

“MUCHO PICNIC” - Harry Bird

Doctor Road (Harry Bird)

doctor i could use a helping hand
everything about me is so tedious and bland...

doctor road, doctor road
doctor road sure will
kill you or he'll cure
every ill, your every ill
doctor road, doctor road
doctor road, my heart
needs a wheel spin, a rambling kick start

i've been all cooped up for way too long
my blood's gone thick as old cellar wine
i need to feel the wind upon my face
i need time away
out in the sunshine

doctor road, doctor road
doctor road sure will
kill you or he'll cure
every ill, your every ill
doctor road, doctor road
doctor road, my heart
needs a wheel spin, a rambling kick start

miles of grind and miles of drudgery
rising ground around every bend
can't you see, doc, this is all too much for me
man, it's agony
tell me seriously when oh when will it end, please?

doctor road, doctor road
doctor road sure will
kill you are he'll cure
every ill, your every ill
doctor road, doctor road
doctor road, my heart
needs a wheel spin, a rambling kick start
oh my heart it needs a wheel spin, a rambling, gambling kick start

Bead Off A String

(Harry Bird)

no i can't pretend it was easy to take on the chin
your haymaking sucker punch knocked me clean out of my skin
i never saw it coming
all i heard was the wind
next minute i was lying on my back
watching stars that had seemed so aligned all tailspinning

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

there's a cold kind of violence lovers should learn to expect
it's that glacial drift from french kiss to old gregory peck
oh but it felt like heaven
hanging round your neck
till i got the worst kick in the world
finding i was no pearl but a factory reject

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

with my head in the mouth of that sabre-toothed tiger of fame
the showers of tweets, flowers and lace lingerie duly came
sure they applaud you
but it's always the same
cos the beast's gotta eat and you're quality meat
and they're already on their feet screaming the next sucker's name.

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

couldn't some kind of poetry spirit us back to the start
cos this ragtime rebel wants one last shot at the charts
losing gracefully
never made for good art
and see me i'm the light brigade, baby
i'm still gonna charge even though you might blow me apart

i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

yeah, i was your darling, your sweet loving thing
till i slipped from your heart like a
bead off a string
and i rolled out the door just one more
bead off a string

Artekale Killjoy

(Harry Bird)

the casco's wild tonight
on a high after beating madrid
i hold your memory tight
and all the things that we never did

oh sure i hit my targets
in ruthless pursuit of singular aims
old goals make such lonely statistics though and i'm
not sure just what it is that i've gained
after all that heartache

saw your face at last
shining like a missing gem
loved your photographs
i wonder who was taking them

still longing for your kiss
in that way nothing seems to have changed
but i shouldn't reminisce, i guess
about all that i could have saved
seeing as given the chance
i'd make that same choice all over again

uh oh, here we go, a-here we go boys
what do ya know, here comes the artekale killjoy
uh oh, here we go, here we go again boys
what do ya know, here comes the artekale killjoy

street fiesteros jeer
at the egg throwing balcony grump
me i'm counting up my winnings here
no stomach for a victory drunk

Cornering at Speed

(Harry Bird)

oh it's a thrill screaming down the happy hill
cornering at speed
our reckless skin an inch from the bitumen
cornering at speed
at speed

what happens next is anybody's guess
it's anybody's guess

well the great unknown is a catalogue of broken bones
cornering at speed
breathe deep and lean in, with you i always get the feeling
of cornering
at speed

what happens next is anybody's guess
maybe there's an arch of triumph maybe there's a train wreck
what happens next is anybody's guess
so phones out, place your bets and record it

cos we fall, we bleed, so easy
when we're cornering
at speed

Pigs in the Grass

(Harry Bird)

i feel so alive in the wild countryside
when i'm roving and rambling about
like a sweet burst of song that the heart feeds upon
is the the fruit that the eye picks out

it's that river in spate, it's those colours and shapes
it's the sun riding high through the clouds
it's the pigs in the grass, it's your face as we laugh

that's the fruit that the eye picks out

oh i was a bird holed up in this city
too lonesome to speak
but you just kicked away all of the bricks
and then opened my lips with your beak

so ruddy and ripe is the flesh from light
all juiced in a jubilant mouth
feel spring on your breath as you roll back death
we're the fruit that that the eye picks out

oh it was so cold i froze in my clothes
i just froze where i stood
but you said you'd show me the secret of heat
that's as ancient as feet in the greenwood

i feel so alive in the wild countryside
as i roam and i ramble about
like a sweet burst of song that the heart feeds upon
is the the fruit that the eye picks out

Big Freeze (Harry Bird)

some of us are fighting tooth and nail about it
others are running headlong in a panic
wake me up when this is over

me i wouldn't say i'm feeling melancholy
it's more a disconnection from my body
wake me up when this is over
wake me up when this is over

in the light of day and in the midnight creeping
we'd breathe if we were actually sleeping
wake me up when this is over

wake me up when this is over
wake me up when this is over

oh wake me up when this is
wake me up when this is
please wake me up when this is over

