

# The (Someday) 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.

## *It's Always Rainin'*

I was born in Donegal ... and I'm told it was rainin'  
I remember every day after that ... and it was definitely rainin'  
You can scream and shout ... tear your hair out ...  
But there's no use complainin'  
'Cause it's always rainin'  
It's always rainin'  
It's always rainin'

I recall tryin' to play ball ... when I was a kid.  
Tryin' to hold my head up tall ... as I was being hit.  
I soon realised ... we were all just being crucified.  
Even the bushes are bent.  
'Cause a the way that they're sent.  
By those wonderful Westerlies.

There was a lot I wanted to do ... in my late teens.  
There was Ann and Mary too ... well, ya know what I mean.  
But if you got a roll in the hay ... you couldn't roll very far.  
You'd land in puddles of mud.  
Just like you knew that you would.  
You shoulda stayed in the bar.

And when it doesn't rain ... well ... there's always the drizzle.  
Causes so much damned pain ... that good old drizzle.  
And when it doesn't drizzle ... it pours like clouds of locusts.  
If a tsunami ever hits us all.  
As high as Errigal.  
We wouldn't even notice.

You can wear your rubber clothes ... but you'll never stay dry.  
You can wave your fist at God ... and even ask him 'Why'.  
But the rain'll find a way in ... no matter what you'll try.  
You'll just stand there all wet.  
In your wellies and sweat.  
And never get a reply.

You can go to the beach in Summer ... yeah well, maybe you can.  
But don't forget your big umbrella ... and it's not for the sun.  
Was it something we did ... or something we should be doing?  
If the sun ever came out.  
We'd all fall down and shout.  
And think that God has appeared.

Some men who live there too long ... start building an Ark.  
They just stand in the rain all day ... building an Ark.  
I try to make the best of it ... and I'm surely no quitter.  
But the weather we get.  
So say the Office Met.  
Would suit the herring much better.

But it's not a bad owl place at all ... well ... except for the rain.  
Kinda place you'd like to live ... well ... except for the rain.  
So, don't get me wrong ... 'bout what I'm tryin' to say here.  
If it wasn't like this.  
And we had weather a bliss.  
The whole damned world would be living here.

When I die in Donegal ... yeah ... it'll be rainin'  
No body at the graveside ... 'cause ... well ... it'll be rainin'  
I wonder why we bother at all ... but there's no use complainin'  
'Cause it's always rainin'.  
It's always rainin'.  
It's always rainin'.

## *The Un-Sung Heroes*

When the English killed every man, woman and child.  
In Tasmania, they had their God on their side.  
Now the TV and movies make queens a their daughters.  
You don't see anything about all this slaughter.

The same hooligans who built their disgusting Empire.  
Own the media that sings their praises.  
In every continent on Earth their rampage lingers.  
No Nuremberg Trials. No disapproving fingers.

But throughout all a time people have survived.  
Who risk their own lives to keep the murdered alive.  
They've to keep their head down, cause a constant reprisals.  
You don't see their names in lights, they don't get any prizes.

But this world is round, makes no difference who's smarter.  
No matter where you run, you'll end up where you started.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

In the North East of Ireland there's a place I know well.  
A sectarian state. Medieval as Hell.  
Where bigotry's a virtue and respect's a crime.  
If you asked for a penny they wouldn't give you a dime.

But there's people who resist this in every generation.  
Their Universal God don't allow exploitation.  
For hundreds a years to support their bands.  
Armed thugs are sent into this once-hallowed land.

No advisers are sent to help and normalize.  
And ease the dinosaur into a modern size.  
They lost the 800 year war and that must really bug them.  
But the pickings were thin in the Eire they were searching in.

So, there always was and there always will be, unbeaten people  
who'd much rather see their children starve to death than a Brit there  
to be.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

The movers and shakers of this earthly realm.  
Are all the same, no matter where you find them.  
Loud clothes, loud cars, loud laugh, loud mouth.  
Loud nothing to say, loud money to make.

But things are unfolding, not by this bunch.  
But by the quiet efforts of the Gentle Folk.  
Who labour in silence, their intentions sincere.  
Respecting all of nature, and for this they live in fear.

