

And when I say I can't own her I don't mean to buy her
It's nothing at all to do with money
I simply want her in my arms forever more
Is that an odd request?
Is that something so funny?

And I may as well wish for the moon in hand
As there's more chance of that coming true

But I can't own her... and I never will
No I can't own her... and that's a bitter pill

So I can't own her
And I never will
No I can't own her
And that's a bitter pill

Of all the things you've got the thing
you want the most is her and she's
the one thing that you just can't have

Taken with rain
Which I swallow down with the swirling sky
with the swirling sky

But I can't own her
And I may as well wish for the moon in hand
No I can't own her
As there's more chance of that coming true

HARVEST FESTIVAL

See the flowers round the altar
See the peaches in tins 'neath the headmaster's chair
Harvest festival

See the two who've been chosen
See them walk hand in hand to the front of the hall
Harvest festival, harvest festival

What was best of all was the
Longing look you gave me, that longing look
More than enough to keep me fed all year

See the children with baskets
See their hair cut like corn neatly combed in their rows
Harvest festival, harvest festival
What was best of all was the
Longing look you gave me, that longing look
Across the hymnbooks and the canvas chairs
The longing look you gave me, that longing look
More than enough to keep me fed all year

And what a year when the exams and crops all failed
Of course you passed and you were never seen again
We all grew and we got screwed and cut and nailed
Then out of nowhere, invitation in gold pen

See the flowers 'round the altar
See that you two got married and I wish you well
Harvest festival, harvest festival
What was best of all was the
Longing look you gave me, that longing look
Across the hymnbooks and the canvas chairs
The longing look you gave me, that longing look
More than enough to keep me fed all year
Harvest festival... (repeat)

THE LAST BALLOON

The last balloon is leaving, the last balloon from fear
The last balloon is leaving, form that line right here

Climb aboard, climb aboard you menfolk
You won't need any bombs or knives
Climb aboard, climb aboard you menfolk
Leave all that to your former lives

Drop it all

The last balloon is leaving... the last balloon of all
The last balloon is leaving... undress, discard, let fall

Climb aboard, climb aboard you women
You won't need any gems or furs
Climb aboard, climb aboard you women
Leave all that to the bad old years

Drop it all

The last balloon is leaving... the last balloon they'll fly
The last balloon is leaving... and we won't qualify

Climb aboard, climb aboard you children
Move aloft, while you're fleet and fast
Climb aboard, climb aboard you children
We're weighed down by our evil past

Drop us all, you should drop us all
Drop us all and free your hand
Drop us all, you should drop us all
Drop us all like so much sand

APPLE VENUS XTC

RIVER OF ORCHIDS

I heard the dandelions roar in Piccadilly Circus
I heard the dandelions roar in Piccadilly Circus
Take a packet of seeds, take yourself out to play
I want to see a river of orchids where we had a motorway

Push your car from the road...

Just like a mad dog you're chasing your tail in a circle
Just like a mad dog you're chasing your tail in a circle
It's all in your back yard

You've the whole world at your feet
Said the grass is always greener
When it bursts up through concrete

Push your car from the road...

River of orchids winding our way
Want to walk into London on my hands one day
River of orchids the road overgrows
Want to walk into London smelling like a Peckham rose

Just like a mad dog you're chasing your tail in a circle
You know you can do it...
Just like a mad dog you're chasing your tail in a circle

I had a dream where the car is reduced to a fossil
I had a dream where the car is reduced to a fossil
Take a packet of seeds, take yourself out to play
I want to see a river of orchids where we had a motorway

It's all in your back yard Push your car from the road...
You've the whole world at your feet, said the grass is always
greener when it bursts up through concrete

Take a packet of seeds Push your car from the road...
Take yourself out to play
I want to see a river of orchids where we had a motorway

River of orchids winding my way
Want to walk into London on my hands one day
River of orchids the road overgrows
Want to walk into London smelling like a Peckham rose

I'D LIKE THAT

I'd like that... if we could cycle down some lane
I'd like that... if we could ride into the rain
No macs, getting wet

I'd be your Albert if you'd be Victoria, hah hah
We'd laugh because each drop would make me grow up
Really high, really high like a really high thing
Say a sunflower

I'd like that... What would you like?
If we could lay before my fire

I'd like that... What would you like?
If you could slide me from this wire
Toasting fork, I'll be done
I wouldn't hector if you'd be Helen of Troy, oh boy
We'd laugh because each flame would make me grow up
Really high, really high like a really high thing
Say a sunflower

I'd smile so much my face would crack in two
And you could fix it with your kissing glue
I'd like that, yes, I'd like that

I'd like that... What would you like?
If we could float away in bed
I'd like that... What would you like?
If I could row your heart and head
With you laid on one arm

I'd be your Nelson if you'd be my Hamilton, what fun
We'd laugh because each stroke would make me grow up
Really high, really high like a really high thing
Say, a sunflower...
Say, a sunflower...

