

ALL EYES ON YOU

Party distractions on the brink of making chairs tip over
Under the rain the mask unveils a four colours and four words
All eyes on you
All eyes on you
Stripes on the wall the pink the blue the green make lean take
over
I know you know it's all a lie and we're the butt of the joke
All eyes on you
All eyes on you
Lines of mescaline back to back I see the back of a bloke
Jesus in chains walks on the bridges of my needles and my
pain
Associations make the profit of the silence in the groove
All eyes on you
All eyes on you

Party distractions at risk of the magic jest tip over
Under the rain the mask unveils a four colours and four words
All eyes on you
All eyes on you
Stripes on the wall the pink the blue the green make lean take
over
I know you know it's all a lie and we're the butt of the joke
All eyes on you
All eyes on you

HARBOUR

Gave you head on the harbour
Fought the war on an island
Citizen of empire
Walking out heart on the hand

All the cops, all the lovers
Brought the seas and the rivers
But meander for ever and ever and ever
Through my free mind

Through my freed mind

Left behind the motherland
For the shores of the south end
Sick of sailing second hand
winds On oceans of recoil

All the dogs eat leftovers
From the seas to the rivers
And meander for ever and ever and ever
Through the trash of time
Through the trash of time

Got some head at the parlour
Witnessed the war on terror
Citizen of empire
Falling but feeling human

All the cops, all the lovers
Brought the seas and the rivers
But meander for ever and ever and ever
Through the trash of time

...

Through the trash of time

OVERDRIVE

Love the life, loving life
Levitate, love the money
Carry me, carry you
There we go, hand and handy
Oh lala, All are gone
Feeling life, love and money
Home alone, all alone
Overdrive, living la vie
Everything, every thing
Little thing, for the money
Maybe you, dress the cake
Keep it cool, for the phoney

More of life

I want more of life

Living life, always right
Always long, live the money
Keep the cut, cut the womb
Wound the mind, where's the money?
Maybe you, hear the call
Cleanse the clean, make it runny
Look at us, look at why
What we do's for the money
Do it right, if it rings
Pick the phone, it's the money
Look at you, black and blue
Hoochie coo, you're the money
Sailor moon, on a search (The Silver Crystal)
Keep the cool, it's not funny

Mute the fife

You're on overdrive

(Break)

Love the life, loving life
Levitate, love the money
Marry you, carry me
There we go, hand and handy
Oh lala, All are gone
Feeling life, love and money
Home alone, all alone
Overdrive, living la vie
Everything, every thing
Little thing, for the money
Maybe you, dress the cake
Keep it cool, for the phoney

More of life

I want more of life

Living life, in the line
Wait is Long, Live the Money

Keep the cut, cut the womb
Wound the mind, where's my money?
Maybe you, hear the call
Cleanse the clean, make it runny
Look at us, look at why
What we do's for the money
Do it right, if it rings
Pick the phone, it's the money

THE STORY

Doors weeping
Close off the canyon
Strengthen the silent
Shout out to stars of the class wars

Lush
so lush
so lush
Out in a rush

Here comes the Walrus
Here comes the fighter
Out of the limelight
We get out back, heard the bad news

Lush
so lush
so lush
Out in a rush

(Break)

You've heard all The story
Told in a hurry
We make it real
Sitting in the limelight

Lush
so lush

so lush
Out in a rush

A day in the grave
To carry the burden
Of waving the banner
A weekend in the crowd

You tell the story
I make it real
Same or less softly
Hardcore like steel

You tell my story
I make it real
Same or less softly
Hardcore is how we feel

CALIFORNIA

Still life California
Mirror to the western desert palm

What are you doing here?

Leaving California
Horseback rider rides into the dawn

California
The sea, the sun Now everybody's shun
The beach, the boys Some music made of sound
Once again the love has crossed over the line
All the world just fell in love with you again

Still life California
Summer in the sun has just begun

Don't leave California
Sadly all the Valley knows your name

California
The bird was born in cages made of gold
A second worth a mil, what I was told
Hollywood a place for stories to be sold
Never shall a man be caught catching a cold

Still life California
You'll stay for a summer in the lime

Please leave California
Could be that the drummer's on the line
Huh?

California
The bird was born in cages made of gold
A second worth a mil, what I was told
Hollywood a place for stories to be sold

GOLD

Seeping through the folds appears the Father
Godly spiral pillars set on fire
I've seen it all
Broke the barrier
Plaits of gold
Stroke the lantern

Chicken burger, stealth on the back burner
Slip of tongue I meant nothing that earnest
Turn to gold
A pinch of salt and
Good to go

See you all, laying down
The river thin like a holy realm
I can see you all, see you all
And throughout me

I can see you all laying down

The river thin like a holy realm
I can see you all, see you all
And throughout me

Seeping through the folds appears the Father
Godly spiral pillars set on fire
I've seen it all
Broke the barrier
Plaits of gold
Stroke the lantern

Seeking gold so far so that the bites don't
Turning far ahead so that they don't
See it all
Bro's the barber
He's seen it all

(Break)

See you all, laying down
The river thin like a holy realm
I can see you all, see you all
And throughout me

I can see you all, laying down
The river thin like a holy realm
I can see you all, see you all
And throughout me

RIEN A FAIRE

les dents serrées
le regard vide
le sentiment complet

dans un lit vide
la douche froide lui laisse
un teint livide

Peut être bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à faire
Peut être bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à faire
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Peut être bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à faire

la sueur froide
le corps limpide
les pensées noires
à la lueur de son solar

"demain il fera beau
mais ce soir il fait blafard"

le sommeil tarde
dévotes calembredaines
les idées à part
pas le chemin d'Éden

le noeud de sa cravate étouffe sa glotte
la pomme d'Adam ou le genou de Claire

Peut être bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à faire
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Solo Guitare

il essaie en vain de se tirer d'affaire
peut être bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à faire

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