



The Good, The Bad & The Queen

Songs originally performed by:

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Lyrics written by:

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Ribbons

I am the Maypole
Dancing with the sun
I wear my ribbons white and red
I am the morning
Flowers in your hair
I am your son and heir Mother

I am the Mast horse
Riding out to war
I wear my ribbons white and blue
I am the arrow
Stinging in your side
I will never let you go

I am the last king
Standing on the hill
I wear my ribbons white, red, and green
I am the visions
The night before the fair
When you don't want me anymore
And you're not there

I am a murder
All falling out of the sky
I wear my ribbons black until I die
I am the dark wood, the river, and the blood
I am the lover lost

I am the Maypole
Dancing with the sun
I only wear my ribbons for you
I am the morning
With flowers in my hair
I am your son and heir

Kingdom of Doom

Friday night in the Kingdom of Doom
Ravens fly across the room
All in now there's a noise in the sky
Following all the rules and not asking why

And when the sunset world begins
Turning into the night I see everything in black and white and then

Drink all day 'cos the country's at war
You'll be falling on the palace floor
I can't be anymore than I see
In the flood get washed away

When the sunset world begins
Turning into the night I see everything in black and white and then
A love song for the collaboration you and me will never be and then
We'll let it flow away

The Poison Tree

If you've got dreams you keep
And you're leaving me
I'll see you in the next life
I'll set you free
To find your promised land
If you're leaving me
It's really sad
It's really sad

Because our love is lying on a fallow field
It's the seed that you sowed
And scattered with the fallen shields

If you've got dreams you keep
Because you're leaving me
I'll see you in the next life
Don't follow me
To the poison tree

If you've got dreams you keep
Because you're leaving me
I'll see you in the next life
Don't follow me
To the poison tree
That grew up next to me
It's really sad
It's really sad

Because our love is lying on a fallow field
It's the seed that you sowed
And scattered with the fallen shields
On a last crusade to save me from myself



Lady Boston

Cut to the seagull
The quarryman
The castle
The barnacles
The cliff edge
The joy

Up in the tower that looks out to sea
The pink dressing room bell
Of the lady is ringing
She looks from the shadows
Out through the stained colours of old grass
The sorrows of slate and sugar cane are hers

And where does she go now
And where does it seem to be free
And where does she go now
And where will she carry me

If this is the end
The line in the sand
The blue dressing room bell
Is ringing the lord
He wishes the head of the whale

Who lived under the ice
Until shipping lanes sliced
Open the North Pole
Leaving a great hole

And where do I go now
And where does it seem to be free
Where do I go now
Where will you carry me

The line in the sand
The blue dressing room bell
Is ringing the lord
He wishes the head of the whale

Who lived under the ice
Until shipping lanes sliced
Open the North Pole
Leaving a great hole

And where do I go now
And where does it seem to be free
Where do I go now
Where will you carry me

If I'm on the back
I'm on the back
I'm on the back of you
I'm on the back
I'm on the back
I'm on the back of you
I'm on the back
I'm on the back of you

I'm on the back
I'm on the back
I'm on the back of you
I want to be light now
I'm on the back of you

Dwi wrth dy gefn, dwi th dy gefen di
Dwi wrth dy gefn, dwi th dy gefen di
Dwi wrth dy gefn, dwi th dy gefen di

*I'm at your back, I'm your twin
I'm at your back, I'm your twin
I'm at your back, I'm your twin
(Translated from Welsh)*

Nature Springs

Over lord hills bridge we must go

Where the hearts burn at night and the guns unload
Oceanographers are charting the rise of the seas
Today is a submarine
Setting course to the land under me

