

IMPERFECTION

LYRICS BY JON GARVEY
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IMPERFECTION

By Jon Garvey ©2003

Well you're driving into town
As you look round
You start to lose your complexion
It all looks different
And it seems there's something wrong with your sight
Cause all the people up ahead
Look like they're already dead
But they're trying to evade detection
It's all just imperfection and it just ain't right

The man with the voice
Says he's everybody's choice
But he's the only one in the election
And you've heard it all before
When he says that the future looks bright
But the way he jumps around
'Bout every penny in the pound
You'd think it was the Resurrection
But it's not, it's just imperfection and it just ain't right

You buy something Andy Warhol signed
And you find
It was cut from the colour section
Don't lose heart
You've lost your faith in art but maybe you will see the light
So you see a vision in the sky
and you raise the cry but, oh my
It's just your brain infection
It's all just imperfection
You'd like to see a slight correction
It's all just imperfection and it just ain't right

LIZZIE GEE

By Jon Garvey ©1983

Oh Lizzie Gee, see what you have done to me
You made me just a wide-eyed fool
Oh Lizzie girl, see you get me in a whirl
When I see you walking out of school
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie, you kept us all busy
Since the day I met you
I tried so hard to get you
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie, you make my head dizzy
Please be good to me, Lizzie Gee

Once I was happy and my clothes were kind of snappy
I didn't know the games you play
Now I've got trouble, and two days growth of stubble
Trying to keep the other boys away
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie, you kept us all busy
Now you know I've found you
You got me running round you
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie, you make my head dizzy
Show some sympathy, Lizzie Gee

Oh Lizzie Gee, just amazing as can be
From your perfume to the clothes you wear
Oh Lizzie love, you're a vision from above
When you smile at me it's just not fair
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie, you kept us all busy
Perfect and you show it
But you act as if you know it
Oh Lizzie, oh Lizzie
You make my head dizzy
Please be good to me, Lizzie Gee

AFTER THE WAR

By Jon Garvey ©1983

How do you feel at the end of the war?
Do you feel glad that the victory is yours?
Do you feel glad you avoided defeat?
How do you feel as they dance in the streets?

How do you feel when you think of your friends
Buried in pieces no medals can mend?
Do you feel proud of their children and wives?
Do you feel proud of the holes in their lives
Oh after the war
There'll be peace evermore

Fought to preserve what your fathers had done
All was destroyed so the war could be won
Fought the good fight of the justified cause
Fought with the hatred that justified yours
Oh after the war
There'll be peace evermore

COSMETIC

By Jon Garvey ©2002

You say you were suspecting
Your life is not connecting
It doesn't bring you low
There's an article in Vogue
That'll make you more effective

Celebrities have used it
There are photographs to prove it
You just say that you're OK
For an hour or two a day
And it's spiritual music

Look, it's just cosmetic

Centuries of sages
Were sweating through the ages
To find what life's about
Well now as it turns out
We could have saved their wages

There's pick'n'mix salvation
At every news-stand in the nation
Books on every shelf
Tell you how to help yourself
To a new age revelation

But it's just cosmetic

Nothing ever changed cause it's just cosmetic
Feeling pretty strained cause it's just cosmetic
Can't forget the pain cause it's just cosmetic
Have to start again cause it's just cosmetic

DON'T DO IT TO ME

By Jon Garvey ©1982

Every time you look round
Someone's done a put down
Left you on the hard ground
Sisters to their brothers
Fathers to their mothers
Cutting one another
It's the universal law
To put your neighbour on the floor

Junkie when it gets dark
Walking through the car park
Gets it from a loan shark
Macho with the woodbine
Trying to keep his chick in line
He's giving her a hard time
There's no point in casting blame
It's everybody doing the same
But don't do it to me
Cause I'm only trying to do my best, you see

Climbers on the top rung
Grannies on the heart-lung
Everybody gets hung
If you want to play guitar
You get it from the A&R
He never heard the first bar
I just want to say to you
That if you mean to get me too
But don't do it to me
Cause I'm only trying to do my best, you see

