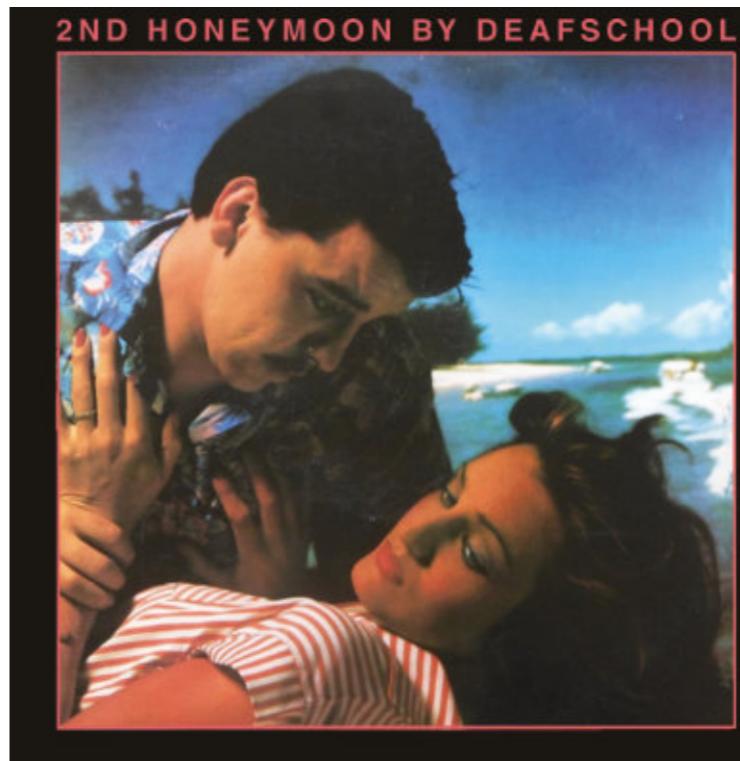
What a Way to End It All / Nearly Moonlit Night Motel	Warner Bros. Records	1976
Taxi / Last Night	Warner Bros. Records	1977
2nd Honeymoon / Don't Stop The World	Warner Bros. Records	1977
All Queued Up / Golden Showers	Warner Bros. Records	1978
Thunder & Lightning / Working Girls	Warner Bros. Records	1978
The Survivor Song	Deaf School	2010
Top Man Top (CDr, Single, Promo)	Deaf School	2017
Bed & Breakfast / Loving You	Narisu Records, Deaf School	2017

## Compilations

What A Way To End It All (The Anthology)	Castle Music	2003
Parigi My Dear	Hayabusa Landings, Ça Va? Records	2021



# 2nd Honeymoon



What a way to end it all  
Where's the Weekend?  
Cocktails at 8  
Bigger splash  
Knock knock knocking  
2nd Honeymoon  
Get set ready go  
Nearly moonlit night motel  
Room service  
Hi Jo hi  
Snapshots  
Final act

Accordion – Rev. Max Ripple, Paul Pilnick  
Artwork By – Kevin Ward  
Banjo – Paul Pilnick  
Drums – Timothy Whittaker  
Guitar – 'Cliff' Langer, Paul Pilnick  
Keyboards – Rev. Max Ripple  
Photography By [Cover] – Colin Thomas  
Photography By [Inner Sleeve] – Monty Rakusen  
Piano – 'Cliff' Langer  
Recorder – Ian Richie  
Saxophone – Ian Richie  
Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac, Eric Shark



## 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

You might also like

2nd Honeymoon  
Deaf School

Bigger Splash  
Deaf School

What a Way to End It All  
Deaf School

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?) 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

(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 yous

(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



## Snapshots

(Langer/Allen)

Stop now, it's better behind us faded  
S 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 eyses  
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

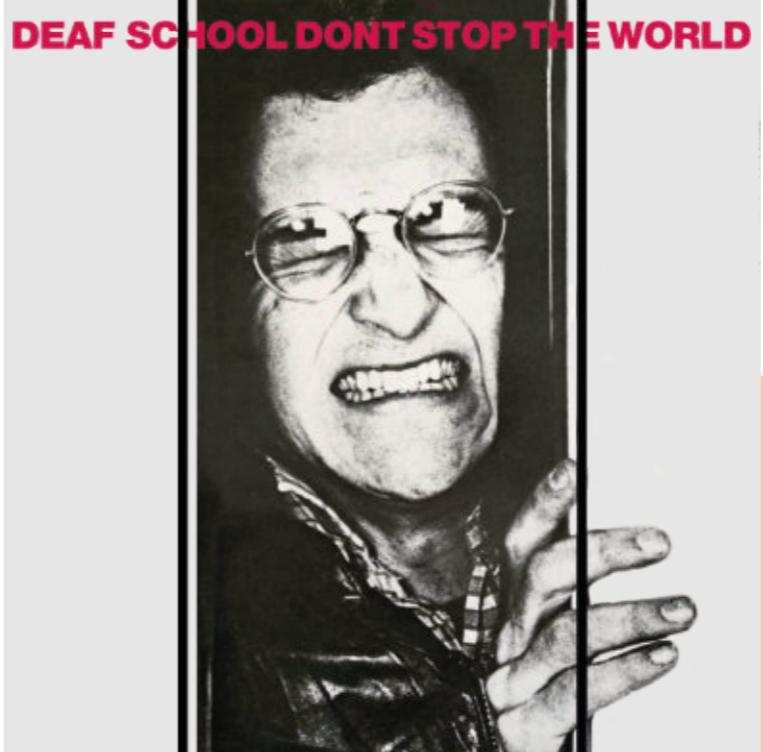
Don't like what I see in my mirror  
  
Did my make-up run, was it overdone  
Under the lights  
Had no time to be frightened or scared  
But nobody cared  
But me, just me

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



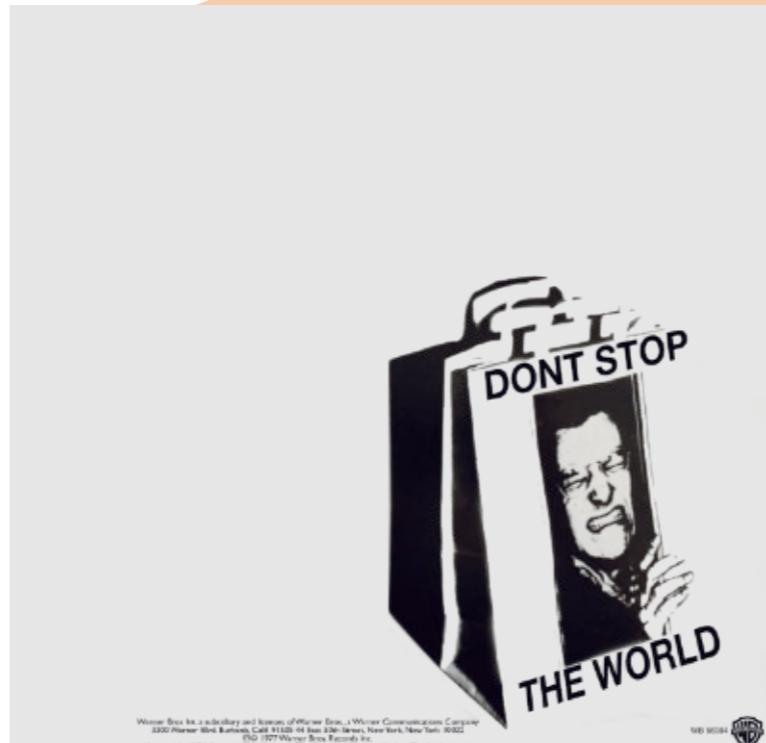
# Dont stop the world

DEAF SCHOOL DONT STOP THE WORLD



Don't Stop the World  
What a Jerk  
Darling  
Everything for the Dancer  
Capaldi's Cafe  
Hypertention Yeah Yeah  
it's a Boy's World  
Rockferry  
Taxi  
Operator

Accordion, Keyboards – Max Ripple  
Drums – Tim Whittaker  
Executive-Producer – Derek Taylor, Frank Silver  
Guitar, Piano – Cliff Langer  
Producer – Rob Dickins  
Saxophone – Ian Richie  
Vocals – Betty Bright, Eric Shark  
Vocals, Bass – Enrico Cadillac  
Vocals, Guitar, Bass – Steve Lindsey



## Don't Stop the World

(Langer/Allen)

Don't stop the world! I'm staying on  
You'll be sorry when it's gone  
Give me money, Don't forget  
I haven't seen the whole world yet

Paris, London, Rome and all  
Them places people have a ball  
There isn't much to see in this bit  
Isn't it nice just thinking about it

Women, wine and songs and stuff  
Don't tell me that I've had enough  
I'm getting out before the fall  
That's not the way to end it all

My world ain't big enough  
My world ain't big enough  
My world, my world, my world

## What a Jerk

(Langer/Shark )

What a jerk, late for work  
Money lost, see the boss  
Jack it in, try again  
I'm on my way

