



**English Arrogance**  
Unfortunately, due to my ignorance, I do not speak a word  
It's not just me, it's plain old English arrogance.  
We can't be arsed to learn because we're so important.  
We think we're so important wherever we go.

I can't see the point in talking at all - speaking hard gestures,  
It must seem so odd, but we all just expect it.  
Everyone should speak our language because we're so important.  
We think we're so important wherever we go.

Well, I talk of a race - I talk of a people, not of the individual,  
Because I've had a bit, and I know those old boys.  
And I know the multilingual, but most don't bother.  
And it really bothers me, why mustn't I bother wherever I go.

**A Poison Tree**  
I was angry with my friend,  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe,  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears,  
And I fed it with words,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it afar,  
And he knew that it was mine -

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veiled the pole,  
In the morning glad I saw,  
My foe suborned beneath the tree.

William Blake

**The Fairy Reel**  
If I were young as once I was, and dreams  
and death more distant then,  
I wouldn't split my soul in two, and keep  
half in the world of men.  
So half of me would stay at home, and  
strive for Faerie in vain.  
While all the while my soul would stroll up  
narrow paths, down crooked lanes,  
And there would meet a fairy lass  
and smile and bow with kisses three.  
She'd pluck wild sagels from the air  
and nail me to a lightning tree.  
And if my heart would run from her  
or flee from her, be gone from her.  
She'd urge it in a nest of stars  
and she'd take it on with her.  
One one day she'd live it all  
with it and done with it.  
She'd leave it by a burning brook,  
and off down boys would run with it.  
They'd take it and have fun with it  
and stretch it long and cruel and thin.  
They'd slice it into four  
and then they'd string with it a violin.  
And every day and every night  
they'd play upon my heart a song.  
So plaintive and so wild  
and strange that all who heard it  
danced along.  
And sang and whirled and sank  
and trod and slipped and slipped  
and melted and melted and melted.  
Until, with eyes as bright as coals,  
they'd crumble into wheels of gold...

But I am young no longer now,  
for sixty years my heart's been gone.  
To play its dreadful music there,  
beyond the valley of the sun.  
I watch with envious eyes  
and mind, the single-soled,  
who dare not feel the wind  
that blows beyond my eyes,  
who do not hear the Fairy Reel.  
If you don't hear the Fairy Reel,  
they will not pause to draw your breath.  
When I was young I was a fool.  
So wrap me up in dreams and death.

Neil Gaiman

**Reclaim the Streets**  
I've seen the pictures on the TV, the pictures on the news,  
And they contradict what all my friends have told me.  
What I know is true.  
They don't give reasons for the protest, just the damage that's ahead,  
And pictures on the TV cannot match what it goes with naked eyes.

And it's all so expensive to repair what they have done,  
Trees planted in the tarmac and graffiti just for fun,  
But won't somebody simply explain that  
Everybody's here for one reason, to reclaim.

They show us the frustration of waiting to pass through  
And tell us that the needs of the many should outweigh those of these few.  
Everyone's in such a hurry to complete what has to be,  
And deadlines in the diary rule the lives  
Of everybody that see.

And it's all so expensive if the meetings are not met,  
And now the road is gridlocked, so I'll miss my deadline out.  
But won't somebody simply explain that  
Everybody's here for one reason, to reclaim.

**How to Talk to Girls at Parties**  
You said I'd be great - Talk to them  
Walking down dead streets, then a pulsing, muffled sound  
And my hopes faded away in the twilight  
She'd opened up - Talk to them  
Beauty on the threshold of the pulsing, muffled sound  
She smiled at us there, past the golden of her hair

**How to talk**  
How to talk to girls at parties...  
Wan's Wan all alone - Talk to them  
Says she's just a second in the pulsing, muffled sound  
Says she's there 'cos she's a model and she's Wan's  
The girl with the giggled teeth - Talk to them  
Doesn't want to be there in the pulsing, muffled sound  
Says she's had enough of travelling  
But there's knowledge in this meat

**How to talk**  
How to talk to girls at parties...  
Touche! - a verse form - Talk to them  
They know it would all end in a pulsing, muffled sound  
I tell me where cotangent ends and art starts  
Haven't had enough yet - Talk to them  
Got to get away now from the pulsing, muffled sound  
When you've gone as far as you dare  
You will still be the one who did that!