GIVING UP

By Jon Garvey ©2003

When you were little
When you were little and you held my hand
I made you happy
And that's not difficult to understand
But things are different
Now things are different as they can be
You love your pleasures
You love your pleasures but you don't love me

You spend my money
You spend my money and you ask for more
I make your dinner
I make your dinner but you slam my door
I've tried to win you
And I've done all that a man can do
I feel like giving up
I feel like giving up on you

I feel like giving up
I feel like giving up on you

Well won't you tell me
Well won't you tell me, I won't ask again
Who would you turn to
Who would you turn to from the driving rain
You lie with passion
But you don't want to know a love that's true
I feel like giving up
I feel like giving up on you

I feel like giving up
(But how can I?)
I feel like giving up on you
(You are – my flesh and blood)

CLEVER FELLOW

By Jon Garvey ©1984

In the past we were struggling to find the light
Clever Fellow came by to put the world to rights
Clever Fellow, what have you done?
You solved the problem, but spoiled the fun
You reached the moon but you put out the Sun

You built machines, and we left that old world behind
You made us rich so you didn't have to make us kind
For every question, the answer you suggest
You say we need more 'cause we deserve the best
But when we look round we've bled the world to death

Well well
Clever Fellow
Clever Fellow
Clever boy

In the past we were struggling to find the light
Clever Fellow came by to put the world to rights
Clever Fellow, you know I'm on my knees
I need some wisdom, not just your expertise
Clever Fellow, why don't you just leave me, please?

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU

By Jon Garvey ©1983

Do what you want little darling
Do what you want little darling
Take what you can while you can
But don't say I didn't warn you

You were starting to make the most of your time
Now you say that you're going to take a new line

You believe when they say love has got to be free
But you're running away from the love that you need
Don't you know you get the freedom you deserve –
You get to choose what you will serve

Listen though don't you know what you're throwing away?
There'll be no going back at the end of the day

THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME TO ME

By Jon Garvey ©2003

Look at that dim kid
Smiling all around
Guess it's some kind of syndrome
I wouldn't give a pound
If you're blind in a wheelchair
You'll get a job anywhere
Leaving us to pick up the bill
 But they all look the same to me
 I got enough problems here of my own
 They all look the same to me
 Why doesn't somebody send them back home?

Look at them chicks
They got the blonde hair
They got the bare midriff
Got their Marie-Claire
I don't know where they're going to
They doing what they always do
Doesn't mean nothing at all
 Cause they all look the same to me
 Just another herd of meat on the bone
 They all look the same to me
 I just can't seem to leave it alone

Billions of drones
In millions of towns
Every one's like the rest
It's enough to bring you down
If there's life on other planets
You can bet as near as dammit
That every one is just like here
 And it all looks the same to me
 I just can't be bothered to answer my phone
 It all looks the same to me
 Just go away and leave me alone
 The same to me
 It's too much work to find something to do
 It all looks the same to me
 Turn off the light and wake me when there's something new

DRY CLEAN

By Jon Garvey ©2002

Once my star was in the ascendant
They said, "Jonny, you're too independent"
I said, "Friends are people who love you for ever"
They said, "Look out for a change in the weather."

You're doing well
But who can tell
You'll pinch yourself when you think it's all a bad dream
You're here today
But I'm afraid
You're gonna fade when they put you through the dry clean

I told the truth about life as I saw it
They only gave me aggravation for it
If you're out of step you gain no advantage
It's wrong to be right, it's better to be average.

Well you can smile
But in awhile
You'll run a mile when they damn you on the TV
Don't be a fool
Cause it's a rule
You lose your cool when they put you in the deep freeze.

