

troublepilgrim

the radiators from space

TROUBLE PILGRIM

(Philip Chevron)

The year was young
and I had just done hibernating,
I woke up in a \$50 bed
in the Bexar County Jail.
Uh-oh, had me a hankerin' for Heaven
or failing that, a handsome stranger.
Uh-oh, this time I'm bustin' loose
and grasping the nettle of danger.

Well, pardon me all to Hell,
Life is a bitter pill, Jim -
Another day on Earth and
it looks like trouble, pilgrim,
trouble, pilgrim.

Heaven is a place
where all that longing gets taken away;
I swear on Marie Curie's burning hands
that I'll make it there some day.
Nothing is more painful than a mother's grief
and there are days when even God lacks self-belief.
This word's a weapon, this one's a friend
but beauty will follow to your journey's end.

Well, pardon me all to Hell,
life is a bitter pill, Jim -
Another day on Earth and
it looks like trouble, pilgrim,
trouble pilgrim.

All that I mistook for Original Sin
turned out to be a golden Bachanal.
I don't recognise the state I'm in,
I only know that I'm not going back at all.

Who's there?
Who goes there?

The year was young
and I had just done hibernating,
I woke up in a \$50 bed
in the Bexar County Jail.
Uh-oh, had me a hankerin' for Heaven
or failing that, a handsome stranger.
Uh-oh, this time I'm bustin' loose
and grasping the nettle of danger.

Well, pardon me all to Hell,
Life is a bitter pill, Jim -
Another day on Earth and
it looks like trouble, pilgrim.

*Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric Guitar, Electric
12-string Guitar, Organ, Glockenspiel, Tambourine*
Pete Holidaï: Electric Lead Guitar, Mellotron, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums
Rowan Rossiter: Shaker

THE CONCIERGE

(Philip Chevron)

I am The Concierge
of the knocking shop in Babylon.
If you should feel the urge,
this is the hottest spot since old Saigon.
Nancy boys and dancing girls
strictly for your pleasure;
Here the profits
(peace be upon them)
are measured in blood and treasure.

I am The Concierge:
I see the comings and the goings-on.
I am the very scourge
of the very lowest echelons.
See here where the walls are peppered with blood
That's where the Lord's our Shepherd;
Those electrodes, that black hood's
where we rebrand the leopard.

Whatever your humour,
from cradle to tomb,
we welcome consumers
of the va-va-voom.
I started a rumour
of weapons of doom -
you and your babyboomers
are gonna go "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Motherfuck yankee
yankee go home
yadda yadda holy father
give a dog a bone
Semper fi, buddy
always true
semper fi, buddy
semper fuck you

To save the Village...
we have to destroy the Village

I am The Concierge
of the knocking shop in Babylon.
I am the very scourge
of the very lowest echelons.
Nancy boys and dancing girls
strictly for your pleasure;
Here the profits
(peace be upon them)
are measured in blood and treasure.

Whatever your humour,
from cradle to tomb,
we welcome consumers
of the va-va-voom.
I started a rumour
of weapons of doom -
you and your babyboomers
are gonna go "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Come and desecrate me, baby!
Oil everywhere... blood everywhere...
love juice everywhere...

We put the mess in Mesopotamia
(Just call)
Seven seven nine one
one six double-six

I started a rumour
of weapons of doom -
you and your babyboomers
are gonna go "Boom!"

Steve Rapid: Vocals, Roland SH101
Philip Chevron: Electric Guitars, Organ, Harmonica, Tambourine,
Vocals
Pete Holidaï: Electric Lead Guitar, Vocals
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums, Vocals
Anita Bonnie: Vocals

SECOND AVENUE

(Pete Holidaï)
First night, new city
It's getting dark ain't that a pity
On the corner, lights flashing
Hear the music on the radio

Let's go to the party on Second Avenue
We can hang with Marty, he likes to boogaloo

The Oriental roller-skate skinny
Deliver pizza with shortest mini
She skates on by ain't that a pity
She is the girl from New York City

Let's go to the party on Second Avenue
We can hang with Marty, he likes to boogaloo
Last night, new city
Back on the corner I'm sitting pretty
Someone is calling "Come over here"
I said "I'm sorry... but I gotta go"

Let's go to the party on Second Avenue
We can hang with Marty, he likes to boogaloo
Let's go to the party on Second Avenue
We can hang with Marty, he likes to boogaloo

Pete Holidaï: Vocals, Electric Guitars, Piano, Organ
Philip Chevron: Electric Guitars, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums

JOE STRUMMER

(Philip Chevron)

