

## The Full Gamut

## The Tangent

The D599 – Dusk  
Lying on our backs,  
On the cooling tarmac of a country road, we watched the stars,  
We watched them fall.

And you made 36, I got as far as 49, before we laughed aloud  
Raced back to the house again,  
With no idea at all...  
... of our own position in infinity

Beware of the promises of songs  
When you know the road ahead can be so long,  
As we watched the stars that night  
We had no more idea of our plight,  
Than an earthworm beneath the tripod  
Of the surveyor's theodolite

Gothenburg  
I'm standing on a stage in Sweden in the rain  
But only see the sunlight from your face  
It illuminates the faces that smile back from the crowd  
We create the time, but you create the place  
And the curtains are closing on this act of the play  
Tomorrow it seems will be a different kind of day

Stay with me a while! – let me live this moment once or twice  
Freeze Frame! – Magnify! – Do I see trouble in your eyes?  
Have I just borne witness to the scars that you bear,  
From my own pursuit of dreams that perhaps we don't share?

“Talk to me a while”, I'd plead, knowing all was said and done,  
And that words alone can't change things, Not when the fighting's already be  
gun,  
We had a Utopian postcode and a Nirvanan phone,  
But no-one was calling and we were left alone

Lying on our backs,  
On the cooling tarmac of a country road, we watched the stars,  
We watched them fall.  
Lying to ourselves  
In the quiet slumber of a foreign town  
We let it slide  
With no idea at all....  
.... of our own position in infinity

Oh beware of the promises of songs  
When the road ahead can be so long  
For constructed poetic verse,  
No matter how well-rehearsed  
Can't fill in all the cavities  
In the mouth that formed the curse

Last Tango  
Studio Tan  
There's a kind of comfort in the whirring of a fan,  
The dimmed studio lights and turning counters.  
The soundproofing a barrier to the hostile world outside,

It can carry on without us

But out there it's changing by the instant  
And I'm in here on my own.

I kid myself that you are in here with me,  
And you're speaking through me now,  
That everything I do in here's for "US" not just for me  
but I never could quite explain how

The room is empty,, or, the room is full  
Inspiration comes and goes.... but  
In the end we became each others tea-break  
Togetherness was just supposed.

And inside I just never could see that  
But out here it just seems so clear.

Not A Drill - A storm in the mountains of Cantal  
We've had so much of trading insults  
Oaths and vows are useless, like before  
Petty thoughts and skeletons in closets  
Are lying all across our wooden floor  
And nothing we believe is sacred in our massive quest to hurt.

Everything we're good at is in question  
Everything we've achieved is in the mire  
And all we have is bile and sick, the ending just can't come too quick  
All that we've created has to die  
We rip ourselves apart and fall asleep exhausted by the strain

This is not a rehearsal  
This is not a drill  
Madness rides tonight, banners flying  
And it's for real

They get stronger, while we get weaker... and no-one cares

Southend On Sea  
I'm standing on a stage in England, blinded by the lights  
Hard to even know you're there,  
But inside I know the switches have been thrown in your mind  
just a question of when and where

And all of these years I took for granted,  
come on back now and whisper in my ears...  
"I never thought twice.....  
as blind as three mice"  
But I never thought I'd be alone

The A1 North of Paris  
It's time to bring the curtain down,  
Time to say our final words,  
I can feel it in my bones  
I can feel it in my water

Traffic jams and French landscape flash by  
Lost in a blur of deja vu  
Still, I can't keep my fingers off  
the self destruction buttons

And suddenly... it's happening!  
I'm sliding into the void I built with you

My lifetime ahead is slipping away  
My fingers are clawing but nothing seems any use

What we set in gear has meshed at last  
Question marks hover over our past  
like barrage balloons that wait over some  
defended... terrified city

But through it all, I Love You still,  
Yet only find spiteful, hurtful things to say,  
We take the vow, we make the dive  
and head for the exit without even knowing the way

Four Last Days  
And the water turns to wine  
And the wine turns into pills  
And the pills turn into games  
But the games are just cheap thrills

Beware of the promises of songs  
When you know the road ahead can be so long,  
And all my anger cannot move  
Or even seek to disprove,  
The need I have inside me,  
For the love I lost, which can never be removed

The D599 and the A61 (Dusk)  
Lying on our backs  
A Thousand miles apart  
At whatever moment  
With synchronised hearts  
We'll watch the stars  
we'll watch them fall

And from whatever country it's still the same milky way  
And I only can dream that maybe some day  
We'll meet again