'Good Morning'

SPECIAL OF THE YEAR

Served Everywhere

English cuisine at its finest

'We Never Close'
SUPERTRAMP : BREAKFAST IN AMERICA

Breakfast in America (the second Supertramp album since the band relocated in America) partly reflects the openness, energy and flowing quality of the American lifestyle. It is also a major evolutionary step in the collaborative efforts of five gifted musicians whose experience in working together began with the epic Crime Of The Century, was sustained through Crisis? What Crisis?, expanded with the worldwide success of Even In The Quietest Moments . . . , and culminates now in the strongest group effort the band has ever created.

Supertramp makes its music for itself, and in doing so, the band serves both as artist and critic as it chases the perfection that has become its trademark. The band has devoted more time to this album than any other, and the multiple contributions of reedman John A. Helliwell, drummer Bob C. Benberg, and bassist Dougie Thomson in terms of playing, arranging and mixing to the songs of Roger Hodgson and Rick Davies makes Breakfast In America a startling achievement.

Work began in April ’78, when English engineer Peter Henderson, who had worked closely with the band on Quietest Moments, flew over to L.A. from London the day after he was married. As his personal involvement with Breakfast In America increased through each stage of development, he became progressively involved in the production side and ended as co-producer (with Supertramp) of the album. The rehearsals took place at Southcombe, their own demo studio in Burbank (affectionately named after
the cottage in the English countryside where Crime was conceived). The album was recorded in Los Angeles at the Village Recorder, and mixed at Crystal Sound.

The patience of Supertramp in discovering the right balance between the new rhythmic gusto of Breakfast In America and the clarity, space and intricate textures that have always characterized the band is more than rewarded. Their fans around the world—in the U.S. where their quiet intensity and overall excellence has earned them a potent cult following along with a certain aura of mystery, in Canada where Supertramp competes as one of the biggest selling recording groups in Canadian history, in Europe, where they received eight gold albums last year, in Argentina, Australia, New Zealand, and in Spain, where Quietest Moments is still running high on the charts after more than a year—have reached a peak of expectation that only Breakfast In America will satisfy.

The ingenuity, energy, humor and radiance associated in the past with Supertramp are all present on “Gone Hollywood,” a song Rick Davies calls “the last link to Crime Of The Century because it’s very much a structured song and a group effort. The other songs are very much more open and flowing.” His opening keyboard work is a clarion call that suggests the melody to come, while the lyrics comically and slyly bemoan the fact that there are “so many creeps in Hollywood.” Rock pundits have called Supertramp geniuses of evolved rock, and on “Gone Hollywood” they deliver the goods.

“Logical Song,” according to Roger Hodgson, “is another angle on the way we were brought up and taught all these things, how to function outwardly but
not told who we are inwardly, and no one explains it to us.”

“Goodbye Stranger” is a tune with a haunting quality, with a tinge of R&B powerfully assisted by a strong performance by drummer Bob C. Benberg, a song with a ‘50’s quality to it, and a certain unnameable element that makes you want to hear it over and over again.

The title track is a young English boy’s dream of what breakfast in America with the right girl in hand might be like, and “Oh Darling” is, according to Rick, “a very simple boy/girl song—I wrote it while I was trying to get a middle for ‘Gone Hollywood’”—and its charm is really coming through the band. It’s also another indication that Rick, not a prolific songwriter in the past, has broken through creative barriers and found a new voice.

But the banquet has not yet begun; side two is rounded out with two more of Rick’s songs, “Casual Conversations,” an uncharacteristically gentle tune with a lovely melody and a superb sax solo by John A. Helliwell, and “Just Another Nervous Wreck,” which he describes as “just about the way we all feel sometimes when everything’s going wrong. It’s probably the best lyric for me as far as evoking pictures and images.”

