

"The Bones on Black"

Harry Bird and the Rubber Wellies

The Butterfly Song (Harry Bird and Christophe Capewell)

to all the world you're just a grub
but they don't know what you're capable of
you don't either, you need a reminder
that's why I call you "butterfly"

you're feeling sorry for yourself
and you want so bad to be something else
there's an old process called metamorphos-ess
give it a try and be a butterfly

ain't it time you stopped dragging
all them feet about the place
just as soon as you burst your cocoon
you won't recognise your face

oh, the more you have to struggle through
the sweeter victory tastes to you
from the ashes beauty flashes
that's the cry of the butterfly

trust me son, your life's about
to take an astounding route
you're a brave fella, young caterp-ella
i see you flying high in a fancy suit

to all the world you're just a grub
but they don't know what you're capable of
you don't either, here's a reminder now

Canción sin Rima (Harry Bird)

tu y yo somos una canción sin rima
tu voz ya no encaja con la mía
tu tienes otra canción de felicidad
y yo solo tengo esta que es de pena
y yo solo tengo esta que es de pena

tu y yo somos una canción sin rima
un insulto a la armonía
pero no la cambiaría por nada más
porque para mi es la más bonita
siempre será para mi la más bonita

deja los instrumentos, quien quiere escuchar
una tal grotesca y brutal cacofonía
tapate los oídos si no quieres enfermar
porque entre tu y yo no hay más que alergia

tu y yo somos una canción sin rima
una discordante melodía
dos notas perdidas por la cuidad
entre liñas que jamás se tocan
entre liñas que jamás se tocan

deja los instrumentos, quien quiere escuchar
una tal grotesca y brutal cacofonía
tapate los oídos si no quieres enfermar
porque entre tu y yo no hay más que alergia

A Pirate Song (Harry Bird)

oh the hms superstore is under attack
we're looting in the name of the bones on black
burning up the bullion, ripping the cheques
virgin in the hand for dance upon the decks

yo ho ho, it's the pirates

all arms upon the sea
yo ho ho, it's the pirates
the pirate's life for me

well the universal sailors have tricks
for picking up the boys with the best salt licks
so along comes captain crook and his crew
to offer me a share of them royal dues

yo ho ho, it's the pirates
all arms upon the sea
yo ho ho, it's the pirates
the pirate's life for me

well the turn coats on the turn tables are a-grinning at me
cos they know i know tonight we're all on the double fee

so now i've made a pile i'm bound to get hit
by some booty-legging buccaneer after my ship
oh but you done have to worry 'bout me when i'm gone
cos me ghost'll have seventy years to fight on!

yo ho ho, it's the pirates
all arms upon the sea
yo ho ho, it's the pirates
the pirate's life for me

The Beautiful Port of Bilbao (Harry Bird)

it's a long way down from edinburgh from the docks of portsmouth
town
it's a long way down from edinburgh but further to where i'm bound
he put a fine ring on my finger so thin and he gave me his solemn
vow
and he said that he would be waiting for me in the beautiful port of
bilbao

there's many a mighty fine ship to be found in the depths of the
bizkaia bay
with cannons and sailors that roared so loud as they sank their
watery way
still i'll pray to the lord and I'll clamber aboard the first boat with a
wake to its bow
cos he said that he would be waiting for me in the beautiful port of
bilbao

he's pretty, oh yes he be pretty for sure, he's the bonniest boy that
i've seen
and oh how he danced me around and around in his jacket of jaunty
green
but there's still no sign of his coat so fine as i stand on the deck
looking out
and he said that he would be waiting for me in the beautiful port of
bilbao

oh sister dear, oh sister far beyond the sea's dark foam
take heed of them handsome young men and their money who'd a-
charm you from your home
for if i'd not a curse on a gentleman's purse i sure do now
every night after ten i'll be waiting for them in the beautiful port of
bilbao

Te Souvient-il, Enfant...? (Poem by Privat d'Anglemont and music
by Harry Bird)

"A Yvonne Pen-Moor" (Privat d'Anglemont 1815 – 1859)

Te souvient-il, enfant, des jours de ta jeunesse
Et des grandes forêts où tu courais pieds nus
Rêveuse et vagabonde, oubliant ta détresse
Et laissant le zéphyr baiser tes bras charnus?

Tes cheveux crépelés, ta peau de mulâtresse
Rendaient plus attrayants tes charmes ingénus.

Telle avant ses amours, Diane chasseresse
Courait dans la bruyère et sur les monts chenus.

Il ne reste plus rien de ta beauté sauvage;
Le flot ne mordra plus tes pieds sur le rivage
Et l'herbe a recouvert l'empreinte de tes pas.

Paris t'a faite riche; entre le plus hautaines
Tes frères, les chasseurs, ne reconnaîtraient pas
Leur sœur qui, dans ses mains, buvait l'eau des fontaines.

