

DEAF SCHOOL

SONGBOOK

LYRICS and discography



Composition and formatting **HENK REIJERSE**

The Band

DEAF SCHOOL



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



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.



Page 16 SOUNDS July 30, 1977

Putting on the agony



When the music, 'don't like what I see in the mirror', almost cutsy such as the club scene and ill-fated offers, practically embracing their pants with joy. Obviously Miss Bright gets an ovation nightly.

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'.

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

Any similarity or resemblance to person, living or dead is purely accidental.

The night before, during one of Clive Langer's numerous dream solos, several band members expressed the feeling that winning the annual Melody Maker pop-rock contest several years back was in retrospect more of a hinderance 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 permanently."

Negative consequence number 2

Putting on the style

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 back even stranger than the audience. Hundreds of people could not take their eyes off the mouthpieces from line of Betty Bright, Eric Shark and Enrico; all of them bumping and grinding to the music, driven by actual rhythmic configurations.

Deaf School offer a diverse assortment of musical delicacies, straddling between Broadway musicals, cities favoured rock, seventies experimentation and traditional British music hall samplings.

At the root of every song is a solid rhythmic groove, captured by drummer Whitaker, 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 version of the show undoubtedly is Max Bright's tour de force on 'Freaky Act' where she out camps Bette Midler. She's like Gwen Verdon and Lucille Ball wrapped up in one glorious whole, as original as you'd expect from the whacky band. Shark and Enrico lend themselves to the wonderfully sexy-long lounge atmosphere.

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



BETTY BRIGHT: a true musical sensation.

Deaf School wow the USA—Barbara Charone waxes lyrical

was the reaction of the British media. Suddenly Deaf School exploded in a sea of full page adverts and superlative accolades, sending advertising like type.

"The press don't like us in England because of that contest," 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 grassroots."

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

"Clive problem is that it's good to have an underground press," says the Reverend, gesturing as if to emphasise he's the only one without a glass. "Most punk rock bands have that press but we were given this very sick image, starchy 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," Whitaker says looking pleased with their classroom. "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 continues. "They don't know if it's hip to see us. I think we confuse people in England."

The band's snipe 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 seventeen music with sixteen meanings.

"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?" Whitaker 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 vocalists. "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 is playing and there is stronger. Average puts forth."

Most of the band are early Kinks enthusiasts, illustrated in songs like 'White's The Weekend' or 'Get Set Ready Go'. Even 'Hypermania' 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 music saying 'The 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 were looking back at the things that really did work like early Beatles, Kinks and Stones."

"There wasn't as much inspiration around when we started," notes Whitaker.

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

Like vintage wine, Deaf School are an acquired taste.

"The more you listen to the album," Whitaker said laughing, "the weirder it gets."

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.

