

Ghostown



Million Dollar Hero

Let's Talk About The Weather

Johnny Jukebox

Confidential

They're Looting In The Town

Who Are The Strangers?

Kitty Ricketts

Song Of The Faithful Departed

Walking Home Alone Again

Dead The Beast, Dead The Poison

**Million Dollar Hero
(Holidai)**

Why must I be the good guy
Up here on my own
You can keep your problems
'cause I've enough of my own
Don't ask me questions
I don't know the answers
My head is spinning over you

Educate yourself girls
Don't leave it all to chance
We can finish early
More time for romance
Don't ask me questions
I don't know the answers
My head is spinning over you

*'cause I'm a million dollar hero in a five and ten cents store
You're serving me nicely so I'll come back for more
But if anybody asks you have I passed along this way
It was just my outer image
Call again some day*

I can see no reason to lay it on the line
You will find out soon enough given some more time
Don't ask me questions
I don't know the answers
My head is spinning over you

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**Let's Talk About The Weather
(Chevron/ Holidai)**

We changed the world in a cellar wine bar
Reached out an rearranged the stars
Two empty hearts on an ocean liner
Two empty bottles win a dreamers battle
Still haven't found the age of reason
We didn't know we could get hung for treason
We knew the charges but never the crime
The charges haunt them like a nursery rhyme
Win some, lose some, lonesome

*Some mistake, there must be some mistake
This emptiness is more than I can take
Their laughter pierced through us and it went on forever
'Cause all they seemed to do was talk about the weather*

We changed it all though they never new it
We tore it down and made it better
We fell in love though they never knew it
And on the seventh day we lay together
Still haven't reached the age of reason
Hey! Didn't you know you could get hung for treason
We knew the charges but never the crime
The charges haunt us like a nursery rhyme
Win some, lose some, lonesome

*Some mistake, there must be some mistake
Fear dies hard and pride you cannot shake
We tore it down and made it better
But somehow we couldn't change the weather*

(Continued)

*Some mistake, there must be some mistake
This emptiness is more than I can take
We tore it down and made it better
But somehow we couldn't change the weather*

I'm a twentieth-century dreamer
And I've got no sense of place or time
I keep returning to the scene of the crime
You've got the magic but you ain't got the style
Put on your cement coat tonight we're on trial
I still haven't reached the age of reason
Maybe our kind of love was out of season
I couldn't bear to see a grown man cry
The charges haunt me like a nursery rhyme
Win some, lose some, lonesome

*Some mistake, there must be some mistake
Hearts just crack they never really break
And sometimes is better than never
But it won't be the same
So let's talk about the weather*

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**Johnny Jukebox
(Chevron)**

I'm Johnny Jukebox
Survivor of the Ghostown
Select yourself with care
Why should I kick you when you're down

Here are my raves from the grave
Your heroes and your villains
All the pearls you couldn't save
You wear them like a chain

*Lend us a loan of your old gramophone
I've blown a fuse and I'm a long way from home
A penny for your thoughts, a dollar for your dreams
A shilling for your past
Oh yes, I'm more than I seem*

You can cry on my shoulder
If it makes it any better
I guess we had to get older
And the memories are scratched

'Cause I'm Johnny Jukebox
Select yourself with care
Why should I kick you when you're down

But no history book romances
And no more backward glances
I guess we took our chances
Take out your harp and dance

I'm Johnny Jukebox
Dance for me

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**Confidential
(Holidai/ Chevron)**

I see shadows on my mirror
I can't see their point of view

*It's confidential
I'm just a fool
It's not essential
To break the rules*

But you don't know what my heart feels
It's not a toy
Oh throw the dice decide my destiny

I'm outrageous you're out to lunch
You're just worried about my hunch

I am lonely but I don't mind
I'm not alone
I guess it's just my day to day routine

Understanding me takes along while
You can laugh but I've got style
I am lonely but I don't mind
I'm not alone
Oh throw the dice decide my destiny

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**They're Looting In The Town
(Chevron/ Holidai)**

The Angelus bell rings out, with just a shadow of doubt
And calls in vain to a city on its knees
Where they know the Ten Commandments by heart
Bur they never get caught 'cause they're too smart
And words are only sacred if they're true

(They're looting in the town)
They always land on they're feet
(They're looting in the town)
They never lose any sleep
They've got no future and the past is just for show
(They're looting in the town)
They always land on they're feet
(They're looting in the town)
They never lose any sleep
They never walk too fast or run too slow

The patriot's farewell kiss can turn adversity to bliss
While the poet sings the catch-cries of the clown
But the revolution in the air is somewhat the worse for wear
The secret's out and no-one really cares

Take a look at this picture and tell me what you see
Your monochrome snapshot
Could never be a Kodachrome dream
But the tricolour TV set is on the blink
The priest in the corner has turned to drink
He Says
"I might have been someone, Heaven knows!
I coulda been a contender."

