DIVINE

MADNESS

baggy trousers/21
cardiac arrest/40
driving in my car/46
embarrassment/24
(waiting for the) ghost train/78
grey day/31
house of fun/43
it must be love/37
michael caine/63
my girl/14
night boat to cairo/16
one better day/66
one step beyond/12
our house/49
shut up/34
the prince/7
the return of the los palmas 7/28
the sun and the rain/58
tomorrow's just another day/52
uncle sam/74
wings of a dove/55
yesterday's men/71
Buster he sold the heat with a rock steady beat.

An earthquake is erupting but not in Orange

Street a ghost dance is preparing you got to help us with your feet.
If you're not in the mood to dance, step back grab yourself a seat.

this may not be up-town Jamai-ca but we promised you a treat.

Bust-er bowl me over with your bogus dance, shuffle me off my feet.

even though I'll keep on running I'll never get to Or-ange
Street. So I set it up myself to say _ for the man who set the beat_.

So I leave it up to you out there _ to get him back on his feet._
Buster bowl over with your gas
dance—shuffle me off—my—feet—
even though I'll keep—on—running
I'll never get to Orange Street:

G G7 G7 G/ F
Bring back the who is the

we want the bring back the Prince.
one step beyond
Words and Music by PRINCE BUSTER

Hey you?
Don’t watch that, watch this,
This is the heavy heavy monster sound.
The nuttiest sound around, so if you’ve come in
Off the street and you’re beginning to feel the heat,
Well listen, buster, you better start to move
Your feet to the rockingest, rock-steady beat
Of madness. One step beyond.

© 1979 Melodisc Music WCIX SUE
INSTR. SAX SOLO:  Chords: Cm/G - 4 bars each. 
+ ‘One Step Beyond’

VERSE:  (Repeat)

ENDING: Chords: Cm/F + ‘One Step Beyond’ (END)
my girl

Words and Music by MICHAEL BARSON

Faster

Slowly

1. My girl's mad at me.
2. My girl's mad at me.

I found it hard to say
I did - n't want to see the film to-night,
We hard-ly said a word.
I thought I'd had e-nough.

of her.
Why can't she see
of her.
Why can't she see

Why can't I ex-plain

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Verse: Piano solo.

Verse 3: My girl’s mad at me, we argued just the other night,
I thought we’d got it straight, we talked and talked until it was light.

MIDDLE: I thought we’d agreed, I thought we’d talked it out,
Now when I try to speak she says that I don’t care,
She says I’m unaware and now she says I’m weak.

INTRO: (Repeat)
night boat to cairo

Music by MICHAEL BARSON
Words by GRAHAM McPHERSON

© 1979, EMI Music Publishing Ltd., London WC2H 0EA
It's just gone noon half past monsoon on the banks of the river Nile. Here comes the boat only half a float, oarsman grins a toothless smile. On-ly just one more to this desolate shore, last boat along the river Nile.
Bbm

Doesn't seem to care no more, wind in his hair as he

C

reaches his last half mile. The oar snaps in his hand before he

Bbm

reaches dry land, but the sound doesn't deafen his smile. Just

Fm

pokes the wet sand with an oar in his hand, floats off down the river Nile...
Floats off down the river Nile.

Repeat ad lib.
then 'rall.' to END

SAX SOLO

Repeat figure ad lib.

PIANO

a tempo
Baggy Trousers

Music by Christopher Foreman
Words by Graham McPherson

1. Naught-y boys in na-sty schools head-mas-ter's break-ing all the rules hav-ing fun and play-ing fools
   (Days)

2. mas-ter's had e-nough to day all the kids have gone a-way gone to fight with next door's school

smash-ing up the wood-work tools all the teach-ers in the pub pass-ing round the read-y rub

ev-ery term that is the rule sits a-lone and bends his cane same old back-sides a-gain

CHORUS

try-ing not to think of when the lunch-time bell will ring a-gain.

all the small ones tell tall tales walk-ing home and squashing snails.

