

Indulgences

Face Up

He howls at the moon and he screams at the stars
He's all wrung out
He pulls down his shirt just to cover the scars
When he's too strung out
He swears he'll recover the hunger he fights
And deep down he knows that two wrongs don't make right
All the pain and the rain in his heart
That he hides from his life

She laughs at the moon and stares at the stars
But still cries alone
She's working her tricks at the mid-city bars
And she's never known
One man from another night after night
She's finally discovered two wrongs don't make right
All the feelings that run through her head
Like a train in the night

Like a slap on the face with the back of a hand
You can stay lying down or get up make a stand
There's no one direction that's all open plan
So Face up – to it
No rules in this life that come guaranteed
No easy way out or to get what you need
You have to let go now before you are truly free
So Face up – to it now

Don't give up - don't let go of your life
Face up to your fear
Hold on to the voice that is crying
And trying to survive

Like a slap on the face with the back of a hand
You can stay lying down or get up make a stand
There's no one direction that's all open plan
So Face up – to it
No rules in this life that come guaranteed
No easy way out or to get what you need
You have to let go now before you are truly free
So Face up – to it now

Babushka

Woke up it was the 21st. century
Where did all my buddies go? They can't be seen
They're munching on popcorn in home theaters
Pecking out the messages on their Facebook screens
Sometimes I get lonely gonna take the dogs to the beach inhale fresh air
But first I better check my email
Hey - there's a life-changing message there!

There's a Babushka in my inbox
By the look of the pictures she wouldn't half go
Blue-eyed, blonde-haired, Russian fox
Her body is so slender
She might just treat me tender
I would just surrender

Here's what she wrote... *Hello my name Elayna*
I'm not write very good of English - but I write you
For purpose of creation, serious relation with you dollink,
Who you like more? I am Russian girl with blonde or Amerika?
I want you inside my womanly
I wish such man who lonely like where I'm from
I wait for your message on my personal email
Write Elayna 232 @gmail.com
Babushka in my inbox...

Please send me to the Russian front!
I like a balalaika -Samovars filled with caviar
Red bull and wodka-Step up to the back bar...

So I'm out at the airport, waiting at the gate for Elayna
To turn my life around
Out walks this pizza-faced hag draggin' her bag on the ground
She says, "*Hello dollink!*" - I feel my heart sink
And I think Russian photography must be the dregs
'Cause she's got less hair than I do
'cept on her upper lip and maybe her legs

Where's the Babushka from my inbox
It's "Dos vedanye, baby!"- I wish she would go
Cross-eyed, bald-haired Russian ox
They should test her gender I might go on a bender
I could never surrender

Don't send me to the Russian front

Moonlight Can Be My Friend

There's a rig called Annie and it's heading out to Scone
Diesel smokin', blowin' out the moon
I'm in my cocoon and I got the high beam on
And I'm ridin' with the silhouettes and ghosts

Marc Jordan plays the jazz and Delbert lays down the groove
Their rhythm takes me to another place
Where the T-Birds and the Mustangs graze on the boulevard
I'm a thousand miles away a gypsy on this motorway and

White lines and canola fields
High tension wires on towers of steel
My hands on the wheel I could be anywhere
All I know is now baby is that you're not here to be my valentine
Just these freeway signs and I'm borderline again
So tonight the moonlight can be my friend

There's no soul in this roadhouse as Annie moves out ahead
Trailer lights through the dust, devil's eyes burning red
Another ghost in the mirror that's staring back at me
The sky falls down to cover me and through the windscreens all I see is

White lines and canola fields
High tension wires on towers of steel
My hands on the wheel I could be anywhere
All I know is now baby is that you're not here to be my valentine
Just these freeway signs and I'm borderline again
So tonight the moonlight can be my friend

Friends are hard to come by when so much time you spend alone
So much time alone can play with your mind
I'm on this runaway, kind of groundhog day, the road keeps on winding

White lines and canola fields
High tension wires on towers of steel
My hands on the wheel I could be anywhere
All I know is now baby is that you're not here to be my valentine
Just these freeway signs and I'm borderline again
So tonight the moonlight can be my friend

Give The Lady Some Respect

I recall her then
So young and so free
So tanned and straight
Singin' out for next to nothin'
Now she's out there rockin'
Rockin' to and fro
I gotta hand it to her – gotta hand it to her

She keeps on singin'
How does she do that?
It's a little miracle she can still stand there
In the harsh spotlight
In her little black dress
To her very last breath
She will sing and keep on singin'

Give the lady some respect
She never seems to ask for much
In return for having touched you

The drummer taps out the cross-sticks
Like a bird at the window
She'd go with the crowded room
If they swept her away
But porcelain cracks under a summer sun
She doze behind the blinds with her china white doll

If you mouth off from the darkness
She'll tell you where to go
It's the kinda life, it can get to you
In the harsh spotlight in her little black dress
To her very last breath
She will sing and keep on singin'