Keep the voters real stupid and you'll get elected.  
Give military Armageddon to all who don't like it.  
As you steal the resources of the countries you invade.  
Lay waste to all ... but from this are heroes made.

When their tourists and business can't move without protection,  
then the Anglos'll show respect cause they'll have no freakin' option.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

But hear through the thunder and hear this well.  
The God you created says you'll burn in Hell.  
Your terrorists come from the lands you're trying to steal.  
Cause your nuclear weapons don't give you any meals.

They're all black or brown or they dress real funny.  
Or maybe, at best, some trailer trash with money.  
It's never the Anglo mass murder machine they're under.  
It's someone very different whose wealth you wanna plunder.

Far from the madding throng of your bullshit TV.  
There's a reckoning coming you'd rather not see.  
Where heroes are born in funeral attire.  
Who despise the rubbish to which you aspire.

Your pomp and your ceremony will all be washed away.  
Mother Nature can make fools of all religions in a day.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

The wide-eyed boy in his neglected hand.  
Holds his dead frog ... his only real friend.  
The new born babe in the embracing hold.  
Of the single mother, not twenty years old.

As the frightened fox defends his little territory.  
His mate tries to feed her doomed family.  
The old priest, a million miles from home.  
Attends his huge flock, as best he can.

With no companion, no comfort, no profit, no praise.  
Cause his value is worthless, or so the parasite says.  
Who's full of small talk and other sad things.  
Repulsive and crawling, well known to all kings.

Who know the price of everything and the value of nothing,  
and measure their success with the worthless crap they're living in.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

You worship your violence and all that it pays.  
Your children are forced to watch violence all day.  
So that one day they're ready to kill any prey.  
And then you wonder why they don't play ... Children's Games.

And you think it looks real cool, except for one thing.  
There's a whirlwind a-reaping that'll make your ears ring.  
That'll level up the playing field and even up the floor.  
And break all the dams ... but wait folks, there's more.

Heroes come in so many different guises.  
They're not all the same or in heavy disguises.  
They're all not politically correct or even political.  
But heroes don't belong to the totally mythical.

So, throw your hands in the air and don't worry at all.  
Never mind the Sex Pistols, here comes Eddie Paul.

The Un-Sung Heroes .....  
The Un-Sung Heroes .....

## *And I Should*

Well, I knew her so well ... that well-known girl.  
But the truth was kept deep in her pocket.  
And I knew her complete ... from her head to her feet.  
Her hat ... her shoes ... and her jacket.

She told me again she preferred handsome men.  
And for me she wouldn't make an exception.  
She thought Janis was cool and Leonard a fool.  
It was always a girl's greatest weapon.

*(chorus)*

And I should ... and I could.  
It might even be said that I would.  
But no one told me before they broke down the door.  
That satin was harder than leather.

A long time ago, a man I knew so well.  
Told me all of our lives was a trial.  
I guess he was right as he walked out of sight.  
With my money ... my belief ... my denial.

He taught me to trust and how to come clean.  
Saying cleanliness was greater than godliness.  
'Vengeance is mine' ... yes I know how it rhymes.  
But then God better get him ... before I do.

*(chorus)*



She was a queen ... so say all who have seen.  
And so say all a the men she knew well.  
She could even delight a flamingo in flight.  
And she could take him straight down to Hell.

Yes. I know I can do it. It's easy for me.  
If I can only get up of the floor.  
And maybe one day when the sentry's away.  
I'll come crawling back here for more.

*(chorus)*

It's wrong to generalise ... the philosophers say.  
And it's wrong to hold on to a grudge.  
It's better said ... as the politicians all know.  
With an elbow ... a wink ... and a nudge.

I'm surrounded by Zen and by diligent men.  
Who are as cunning and dark as a raven.  
'Let there be light' ... as the boat went out of sight.  
Said the captain as he talked about Heaven.

*(chorus)*

## *My Fingers Were Too Nervous*

We all shake inside and we can't hide ... as everybody knows.  
When first we meet that special one ... from head right down to  
toes.  
And with nervous fingers we reach out and touch that tender skin.  
And all our lonely nights are over ... and a great new life begins.

But then comes a time you hear too much and deep down you  
know it's true.  
All the lies and all the cheatin' ... and the last one to know is you.  
So you brace yourself as best you can and pick up a shaking  
phone.  
To call that number ... for one last time ... you've decided to be  
alone.