Oh what fun we had but
did it really turn out bad
All I learnt at school was how to bend not break the rule

Oh what fun we had but at the time it seemed so bad
trying different ways to make a difference to 2. The head - make a difference to the days.
VERSE 3: Lots of girls and lots of boys
(as Verse 2)
Lots of smells and lots of noise
Playing football in the park
Kicking Pushbikes after dark
Baggy trousers dirty shirt
Pulling hair and eating dirt
Teacher comes to break it up
Back of the head with a plastic cup.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Instrumental: (Repeat)
embarrassment

Music by MICHAEL BARSON
Words by LEE THOMPSON

INTRO.

Bbm9/C  Bbm  Bbm9  Bbm  A9  Fm4  Fm

Received a letter just the other day
don't seem they wanna

know you no more
they've laid it down given you their score

within the first two lines it bluntly read 1. You're not to come and see
VERSE 2:

Our Aunt she don't wanna know she says
What will the neighbours think they'll think
We don't that's what they'll think we don't
But I will 'cos I know they think I don't

MIDDLE

Our uncle he don't wanna know he says we are a disgrace to the
INTRO:

No commitment you're an embarrassment,
Yes an embarrassment a living endorsement,
The intention that you have booked,
Was an intention that was overlooked.

VERSE 3:

They say, stay away, don't want you home today,
Keep away from our door, don't come around here no more.
VERSE 4:

Our Dad he don't wanna know he says,
This is a serious matter, too late to reconsider,
No-one's gonna wanna know ya!

MIDDLE:

Our Mum she don't wanna know she says,
I'm feeling twice as old she says,
Thought she had her head on her shoulders
'Cos I'm feeling twice as older.

You're an embarrassment.
the return of the los palmas 7

Music by MICHAEL BARSON, MARK BEDFORD & DANIEL WOODGATE

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To Coda
grey day

Words and Music by MICHAEL BARSON

1. When I get home it's late at night, I'm black and bloody from...

...my life, I haven't time to clean my hands, cuts will only sting me through my dreams.

(2. It's)
VERSE 2: It's well past midnight as I lie
In a semi-conscious state.
I dream of people fighting me
Without reason I can see.

(VERSE END) (MIDDLE)

In the morning I awake, my arms my legs my body aches the

sky outside is wet and grey so begins another weary day away away

So begins another weary day.

VERSE 3: After eating I go out,
People passing by me shout,
I can't stand this agony,
Why don't they talk to me?
In the park I have to rest.
I lie down and I do my best.
The rain is falling on my face.
I wish I could sink without a trace.

VERSE 4: In the park I have to rest
I lie down and I do my best.
The rain is falling on my face
I wish I could sink without a trace.

MIDDLE: (Repeat) & (Bridge)

INTRO: (Repeat) – to Fade
shut up

Music by CHRISTOPHER FOREMAN
Words by GRAHAM McPHERSON

I tell you I didn't do it 'cos

I wasn't there, don't blame me it just isn't fair.

You listen to their side now listen to mine, can't think of a story sure you'll

find me some time. Now pass the blame and don't blame me.

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Just close your eyes

and count to three

One two three then I'll be gone and you'll forget

The broken window T. V. set

It wasn't me either I'm
Verse 2: I've got a wife and three kids you know,
They'll tell you I'm straight at least I think so,
I'm as honest as the day is long.
The longer the daylight the less I do wrong.

Middle: Now pass the blame and don't blame me,
Just close your eyes and count to three,
One, two, three, then I'll be gone and you'll forget
The broken window, T.V. set.

Middle: (Instrumental)

Middle: Pass the blame and don't blame me
Just close your eyes and count to three,
One, two, three, then I'll be gone and I'll forget
That what you give is what you get.

Middle: Pass the blame and don't blame me.
Just close your eyes and count to three.
One, two, three, then I'll be gone and you'll forget
The broken window T.V. set.
(etc. Repeat fading)
it must be love

Words and Music by MICHAEL BARSON, CHRISTOPHER FOREMAN, GRAHAM McPHERSON, MARK BEDFORD, LEE THOMPSON, DANIEL WOODGATE, CATHAL SMYTH & LABI SIFFRE.

