

Pete Bentham & the Dinner Ladies – Words

The New Underground

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

We get high on Frank Lloyd Wright
Not to the left and not to the right
We get stoned on a Saturday night
But I'm not in if they come around
Everybody hates us we're the new underground

I don't care who's in the charts
Or what Madonna's had done to her parts
I really care about the state of the arts
But people like us are getting harder to be found
Everybody hates us we're the new underground

It makes you wonder if they're right and I am wrong
Maybe there should be deejays mixing breakbeats to this song?

All the kids think it's cool to be told
A tribute to something is repacked and resold
There's nothing more depressing than the young being old
I guess the new sound is the old sound
Everybody hates us we're the new underground

We get high on Frank Lloyd Wright
Not to the left and not to the right
We get stoned on a Saturday night
It's way too dangerous if you go into town
Coz everybody hates us we're the new underground

The Boy With Magazines

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

Here I am I'm the boy with magazines
Know where I'm going but I don't where I've been
I've never been kissed but I've worn the lipstick
My life's shite but I'm optimistic
Here I am I'm the boy with magazines

Here I am I'm the girl with television
I'm lost in my lust for information

I've never been married but I've worn the dresses
No men but I've got their addresses
Here I am I'm the girl with television

Here I am I'm the man of some opinion
I wear my labels like belts of ammunition
My hairs nice but I'm feeling lonely
Between Cosmo, GQ and Men Only
Here I am I'm the man of some opinion

Here I am I'm the boy with magazines
Know where I'm going but I don't where I've been
I've never been kissed but I've worn the lipstick
My life's shite but I'm optimistic
Here I am I'm the boy with magazines

Nature

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

All the fishes in the sea
You really think they give a shit about me?
All the birdies in the sky
They don't care if we live or we die
They don't need money, they don't need sex
Don't need advice from anybody else
They don't need houses, they don't need beds
I give nature the greatest of respect

Don't fuck with creatures that live outside
They don't need comfort to stay alive
Don't even cook stuff, just eat it raw
EAT, SLEEP, FUCK...that's what nature is for
They don't need hobbies, they don't need pets
Don't need doctors, don't need vets
Don't need advice from anybody else
I give nature the greatest of respect

Nature don't sleep, nature don't sleep
You better see that Nature don't sleep
Nature don't care, nature don't care
You better be aware that nature don't care

All the fishes in the sea
You really think they give a shit about me?

All the birdies in the sky
They don't care if we live or we die
They don't need money, don't need sex
Don't need advice from anybody else
They don't need houses, don't need beds
I give nature the greatest of respect

The Che Guevara Thing

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

Some girls like the shopping
Some girls like the sales
Some girls like to walk the hills
From Cornwall up to Wales
Some girls like democracy
Some girls like the State
Some girls like the uniforms that others love to hate

She don't wear the jewellery
She don't wear the rings
My girl likes the Che Guevara Thing

Some girls like the hard core guys
With piercing in their ears
Some girls like the straight edge thing
But not if they like beers
Some girls like the emo
That lovey-dovey stuff
Some girls are more rock and roll
That sappy stuff ain't enough

She don't may attention
She don't ever ring
My girl likes the Che Guevara Thing

Part Time Punk

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

Hey so what if you don't take a drink
I ain't as fussed as you what other people think
Why put so many rules on a great creative movement
Make it young, make it yours, make it fit for humans

You think you're hard core
But I've seen it all before
By the time you're thirty
You won't be anymore
You waste you're youth now
Then play catch up getting drunk
The future ain't so rosy for the Part Time Punk

DIY...what a great gift for the World
This ain't a thing for just pretty boys and girls
Anyone can do it, celebrate your flaws
We ain't got time for your nasty laws

You think you're hard core
But I've seen it all before
By the time you're thirty
You won't be anymore
You waste you're youth now
Then play catch up getting drunk
The future ain't so rosy for the Part Time Punk

You Can Be A Woman Too

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

Button up on the other side
Take your kids on the 'park and ride'
Comb your hair without distinction
Say something is right, when you know it isn't
Talk too much when guests arrive
Change in a day from girl to wife
You're sense of style is in remission
Watch what you want on the television

You, you can be a woman too...If you wanted to.