He Was a Friend of Mine (Traditional with new words and
arrangement by Harry Bird. Poem by Mohammad Alloush and Baraa
Alloush)

he was a friend of mine
he was a friend of mine
he said that revolution was just a matter of time
he was a friend of mine

he knew that it might come
he knew that it might come
the bloody retribution from the government gun
he knew that it might come

spring was bursting in the air
spring was bursting in the air
he marched out for his freedom and for freedom everywhere

he was a friend of mine
he was a friend of mine
he said that revolution was just a matter of time
he was a friend of mine

"He Said to Me" (Mohammad Alloush and Baraa Alloush)

ei, i'm selling my labour
ei, i get no favours

man needs sweat like the engine needs the oil
and every drop of working is a-watering the soil
man needs sweat like the engine needs the oil
but who's a-gonna be reaping the fruiting of the toil?
ei, i'm selling my labour
ei, i get no favours

my hand is bound to the ground by the exploitation
but my eye, my eye is burning with a righteous indignation

sweatman good for the brow, for the brow
who's a-gonna be slaving to pull your heavy plow?
sweatman good for the brow, for the brow
who you gonna be milking, the worker or the cow?
ei, i'm selling my labour
ei, i get no favours

my hand is bound to the ground by the exploitation
but my eye, my eye is burning with a righteous indignation

Pesadilla No.7 (Harry Bird)

jose luis is a miserable man (lay lay lay...)
filling his barns with the fat of the land (lay lay lay...)
all he can see are hands held up
in the meseta's hills and the chaco's dust
he's only got words to scream and to cuss
at every man, his lazarus
there ain't a soul who wouldn't kill for a crust
and he ain't got nobody that he can trust

last night a dream stole into his bed (lay lay lay...)
and these very words echoed round in his head (lay lay lay...)
you and i and they don't exist

the individual's counterfeit
it's an inescapable, hate-able tryst
that bubble's up under your skin like a cyst
there's no-one else with whom to enlist
cos we are the only ones to exist

so come solidarios arm in arm (lay lay lay...)
your future is written on another man's palm (lay lay lay...)
open up your heart and sing
your next door neighbour's your next of kin
either we'll sink or together we'll swim
in the sticky oil slick of collective sin
we're sliding out towards the rim
so let's get on with saving our skin

yes, you and i and they don't exist
come shout it out loud with your face like a fist
from age to age the truth persists
that if nobody's numbered then nobody's missed
when god made the world he was taking a risk
knowing we'd be the only one's to exist

Link for my Chain (Harry Bird)

fever in my feet, buzzing in my brain
only need one more link for my chain
i'm tired of sitting pretty, hanging on the frame
the kids are getting out and man, i wanna do the same
i'm sickening for the sun, rabid for the rain
i wanna spin in the middle of the hurricane

all this waiting by, lord
it brings me so much pain
i'm icarus to fly, lord
only need one more link for my chain
only need one more link for my chain

i'm ready, steady, missing at the mark
one little link keeps me from the start
a heel to the shovel, a tooth to the chart
fishing in the field, out digging in the dark
i'm faint for a fistful of flint for a spark
for the flame in my mane and the fire in my heart

all this waiting by, lord
it brings me so much pain
i'm icarus to fly, oh lord
only need one more link for my chain
only need one more link for my chain

my oh my, it ain't much fun
when you can't get moving none
one day soon I know i'll climb
up those hills like indurain

artziniega (*whay!*), balmaseda (*whay!*)
gurutzeta (*whay!*), areeta (*whay!*)
bakio, derio, llodio, amurrio
i'm singing in the saddle everywhere i go

all this waiting by, lord
it brings me so much pain
i'm icarus to fly, oh lord
only need one more link for my chain
only need one more link for my chain

Valparaiso (Paul McHugh and Harry Bird)

you've left them liverpool lights behind
to see what fortune you might find
all praying that lady luck proves kind
you're bound for Valparaiso

from the days of almagro and spanish excess

to similar nights in the old *inglés*
you've heard all manner of tales, i guess
of the jewel that's valparaiso

you'll heave and haul until you ache
your skin'll split and your bones'll break
you'll beg for rest for pity's sake
on the way to valparaiso

your beams'll get busted, your sails all torn
you'll wish to god you'd not been born
but you've got to make it round the horn
to get to valparaiso

so weary and wasted, hollow with sleep
you'll gaze out over them rolling peaks
and even the strongest man will weep
when you first sight valparaiso

for when the sailors hit the docks
them loving girls come out in flocks
with their big brown eyes and curly locks
to show you valparaiso

so when at last you're homeward bound
with nothing below but ocean sound
you'll wish you'd kept your feet on ground
and stayed in Valparaiso

Gather Up Your Tongue and Leave (Harry Bird)

we've been sitting here for hours, i think it's getting light
you given up whispering about what you saw last night
now i'm sick of your talk and everything you swear to me is true
anything i know about anyone, all of it comes from you

i don't wanna hear no more, i can't get no sleep

i've had enough of your gabbing at me
you spout all kinds of things that even you don't believe
i think you better gather up your tongue and leave

you prostitute your brother, what he does in bed no-one knows about
it
till the morning when everyone's read it
you're a double minded thing you know, each half with its own eye
how many times have you invited me round to do the very thing you
just criticised

i don't wanna hear no more, won't you let me be
i've had enough of your cannibal teeth
sucking on my ear and a-tugging at my sleeve
i think you better gather up your tongue and leave

you got your notes on everyone high on the bedroom shelf
its all hot water from your lips but you're as cold as the print itself
you'll cry against the world with your last condemning breath
but they'll be shovelling the dirt on top of your grave a long time after
your death

i don't wanna hear no more won't you hold your peace
i've had enough of your war-mongering
i ain't the only one that you've been bugging, i see
i think you better gather up your tongue and leave
cos i'm so easy to decieve