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**Who Are The Strangers?
(Holidai)**

There it goes!
My phone is *a/ways* ringing
Why is there no one on the line?
I'll sit and watch a movie on channel two
I'll think about it in the morning when my head is clearer

Sometimes I'm so narrow minded
My vision is blinded by the cause
Before the night is over
I'll slip into a second phase of wisdom...I'll be slightly older

*Who are the strangers peeping inside?
Haunting, undaunted, their presence denied
Why are the strangers gathered in three?
Beckoning fingers are calling to me*

You come on like a backseat driver
But who's taking who for a ride?
Can you help me walk on water...poetry in motion?
Do things I shouldn't aughta?
Help me walk on water

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**Kitty Ricketts
(Chevron)**

The decent folk, on All Souls Night
Light penny candles for the sweet repose
(Easy fortunes for fortune tellers, quick abortions in dingy cellars)
Of dearly loved and soon forgot
A word in St. Peter's ear my darling Rose
(La la la la, la la la la la)
Such simple faith is really all it takes
To rid the land of snakes
(God speed them on their way to Hell)
But it could never break Kitty Ricketts spell

*She is handsome she is pretty
She is the girl from Strumpet City
Please can you tell me who is she?
Kitty Ricketts, you're not there but I can touch your hair
Kitty Ricketts 1 – 2 – 3
You're a ghost but I don't care*

She's a carnal joy for Nighttown boys
Whose five o'clock shadow begins at midnight
*(Heart-warming for savage dreamers,
Heart scalding for soul redeemers)*
She's an apron string for Kings and poets
Poets? Madmen! You should see the things they write!
(La la la la, la la la la la)
Well they say that as you make your bed so must you lie
And you could fall in love tonight
But you'll never walk the street of Paradise

(Continued)

Through the boulevards of Dublin
She still walks along the city lights
(What a pity it's Altar City for Walter Mitty and Ricketty Kitty)
Bad scran to all their virtues and their Saturday night delights
(La la la la, la la la la la)
The town clock tells her last week's time
But what the hell
She's got all the time in the world
And you could fall in love tonight
But you'll never walk the street of Paradise

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Song Of The Faithful Departed (Chevron)

This graveyard hides a million secrets
And the trees know more than they will tell
But the ghost of the saints and scholars will haunt you
In heaven and in Hell

Rattled by the Glimmerman, the Bogey-man, the Holy man
And living in the shadows, in the shadows of a gunman
Rattled like the coppers in your greasy till
Rattled until time stood still

Look across your shoulder and the schoolbell rings
Another day of made to measure history
Well I don't mind if your heroes all have wings
But your terrible beauty is torn

*Faithful Departed
We fickle hearted
As you are now so once were we
Faithful Departed
We the meek hearted
With graces imparted
Bring flowers to thee*

The girls from the kips proclaim their love for you
When you stumbled in they knew you had a shilling or two
But they cursed you on Sundays
And Holy days of abstinence
When you all stayed away

And when you slept there
A naked light bulb blinded your shame
Your shadow on the wall took all the shame
And the Sacred Hearts picture compassion in His eyes
Drowned out the river's sighs

(Continued)

Ah! Let the grass grow green over the brewery tonight
It'll never come between the darkness and the light
And there's nothing too sick that t can't be eased
By the Devil's holy water and a rosary beads

You're a history book I never could write
Poetry in paralysis too cheap to recite
So dress yourself and bless yourself
You've won the fight
And were gonna celebrate tonight

Maybe we'll even climb the pillar
Like you always meant to
And watch the sun rise over the strand
We'll close our eyes and we'll pretend
That it could somehow be the same again

And then I'll bury you upright
So the sun doesn't blind you
And you don't have to gaze at the rain and the stars
You can sleep and dream of the Moral Bar
And whiskey in the jar

Faithful Departed
Look what you started
An underdog's wounds aren't easy to mend
Faithful Departed
There's no broken hearted
And no more tristesse
In your world without end

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**Walking Home Alone Again
(Chevron/ Crash)**

*The night reveals your soul
Your soul is growing old
Your destiny foretold (by the weatherman)
The rain is pouring down
And I've been wandering through the street since ten
Now it's nearly Monday and I'm walking home alone again*

What can I do when there's nothing to do
Nothing to choose means nothing to lose
In the pool hall I'm no good at all
Charlie is a shark and Dick knows all the tricks

I've got to break out I'm not a child
My imagination's running wild
I've done it your way since I was six
Now I'm tired of dreams
I've gotta get my kicks

I wanna have a duel
I wanna play Russian Roulette
I know nothing 'bout life
But I'll play it to the death

Got to get rid of my old disguise
My imagination's telling lies
I've done it your way since I was six
Now I'm tired of dreams
I've gotta get my kicks

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**Dead The Beast, Dead The Poison
(Crash/ Chevron/ Megaray)**

I've seen you in the eyes of women
Sometimes in the eyes of men
There are no limits to your travel
You've been to every town I've been
A strength so overpowering I have to break my stare
I'm trying to ignore you but your glance is everywhere

*Dead the beast, dead the poison
I've seen in places your super-vision
And in faces, I've seen your prison
Dead the beast, dead the poison*

You once came in the early hours
But even though I did not wake
An image of your hazy presence
Remembered quite some time away
And though you didn't tell me
I'm burning deep inside
The power of your feelings
I somehow couldn't hide

*Dead the beast, dead the poison
All too soon you stole my vision
You killed my joy returned my prison
Oh! Who will save this empty Ghostown?*

*Dead the beast, dead the poison
Dead the beast, destroy my prison
Spread the feast, return my vision
Dead the beast, dead the poison*

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