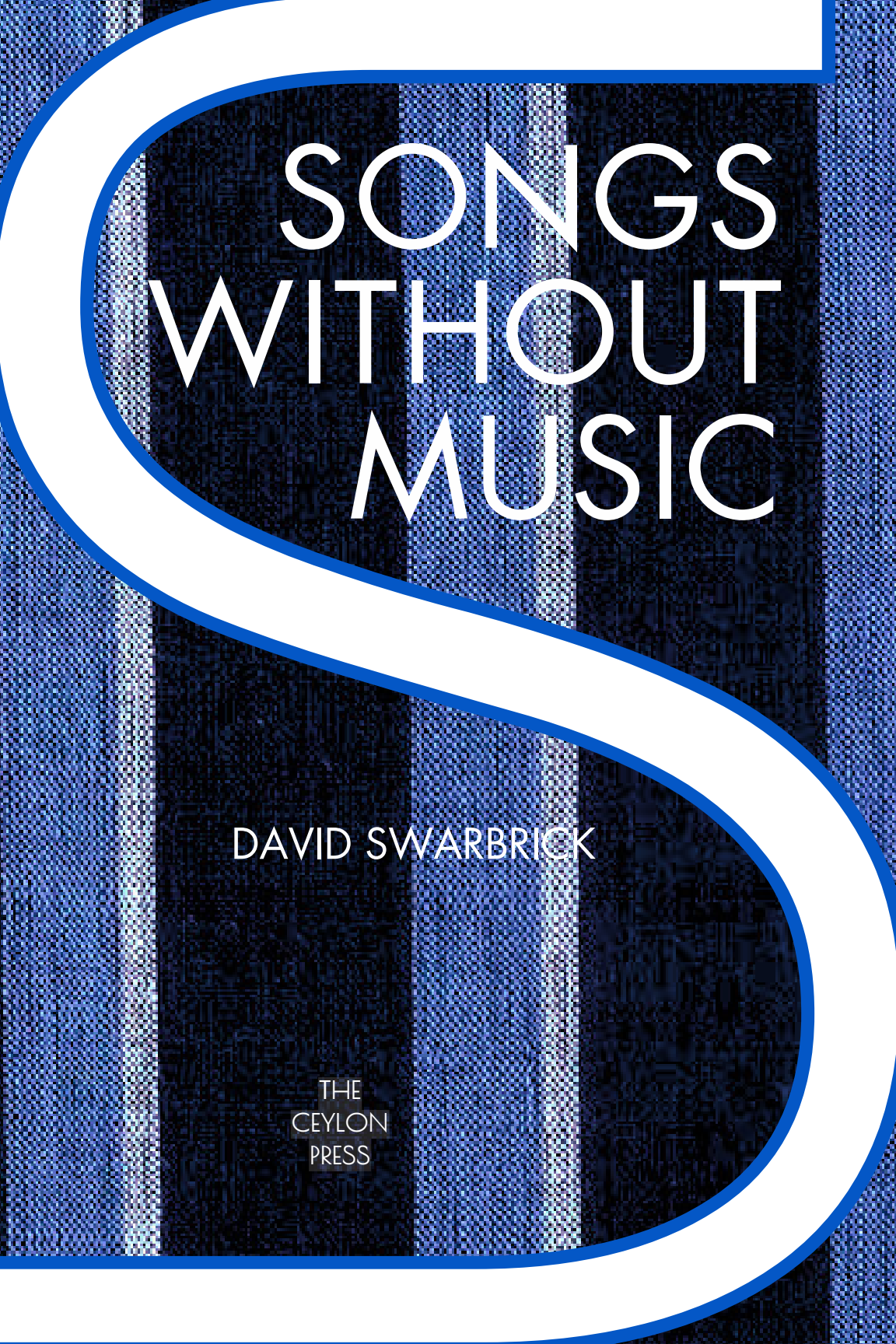




SONGS WITHOUT MUSIC

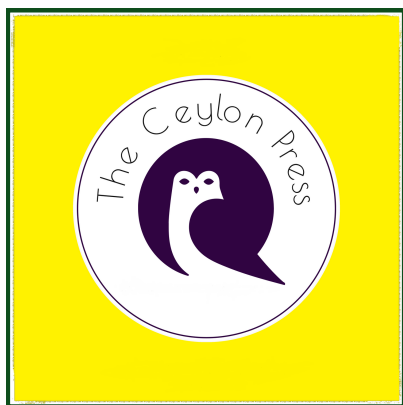
DAVID SWARBRICK

THE
CEYLON
PRESS

SONGS WITHOUT MUSIC

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DAVID SWARBRICK



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TO WILLIE

DRIVING FROM TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD TO
MARBLE ARCH DOWN OXFORD STREET, WITH
NO RED LIGHTS AT 3AM ONE WEDNESDAY
MORNING.