It also includes three songs that underscore the natural evolution of Roger’s songwriting: “Take The Long Way Home” is a bright, uptempo song laced with humor “about a guy who thinks he’s a real dandy, but he’s the only guy in the world who does.” “Lord Is It Mine” revolves around the theme of the longing for inner peace. “Child Of Vision” brings Breakfast in America to a perfect conclusion in a song which criticizes certain elements of the current lifestyle with defending answers by Rick Davies which, in a way, reflects the
totally different attitudes of these two writers. It is this difference, when compounded by the energy, humor and superb playing of the band, that makes Supertramp what it is today.

The seeds of today’s Supertramp were sown in London in 1970 when Rick Davies recruited Roger Hodgson, and along with Richard Palmer and Bob Millar, the band issued its first self-titled album on A&M. The elegance and originality of Supertramp (the band selected its name from a book called “The Autobiography Of A Supertramp,” published by R.H. Davis in 1910) hinted at things to come. 1971 saw the release of Indelibly Stamped, a lighthearted excursion into the mainstream of British rock.

A couple of very lean years followed and a major revamping of the band with the addition of Dougie Thomson, John Anthony Helliwell and Bob C. Benberg, a drummer from Glendale, California. The new aggregate settled into a communal English cottage—Southcombe—to begin work on their next album.

Crime Of The Century (1974) proved to be a blockbuster success that put the band on the map worldwide. The album shot to the #1 spot in the English charts, and as the band began extensive touring, both fans and the rock press the world over acclaimed the extraordinary quality and originality of their work. Crime settled in for an eight-month stay on the U.S. charts.

With Crisis? What Crisis? released the following year, the storm of celebration continued. The band set out on a mammoth ten-month tour through Europe, the U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Japan—along with its own massive sound system—and it became increasingly clear that contemporary music has a new and marvelous source of inspiration.
Following the tour, the band moved its base of operation from England to Southern California, and, at the Caribou Studios in Colorado, recorded *Even In The Quietest Moments*..., set out on a year-long world tour and began breaking records phenomenally all over the world. They played to well over 600,000 enthralled fans.

There were riots in Vermont, New Brunswick, Geneva, Barcelona; they sold two million records in Europe in six weeks; *Crime Of The Century* went platinum eight times over in Canada. Supertramp had become one of the world’s premier rock bands.

But it’s the period following nearly a year of intensive touring that proved to be the most important creatively for the band. They were able again to touch base with their creative centers, experience their own separate individuality—and Supertramp is above all a band of five individuals who pursue significantly different lifestyles—and regroup on common ground to launch into the new work. And as Supertramp graphically demonstrates on *Breakfast In America*, they have come together stronger than before and become, in every sense, a band playing its music—devoid of paranoia and hesitation, achieving new highs of breathtaking excitement.

For *Breakfast In America* is the best of Supertramp and Supertramp at its best.

—Jason McCloskey
Supertramp
BREAKFAST
IN AMERICA

MENU

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Take a look at my girlfriend; she's the only one I got. Could we have kippers for breakfast, mum-my dear, mum-my dear?

Not much of a girlfriend, I never seem to get a lot. They got to have 'em in Texas, 'cause everybody's a millionaire.

Take a jumbo 'cross the water, I like to see America. I'm a winner, I'm a winner. Do you want my autograph?
see the girls in California, I'm hoping it's going to come true, but there's not a lot I can do.
I'm a loser, what a joke, I'm playing my jokes upon you while there's nothing better to do.

Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-badow-ba-ba-dow di-dow di-dow.
Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-badow-ba-badow li-dow di-dow. Na na na, na na

D.S. at Coda (3rd verse)
3rd Verse

Don't you look at my girlfriend;
she's the only one I got.
Not much of a girlfriend,
I never seem to get a lot.