I got drunk, smashed some glass  
I'm in the nick, I'm on me ass  
I've had enough

Leaving town, write today  
Another place to make my play  
Be careful now

Feel it out, asked a lout  
If it's okay, here he said my dear  
You need have no fear

(Oh no, why me)  
(Oh no, why me)  
(Oh no, why, why, why)

Okay, Bob got new job  
Got more cash collecting trash  
But that's the way

Bought some pills, got them down  
I've got me feet down on the ground  
I think I have

Got a kick in the gob  
From a yob, the only one  
With his boots on

Went to bed feeling bad  
When I woke up I had the shakes  
It makes me mad

(Oh no, why me)  
(Oh no, why me)  
(Oh no, why, why, why)

What a jerk, late for work  
Money lost, see the boss  
Jack it in, try again  
I'm on my way

I got drunk, smashed some glass  
I'm in the nick, I'm on me ass  
I've had enough

Leaving town, write today  
Another place to make my play  
Be careful now

Feel it out, asked a lout  
If it's okay, here he said my dear  
You need have no fear

## Darling

(Lindsey)

Darling we met one night in September  
You were standing alone by the carousel  
And by the gleam in your eyes I could tell  
Love was a moment away  
A kiss in the dark  
Seems just like yesterday  
Oh darling like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago

Darling now I can see we are drifting  
You are out on your own in the morning light  
Only the future will tell if we're right  
Parting is not without pain  
Our love has been lost  
But the memories remain  
Oh darling like they happened a minute ago  
Like they happened a minute ago  
Like they happened a minute ago

Darling I only know as the sunsets  
Some things can't be explained in a word or two  
Give me a glance the next time you pass through  
Please understand old times' sake  
So we may be sure  
Not to make that mistake  
Oh darling like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago

## Everything for the Dancer

(Langer/Allen)

She came in  
She looked like Venus refusing  
Gave her name in  
She found it quite amusing  
Pulling her glove by the finger  
She lingered  
She looked, she moved  
Then once or twice  
She smiled a bit  
To break the ice  
I laughed as if to answer  
Everything for the dancer  
Everything for the dancer  
Everything for the dancer

## Capaldi's Cafe

(Langer/Shark)

When I was sixteen down at Capaldi's Cafe  
We used to pump the BAL-AMI  
While drinking either coke or tea  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe

When I was sixteen down at Capaldi's Cafe  
We used to pump the BAL-AMI  
While drinking either coke or tea  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe

With me two bob, paper collar  
She could feel me coming on her  
Talking about nothing at all  
She knew she was in for a fall

When she climbed up on me G.T  
She knew that I was a free boy  
Leaning back against her  
I couldn't wait to taste her

Striding in our black brogues  
Everybody knew we were rogues  
Exercising boyhood charm  
Always a schoolgirl on me arm

Heard the news, took some pills  
Put on my shoes, turned off the radio  
Out I go looking for thrills  
Might take some spills but that's alright

Now I'm on the beach out of reach  
Of all the yobs I'm with the mods  
And I put a tanner in the box  
Play a hit, one that rocks

When I was sixteen down at Capaldi's Cafe  
We used to pump the BAL-AMI  
While drinking either coke or tea  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe  
And everybody looked like me  
Down at Capaldi's Cafe

## Hypertension

(Langer/Allen)

Don't you mind if day-to-day living runs you down  
Don't you find that television pushes you around  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, oh, oh

Of late I've been thinking of falling apart  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Excuse me world, I'll just go and start  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
This day-to-day living is bad for the heart  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, oh, oh

Lazing here in my easy chair  
And I just Don't care, I Don't think I care

Here we go

Do you find that everyday living gets you down  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Do you find that colour television pushes you around  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, oh, oh



## It's a Boy's World

(Langer/Allen)

Early evening finds me dreaming  
Slowly I hurry down and grab a bite to eat  
Here come those twilight tears  
Still dreaming after all these years

Wasn't it me, wasn't it you  
Didn't we do the same things too  
Something for you, something for me  
Something for the boys who came to see

Wasn't it me, wasn't it you  
Didn't we do the same things too  
Something for you, something for me  
Something for the boys who came to see

## Rock Ferry

(Langer/Shark)

Driving me bananas  
Wearing your pajamas  
Pulled up tight  
In the middle of the night

Driving me crazy  
With those cheap and lazy  
Things you do  
Could be the end of you

If you can't do things right  
Let's have a fight  
And sort it all out  
In a ten round bout

So hand me my coat and my beret  
I'm going home to Rock Ferry

So long, too late, I'm on my way now  
I'm going home to Rock Ferry now

Taking my possessions  
Forming a procession  
Down to that train  
Let me make that plane

So hand me my coat and my beret  
I'm going home to Rock Ferry

I'm right, she's wrong  
I'm gone so long

I'm right, she's wrong  
I'm gone so long

Driving me bananas  
Wearing your pajamas  
Pulled up tight  
In the middle of the night

Driving me crazy  
With those cheap and lazy  
Things you do  
Could be the end of you

Well if you start telling lies  
Don't criticize  
The things I do  
When I'm trying to get to you

If things Don't improve  
I'm gonna have to move  
I'll go home  
Where I can't hear you moan

So long, too late, I'm on my way now  
I'm going home to Rock Ferry now



## Taxi

(Langer/Allen)

Taxi  
 Won't you take me  
 Wait  
 No Don't wait  
 Driver take me out  
 Searching  
 Through the dark night  
 Stop now, it's a red light  
 Find her, she was blonde  
 Now she's gone  
 Her name, what's her name

Nights like these, crazy people  
 Two lonely hearts meet  
 And then it's a caper to be  
 Forgotten all by tomorrow

Slow down driver  
 It doesn't matter anyhow

Driving through the empty streets  
 Counting on the chance we'll meet

## Operator

(Lindsey/Allen)

Operator  
 Don't give up on me  
 Sooner or later an answer there has to be

Operator  
 Would you please connect me  
 I need an answer from Room 203

I Don't need no heartache  
 I just want to be leisurely  
 I Don't need no heartache  
 Just want to be leisurely  
 I Don't need no heartache  
 Just want to be leisurely

I can't forget to count the hours I've been waiting  
 can't begin to count the times I have abstained

Windscreen wipers splash and sigh  
 While the nameless pass us by, pass by

Taxi  
 Take me  
 Wait  
 No Don't wait  
 Driver take me out  
 Searching  
 Through the dark night  
 Stop now, it's a red light  
 Find her, she was blonde  
 Now she's gone  
 Her name, what's her name

I want you back right here by my side  
 can't stand the thought of this long and lonely ride  
 Nights like these always end the same  
 I'm just driving, driving in the rain  
 Nights like these always end the same  
 I'm just driving, driving in the rain

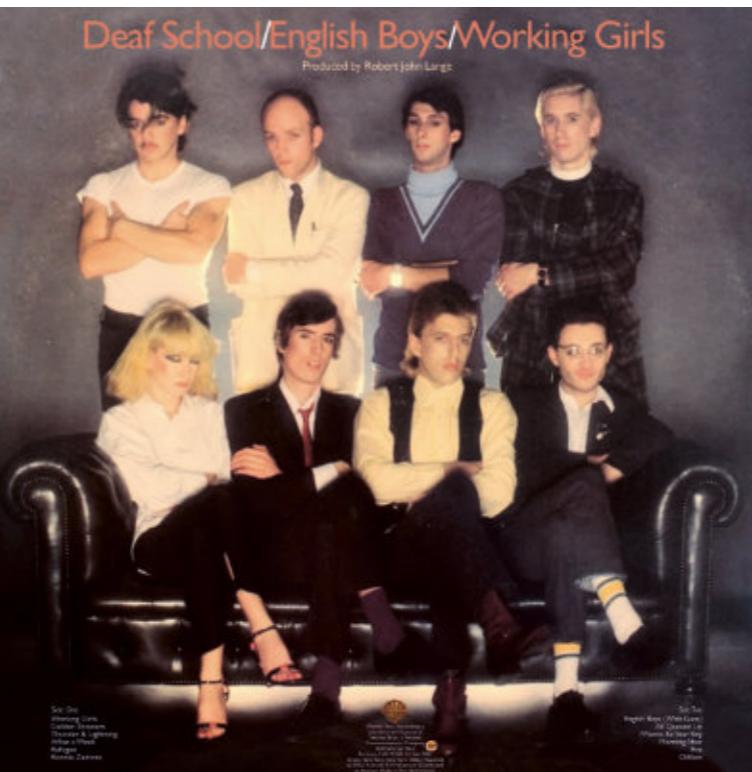
Passing strangers in the rain  
 I knew I should've got her name

Operator  
 Won't you try to make this connection  
 I need someone to give me satisfaction

That's what I want  
 That's what I need  
 That's what I want  
 Don't give up on me

I Don't need no heartache  
 I just want to be leisurely  
 I Don't need no heartache  
 Don't give up on me  
 I Don't need no heartache  
 Just want to be leisurely  
 Operator, Don't give up on me