Ugly

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

I know I'm ugly and it makes life hard
I should feel lucky cos my life ain't bad
It's so unfair, it's so unfair
I try to look good but I can't get there

It's lonely on the inside

Hey when your'e ugly on the outside
I try to be good, I don't know where to begin
Sin is ugly and I'm ugly as sin

Some people say that beauty's just skin deep
But when you're ugly you feel like you're a creep
It's so unkind you know it's so unkind
Cos being ugly is just a state of mind

It's lonely on the inside
Hey when your'e ugly on the outside
I try to be good, I don't know what to do
Sin is ugly and I'm ugly as you

So I stop myself from expecting too much
Then rejection isn't painful as such
It's no big deal, you know it's no big deal
Your beauty's perfect but my ugly's for real

It's lonely on the inside
Hey when your'e ugly on the outside
I try to be good, I don't know where to begin
Sin is ugly and I'm ugly as sin

The Lorry Driver Song

(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

It's lonely in the cab
When you're trying to light a fag
The next stops nowhere near
And you're gagging for a beer
And you're thinking that you'd like
To be out there on the bike

Lorry Driver, Lorry Driver, Stay at home!

You think check shirts are naff
And you hate in down the caff
All the talk of booze and chicks
And the fry up makes you sick
You'd sooner be on the beach
But the girls are out of reach

Lorry Driver, Lorry Driver, Stay at home!

Can you hear, yours sincerely
Out there on the road?

It's lonely in the cab
When you're trying to light a fag
The next stops nowhere near
And you're gagging for a beer
And your eyes are on the road
But your minds in overload

That's What You Get For Tellin' The Truth
(From the album The New Underground - 2009)

New York is cold, but Moscow's colder
London is old, but Rome is older
Don't ask a woman her age
If you don't want a slap in the face
I'm telling you...
That's What You Get For Tellin' The Truth

I knew a girl, she was unfaithful
Just the once, but her man was spiteful
Her confession gave him the bullet
So he loaded the trigger and pulled it
I know it's cruel but...
That's What You Get For Tellin' The Truth

Keep your mouth shut, in the summertime
Keep your mouth shut, in the rain
Keep your mouth shut, but your mind wide open
Once you've fucked up. you can't go back again

New York is cold, but Moscow's colder
London is old, but Rome is older
Sometimes it's better to lie, than to fuck up somebody's life
What can you do?
That's What You Get For Tellin' The Truth

Keep your mouth shut, in the summertime
Keep your mouth shut, in the rain
Keep your mouth shut, but your mind wide open
Once you've fucked up, you can't go back again

Do The Don't

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

History is created by those that say 'no'
Darwin, Jesus, Lydon and co.
And there's so many 'yes men' wherever you go
So whatever you do
Do The Don't

Don't Do The Do
Don't Do The Dog
Don't Do the Funky Chicken rr The Frog
Don't Do The Dinosaur
Don't Do The Float
Everybody Do The Don't

Once upon a place long time ago
Your missus she don't have the right to vote
Then Emily D took on the royal horse
She was just 'doing the don't' of course

Don't Do The Do
Don't Do The Dog
Don't Do the Funky Chicken rr The Frog
Don't Do The Dinosaur
Don't Do The Float
Everybody Do The Don't

Joey.Johnny, Dee, Tom
Lennon, Warhol, Marcel Duchamp
Karalius, Parkhurst, Beavan and such
Didn't like going the do so much
So Do The Don't!

Work

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

My mum said if you want to get ahead
You gotta work, you gotta work
My mum said if you want to get ahead
You gotta work, you gotta work

You don't get nothing for nothing in this life
There's no flash cars, if you won't get off your arse
My mum said if you want to get ahead
You gotta work, you gotta work

Hip Potater

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

It's not droll, it's not rock & roll
(Hip Potater, Hip Potater)
It's too clean like a new machine
(Hip Potater, Hip Potater)
Did Sid die in the Chelsea Hotel
(Hip Potater, Hip Potater)
For you to live in your parents hell?
You don't know how to love me...