Take a jumbo 'cross the water,
like to see America,
see the girls in California.
I'm hoping it's going to come true,
but there's not a lot I can do.
BREAKFAST IN AMERICA

Take a look at my girlfriend
She's the only one I got
Not much of a girlfriend
I never seem to get a lot
Take a jumbo 'cross the water
Like to see America
See the girls in California
I'm hoping it's going to come true
But there's not a lot I can do

Could we have kippers for breakfast
Mummy dear, mummy dear?
They got to have 'em in Texas
'Cause ev'ryone's a millionaire
I'm a winner, I'm a sinner
Do you want my autograph?
I'm a loser, what a joker
I'm playing my jokes upon you
While there's nothing better to do

Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-ba-dow-ba-ba-dow-di-dow-di-dow
Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-ba-dow-ba-ba-dow-di-dow-di-dow
Na na na, na na na na na na

Don't you look at my girlfriend
She's the only one I got
Not much of a girlfriend
I never seem to get a lot
Take a jumbo 'cross the water
Like to see America
See the girls in California
I'm hoping it's going to come true
But there's not a lot I can do

Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-ba-dow-ba-ba-dow-di-dow-di-dow
Ba-ba-da-dow, ba-ba-dow-ba-ba-dow-di-dow-di-dow
Hey oh, hey oh, hey oh, hey oh
Hey oh, hey oh, hey oh, hey oh
Na na na, na na na na na na

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THE LOGICAL SONG

When I was young it seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me

But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible
Logical, oh, responsible, practical
And they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

There are times when all the world's asleep
The questions run too deep for such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd, please tell me who I am

I said, Now watch what you say or they'll be calling you a radical
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal
Oh won't you sign up your name, we'd like to feel you're acceptable
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable!

At night when all the world's asleep
The questions run too deep for such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd, please tell me who I am

Who I am, who I am, who I am
THE LOGICAL SONG

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderate Rock

Verse

1. When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful,
2. sent me away to teach me how to be sensible,

a miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical. And all the
logical, oh, responsible, practical. And they

birds in the trees—well they'd be singing so happily,
showed me a world where I could be so dependable,

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oh, playfully
oh, intellectual,
watching me.
eccentric.

But then they

2, 4.
Chorus

1. There are times
when all the world's asleep

2. At night,
the questions run too deep

for such

a simple man.

Won't you please...
Please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd,
I said, please tell me who I am.

Who I am.
3rd Verse

I said, Now watch what you say or they'll be calling you a radical,
a liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal.
Oh, won't you sign up your name, we'd like to feel you're acceptable,
respectable, oh, presentable. A vegetable!

4th Verse

INSTRUMENTAL

(To 2nd Chorus)
1. It's just a heartbreaking.

2. I should have known that it would let me down.

3. I used to think that it would feel so good.

4. I used to dream about this town.

5. I'm in this mind aching.

sight to see, the place to be where the livin' is easy and the kicks can always be found,
dumb motel near the Taco Bell, without a hope in hell I can't believe that I'm still a-round.

1. Cm7 Fm7/C Cm7

2. It's such a

2. Cm7 Fm7/C Cm7 Fm7/C Cm7 Fm7

in my
lile to-day.

Aın't nothin'

it's all

gone a-way.

I've had

had too much cryin', seen much, too much grief.

I'm sick of tryin', it's beyond belief.
I'm tired of talking on the telephone,
they're tryin' to tell me that they're not at home.
Ain't nothin' new in my life today.

I've had enough of walking from a place to place,
I've yet to come across a friendly face.

Now the
words sound familiar as they slam the door,

“you’re not what we’re looking for.” Ain’t nothin’

new

in my life today.

Ain’t nothin’

ture.

it’s all
gone away.

If we

only had time, only had time for

you.

If we

only had time, only had time for
you.

It was a

now I ride in a big, fine car.  