THESE SONGS WERE WRITTEN IN LONDON
IN 1985 – THE YEAR OF THE MINERS' STRIKE,
LIVE AID, THE HANDSWORTH RIOTS, AND THE BRADFORD
DISASTER - AND RELEASED BY
WILLIAM BUCHANAN WITH HIS OWN MUSIC.

So Watch

So watch
my flesh decay
and see
how beautifully it goes;
like something
asking to be loved;
like you,
too shy to ask me
to your room;
marks that will survive
are marks on skin and mind:
not you with me,
not face to face;
and only this,
a last decay
pitching to hide itself
when each
has gone their way.

Cause

Under empty skies
air finds no flags;
people march
but the banners
are burnt;

*the world
is bleeding into hell,
and into hell
the world
betrayed.*

My fist is flat,
the truth is traded;
there is nothing left
to kill for
or to honour.

*the world
is bleeding into hell,
and into hell
the world
betrayed.*

Angel

I bought a glass palace in Paradise
with a pool and fifty rooms;
and off its slender flagstaff
I can fly to the moon.

*I'm god in the city, god in the town,
I came from hell but I'm here;
from nighttime to nightfall
my parties do not end.*

I'm alive and free so look at me
I dream at the top of the sky;
my fingertips are strips of jade -
there's no way I can die.

*I'm god in the city, god in the town,
I came from hell but I'm here;
from nighttime to nightfall
my parties do not end.*

Welcome, roll up, welcome,
watch kings and princes sigh;
they beg to use my golden wings.
they beg to learn to fly.

*I'm god in the city, god in the town,
I came from hell but I'm here;
from nighttime to nightfall
my parties do not end.*

City of Fear

Last night I flew over the city of fear;
dark coated people came down the streets;
they had angel eyes and shrank from light;
they looked at me and wished to fly -
but they couldn't grow wings.

*And in the end
it's the end that living' about;
they do not know how to go
they can escape no more
they have turned to salt
inside the doorways
of this city of fear.*

Moon high, my rocket feathers carry me free
I see the late night-clubs open up,
the curtains of private room drift apart;
the battle's over, but in coloured light,
the battle starts again.

*And in the end
it's the end that living' about;
they do not know how to go
they can escape no more
they have turned to salt
inside the doorways
of this city of fear.*

People wait with wet wide eyes
but the gods have gone,
the night goes on;
coins rattle in their mouths
the gates have closed.

*And in the end
it's the end that living' about;
they do not know how to go
they can escape no more
they have turned to salt
inside the doorways
of this city of fear.*

Heros

Come kill the heroes,
tear the faces from the walls;
there's no misleading
leads us closer
to Hell.

*In every street, in every room
their faces stare, they take the air,
they grin and cheat and stir us;
they'll do anything for us;
live our lives the way we want,
the heroes.*

Pictures in magazines
blow up their public lives;
the roles they play
kill for us
and lie.

*In every street, in every room
their faces stare, they take the air,
they grin and cheat and stir us;
they'll do anything for us;
live our lives the way we want,
the heroes.*

Wars won in cinemas
are all we never were;
and all we ever are
just turns
to dust.

*In every street, in every room
their faces stare, they take the air,
they grin and cheat and stir us;
they'll do anything for us;
live our lives the way we want,
the heroes.*

River

Night-time holds me down and empty
open to the flood;
nothing stops the river breaking in,
stops the river
breaking me.

*Not sleeping, not waking,
I'm trapped in the dark –
cold shadows surround me
closing around me;
it's the dream world
of a lost world
of a world that never was.*

Faces, and the colours tasted
turn the years I have not lived;
take the lost road back,
take the road
unsaid.

*Not sleeping, not waking,
I'm trapped in the dark –
cold shadows surround me
closing around me;
it's the dream world
of a lost world
of a world that never was.*

Cold City

In rooms and bars the city through
I see you face the same;
every word and touch we make
recalls our needs again.

*There's no time for holding back
no time enough for fear,
and if you wait forever
there'll just be nothing there.*

Yet when love moves and speaks
its eyes are flat and closed;
and every time we want to give
it suddenly lets go.

*There's no time for holding back
no time enough for fear,
and if you wait forever
there'll just be nothing there.*

We scare of loving, loosing dreams
with this love that must not say
with this love that cannot ever
declare itself again.

*There's no time for holding back
no time enough for fear,
and if you wait forever
there'll just be nothing there.*

So hold me on your fingertips,
so come and cut me free
let's break away from waiting
let's fly, let's just break free.