Stuart Pearce is on the line,
We're taking on the Argentine again;
But it's another false dawn for England
if he can't find the man to lead the line.
It's another false dawn for England,
he needs someone who is gonna shine.
And that's when I remember
the summer I spent with Joe Strummer,
I said that's when I remember
the summer I spent with Joe Strummer,
When we watched the World Cup together,
me and Joe and D.J. Scratchy.
We fell in love with Toto Schillaci
and played Afro-Cuban mariachi.
He can play guitar, be a registrar,
smoke a big cigar, build a repertoire,
sleep in a motorcar, fish a reservoir,
programme a VCR, be a Football star.
Hey Joe, a-rovin' we will go,
over from Cuba to Fallujah,
they're all eating Freedom fries.
Hey Joe, I miss you more than you could know:
it's not a world you'd recognize
and it still takes me by surprise.
And now the U.N. is on the 'phone -
America is going it alone again,
and it's a bad day for democracy,
it needs a sweeter tone.

Well, it's a bad day for democracy,
the world is in the danger-zone.
And that's when I remember
the summer I spent with Joe Strummer,
I said that's when I remember
the summer I spent with Joe Strummer,
We changed the world together
with a Fender Telecaster,
We were in bands that played it faster,
we were the masters of the ghetto-blasters.
He can play guitar, be a registrar,
smoke a fat cigar, build a repertoire,
sleep in a motorcar, fish a reservoir,
programme a VCR, be a punk rock Czar.
Hey Joe, a-rovin' we will go,
over from Cuba to Fallujah,
they're all eating Freedom fries.
Hey Joe, I miss you more than you could know:
it's not a world you'd recognize
and it still takes me by surprise.
And that's when I remember the summer
I last saw Strummer
I said that's when I remember
the last time I saw Joe Strummer.
And now the baby needs feeding
and the roof's leaking on my head.
Where's Joe when you need him?
Joe's brown bread.
But he can play guitar, be a registrar,
smoke a fat cigar, build a repertoire,
sleep in a motorcar, fish a reservoir,
programme a VCR, be a superstar.

Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric Guitars, Organ
Pete Holidaï: Electric Guitars, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Just hangin'
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums

HEAVEN

(Pete Holidaï)
Thinks:
Hey, don't you cry if I say goodbye
And please don't be mad
I'll be serious when I'm telling you

Come on over to my place
And I will try to tell you how I feel about the things I can't deny

You've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven
And I've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven

When I see her face I know that I want to be with her
If I kiss her face, I'll be serious when I'm kissing her

Come on over to my place
And I will try to tell you how I feel about the things I can't deny

You've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven
And I've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven

I couldn't lie to your face anymore
Come to me, my precious one
Sorry for the pain I put you through

You've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven
And I've done nothing wrong
But when I see her I'm in Heaven
I'm in Heaven
I'm in Heaven

Pete Holidaï: Vocals, Electric Guitars, Organ
Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar, Cowbell
Johnny Bonnie: Drums

WORDS

(Pete Holidaï)
I'm sitting here the party's over
And my back's against the wall
The Sky is clear the Stars are pointing
And they will show me my way home

In my life, I've been broken
I've been hurt by words unspoken

She comes along and sits beside me
She makes me laugh she makes me sigh
I don't know her...but I know her
I could love her if I try

In my dreams she comes walking
She's so keen and I'm so blind

In my dreams she comes walking
She's so keen and I'm so blind

She understood my Heart was broken
I could see it in her eyes
She said she'd fix it in a moment
With sculptured hands and sculptured eyes

In my life I was broken
No more lies or words unspoken
Words unspoken...WORDS

*Pete Holiday: Vocals, Electric Guitar, Piano, Organ, Synth,
Stylophone, Mellotron
Philip Chevron: Dobro, Glockenspiel
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums*

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

(Philip Chevron)
In the sanctuary of the minute's silence,
my thoughts turn to the Falling Man:
In the final seconds of his short life
the century began.
No Ziproder movie or TV reality show
ever looked like this;
I feel like an intruder, but will you tell me, Mister
What's it like at the precipice?
Was it like the dark at the top of the stairs
when you were a boy
and you couldn't go back
and you couldn't go on?
Did you ever hear those final prayers -
"I love you, Daddy?"
Were you sleeping while the others suffered,
are you sleeping now?

Oh Lord, your ocean's so big
And my boat is so small.
I can fly if you want me to,
or you'll catch me if I fall.

In the tyranny of the minute's silence,
the villains and heroes form a caravan,
And before you know what's happened,
the unknown soldier is the forgotten man.
No Ziproder movie or Towering Inferno
ever asked so much of my soul.
I feel like an intruder, but will you tell me, Mister
what's it like to take control?
Was it like the dark at the top of the stairs
when you were a boy -
too late to turn back
too scared go on?
Did you ever hear those final prayers -
"I miss you, Daddy?"
Was I sleeping while the others suffered,
am I sleeping now?

