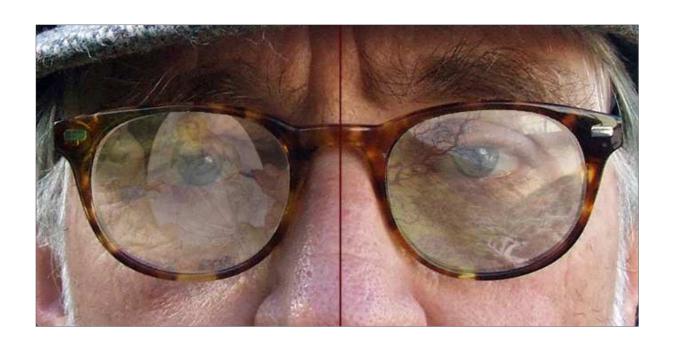
# The Eye of the Beholder



Lyrics by
Jon Garvey

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## Millbridge Road Song

By Jon Garvey ©1972, 2014

Letters, songs and golden dawns
And coloured shades
And coloured shades of meaning
My life and love seem very small
And rather far away
Turning from the hazy moon
Down pavements which the sun has thrown away
To let me walk alone
The ground is far, but I am near
Will no-one keep me from my fear?

Twinkling lights are distant souls
And empty praise
And empty praises railing
The words you spoke sound rather cold
And very far away
Turning from the hazy moon
To faces that the light has drowned
To rob me of my solitude
The ground is far, but I am near
Will no-one keep me from my fear?

## **Katy Candlemas**

By Jon Garvey ©1971, 2014

Between the starlight and the shore Katy Candlemas your moment passed Dawn was a grey line drawn across the sea And see how one tide ebbs as one tide grows

Silver ghosts among the trees
Katy Candlemas the scene had changed
Iron railings chained the city in sleep
And see how one tide ebbs as one tide grows

Shining dew upon your feet of gold
Sand that chills your toes but warms your soul
We were young but now we're growing old
I see it all but I can't see your face at all

Then another day had come
I left to tell the only truth I know
I've often wondered just what your changes would be
For often one tide ebbs as one tide grows
So often one tide ebbs as one tide grows.

#### **Professor Prom and Dora**

By Jon Garvey ©1973, 2014

I'm the guy who stole you fire from God Or that's the tale as you've received it You know I've eaten out so many times on that That I could almost believe it.

Freedom is the snake-oil that I sell "Autonomy" is on the label
They sell their souls for it, when I say I stole that too
For every fool loves the fable.

He has a girl up country
And he keeps her on his rope
She's addicted to his liberty
And believes he is the Pope
And she had a boc of troubles
But he stole away her hope
And left a lie.

He can do just what he wants
But what he wants is never right
He's living for the moment
But each moment brings the night
And his destiny's the next town
Where he sells, and drinks and fights
And then he dies.

#### **Pentadactyly**

By Jon Garvey ©1974, 2014

It's strange when yer come to fink that every four-footed beast that walks upon the earth has got five digits on each limb. Or, five fingers on each 'and, or wing if you're a bird, or bat, or pterodactyl. And if yer a whale yer making cats-cradles with yer flippers.

Now, they said at school that it's because our very first ancestor 'ad five toes on each dainty foot. They've discovered three so far: *Tulerperton* 'ad one – two – three – four – five –six; *Ichthyostega* 'ad five – six – seven; and *Acanthostega* 'ad t-t-t-t – one more. Any'ow amphibians like toads 'ave only four toes on their front feet – seems they've never known any better.

But everything's got five now, and that's odd because getting more is easy – 'appens all the time. For instance 'ampton 'awes the jazz pianist, Jimmy Cliff the reggae artist; and blues guitarist 'ound-dog Taylor 'ad extra claws on every paw. Far away in Ecuador, or so I'm told, there are tribes where nearly everyone 'as six fingers on each 'and. And in the Bible David's nephew Jonafan killed a man with six fingers – but 'e was a giant an' all. Rumour 'ad it Anne Boleyn 'ad six fingers too. I bet she wished she'd 'ad an extra 'ead.

A while ago I woz working as a doctor. A man came in who'd 'ad an accident at work. 'E was cool, 'e woz smiling in 'is bandages; a missing finger wouldn't put 'im off 'is stroke. But me? Me, I got the shivers - fooourgh – from finking wot that would mean to me. Digital examination would be tricky, but playing music would be purgat'ry. So lift yer pinkies, if you've five, and take yer glass and raise it high, and drink a toast to Pentadactyly. Pentadactyly! Give it a high five... or wotever you can afford.

#### **Chinese Twist**

By Jon Garvey ©1961

## **Desert in my Heart**

By Jon Garvey ©1961, 2014

My baby's gone away and there's nobody to care
I've got to get her back, but I don't even know where to start
I've got a desert in my heart
I'm feeling so alone
I've got a desert in my heart

She got on a ship and she sailed across the sea
To some distant place that's impossible for me to find
I've got an ocean in my mind
I'm feeling so alone
I've got an ocean in my mind

She may be in the jungle but it doesn't seem real
I think she's at the South Pole 'cause I seem to feel so cold
I've got a blizzard in my soul
I'm feeling so alone
I've got a blizzard in my soul

They tell me I'll discover some other lover But I'll never see the sun, she is the only one I'm just like Ulysses, I can never be at ease Till I've searched around the whole wide world