*There's no time for holding back
no time enough for fear,
and if you wait forever
there'll just be nothing there.*

End

On the nine o'clock news
the country is falling apart;
and the Minister warned
"I'll call the army out."

*What does it matter
when there's nothing left;
what does it matter
when all belief has gone*

Live footage shows the crowds
looting in the shops
stealing from the wasted years
every rock and crown.

*What does it matter
when there's nothing left;
what does it matter
when all belief has gone*

Just Go On

Now that the dark returns
you have no place to go,
the girl cries in the wood
but she does not call to you;
you will leave unseen.

*Old people pray in churches
cold and hard as knives
they cannot lose the habit
or this endless sacrifice.*

Out on roads the armies bleed
the battle is lost both sides,
but you cannot die with them
you must watch the end.

*Old people pray in churches
cold and hard as knives
they cannot lose the habit
or this endless sacrifice.*

Men kill men in cities
where men have killed men before
but their anger does not reach you
you cannot weep.

*Old people pray in churches
cold and hard as knives
they cannot lose the habit
or this endless sacrifice.*

Bridget

Dreams of dreams
are in her eyes
your dreams, my dreams
her dreams, all dreams
going home at last.

*Behind the door
lost faces find their way
they seem to say, come in,
come home,
come in,
come home to me.*

She slips the line
the colours shine,
all the places
where she played
return again, at last.

*Behind the door
lost faces find their way
they seem to say, come in,
come home,
come in,
come home to me.*

Now no shadows ever cast
for in her heart
the day gives way
to all that's gone away
to all that's gone at last.

*Behind the door
lost faces find their way
they seem to say, come in,
come home,
come in,
come home to me.*

Us, Again

Time is like knives;
the air divides
and so do we,
alone, alone
together.

*No innocence returns;
it's been turned aside,
each waiting world
waits out,
waits out
the lonely ride.*

Things that were done
will carry on
remembered
we cannot -
cannot forget

*No innocence returns;
it's been turned aside,
each waiting world
waits out,
waits out
the lonely ride.*

we will never get away -
the life between us
cannot fade,
cannot fade
like scars.

*No innocence returns;
it's been turned aside,
each waiting world
 waits out,
 waits out
the lonely ride.*

Star

Sit by the pool,
don't let the beast
pick pick the rose;
you don't need a prince
that bad.

*Do not believe in her;
she can't believe in you;
she will outlive you all,
a photo to adore.*

See the mannequin
how silent it waits.
Slip slip into bikinis
you do not need
to wait.

*Do not believe in her;
she can't believe in you;
she will outlive you all,
a photo to adore.*

City voices all strike out
all sell and sing,
as never never you do not;
you cannot fade
or spoil.

*Do not believe in her;
she can't believe in you;
she will outlive you all,
a photo to adore.*

You

You look so far
but you don't see me
standing here
standing on the road.

*Stones shake your heart
and faces claim
your whipped heart
your crippled soul.*

You break the barrier
but you don't break me
I'm not the one
you must free.

*Stones shake your heart
and faces claim
your whipped heart
your crippled soul.*

I am not
yours to break
not the space
yours to take

*Stones shake your heart
and faces claim
your whipped heart
your crippled soul.*

You're the shadow
locked in the light
I am not the one
caught in sights

*Stones shake your heart
and faces claim
your whipped heart
your crippled soul.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Swarbrick is a publisher, planter, hotelier, hermit, and writer.

He was born in Colombo and raised, with few concessions to modernity, in India, Singapore, and the Middle East. Cornish, he gained his degrees on the Celtic fringe: at the Universities of Wales, and Stirling, prolonging an introduction to accepted working hours for as long as was decently possible.

Having worked at News Corp's HarperCollins UK as board director for various otherwise homeless departments including sales, art and marketing; and HarperCollins India, he ran Hachette's consumer learning division. Prior to this, he launched Oxford University Press's first commercial online business, Oxford Reference Online.

When the doubtful charms of boardroom bawls, bottom lines, and divas diminished, he returned to Sri Lanka, the land of his birth hundreds of years earlier, to rescue a spice plantation and set of art deco buildings that had gone feral in the jungle.

Today, as The Flame Tree Estate & Hotel, it has become one of the country's top ten boutique hotels, run by the kindest and most professional of hospitality teams; and overseen by several small schnauzers.

It also helps fund The Ceylon Press, set up to make Sri Lanka's rich and complicated story, a mystery to many, and a secret to most, more accessible. The Press' books, companions, podcasts, blogs, and guides are freely available at theceylonpress.com. The Press also publishes Poetry from the Jungle, a podcast that recasts the orthodox view of the world's best poets and poems.

DISCOVER MORE



A small island surrounded by large oceans, Sri Lanka is a mystery to many: remote, hard to place; a well-kept secret.

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