

### **Child on a Plane**

I am a child sat on a plane  
I will lure you into my game  
Counting cities in the sea  
Come look with me  
Look with me

I will stare you in the eye  
But outlive you if you try  
I am bold and I am free  
Come look at me  
Look at me

And there's always one more cloud to climb  
There's always one more dream to find

I am a child sat on a plane  
You are a stranger just in name  
We can be friends we can be we  
Come look with me  
Look with me

And there's always one more cloud to climb  
There's always one more dream to find  
You asked  
'are we there yet?'

And I said 'is it raining?'  
You said 'The sun is shining'  
  
'Well then it can't be Scotland'  
'Mister  
You're full of funny stories, aint you'

I am a child sat on a plane  
With a mind that's yet untamed  
By the pilots in control  
In control  
  
And there's always one more cloud to climb  
There's always one more dream to find

### **Backs to the Wall**

I'm standing with my back to the wall  
I make I cry for freedom  
Does anyone hear my call  
At times you've got to be heard  
Then I hear another voice by my side  
There's a smile on my face  
And I feel my hopes rise  
And I know I've got a friend

### **Mud on the Doorway**

Scarves at the door then run up the hill  
Sticks in the burn that flows passed the mill  
We've been having fun

Then dance in the hall footloose and free  
In no time at all asleep on the knee  
We've been sharing love

And I just want to lay  
My head in the ground  
Closing my eyes and my ears to the sound  
Of that big bad world

There's a wolf in the wood and a bear in his cave  
Little girl hood all lonely and brave  
We've been telling tales

Now cosy and calm I'm lost in their breath  
Wrapped up and war asleep in their beds  
We've been dreaming hope

Dreams of light dreams of grace  
Dreams of what might fill the space

Between  
My world and yours  
The future pulls  
On every day in work and play  
And good friends who will help you on the way

Mud on the doorway Ice on the road  
Salt on my shoes and ash on the stove  
We've been keeping warm

And I just want to lay  
My head in the ground  
Closing my eyes and my ears to the sound  
Of that big bad world

And I just want to lay  
My head in the ground  
Closing my eyes and my ears to the sound  
Of that big bad world  
At the door

### **Not enough Tuna**

Too many people not enough Tuna  
Too much treason too many tourists  
Too much take not enough give  
way way way not enough give  
And we've been taught that take is the way  
The way of take Take is the way  
We have been good We have been very good

Too many people not enough Tuna  
Too many people good at take

And there's always something else to take  
Something deeper something smaller  
Something further something higher  
Why we'd lasso the moon if we could

Too many people not enough Tuna  
Too much treason too many tourists  
Too much take not enough give  
way way way not enough give  
not enough tend not enough less  
And we've been taught that take is the way  
The way of take  
Take is the way

We have been good We have been very good  
Too many people not enough Tuna  
Too many people good at take Great at take  
Just because we can, doesn't mean we should  
And there's always something else to take  
Something deeper Something smaller Something further  
Something closer Something more Something higher  
Why we'd lasso and mine the moon if we could

And then..... When it was all so hopeless  
When the overwhelming size, complexity and sheer  
hypocrisy of it all got to us someone started to Jump

One little jump A jump to show you care

One child One day One jump

One moment to show 'I do care'

'I may be part of this, but I still care'

Jump I do care Jump

And...and.... then I swear it only took a week

A crazy viral week was all it took

There were 4 billion people jumping

Not all at the same time Not all at the same height

But if you care you can jump

and if you can jump you can change

And we did

And that's how come we are still here

Still alive

## **Campbell's Lament**

Andy Warhol stole my idea  
And pinned my can to his wall  
Bereft and confused cheated abused  
I took my case to the law

The judges and Lawyers heard what I said  
Then asked what I'd got the in bank  
A penniless artist don't reap a rich harvest  
So I had to confess it was blank

Give me black, yellow and red  
I'll join up the dots with a thread  
Paint stirs in the tin  
It's laughing it's grim  
As the madness flows out from my head

So I make mirror balls I'll hang thousands in halls  
And invite the public to see  
They'll flock through the door  
30 seconds no more  
But they get what they get for free

Give us love, wonder and light  
Make us shapes that shine in their flight  
But we spit in the wind  
With glamour, with sin  
And the guilt we keep out of sight

## **The Hook**

Sally's on her smartphone posing in the light  
Checking all the angles  
She needs to get it right  
She'll keep on deleting every photo that she took  
Sally's got the bait  
But she can't find the hook

Jimmy's going fishing in all the latest gear  
He mixes gortex and buckskin  
For that he has no peer  
He's subscribed to all the magazines read all the books  
Looking good by the river  
But he can't find the hook

Down at the local no one's listening to the band  
It's an original song  
Penned by the singer's hand  
There's 15 verses, nothing's overlooked  
He's got a lot of lines  
But he can't find the hook

If you're asking what I'm doing  
I came to sing a song  
If you're wondering who I am  
Then you can call me Tom  
I maybe an imposter  
Trying not to be a crook  
And I'd love to reel you in  
But I can't find the hook

We're all standing by the river  
But we can't find the hook

### Jimmy and the Mammoth

Jimmy sits cross legged on a glacier in Alaska.