Anger In The World

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

Body or mind? Angry or kind?
Which one are you?
Never trust a man with no tax on his van
You can bet he's got an angry dog too
Out on the road, minding my own with the radio on
Overtaken on a bend by a thug and his friend
Shooting rabbits is their idea of fun

Why, why oh why?
Is there so much anger, so much anger in the World?

Monday Night Fight Night

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

Sitting in a bar on a Monday evening
The quiet of the place was quite deceiving
In came the boys not a neck between them
Stupid, stupid, stupid and Steven

Fight for your right
You gotta fight for your right to fight

You gotta fight for your right
Your right to fight on a Monday night

All of a sudden there's a big commotion
The chain of events was really in motion
Somebody said "I'm with stupid"
"Who? Me?" said all three

Fight for your right
You gotta fight for your right to fight
You gotta fight for your right
Your right to fight on a Monday night

After working on the doors breaking noses
You gotta relax when the weekend closes
Some kind of fun with a vicious flavour
Stupid, stupid, stupid behaviour

Fight for your right
You gotta fight for your right to fight
You gotta fight for your right
Your right to fight on a Monday night

Cat & Dogs

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

People are like cats and dogs
Some are nice and some are not
People are like cats and dogs
Some are nice and some are not
A cat don't know his name
And a dog don't know no shame
Yes they both piss in the street
But I know which one I'd rather meet
But I know which one I'd rather meet
People are like cats and dogs

People are like cats and dogs
Some have spots and some have not
People are like cats and dogs
Some have spots and some have not
When a cat goes missing he ain't lost
He just found him a wealthier boss
A dog licks shit then licks your face

But you know his hearts in the right place
But you know his hearts in the right place
People are like cats and dogs

Some have a dogs life so it seems
Some are the cats that got the cream
Winnalot, Kitty Cat, whatever you're served
You find you get what you deserve
People are like cats and dogs

My Bike

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

My idea of home ain't a planners dream
A minimalist nightmare on a housing scheme
Little boxes on your preposterous private scheme
You can't make a home with just a front door and a key

Where am I gonna park my bike?
I'm gonna park is where I like!

You made a space for spacemen
You made a box for squares
You made a place for someone now there's nobody there
Little boxes from your obnoxious marketing team
You can't make a home with just a front door and a key

Where am I gonna park my bike?
I'm gonna park is where I like!

That London

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

Who talks a lot without saying anything?
That's London that is, that's London that is
Promises the earth and lets you down in the end
That's London that is, that's London that is
That London! That London!

If you want a wee it'll cost you 50p
That's London that is, that's London that is
If you want a poo, it'll cost you that too
That's London that is, that's London that is
That London! That London!

It's really no place to be left on your Tod
That's London that is, that's London that is
Anonymity is great, but money is the God
That's London that is, that's London that is
That London! That London!

Them Next Door

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

We don't want to talk about them next door
(Them next door, them next door)
We don't want to talk about them next door
(Them next door, them next door)
They don't walk like us, talk like us
Think like us, drink like us
Date like us, hate like us, hate like us

I don't even know what they live here for
(Them next door, them next door)
I don't even know what they live here for
(Them next door, them next door)
They don't play like us, pray like us
They've got things like us and kids like us
Are they kinsd like or blind like us, blind like us

Are you different too? Are you different too?

We don't want to talk about them next door
(Them next door, them next door)
We don't want to talk about them next door
(Them next door, them next door)
They don't walk like us, talk like us
Think like us, drink like us
Do they fight like us? Are they right like us, right like us?