It was a
Yeah, I'm the... of the boulevard. So keep your

mind aching. chin up, boy, forget the pain. I know you'll make it if you try again. There's

no use in quitting when the world is waiting for you.
GONE HOLLYWOOD

It's just a heart breaking
I should have known that it would let me down
It's just a mind aching
I used to dream about this town
It was a sight to see, the place to be
Where the livin' is easy
And the kicks can always be found

It's such a shame about it
I used to think that it would feel so good
But who's to blame about it?
So many creeps in Hollywood
I'm in this dumb motel near the Taco Bell
Without a hope in hell
I can't believe that I'm still around

Ain't nothin' new in my life today
Ain't nothin' true, it's all gone away
I've had—had too much cryin'
Seen much too much grief
I'm sick of tryin', it's beyond belief
I'm tired of talking on the telephone
They're tryin' to tell me that they're not at home
Ain't nothin' new in my life today
I've had enough of walking from a place to place
I've yet to come across a friendly face
Now the words sound familiar as they slam the door
"You're not what we're looking for"
Ain't nothin' new in my life today
Ain't nothin' true, it's all gone away

If we only had time, only had time for you
If we only had time, only had time for you
If we only had time, only had time for you

It was a heart-breaking
Now I ride in a big, fine car
It was a mind aching
Yeah, I'm the talk of the boulevard
So keep your chin up boy, forget the pain
I know you'll make it if you try again
There's no use in quitting
When the world is waiting for you
GOODBYE STRANGER

It was an early morning yesterday
I was up before the dawn
And I really have enjoyed my stay
But I must be movin' on
Like a king without a castle
Like a queen without a throne
I'm an early mornin' lover
And I must be movin' on

Now I believe in what you say
Is the undisputed truth
But I have to have things my own way
Just to keep me in my youth
Like a ship without an anchor
Like a slave without a chain
Just the thought of those sweet ladies
Sends a shiver through my veins

And I will go on shining, shinin' like brand new
I'll never look behind me, my troubles will be few

Goodbye stranger, it's been nice
Hope you'll find your paradise
Tried to see your point of view
Hope your dreams will all come true

Goodbye Mary, goodbye Jane
Will we ever meet again?
Feel no sorrow, feel no shame
Come tomorrow, feel no pain

(And sweet devotion) Goodbye Mary
(It's not for me) Goodbye Jane
(Just give me motion) Will we ever
(And set me free) Meet again?
(And the land and the ocean) Feel no sorrow
(Far away) Feel no shame
(Is the life I've chosen) Come tomorrow
(Ev'ry day) Feel no pain

(And now I'm leavin') Goodbye Mary
(Got to go) Goodbye Jane
(Hit the road) Will we ever
(I'll say it once again) Meet again?
(Oh yes I'm leavin') Feel no sorrow
(Got to go) Feel no shame
(Got to go) Come tomorrow
(I'm sorry I must tell you) Feel no pain
(Goodbye Mary) Goodbye Mary
(Goodbye Jane) Goodbye Jane
(Will we ever) Will we ever
(Meet again?) Meet again?

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GOODBYE STRANGER

Moderate Rock

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Verse

It was an early morning yesterday,
I believe in what you say,
I was up before the dawn,
is the undisputed truth.

Ab

And I really have to,
But I have to have things joyed my stay,
my own way
just to keep me in my youth.

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king without a castle, like a queen without a throne,
I'm just the

early morn' in' lover and I must be movin' on,
now thought of those sweet ladies sends a

Chorus
shiver through my veins. And I will go on shin'ing, shin'ing, like brand new. I'll

never look behind me, my troubles will be few.
Goodbye stranger, it's been nice.
Tried to see your point of view,
Hope you'll find your dreams will come true.

Goodbye Mary, goodbye Jane.
Paradise, it's not for me.
Just give me motion.

Will we ever meet again?
And the land and the ocean, far away.
feel no shame. Come tomorrow, feel no pain.

way, is the life I've chosen, every day.

2r. And sweet de-so-

meet again?

D.S. at Code
(3rd verse) take 2nd endings

Good-bye Mar-ty, good-bye Jane. Will we ev-er
- tion it's not for me, just give me mo- tion and set me free.
-

hit the road, I'll say it once a -
Play 3 times

3rd Verse

Now some they do and some they don’t
and some you just can’t tell.
And some they will and some they won’t,
With some it’s just as well.

You can laugh at my behavior,
that’ll never bother me.
Say the devil is my saviour,
but I won’t pay no heed.