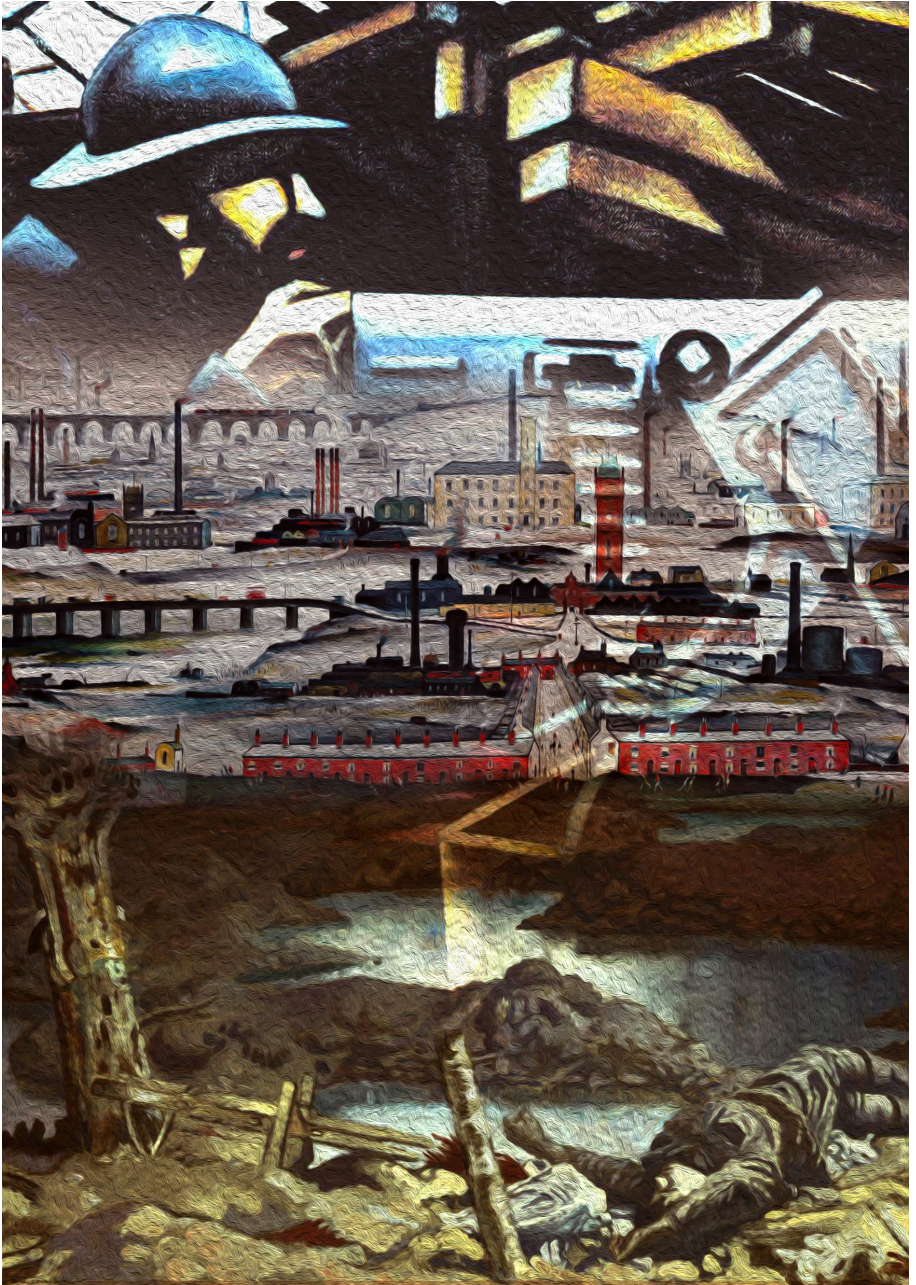
Nature springs are caught in a war
The imperious demands are the local law
It is dragging us down to the emperor's gate

Everyone is a submarine
Looking for a dream far away

A Soldier's Tale

Wake up feeling good
Go to bed frequently lost in the wood
A soldier's tale of soul winning love
No drunken stuff spewing out of my mouth
All over now out

Birdsong in the night
The sound drags a net through the twilight
Emptiness in computers bothers me
These are the seas in our minds
We make our own confine in time