Technology Is Our Friend

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

Don't be afraid of the microwave
It's only there to be your slave
It's just electricity in the end
Technology is our friend

Don't be mean to the DVD
It's only there so you and me
Can watch the Simpsons again and again
Technology is our friend

Orwell said in 1984
We'll have no freedom, not any more
But we've got more than ever before
We're watching them, we're watching them

There's no need to be uptight
If you're out late at night
You can phone home on your mobile phone
With technology you're not alone

There's no need to go to war
The web sees what they are really fighting for
It's not our liberty they are trying to defend
Technology is our friend

Don't Take Away The Truth

(From the album Hip Potater - 2010)

You can take my old school blazer
You can take my Star Trek phaser
You can take my Teddy Boy razor
But don't take away, don't take away the truth

Take that video of Ian Curtis
The one you got from cash converters
I watched it once and it made me nervous
But don't take away, don't take away the truth

You can take the fashion makers
You can take the art school fakers
You can take the middle class ravers
But don't take away, don't take away the truth

Take Mr Griffin and all his hatred
Before he takes away all that's sacred
And you can take his corrupters of youth
But don't take away the truth

Hey Yuri!

(From the Spacepunx EP - 2013)

Yuri Gagarin went to space
First man from the human race
To see the world from the outside
Yuri Gagarin. What a guy

Hey, Hey Yuri.
Did they use you like they used me?
Did you feel at home among the stars
Did you wanna stay out in space?

12 April 61'
A farmers boy went to the sun
In the blackness...a blue pearl
Yuri Gagrain, it's your world

Hey, Hey Yuri.
Did they use you like they used me?
Did you feel like Ziggy& the Spiders from Mars?
Did you wanna stay out in space?

But when you came home
You were too rock & roll
For the powers that be, did the KGB
Find you told a secret they wanted keeping in the east?

Hey, Hey Yuri.
Did they use you like they used me?
Did you feel at home among the stars
Did you wanna stay out in space?

Is There Anybody Out There?

(From the Spacepunx EP - 2013)

War on the street
Cops feeling the heat
Chaos around, in the cities in the town
I'm sat in my room
Telescope at the moon

I'm thinking...Is there anybody out there?

Once there was hate
On the council estate
Now they're having a laugh
Looting somebody's gaff
They're willing to shoot us
But the kids just want new computers

I'm thinking...Is there anybody out there?

Will the balls, with the brains, with the heart, what's your name?

Dinner Ladies Are Go!

(From the Spacepunx EP - 2013)

Hey punks, don't get lazy
Be on your guard for the fascist crazies
They don't give a shit and I don't mean maybe
And don't fuck around with the Dinner Ladies....

Mr Astronaut

(From the Spacepunx EP - 2013)

If you stay in your town
Your brain may shrink to a pea
You might not be anything
That you wanna be
Not a baker, not a cop,
Don't be a banker, don't be a slob
Mr Astronaut, Mr Astronaut, Mr Astronaut
I really like your sort

If you stay in your head
You might not get out of bed
You might not say anything
That you might have said
Not a paper
Not a book
Be an author, don't be a crook
Mr Astronaut, Mr Astronaut, Mr Astronaut
I really like your thought

You'll never worry, you'll never worry
About you, me, what you wanna be...

In Toxteth

(From download single with CUT (Bologna) - 2014)

In Toxteth, nobody cares
Not the girls in pyjamas
Or the Asians in flares
About the news from Iraq
Which banker got the sack
Everyday is a journey
Just to keep somebody off your back

We're too busy stayin' alive, too busy stayin' alive...

The sign says BRICK FOR SALE
I believe it's a very nice brick
Meanwhile outside the Jamaican barbers
The kids have learnt a new trick
Set fire to a tyre
Stone the bizzies when they come
They don't do authority
Just ask their mum
She's too busy stayin' alive, too busy stayin' alive

Back in the Eighties
The Rialto burned
Some people left us
Never to return
Now African shops and Polish deli's
Are seen from the 82 bus
We don't think about colour
It means nothing to us

We're too bust stayin' alive, too busy stayin alive

Marcel Duchamp

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

He got flush with his lavatory brush
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
He broke the banks, with his Armitage Shanks
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
So to New York and the avant-garde
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
Dada Black Sheep of the anti-art

Clean round the bend?
Clean round the bend?
Or it is you my friend?