(TO CHORUS)
OH DARLING

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderately (with a "2" feel)

1. Oh, darling,
honey,

will you ever change your mind,
won't you say that I'm the one.

Yeah, I've been feeling left be-
And if you think you're go-

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I'm gonna be around you, all about you,
I'm gonna be so busy, oh, my pretty,
always by your side. And through the dream about you, I'm gonna dream about you, make you mine, I'll love you all the time, I'm gonna catch you lady, yeah.
The news is all over town,

you better not let me down.

Keep telling me you're feeling good,
as good as you ever could.

Please tell me that you'll never go.

Ah, ah, no.
3rd Verse

Ah, lately, I'm like a watch that's overwound
and I've got both feet off the ground,
because you see...
OH DARLING

Oh darling, will you ever change your mind
    Yeah, I've been feeling left behind
Like a shadow in your light
    Shadow in your light, in your light

Ah honey, won't you say that I'm the one
    And if you think you're gonna run
Well you know I'm gonna be around you
    All about you, always by your side
I'm gonna dream about you
    Scheme about you, love you all the time
I'm gonna catch you lady, catch you lady, yeah

    The news is all over town
You better not let me down
    Keep telling me you're feeling good
As good as you ever could
Please tell me that you'll never go, ah, ah, no, no
Tell me that you'll never go, never go, no

Ah, lately I'm like a watch that's overwound
    And I've got both feet off the ground
Because you see I'm gonna be so busy
    Oh, my pretty, love you night and day
And through the rain and shine I'll make you mine
    I'll love you come what may
I'm gonna catch you lady, catch you lady
    Catch you lady, uh huh
I'm gonna catch you lady, catch you lady
    Catch you lady, uh huh

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TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME

So you think you're a Romeo
Playing a part in a picture show
Well take the long way home
Take the long way home
'Cause you're the joke of the neighborhood
Why should you care if you're feeling good
Well take the long way home, take the long way home

But there are times that you feel you're part of the scenery
All the greenery is comin' down boy
And then your wife seems to think you're part of the furniture
Oh it's peculiar, she used to be so nice

When lonely days turn to lonely nights
You take a trip to the city lights
And take the long way home, take the long way home
You never see what you want to see
Forever playing to the gallery
You take the long way home, take the long way home

And when you're up on the stage it's so unbelievable
Unforgettable how they adore you
But then your wife seems to think you're losing your sanity
Oh it's calamity, oh is there no way out? Oh!

Well does it feel that your life's become a catastrophe
Oh it has to be for you to grow boy
When you look through the years and see what you could have been
Oh what you might have been if you had had more time

So when the day comes to settle down
Well who's to blame if you're not around?
You took the long way home, you took the long way home
You took the long way home, you took the long way home
You took the long way home, you took the long way home
You took the long way home, you took the long way home

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Long way home, long way home, long way home
Long way home, long way home, long way home

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TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderately

Verse

So you think you’re a Romeo,
When those who turn to lonely nights,
you take a trip to the city lights, and take the

long way home,
long way home,
long way home,
take the long way home,
take the long way home.
Cause you're the joke of the neighborhood,
You never see what you want to see,
Why should you care if you're feeling good, well take the
Forever playing to the gallery, you take the

long way home,
long way home,
take the long way home.

But there are times that you feel you're part of the scenery,
And when you're up on the stage it's so unbelievable,
All the greenery is coming down, how they adore you.
And then your wife seems to think you're part of the furniture,
But then your wife seems to think you're losing your sanity,

oh_ it's pec-

eu li ar,

she used to be

oh is there no

so way

Oh!_

ad lib Instrumental
So, when the day comes to settle down,
well, who's to blame if you're not around?
You took the long way home,
you took the long way home.
You took the long way home,
3rd Chorus

Well does it feel that your life's become
a catastrophe,
oh it has to be for you to grow, boy,
When you look through the years and see
what you could have been,
oh what you might have been if you had
had more time.
CASUAL CONVERSATIONS

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderate Ballad

Verse

1. It doesn't matter what I say,
2. Imagination's all I have,

But even then, you say it's bad.
Just don't know what you're lookin' for.
Just can't see why we disagree.