A fierce icy wind drives hail and frozen rain into his skin. He is fed an endless supply of heavily sweetened strawberry tarts.

He has to sweep up any crumbs or spilled jam with his tongue. As soon as one is finished he starts the next one.

Of Jimmy's many pastimes only gluttony and suffering remain.

Some 200 miles away on a remote island in the Bering Sea, the world's last mammoth sips at a pool of fresh water.

As she sips so she breaks the ice edges of the pool. The fresh water drains away and salt water seeps in. She is going to die of thirst.

### I Am the River #33

From the mist of the mountain

To the depth of the sea

I am the river

And the river is me

From the fish in the shallows

To the sap in the trees

I am the river And the river is me

So hold my hand and warm my feet in the clay

Close my eyes and wipe my tears away

And the shimmering sunlight

Sets the ice free

I am the river And the river is me

So hold my hand and warm my feet in the clay

Close my eyes and wipe my tears away

From the mist of the mountain

To the depth of the sea

I am the river

And the river is me

So hold my hand and warm my feet in the clay

Close my eyes and wipe my tears away

So hold my hand and warm my feet in the clay

Close my eyes and wipe my tears away

### Laughter Below

I keep picking fights with the things that I love

And the people that I want to know

And I'm scared of the lights and the far distant rumble

Of the cars on the bridge and the shore

And the water is cold

And the fish must be hiding

I swear I hear laughter below

And I'm losing it I'm losing it

The sounds and the song and the show

I keep picking fights with the things that I love

And the people that I want to know

And I'm scared of the lights and the far distant rumble

and the cars on the bridge and the shore

The water is cold

And the fish must be hiding

I swear I hear laughter below

And I'm losing it I'm losing it

The sounds and the song and the show

And I'm losing it I'm losing it

My life and my love I let go

And the water is cold

The fish must be hiding

I swear I hear laughter below

## Righteous

Don't you get righteous with me  
Don't you make that final decree  
look down on your brothers  
look down on me  
confusing the truth  
with what you believe

Don't you get judgemental with me  
Don't you climb that holy tree  
look down on your sisters  
look down on me  
you stand tall  
we're on bended knee

There's preachers in white  
and preachers in black  
love at the front  
and bullets out back  
you cast your net far and wide  
then woop  
she said she says  
woop  
she said she says  
I'll see you later on the other side

Heaven on Earth I want to see  
The promised land for devotees  
But better watch out for tricks up their  
sleeve  
And petrified angels trying to breathe

There's preachers in white  
and preachers in black  
love at the front  
and bullets out back  
you cast your net far and wide  
then woop  
she said she says  
woop  
she said she says  
I'll see you later on the other side  
I'll see you later on the other side

## Don't Drop It Dexter

'Don't drop it Dexter' and I found myself instantly convinced. So, although I couldn't see Dexter (who was right behind me at the checkout) nor the woman who had made the somewhat desperate plea, nor indeed the 'it' that might somehow be dropped in a disastrous way (similar no doubt to other 'its' that had met with a calamitous fate in the hands of Dexter). So despite these and other unknowns I found myself 100% in the Don't Drop it Dexter Camp

Well...what does that say about me? (repeat)

Why not.....'just carry on Dexter, who gives a merry f#k about what could happen next'

Or even....'Go on Dexter, smash it full force on the floor'

And what does it say about the plaintive? She obviously knew about Dexter's ability to drop things, and yet at some point along the way Dexter had got a hold of 'it' and rather than a swift 'That's not for you Dexter' here he was still holding (if somewhat precariously) the object.

Do I adopt an 'interventionist approach' (not quite an omnipotent God answering the prayers of his or her believers) but still controlling enough to swivel round and in one continuous movement grab the thing 'I'll just take that if you don't mind!'

Or perhaps (assuming Dexter is a child out and about with his harassed mother) I could turn round and catch Dexter's eye as if to say 'Now young man....do as your mother says'

Perhaps I could resort to righteous social media outrage. Whip out my phone, and catching Dexter in the act of 'dangerous dropyness' post some suitable eye catching comment 'OMG Dexter is still being allowed to hold things. WTF!!!!'

But no. I adopt the same position as I do when it comes to the grip we humans have on Planet Earth. I turn round as a somewhat helpless bystander, nod at mum with a deranged smile as she watches Dexter have fun with a 2.5 litre tin of white gloss paint. 'No Don't drop it Dexter' I say then carry on with my purchase of a discounted cordless orbital sander.

### **Sonic Deviance**

Don Van Vliet has opened a holiday company for those who get bored easily.

It's called

'No easy answers'

He has banned smart phones, acoustic guitars and pyjamas just to make sure.

On Friday we climb into plastic bubbles and eat breadcrumbs and calamari in the desert whilst Frank Zappa floats above us perfecting his own unique form of sonic deviance. He is kept up in the air by Don who plays two giant saxophones simultaneously whilst painting wild ducks in the hot sand with his toes.

After three days I start to get bored and ask for my money back.

The office is empty.

Apart from some lipstick and the head of an antelope.