**How to talk**  
How to talk to girls at parties...  
**Break of the Day**  
Four in the morning, I'm waking again  
I can feel only stiffness brush the sleep out of my eyes.  
Five in the morning, I'm waking again  
I can see the horizon, see the sunlight lit the air

**Capture the silence of morning**  
The break of the day  
That wonderful moment when no-one's around  
At the break of the day

**Hotel Continental**  
Up where the sunset meets the spine  
We sit up here and sip a white  
The colours fade  
The colours bloom  
The colours never end  
It's beautiful  
It's wordless  
It's here for all but made for us  
But as the night comes falling down it's there again...  
The sky lights up in blue and red again, again...

**Billy Boy**  
Where have you been all the day, Billy boy, bonny boy?  
Where have you been all the day, oh my dear, darling Billy-Oh?  
I have been all the day walking with a lady gay,  
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-Oh?

Is she fitting for your wife, Billy boy, bonny boy?  
Is she fitting for your wife, oh my dear, darling Billy-Oh?  
Yes, she's fit to be my wife, as the hilt is to the knife,  
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-Oh?

Did she ask you to sit down, Billy boy, bonny boy?  
Did she ask you to sit down, oh my dear, darling Billy-Oh?  
Yes, she asked me to sit down as she carried to the ground,  
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-Oh?

**Do you want to know her age, Billy boy, bonny boy?**  
Do you want to know her age, oh my dear, darling Billy-Oh?  
She is twice as young, she is twice as young and eleven,  
Isn't she a young thing lately from her mummy-Oh?

**Circular Motion**  
Living in a circular motion, I can't find a way out of here.  
I need some help.  
Travelling in an orbit so far and wide above the real world.  
I need some help.  
I'd drive until I had no fuel and can't control my body.  
I'd drive a car at twice the speed of light and kill somebody  
Because I'm slowly turning into what I've fought against since I was 16.  
Walking up each day to find the same routine as was the day before.  
It's time to stop.  
Coming back each night to find the same TV  
and the same old show to watch on it.  
It's time to stop.  
It's time to take a grip on my life so damn hard it hurts me  
But I need someone to stand by me  
to help me through the journey.  
To stop me burning into what I've fought against since I was 16.

**Take the Skinheads Bowling**  
Every day get up and pray to Allah.  
And he decreases the number of clocks by exactly one  
Everybody's coming home for lunch these days  
Last night I went home skinheads on my lawn.

Take the skinheads bowling  
Take them bowling.

Some people say that bowling always got big lanes  
Some people say that bowling always all look the same  
There's not a line that goes home that rhymes with anything  
I had a dream last night but I forgot what it was.

Take the skinheads bowling  
Take them bowling.

I had a dream last night about you, my friend  
I had a dream I wanted to lick your knees  
I had a dream I wanted to sleep next to plastic  
I had a dream, it was about nothing.

**Time to Sleep**  
It's a strange time not to fall  
When your back's against a wall that's on the verge of crumbling  
It's a strange time not to feel  
When your boots are digging into your Achilles' heel.  
It's a time when not to drink  
When you get so drunk you think you're slipping into coma.  
It's a time not to drive  
And crash so hard you think you'll never make it out alive.  
It's a strange time not to sleep  
When you dream of all the things you've never dreamt about.

# DICK SAVAGE



# nucleus

Sleeve design by Dick Savage



nucleus

# DICK SAVAGE

English Arrogance  
A Poison Tree  
The Fairy Reel  
Reclaim the Streets  
How to Talk to Girls at Parties  
Break of the Day  
Hotel Continental  
Billy Boy  
Circular Motion  
Take the Skinheads Bowling  
Time to Sleep

All songs written and performed by Dick Savage  
except:

- 2 - words by William Blake
- 3 - words by Neil Gaiman
- 8 - trad. arr. Dick Savage
- 10 - words and music by Camper Van Beethoven

includes CD/ROM - Nucleus on mp3 and album artwork

© 2009 Dick Savage all rights reserved  
© 2009 My Mullet Makes Music

DICK SAVAGE

[dicksavageuk@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:dicksavageuk@yahoo.co.uk)  
[www.soundclick.com/dicksavage](http://www.soundclick.com/dicksavage)  
[www.myspace.com/dicksavagecz](http://www.myspace.com/dicksavagecz)  
[www.bandzone.cz/dicksavage](http://www.bandzone.cz/dicksavage)

DICK SAVAGE

nucleus