Oh Lord, your ocean's so big
And my boat it is so small.
I can fly if you want me to,
or you'll catch me if I fall.

*Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric Guitar, Organ,
Piano, Glockenspiel
Pete Holiday: Electric Guitar, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar, Vocals
Johnny Bonnie: Snare Drum
Fergus O'Carroll: French Horn*

TELL ME WHY

(Pete Holiday)
You tell me 'bout the things that lie beneath your soul
I'm listening to the radio
Your deepest thoughts are realised and poured into the room
I listen to another tune

Is that not loving you
Telling you I care...sometimes
Is that not loving you
When I try
And even though I'm staring out the window
And even though I never seem to cry
If that's not loving you...tell me why

You never criticise, or ever put me down
You pick me up when I am down
But do I ever thank you when I walk out of the room
Listening to another tune

Is that not loving you
Telling you I care...sometimes
Is that not loving you
When I try
And even though I'm staring out the window
And even though I never seem to cry
If that's not loving you...tell me why, why, why
If that's not loving you tell me why

*Pete Holiday: Vocals, Electric Lead Guitar
Philip Chevron: Electric Guitar, 12-string Electric Guitar,
Organ, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums
Bryan Meehan: Tenor Saxophone
Stefano Muscovi: Trumpet
Pat Corless: Trombone*

HINTERLAND

(Philip Chevron)
a man walks into a bar
all paradise lost
ev'ry rubicon crossed
nothin' doin' but huckleberry gin -

"Oh, play me a tune that my demons can hear
Sing me a song of the new frontier you're promisn' "

Out here in the hinterland
We live like kings,
Feasting on the plenty
which ev'ry harvest brings.
Don't say our riches lie beneath the sands
of godforsaken holy lands
where Faith is just mistaken self-belief

Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na
Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na

Go ahead caller... you're on the air... !

a boy walks into a bar
maybe tonight won't end
before he meets a friend
who's sweeter than huckleberry gin -

"Oh, who'll come and dance with this lonesome peach?
A fleeting romance may be within the reach I'm promisn' "

Out here in the hinterland
We live like kings,
Feasting on the plenty
which ev'ry harvest brings.
Don't say our riches lie beneath the sands
of godforsaken holy lands
where Faith is just mistaken self-belief

Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na
Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na

Shine on prairie moon
Light up this lonely sky,
We found ourselves a pretty angel
we had to crucify.
And on his face is the rusty track
of the very last tear he cried.
You should've saved your tears for Jesus, boy!
You shoulda saved your tears...

Out here in the hinterland
We live like kings,
Feasting on the plenty
which ev'ry harvest brings.
Don't say our riches lie beneath the sands
of godforsaken holy lands
where Faith is just mistaken self-belief

Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na
Ooby dooby dooby
Sha na na na na

Go ahead caller... you're on the air... !

Somewhere a rose grows through the desert sand.

a man walks into a bar
all paradise lost
ev'ry rubicon crossed
nothin' doin' but huckleberry gin -

Jerusalem
Your requiem is sounded.
The armies of great nations have got you surrounded.
When we've drug the Devil through this vale of tears,
We'll tie the Devil up for a thousand years,
Gagged and bound for a thousand years.
We got you surrounded...
Gagged and bounded...

*Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars,
Electric 12-string Guitar, Glockenspiel
Steve Rapid: Vocals, Roland SH101
Pete Holiday: Electric Lead Guitar, Vocals
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums, Vocals
Anita Bonnie: Vocals*

SHE SAYS I'M A LOSER

(Pete Holiday)
She says I want read your mind
And I say I'm not the thinking kind
She says I'll take you to the Moon
And I say BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser

She says you never understand
And I say tell it to the hand
She says all you need is love
And I say WHY

She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser
One Money grabber
Too Much on show
Three's not a crowd
For you now
One Money grabber
Too Much on show
Three's not a crowd
For you now... For you now

She says I cannot read your mind
And I say I'm not the thinking kind
She says all we need is love
And I say BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser
One Money grabber
Too Much on show
Three's not a crowd
For you now
One Money grabber
Too Much on show
Three's not a crowd
She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser
She says I'm a loser
(Are you ready Steve?)
One Money grabber
Too Much on show
Three's not a crowd
For you now.

*Pete Holiday: Vocals, Electric Guitars
Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric Guitars,
Electric 12-string Guitar, Organ
Steve Rapid: Vocals, Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar, Vocals
Johnny Bonnie: Drums, Vocals
Cait O'Riordan: Vocals*

A PACKAGE FROM HOME

(Philip Chevron)
She packs up the bible
he asked for the day he was leavin'
and she whispers a word to the Good Lord
that she herself never could
find enough time to believe in:
"Take care of my son,
Well, you know how it is,
Sacrifice isn't all that it's cracked up to be.
Please show him the stories
a good man like him needs to see.
And if you've got a moment,
Please do one more favour for me -
Stop talking to the President".

