

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...G...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 spelled 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