Let me hear you say it...
Say a sunflower I became, I'd be growing in your rain
Say it again!
Say a sunflower I became, I'd be growing in your rain

EASTER THEATRE

Gold sun rolls around, chocolate nipple brown
Tumble from your arms
Like the ground your breasts swell

Land awake from sleep, hares will kick and leap
Flowers climb erect
Smiling from the moist kiss of her rainbow mouth

Stage left... Enter Easter and she's dressed in yellow yolk
Stage right... Now the son has died, the father can be born
Stand up... If we'd all breathe in and blow away the smoke
New life... We'd applaud her new life

Odin mounts the tree, bleeds for you and me
Splashing on the lamb, gamboling with spring's step
Buds will laugh and burst, racing to be first
Turning all the soil,
As the prompter's fingers through her spinning script

Stage left... Enter Easter and she's dressed in yellow yolk
Stage right... Now the son has died, the father can be born
Stand up... If we'd all breathe in and blow away the smoke
New life... We'd applaud her new life

Easter... in her bonnet
Easter... in her hair
Easter... are the ribbons she ties everywhere

KNIGHTS IN SHINING KARMA

Knights in shining karma, tend your flame
And with love for armour, they'll remain

Ever by your bed, guarding, still sleeping
Shield your soul from this rain
Knights in shining karma will remain

Jealous winter sun, cold as vichysoisse
Steals your smile for fuel
They'll ignite with braziers of warming stirs

Knights in shining karma, wash your feet
And with spotless dharma, come complete

Ever by your sink, drying up tea tears
Shield your soul from this heat

Knights in shining karma come complete
Swollen summer moon, hot as boiling egg
Poach your dreams to ash
They'll bring sips from restful slumber's cooling keg
Jealous winter sun...

FRIVOLOUS TONIGHT

Let us talk about some trivial things we like
A bit of this and that
Let's chew the fat
Pour ourselves a glass of stout
And let our Rail Brook shirts hang out
Nothing makes us more content
To let us wallow in a bit of nonsense

We're all so frivolous tonight, tonight

Let's reveal our childlike nature
And leave our stocks and invoices to rot
Let's go to pot

Tell our jokes about mothers in law
But watch him jump when she comes through the door
O the party goes with a swing
When we talk about the trivial things

We're all so frivolous tonight

But there's always one who wants to talk shop
We'll drive him through the door with a broom or a mop

Let us tell our favourite story
About some poor chap who put it on display
Hip hooray

And let the girls gather in their slacks
To talk about husbands' hairy backs
Some might think we're a bit of a shower
But this could be our finest hour

We're all so frivolous tonight, tonight
We're all so ridiculous tonight

GREENMAN

Please to bend down for the one called the Greenman
He wants to make you his bride
Please to bend down for the one called the Greenman
Forever to him you're tied

And you know for a million years he has been your lover
He'll be a million more
And you know for a million years he has been your lover
Down through the skin to the core

Heed the Greenman... Heed the Greenman...

Please to dance round for the one called the Greenman
He wants to make you his child
Please to dance round for the one called the Greenman
Dressed in the fruits of the wild

And you know for a million years he has been your father
He'll be a million more
And you know for a million years he has been your father
Run to his arms at the door

Lay your head, lay your head, lay your head
On the Greenman...
Lay your head, lay your head with mine

Lay your head, lay your head, lay your head, lay your head
On the Greenman...
Build a bed out of oak and pine

See the Greenman blow his kiss from high church wall
And unknowing church will amplify his call

Lay your head, lay your head... (repeat)

YOUR DICTIONARY

H...A...T...E: is that how you spell "love" in your dictionary
K...L...C...K: Pronounced as "kind"
F...U...C...K: Is that how you spell "friend" in your dictionary
Black on black, a guidebook for the blind

Well now that I can see
My eyes won't weep
Now that I can hear
Your song sounds cheap
Now that I can talk
All your corn I'll reap

I'm not so sure that Joey wed a Virgin Mary
There are no words for me inside your dictionary

S...L...A...P: Is that how you spell "kiss" in your dictionary
C...O...L...D: Pronounced as "care"
S...H...L...T: Is that how you spelt me in your dictionary
Four-eyed fool you led 'round everywhere

Now that I can see
It's the queen's new clothes
Now that I can hear
All your poison prose
Now that I can talk
With my tongue unfroze
I'm not so sure of Santa or the buck tooth fairy
There are no words for me inside your dictionary

Now your laughter has a hollow ring
But the hollow ring has no finger in
So let's close the book and let the day begin
And our marriage be undone

FRUIT NUT

Tending my fruit, tending my fruit,
Ah you've got to have a hobby
A man must have a shed to keep him sane

Spraying my buds, spraying my buds
Got to keep away diseases
I mix the poisons and the wife don't complain

Some people say that I am out of my tree
Or just a strawberry fool
Someday they'll see... 'til then I'll blow you a raspberry
'Cos apples and pears are me

So I'm tending my fruit... and I don't give a hoot
'Cos it keeps me sane, it keeps me sane

Some people say that I am out of my tree
Or just a strawberry fool
Someday they'll see... 'til then I'll blow you a raspberry
'Cos apples and pears are me

So I'm tending my fruit, tending my fruit
Ah you've got to have a hobby
A man must have a shed to keep him sane
To keep him sane, to keep him sane, to keep him sane
Oh the wife can't complain
To keep him sane, to keep him sane, yeah keeps him sane, yeah
to keep him sane, to keep him sane...

I CAN'T OWN HER

And I may as well wish for the moon in hand
I own this river, I own this town
All of its climbers and its winos sliding down

But I can't own her... and I never will
No I can't own her... and that's a bitter pill
Taken with rain
'Til the gutter shines like the swirling sky
Like the swirling sky

I've got all morning, I've got all year
It's down in my pocket with the daylight folded there

But I can't own her... and I never will
No I can't own her... and that's a bitter pill
Taken with rain
How I'd wash her hair like the swirling sky
Like the swirling sky