LOSING STREAK

By Jon Garvey ©1983

You're brave as a lion, harder than iron
People rely on you guiding them through
Never been ill, never swallowed no pill
Just like a real Stephen Spielberg movie
Oh what a fine autonomous kind of a man
But you're looking kind of anaemic under your tan

Biceps made from solid teak
But you got that, got that losing streak
The one who eats three Shredded Wheat
But you got that, got that losing streak

Everyone greets you, longing to meet you
Everyone beats a retreat to your door
Constantly showered with money and power
Every hour you get more and more
You're flying the clouds
And the crowds are hitching a ride
But you're sitting alone
And there's something missing inside

You ain't no weirdo, ain't no freak
But you got that, got that losing streak
You sound no different when you speak
But you got that, got that losing streak
You don't look tired, you don't look weak
But you got that, got that losing streak
Six-pack like an ancient Greek
But so what, you've got that losing streak
Bloom of youth upon your cheek
But you got that, got that losing streak
Bank book like an oil sheikh
That's your lot, you got that losing streak

NEWS OF THE WORLD

By Jon Garvey ©1982

I got out of bed this morning
At the sound of my quartz alarm
I nearly choked on my tea and toast
To see your picture on another man's arm
 I don't want to read all about it
 Read it in the News of the World

They said that he and you were passing through
On your way to the Argentine
You were seen out clubbing
And I started blubbing
Cause they didn't say that you were mine

Gave you good love, you had the world to gain
But you took off on a silver plane
Did you think you could forget me
Going off into the night?
Well the papers wouldn't let me
Give you up without a fight

I read it in the London Standard
I read it in the Daily Star
I even heard it then on the News at Ten
But they didn't tell me where you are

Well I need ya every night and day
But the media took my hope away
If I knew where I could get
I'd be on the morning flight
If I thought that I'd upset you
I know we could put it right

I never tried to stop you leaving
I never tried to keep you here
But if they said you'd deceive me
I would never have believed
That I'd be the last one to hear

TURN AROUND

by Jon Garvey ©1988

Have you walked among the nations?
There is hunger far and wide
Those who don't have bread are dying
Those who have aren't satisfied

Tell me why, when we have plenty,
we are always wanting more
Is there no-one who can satisfy
The hunger of these poor
Oh the hunger of these poor

Don't you know that you can't find life without him
There is no life to be found
Life and peace are there for the asking
But you've got to turn around

Why do the people walk in darkness
When the sun shines down so bright?
Seems the more we've been enlightened
Oh the deeper is the night

Yes, and those who see the clearest
Drag their neighbours to the ground
I believe they have no light because
They've never turned around
No they've never turned around

Don't you know that you can't find life without him
There is no life to be found
Life and peace are there for the asking
But you've got to turn around
Don't you know that you can't find life without him
There is no life to be found
Jesus Christ is the only answer
But you've got to turn around
Yes you've got to turn around

HOLY

By Jon Garvey ©1986

Holy, holy is the Lord
The heavens and the Universe
All cry with one accord
That holy, holy is the Lord
Holy, holy is the One
In glory unapproachable
Far brighter than the Sun
Holy, holy is the One

Alpha and Omega
Rock of all the ages
God the only Saviour
We praise him only, holy holy

Holy, holy are his ways
His justice and his understanding
Fill the skies with praise
Holy, holy are his ways

Praise the Lord, our Righteousness
Father of the fatherless
Friend of all who are distressed
We praise him only, holy holy

Holy, holy in the height
And holy are his people
If they walk within his light
Holy, holy in the height

My Town

By Jon Garvey ©1983

The town I belong to is not like this
Full of friends I want to see and parties I can't miss
Oh, but I'm far from home
Oh, but I'm far from home
I've been here so long but I'm going back soon
I'll be rolling down the highway some sunny afternoon
Oh, but I'm far from home
Oh, but I'm far from home
You say you've never been there?
I'll tell you what I've seen there
 In my town – the sun is always shining down
 In my town – the car park's never full
 In my town, my town, gotta be there
 In my town – the music's always playing loud
 In my town – dance away the night
 In my town, we're gonna be all right

Just show me your night-life, I'll laugh you to scorn
Compare it with my town, you've got nothing going on
Oh, if you could only know
Oh, if you could only know
There ain't no killjoys, no last train
No fights, no junk, no dole, no pain
 In my town – they never bring the curtain down
 In my town – the life is never slow
 In my town, my town, gotta be there
 In my town – the centre of the Universe
 That's my town – as far as I can see
 Yes my town, my town – take you there with me