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1. (And) casual conversations, how they
2. There's no communication left between

Yeah, they go on and on endlessly, who's to blame?

No matter what I say, you'll ignore, yes, you're
nored me_  an -  y-
1 fad ing  out of  view.

I might as well talk  in my sleep...
Don't know if I feel  joy or pain...

D.S. at Coda
(3rd & 4th verse)

I could weep.

It's such a shame.

And now it seems it's all been said.
If you must leave, then go a-
3rd Verse

You try to make me feel so small,
until there’s nothing left at all.
Why go on, just hoping that we’ll get along?

4th Verse — INSTRUMENTAL

(TO 2nd CHORUS)
CASUAL CONVERSATIONS

It doesn't matter what I say
You never listen anyway
Just don't know what you're lookin' for

Imagination's all I have
But even then you say it's bad
Just can't see why we disagree

(And) casual conversations, how they bore me
Yeah, they go on and on endlessly
No matter what I say, you'll ignore me anyway
I might as well talk in my sleep . . . I could weep

You try to make me feel so small
Until there's nothing left at all
Why go on just hoping that we'll get along?

There's no communication left between us
But is it me or you who's to blame?
There's nothing I can do, yes you're fading out of view
Don't know if I feel joy or pain . . . it's such a shame

And now it seems it's all been said
If you must leave then go ahead
Should feel sad but I really believe that I'm glad
I really believe that I'm glad
I really believe that I'm glad

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LORD IS IT MINE

I know that there's a reason why I need to be alone
I need to find a silent place that I can call my own
Is it mine, oh Lord, is it mine?

And when I feel afraid to face the battles of this life
You show me there's a way to live above the city's strife
Is it mine, oh Lord, is it mine?

When ev'rything's dark and nothing seems right
There's nothing to win and there's no need to fight

I never seem to wonder at the cruelty of this land
But it seems a time of sadness is a time to understand
Is it mine, oh Lord, is it mine?

When ev'rything's dark and nothing seems right
You don't have to win and there's no need to fight

If only I could find a way
To feel your sweetness thru the day
The love that shines around me could be mine
So give us an answer won't you?
We know what we have to do
There must be a thousand voices trying to get through

Words and Music by Roger Hodgson and Rick Davies
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LORD IS IT MINE

Words and Music by ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderately Slow Ballad

(1.) I know that there's a reason why I
when I feel afraid to face the

need to be alone,
bat - tles of this life,
you show me there's a way to live a

I can call my own.
Is it mine,

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mine?

When everything's dark,

and nothing seems right,

there's nothing you don't have to win.
and there's no need to fight.
If only I could find a way to feel your sweetness thru the day, the love that shines around me could be mine. So give us an answer won't you? We know what we have to do.
There must be a thousand voices trying to get through.

3rd Verse
I never seem to wonder at the cruelty of this land,
but it seems a time of sadness is a time to understand.
Is it mine, oh Lord, is it mine?
JUST ANOTHER NERVOUS WRECK

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderately

Verse

I'm feeling so alone now,
Live on the second floor now,

they cut the telephone, uh huh,
they're tryin' to bust the door down,

Yeah my life is just a mess,
soon I'll have a new address

Ab

I threw it all away now,
So much for liberation,
I could have made a fortune,
they'll have a celebration,
yeah I've been under too much stress.

And as the clouds begin to rumble so the corn begins to crumble,
while in the mirror she adores a brand new dress.

Don't
Ab\f.Fin7\f.Ab\f.Fin7

give a damn, fight while you can, kill

Db\f.Bbm7\f.Db\f.Bbm7

shoot 'em up, they'll, they'll run a muck, Shout

Ab\f.Fin7\f.Ab\f.Fin7

Judas, loud and they'll hear us, Sol

dier, sailor, who's your tailor, They'll
run for cover when they dis-cover
every one’s a nervous wreck now.
3rd Chorus

I used to think she was so nimble,
I would have bought her as a symbol,
but now I can't afford the pen
to sign her checks.

