

Splitting Hairs Ambiguous Wig

FATHER TIME

As I watched the flowers of summer
Changing from the buds of spring
I heard a withered sparrow
Lose a feather from its wing
From its wing

Oh time flies past your window
Just like the clouds
That rush overhead
So remember
The next time you see a window
That the sun outside
Is still shining through

Forget all your troubles
Leave them all behind you
Forget all you troubles baby
Now that your mine

CONCERN

She confides in my friends
I know she lies
Every now and then
If she knows where I am
She'll come to me if she can
But I can't sleep at night
And the days are longer

She's everything she ought to be
She even loves me

But when I'm lonely
And I look in her eyes
It's only then that I realise
That although she's gone
And I know I can't carry on
I wait expecting her to walk in the door

She can't know what's happening to me
But I didn't want her to go
Even though I told her so
If I knew where she was
I wouldn't worry so much
But I can't sleep at night
And how I long for her

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TELL THE STORY

Tell the story
Don't be slow now
Who's the good one
Who does he shoot down
Is he a hero
Or just good with the women?
Is he a sheriff
Or a six gun shooter?

Shoot them down
To the ground
Hear the sound
Of the gun

Time and time again
I fail to understand how
The good ones
Always seem to win

All the whiskey
That they put down
Does not seem to affect
Their trigger finger
If I was one of them
Would I be on boot hill?
Or could I still fling wide
Those swing bar doors

And
Shoot them down
To the ground
Hear the sound
Of the gun

CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE

I'm going down to the sea
I must get to the shore
Oh why are you following me?
I can't take any more

It's bin so long since I was free
Sometimes I wonder what freedom's for
Some people don't want to listen to me
They all say, I'm a bore

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So, make it easy on yourself
Don't take it out on me
Look as far as the eye can see
Go find somebody else

In sixty-three I was a rebel
People said I was revolting
Now I'm up the creek without a paddle
I tell you I'm fed up with the whole thing

So, make it easy on yourself
Don't take it out on me
Look as far as the eye can see
Go find somebody else

Some of the people ask me why
I tell them I don't know
Some of the people ask me the way
I tell them where to go

I tell them
Make it easy on yourself
Don't take it out on me
Look as far as the eye can see
Go find somebody else

I'm going down to the sea
I must get to the shore
Oh why are you following me?
I can't take any more

COLD SHOULDER

You gave me your cold shoulder
I wanted your flowing heart
You boiled me up an omelette
I suppose you call that a start
Don't think that I'm not grateful
Lord knows how we both tried
But I think that you should have known
Omelettes are fried

I need your loving every night
Served up on a silver plate
If all my letters are unanswered
I will just have to...

Waiting for tea
Forte piano
And now
I think I know...

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I should have made clear my intentions
You should have realised that you could relieve tension
How could I know how much you felt for me
When could I say the words I felt but couldn't say

I tried to write a melody
I let you do the words
I guess we didn't do badly
It could have been worse
But now I think I'm out of tune
So won't you give me an E

MY BABY LEFT ME

My baby left me yesterday
She didn't even tell me goodbye
Oh How I wish I knew
I wish I knew the reason why

So now she's left me that's for sure
But do I break down and cry?
Oh no not I
I just heave a sigh of relief

GRUNT BLUES (Elliott/Leach)

All Mine

You're a rock & roll superstar
And you know that's what you are
Everybody says that you're a find
And you sure blow their goddamn minds
But you only keep that rock & roll bit
'Cos it made you such a hit

You're really just a fake
So I hope it's not too late
To send you back on the right way

You're a rock & roll superstar
And you know that's what you are
Your scene is the real slow blues
You only rock to hit the news
Telling everybody near and far
That you're a rock and roll superstar

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You're really just a fake
So I hope it's not too late
To send you back on the right way

Succulent the prune of autumn
Challenges antagonists
To a bout of paper chasing
Hoping thus to cause a rift
Between the parents of the child
Crushing boxes without gifts
And I saw you there
Saw you there

You're a rock & roll superstar
And you know that's what you are
Everybody says that you're a find
And you sure blow their goddamn minds
But you only keep that rock & roll bit
'Cos it made you such a hit

You're really just a fake
So I hope it's not too late
To send you back on the right way

WASHING LINE

I wait in the bus queue but you are nowhere near
All I have heard of you is by word of ear
I might be wrong but I won't let that get me down
You're my only chance of turning round

But I haven't even seen your face
Even though I've been past the place
Where you hang out the washing

The noose I tied I have thrown away
Your goodness makes me think I may
Make myself known to you
But how could you believe a single word I said was true

'Cos I haven't even seen your face
Even though I've been past the place
Where you hang out the washing

In summer time I'll think of you
In winter I'll be close to you
But I haven't even seen your face

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Even though I've been past the place
Where you hang out the washing

I've made my mind up to forget
I'll pretend we never met
And like a fool I will turn again
But I can't get you out of my mind
And life's a game

And I haven't even seen your face
Even though I've been past the place
Where you hang out the washing

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

She has hair of gold and velvet skin
My dream
It seems so strange and yet so real
I'm searching for her
But she's concealed
Anyway

Lost for a season
We did not waste the time
For I knew I was yours
And you were mine

You disappeared suddenly
Laving just a memory
Of you
The girl of my dreams
Although I lost all hope
You're nearer to me when you're so remote
Sleeping

Lost for a season
We did not waste the time
For I knew I was yours
And you were mine

I was yours
You were mine
We did not waste the time

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WHEN YOU'RE DOWN (Elliott/Leach)

When you're down
And people come around
You feel down
You rip away your crown
You know they're wanting you to drown
When you're down

When you climb
You're happy all the time
And happiness is no crime
You start to gently mime
And in your happiness you shine
When you climb

When you dance
You take no chances
With you lance
For if you try to prance
You know they'll give no second chance
When you dance

When you sing
Loneliness is what you try to bring
Softly but with such a gentle sting
It's not a subtle thing
But it has beauty for a king
When you sing

BUFFALO SHUFFLE (Elliott/Leach)

If you want to play it funky,
You've gotta sing way down low
Just shout what you like right into the mike,
And pretend you've got a lot of soul
But if you want a subtle concept,
Full of metaphor and hyperbole
Or a Maoist view of the things you do,
Then you're better off with Rock & Roll

(Living in the lap of luxury don't know how much or little it means to me
To be one of the LK
Tea time comes and here I go listen to the radio if I'm on I'll let you
No one comes to cheer me up when I slipped on the plank and fell on the deck
I nearly broke my
Neck to neck in the steeple chase when I picked my nose I lost the race
But if you want some funk here goes.

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Been so close to where it's at I nearly got stuck in the Laundromat
Don't believe me but it's
factories turn out the goods I wonder if they really should
Like the icing on my Christmas
Put to me in a different light I've never lost a single fight
I just hook them with my
Right or not I'm never wrong
I've tried to explain all along
Now we're getting near the end of the song)

FLOAT FINISH

An Instrumental of note.