Beware the kids, with the daft ideas
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
Beware the punks and the wierdos and queers
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
Who says what's normal, between your ears?
Marcel Duchamp, Marcel Duchamp
Peer in and follow, not follow your peers

Clean round the bend?
Clean round the bend?
Or it is you my friend?

Can A Boy Be A Dinner Lady?
(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

Can a boy be a dinner lady?
Can a girl make better gravy?
Can a fish be a dinner, maybe?
What you wanna know that for?

Can a man be a babysitter?
Can a woman be a real big hitter?
Yeah they can if they're no big quitter
What you wanna know that for?

Why do you need a label, why do you need a label all the time?
What matters if you're able, what you bring to the table in the end

Be honest man, are you thinking lately
You'd sooner stay home and mind the baby?

Than go to work, how better would your day be?
What you wanna know that for?

Bolshy kids in an ace band shocker
That old fella is a true punk rocker
Age or sex or type, let nobody knock yer
What you wanna know that for?

Why do you need a ladle, why do you need a ladle all the time?
What matters if you're able, what you bring to the table in the end

A New Way of Living

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

Remember the time when protest belonged to the hippies?
Now it's your auntie, your sister the woman that works in the chippy
When the councillor calls, my ma won't open the door
And the bloke next door, he won't vote anymore

They're all thinking about a new way of living
One that's not about taking, but more giving
All the men and the women
Power to the people (and me)
They're all thinking about a new way of living
One that's not about fantasy
One that's more about you and me
Power to the people (and me)

Your average Joe used to do what he was told without reason
He went to work, went to war, never questioning the path that he's on
Now a different way doesn't seem so strange as it was
We don't have all the answers, but we know who's gonna be the boss

They're all thinking about a new way of living
One that's not about taking, but more giving
All the men and the women
Power to the people (and me)
They're all thinking about a new way of living
One that's not about fantasy
One that's more about you and me
Power to the people (and me)

Dead's Not Punk

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

I tried dope and it made me dopey
I tried coke and it made me ropey
I think I'll stay away from all that junk

Coz Dead's Not Punk, Dead's Not Punk, Punks Not Dead and Dead's Not Punk

I tried weed and it made me needy
I tried speed and it made me weedy
I'll stick to booze and getting drunk

Coz Dead's Not Punk, Dead's Not Punk, Punks Not Dead and Dead's Not Punk

If you keep them drugs away
You may keep them bugs away
Just like my grandma used to say
"An apple a day, keeps the doctor away"

I'm not saying go straight edge
But maybe try and get your veg
There's no need to live like a monk
But Dead's Not Punk, Dead's Not Punk, Punks Not Dead and Dead's Not Punk

Don't Listen To The Government

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

Don't listen to the government, what they said ain't what they meant
There's rules for us, and none for them
Don't listen to the government

Go listen to your minister, what he's saying is it sinister?
Don't be taken in for a fool
By their system of divide and rule

And I'm not some conspiracy weirdo, or middle class intellectual hero
I'm straight. I'm Widnes. Through and through
So let's do what's best for me and you
And don't listen to the government

Don't listen to the Daily Mail.
Every story is a sorry tale
Of beaters, deceiters, benefit cheaters
Don't listen to the Daily Mail

And I'm not some conspiracy weirdo, or middle class intellectual hero
I'm straight. I'm Widnes. Through and through
So let's do what's best for me and you
And don't listen to the government

Bangin' On A Plank

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

I'm bangin' on a plank, I'm bangin' on a plank
I'm bangin' on a plank, coz my mind is blank
There's my dad in his old string vest

Watching Old Grey Whistle Test
Noise annoys, so noise is best
Noise band no tunes blagfest

I'm bangin' on a plank, I'm bangin' on a plank
I'm bangin' on a plank, coz my mind is blank

I Spy For The DIY

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

He used to be a nutter, now Johnny's selling butter
And is it all over, now that Iggy's selling cover?
But Malcolm thought it rock and roll for the band
To take the money from the pockets of the businessman
If you bite the hand that feeds you are you hurting the man (I don't know?)

