

The (Somehow) Wonderful World of Eddie Paul



Words and Music by Eddie Paul

So, come on all ye singers and musicians ... make a job of this lot.

I'm so Damned Alive

I shouldn't be here ... this place ain't for me.
I should be dead ... but I'm so damned alive.

I know I'm dying ... and it's driving me mad.
Dyin' to know ... I'm dyin' to find out.

Pearls of wisdom and mountains of gold.
Many have said ... it's all that I've got.

What's the price? What's the cost?
But I can't be sold 'cause I've never been bought.

Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye

I think I'll sit down and create Shangri La.
Maybe I will ... 'cause it's never been tried.

Inspire the rabble ... like Messiahs of old.
Lead them to Eden... but they'll just run and hide.

Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye
Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye Aye

I should be dead ... but I'm so damned alive.

A Lovely Night in June

Her black hair shone in the light of the watery moon
But when she looked at me ... I knew the end was comin'
soon.

With her finger in my face it was just another case of 'I never
want to see you again'.

She ... didn't even ... count up to ten.

Holding ... my breath ... isn't ... me.
Keeping ... my peace ... not ... really.

I knew all along if I sang her song, she'd only say I didn't sing
in tune.

It's the price you pay if you wanna a lovely night in June.

It's the price you pay if you wanna a lovely night in June.

Search for the light in the infinite.
Keep that candle burning bright.
Hold your head up and don't take fright
Of the shadows, in the night.

So I held her close ... and tried to rationalise.
But she left no doubt ... no room for compromise.
When I kissed her cheek she slapped my face as hard as any
boxer can.

When I touched her hand she pushed me away with the
strength of a yeti man.

I dropped ... reconciliation ... from my plan.

I dropped ... reconciliation ... from my plan.

Holding ... my breath ... isn't ... me.
Keeping ... my peace ... not ... really.

There was so much that I wanted to say ...the things that everybody knew.

But I let her have her little speech ... let her have her little victory too.

They say life's too short and June nights are getting few.

They say life's too short and June nights are getting few.

Search for the light in the infinite.

Keep that candle burning bright.

Hold your head up and don't take fright

Of the shadows, in the night.

So I turned around and slowly walked away.

From the darkening clouds and the darling Hugs a May.

She expected me to stay and maybe make a stand but it's better that it went that way.

'It looks like rain' was all that I could say.

'It looks like rain' was all that I could say.

Holding ... my breath ... isn't ... me.

Keeping ... my peace ... not ... really.

Deep down I knew she only wanted to be ... the one and only one for me.

And although it's nice it's not what I want ... and dammit what more can I say ... except

This will all return another day.

This will all return another day.

This will all return another day.

Anna Lusion

Anna Lusion
Anna Lusion
Anna Lusion
They want me to be.

In the misty rainfall.
Down by the sea.
In the cold deep water.
Is where you'll find me.

Their frightened souls.
Born in degradation.
Their detestation.
Don't bother me.

By streams and rivers.
I take their shame with me.
To the relaxation.
Of the dark green sea.

Anna Lusion.
Anna Lusion.
Anna Lusion.
Is what they call me.

The harp's not broken.
It just refuses to play.
To the once were heroes.
Of yesterday.

Through hanging forelocks.
They all can surely see.
The Dorian Grey.
They want to be.

Water. Water.
So very soothing for most.
Is a lonesome prison.
For my lonesome ghost.

Anna Lusion.
Anna Lusion.
Anna Lusion.
Is what they call me.

Elephant Eyes

Cinderella's shoe.
Was all the prince knew.
Of a life.
That was better by far.

And the naked foot.
Shouldn't take root.
Mid the briars.
And weeds of my war.

(chorus)
But ... then ... you ... went ...
by ... looking ... elegant ...
I ... had ... those ... elephant ... eyes.

You ... went ...
by ... looking ... elegant ...
I ... had ... those ... elephant ... eyes.