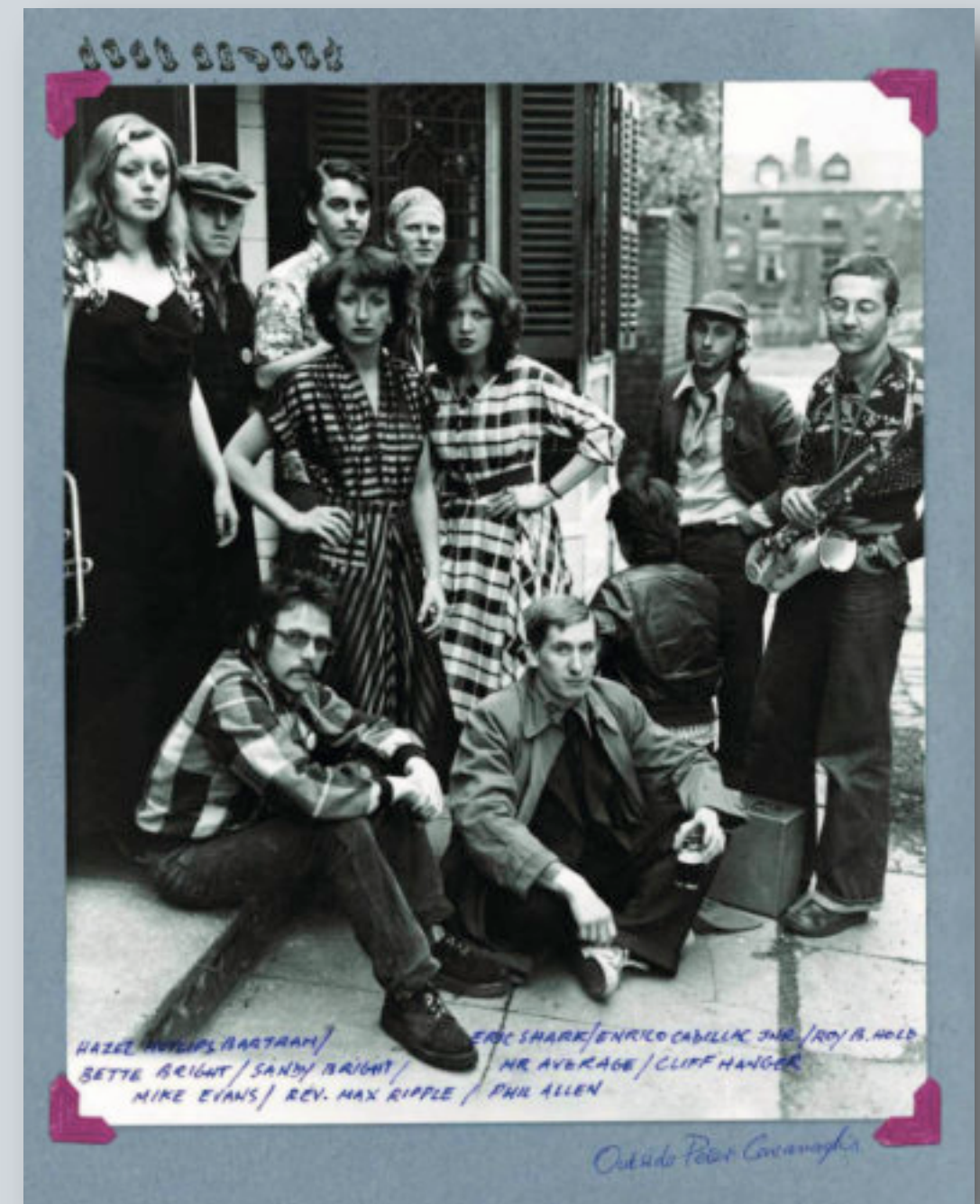
The mini album, **Enrico & Bette xx** was released in 2011 with the five new songs **You Turn Away**, **I Know I Know**, **The Enrico Song**, **Goodbye To All That** and **Scary Girlfriend**. Deaf School reappeared at The Everyman Theatre Liverpool for two emotionally charged Goodbye to the Everyman 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	Demon Records	1988
Enrico + Bette xx (CD, MiniAlbum)	Deaf School Music	2011
Launderette (CD, Album)	Lost House Archive Club	2015
Let's Do This Again Next Week...	Deaf School	2017

Singles & Eps

What A Way To End It All		
Taxi	Warner Bros. Records	1977
2nd Honeymoon / Don't Stop The World	Warner Bros. Records	1977
Thunder & Lightning	Warner Bros. Records	1978
All Queued UP (7", Single, Red)	Warner Bros. Records	1978
The Survivor Song (CD, Single)	Deaf School	2010
Bed & Breakfast	Narisu Records, Deaf School	2017
Top Man Top (CDr, Single, Promo)	Deaf School	2017

Compilations

2nd Honeymoon / Don't Stop The World	Warner Bros. Records	1977
What A Way To End It All (The Anthology)	Castle Music	2003
Parigi My Dear (CD, Album, Comp)	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 rme

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?) 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 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
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 eiyes
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

