



# **Paradox - word sheet**

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**Music and arrangements - Eric Breton**

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# Over You

Don't you think I've had enough, of all your constant lies ?  
Don't you think I've had enough, of your complaining cries ?  
Don't you see that people feel, and how I feel for you ?  
Don't you realise how far, you pushed me, now adieu.

Time for us to call it quits, and start our lives again  
Anything! - no more of this, the crying and the pain.  
Though I know it does take two, I feel I've done my part  
Now I have to break away, to heal my shattered heart

I'll get over you by-and-by  
It will not be easy but I'm gonna try  
You'll fade to a memory as time goes by  
My life will go on - time is my ally

Now I've said it, I feel good, and ready to move on.  
Knowing you, you feel the same, and you will soon be gone.  
No ill feelings, no regrets, no looking to the past,  
There's no point in bearing grudges, that tend to last an last.

Time for us to call it quits, and start our lives again  
Anything! - no more of this, the crying and the pain.  
Though I know it does take two, I feel I've done my part  
Now I have to break away, to heal my shattered heart

I'll get over you by-and-by  
It will not be easy but I'm gonna try  
You'll fade to a memory as time goes by  
My life will go on - time is my ally

# Throw it all away!

I don't wanna see the moonlight, nor feel a warm June summer night,  
And if you think I should invite, then you can just go fly a kite.  
No more a sunny Valentine, candle-lit dinner laced with wine,  
Romantic strings that sound divine, no arm in arm, enlaced, entwine.

So you can just get rid of it  
You know it all just has to go.  
Don't want to see the likes of those again  
I'll never let my feelings show no more  
You can just throw it all away!

So why put all this down the drain, why should I so much abstain?  
It's all quite simple it's just the pain, is still too fresh inside my brain.  
Without you my life is inane, an empty bubble, no champagne,  
And all these things I do disdain, 'cause they remind me love's insane

So you can just get rid of it  
You know it all just has to go.  
Don't want to see the likes of those again  
I'll never let my feelings show no more  
You can just throw it all away!

So you can just get rid of it  
You know it all just has to go.  
Don't want to see the likes of those again  
I'll never let my feelings show no more  
You can just throw it all away!  
You can just throw it all away!  
You can just throw it all away!

## ***Anecdote : The verse that never made it ...***

*Those words of love all made in prose, serve only to bring out my woes.  
The emblematic deep red rose, I don't want to see more of those.  
So never more myself expose, beneath starlit skies, love propose.  
And silly love songs I'll transpose, now all those things are just no no's*

***... that one all got thrown away !! :-)***

## Two Lives

For heavens sake answer that phone, he thinks, as the sound shakes his brain.  
Will it ever leave me alone, he groans, it drives me insane

Then a bit at a time, this niggling thought, tells him he's got to go  
So his hand reaches out, and he finally stops, his alarm clock and so  
Yet another day starts, he must get up for work, it's six thirty and though  
It is really a grind, but must earn his keep, think about tomorrow

Should I be eating that bread, she thinks, as she's stirring her tea  
It will go straight on to my hips, she moans, much too much calorie

But she eats anyway, as she needs energy, to get through her long day  
As she makes for the door, grabs her coat from the floor, where it dropped yesterday  
Picks it up, throws it on, got her keys and her bag, and now she's on her way  
Hears the bus from afar, thinks she should buy a car, but never, not on her pay!