I Spy, I Spy, I Spy for the DIY

If you wanna earn more, are you not hardcore?
And who's the most hardcore? Is it the post hardcore?
Or the music school bands with their five year plans
Press night, dress right, impressing the man
I think I'd much sooner keep it in my hands

I Spy, I Spy, I Spy for the DIY

Workin' For The Man

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

Mr Jones worked everyday since 1964
Then I heard he died last week
He ain't gonna work no more

So I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work for the man

Nigel works in big finance
He lost all our money when he took a chance
But still he's gonna get a rise, while we all have to economise

So I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work for the man

In David's Big Society, everybody works for free
Except of course Dave himself
Coz it's him who distributes the wealth

So I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work for the man

Once upon a time they'd say 'A fair days work for a fair days pay'
Now there's no work for us to do, what are we all supposed to do?

So I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work, I ain't gonna work for the man

Fucker

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

All you kids in the neighbourhood
(Don't you know, Don't you know?)
Have you seen the faces of those messing with your stuff
(Don't you know, Don't you know?)

Don't fuck with the fucker who can fuck you up
Fucking with that fuckers gonna do you no good

All you kids on the internet
(Don't you know, Don't you know?)
Have you seen the faces of those messing with you head?
(Don't you know, Don't you know?)

Don't fuck with the fucker who can fuck you up
Fucking with that fuckers gonna do you no good

Motorway Song

(From the album I Heart Here - 2014)

Let's all go to the service station, a tiny microcosm of our lovely nation

Everything is there

Everything is there for the perfect party

Food drink and people and the welcome is hearty

Coz we love to buy, we love to buy, we love to buy but we don't want to try

We love to drink, we love to drink but we don't want to think at all

Up the M62 to junction 7, a short ride away to consumer heaven

Everything is nice

Everything is nice and for our convenience

A small price to pay for our blind obedience

Coz we love to buy, we love to buy, we love to buy but we don't want to try

We love to drink, we love to drink but we don't want to think at all

Queen Victoria's Knob

(From the Psychedelic Village EP - 2016)

Gonna be a revolution, the password we've got is Queen Victoria's Knob

It's big, it's black, it's down by the dock, it's Queen Victoria's Knob

I'll meet you there about 11 O'Clock, at Queen Victoria's Knob

You tell our Vin, I'll tell our Bob, it's Queen Victoria's Knob

The name of the revolution is Queen Victoria's Knob

I'm telling you it's going off, at Queen Victoria's Knob

Don't let em know what's going on, at Queen Victoria's Knob

Establishment, government and the cops, at Queen Victoria's Knob

Walkin' Down Bold Street

(From the Psychedelic Village EP - 2016)

Walkin' Down Bold Street, Saturday night

We bumped into our friends, from the other side of right

Puffed chests, boghouse breath, married scruffs, Primark meffs

Don't they know? Don't they know? Don't they know?

We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain
Is right, Britain's shite

Walkin' Down Bold Street, student faces
Wide eyed wonder, random places
Among the mothers, lovers, tender souls, crackheads, bagheads, pissed as arseholes
Don't they see? Don't they see? Don't they see?
We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain
Is right, Britain's shite

The borders in our mind, may be cruel or may be kind
But don't try and pillage, the psychedelic village
Or you may find, they'll kick your behind

Don't they know? Don't they know? Don't they know?
We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain, We don't back Britain
Is right, Britain's shite

Stayin' In

(From the Psychedelic Village EP - 2016)

Stayin' In, Stayin In, too many people stayin' in
Not goin' out, not goin' out, too much trouble goin' out
Big Joe sold our soul, to the suits who's blood runs cold
Now there's no more art, and no more rock and roll
Why should I frequent, the places that I went
Now they're branded by the landed, cos we can't afford the rent?