Hide away.
For another long day.
I'll be all right.
I'm used to living this way.

Used to whiling away.
Each eternal day.
As I lie here.
With my funeral bouquet.

(chorus)

And ... I knew.
I could easily chew.
But I spit out.
For another ... I knew.

That was easier for me.
Simpler for me.
She just needed me.
And that was ... enough.

(chorus)

So I live each day.
And now I can say.
That I loved you.
But I was too young.

There was so much to do.
And Cinderella's shoe.
Was just perfect.
But not fitting for you then.

(chorus)

Auf Wiedersehen

(chorus)

Until the heartbeat ... begins again.
Until the music can be heard.
On every mountain and on every glen.
Till we meet again ... Auf Wiedersehen.

When our people were proud and strong.
With joy and passion they sang their song.
They made our land ... a Paradise.
As fitting for ... their unbeaten eyes.
The streams and forests ... alive and free.
With beating hearts ... as hearts should be.
Perfect rhythm. Perfect dance.
Perfect nature. Perfect romance.

(chorus)

The birds in treetops. The fin and tail.
Beasts of the woodland, farm and dale.
All knew the melody. All knew the plan.
Like any poet ... priest ... or man.
And our nation ... in their honourable hands.
Their blood and soil ... at their command.
Each smiling child seemed to know.
Who was friend ... and who was foe.

(chorus)

But now, my old friend ... I'm sure you see
It's not the way ... the way it used to be.
Where is that laughter? Where is that fire?
There's no direction. There's no desire.
It seems that Nature has lost its way.
To the Garden. To the fields in May.
I can't return there. I must refrain.
Until that Paradise ... is born again.

(chorus)

Karma Tree

You abandoned me when I was only three.
But now that smiling boy sits upon his father's knee.
And tells me 'bout this great big world and all his rambling.
The greatest God of all also knows this mystery.

Sweet Karma Tree, bitter Karma Tree.
Weaving around and round our lives your tapestry.
Let it unfold one day in all your joy and laughter.
And see my lovely boy come running back to me.
And see my lovely boy come running back to me.

I abandoned you when you were only three.
But now you only know your love and sympathy.
We keep meeting on this path on which we're travelling.
And every time we grow the greatness we will be.

Sweet Karma Tree, bitter Karma Tree.
Weaving around and round our lives your tapestry.
Let it unfold one day in all your joy and laughter.
And see my lovely boy come running back to me.
And see my lovely boy come running back to me.
And see my lovely boy come running back to me.

I've Been Down This Road Before

Darcy McGlynn, isn't that water coming in?
We'll all drown before the dawn.
But Darcy replied with a whale of a lie.
And when did I ask to be born?

Cathy Sinclair ... you mustn't despair.
I'm sure that Darcy will surely ring.
You don't understand him ... he was always this way.
Is that a Vodka or Gin?

(chorus)

But here am I with a terrible sigh.
I've been down this road before.
And here am I with a bloodshot eye.
Up and down this road before.

Patrick O'Dowd keeps his head in a cloud.
But swears he really hates the rain.
And who are we all ... and does it matter at all?
As he fights to keep himself sane.

With superior looks from his posh-sounding books.
He's convinced of his little world.
He strives night and day in his boring old way.
With his boring old flags unfurled.

(chorus)

Ivana Styles was a 60s child.
Who knew just how the world should be run.
She liked nothing better than knitting a sweater.
It took six months, but it was such fun.

With her circle of fans she never needed a man.
An audience was easier to sway.
She awoke one day and they'd all run away.
And she had so much more to say.

(chorus)

Horse-face Dan was a helluva man.
Who feared neither woman nor beast.
He'd leave them all dead and with a bow of his head.
Say 'Sorry' with the skill of a priest.

None was surprised when the police broke inside.
And he stood mid the blood and the tears.
As they led him away he was heard this to say.
'God damn them, for what they did to me'.

(chorus)