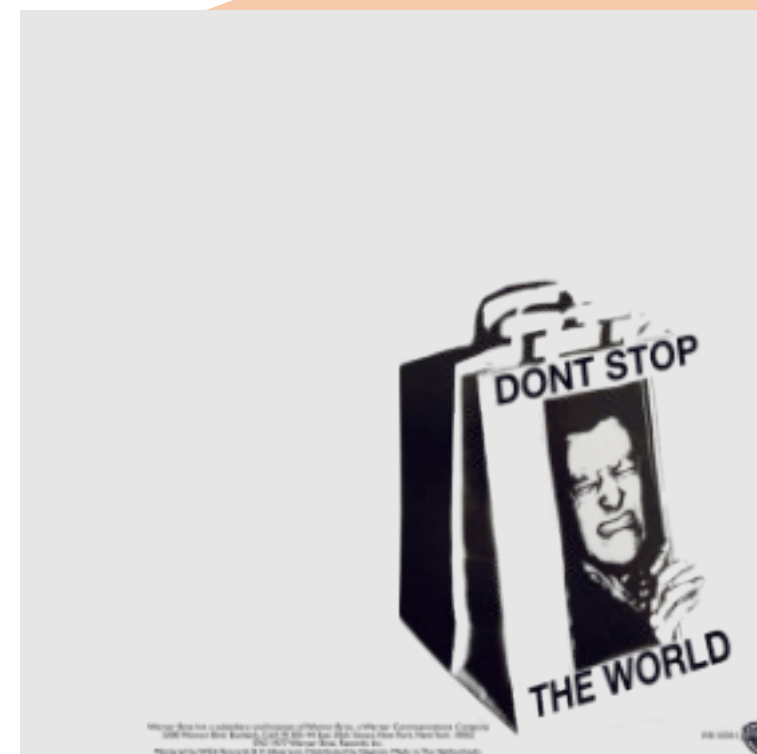


Dont stop the world



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, my world

Don't stop the world! Though people say
The old world has seen better days
I haven't seen that much at all
I've realized my world's too small

Around the globe and back again
Watching movies on the plane
In foreign parts and trips abroad
I'll spend me money till I'm bored

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

My world ain't big enough
My world ain't big enough
My world, 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, dig it
I dig it, 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, dig it
I dig it, 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
What a week
What a week
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

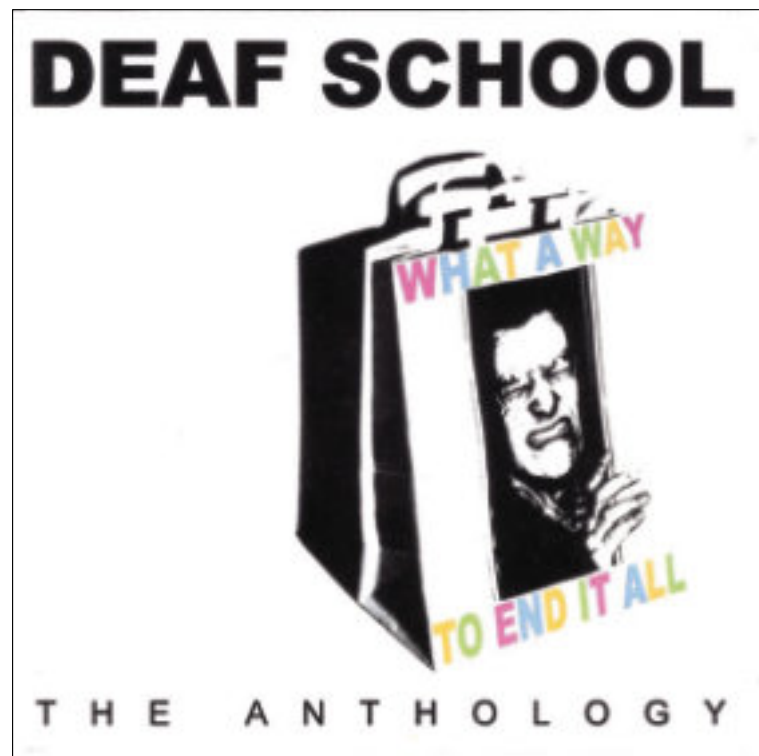


- What A Way To End It All
- Shake Some Action
- Hi Jo Hi
- Nearly Moonlit Night Motel
- Taxi!
- Ronnie Zamora
- Thunder And Lightning
- Blue Velvet
- Princess Princess
- I Wanna Be Your Boy
- Lines
- Capaldi's Cafe
- 2nd Honeymoon
- Final Act

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 Gabrells
Vocals – Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac
Vocals, Bells – Eric Shark



2nd Coming - Liverpool 88



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

Disc 1



1. Working Girls
2. Golden Showers
3. Thunder & Lightning
4. What A Week
5. Refugee
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 2

Enrico + Bette xx



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



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 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 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 la x 4

It starts in a whisper and ends in a scream
It's all in your head girl and it's making you mean
That's not what I said girl, you're causing a scene
It looks like you're falling apart at the seams
And you're also lovely, so lovely you are
But oh, when you're ugly, you're ugly you are
I wanna stick your face in a marmalade jar
You cut out the crotch in my favourite jeans
You're my scary girlfriend
And you're a scream!
Put on my old school blazer
My arse was cold
What could I say, where could I go
You were the tuckshop girl with a heart of gold
You wrecked the apartment
You smashed up the car
You're broke all the windows
You're going too far
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la

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 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

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la



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
Falukner & Hope
It Should've Been Me

Bass, Vocals, Piano, Guitar, Percussion – Steve
"Mr Average" Lindsey
Drums, Percussion – Gregg Braden (2) (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 Oxtan (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 Nowheresville
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

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.