# English Boys/Working Girls



Working girls  
 Golden showers  
 Thunder and lightning  
 What a week  
 Refugee

Ronnie Zamora (My friend Ron)  
 English boys (with guns)  
 All queued up  
 I wanna be your boy  
 Morning after  
 Fire  
 O.Blow

Artwork By – Kevin Ward  
 Bass – Steve "Average" Lindsey\*  
 Drums – Tim Whittaker  
 Engineer – Ted Sharp  
 Guitar – Cliff Langer\*  
 Keyboards – Max Ripple  
 Photography – David Anthony  
 Producer – Robert John Lange  
 Reeds – Ian Ritchie  
 Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac, Eric Shark

## Golden Showers

(Langer/Allen)

Is it strange  
Makes a change  
My name was on the tip of her tongue  
it's not love  
But it's real  
it's only what you feel

(Golden showers)

At the end of the day  
When I put the day away  
And I'm feeling draggy  
Then I know it's time to play

(Golden showers)

I Don't see her face  
it's only golden showers

I dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it  
I dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it

## Working Girls

(Langer/Shark)

Working girls, hair in curls, plastic pearls, nylon overalls  
Flat flat shoes, page three news, working girls, lovely  
working girls  
Ten past eight, one hour late, on the line and feeling fine  
Canteens, know what I mean, giggling working girls

(Working girls)  
(Working girls)  
(Tell them they're romantic)

Working girls, going down the road getting whistled at  
Working girls, smelling nice, getting tight, going old, too  
fat  
Get their pay on a Friday night, go out to play  
Wouldn't you like to take one home for yourself today

(Working girls)  
(Working girls)

A touch of madness in us all they say  
But I Don't do this every day  
I get relief from stressful hours  
I like those golden showers

Is it strange  
Makes a change  
My name was on the tip of her tongue  
Now I feel alright  
I'm gonna slip through an easy night

(Golden showers)

I Don't see her face  
it's only golden showers

I dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it  
I dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it, dig it

Is it strange

(Ever so romantic)

Then they will show you a thing or two about living.  
living, living

(Working girls)

it's business, it's like this, we get by this way  
It's business, it's like this, just a working day

(Working girls)  
(Working girls)  
(Working girls)  
(Working girls)

## Thunder and Lightning

(Langer/Allen)

I'm way out of line with your love  
I'm way out of line with your love

This wonderful thing  
Thing that you bring  
Into my night

You fell to my feet  
Felt incomplete  
You were so neat

I didn't see the danger  
I know that times are changing  
Don't see me as a stranger  
My dreams are de-arranging

(I'm way out of line with your love)  
(I'm way out of line with your love)

it's just another case of hit and run  
I didn't know that the man would come

I didn't see the danger  
I know that times are changing  
Don't see me as a stranger  
My dreams are de-arranging

This thunder and lightning  
Seemed so inviting  
Now just seems frightening

This thunder and lightning  
Seems frightening  
Seems frightening

This thunder and lightning  
Seems frightening  
Seems frightening

(I'm way out of line with your love)  
(I'm way out of line with your love)  
(I'm way out of line with your love)  
(I'm way out of line with your love)

## What a Week

(Langer/Shark)

What a week this has been  
Some police got their heads kicked in  
And the Front on the run  
Seems like there ain't no fun no more  
it's 77° and the summer's gone  
it's all cooled down and the heat's still on

What a week this has been  
Elvis gone so he's on TV  
In New York lights went off  
Lots to do for the New York cops  
it's 77° and the summer's gone  
it's all cooled down and the heat's still on

Just got back from the USA  
it's okay, I Don't want to stay  
Seems like There's too much play  
But I had a laugh I must say

What a week this has been  
Some police got their heads kicked in  
And the Front on the run  
Seems like there ain't no fun no more  
it's 77° and the summer's gone  
it's all cooled down and the heat's still on

Think I'll stay till it all gets quiet  
Don't want to die in a racist riot  
I'll stick around and have some fun  
Hide in the crowd then hit and run

What a week  
What a week

## Refugee

(Lindsey/Shark)

Hide in the doorway, scrounging a ciggy  
Sign on a Friday if you must  
In a red jacket, high on the terrace  
Scarf and tool menace, one of us

Refugee, refugee, you must be a refugee

Better not join us, you can't trust us  
Cause You're just a refugee  
You can't hide it, now you've tried it  
Don't deny You're a

Refugee, refugee, you must be a refugee

Nowhere left that you can run to  
Don't deny the refuge offered by a bunch of strangers  
No Don't look a gift horse in the mouth this way

Refugee, refugee, you must be a refugee

Nowhere left that you can run to  
Don't deny the refuge offered by a bunch of strangers  
No Don't look a gift horse in the mouth this way

You can't see that all your neighbors  
Do no favors out of spite  
You could do with some more muscle  
Could be trouble in a fight

Refugee, refugee, you must be a refugee

Rescue me, rescue me, refugee rescue me



## Ronny Zamora

(Langer/Allen)

Ronny Zamora  
My friend Ron  
He fell asleep with the TV on  
All his heroes lived by the gun  
He didn't see a thing but channel one

My friend Ron  
He jumped the gun  
Now he's gone  
He didn't realize what you watch is what you are

This was a classic confrontation  
That triggered his imagination  
An afternoon assassination  
A teatime investigation

Well she was dying in the hall  
And he was up against the wall  
Now they say he isn't right  
But he's not the crazy type

My friend Ron  
He jumped the gun  
Now he's gone  
He didn't realize what you watch is what you are

Did you commit this terrible crime?  
No I was watching TV at the time

Ronny Zamora  
My friend Ron  
Dropped a neighbor when the heat was on  
He was surprised when he fired his gun  
Someone got killed today  
By my friend Ron

## English Boys

(Langer/Allen)

Walking down the streeter  
With a heater  
Nothing could look neater  
Sitting in a truck  
In the military look  
Smoking from his ration

Call up their names  
To join in with the games  
In awe of a pistol  
Expecting a fistful  
Of notes in the pocket  
A ride in a rocket

This could be a fashion, able-bodied men  
Don't remember when they were having fun  
With water in their guns

English boys, boys with guns  
English boys, boys with guns

Oh here they come  
English boys with guns  
Hiding from their mums  
English boys with guns

Oh yeah, oh no, oh right

Walking down the streeter  
With a heater  
Nothing could look neater  
Sitting in a truck  
In the military look  
Smoking from his ration

This could be a fashion, able-bodied men  
Don't remember when they were having fun  
With water in their guns

English boys, boys with guns  
English boys, boys with guns

English boys, boys with guns  
English boys, boys with guns

Brown bread



## All Queued Up

(Lindsey)

I Don't remember a place  
I Don't remember a time  
When you got what you wanted  
Without standing in line  
it's a crazy affair  
But wait over there  
So we all queued up

I had to cancel my date  
He was second rate  
Been standing in line  
Just to have a good time  
I queue for the loo  
Cause it's the right thing to do  
I'm all queued up

Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
I was in a hurry  
I'm hanging around  
Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
All queued up

I Don't remember a place  
I Don't remember a time  
When you got what you wanted  
Without standing in line  
it's a crazy affair  
But wait over there  
So we all queued up

Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
I was in a hurry  
I'm hanging around  
Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
All queued up

Don't step out of line  
Don't step out of line  
Don't step out of line  
I Don't remember a place  
I Don't remember a time  
When you got what you wanted  
Without standing in line  
it's a crazy affair  
But wait over there  
So we all queued up

Yes we're all queued up

Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
I was in a hurry  
I'm hanging around

Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
I was in a hurry  
I'm hanging around

Stand up and sit down  
Stand up and sit down  
I was in a hurry  
I'm hanging around

All queued up  
All queued up  
All queued up



## I Wanna Be Your Boy

(Langer/Allen)

I  
I remember, so so scared  
Didn't I see you somewhere before  
N-n-nervous, lost for words  
Shiver, shiver, ring inside

I  
I wanna be  
I wanna be your  
I wanna be your boy

I  
I wanna be  
I wanna be your  
I wanna be your boy

You  
You remember, so so scared  
Didn't I see you somewhere before  
N-n-nervous, lost for words  
Shiver, shiver, ring inside

I  
I wanna be  
I wanna be your  
I wanna be your boy

I  
I wanna be  
I wanna be your  
I wanna be your boy

I  
I wanna be  
I wanna be your  
I wanna be your boy

I

## Morning After

(Langer/Allen)

I'm up  
I'm down  
I'm here and I'm there and I'm always around

What did I do  
What did I say  
How did I get this way

Don't open the windows  
Don't turn on the light  
This is the morning after the night  
And I'm sad, too bad, too bad

What did I do  
What did I say  
How did I get this way

What did I drink  
What did they think  
How can I face this day  
Help me, help me please  
How can I do this to me

Who is this  
Who is he  
Now who could it be and why is he here with me

(it's just the morning after)  
The night before  
(Another morning after)  
can't take anymore  
Take anymore  
Take anymore

## Fire

(Langer/Allen)

This heat  
This street  
This so so solemn night

The key  
To this door  
This is the 13th floor

As I watch  
The flames  
I felt just like a kid again

Flames look neat  
People in the street get in a close look  
999, will the boys in red make it on time?