Nineteen Seventeen

I see myself moving backwards
In time today
From a place we can't remain
Close to anymore
My heart is heavy
Because it looks just like my home

Pylons rapeseed fields
Powdered skies and trees alone
Thousands of white crosses in a cemetery
I freeze the frame from a passing train

Are you still there or am I losing you?
And every moment lost
Is telling to my heart
Puts me on the form
For silent treatment from the forces above
Our dependence on new gods
Because I'm just passing through
On this battlefield
Where we played our games
And went insane

And we waltzed around the world
As though we were off our heads
And I say why
Why are we not brought to book
And where are we today
Dissolution
Our lousy love affairs
If you don't love me let me go
And as I come up again
I leave a little bit of England
In a field in France

Gun To The Head

Notice here by given
That spring guns and mantraps
To be placed on these premises
So don't trespass over the line on the map
Commissioners for oaths
In the borough of Banbury
Require the owners of rowdy dogs
To keep them on their leads

We don't care because we're all animal lovers
We like to share our lives with them
Required of this song
Is a case for love
When everything else
That keeps us together conspiring to tear us apart

At the point where the sky and the earth touch
Is the head of the Unicorn
Nailed to the wheel in the middle of the town
Is the nightingale alone
Singing 'where have you put me
I gave no signed consent
I'd rather keep my place here
And put up with your rents'

Because the sun is soft
Like the narcotics sold in Boots

We don't care because we're all animal lovers
We like to share our lives with them
Required of this song
Is a case for love
When everything else
That keeps us together conspiring to tear us apart

Sleeping safe in your bed
A slow motion circular film
Inward looking
The realm of moles
Pressure-cooking in the home

No approvals in the out tray
Not one today
To the city no forever

Merrie Land

If you're leaving please still say goodbye
And if you are leaving can you leave me my silver jubilee mug
My old flag
My dark woods
My sunrise

If you're leaving can you please say goodbye
And if you are leaving can you leave your number
I'll pack my case
And get in a cab
And wave you goodbye

I drive in the early hours down to the sea
I stand on the beach where the storms amplify
All the voices that I care for
And the ghosts I hold sacred

In this alignment that lasts for a day
There's nothing that I can do anyway, anyway
What am I doing here?
Waiting for you?

Hey

So rebuild the railways
Firm up all the roads
No one is leaving
Now this is your home
The horses, the foxes, the sheep, and the cows
Bow down on their knees
To the fanfare of progress, it's always the same
We cheer on the clowns as they roll into town
But their faces look tired and sad to me
And carry the terrible things they've seen

All lost in a painting of a sky coloured oil
In this Merrie Land

You are my crows, my window rattlers
Perfumed valley criers
Oh the dark ponds of Merrie England
The deep space echoes
Get on your mo...
What did you say? Mobility (You can fly)
Get on your mobilised hooters... (to the moon)
Hooters... Haha
Mobilised Hooters... Haha
(One day)
Get hold of those mobilised hooters
They are half price

This is not rhetoric
It comes from my heart
I love this country
Daneland, I am your kin
You were the ones who work together
Put the money in the pockets
Of the few and their fortunes
Who crowd the school benches
And jeer at us all because they don't care about us
They are graceless and you shouldn't be with them
Because they are all disconnected and raised up in mansions
And two hundred plastic bags in a whale's stomach
So you turn to the trident
Are we green are we pleasant?
We are not either of those Father
We are a shaking wreck where nothing grows
Lost in the sky coloured oils of Merrie Land

The Truce Of Twilight

Enjoy it while it lasts because soon it will be different
Pernicious playgrounds and new age cultism
Outbreaks of optimism in care homes of England
The famous goodwill dumped in your fly tips so...