Fairly bright 4

I never thought I'd miss you half as much as I do...

And I never thought

I'd feel this way the way I feel about you.

As soon as I wake up every night,
Am /G
Am
Am/G
Am/F#
ev-ry
day
I
know
that
it’s
you
I
need
to
take
the
blues
a-way.

D7
CHORUS
Bm7
Cmaj7
To Coda ⊙⊙ (2)

C/E
To Coda ⊙

Bm7
(no chord)

C/G

It must be love,
love,
love.

It must be love,
love.  Nothing
more,  nothing
less,  love
is
the
best.

Am
Am9
Am
Am9
Am
Am9

How can it be
that we
can
say
so
much
without
words.

G
C/G
D
G
C/G
D
Bless you and bless me
bless the bees and the
birds.
I've got to be near you every night, every day
I couldn't be happy any other way:

It must be love, love, love.
cardiac arrest

Music by CHRISTOPHER FOREMAN
Words by CATHAL SMYTH

(n.c.) (slow)

Papers in the morning, bowler hat on head

Walking to the bus-stop, he's longing for his bed, waiting with his neighbours

In the rush-hour queue, got to get the first bus, so much for him to do.

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Verse 2: Ten more minutes ’til he gets there
The crossword’s nearly done.
It’s getting so hard these days
Not nearly so much fun.
His mind wanders to the office
His telephone desk and chair
He’s been happy with the company
They’ve treated him real fair.
Think of seven letters begin and end in C,
Like a big American car but misspelt with a B.

I wish this bus’d get a move on driver’s taking his time.
I just don’t know I’ll be late oh

dear what will the boss say pull yourself together now don’t get in a state, don’t you worry
there's no hurry it's a lovely day could all be going your way take the doc's advice

let up enjoy your life listen to what they say it's not a game they play.

Intro: (Repeat - Vibes Solo)

Verse 3:  Never get there at this rate
He's caught up in a jam.
There's a meeting this morning
It's just his luck oh damn.
His hand dives in his pocket
For his handkerchief.
Pearls of sweat on his collar
His pulse-beat seems so brief,
Eyes fall on his wristwatch
The seconds pass real slow,
Gasping for the hot air
But the chest pain it won't go.

Middle:  Tried to ask for help but can't seem to speak a word,
Words are whispered frantically but don't seem to be heard.
What about the wife and kids they all depend on me
We're so sorry we told you not to hurry.
Now it's just too late you've got a certain date
We thought we made it clear we all voiced our inner fears
We left it up to you there's nothing we can do.
house of fun

Music by MICHAEL BARSON
Words by LEE THOMPSON

D Arnie D

1. Good morning Miss can I help you son sixteen today

and up for fun I'm a big boy now or so they say so if you'll serve I'll be on my way

©1982. EMI Music Publishing Ltd., London WC2H 0EA
Box of balloons with the feather-like touch
pack of party poppers that pop in the night

CHORUS toothbrush and hairspray plastic grin Miss Clay on all corners has just walked in Welcome to the house of

fun now I've come of age welcome to the house of fun

welcome to the lion's den temptations on his way welcome to the house of
INTRO: (Repeat 1st 4 bars)

VERSE 2: N N N ... No no miss
You misunderstood.
Sixteen, big boy.
Full pint, in my manhood.
I'm up to date and the date's today.
So if you'll serve I'll be on my way.

CHORUS: Welcome to the house of fun
Now I've come of age
Welcome to the lion's den
Temptation's on his way.
Welcome to the house of fun.

INTRO: (Repeat - Organ Solo)

(D) (Am/C)
Party hats simple enough clear
Comprehende savvy understood do you hear.
A pack of party hats with the coloured tips
I'm too late gorgons heard gossip, well
(F7)
Hello Joe hello Miss Clay many
(E7)
Happy returns from the day.

