



WHAT'S THE DEAL, KIM?

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

the mystery of sound hits the ear drum
washed in by some different breed
it's been the night of the nights
the night of the lights
the sky has opened up around midnight
and I was shocked as the thing flew by
that's how it became what I call suspense

so, Kim, what's your deal? Kim, subterranean
your sin is scratching my ego
let's get down to the mambo
that could be the deal

I wanna get in touch with the silver
a deep breath of that glittering air
and if an angel can fly then I'm sure that you can't
I'm not in the mood for objections
because it feels like now or never
it's in the middle, right in the middle
where it stands what I believe in

Kim, what's the deal? Kim, subzero
there are no bounds to the psychos
I'm ready for the old limbo
you make me reel, it's starting to peel
I got a vision only you can steal

Kim, tell me your deal
Kim, subordination

tonight is the night of the lightning
the atmosphere just sucks me in
and all the time I've been waiting
and all the time I've been watching you
that's the deal

SNOWFLAKE

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

when the telephone's ringing
you're running like crazy
and I got to wait for my dinner
that the bedroom's stinking
it's just the brand I'm smoking
how come you bought a black dildo
I don't know what's going on when you pop in to
say so long
that was it last night don't get me wrong
I don't know what it's all about
your complains are way too loud
you don't need to prove that you're so strong I can't
stand this music
you gotta be kidding
when you think that this will last
last sunday I was freaking
what your friends were talking
"When Socrates meets Mars" (or whatever it was)

IN YOUR WAY

(music&words&instruments ray wilko, drums by o.g. bösch)

and the things you see just fall apart
what has been your believe lies down at your back
they come along with the news you don't get
one's telling you things and you lose
because some things always change
but I won't change at all
as long as I can say...
as long as I can stay I'll stay in your way
the stars disappeared
it's the age of the crowd
they're moving fast towards the end
the song is dead
the singer's thumb
the strings are out of tune and they say some

things need to change
but I won't change at all
as long as I can say...
as long as I can stay I'll stay in your way
the value's here not where you are
I won't ask you to come
you'll see what's wrong
when they lose the words it's all starting again
and we'll wave goodbye and remind you that some
things have to change
but we didn't change at all
'cos we did always say...
we did always stay in your way
the things you feel
they fall apart
I'm not going to watch you taking it all
the secret lies where you've never been
don't talk about stuff you've never seen

WALLY WALL

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

walk into this house
there are quite a few corners
pick the one with the mirror and stay there
after a while it's getting boring
but you're still amazed
you spot another one where it should feel a bit bet-
ter
Wally Wall goes on and on
it's got a painting on the wall near the fireplace
the bright colours and interesting shapes
they want you to come
so join the crowd and you follow the path
they've got a smile for you
life was at its liveable state
before the painting felt down
you wanna get there,
you wanna get nearer

HOME

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

the farmer is getting ready
for the saturday sell out

the flowers look so pretty when it's summer in the
city
home that's where the sound is
call the ones you love
it's good to have a place where you know you're
not alone

oh, home, what can I say?
home, the essence of life, yeah!
home is like a mosquito
home just dries you out
you're standing at the corner but the man he
wouldn't come
home has done its work for me, politeness is in my
blood
home, that's where the party is over when you
come

oh, home, your light is not on
no, home I need to go now
home, I can't go on
what's missing is just the tone
home, I'm moving on
today there's no more fun
home, it's the chapter's end

HYPEOPLE

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

your face on THE FACE it's the ultimate thing
the soul's getting stolen by the paper king
lipstick on the shirt
he puts his hand under the skirt
that's just a glam perversion one can't tell when it
hurts
hypepeople running around the stage
hypepeople know about the fake
the city's going mad as the band begins to play
it kind of makes me sad when I hear what they say
the actor slides to town he knows he's really well
known
he pays for the bill and then the waiter's got a
crown
just do whatever you want
you're sure you'll get the chant

THE OLIVIA CASE

(music&words&instruments ray wilko, grand piano
played&arranged by christian müller)

there's a note that he wrote for you
and it said "you owe me a night"
room 14 on the second floor was empty that night
as he walked back home to the nothing he had
the thought was there in his mind
it turned out bad for the guy in charge
who wanted some money for the car
and we'll drive along creeks
and we'll suck in the breeze
in the mountains we'll go to a place that I know
14 was the door he knocked at once more
to tell her the plan tonight
as he thought about the words to start with he
heard
a silent moan in the night
Olivia dear was just about to leave the place on her
own
no-one knew that it wasn't just blood
that rushed through her veins
they wanted to drive along creeks
they wanted to suck in the breeze
in the mountains he knew a nice place
where they wanted to go to

IT'S A FUNNY WORLD

(music&words&instruments ray wilko, bass by reg fry)

and then the beauty has lost control
she left one man just to do them all
the famous singer's such a poor white man
cutting off colour has affected his brain
the salesman sales what you don't need on earth
then he sails away and you're a jerk
it's all for freedom and peace in the world
but the rage goes on as they say those words
the priest has softly touched her hand
and the Lord was sleeping when he paid her a
grand
hey, hey, funny world

SOCCER STAR

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

when I put my gear on
and tie the shoes and off I go
no-one can reach me
I'm going fast, well, it's my show
it's in the centre
the place I run belongs to me
collecting balls and do the things that no-one does
I'm doing Germany, I'm hitting Spain
I'll go to Italy and get the bucks and I'll be fine
I put down my glasses
they can't believe what's going on
and I fear nothing
a broken leg or two, so what?

soccer star, soccer star
I wanna be a real soccer star
just wanna be a soccer star

SPEED

(music&words&instruments ray wilko)

a hole in the road
a car in which I sleep
the dope is in my throat
the thrill of doing the speed
and I dream, and I dream
it takes while 'til I brake
one moon or two then it shakes
when I brake, when I brake
it arrives in my head
the James in me is not dead
I'm going left then back to the right
alone, the speed into the night