Stayin' In, Stayin In, now my life is stayin' in
Not goin' out, not goin' out, no more fun in goin' out
So I stay in my home, got my slippers, got my phone
Got my fags, my beer, everything is here
On the antisocial networks, listening to the jerks
What's become of me? Cars and cookin' on TV

I know it sounds pathetic
But I'm not apologetic
It's my anaesthetic
To a world unsympathetic

Stayin' In, Stayin In, too many people stayin' in
Not goin' out, not goin' out, too much trouble goin' out

Concert Square

(From the Psychedelic Village EP - 2016)

I don't really wanna go round there (Concert Square, Concert Square)
They walk round there in their underwear (Concert Square, Concert Square)
Hens and Stags, knobs and tha' (Concert Square, Concert Square)
It's a Sociologists heart attack (Concert Square, Concert Square)
I don't really wanna go round there, they walk round there in their underwear
Concert Square, Concert Square. Concert Square

It's OK in the day, when there's no-one there (Concert Square, Concert Square)
But when the mob return, you better beware (Concert Square, Concert Square)
Clubs with drugs and slugs and stuff (Concert Square, Concert Square)
Just the sound of the house that's scouse is enough (Concert Square, Concert Square)
I don't really wanna go round there, where the sound of the house that's scouse can be heard
Concert Square, Concert Square, Concert Square

You say 'lad,' I say 'no'
You say 'wha'? I say go, go, go....

Concert Square, Concert Square, Concert Square
Don't go round there...

Brick

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

It's not a metaphor, it's a brick
It's not a metaphor, it's a brick
It's a brick, it's a brick, it's a brick
Don't speak to me like I'm thick

It's not a theory, it's a brick
It's not a theory, it's a brick
It's a brick, it's a brick, it's a brick
Don't speak to me like I'm thick

Yes I've heard of Solzhenitsyn
Yes I've heard of Freud
Yes I've heard of loads of loads of people
My mind is not a void

Show your words to the dealers
Show your lies to the liars
Show your deal to Mr Putin
Everyone loves a tryer

It's not a metaphor, it's a brick
It's not a metaphor, it's a brick
It's a brick, it's a brick, it's a brick
Don't speak to me like I'm thick

Controlled By Buildings

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

You go into Tesco's, no clocks and no windows
So where does the time go?
Controlled By Buildings
Controlled By Buildings

Your fancy new centre, we're welcome to enter
But the homeless are prevented
Controlled By Buildings
Controlled By Buildings

No room for expression
For the girls and boys
The planners got no manners
Took their spanners to our choice

Controlled By Buildings
Controlled By Buildings
Control! Control! Control! Control!

Goth Postman

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

He was nervous, about the postal service
Would their minds be too narrow, to see past his mascara?
And the early starts, would they break his heart?
It don't seem right, for a creature of the night

Goth Postman, Goth Postman, Goth Postman...I'm you're biggest fan

But on the first day, things went OK
In fact it was handsome, his bosses name was Manson
So if you hear Voltaire, in your postal area
Everything's sound, it's just him making his rounds

Goth Postman, Goth Postman, Goth Postman...I'm you're biggest fan

But it's not his bag, it's not his bag...it ain't black
Goth Postman, Goth Postman, Goth Postman...I'm you're biggest fan

England's Up For Sale

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

Which way did you chose? Which way did you choose?
Did you listen to your heart? Did you listen to the news?
England's dreaming, England's screaming
England's off the rails
England's Up For Sale
England's Up For Sale

Which path will you take? Which path will you take?
Do you know what you are doing? Will you make a big mistake?
England seething, England grieving
England's off the scale
England's Up For Sale
England's Up For Sale

A policeman in drag, smoking a fag
A poem by Wilfred Own
But don't turn your back, it's such a drag
Cromwell is back, Cromwell is back

Which way did you chose? Which way did you choose?
Did you listen to your heart? Did you listen to the news?
England's dreaming, England's screaming
England's off the rails
England's Up For Sale
England's Up For Sale

England's dreaming, England's screaming
England's off the rails

England's pleading, England's bleeding
England beyond the pale
England's Up For Sale
England's Up For Sale

Let's Drive

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

Let's drive coz I feel like a man
Let's drive, just as fast as I can
Let's drive to the club and talk about cars
Let's drive to the club and talk about cars

To the club and flash my money
I need my money, coz I'm just not funny
To the club and talk about girls
Let's pretend that we like girl

Let's drive through the centre of town
So you'll see me in the centre of town
Hopes up, windows down
Hopes up, windows down

Let's drive coz I've nothing to say
And you wouldn't like me anyway
To the club and talk about me
To the club and talk about me

Do you break down
Do you break down
Do you break down
When there's no-one around?