CHORUS: Welcome to the house of fun now I've come of age
(Chorus -)
Welcome to the house of fun
Welcome to the lion's den temptation's on his way
Welcome to the house of fun
(etc. to fade)
driving in my car

Words and Music by MICHAEL BARSON

I've been driving in my car
it's not quite a Jaguar.

I bought it in Primrose Hill.

from a bloke from Brazil.
It was made in fifty-nine.

in a factory by the Tyne.
it says Morris on the door, the G. P. O. owned it before.

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I drive in it for my job the Governor calls me a slob but I don't really care.

Give me some gas and the open air

It's a bit old but it's mine, I mend it in my spare time just last week I changed the oil the
rock-er valves and the coil, just last week I changed the oil.

Last week it went round the clock I also had a little knock

I dent- ed some- bo-dy's fen- der he learnt not to park on a bend- er

INSTR: (Piano Solo in D/Am)

VERSE 2: I've been driving in my car
It don't look much
But I've been far
I drive up to Muswell Hill
I've even been to Selsey Bill
I drove along the A45
I had her up to 58
This copper stopped me the other day
You're mistaken, what could I say
The tyres were a little worn
They were OK, I could have sworn
I like driving in my car
I'm satisfied I've got this far.

BRIDGE: (Repeat) – End on E

END: I like driving in my car it don't look much but I've been far.
(D/Am chords)
I like driving in my car even with a flat tyre
I like driving in my car it's not quite a Jaguar
I like driving in my car I'm satisfied I've got this far.
1. Father wears his Sunday best
   Mother's tired she needs a rest, the
kids are playing upstairs sister's sighing in her
sleep brother's got a date to keep he can't hang around.

CHORUS

Our house in the middle of our street our house in the middle of our
Verse 2: Our house it has a crowd  
There's always something happening  
And it's usually quite loud.  
Our Mum she's so house-proud  
Nothing ever slows her down  
And a mess is not allowed.

Chorus: (Repeat)

Chorus: (Repeat)+ Something tells you that you've  
got to get away from it.
(Chords: B / F#m / C#m / Em)

Verse 3: Father gets up late for work  
Mother has to iron his shirt  
Then she sends the kids to school  
Sees them off with a small kiss  
She's the one they're going to miss  
In lots of ways.

Verse: (Instr.)

Chorus: (Repeat)

Middle: I remember way back then when everything was true and when  
We would have such a very good time such a fine time,  
Such a happy time.  
And I remember how we'd play simply waste the day away  
Then we'd say nothing would come between us two dreamers.
(Verse chords)

Verse 1 & Chorus: (Repeat)

Chorus: (Repeat)  
(Chords: B / F#m / C#m / Em)

Chorus: Our house, was our castle and our keep.  
Our house, in the middle of our street.  
(Chords: C / Gm / Dm / Fm)

Chorus: Our house, that was where we used to sleep  
Our house, in the middle of our street.

Chorus: Our house, in the middle of our street...  
(Chords: B / F#m / C#m / Em) (fade)
tomorrow's just another day

Music by MICHAEL BARSON
Words by CATHAL SMYTH

1. Trying hard
   I thought I'd done my best
all my life
I can't
get no rest.
Some who've closed the door
before say I can't carry on no more.

I hear them saying
Tomorrow's just another day.

CHORUS
Verse 2: Listened long, tried to take it in
All these facts leave me in the swim
It’s down and down there is no up
I think that I’ve run out of luck.

Chorus: I hear them … just another

Bridge: (Chords: D / C) + day.