Old Pioneers (Harry Bird)

our forefathers faced unspeakable hardship
to forge a better future for their own
hounded from the highlands and the ghettos
they settled stolen land we call our home

and we sing the livelong praises of those generations gone
set their names to fiddle, pipe and accordion
making safe the brave new world behind intransigent frontiers
we're the sons and daughters of the old pioneers

sir cyril earned himself a handy peerage
for services to commerce and the king
the slaves who died by making him his fortune
don't figure with his statue up on the plinth

but we sing the livelong praises of those generations gone
fight the fight with fiddle, pipe and accordion
tending dutifully the flame of freedom, prejudice and fear
we're the sons and daughters of the old pioneers

missionary fervour swept the empire
many gave their lives to serve the cause
hearing the good news will also cost ya
when humble church mice grind colonial jaws

and we sing the livelong praises of those generations gone
canonise with fiddle, pipe and accordion

magnifying home-made halos with the passing of the years
we're the sons and daughters of the old pioneers

yeah we sanctify the memory of those generations gone
glorify with fiddle, pipe and accordion
as if all they ever shed were honest sweat and loving tears
we're the sons and daughters of the old pioneers

our forefathers faced unspeakable hardship...

Fruit Machine (Harry Bird)

i don't have the faintest clue
why i'm holding out for you
i care so much but you don't care a thing do you?

still i find myself in here
waiting till my name appears
it'll light up in colours and go shooting through the atmosphere

cherry, cherry, cherry
you've got a heart like a fruit machine
i'm in love out of luck pushing at your buttons
hoping only that your spinning eyes
stop all of a sudden on me

i'm buzzing here bouncing off walls
imagining your calls
i'm answering loud as a mad hampden crowd with that deafening roar

every night i stoop and drop
all my money, money, money, money all my money in the slot
robbing myself blind, chasing my genie in your jackpot

cherry, cherry, cherry
you've got a heart like a fruit machine
i'm in love out of luck pushing at your buttons

hoping only that your spinning eyes
stop all of a sudden on me

limón, limón, limón
pera, pera, naranja
¿cuando me tocará el amor que tanto me hace falta?
limón, limón, limón
pera, pera, naranja
¿cuando me tocará el amor que tanto me hace falta?

cherry, cherry, cherry
you've got a heart like a fruit machine
i'm in love out of luck pushing at your buttons
hoping only that your diamonds
stop all of a sudden on me

i'm all alone, i'm all alone
i'm all alone all out of control
i'm working the phone, panning for gold
looking for some way out of this hole i'm in

Rule Britannia (Harry Bird)

bomb disposal john says he's lucky
he's physically in one piece at least
he's back from iraq but there's not a way that he can stay sober
says i was trained for killing there's a hole needs filling
and my system's numb
i shiver, i shiver, i shiver all over

rule britannia
britannia rule the waves
there's a dungeon on your penny
and the blood of oh so many slaves
rule britannia
you go and rule the waves

just send our bodies home
caress our headstones and decorate the graves

so, no gernika for dresden then?
men don't tend to paint their enemies' children often!
noski... history as decreed by the victor is a grand obscurer
says something like "famine in bengal was regrettable but a great necessity of war for
whitehall"
i guess the dirt don't stick when you kick the schnitzel out of a führer...

rule britannia
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rule britannia
rule the waves
rule britannia
and decorate our graves

Cerberus (Harry Bird)

i've seen the future and you ain't in it
you ain't in it, you ain't in it
i heard them singing how you used to stand so tall

i've seen the future and you ain't in it
you ain't in it, you ain't in it
the day will come when the rising sun finds you nowhere

cerberus, we've seen your like before
your rise and your fall, cerberus, cerberus

and sure you've got a hundred heads all howling
thousands hidden in the hollows of the heart
but every one that comes around here growling
will whimper just as surely as they bark

i've seen the future and you ain't in it
you ain't in it, you ain't in it
i heard them singing from the ruins of your wall

i've seen the future and you ain't in it
you ain't in it, you ain't in it
the day will come when the rising sun finds you nowhere
finds you nowhere at all

nowhere at all
and from nowhere at all the wind picks up
and the clouds begin to stir
it's: here comes another storm to weather
all together "hello cerberus, sir"

Este Lugar (Harry Bird)

siete calles, dos guitarras
a las tres de la mañana
un lugar, este lugar

poco pan, mucho picnic
beti maite zaituztet, nik
un lugar, este lugar

con baldosas flotando
y humanos intentandolo
que lugar, este lugar

sos-teniendo el fuego
por si cae un puro luego

que lugar, este lugar

y aunque nada dura para siempre
daré las gracias eternamente
por todo lo que es
y continuará siendo

este lugar, este lugar
este lugar, un lugar

New to This City (Harry Bird)

old hand shakes in a neon glove!
i'm new to this city, new to this city
a secret trumpet shy giddy'un in love!
i'm new to this city, new to this city

oh, i'm uneasy
but oh, you talk so freely
and oh you've got friends on the door
yeah you know the backstreets
while i've never been here before

acrobats bend backwards not to offend!
i'm new to this city, new to this city
dyeing to fit it discolours skin!
i'm new to this city, new to this city

oh, you dance so nimble
and oh, you look invincible
oh and me I feel like a fool
yeah you're so at home here
and i'm quite the welly in the swimming pool

but still i've got big dreams
that one day i'll step out singing

hear ye, oh hear ye

it's me

and i'm news, big news in this city!