Just a day like before, and like will be again  
And although it's a bore, and it seems so inane  
This is life we want more, though it can be a pain  
This is what we're here for, so we just cannot feign

The time clock rings it's strident "ding", as though, when the handle goes down  
It is telling him that he should go, and join, the rat race, he frowns

That's the third time you're late, this week shouts his boss, as he peers round his door  
Since you're here step in-side, I have something to say, I'll send you on a chore  
And he lectures and rants, of the virtue of toil, sends him off to do more  
As he speeds down the road, sees a dame in distress, stoops and grabs tug of war

Just a day like be-fore, and like will be again  
And although it's a bore, and it seems so inane  
This is life we want more, though it can be a pain  
This is what we're here for, so we just cannot feign

Time to get off the bus, nearly went past her stop, must be quick on her feet  
And she gropes for her bag, pulls her coat gets it caught, damn it's caught in the seat  
By the time it jerks free, it's too late they've moved on, she'll cut through the back-street  
Runs and falls, drops the bag, reaches out to retrieve, tug-of-war their eyes meet

Not a day like be-fore, nor like will be again  
Though it started a bore, and it seemed so inane  
This is life they want more, just forget all the pain  
This is what they're here for, so they just cannot feign

Not a day like be-fore, nor like will be again  
Though it started a bore, and it seemed so inane  
This is life they want more, just forget all the pain  
This is what they're here for, so they just cannot feign

# Spike my imagination

You don't need handcuffs - to capture my heart, - but if might just help  
You don't need whips to - stir up my feelings - but it could be fun  
Wear leather clothing - that fits close to the skin  
Tie me to the bedpost where you can begin  
Torture me with feathers until I give in  
Your brutal caresses that make my head spin

Come on and spike - my imagination  
You've got to light - up my senses  
This is no time - for attenuation  
Oh yes! - That's also - what love is!

You don't need the ice cubes to give me a chill, but that could be cool!  
It don't take spanking to warm me inside, but then who can say?  
Find crazy new ways to explore my within  
Find unheard uses for the safety pin  
Wear me right down 'till - I'm good for the bin  
Drive me to lust it just can't be a sin

Come on and spike - my imagination  
You've got to light - up my senses  
This is no time - for attenuation  
Oh yes! - That's also - what love is!

Come on and spike - my imagination  
You've got to light - up my senses  
This is no time - for attenuation  
Oh yes! - That's also - what love is!

## ***Guitar Solo***

Come on and spike - my imagination  
You've got to light - up my senses  
This is no time - for attenuation  
Oh yes! - That's also - what love is!

Come on and spike - my imagination  
You've got to light - up my senses  
This is no time - for attenuation  
Oh yes! - That's also - what love is!  
Yes! - That's also - what love is!

# I got the point

All the kids in my class  
Simply hated me at school.  
They thought I was a stupid jerk  
And nothing but a fool

As I started growing things  
Went from bad to worse  
Every single human being  
Took me for perverse

I got the point... they made sure of that  
I got the point... they thought I was fat  
Oh I got the point, they called me a rat  
You know I got the point but that sure was not that!

In the end the point was reached  
And I could stand no more  
I took the point and stuck it in  
And walked right out the door

So now I will show them all  
I can have a ball  
They will wish they were my friends  
Ride in my new Benz

I got the point... they made sure of that  
I got the point... they thought I was fat  
Oh I got the point, they called me a rat  
You know I got the point but that was sure not that!

All the kids in my class  
Simply hated me at school.  
They thought I was a stupid jerk  
And nothing but a fool

# Cryin' Shame

The curtain of mist brought on by the pain  
Veils the feeling inside that I've lost it again.  
Yet really I know it's the end just the same  
Of a love that was taken too much for a game.

The settling thought that'll help me move on  
Is that deep in my heart I know all is not gone  
The kindling spark may well blaze yet anon  
So the notion of love is not really forgone.

But it's a cryin' shame  
I don't know who's to blame  
Yes it's a cryin' shame  
I guess we're both to blame  
Though it's a cryin' shame  
'cause it was not a game.

Maybe someday our paths may cross once more  
This time for the sport we will both keep the score  
And nurture flames that once died out before  
Then to harvest the fruit that our endeavours bore

But it's a cryin' shame  
I don't know who's to blame  
Yes it's a cryin' shame  
I guess we're both to blame  
Though it's a cryin' shame  
'cause it was not a game.

But it's a cryin' shame  
I don't care who's to blame  
'cause it's a cryin' shame  
But it turns out the same  
It's such a cryin' shame  
Yes it was not a game.