Let's drive, let's drive, let's drive...

Genres

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

Genres, everybody loves genres
Genres are for the gormless, who won't think for themselves
Rockers, why can't you just be rockers?
Always trying to shock us, by trying to be something else

If you are a rebel student, maybe don't dilute the movement
Maybe take a que, go somewhere new?

OK in the record store, find out what you're looking for
Maybe don't stand in the queue?
Maybe you could just be you?
Genres, fucking genres

There Goes The Neighbourhood

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

There goes the neighbourhood
Twice the price, half as good
There goes the neighbourhood
It's gone for good, it's gone for good

Makes no difference to them anyway
No tomorrow, no today
The next big thing will blow us away, blow us a way

Hello hipster, goodbye sense
It's the end of innocence
Down the gin bar, up the rent
You say progress...we say 'bent'

Because it make no difference to them anyway
No tomorrow, no today
The next big wave will wash us away, wash us away

There goes the neighbourhood
Twice the price, half as good
There goes the neighbourouood
It's gone for good, it's gone for good

Free Hugs For Thugs

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

On the high street, on the high street, on the high street, nutters on the high street
In the dancehall, In the dancehall, In the dancehall, nutters in the dancehall
So you wanna be tough, so you wanna be tough, so you wanna be tough, why don't you
fuck each other up?
In a pit, In a pit, In a pit, we'll put you in a pit
Thugs, thugs, thugs, some say free hugs for thugs

At the football, at the football, at the football, nutters at the football
In the shopping mall, In the shopping mall, In the shopping mall, nutters in the shopping
mall
The words of Byron and Keets, mean nothing to these creeps
Words are never enough, when you want to be a thugs
Thugs, thugs, thugs, some say free hugs for thugs

It's Better To Be Good (Than A Hood)

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

It's better to be good, than a hood
It's better to be good, than a hood
Why glorify a life of ignorance and crime?
It's better to be good, than a hood

It's better to respect than neglect
It's better to respect than neglect
Just coz he can rap, doesn't mean his life ain't crap
It's better to respect than neglect

I know there's a reason why people wind up in bad news
But in the mind of a child, it's hardly a lifestyle to choose
Knives and aggression lead in only one direction you see
Not just depression, years in detention, so please...

It's better to be good, than a hood
It's better to be good, than a hood
Why glorify a life of ignorance and crime?
It's better to be good, than a hood

A Bas Le Cavair, Vive Le Kebab

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

Turn on the telly, there's a riot going on
Prague and Berlin, Paris and Rome
You're sitting on your arse, with the couch on fire
Nero surfs while the flames get higher
A bas le caviar, vive le kebab....A bas le caviar, vive le kebab

All it takes for the bad guys to win

Is for a few good men to just do nothing
So I've heard, so the story goes
We might as well just a pack up and go
A bas le caviar, vive le kebab....A bas le caviar, vive le kebab

Always Say Thank You (To The Driver Of The Bus)

(From the album England's Up For Sale - 2019)

Thank you for the fishes, thank you for the fishes, that taste so good
Thank you for the birds, thank you for the birds, thank you for the sound of the seagulls
above
Some came were Norse and Danes
Some came in boats and chains
Always remember what the sea gave to us
And always say thank you to the driver of the bus

Thank you for the music, thank you for the music, thank you for the Sunday night radio
sounds
Thank you for the stories, Thank you for the stories, thank you for the tales from the
underground
Songs of freedom, songs of truth
Songs of people, songs of youth
Remember what the man on the radio does
And always say thank you to the driver of the bus