Instr: (Chords: Dm / Bb7 / Dm / Bb7 / Dm/G / Db/Eb / Dm/G / Db/Eb / Dm/G / G7 )

(Sax Solo)

Verse 3: Walking now, over covered ground
There is a chance if I move around
I need a moment to reflect
On the friendships I have wrecked

Verse 4: Why is it, don’t I always try?
(4 bars only)

Chorus: (Chords: Cm7(aug5)/Eb / Bbm x5 Cm7(aug5)/Eb / Gb7 / Eb7 / F
I hear them say tomorrow’s just another day
I hear them say it gets better every day.
I heard them say tomorrow’s just another day
I hear them say tomorrow’s just another day
Tomorrow’s just another

Chorus: (Repeat)— fade
(As 10)
wings of a dove

Music by CATHAL SMYTH
Words by GRAHAM McPHERSON & CATHAL SMYTH

Medium beat (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

Take

Look

A

time for your pleasure
up at the rooftop
and laugh with love.

Don't

When you're walking round.

Take the hand of another
and sing for the wings of a dove.

room at the top

where we're not allowed.

Woh... Woh... for the wings of a dove,

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for the wings of a dove.

Woh woh

for the wings of a dove,

woh woh

for the wings of a dove.

To Coda

Hall el uj ah
hall

up at the rooftops when you're walking round. Don't think for a moment

of looking down yeah yeah yeah yeah

yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Woh woh for the wings of a
the sun and the rain

Words and Music by MICHAEL BARSON

1. It's raining again,
2. It's raining again,

I'm hearing its pitter patter down. It's wet in the street.
I follow the Christmas lights down town. I'm leaving the flow-

reflecting the lights and splashing of people walking
feet no-where to go. And no-thing I

have to do, have to do. all a-round,

Round and round I hear the sound of rain falling in my ears

washing away the weariness like tears. I can feel my trouble!
running down, disappear into the silent sound.

3. Just walking along... my clothes are

soaked right through to the skin... I haven't a doubt...

that this is what life is all about, the sun and the
Scrap of paper washing down the drain

I feel the rain falling on my face

Better place than standing up in the falling down

In so much rain I could almost drown.

(INSTR.)
VERSE 4:
(As V. 3)

It's raining again
A crack in the clouds reveals blue skies
I've been feeling so low
But now everything is on my side
The sun and the rain
Walk with me fill my heart again

CHORUS:
Hear the rain falling in my ears
Washing away the weariness like tears
I can feel my troubles running down
Disappear into the silent sound.

(CHORUS)
Feel the rain falling on my face
I can say there is no better place
Than standing up in the falling down
In so much rain I could almost drown.

CHORUS:
Do de do do de do do do

ENDING:
(AS VERSE)
We'll get ya ya ya

We'll get ya ya ya

(I am Michael Caine)

He's walking where I'm afraid.

I don't know
I see the firemen jumping from the windows

There's panic and I hear somebody scream

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VERSE 3: The sun is laughing it's another broken morning
I see a shadow and call out to try and warn him
He didn't seem to hear just turned away.
CHORUS: (Repeat)

VERSE 4: His days are numbered he walks round and round in circles
There is no place he can ever call his own
He seems to jump at the sound of the phone.

VERSE 5: Staring out the window there's nothing he can now do
All he wanted was to remain sane
He can't remember his own name
(My name is Michael Caine).

CHORUS: And all I wanted was a word or photograph to keep at home
And all I wanted was a word or photograph to keep
All I wanted was a word or photograph to keep

CHORUS: (Repeat)
one better day

Music by MARK BEDFORD
Words by GRAHAM McPHERSON

Em7 (+9)

1. Arlington House.

address no fixed abode

old man in a three-piece suite sits in the road

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INTRO: (Repeat 4 bars Em7 (+9)) + 'Mock'

VERSE 2: Further down there's a photo booth
A million plastic bags
And an old woman filling out
A million baggage tags.
But when she gets thrown out
Three bags at a time
She spies the old chap in the road
To share her bags with, she has bags of time.
Surrounded by his past
on a short white line

he sits while cars pass either side.

Takes his time trying to re-

Remember one better day
a while ago when people stopped to hear him say...