Fire! In the street  
Fire! I can't see  
Fire! Get a seat

Fire! it's a treat  
Fire! Tragedy  
Fire! Feel the heat

This heat  
This street  
This so so solemn night

The key  
To this door  
This is the 13th floor

As I watch  
The flames  
I felt just like a kid again

Flames look neat  
People in the street get in a close look  
999, will the boys in red make it on time?

Fire! In the street  
Fire! I can't see  
Fire! Feel the heat

Fire! it's a treat  
Fire! Tragedy  
Fire! Get a seat

We're, we're all waiting  
Waiting for, for to see  
it's a tragedy and we're waiting here  
Just to see you and me

it's a tragedy and we're waiting here  
Just to see you and me

## O. Blow

(Langer/Shark)

I wish I had something to say  
I wish I had a place to stay  
I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish  
I could do better than this

## O. blow

Leaning back against the wall  
Trying hard not to fall  
There must be, there must be a  
Better way to end the day

I need a drink  
I can't think  
I need a new line  
And not an old rhyme

If I could get to sleep at night  
If I could just get my head down  
If I could, if I could  
I would wake up rested in both eyes

## O. blow

If money entered into this  
It would be numbered in a Swiss  
Bank account in bogus name  
What a way to deal with fame

# 2nd Coming - Liverpool 88



What A Way To End It All  
Shake Some Action

Hi Jo Hi

Nearly Moonlit Night Motel

Taxi!

Ronnie Zamora

Thunder And Lightning

Blue Velvet

Princess Princess

I Wanna Be Your Boy

Lines

Capaldi's Cafe

2nd Honeymoon

Final Act

Bass – Steve Lindsey

Drums – Martin Hughes

Guitar – Clive Langer

Keyboards – Rev Max Ripple

Producer – Clive Langer, Julian Wheatley

Producer [Assistant] – Shin Uchida

Saxophone – Gary Barnacle, Lee Thompson

Sitar, Mandolin – Reeves Gabrels

Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac

Vocals, Bells – Eric Shark

# 2nd Coming - Liverpool 88

## DEAF SCHOOL



THE ANTHOLOGY



1. What a way to end it all
2. Where's the Weekend?
3. Cocktails at 8
4. Bigger splash
5. Knock knock knocking
6. 2nd Honeymoon
7. Get set ready go
8. Nearly moonlit night motel
9. Room service
10. Hi Jo hi
11. Snapshots
12. Final act
13. Don't Stop the World
14. What a Jerk
15. Darling
16. Everything for the Dancer
17. Capaldi's Cafe
18. Hypertention Yeah Yeah
19. it's a Boy's World
20. Rockferry
21. Taxi
22. Operator
23. Last night

1. Working Girls
2. Golden Showers
3. Thunder & Lighting
4. What A Week
5. Refugees
6. Ronnie Zamora (My Friend Ron)
7. English Boys (With Guns)
8. All Queued Up
9. I Wanna Be Your Boy
10. Morning After
11. Fire
12. O.Blow
13. What A Way To End It All (BBC Session)
14. Where's The Weekend (BBC Session)
15. Knock Knock Knocking (BBC Session)
16. Final Act (BBC Session)
17. it's A Boy's World (BBC Session)
18. Capaldi's Cafe (BBC Session)
19. What A Jerk (BBC Session)
20. Hypertention Yeah Yeah Yeah (BBC Session)
21. Working Girls (BBC Session)
22. All Queued Up (BBC Session)
23. English Boys (With Guns) (BBC Session)
24. Ronnie Zamora (My Friend Ron) (BBC Session)

## Disc 1



You Turn Away  
The Enrico Song  
I Know I Know  
Goodbye To All That  
Scary Girlfriend

Bass – Steve "Mr Average" Lindsey  
Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac  
Drums – Nicholas Millard  
Guitar – Cliff Hanger  
Guitar [Extra Guitar Work And Expertise] – Ian Broudie  
Keyboards – The Reverend Max Ripple  
Keyboards [Additional] – Anna Sales  
Saxophone – Ian Ritchie  
Strings – Raven  
Mastered By – Tim Young  
Photography By – Clare Muller  
Producer – Charlie Andrew, Clive Langer



## Disc 2

## You turn away

(Langer/Allen)

You turn away  
I turn my life around now you're back again  
Nothing will change nothing remains the same  
Didn't you hear me then  
Nothing to say nothing to do

You hurt me boy then I hurt you again  
You were pretending I was your best friend  
But in the end boy I saw through you  
And you Don't know what to do oh, oh, oh

You turn away  
I turn my life around now you're back again  
Nothing will change nothing remains the same  
Didn't you hear me then  
I'm not the same  
Memories fade walk out and close the door  
Just like you do, just like you did before

You loved me when controlling me then  
Hurt me till love was gone  
Now you come around  
I finally found, you're not the only one  
You, you are the lonely one  
You played your hand, yesterday's here no more  
Nothing to say, now you can close that door  
Just like you do just like you did before

You hurt me boy (did I hurt you again?)  
You were pretending (I was your best friend)  
But in the end boy I saw through you  
And you Don't know what to do oh, oh, oh, oh

You turn away  
I turn my life around now you're back again  
Nothing will change nothing remains the same  
Didn't you hear me then  
Nothing's the same nothing will change  
Walk out and close the door  
Just like you do just like you did before

Whooh whooh whooh...

## I Know I Know

(Lindsey)

I know, I know,  
I know, I know,  
I know, I know

How am I gonna get that apple from the tree  
How am I gonna get myself to Bermondsey  
How am I gonna get this show back on the road  
How am I gonna get the money that I'm owed

I Don't know  
I Don't know  
But when I paint my fingertips  
Put that lipstick on my lips  
Then, I know

How am I gonna get through morning noon and night  
How am I gonna tell what's wrong from what is right  
How am I gonna be the woman I should be  
How am I gonna get this devil out of me

I Don't know  
I Don't know  
But when I paint my fingertips  
Put that lipstick on my lips  
Then, I know

I know, I know,  
I know, I know,  
I know, I know,  
I know...

How am I gonna get through morning noon and night  
How am I gonna tell what's wrong from what is right  
How am I gonna be the woman I should be  
How am I gonna get this devil out of me

I Don't know  
I Don't know  
But when I paint my fingertips  
Put that lipstick on my lips  
Then, I know  
But when I paint my fingertips  
Put that lipstick on my lips  
Then, I know

I know, I know,  
I know, I know,  
I know...

## The Enrico Song

(Langer/Allen)

I had to have that homburg  
In the classy blue and grey  
I wore it tipped below one eye  
The Gable Bogart way  
Or Coleman, Donat, Fairbanks, they all had that look  
That said we're more than handsome girls  
A glance was all it took  
A glance was all it took

There's more to this than that though  
You've got to wear it well  
There's more to this than that though  
You cocksure dapper swell!

There's more to it than that though  
You've got to wear that whistle right  
You've got to wear that whistle right!

(Mum, mum... I'm going out mum)

And you Don't walk the same way  
You cut that jib just right  
You wear that whistle very well  
The colour Blue Midnight  
And be well shod at all times  
The shoes can't let you down  
It's got to be the brogues lads  
That carry youse to town  
(That carry you to town)

There's more to this than that though  
You've got to wear it well  
There's more to this than that though  
You cocksure dapper swell!

There's more to it than that though  
You're walking in the old Enrico look

There's more to it than that though...  
Where I am and where I'm going to!

Oh, to be a better man a finer man to be  
Walking down to Hardman St in all his finery  
And on the streets you're gleaming  
The neon shining bright  
There's more to this than meets the eye  
In town, in town, in town tonight

(I'm going out mum I'm going out... ma, where's me shirt.  
Where's me shirt ma, going out ain't I?).

## Goodbye To All That

(Langer/Allen/Lindsey)

And, so, at last it comes to this  
(They were good times)  
They were good times we all should miss  
But long, drawn out affairs like these die hard  
Die hard, it's hard to please

And it doesn't take me by surprise  
No, it doesn't take me by surprise  
No

Who needs another useless escapade  
(We all need something)  
We all need something all the way  
After a while it's hard to tell  
(See how it goes)  
The choice was yours  
You made it well

And it doesn't take me by surprise  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
No

Words Don't come easy  
It Don't come easy  
Words Don't come easy  
No, no, no, no  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
No

## Goodbye to all that

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye

Goodbye to all that  
Goodbye to all that  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye

He took the last remaining cigarette  
And pulled it gently to his lips  
He lit the match and watched it flicker  
Burn and fade  
The final touch, a lover's kiss

And it doesn't take me by surprise  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
No

Words Don't come easy  
It Don't come easy  
Words Don't come easy  
No, no, no, no  
It doesn't take me by surprise  
No

"I just wanted to say... something I've got to say... say something. It's later now. The moon has gone. Stars replaced by cloud. Stars replaced by cloud. Stars replaced by cloud. We all need something. Something".

