**Evensong**

They say the end of the world is coming

They say plagues of locusts, frogs

Banging drums and howling dogs

A high tide to cover us they say

They say the end of us all is coming

Broken ice and falling rocks

Fierce landslides and stopping clocks

A high tide to cover us they say

They say the end of our days is coming

They say black and endless night

Thick silence, no dawn in sight

We pray for another morning

They say the end of the road is coming

Dust footprints gone blown away

A foul wind through endless space

I’ll be yours ‘til every bright thing fades

**Five Thousand Birds**

I love this town but it’s killing me

Like drawing breath in a restless sea

You spoke the words and I watched you cry

Oh cry me a river ‘til the river runs dry

‘Til the river runs dry

So let the taps run black and the children curse

To the beat of a thousand scattering birds

When the locusts swarm on the desert sand

Won’t you be my lover, won’t you hold my hand?

Your lips were talking, the sound wasn’t right

Seen in the flicker of a bathroom light

Your mind on the time and your eyes on the sea

Now I’m washed in the dust of your constancy

So let the taps run black and the children curse

‘Cause there’s nothing more that my heart can bear

When the heavens burst on the quaking land

Won’t you be my lover, won’t you hold my hand?

Five thousand birds fell from the sky

Red on black, two three four

Five thousand planes fell from the sky

Signal fail, two three four

Five thousand lies

Five thousand lies you told me

Five thousand lies you told me

So let the taps run black and the children curse

‘Cause there’s nothing more that my heart can bear

When the heavens burst on the quaking land

Won’t you be my lover, won’t you hold my hand?

Won’t you be my lover, won’t you hold my hand?

A plague on all our houses, a wolf at every door

A storm in every tea cup, you don’t come here anymore

The sky was falling fishes and pennies for the poor

I turned to see you missing, you don’t come here anymore

You don’t come near anymore.

Five thousand birds fell from the sky

*Repeat*

**Black Hound Howling**

Faster than a running cat

The night is at your back

Quicker than the beating tide

The dark’s electrified

I’m chalking marks on walls while

The wind is on the sand

Still scratching stones for sparks while

The shadow’s on the land

Softer than the silent sky

My time’s a whispered sigh

And I’m crying out loud

I will not tell a lie, I will not tell a lie

Don’t say we’re safe as houses

The house is coming down

You hear that black hound howling

That old familiar sound

Slicker than the water’s flow

Brave armies slide like snow

Quicker than a scattering hand

The great are cast to land

Don’t say we’re safe as houses

The house is coming down

You hear that black hound howling

That old familiar sound

Saw that bird in a shadow glance

Feathers fall

Spoke that dark bird, ‘Heed my dance’

Feathers fall

I saw foundations crack like glass

I saw great nations turn to ash

Feathers fall

Feathers fall

(Howling)

**Sand**

I’ve been sleeping with the dead

I’ve been watching their shapes in my bed

The things I think I thought I was

Carried away with the wind on the rock

I’m sand

I’m sand

I’ve been beating my retreat

I’ve been burying my most precious things

In the garden in the flower bed

My blindest thoughts, my things unsaid

I’m soil

I’m soil

I remember every thud

Every name of everyone I ever loved

My heart’s still beating through the mud

Don’t know who you are

I know I should

Storm’s coming over I’m falling in love

With what’s left of me

The rest of me

Storm’s coming over I’m falling in love

With what’s left of me

The rest of me

Throw it to the dogs

Throw me to the gods

Think of me now I’m moving slowly

The thing about me now is I’m moving slowly

Strange children talk to me I’m moving slowly

The better part of me moving slowly away

I’m sand

Moving slowly away

I’m sand

Storm’s coming over I’ve fallen in love

With what’s left of me

The rest of me

Storm’s coming over I’ve fallen in love

With what’s left of me

The rest of me

Throw it to the dogs

Throw me to the gods

**The Cold has Come**

You laid him down in the frozen ground

And the snow hit us sideways

And toppled our crowns

And there were endless bells

But not a sound

The cold had come between us

And I can hold your hand

But I can’t hold it back

There’s a lie we’ve been telling

A cruel tide

We left the door open

And loss crept inside

The cold has come between us

And how do you love the mountains

When they cover you?
How’d you love the mountains?

Their shadows they fall so long

I’ve been calling your name

I’ve been calling your name

An echo, an answer

An echo, an answer

The flood brought you down

I can’t cradle you now

I’m not build for this weather

I hold up my hands

I’ve been believing in something

That left with the summer

The cold has come between us

You gave her your days

An old kind of vow

And she handed them back in that

Café in town

And the lines in her hands

Who’ll think of them now?

There will be love beneath the snow

There will be love beneath the snow

Don’t ask me to promise

Don’t ask how I know

But there will be love

There will be

**Plucking the Stars**

Plucking the stars one by one

Plucking the stars down one by one

Marking our winnings in the soil

These little victories won’t spoil

*Chorus:*

Plucking the stars one by one

Plucking the stars one by one

Carry them home like the sun

That I’ll keep ‘neath my head

When I sleep, while you’re gone

Taking your face now in my hands

Feeling the blood beat ‘neath the land

These are the stories we can’t tell

These are the secrets

Kept to ourselves

*Chorus*

Quiet as children keeping time

Loud as the sea on the far skyline

I’ll be your voice when the air’s too shrill

You will endure like the grinding mill

*Chorus*

**Tread Lightly**

Tread lightly

Any bone of us could break

Light fingered

At any time in any dozen ways

Speak softly

I’m tired of all these angry boys

Out with all their tired noise

You held me up

On the icy road

And we laughed more

The more it snowed

And you know what you’re walking on

You know what you’re walking on

You know that you’re walking on

My hopes

Breathe gently

You could blow out every light

Move softly

The sound’s down but the timing’s right

*Chorus*

If this is the way

To make this fit

Then show me the road

I’ll show you the writ

And you know what you’re walking on

You know what you’re walking on

You know that you’re walking on

My soul

**Cherry Blossom Tree**

All the cherry blossom of Washington

The hay-fevered snow storm of it

Sugaring the city in half remembered Japanese myths

And this place is the most beautiful place right now

Said Dixon, puffing on his white beard

And looking up in to the sky

At all his lost pinnacles

At the capital building and pronouncing

The word ‘sigh’