She packs up the warm woolen socks
that she knew he'd be needing
when a Mother Jones feature had mentioned
those hot desert sands after nightfall
could be so misleading.
She bakes him the peanut chip cookies
he loved when he was a boy -
was that just yesterday? -
when G.I. Joe all on his own
saved the U.S. of A.
When she gets a moment,
Mom's baking the dish of the day -
Pretzels for the President .

*Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars,
Piano, Harmonica
Pete Holiday: Electric Guitars, Lap Steel Guitar,
Tambourine
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums*

HUGUENOT

(Philip Chevron)
Welcome here, you dark-skinned stranger
and share these streets with me -
Leave behind the shadow of danger
Telling you that you ain't free.
That's fighting talk where I come from
Where ev'ry tyrant was defied
And ev'ry Coombe will have its Pride.

I can weave a coat
I can wind your clocks
I can mend your boots
I can print your books
I can write your songs
I can make you well
I can weave your dreams
Bienvenue, bientot
I am a Huguenot.

Beautiful stranger, beautiful stranger

It is as old as history,
This flight from poverty and hate,
And heaven help the refugee
Who's cast out from his mother state.
But when the Cardinal's bonfires raged
and turned our village to an earthly hell
We were called here by the Christchurch bell.

I can weave a coat
I can wind your clocks
I can mend your boots
I can print your books
I can write your songs
I can make you well
I can weave your dreams
Bienvenue, bientot
I am a Huguenot.

Beautiful stranger, beautiful stranger

Ancient city on cobblestone
Songs and stories of worldly fame
From Weaver's Square to Mount Jerome
And skipping rhymes from Golden Lane.
But now these streets have new tales to tell
from George's Dock to Temple Bar
Stand up and tell them who you are:

I can weave a coat
I can wind your clocks
I can mend your boots
I can print your books
I can write your songs
I can make you well
I can weave your dreams
The name's La Grue, you know
I am a Huguenot.
I can weave a coat
I can wind your clocks
I can mend your boots
I can print your books
I can write your songs
I can make you well
I can weave your dreams
Bienvenue, bientot
I am a Huguenot.

Beautiful stranger, beautiful stranger

*Philip Chevron: Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars,
Electric 12-string Guitar,
Tin Whistle, Tambourine*
Pete Holidai: Electric Lead Guitar, Stylophone, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums, Vocals
Fergus O'Carroll: French Horn
Anita Bonnie: Vocals

DON'T WALK AWAY

(Pete Holidai)
I believe in everything you say
And I believe the Sun will shine on rainy days
As I look into your soul
You're hiding something
You know something I don't know

Don't you walk away
Just because your back's against the wall
Don't you walk away, no! Don't you walk away

I believe in everything I see
And I believe the World was made for you and me
As the walls come crashing down
I know something... You know something I don't know

Don't you walk away
Just because your back's against the wall
Don't you walk away, no! Don't you walk away...
walk away

When I first met you it was something new
I thought it would last forever... always
Now that it's over, I realise we had one thing in common
YOU ARE CRAZY
I AM CRAZY
WE'RE ALL CRAZY... CRAZY

Don't you walk away
Just because your back's against the wall
No don't you walk away, no! Don't you walk away
don't walk away...don't walk away...don't walk away

*Pete Holidai: Vocals, Electric Lead Guitar, Whistling,
Synth, Organ*
Philip Chevron: Electric Guitars, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums
Anita Bonnie: Vocals

WE ARE SO BEAUTIFUL

(Pete Holidai)
Mr Evil Corporation:
This is the week-end
Time for your revolution
You love the week-end
Dancing is your solution

Spending your money
Buying designer brands
Give us your money
It's supply and demand

Our heroes:
We can't take it anymore
Now we're knocking at your door
We are so beautiful; we're the Kings of Rock and Roll
We are so beautiful;
we're the Kings of Rock and Roll

Mr Evil Corporation:
Is this the new wave?
Is this the revolution?
Is this the real thing?
Is this the right solution?

Spending your money
Buying designer brands
Give us your money
It's supply and demand

Our heroes:
We can't take it anymore
Now we're knocking at your door
We are so beautiful; we're the Kings of Rock and Roll
We are so beautiful;
we're the Kings of Rock and Roll

We're the kings
(we're the Kings) of Rock and Roll
We're the kings
(we're the Kings) of Rock and...
Roooooooooo!

*Pete Holidai: Vocals,
Electric Lead Guitar, Percussion*
Philip Chevron: Electric Guitars, Vocals
Steve Rapid: Roland SH101
Jesse Booth: Bass Guitar
Johnny Bonnie: Drums