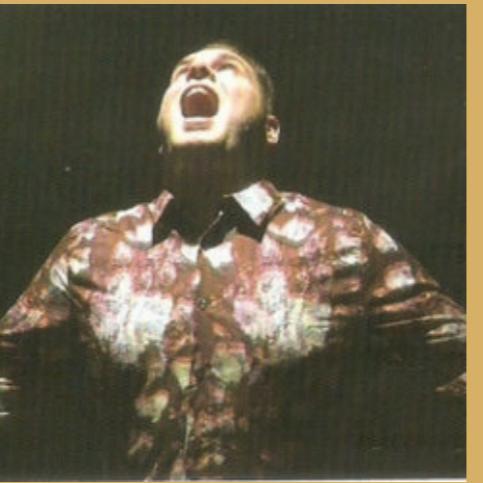
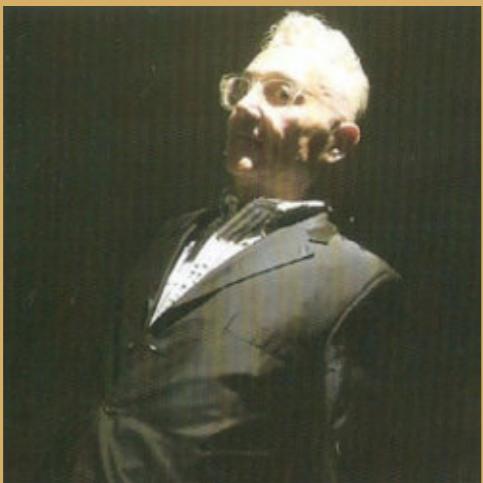
# Scary Girlfriend

(Langer/Allen)

**Lala la la la la la la x**

You're lovely, you're lovely, you're lovely you are  
You've got the face of the prettiest star  
You're looking so good  
And you're acting so mean  
Scaring the neighbours, you know what I mean  
And when you're nice you're really a dream  
But you're pretty, pretty, pretty obscene  
All day and all of the night  
I wanna kiss but you just wanna fight... Alright!  
My scary girlfriend  
La la la la la la  
You smashed all the windows in my car  
You trashed the apartment it's going too far  
You're my scary girlfriend you're scary you are  
You're lovely, lovely, lovely you are  
You've got the face of the prettiest star  
But you're scary, scary, scary you are  
You're my scary girlfriend too scary by far  
But you're lovely, lovely, lovely yes you are  
And I love you, love you, love you the same  
You're my scary girlfriend... And you're insane

# DEAF SCHOOL



# Launderette

D E A F   S C H O O L

LAUNDERETTE



Last Night  
Brokendown Aristocrats  
Launderette  
Get Set Ready Go  
Geraldine  
Where's The Weekend  
Don't Open The Door Bette  
Liverpool 8  
Darling  
Places & Things  
All Queued Up  
Falkner & Hope  
It Should've Been Me

Bass, Vocals, Piano, Guitar,  
Percussion – Steve "Mr Average" Lindsey  
Drums, Percussion – Gregg Braden  
(tracks: 1 to 12) – Martin Hughes (track 13) –  
Guitar – Reeves Gabrels (track 13)  
Lead Vocals – Eric Shark (track 13)  
Guitar, Bass, Keyboards – Clive Langer  
(tracks: 1 to 12)  
Keyboards, Accordion, Glockenspiel, Ocarina,  
Harmonica – The Reverend Max Ripple  
Mastered By – Fergal Davis  
Producer [Final Production], Mixed By –  
Constantin Groenert, Deaf School  
Producer, Recorded By – Charlie Andrew  
(tracks: 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10), Clive Langer  
(tracks: 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10)  
Recorded By – Jack Oxton (tracks: 1, 4, 6, 9, 11)  
Saxophone, Recorder, Harmonica,  
Vocals – Ian Ritchie  
Vocals, Percussion – Enrico Cadillac Jr.  
Vocals, Recorder, Percussion – Bette Bright

## Broken Down Aristocrats

(Langer/Allen)

Broken down aristocrats and downtown pioneers  
Laden down with promises that lasted through  
The years

I strolled on deck to take a smoke feeling  
Far from town 5 days  
In to nowhereville  
As showtime comes around

I light a pre-show cigarette  
And turn another page  
On the final chapter  
Now but have to hit that stage aaah ooh

Broken down aristocrats and downtown Pioneers  
Laden down with promises that lasted through  
The years oh oh

I take the lift from C-deck  
The songs run through my head  
A hundred cruise ship crooner  
Classics to hear before you're dead

Stub the and take the stage  
The band begins to sway

## Last Night

(Langer/Allen)

White eyed side streets shimmer  
in the summer heat while dressed up  
lovers lie waking in the gutter...  
careful now who you meet  
when you're out on that  
summer street 'cause  
it could get you summer trouble.

She was standing in the lamp light  
when I passed by..a cute little number  
with this look in her eye.  
I said, hello angel 'cause  
I'm that kinda guy then I lit a cigarette  
and she straightened my tie.

The mirror ball is turning and the old dog has  
His day

Good evening tables chairs and lights  
We're so glad you could stay the other side  
Of midnight now in old montego bay  
Ooh ooh

(Chorus)

Broken down aristocrats and downtown  
Pioneers  
Laden down  
With promises that lasted through the years

Oh - Oh Oh Oh

And we're tearing up the dancehall... picking  
Up the tiny pieces falling to the ground

Oh Oh Oh Oh

## Geraldine

(Allen/Lindsey)

Geraldine seventeen have you seen that girl  
Bridges burn no return entering her  
World locked in that Flyblown motel  
Is it day is night?  
I can't tell Geraldine seraphim in my skin  
That girl  
In between Geraldine did I dream...unfurled  
Locked in that Flyblown motel  
Is it day Is night?  
I can't tell she said her name was Geraldine  
She had that lovely hair  
I told her what my name was she didn't  
Really care  
"You can be my English boy" she said all  
Softly smiling  
I drank her in and melted  
There with Geraldine...beguiling

## Lauderette

(Langer/Allen)

Coinless in the Launderette we shared  
The same machine  
Our washing intermingled  
Until it was quite clean until it was quite clean  
I watched you every tuesday electrolux  
Serene and now you're here  
Beside me in my spin cycle dream  
I watched your blue jeans dancing  
Going round and round  
I don't want this dance to end if I had  
Another coin send it round again  
Again again  
Coinless in the launderette we shared  
The same machine  
Our washing intermingled  
Until it was quite clean  
Until it was quite clean, quite clean

## Don't Open The Door Bette

(Langer/Allen)

Don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
Don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
Outside there's a storm but In here it's kinda warm  
So warm if I may if I might I may be so bold  
No don't open the door oh Bette don't open  
the door

Don't open the door Bette don't open the  
Door don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
it's here we belong lets do one more song  
You never know what you may find  
There are faces out there  
That you may not care to see or to welcome  
Inside - no Bette lets leave them behind  
Don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
Don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
Don't open the door Bette don't open the door

The irge was there but I drank no more I  
Drank no more that day  
The sky was blue but troubled by just a hint  
Of grey  
No don't open the door you never know  
What you may find  
Bette lets leave them behind I'm sure that  
They won't mind  
Don't open the door Bette don't open the door  
Don't open the door Bette  
Don't open the door  
Don't open the door Bette don't open  
The door  
Don't open the door Bette  
Don't open the door don't open the door  
Bette don't Open The Door Don't Open  
The Door Bette don't open the door

## Liverpool 8

(Langer/Mcpherson)

Apart  
 You take the reins Isabel Isabel  
 They can all go to hell  
 But you know that people go driving round  
 The bend too late to meditate - hang out  
 With friends now  
 You know hou're free  
 To go Liverpool 8 never too late  
 Liverpool 8..

Isabel Isabel walks in the park takes out  
 The dog only after dark  
 Nothing she says at all now means  
 A fig Jackie o shades nylon wig  
 Isabel Isabel where are you at you are a real coolcat  
 But you know people go driving round the  
 Bend too late to meditate  
 Hang out with friends now you know  
 You're free  
 To go Liverpool 8 never too late  
 Liverpool 8...

## Places & Things

(Langer/Mcpherson)

Places and things come around  
 People and friends lost and found  
 Places and things vomr around

There's a boy sitting at my old desk playing  
 With his pen and geometry set trying to fit  
 In and find his road buildings go up and  
 Come tumbling down

Canterbury cathedral and cannibg town what  
 Goes up comes down.