Additional Lyric for Fade

They're gonna bleed, that's what they need,
we'll get together and blow their cover.
We're ready, yeah we're ready, yeah we're ready,
huh we're ready. (etc.)
JUST ANOTHER NERVOUS WRECK

I'm feeling so alone now
They cut the telephone, uh huh
Yeah my life is just a mess
I threw it all away now
I could have made a fortune
I lost the craving for success

And as the acrobats, they tumble
So the corn begins to crumble
While in the mirror she admires a brand new dress

Life's just a bummer, they got your number
We'll give as good as we get now
Rise from the gutter, stick with each other
We'll drive 'em over the edge now
Life's just a bummer, they got your number
We'll give as good as we get now
Rise from the gutter, stick with each other
We'll drive 'em over the edge now
They're gonna bleed, that's what they need
We'll get together and blow their cover
We're ready, yeah we're ready
Yeah we're ready, ah we're ready

Live on the second floor now
They're tryin' to bust the door down
Soon I'll have a new address
So much for liberation
They'll have a celebration
Yeah, I've been under too much stress

And as the clouds begin to rumble
So the juggler makes his tumble
And the sun upon my wall is getting less

Don't give a damn, fight while you can
Kill, shoot 'em up, they'll, they'll run amuck
Shout Judas loud and they'll hear us
Soldier, sailor, who's your tailor?
They'll run for cover when they discover
Ev'ryone's a nervous wreck now

I used to think she was so nimble
I would have bought her as a symbol
But now I can't afford the pen to sign her checks

Don't give a damn, fight while you can
Kill, shoot 'em up, they'll, they'll run amuck
Shout Judas loud and they'll hear us
Soldier, sailor, who's your tailor?
They'll run for cover when they discover
Ev'ryone's a nervous wreck now
CHILD OF VISION

Well who d'ya think you're foolin'?
You say you're havin' fun
But you're busy goin' nowhere
You're just lyin' in the sun
You tried to be a hero
Commit the perfect crime
But the dollar got you dancing
And you're running out of time

You're messin' up the water
You're rollin' in the wine
You're poisoning your body
You're poisoning your mind
You gave me Coca Cola
You said it tasted good
Then you watch the television
'Cause it tells you that you should

Oh how can you live in this way?
Why do you think it's so strange?
You must have something to say?
Tell me why should I change?
There must be more to this life
It's time we did something right

I said, Child of vision, won't you listen?
Find yourself a new ambition

I've heard it all before
You're sayin' nothing new
Oh I thought I saw a rainbow
But I guess it wasn't true
But you cannot make me listen
And I cannot make you hear
So you find your way to heaven
And I'll meet you when you're there

Oh how can you live in this way?
Why do you think it's so strange?
You must have something to say?
Tell me why should I change?
We have no reason to fight
'Cause we both know that we're right

I said, Child of vision, won't you listen?
Find yourself a new ambition
CHILD OF VISION

Words and Music by
ROGER HODGSON and RICK DAVIES

Moderately Fast

Verse

1. Well who—d'ya think you're fool—in? You say—you're hav—in'
you're roll—in' in the

fun, wine, you're bus—y go—in' no—where, you're just ly—in' in the

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sun.
mind.
You tried to be a hero.
commit the perfect crime.
good.

You gave me Coca-Cola.
you said it tasted.
then you watch the television.
'cause it tells you that you're running out of time.

2. You're messin' up the shoulder.
Oh, how can you live in this way?
Why do you think it's so strange?
You must have
3rd Verse

I've heard it all before,  
you're sayin' nothing new.  
Oh, I thought I saw a rainbow,  
but I guess it wasn't true.  
But you cannot make me listen,  
and I cannot make you hear.  
So you find your way to heaven  
and I'll meet you when you're there.  
How can you live in this way? (etc.)
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