Go raise your idols
Pull them out the marshes
Go give them sanctuary
Put them in your new builds
Because everything is now a live stream
The noise is rising
Curtain twitchers can take out their sunscreen

It looks like it's come to rest

The truce of twilight the echoes of the horned ooser
In a Southend caravan park from shore to pierhead
The twelve that follow on they are camping on the cliff top
They not dreaming just looking to midnight

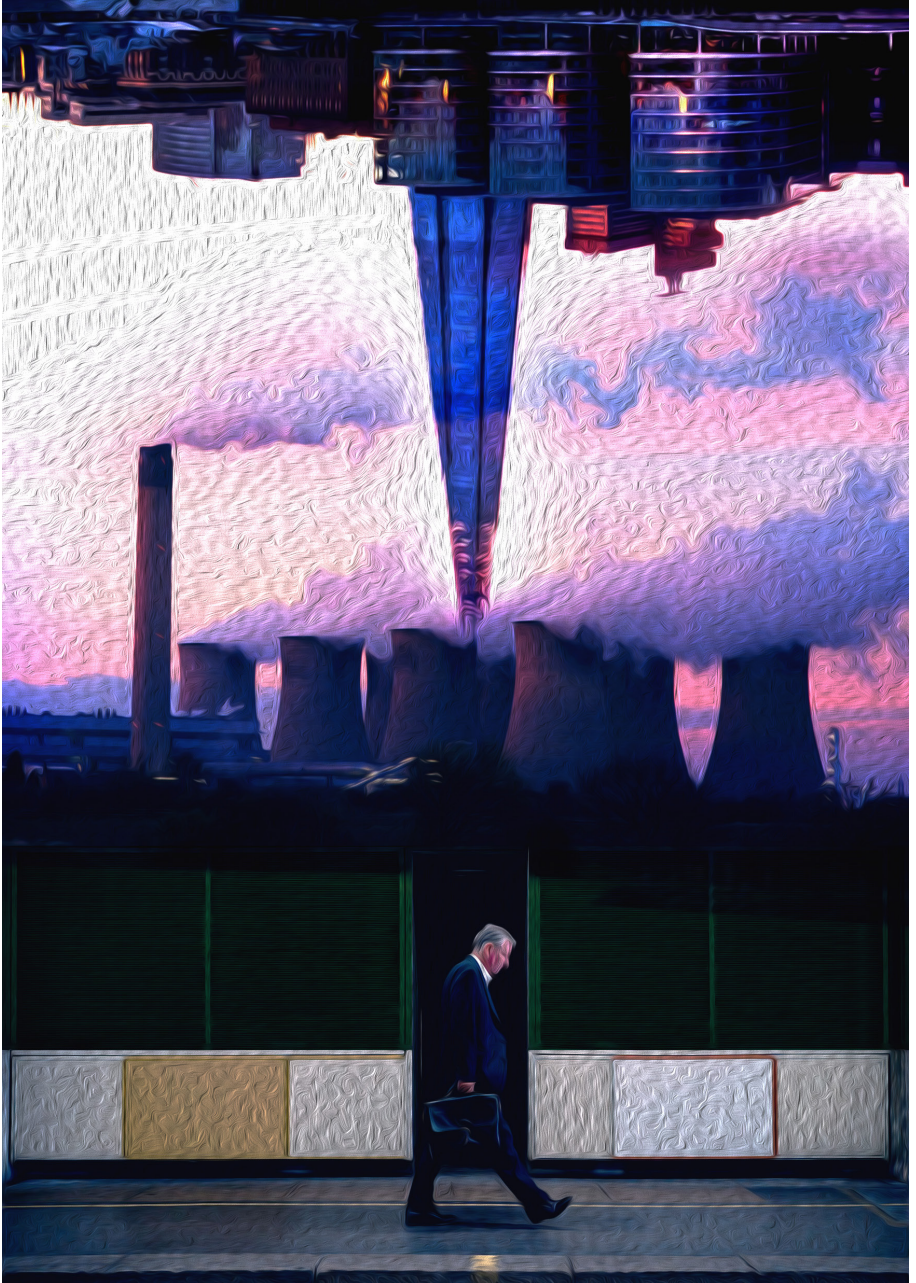
Go fill your pockets now
With tomorrow's landfill
The Lions and Unicorns
Are sleeping out in shop doors
Outside dreamland
Glassy eyed demography
The smell of cut grass
The swallows are returning