## Falkner and Hope

(Allen/Lindsey)

Little St Bride street, Falkner square  
 Juliets of the night round there  
 Lamplit ghosts, quickie shudders down  
 The steps while up above us  
 Georgian splendid all decaying  
 Glamour faded limps are preying cutting  
 wind up Hope St  
 Slaying Bleary Art School painters playing  
 In the deep end of the city  
 Liverpool and she's so pretty  
 When the hard light from the river hits -  
 The red brick back streets jigger  
 The present and the past beats shimmer

Gambier. It's stucco peeling stately  
 And serenely stealing, guarding, souvenirs  
 Berating rusted iron gates and grating  
 Light pours through the high, tall  
 Windows where narrow alleyways  
 Down  
 Past pilgrim, colquit streets and over  
 Cobbled stones through Chinatown down  
 To where the river dredges silted.  
 Sand and salt and rope  
 But L8 sits up high and clammers wide  
 Across it's grand old slope  
 I'll meet you on a corner up there on a  
 Corner  
 Maybe Falkner Street and hope...

## It Should Have Been Me

(Eddie Curtis)

As I passed by a real fine hotel  
 A chick walked out, she sure looked swell  
 I gave her the eye and started to carry on  
 When a Cadillac cruised up and "swish", she was gone

It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 Driving that Cadillac

A little later on, a theater I passed  
 I spotted another chick and did she have class  
 I was all set to write her name in my book  
 When her husband came up and gave me a real dirty  
 look

It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 To have been her chaperone

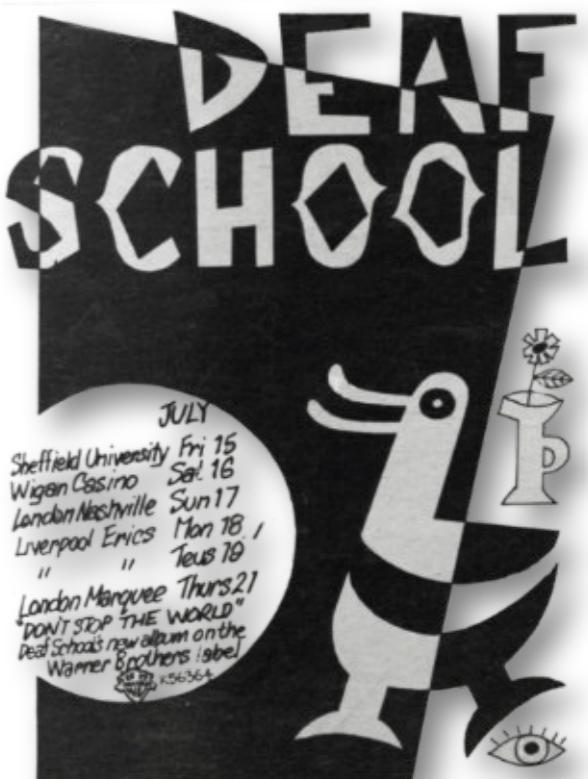
When I got to the corner, I saw a sharp cat  
 With a 300 dollar suit on and a 100 dollar hat  
 He was standing on the sidewalk by a DynaFlow  
 When a voice within said, "C'mon daddy, let's go."

It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 Driving that DynaFlow

I ate a bowl of chili and I felt OK  
 At least until I passed this fine Cafe  
 I saw a guy eatin' a great big steak  
 While a waitress stood by feedin' him ice cream and  
 cake

It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 It should've been me  
 With that real fine chick  
 You know, it should've been me  
 Eatin' ice, cream and cake

It should've been me  
 Gettin' my natural kicks  
 It should've been me  
 Gettin' my natural kicks  
 It should've been me  
 Lovin' those crazy chicks



## Darling

(Lindsey)

Darling, we met one night in September  
You were standing alone by the carousel  
And by the gleam in your eyes I could tell  
Love was a moment away  
A kiss in the dark  
Seems just like yesterday  
Oh darling, like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago

Darling, now I can see we are drifting  
You are out on your own in the morning light  
Only the future will tell if we're right  
Parting is not without pain  
Our love has been lost  
But the memories remain

Oh darling, like they happened a minute ago  
Like they happened a minute ago  
Like they happened a minute ago

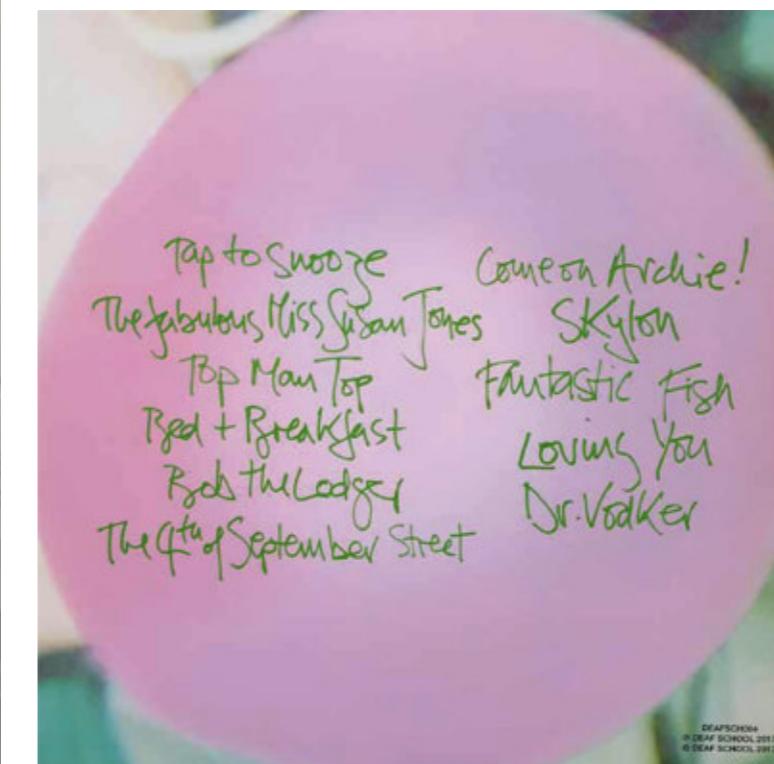
Darling, I only know as the sun sets  
Some things can't be explained in a word or two  
Give me a glance the next time you pass through  
Please understand old times sake  
So we may be sure not to make that mistake  
Oh darling like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago  
Like it happened a minute ago

# Let's Do This Again Next Week...



Tap to Snooze  
The Fabulous Miss Susan Jones  
Top Man Top  
Bed & Breakfast  
Bob the Lodger  
The 4th of September Street  
Come on Archie!  
Skylon  
Fantastic Fish  
Loving You  
Doctor Vodker

Bass, Vocals, Piano, Guitar, Percussion – Mr Average  
Drums, Percussion – Gregg Braden  
Engineer [Technical Assistance] – Charlie Andrew, Jay Pocknell, John Cornfield  
Guitar, Bass, Keyboards – Cliff Hanger  
Keyboards – Max Ripple  
Mixed By, Mastered By – John Cornfield  
Vocals, Percussion – Enrico Cadillac  
Vocals, Recorder, Percussion – Bette Bright



## Tap to Snoozee

(Allen/Lindsey)

7am attack the day  
I'm in trouble  
In a desperate way  
Knuckle down shiver now  
Trying to stay  
Wide-eyed open  
And beginning to fray  
We should go  
Should we though?  
Heaven knows  
I suppose  
The wrong and the right  
A long hard night  
Taking its toll  
Begin to roll  
The day may lose  
And I must choose  
Tap, tap, tap  
Tap to snooze  
A quarter to ten  
It begins again  
Got to hit the road  
Let the day unfold  
The light streams in  
Let the day begin  
But the day feels old  
And I feel cold  
We should go  
Should we go?  
  
Yes I know  
I suppose  
The wrong and the right  
A long hard night  
Taking its toll  
Begin to roll  
The day may lose  
And I must choose  
Tap, tap, tap  
Tap to snooze  
11am  
It begins again  
Still a touch of frost on the window-pane  
A roll in the deep  
Find a way to keep

## The Fabulous Miss Susan Jones

(Allen/Lindsey)

Huddled under cover won't you  
let me sleep  
We should go  
Should we though?  
Heaven knows  
I suppose  
The wrong and the right  
A long hard night  
Taking its toll  
Begin to roll  
The day may lose  
And I must choose  
Tap, tap, tap  
Tap to snooze  
  
The wonderful Miss Susan Jones  
The scintillating Susan Jones  
The fabulous Miss Susan Jones  
The wonderful Miss Susan Jones  
The scintillating Susan Jones  
Lithe and slender legs athletic  
Gym slipped queen of field and trackSkin as white as  
alabaster  
Shoulder length her bob of black  
Framing that pale face determined  
Furrowed brow a tilt of hips  
In the sunlight soft as ermine  
Downy hairs caress her lips  
In the schoolyard  
By the tuck shop  
Jammy dodgers  
Snatch a fag  
Striding by the perfect prefect  
Susan Jones with her kit bag  
Did she glance across to find me  
Gazing from the shadows there  
All forlorn forever falling  
For Miss Jones athletic flair  
Susan Jones, Miss Susan Jones  
The fabulous Miss Susan  
Susan Jones, Miss Susan Jones  
The wonderful Miss Susan  
Jones  
The fabulous Miss Susan Jones  
The wonderful Miss Susan Jones  
She was sporty  
I was arty  
Never made her birthday party  
Peeped in through the garden window  
Susan Perfect, legs akimbo  
Playing ping-pong  
Party heaven  
Parlour games and party seven  
Happy birthday Susan Jones  
Light one up  
Long way home