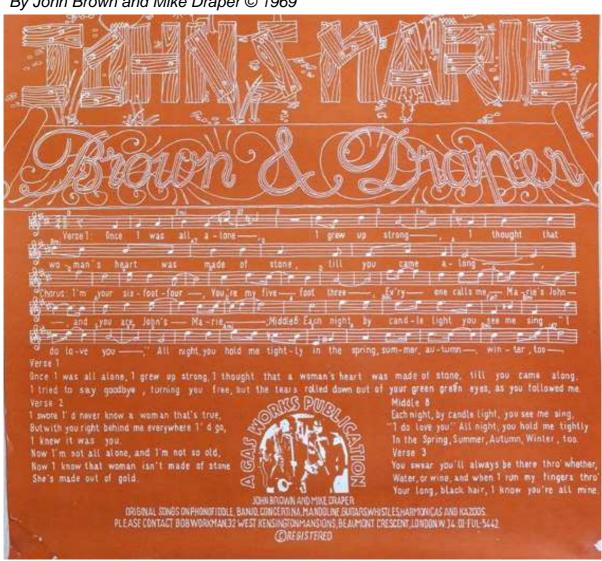
My baby's gone away, it don't rain no more If I don't find her soon, well I think I'm gonna fall apart I've got a desert on my heart I'm feeling so alone I've got a desert in my heart

## **Pilgrim**

By Jon Garvey ©1961, 2005

## **John and Marie**

By John Brown and Mike Draper © 1969



### **Make Me Well**

By Jon Garvey ©1979

As he sat by the roadway
Wondering why he was there
Staring crazed at the travellers
Ran his hands through his hair
Tossed aside, left bewildered
Wondering how he could know
Where to send his petition, he cried out with a groan
Make me well, make me well
Let me sing like the sea in a shell
Every church has its bell
Make me well, make me well, make me well.

Was it so many ages
Since that child long before
Had his eyes on the mountains
Raised the latch on the door
And now fate or delusion
Blew the dust in his eyes
Could he find no physician to assist him to rise?
Make me well, make me well
There were many to see as I fell
If I die who will tell?
Make me well, make me well, make me well.

#### The New Gnu Song

By Jon Garvey © 2014 (with apologies to Michael Flanders & Donald Swann)

I was staying up at Oxford for research on – Hebrew nouns And was in the Fellows' Parlour for some port When I noticed in the corner quite a fluttering of gowns Where some enebriated bloke was holding forth He was saying how religion is the cause of every ill And how only scientific facts are true So I asked, "Are you a Maoist, or a fan of A J Ayer?" And he answered, "No, you cretin, I'm a Gnu."

"I'm a Gnu, I'm a Gnu, the most gnoble thing the Gnetic code can do I'm a Gnu, something quite new - not some deluded IDiot like you I'm a Gnu spelt G-N-U, and not a Muslim or Rabbinic Jew I'll have nothing more to do with philosophy or woo

## Oh g-no g-no l'm a Gnu"

Whilst surfing on the internet in search of light relief
I reviewed the state of evolutionary theory
I Googled, just to ask if it was fact or only belief
I found 90 million hits about my query
Then I chanced upon a forum where the very thought was jeered
With invective that would turn the fresh air blue
And it seemed a bit familiar, which was really rather weird
Till one angry comment gave the final clue

"I'm a Gnu, a g-nother Gnu - we're a worldwide movement gnumbering a few I'm a Gnu, how do you do? We'd ban your kind at once if we could choose I'm a Gnu - go back to your pew. I wouldn't reveal my name if I were you You're just losing sleep at night wondering how I got so bright Oh, g-no, g-no, g-no, G-no g-no, I'm a Gnu G-no g-no, I'm a Gnu"

#### If You Leave it Too Late

By Jon Garvey ©1982

You know the moment is here You know the moment is now You know the who and the where You know the why and the how But if you leave it too late The opportunity's gone If you leave it too late You might have left it too long.

You're not the first to arrive You're not the last one to go You're not just one of the crowd This choice is your choice alone But if you leave it too late...

Make the choice, make the choice, Make the choice, make the choice while you can Don't let pride make you hide from becoming a happier man

Make the choice, make the choice, Make the choice, make the choice while you can Make the choice, make the choice, make the choice Be a practical man

Make the choice, make the choice, Make the choice, make the choice while you can Make the choice, make the choice, and become A new kind of a man

# **No Competition**

By Jon Garvey ©2014

In the east a sign was seen
Bringing the world the way of true love
One who showed what should have been
Giving himself to gain his new love
Strong as death the love-song rising
To his bride his heart replying

I see the path that's chosen for me No opposition can overthrow me I feel the power of love upon me No competition will drive you from me

In the prison and the mill
Breaking the bonds the song surrounds them
Love is such a sweet constraint
Lovers agree when once it's found them
They give back what they've been given
Reigning now in free submission

I see the path that's chosen for me...

#### The Eye of the Beholder

By Jon Garvey ©1972-3

Where the good lands like
In an April sky
There your arm reached low down to me
While the world's poor child, by his dreams beguiled,
Never heard your voice on the breeze
Dreams and artifacts, loves and lullabies
Take me back to the beauty of your skies

Down by swirling streams the creation seems
To enfold our souls in a pool
Of your brooding love, giving food, in love
To a world you fill with renewal
Over hilltops we wandered, pleased to stand
By deep valleys, the creases of your hands

And as I look upon all that your arm has done Wonderment freezes me, and a thrill seizes me That hill and meadow are nothing but shadows And representations of greater creations to come.