



WITH HER IT GOES DEEPER

When the going gets tough
Some people wonder
Whether to weep or
Matter-of-factly
Laugh the thing off
But she knows exactly
With her it goes deeper

She just crumples up
Folds and goes under
Hearing the reaper
Shuffling onward
To level the crop
That's ripening sunward
With her it goes deeper

When the going gets fair
Some people dither
Whether to leap or
Shyly and nicely
Offer a prayer
They don't know precisely
With her it goes deeper

Overjoyed or forlorn
One way and another
She can't seem to keep a
Sense of proportion
Dance until dawn
Or drink to extinction
With her it goes deeper
With her it goes deeper

THE TROPHIES OF MY LOVERS GONE

The turns of speech that I can't quite erase from how I talk
The songs that I might sometimes hum a phrase from when I walk
And all the times I can't afford to let my thoughts run on
These are the trophies of my lovers gone

I've heard of birds that pick up beads and trinkets for a nest
And people who keep souvenirs and think it's for the best
But why should I who never doubted that the dead live on
Live with the trophies of my lovers gone

The gifts they give you, you can sell
You can always burn the letters, pawn the rings
But still you'll change in the little things
That anyone with half an eye can tell

I know it's false to think that life depends on love alone
And falser still that it begins and ends on who you've known
I swear to God though that I don't know if my soul's my own
Or one of the trophies of my lovers gone

YOU ALONE WILL BE MY LAST ADVENTURE

The shells of cars have been sucked dry
And junked in heaps toward the sky
Their owners gone beyond all fear of censure
But the particles of safety glass
Sprinkled in the ruined grass are vivid
With all the songs I wove for my beloved
For you alone will be my last adventure

The planes have dumped their angry clouds
And draped the trees in wasting shrouds
That cut back the varieties of tincture
But still there falls a healing rain
Softly on the land in pain and livid
I mean the songs I wove for my beloved
For you alone will be my last adventure

The unmanned empty freighter moored
Against the high wall of the fjord
Will put to sea before the worst of winter
Against the silence and the cold
The broken figure in the hold is covered
By all the songs I wove for my beloved
For you alone will be my last adventure
You alone will be my last adventure
You alone will be my last adventure

LANDSCAPES

There are landscapes for an old affair
Full of stuff we pay no mind
Such and such
Little things that don't add up to much
A coinbox for the blind

There are landscapes for an old affair
Crowded as you could wish to find
Bric-a-brac that broke
But no-one wants his money back
The toys we left behind

There are landscapes for an old affair
But where are the landmarks for the new?
There are handbooks on how not to care
But where are the words for when you do?
And why are they so few?
Why oh why, why are they so few?

There are landscapes for an old affair
But where is the language for the new?

SEARCH AND DESTROY

I'm glad to say we're mopping up up here
I'm sending you today's report in clear
Security's no problem now at all
You just pick up the phone and make a call

We should have done all this back at the beginning
And never let the clowns think they were winning

We took a month to crack their second man
But when he talked the strudel hit the fan
He named eleven leaders who we shot
And then the top guy's girl who we've still got
The chick was tough and held out for a week
But spilled a bibful when we made her speak
We picked his mother up and worked on her
He came in on his own and there you were

We should have nailed the first ones when we found them
Before all the mystique built up around them



We never gave the local heat a chance
 To get him on their own and make him dance
 We did him in up country, bombed the cave
 Made the whole damn mountainside his grave
 The faithful talk some wishful-thinking cock
 About a spook who rolls away the rock
 At which point golden boy walks out alive
 We're bumping them all off as they arrive

And that winds up this dreary exhibition
 A total waste of time and ammunition

MORE IN ANGER THAN IN SORROW

If you decide to go to him tomorrow
 Tell him I said this is his lucky day
 And I said so more in anger than in sorrow

And if this time is our very last together
 Say it again so I can get it right
 After this night there will never be another

Now be near as being near can be
 Look with your hands and touch me with your glance
 So close your hair can hear your skin can see
 This is my only chance

If you decide to go to him tomorrow
 Tell him I said this is his lucky day
 That I had it all and threw it all away
 And I said so more in anger than in sorrow
 More in anger than in sorrow
 More in anger than in sorrow