But my fingers were too nervous.  
I was beaten black and blue.  
I tried to hold on to the pieces.  
But there was nothing I could do.  
When my breakin' heart was broken up by you.  
When my breakin' heart was broken up by you.

You were the one that, I suppose.  
From your head down to your toes.  
Your tender skin, what it should be.  
It was so wonderful to me.

Your poor excuse ... your sideways glance.  
You always got another chance.  
Why should I believe what I was told?  
Cause all you touched was turned to gold.

We all hang on as long as we can ... too long for what it's worth.  
As if this whole Earth had just stopped dead to mourn the still  
birth.  
But we wanna touch all the living things ... all that's warm and all  
that's cold.  
We wanna crawl into the oceans deep and stand on mountains  
made of gold.

So you cling to every passing branch and every little bit a hope.  
To stop you slipping farther down that greasy hangman's rope.  
And you grab at straws with bleeding claws to stop you going  
under.  
You must grasp at last the awful truth ... the lies, the hurt, the  
blunder.

But my fingers were too nervous.  
I was beaten black and blue.  
I tried to hold on to the pieces.  
But there was nothing I could do.  
When my breakin' heart was broken up by you.  
When my breakin' heart was broken up by you.

And it was written on your face.  
The things you tried hard to erase.  
But I was head over heels and blind.  
I simply couldn't read the signs.

They tried to open up my eyes.  
I was so sure, but to my surprise.  
All the gold that I could see.  
Was just fools' gold for fools like me.

# *The Snow Comes Fluttering From the Sky*

There was a time ... or so I'm told.  
When this great Earth was wild and bold.  
With a Hey and a Ho ... and it's ten feet high.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

With the Devil's eyes ... he looked at me.  
And I could see what I wanted to see.  
With a Hey and a Ho, it was great to hear.  
With lots of fun and lots of beer.  
And lots of things I shouldn't do.  
Howling at the moon like a didgeridoo.

But then the girls ran dry and the beer ran dry.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

Come Earthmen all ... I'm sure you see.  
That monster is still following me.  
With a Hey and a Ho, I can feel his breath.  
And his eyes are cold, as cold as death.  
And he isn't even a little bit nice.  
Though he tries it once and he tries it twice.

And he sells real hard with no-one to buy.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

And there's no-one left who dares to shout.  
Though I know there's nothing much to shout about.  
With a Hey and a Ho, they don't even try.  
Though the soil is dead and the seas are dry.  
And the Wise Men are all silent now.  
As silent as their Sacred Cow.

With a shrug and a smile, they don't even ask why.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

If you could see me now, I'm sure you'll agree.  
This kindness here is killing me.  
With a Hey and a Ho, I know it well.  
'Cause I've been to Heaven and I've been to Hell.  
And all the really silly bits in between.  
The likes of which should not be seen.

And it's white all around and it dazzles the eye.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

All in all, I just couldn't foresee.  
'Cause that fading light was blinding me.  
With a Hey and a Ho ... and it's ten feet high.  
But the snow comes fluttering from the sky.

## *Your Many Golden Things*

It's an open lock ... in the fort of Knox,  
with all the treasure that that brings.  
It's a banshee wail ... 'mid the snow and hail,  
while the lovely princess sings.  
It's Brigadoon ... that's seen too soon  
from the early bird's silvery wings.  
But it'll never let you choose between  
your many golden things.

Stronger than ... the frightened ox  
and brighter than, the sun.  
Deeper than ... the Canyon Grand,  
with God's light streaming in.  
Warmer than a lover's kiss, as a perfect  
night begins.  
Sweeter than Italian wine, as the  
nightingale sings.  
More charming than all the diamonds that  
sparkle on a thousand rings.  
It's a battle fought ... a living Hottentot.  
A cool, clean sparkling spring.  
It's all the wealth to be found on this fertile ground.  
Oh ... don't let me begin.  
But it'll never let you choose between  
your many golden things.

And it seems to me that the more you knock  
or the louder that you ring.  
Will get you more than you want to get  
of this Earth's deadly sins.  
And crying out loud from your wedding shroud  
as you're searching in the bins.  
Cause it'll never let you choose between  
your many golden things.