And it look's like they've come to rest

Bring me my shell box and my submachine gun
Because you can't get over anything quite like this
Where the water is darker than the mirror of the sky
And Demis Roussos playing "Forever" on the waterslide

Conscripted into ranks
Look what we have done
The feckless and the lazy
Look what we've become
Chicken collector man
Look what we have done
The fortune teller she sits with the starlings
Look what we have done
Oh the mass elopers turn to exhale
Look what we have done
In the dance schools of England
Look what we have done

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Green Fields

I wrote this song years ago
Late at night somewhere
On the Goldhawk Road
I was never sure how or why
Before the war and the tidal wave
Engulfed us all, it's true
How the world has changed
And I was learning how to change with you

We saw the green fields
Turn into stone, such lonely homes
All in the badman dream
He is awake, is a dream

The darkest hour song had gone
It passed among people I hardly knew
I was losing it all the time
She stayed with me and found me out
And above all things I've learnt
It's the honesty that secures
The bond in the heart

We saw the green fields
Turn into stone, such lonely homes
All in the badman dream
He is awake, is a dream

All we ever need is destiny
All we have is dreams

The Last Man To Leave

The body follows me
Onto the cobblestones
Behind the frontline
It's a ghost, it's a score
For the rabbit hole
Because you're all alone tonight
And the police with their heads down
They try to keep the law in the meadows
Where the manicured lawns of England
Barricaded in the fifties
Wake up to the blackbird
The radio and the bacon

The houses of joy and disappointment
Of the Windrush
Street sweepers leave your music
On the other side of the pavement
Because it sounds better over there
We don't want you anymore
We like the bed that we've made to lie in
Better thank you
I'll be the last man to leave
I'll be the last man to leave

Because the Offie's still open
So empty those plastic bags
Line up the gear all the vodka and ice
I'll be the last man
I'll be the last man to leave

I'll be climbing back out of the rabbit hole
Because I've taken my medicine
It was bitter and it burned the back of my throat
And now I'm losing control
The ability to speak
I'll be the last man to leave

Don't leave me now
Don't leave me now
I'm pacing up and down the kitchen
Don't leave me now
Don't leave me now
I'm taking it personally
I've got to rewrite
The story that they flaunted around and hoiked us all
I was just getting on with my business
I'll be the last man to leave
I'll be the last man to leave

And now I've gone away - what will you do?

80's Life

Where do I see the light
It's all gone dead in a way

Cos more or less and get on by
My made up thing on the day

Oh Lord can a stone
Be ballest for an aching soul

Just learning how to know your mind
No hiding out on the way back

To get out before I'm feeling
You just blow them all away
It's eighties life
But it all looks good on you

Suddenly police run out
And hope is found in a sound

Cos I don't want to live a war
That's got no end in our time

Call it living in this country
Calling it missing dawn patrol
It's eighties life
And it's all gone right on you

Herculean

Standing on the dark canal
By the gasworks
Celebrate the ghost gone by
When all love hurts

And the medicine man here 24/7
You can get it fast in Armageddon
Everyone on the way to heaven
Slowly

Call for prayer has come around here
In the morning
Wash our faces go to work
There is no warning

That it all gets better when life is straight
It's bigger than you and the Welfare State
And we'll keep singing it's not too late
For you

The Good, The Bad & The Queen

Moving uptown
But I know it's the place I should be
The streets are all quiet
And no one saying nothing at all

Then the sun came out of the clouds
And charged up the satellites
We all got our energy back and started talking again

It's the blessed routine
For The Good, The Bad And The Queen
Just moving out of dreams with no physical wounds at
all

Don't kick the crack heads of the green
They are a political party
And the kids are never going to be tired
Cos everything has ever so slightly come
Everything is so slightly come
Everything is so slightly come

Ooh
Ooh