This place will take your heart and place it

Beneath a paving stone with no inscription

This town can’t grow too tall, there are laws

To keep it friendly, so I’m told

This town at its centre with the right light

And the people smiling with blustering diplomacy

Is a post card of a post card of itself

In Amsterdam airport five thousand fathoms

Below sleep, below sunlight

I realise after a full five minutes

That I’ve been staring at a blossom tree

 Growing from the airport floor

Van Gogh’s tree, sculpted in paper and laminate

Hovering there between the pay by the minute massage chairs

And unmoving escalators

The idea of a tree

Blooming nostalgia in to the duty free perfumed air

And in the future all our trees will be handcrafted

We’ll sculpt the root, the gnarl, the knot

We’ll carve wounds in to our hands with Stanley knives

To remind ourselves of believing

And all our forests will be found

In lifts and toilet cubicles

In water parks and nail salons

And all our cinemas will be gardens

**Don’t Put Your Life on the Stage**

I can’t breathe for watching my breath

I can’t speak for explaining myself

I think therefore I am

Left frozen to the land

Thinking about thinking

Thinking about thinking

Thinking about thinking

Don’t put your life, don’t put your life on

Don’t put your life, don’t put your life on

The stage now.

Don’t put your life, don’t put your life on

Don’t put your life, don’t put your life on

The stage now.

No.

Never let the moment catch I’m

Always posing for the lightning flash

Never hold the moment whole I’m

Always wondering where the time all goes.

I dragged this ruined tale

I hammered every nail

Selling on my troubles

Selling on my troubles

Selling on my troubles

*Repeat chorus*

My whole truth is an edit at best

Cut for the pleasure of the rest

Who was I before I talked myself to death?

*Repeat chorus*

And don’t sell your name

To hawkers who’d make stories of your pain

But more than this, oh

Don’t put your life on the stage.

*Repeat refrain*

**Twisting on the Breeze**

I wasn’t watching the sky

For some space ship to come in

I wasn’t falling in love

I was just watching my feet

I wasn’t wanting for much

I was just waiting to leave

With hat nor coat nor hand to hold

Twisting on the breeze.

I wasn’t toeing the line

I was just drawing my dreams

In biro and Tippex pen

On the inside of my pencil tin

I wasn’t wanting for much just

All I could not but need

With hat nor coat nor hand to hold

Twisting on the breeze

I took the long way round

I know

With map, nor rope, nor helpful notes

I got home

I turned to my mother and said

I was just made this way

You can’t expect usual things

From the unusual thing that you raised

I wasn’t wanting for much

I was just digging

I was just digging

I was just digging

If you do not know where your

Friend has been

I was out there, all alone

Twisting on the breeze

I was taking the long way home

Twisting on the breeze

**Don't Look to Me**
Let me offer you a grand opportunity
Call it liberalism, freedom
Responsibility
In your homes, in your towns
At night in your beds
Don't look to us
Don't look to me
Don't lean on authority
'Power to the people'
Like a good man once said.
Why don't you take this opportunity
To go fend for yourselves?

Take this stellar chance
To cure your own blights
Heal your own ailments
Fight your own fights
Take this opportunity
To fail- it's your right
Don't look to me,
Don't look for favours
Don't ask for charity
It's tight ship we're running
And now we're all at sea
Watch how the rats go jumping

And what if I work
But nothing works for me?
And what if I try 'til my body bleeds
But I wasn't born special
And I wasn't born strong?
And what if I'm weak
Am I wrong?
What if I'm weak
Am I wrong?
And what if I'm ugly
And what if I'm broken
And what if I'm angry and untaught
And done hoping?
And what if I fought this country's war
And what if I wear this country's wounds
And what if my parents did before?

In all the vast acres of your society
It seems there's not a single corner left for me:
A single unprofitable commodity
Don't raise your head
Don't raise a hair
Don't look to me

**Poverty Knocks**

When you’re playing your games of poker and risk

When you’re drawing the blinds and stacking your chips

When you’re throwing your hand and cashing your cheque

While out in the streets they’re paying your debt

*Chorus:*

I heard a rumour we’re all winners now

If we’ll scrap for our dinner and laugh while we drown

If we’ll play sink or swim while the losers go down

All of us then will be sailors

All of us then will be sailors

When the day breaks in with an aging face

When breathing in is a breathless race

When nothing you own is your own, when your place

Is somewhere below the line tucked away

*Chorus*

Inside the walls and under the ground

In all of the graveyards in all of the towns

Sure as the stroke of a time worn clock

Close as your heartbeat

Poverty knocks

*Chorus*

When you’re playing your games of poker and risk

(Knock, knock, knocking)

When you’re drawing the blinds and stacking your chips

(Knock, knock, knocking)

When you’re throwing your hand and cashing your cheque

(Knock, knock, knocking)

While out in the streets they’re paying your debt

Watch out the boat is a-rocking

*Repeat*

Poverty knocks, knocks, knocks…