## Top Man Top

(Langer/Allen)

Mr bloke sir, bespoke sir, three piece ticket pocket, go for broke sir!  
Have to go sir? Oh we know sir, its off the peg sir and on the leg sir!  
Top man top man top, get it all together at the top man shop  
Top man top man top, fully fitted out at the top man shop  
Get the loot sir, for your suit sir, easy fit sir, on the drip sir  
Dont look back sir, its good in black sir  
Your silver lining might need refining  
Top man...top man...top man...you're the top man!  
Top man top man top get it all together at the top man shop  
Top man top man top fully fitted up at the top man shop  
Yeh yeh, yeh yeh, yeh yeh, yeh yeh!  
Get the suit sir, a splash of Brut sir, easy fit sir, you gotta please her  
You're the geezer, Ebeneezer, the girls go mental its existential!  
Top man top man top get it all together at the top man shop  
Top man top man top you gotta get it on at the top man shop  
Yeh yeh, yeh yeh, yeh yeh, yeh yeh!  
You got the loot, zoot, the mohair suit  
The wool-blend's cute with the Chelsea Boot!  
Top man...you're the top man!  
Top man top man top get it all together at the top man shop!

## Bed + Breakfast

(McPherson/Lindsey)

Single or double	Yours truly	On the table
Coffee begins to bubble	Ms. BB's B&B	By the sea
Herne Bay breakers	Seagulls crying	Where you stayed with me
Croissants from the bakers	Seven breakfasts frying	In my B&B
Dozen	Usual Sunday	At the window
Guests to tend to daily	Vacuum then clear away the China	By the sea
On Marine Parade	That touched your lips this morning	Toast and tea
I'm walking	On Marine Parade	Served by me
And you call to say you're coming	I'm walking	Yours truly
So I won't be left here waiting	And you call to say you're leaving	Ms. BB's B&B
Waiting...	And again I'm left here waiting	
On the corner	Waiting...	
By the sea	Percy Dalton roasted peanuts	
Come and stay with me	Toffee apples, candy-floss	
In my B&B	Half a dozen local natives	
At the window	Washed down with a chilled glass of...	
By the sea	La la la la...	
Toast and tea	Sunsets, Sheppery, local beer	
Served by me	Missing you	
	Wish you were here	

## Bob The Lodger

(Wood/Lindsey)

Now Bob the lodger  
Christian Bob  
Kept it dark about his job  
Read his bible  
Said his prayers  
In a tiny room below the stairs  
Where he saw JESUS!  
Yes, he saw JESUS!

Sister Jude enjoyed her food  
And making cocktails in the nude  
She wrote to Yassa Arafat  
And tied a banger to her cat  
And this hurt JESUS!  
And this hurt JESUS!

Ohhh naughty, naughty sister Jude  
But Donald was a modest guy  
Who never ever told a lie  
But when St. Peter spoiled his fun  
He punched a nun and pulled a gun  
Yes, he shot JESUS!  
He shot JESUS!  
Bang, bang, bang diddy bang, bang, bang  
And now he's doing time  
Yes, he shot JESUS!

Oh Yes, praise the Lord  
We are in the presence of great evil  
You feel the bullets striking you

I got one in the butt just now  
Somebody's touching my foot  
I feel it  
I feel the power  
I feel the power draining from me  
Please stop it, stop it  
Shining, shining light  
The light's shining, shining

## The 4th of September Street

(Langer/Allen)

The 4th of September Street  
No it's not what it used to be  
It's there where we used to meet  
Same time, same place  
The 4th of September Street  
Doesn't seem that far away  
That's where you said we would meet  
It's thirty years to the day  
I opened up a forgotten book  
I found a photograph you took  
And though I was afraid  
I had to look  
And it was just a moment on a summer day  
That passed our way  
And it was good  
The 4th of September Street  
It doesn't seem that far away  
I'm taking that walk again  
As I do  
Every day...



## Come on Archie!

(Langer/Allen)

No Show Arthur, known as Archie  
Life and soul of every party  
Reluctant though he was to go  
Once he got there you would know  
Guitar, banjo, ukulele  
Man he made the party swing  
Babycham and brown ale baby  
Then you should have heard him sing  
"He's as good as Frank Sinatra"  
"Better!" Some are heard to say  
Archie does them all and then some  
Maybe Sammy, Mel Torme  
"Next week same again round our house!"  
Get the piano tuned OK!"  
No Show rashly makes a promise  
Will he be there, hard to say  
No Show Archie, Come on Archie, Go Go Archie!  
No excuses, not today!  
No Show Archie, Come On Archie, Go Go Archie!  
Will he be there? Who's to say  
Archie hammers out the classics  
In the parlor there's a squeeze  
Shouts for 'Hearts In San Francisco'  
Even Music Maestro Please!  
Going home time, now he's shouting  
"Lets do this again next week!"  
She knows better. "Don't expect him,  
That's a promise he won't keep"  
No Show Archie, Come On Archie, Go Go Archie!  
Will he be there? Hard to say  
Come on Archie! Go Go Archie! Come On Archie!  
Will he be there? Hard to say  
Come On Archie! Come On Archie! Go Go Archie  
"Archie's granddad's had his leg off  
That's the second one today"  
Can he be there? It's a promise!  
He won't make it. Not today!  
Come on Archie! No Show Archie! Showbiz Archie!  
Will he be there? Who's to say  
Come on Archie! Come on Archie! Come on Archie!  
"Good show, Archie!"

## Skylon

(Allen/Lindsey)

We'll get the tube nice and early  
Pack a lunch and beat the crowds  
The south bank never saw such wonders  
Catch the mood the sights the sounds  
Stacking chairs a thing of wonder  
Sculpted molecules of soap  
You look so beautiful in nylon  
Vivid hues that give us hope

You and I should learn a language  
See the Rhine from our Vauxhall  
Move out to a garden suburb  
Tomorrow's here for one and all  
We could meet there  
By the Skylon  
Floating in the summer sky  
Together we can see the future  
On the river  
Passing by

They say there'll be a train to Europe  
Lunch in Paris tea in Rome  
We'll have German pals and colleagues  
A new TV in every home  
Windrush friends are such a tonic  
Shrinking world let's take a trip

Clean design, the art of plastic  
Frothy coffee on your lip  
You and I are on the radar  
Vapor trails across the blue  
We sign the sky with such a  
flourish Roll on 1952

## Fantastic Fish

(Allen/Lindsey)

Out of the jungle and into the desert  
 Over horizons and into the sea  
 I want to see fish in the depths of the ocean  
 Don't shake me Don't wake me please  
 Hey look down here  
 No, down here my dear  
 I'm down on my hands and my knees  
 The room it's a spinning  
 The bar flies are grinning  
 But try not to walk on me please  
 Whoah oh oh oh, Whoah oh oh oh  
 Fantastic Fish from the depths of the ocean  
 Fruit from the head of a dusky mulatto

I'll show you the island just mix me a potion  
 And bring me, please bring me my desert portmanteau!  
 Out of the jungle and into the desert  
 Over horizons and into the sea  
 The singer Don't mumble  
 The dancer Don't stumble  
 The drinker Don't fall to his knees  
 I just discovered the law of the jungle  
 Hey man Don't stand on me please  
 Whoah oh oh oh, Whoah oh oh oh  
 The singer Don't mumble  
 The dancer Don't stumble  
 The drinker Don't fall to his knees  
 Fantastic Fish from the depths of the ocean  
 Fruit from the head of a dusky mulatto  
 I'll show you the island just mix me a potion  
 And bring me, please bring me my desert portmanteau!  
 Some fantastic fish in my little dish  
 Such fantastic fish in my little dish...