This Torch I Carry For You

That train's rollin' straight from hell
From spring to winter's fall
And if you find yourself derailed
Lean out your window and call
I'll be livin' in these woods
Where the ancient willows weep
I'll be dreamin' of your love if I can ever get to sleep

Where the wild dogs howl & the river runs free
I called your name no-one answered me
Where the night can freeze your skin
And your hands can turn to blue
Your memory keeps me warm
With this torch I carry for you

No man gets away scot-free & lives to tell his tale
From all the demons in this life
All the dangers on this trail
You've been missin' from my arms
But your words ring in my head
There's a flame now in my heart where once there was only dread

Where the wild dogs howl & the river runs free
I called your name no-one answered me
Where the night can freeze your skin
And your thoughts can turn to blue
Your memory keeps me warm
With this torch I carry for you

I've made mistakes & I don't care who hears
I just need a second chance
To get me through my fear

Where the wild dogs howl & the river runs free
I called your name & no-one answered me
Where the night can freeze your skin
And your song can turn to blue
Your memory keeps me warm
With this torch I carry for you

Orange Sun

I stand before the maker, my soul in blackened hands
The burning devil took everything and levelled all this land
Crops and home, hard Yakka built, years of hopes and dreams
Five thousand acres fence to fence and everything between

Now the fire is burning red and the fight has just begun
The sparks and smoke now fill my eyes
Beneath an orange sun

I'm a volunteer from New South Wales left my family on the farm
Headed south to Tatong when the Vics gave the alarm
Now we don't need Jesus, we don't need faith
Here there's no faith to be found
Just a little help from Elvis might turn this thing around

Now the fire is burning red and the fight has just begun
The sparks and smoke now fill my eyes
Beneath an orange sun

Were all dead men walking and we heard our friend had died
It's been a twelve hour shift along this line and we ain't had time to cry
Three fronts closing in and still no sign of rain
And you'd hang that stupid bastard that put this land to flame

Now the fire is burning red and the fight has just begun
The sparks and smoke now fill my eyes
Beneath an orange sun

Soaking Up A Summer Afternoon

The kids are banging on the screen door
They're runnin' all about
I'm poolside with the form guide
Tryna pick a pony out
I wish they'd go to netball
My last few brain cells need the room
For soaking up a summer afternoon

There's a thousand leaves in the aboveground pool
I should be scoopin' out
My wife's a star she's gonna wash the car
I love her there's no doubt
I know I've backed a winner
And my whole life's right in tune
Just soaking up a summer afternoon

My, my I love to watch life go by
Let neighbours mow their lawns
I like to watch mine grow... sky high
Ho-hum - I can't get off my bum
Some days are for working hard but this isn't one

My, my I love to watch my life go by
Let others jog the streets
I'd ruther have another... piece of pie
Ho-hum - I can't get off my bum
Some days are for working hard but this isn't one

We've lined up all the lazyboys by the big tree in the shade
Have a snooze, not a thing to lose, that's right, we got it made
It's the kinda day that starts real slow it seems to end too soon
Just soaking up a summer afternoon
Rrrrrabbit!

Lost In Transition

Well I'm standin' on a platform got a ticket in my hand
I'm talkin' to a man like I'm an alien, He can't understand me
Può aiutarmi?

He's lookin' at me and I'm wavin' at him
And I know he can't tell the kinda shape I'm in
Non capisco l'Italiano

I need a real Italian NavMan
To give me my pos-i-tian
'Cause I'm lost – Lost in Transition

Now I'm runnin' down the platform,
It's a hundred and three
Draggin' 30 lbs. of luggage, it's been followin' me all day
O Dio - e passanté

Now at any other time you can laugh and smile
But it's hard to be a comic when you've just run a mile
O bisogno di un medico

Yoko and Mick and Collingwood Anne
They're tryin' to avoid an Italian tan
'Cause we're lost - Lost in Transition

Now I'm tryin' to get to Sorrento
Or maybe it's Positano
I think I'm goin' mental
El traino de dove parte

Well it's 5 to 4 and no train in sight
Looks like I won't get any sleep tonight
'Cause I'm lost – Lost in Transition

Tough Love

You say you want everything and you need it all right now
You've been carrying on for far too long I'm over it anyhow

I can tell by the sorry look on your face
You're in between a rock and a real hard place
You say you want me to give you some space
I'm gonna lay it - tougher tough love

Now love can be so cruel
They tell me love can be kind
Now the trouble I got is the way that I'm feeling
That love is so hard to find
Love's gotta be tough - just tough enough
But I ain't gonna wear no kiddy gloves
I gotta give you some statement
I'm-a telling you - tougher tough love

Where do we go from now to then
You know that's all up to you
The situation's gettin' right out of hand
I'm finally gonna draw a line in the sand
You say you can look after yourself
But you hold out your hand when there's no-one else
I treat you like a baby doctor and deliver up some
Tougher tough love

