

# 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  
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# 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 windscreen 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 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  
Rrrrribit!

# 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