Stub The And Take The Stage
The Band Begins To Sway
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

We went to a bar,
I proceeded to order,
a nice little place in the Latin quarter.
The cabaret was running through
a string of old hits.
A cigarette was hanging
from the piano players lips
so I got myself a light
I pulled my trenchcoat tight,
around another corner...
into another night.

Geraldine

(Allen/Lindsey)

Geraldine Seventeen Have You Seen That Gin
Bridges Burn No Return Entering Her
World Locked In That Flyblown Motel
Is It Day Is Night?
I can't Tell Gerladine Seraphim In My Skin
That 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

Launderette

(Langer/Allen)

Coiniess 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 Eiectrolux
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 DoorDon'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 DooN
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon'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 InsideNo Bette Lets Leave
Them Behind Don't Open The Door Bette
Don't Open The DoorDon't Open The
Door Bette Don't Open The Door
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The Door
The Urge 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 Sure
That They Won't Mind
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon't Open The Door Bette
Don't Open The Door
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon'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)

Isabel Isabel You're In A Mess Has It Fallen
Apart
You Take The r 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 You're Free
To Go Liverpool 8 Never Too Late
Liverpool B..
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

N.a.

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 Clambers 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 (2)
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	Huddled under cover won't you
I'm in trouble	let me sleep
In a desperate way	We should go
Knuckle down shiver now	Should we though?
Trying to stay	Heaven knows
Wide-eyed open	I suppose
And beginning to fray	The wrong and the right
We should go	A long hard night
Should we though?	Taking its toll
Heaven knows	Begin to roll
I suppose	The day may lose
The wrong and the right	And I must choose
A long hard night	Tap, tap, tap
Taking its toll	Tap to snooze
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)

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 track
Skin 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	
	Waiting...	
	Percy Dalton roasted peanuts	
	Toffee apples, candy-floss	
	Half a dozen local natives	
	Washed down with a chilled glass of...	
	La la la la...	
	Sunsets, Sheppey, local beer	
	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...?



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 Nowheresville
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
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



Don't Open The Door Bette

(Langer/Allen)

Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon'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 DooN
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon'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 InsideNo Bette Lets Leave
Them Behind Don't Open The Door Bette
Don't Open The DoorDon't Open The

Door Bette Don't Open The Door
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The Door
The Urge 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 Sure
That They Won't Mind
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon't Open The Door Bette
Don't Open The Door
Don't Open The Door Bette Don't Open
The DoorDon'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

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 Clambers Wide
Across it's Grand Old Slope
I'll Meet You On A Corner Up There On A
Corner
Maybe Falkner Street And Hope...





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





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2ND HONEYMOON

A

ALL QUEUED UP

B

BED + BREAKFAST

BIGGER SPLASH

BOB THE LODGER

BROKEN DOWN ARISTOCRATS

C

CAPALDI'S CAFE

COCKTAILS AT EIGHT

COME ON ARCHIE!

D

DARLING

DON'T OPEN THE DOOR BETTE

DON'T STOP THE WORLD

DR VODKER

E

ENGLISH BOYS

EVERYTHING FOR THE DANCER

15

F

FALKNER AND HOPE

FANTASTIC FISH

30

FINAL ACT

FIRE

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13

GERALDINE

50

GET SET READY GO

55

GIRLFRIEND

GOLDEN SHOWERS

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

21

13

H

51

HI JO HI

HYPERTENSION

21

I

56

I KNOW I KNOW

20

I WANNA BE YOUR BOY

52

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME

IT'S A BOY'S WORLD

29

K

21

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCKING

57

52

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17

22

36

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L

LAST NIGHT

LAUNDERETTE

LOVING YOU

M

MORNING AFTER

N

NEARLY MOONLIT NIGHT MOTEL

O

O. BLOW

OPERATOR

P

PLACES & THINGS

R

REFUGEE

ROCK FERRY

RONNY ZAMORA

ROOM SERVICE

S

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SNAPSHOTS

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SURVIVOR SONG

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TAP TO SNOOZEE

TAXI

THE 4TH OF SEPTEMBER STREET

THE ENRICO SONG

16

THE FABULOUS MISS SUSAN JONES

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

TOP MAN TOP

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WHAT A JERK

WHAT A WAY TO END IT

WHAT A WEEK

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

WHERE'S THE WEEKEND?

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WORKING GIRLS

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Y

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YOU TURN AWAY

18

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60



61

DEAF SCHOOL

DO
THEIR
BEST

WITH VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
IT'S IMMATERIAL

SATURDAY
16th DECEMBER

LIVERPOOL
GUILD OF
STUDENTS
(MOUNTFORD HALL)



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