## *Chorus guitare*

||: But it's a cryin' shame  
I don't care who's to blame  
'cause it's a cryin' shame  
But it turns out the same  
It's such a cryin' shame  
Yes it was not a game. :||  
... *Ad Lib*

# Paradox

Coming to my senses, I see I'm running past,  
All the things in life, that make life go so fast.  
The years go by like months, and the months to days abrade,  
The days shrink down to hours, the hours to seconds fade.

So now, what's changed ?  
What's turning me around ?  
Am I wiser at last ?  
Or is it more profound ?  
So now what's changed for me?

Don't ask, I won't tell, OK since you insist,  
A change has happened, and it is down to this.  
Yes the thing in my life that brought on this renew,  
You ought to have guessed, since it's all down to you!

So now, what's changed ?  
What's turned me round around ?  
Am I wiser at last ?  
Or is it more profound ?  
So now what's changed in me?

So now, what's changed ?  
What's turned me round around ?  
Am I wiser at last ?  
Or is it more profound ?  
So now what's changed in me?

You know what's changed for me!



# Holidays

We go on holiday it's such a lot of fun.  
Down by the seaside the sand and the sun.  
Basking, in the sun, we lie there 'till our bodies start to burn  
Chill breeze from the sea, we snuggle close together to keep warm

Time flies we go for a ride a' top an open bus  
Coloured lights above our heads intoxicating us  
Hair brushes my face, his perfume drifts right past me on the breeze.  
He says that he loves me, but will he still when he's far from sight?

We go on holiday it's such a lot of fun.  
Down by the seaside the sand and the sun.  
Basking, in the sun, we lie there 'till our bodies start to burn  
Chill breeze from the sea, we snuggle close together to keep warm

We've been on holiday, t'was such a lot of fun.  
Down by the seaside the sand and the sun,  
the sand and the sun,  
the sand and the sun,  
the sand and the sun...

# Without a Care

Singing down the road without a care or a peeve...  
Life's so good to me that I can hardly believe,  
All the things it gives me, asking naught in return,  
I'll cite you just a few of them you will see they're not to spurn

There's the sun and there's the rain and there are flowers and the trees,  
And the creatures of the earth, the sky, the stars, the moon, the breeze.  
The smell of morning dew, the fresh cut hay beneath the scythe,  
The wind that combs my hair and leaves me feeling oh so blithe!

Dum, doo dum doo, dah doo dum  
Doo dum dum dah dum dum doo dum  
Dah do dum doom dah dum, dah doo dum  
Doo dum dum dah dum, dum doo dah  
And the creatures of the earth, the sky, the stars, the moon, the breeze.

## *Instrumental*

Dum, doo dum doo, dah doo dum  
Doo dum dum dah dum dum doo dum  
Dah do dum doom dah dum, dah doo dum  
Doo dum dum dah dum, dum doo dah  
And the creatures of the earth, the sky, the stars, the moon, the breeze.

Singing down the road without a care in the world.  
Life is really good, just like an oyster with a pearl.  
You think you've had it all - that you've nothing left to reap...  
Then a new-found treasure comes along and it's all yours to keep.

# Pictures of red

When ever I hear you groove,  
It makes me wanna move.  
The rhythm that you exude, it  
just puts me in the mood.

The feeling you stir in me's  
so deep I wanna flee,  
an' so strong it can't be right, that  
I've got to dance all night.

Love the way that you can fill my head,  
with those pictures, full of red  
make my feet wake from dead then pull me  
out of bed.

You know when that feeling hits  
I really must admit  
the one thing I want to do is  
Move on that floor to you

Don't you know, the way you play  
makes me stand up and say  
I've really got to feel that way, and  
dance on untill the end of day

Love the way that you can fill my head,  
with those pictures, full of red  
make my feet wake from dead then pull me  
out of bed.

## ***Instrumental break***

Love the way that you can fill my head,  
with those pictures, full of red  
make my feet wake from dead then pull me  
out of beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed !

# Shilling Street

Down on Shilling Street, there are  
people you'd like to meet  
No one special, nor neat  
but every one is a special treat.

There's Ben the butcher, who never eats meat,  
Rod the chiropodist - hates smelly feet.  
Sally the hairdresser can't stand the heat  
Jim the wholesaler who feels incomplete.  
John Stone the doctor who's prone to mistreat and his  
nurse Penny Treat... she faints... it's so sweet!

Down on Shilling Street, there are  
people you'd like to meet  
No one special, nor neat  
but every one is a special treat  
but every one is a special treat.

Yet they are all folks, just like us,  
They all have their problems, will they catch their bus?  
Yes they're only people just like you and me  
But their problems we, we will never see.

Down on Shilling Street, there are  
people you'd love to meet  
No one special, nor neat  
but every one is a special treat.

Peter the barber just had a close shave  
got his new scissors caught in a blow-wave seeing  
the undertaker who always looks grave,  
digging his heels in, in order to save  
Old Mrs Thomas becoming a slave to her  
dog who will not behave ... it's a brat !

## ***Instrumental break***

Down on Shilling Street, there are  
people you'd like to meet  
No one special, nor neat  
but every one is a special treat  
but every one is a special treat.

Yeah they are all folks, just like us,  
They all have their problems, will they catch their bus?  
Yes they're only people just like you and me  
But their problems we, we will never see.

Down on Shilling Street, there are  
people you'd like to meet  
No one special, nor neat  
but every one is a special treat  
but every one is a special treat.

# My Town

There's a nip in the air and I press the pace  
As the late autumn mist leaves its watery trace.  
Hurry on past the town hall, the chill makes me brace  
As I briskly cross over, the old market place.

I push on past the bus stop that I know so well,  
Where at other times warmer, my friends all would dwell,  
And so through the churchyard, the place where I fell,  
So in love with a boy, who then played kiss-and-tell.

With all of its good things and all of its bad,  
My town is the only place I've ever had.  
And although it has things that make me very mad  
Having to leave it, will make me oh so sad.

Run on by the news agent, then pause to glance in.  
The plethora of papers, mags that make me grin,  
Then off past the launderette, the cold's setting in,  
Home is not far away, I'll soon be with my kin.

With all of its good things and all of its bad,  
My town is the only place I've ever had.  
And although it has things that make me very mad  
Having to leave it, will make me oh so sad.

With all of its good things and all of its bad,  
My town is the only place I've ever had.  
And although it has things that make me very mad  
Having to leave it, will make me oh so sad.

# A Song ?

I thought I would just sit down and write you a song  
I thought I'd do it in no-time, it wouldn't take long  
I thought I'd have a good subject, I couldn't go wrong  
I thought I'd find a good melody you'd sing along

I thought I'd do it with ease, I'd find all the parts  
I thought I'd have a new hit tune, top of the charts  
I thought I'd got it all down to a very fine art  
And that is when my problems began to start

"It's easy writing hit songs" - That's what you think !  
"It's easier than pie" - I'd like to see you do it !  
"It's easy writing hit songs" - Get ! on ! with ! It !  
"I think I'm gonna try" - Have a big hit !

I thought I'd write a song that talked of the heart  
I thought I'd find sweet phrases that would tear you apart  
I thought the music would flow, didn't know where to start  
And so I let that drop and thought that I'd make you all laugh

I thought I'd find good jokes and make them all rhyme  
I thought airs would come easy - I do it all the time  
I even thought that maybe I could do it in mime, but  
I couldn't find a laugh - in every new line

"It's easy writing hit songs" - That's what you think !  
"It's easier than pie" - I'd like to see you do it !  
"It's easy writing hit songs" - Get ! on ! with ! It !  
"I think I'm gonna try" - Have a big hit !

"It's easy writing hit songs" - That's what you think !  
"It's easier than pie" - I'd like to see you do it !  
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