

Big Blue Sun Nocturnal City Journal



lyrics

Words by Dan Pierce, except Olympus by Dan & Ruth Pierce, Safe Son by Dan Pierce & George
Moorey, Man With 2 Brains by Dan Pierce, Andy Farrington & Shane Young

Copyright 2008 Big Blue Sun.

Please obtain permission before copying, hiring, lending, public performance and broadcasting.
www.bigbluesun.co.uk

Choirs

We had to hustle Sunday morning
Use all our muscle to get going
Gonna use your wealth
Empire ain't going to build itself

We read the message on the pages
We do believe he really saves us
But you know what else?
Empire ain't going to build itself

chorus

Lord knows I'm an awful sinner
Get fat watch the rest get thinner
Lord knows it makes him tired
Empires crumble, crumble when you got no humble choirs

We heard the message on the station
With every blessing comes temptation
Going straight to hell
Empire ain't going to build itself

The Devil Is Harder To Please Than You Think

Lost at the races and onto the stout
The strangest of tastes at the back of the mouth
Getting much harder to win
Sinking deep under the skin
It ain't that hard to begin
The devil is harder to please than you think

Last one to order and on from the town
Hitting each branch as he's on his way down
Getting to the end of a drink
Wait until they open again
It's getting harder to swim
The devil is harder to please than you think

His drop to the bottom is clearly signed
With bottles and bottles left shattered behind
How has it been?
Have another tonic and gin
It's getting harder for him
The devil is harder to please than you think

Gloucester Moves

Gloucester moves
Just enough to let you through
Just enough to find us something to do

Gloucester moves
The citizen with breaking news
Breaking us down but when we're almost too bruised

chorus
Well they'll speak of restoration
Gonna bring us back to health
Cos we're so sick of hearing how this place can't be anything else
Although sometimes it's hard to prove
We're building something new

Gloucester moves
Touchin down and tempting doom
But when it comes for her to change her tune

Gloucester moves
Just enough to leave some clues
Never too late but almost never too soon

Olympus

What was playing Palmer's Picture-drome
Doesn't play anymore when the gods get home
It's been 84 years the projectionist's dead
The neighbourhood's changed but we're still making bread
So we live in the shadow of our past success
As we open the doors at the new Olympus

700 seats filled at the start of the show
Now we're left with repeats because less people go
Mae Murray was booked as the opening act
Fascination was hooked but they've given it back
It's a new kind of crowd you work hard to impress
But we open the doors at the new Olympus

Now they speak to the dead and they call off the curse
And the answer comes yes like it's been pre-rehearsed
Been calling the gods to return to this place
With the smell of success perhaps if not the taste
Again our resilience is put to the test
As we open the doors at the new Olympus

Wanting To End With The Girl Before It's Begun

He notices smoke in the air before there's a spark
Strictly a one night affair, he leaves after dark
Enter black brunette or blonde
He'll never just settle for one
Wanting To End With The Girl Before It's Begun

Taking them out on the boats or lunch in the park
Leaving at night has become some kind of art
A break in the cloud for the sun
His love will not last very long
Wanting to end with the girl before it's begun

Safe Son

So dark above your head
Gonna get sleep lying on your side instead
You heard what I just said but I checked and there's nothing
under your bed
No nothing's going to come
Cos they know they're going to get some

chorus

I tell you no-one
Nothing's going to get you son
I tell you no-one
Nothing's going to get you son
I tell you no-one
Nothing's going to get you son
I tell you no-one
Nothing's going to get you son
Cos you're a safe son

You learn to duck and punch and kick
You can talk 'em down but you best talk quick
Run them fears right off their feet and if they catch you boy
They're going to get beat

Shut Us Down

Put in the sale
Put up the sign
Put in the tape
Play repeat
She is the prey
Looking to feed
Shopping for things
She just doesn't need

chorus

I suppose if she wanted me to know
She might just have said
Looking around
This is the end
They shut us down

Put in the sale
Stretching the pound
Which is the tail
Wagging the hound?
Put in the work
Put in the hours
Putting the words
Into her mouth

Baker's Boy

Billy the baker's boy was such a clown
Used to ride his baker's bike too fast through town
Rides on up the beacon and comes turning round
Cos he knows the steeper the hill he climbs
The faster he comes down

chorus

Ride now
Ride now and you play your bell
Ride now
Ride now through the open gates of hell

It won't be long before Billy's gone because he breaks his crown
Breaking every bone he has as he hits the ground
All the wives and mothers
They come gather round
Cos they know that once where laughter came they'll never hear
the sound

Playing With Fire

He is the man who keeps on switching
Says it ain't you it's his affliction
Him and his feet just keep on itching to leave

Finding the place of his conviction
In quite a bad state of dereliction
We've got to explain and stop him mixing their drinks

chorus

Run cos you're playing with fire
Singed as the flames getting higher
You should have run when you started to choke
Don't head for the heat
Watch for the smoke

He is the man that's cashed his chips
He's a one of a kind that takes the biscuit
Cover your eyes before you risk it with him

Takes what he can and calls it quits
He's a regular die-hard technical hitch
Sorry but I'm afraid that the picture looks dim

Man With Two Brains

Oh lord help the indecision
It breaks my heart in two
He has one half for all his demons
The other half for you
So some days he sides with evil
On others with Your son
Whichever one he's picking ends up wishing he picked the other one

Well them girls come in different sizes
Says you have to understand
While his opinion is divided
He's only just a man
He has an eye for brunettes
Ends up taking home a blonde
Whichever one he's picking ends up wishing he picked the other one

chorus

Think things
But do not say them
You really can't complain
If you don't weigh them
The man with two brains
One side going up as one comes down

So the quiet life is easy
But it doesn't get much done
He likes to put his feet up lately
But he's always on the run
Penthouse in the city or the country house and farm
Whichever one he's picking ends up wishing he picked the other one

On some days he wears the trousers
But then lets the others lead
He's so thirsty for a victory that he's happy to concede
Likes to wake up sober
But can't sleep without his rum
Whichever one he's picking ends up wishing he picked the other one