EARLY DAYS

At a casual glance you seem to be in haste
 But let me tell you frankly haste makes waste
 I'm an enterprise where care for detail pays
 It's early days

You won't get far with me before you find
 That I'm real coffee, not the instant kind
 So don't expect to win me with a phrase
 It's early days

If you think you're gonna sweep me off my feet
 I don't sweep easily
 If you want a meal that bad, go out and eat
 But quit overwhelming me

I suppose the merest mention of your name
 Is meant to find me bursting into flame
 Well I'm flickering but don't expect a blaze
 It's early days

I suppose the merest mention of your name
 Is meant to find me bursting into flame
 Well I'm flickering but don't expect a blaze
 Until you've tried some slower ways
 It's early days
 It's early days

I have been where age runs into age
 Have seen the children burned, the slaves in halters
 The cutting edge is wearing off my rage
 I leave them their strange gods, their reeking altars
 And the way the Reign of Terror never falters
 They were fighting for the right to count the slain
 I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself
 And knows itself insane

I have seen the gentle meet the savage day
 In the sunlight on the spandrels of the towers
 And in the moonlight very far away
 The honeymoon canoe glide through the flowers
 And the party left behind go on for hours
 For a while things were as peaceful as they seemed
 I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself
 And knows itself redeemed

I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself

COLD BITCHES

Don't want a girl to bring me riches
 Or keep me in stitches
 Just to scratch me where it itches
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 With cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches

I don't want hassles, don't want hitches
 Much rather dig ditches
 Don't want Andy Warhol witches
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 With cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches

Don't want a girl to bring me riches
 Just to pull my switches
 Ain't no crime to say that I'm
 Through with statues out of niches
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 I've done my time
 With cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches
 Cold bitches





A British Bedford Dormobile
 Done over pink for eye appeal
 With rainbow discs on every wheel
 It makes a magic wagon
 A mass of metal glorified
 Sesame thrown open wide
 And this amazing man inside
 Fantastic as a dragon

It must be standing on tiptoe
 And reaching up to trade your dough
 For scoops of Technicolor snow
 That makes the man look royal
 To me he looks a normal bloke
 With a second line in lukewarm Coke
 Busting for a decent smoke
 To break the round of toil

I guess I've got a jaundiced eye
 The children never spot the lie
 They're queueing up and reaching high
 For something that tastes lovely
 Neapolitan wafers make the day
 The king is in his castle gay
 And they're behind him all the way
 Below me they're above me

Who'd guess from how they make a meal
 With darting tongue and teeth of steel
 From a mess of frigid cochineal
 That they were born to sorrow
 Gone to dust the age of kings
 Lost the taste for simple things

If only time would give me wings
 I'd double back tomorrow

THE EYE OF THE UNIVERSE

I have been where time runs into time
 And so partaken of the vanished glamour
 I've seen Atlantis and the perfect crime
 Felt eloquence replace my mental stammer
 Seen every evil brought beneath the hammer
 In this mood all that Faust desired is mine
 I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself
 And knows itself divine

I have been to see my death prepare
 Inside a Packard, somnolently cruising
 A sure-fire way of giving me the air
 And totting up exactly what I'm losing
 Found such an end not too far from my choosing
 I have settled up with Charon at the Styx
 I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself
 And knows itself a fix

I've crossed an atlas with the Golden Horde
 Seen all the Seven Cities of Cibola
 Olympus was a geriatric ward
 The Promised Land is just the old payola
 It's all the same shellac, the same Victrola
 Eternity should have more in the bag
 I am the eye with which the universe beholds itself
 And knows itself a drag

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

Home early from a meeting of the reps
 He leaves the cream-bath samples in the car
 A pull-along gorilla guards the steps
 Confusion leads to where the children are
 At the sandpit
 In the garden

He wades into the kitchen through the toys
 His wife leans to kiss him with a smile
 And neither knows how much distance led to this
 How long the while
 Since on the sand spit
 In the morning
 The hero
 Lay asleep
 Until
 The nymph adored him

The early dawn was baby-lotion pink
 And softer than the suds of Infacare
 She laved him of his brine and saw him blink
 He woke to see the sunburst in her hair
 And be her captive
 Always

He hails the children playing in the sand
 He solves the padlock on the garden shed
 A giant bow should be waiting for his hand
 But there instead
 Lie all the implements
 Of duty