Now you're walkin' round like you own the place
You show no respect - it's a damn disgrace
Sometimes a real love has got to be just enough
Tougher tough love

We'll Kiss

I saw a woman and a child sitting by a gravesite
Saw two whippets on a leash and a kid with a kite
I glimpsed between the cracks of what is wrong and what is right
What's wrong and what is right

I saw a hobo with a limp stumble the ravine
Saw a girl who looked just like you I wish I hadn't seen
I thought about our lives & the fools we've been
The crazy fools we've been

They say nothin' makes sense
Till you stand at the abyss
I can't tell you what I need
But I want the things I miss
Maybe in paradise you'll come right up to me and we'll kiss

I saw a poet drown in tears waitin' for a handout
Saw a man on a highwire & I knew just how he felt
I want to find a love that's gonna make me melt
Yeah, it's gonna make me melt

I met a beautiful lady from Kenya
She was walking long and loose and lost in Hollywood
I spent all night in her arms
You know I'd save us both if I could
And I'd feed her sweet mangoes
And I'd feed her sweet love
Till our lives were made good

They say nothin' makes sense
Till you stand at the abyss
I can't tell you what I need
But I want the things I miss
Maybe in paradise you'll come right up to me and we'll kiss

Planned Obsolescence

Once I was all shiny and new, my first coat of paint was baby blue,
Nothin' in the world could stop this automobile
Training wheels and P plates on, all dressed up I was a son of a gun,
Open roads and open skies ahead,
Nothin' but dreams and pistons poundin' in my head

Planned obsolescence, I thought it was a big bang theory
Planned obsolescence, doesn't sit well with me
When the wheels fall off they say you're in strife
You're heading for the scrapyard of life
A dusty, rusty, heap of ol' misery

Once I was all shiny and clean, a real cool runnin' mean machine,
Fed the good oil and plenty of gasoline
I could cruise for miles and miles, had my youth and had my style,
With a five-shift stick, I was a regular juvenile,
And the sound of my eight was enough to burn a mile

Planned obsolescence, I thought it was a big bang theory
Planned obsolescence, doesn't sit well with me
Now I don't really care what they say,
We're gonna be obsolete at the end of the day,
So stuff it, shove it, I'm drivin' on anyway

I've had my regular service, I'm still feelin' pretty good,
But there's a rumour goin' round this crazy town,
That I've lost everything I had under my hood

Now they say I'm overdue, change this model for somethin' new,
Now I don't really care what they say,
Whose diabolic plan was it anyway
Registration's up for renewal
And there's no more fossil fuel,
I'm a leakin', creakin', lost expenditure,
When your speedo, don't go, it's the end of the road for sure

Tanqueray

I'm working my way through this bottle of gin
Each drink is a word for the trouble I'm in
Abandoned, disheartened, dismantled, and raw
My sentences scatter like runaway dogs

I shuffled the deck 13 times in a row
Rough hands - no plans and nowhere to go
I'm wearin' a T-shirt that says 'Just Believe'
But the full house is empty, no grace up my sleeve

Tanqueray, roll me back home
Tell me a story of where I came from
Read me back into a book I know
The chapter of love in the book of lost souls

Where is St. Jude in this river of stones?
Holding his head high, and walking alone
Mapping each step to the luscious green sea
Finished with schemers and drunkards like me

Tanqueray...

The bottle lays empty - silent and spent
It whispered the last word and I knew what it meant
The moon shines a promise, the air sweet with gin
I stand up and write down the last word: 'Begin'.

Tanqueray...

The Pards would like to acknowledge the great contributions of these fabulous musicians and singers to help us get this thing over the line.

| | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------|--|
| Face Up | Mason | Backing vocals: Kevin Bennett, Judy Donnelly |
| Babushka | See | Elena: Jane Clifton Backing vocals: Lindsay Field Bass: Al Tarego |
| Moonlight Can Be My Friend | Mason | Backing vocals: Kevin Bennett |
| Give The Lady Some Respect | See-Smith | The Lady: Susie Ahern Backing Vocals: Kevin Bennett, Lindsay Field Bass: Craig Newman |
| This Torch I Carry For You | See-Howson | Bass: Craig Newman |
| Orange Sun | Mason | Bass: Al Tarego |
| Soaking Up a Summer Afternoon | See-McIver | Sousaphone: Aaron Richards |
| Lost In Transition | Mason | Bass: Terry Wilkins |
| Tough Love | Mason | Backing vocals: Lindsay Field |
| We'll Kiss | See-Howson | Backing vocals: Lindsay Field |
| Planned Obsolescence | Mason | Backing vocals: Lindsay Field Sousaphone: Aaron Richards |
| Tanqueray | See-Donnelly | Backing vocals: Lindsay Field, Judy Donnelly |