## Loving You

(Langer/Allen)

Is all I can do  
 'Cause I found a better way of loving you  
 Loving is all I can do  
 'Cause I found the way I want to be with you  
 It doesn't matter what people say  
 I'm gonna love you any old way  
 I just have to keep on loving you  
 It's all I really wanna do  
 Holding you  
 Is all I can do  
 'Cause I found a brand new way of holding you  
 Holding you is all I can do  
 'Cause I found a way I need to be with you  
 It doesn't matter what people say  
 I'm gonna love you any old way  
 I just have to keep on loving you  
 It's all I really wanna do

## Dr Vodker

(Langer/Allen)

Do I need a doctor or do I need a vodka?  
 And if we're only here once  
 I will march with you  
 You've got something I need  
 In a world of voices  
 There's one loving me  
 And if we're only here once  
 Hey, hey, I will march with you  
 You and you and you  
 You've got something I need  
 Oh, in this world of voices  
 There's one loving me  
 And if we are only here once  
 Hey, hey, I will march with you  
 Skies are big and I am happy too...  
 Dr. Vodker, vodka doctor  
 Do I need a doctor or do I need a vodka?  
 Lifestyle measures and medicines can help

# Parigi My Dear

Where Do We Go From Here?  
 Launderette  
 You Turn Away  
 Geraldine  
 Liverpool 8  
 Broken Down Aristocrats  
 Goodbye To All That  
 Don't Open The Door Bette  
 Falkner And Hope  
 I Know I Know  
 Scary Girlfriend  
 The Enrico Song  
 Survivor Song  
 (Where Do We Go From Here? (Extended Version)

Bass – Steve 'Mr Average' Lindsey  
 Drums – Gregg Braden (tracks: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8),  
 Nicholas Millard (tracks: 3, 7, 10 to 13),  
 Tim Whittaker (tracks: 15, 16)  
 Guitar – Clive Langer  
 Keyboards – The Reverend Max Ripple  
 Keyboards [Additional Keyboards] – Anna Sales  
 Mixed By [Additional Mixing] – Constantin  
 Groenert (tracks: 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9), Deaf School  
 (tracks: 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9)  
 Producer – Charlie Andrew (tracks: 2 to 12),  
 Clive Langer (tracks: 2 to 12)  
 Producer, Guitar [Additional Guitar] –  
 Ian Broudie (tracks: 13)  
 Producer, Mixed By – Deaf School  
 (tracks: 1, 13 to 15)  
 Saxophone – Ian Ritchie  
 Strings [London Strings Group] – Ruth Elder,  
 Tina Jacobs-Lim  
 Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac Jr.  
 Vocals, Banjo – Eric Shark (tracks: 15, 16)  
 Written-By – McPherson (tracks: 5),  
 Langer (tracks: 2, 3, 5 - 8, 11, 12, 13, 15 - 17),  
 Shark (tracks: 13), Davis (tracks: 17),  
 Allen (tracks: 1 - 4, 6-9, 11, 12, 14 - 17),  
 Lindsey (tracks: 1, 4, 7, 9, 10, 14)



## Where Do We Go From Here?

(Allen/Lindsey)

Where do we go from here  
Where do we run to now my dear  
Where do we go from here  
Where do we run to now?

Shall we go go go to the far-flung beaches of outer space  
And pretend we're the last two people in the human race  
I see your face  
And nothing is crazy round here  
It's awful nice it's paradise  
We'll get there maybe next year

Where do we go from here where do we run to now my dear  
Where do we go from here where do we run to now?

We could dance on the tables do the twist if we're able  
And the lights are low  
Tuning into the sounds of the intergalactic radio  
It's quite a show  
We are making it crazy around here  
It's awful nice it's paradise  
We'll make it for the new year  
(That's a promise)

Where do we go from here where do we run to now my dear  
Where do we go from here where do we run to now?

We could take in a show there is a nice place I know  
Called the Milky Way  
Hey we've been there before, 1974  
Did I hear you say... Well, anyway  
We're making it cosy round here  
It's a goddamn mess bonjour tristesse  
We'll always have Parigi my dear!

Dear diary, so I'm sitting here in bed reading  
yesterday's papers on a drizzle down Monday morning  
in June. The summer is here and the time is right and  
the sun could be coming out any time soon. The sun  
could be coming out soon.

Dear diary, I was feeling low, life's been such a drag of late  
but I stopped, dug out these fabulous Courreges  
boots, might go blonde for summer, get out of town, go  
somewhere, anywhere with blue skies.

Where do we go from here where do we run to now my dear  
Where do we go from here where do we run to now...?







## Survivor Song

(Langer/Shark)

It's Sam, here I am again (It's 5 am)  
 A little bit older  
 Waiting for the sun to rise  
 To herald in another day  
 The fanfare for the common man  
 Whose house is filled with love, not greed  
 Whose heart contains the future seed  
 Oh, here I am again  
 It's later now  
 The sun has come and gone  
 The planet heaves another turn

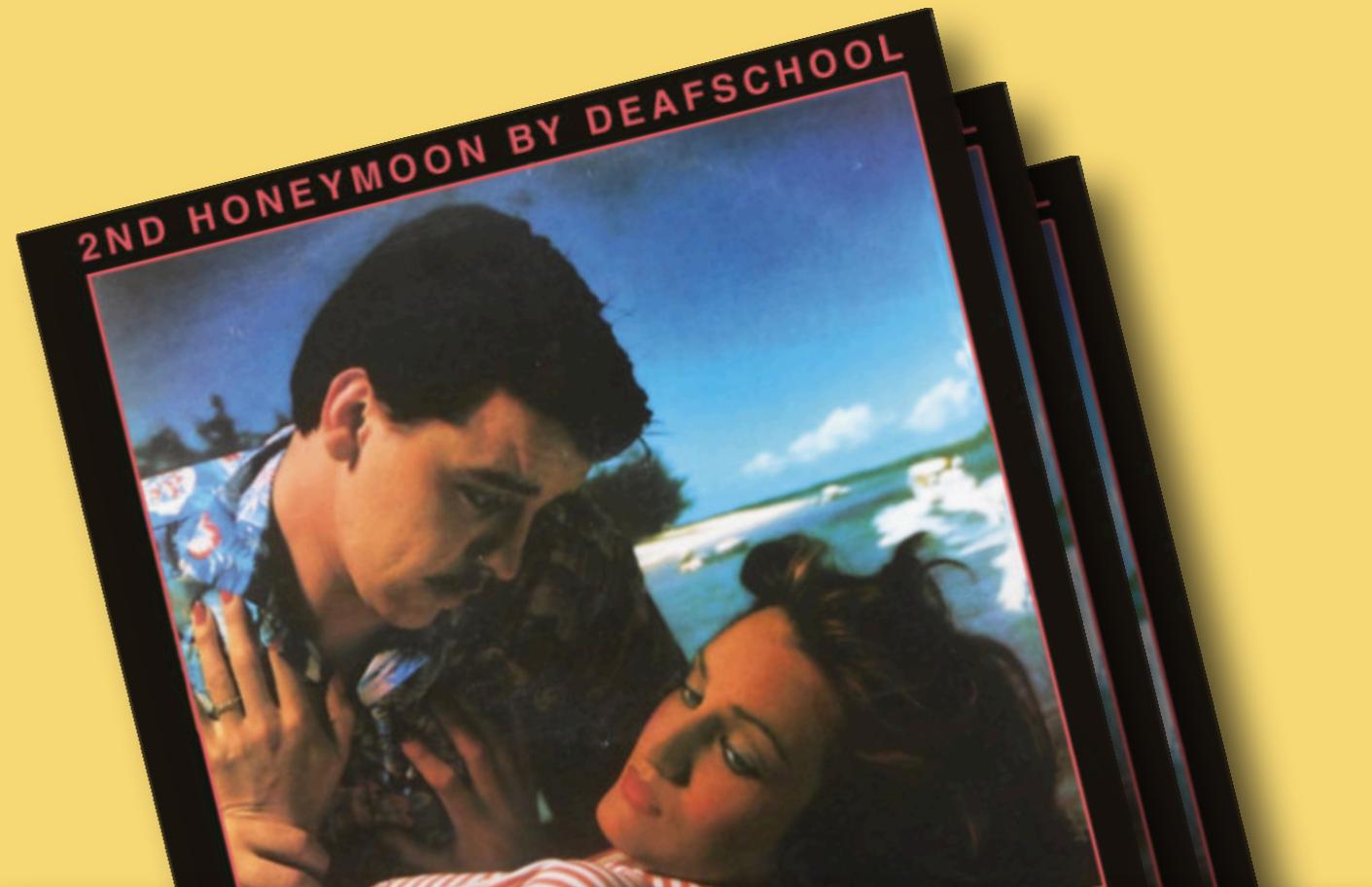
It might be me, it might be you  
 Singing the survivor song  
 It's the only thing to do  
 Singing the survivor song  
 Don't forget to say "I love you"  
 I won't forget to say that  
 I, I love, I love you

Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah

It's 5 am, here I am again (It's Sam again)  
 A little bit older  
 Waiting for the moon to fall  
 To draw a line under a dream  
 Of clear water and impossible skies  
 A land of only truth, not lies  
 Oh, here I am again

It might be me, it might be you  
 Singing the survivor song  
 It's the only thing to do  
 Singing the survivor song  
 Don't forget to say "I love you"  
 I won't forget to say that  
 I, I love, I love you

Singing the survivor song  
 Singing the survivor song  
 Bah, bah, bah, bah  
 Singing the survivor song  
 Bah, bah, bah, bah  
 Singing the survivor song



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# DEAF SCHOOL

DO THEIR BEST

WITH VERY SPECIAL GUESTS  
**IT'S IMMATERIAL**

SATURDAY  
16th DECEMBER

LIVERPOOL  
GUILD OF  
STUDENTS  
(MOUNTFORD HALL)



Eric's  
PRODUCTIONS

il  
It's Immaterial