For centuries
 Employed
 By the prisoner
 On his island

He plants the hose and sets the nozzle fine
 Embellishing his roses with the spray
 And rainbows of a sea as dark as wine
 On which he will never sail away
 He will never sail away
 He will never sail away

THE TIES THAT BIND YOU

That girl at the far side of the bar
 Waves the smoke of cigarettes away
 And in a flash you know exactly where you are
 At the bus-stop in the mist of early morning
 By the empty timber sheds beside the bay

And all those little kids are deaf and dumb
 Who line the gravelled footway after school
 But the splash of every stone in the canal
 Rebuilds for you the echoing aquarium
 Where stingrays carried pennies round the pool

And echoes coming back like this remind you
 How much lies behind you
 Dust-encrusted discs that slide from clouds of years
 And then they blind you
 The ties that bind you





And those ski-gloves fresh from drying by the fire
Seem suddenly to hold a warmth that reaches
From the back seat of a car, hot with the sun
On the highway running north beside the beaches
One summer on the far side of the world

And echoes coming back like this remind you
How much lies behind you
Dust-encrusted discs that slide from clouds of years
And then they blind you
The ties that bind you

And that market-going grandmother who sighs
And turns her collar up against the rain
Would be scandalised to know she recreates
As mountain-river clear as when it happened
The first girl who ever woke before your eyes

And echoes coming back like this remind you
How much lies behind you
Water over dams returning near as tears
When lost things find you
The ties that bind you
The ties that bind you

JUST FOR ME (AMY'S BLUES)

Oh please, professor, would you take a request?
I just know that you can make it
I need to hear the music I love the best
I'm pretty certain you can fake it

Play me a song that's kinda bluesy-feelin', creepin', stealin',
loose and easy-rollin'
'Cause what I'm needin' right now is somethin' I can really
put my heart and soul in
Just let those blue notes ring loud and clear
'Cause when I sing the blues my blues disappear
So won't you play one just for me

I've sung in pubs, I've sung in clubs, for scouts and cubs and
boozy businessman conventions
In legion halls, at debby balls, and other choice venues too
numerous to mention
I've sung all kinds of song in my time
But right now any other kind is a crime
So come on, play one just for me

This kind of music will not be denied
If you try to fight it, it'll drive you crazy
But go with the flow, and ride with the tide
You'll come up fresh as a daisy

So roll those changes round, that same old sound is what I
crave to save my sinkin' spirit
It only takes a little while to make me smile every time I hear it
Right now I need a song that's alive
A song to tell the world I'm gonna survive
This time, this one's just for me
Oh please, professor
This time, this one's just for me

*Music by Pete Atkin. Lyrics by Clive James
except 'Just For Me (Amy's Blues)': lyric by Pete Atkin.
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THE LAKESIDE SESSIONS VOLUME 2

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

When I think of what passes in this world
For a merciful regard to mute appeals
And all the wheels of justice turning smoothly
Through the haze of clever deals and smell of burning
A dream of fair women
A dream of fair women soothes me

And when I think of the paid liars in this world
Their bulging files and alley-cat ideals
And all of the good they sally forth to sully
Through the buzz of wheels in wheels and glare of
smiles
A dream of fair women
A dream of fair women lulls me

And I dream the dream of fair women
Like many a poor mental refugee
Like many a sad madcap before me

When I think of what passes in this world
And how the liars help to get it done
With a hint not to disturb oneself unduly
Through the teeming ashen air between the fires
A dream of fair women
A dream of fair women cools me

And I dream the dream of fair women
Like many a Casanova past his prime
Like many an old roué out of time

When I think of what passes in this world
And how the liars help to get it done
With a hint not to disturb oneself unduly
Through the teeming ashen air between the fires
Far from my thoughts but close to my desires
A dream of fair women
A dream of fair women cools me
A dream of fair women
A dream of fair women cools me
A dream of fair women cools me
Cools me
Rules me

ICE CREAM MAN

This afternoon the ice cream man
Has driven his magnetic van
From Angkor Wat or Isfahan
To park down by the meadows
The captain of a pirate ship
He struggles hard to keep his grip
With cannonades of strawberry whip
Delivered through the windows