CHORUS

Walking 'round you sometimes

hear the sunshine beating down in time

with the rhythm of your shoes...
INTRO: (Repeat)

VERSE 3: Now she has walked
Enough through rainy town
She rests her back against his
And sits down.
She's trying to remember
One better day
Awhile and when people stopped to hear her say

CHORUS: (Repeat)

INSTR: Sax Solo Eb / F / Eb / F / Eb / F / Eb / F /

CHORUS: (Repeat)

(BRIDGE)

The feeling of arriving

when you've nothing left to lose.

CHORUS + BRIDGE: (Repeat) to fade
yesterday's men

Music by CHRISTOPHER FOREMAN
Words by GRAHAM McPHERSON

1. An insolent speck of youth—being taken
2. A metropolitan marathon has been held.
for a walk

so tightly by the ear

but who you need to catch

that he can hardly talk.

Yes- ter- days men hang

will be com- ing the other way.

on to to- day

to sing in the old fash- ioned way!

to sing in any old way!

It must get better in the long run.

has to get better in the long run.
long run. Because when you’re told — to start —

how far can — you go — when your race —

— is — won — and you already know —

CHORUS: Yesterdays men hang on to today,
(+ Sax solo) To sing in any old way,
It must get better in the long run
Has to get better in the long run.
Will it get better in the long run
Will we be here in the long run.

ENDING: Do, do, do, hang on in the long run.
uncle sam

Music by CHRISTOPHER FOREMAN & LEE THOMPSON
Words by LEE THOMPSON

INTRO

1. Here they come again

hop

scotching up to my door

one by one again

knockety knock knocking upon my floor

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2. Swing-ing on my gate they gain en-try by the yard

pull-ing at my hair they scream paint your

thoughts up-on my card.

But not to-night I've got

studies to ex-am-ine.
To-mor-row I'll be 'watch-ing all the queen's men

a tal-ent con-test on Mon-day with my Un-cle Sam

who now takes up all of my time he gives me things to do 'cause he's a

won-der-ful man ______ but I'm sail-ing a
VERS E 3: Silly little sniggers from the women liberators
But I'll stand and hold my post
Polished buttons and erect I'll raise the flag
I'll show those women who's the most

C H O R U S: But not tonight I've got studies to examine
Tomorrow I'll be watching all the Queen's men
A talent contest on Monday with my Uncle Sam
Who now takes up all of my time, gives me things to do
He's a wonderful man.

But I'm sailing across the sea to see my Uncle Sam
I'm sailing across the sea to be with my Uncle Sam
I'm sailing across the sea to see my Uncle Sam
I'm sailing across the sea to be with my Uncle Sam

I N S T R : C7 / F / C7

½ C H O R U S: (Repeat)
C H O R U S: (Repeat)
(waiting for the) ghost train

Words and Music by GRAHAM McPHERSON

Fm
G
Fm

G
Ebm
F

Ebm
F

Gb
Ebm

A straw headed woman and a barrel-chested man, a
dog chasing the tumble-weeds across the sandy floor, a

pocketful of posies with a hat rim full of sand

drift along the platform, through the ticket office door

waiting for the train that never comes...

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for the train that never comes
But don't tell me there's
nothing coming, you don't fool me
I hear the ghost train rumbling a
(Set them free) and I hear them.

It's black and white, don't try to hide.

To Coda

It's black and white, don't try to hide.
The station master's writing with a piece of orange chalk. A hundred cancellations, still no one wants to walk.

Keep the hungry children from the skeletons in the van. Aim to keep an eye out for the
gipsy caravan. ooh—waiting for the train that never comes.

wait—
I hear the

Don't try to hide

It's black and white, it's black and white

(Don't try)

It's black and white

(Don't try) It's black and white

Ad lib. to FADE
baggy trousers
cardiac arrest
driving in my car
embarrassment
(waiting for the) ghost train
grey day
house of fun
it must be love
michael caine
my girl
night boat to cairo
one better day
one step beyond
our house
shut up
the prince
the return of the los palmas 7
the sun and the rain
tomorrow's just another day
uncle sam
wings of a dove
yesterday's men