

# **The Eye of the Beholder**



**Lyrics by**  
**Jon Garvey**

**©2014**

## **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 - foourgh – 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*

**JOHN AND MARIE**  
*Brown & Draper*

Verse 1 Once I was all a-lone — I grew up strong — I thought that  
a wo-man's heart was made of stone, till you came a-long —

Chorus: I'm your six-foot-four —, You're my five-foot three —, Ev'ry one calls me Ma-rie's John —  
— and you ate John's Ma-rie —, Middle 8: Each night, by cand-le light you see me sing "I  
do lo-ve you —," All night, you hold me tight-ly in the spring, sum-mer, au-tumn —, win-ter, too —

Verse 1  
Once I was all alone, I grew up strong, I thought that a woman's heart was made of stone, till you came along,  
I tried to say goodbye, turning you free, but the tears rolled down out of your green green eyes, as you followed me.

Verse 2  
I swore I'd never know a woman that's true,  
But with you right behind me everywhere I'd go,  
I knew it was you.  
Now I'm not all alone, and I'm not so old,  
Now I know that woman isn't made of stone  
She's made out of gold.

Middle 8  
Each night, by candle light, you see me sing,  
"I do love you." All night, you hold me tightly  
In the Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, too.

Verse 3  
You swear you'll always be there thro' whether,  
Water, or wine, and when I run my fingers thro'  
Your long, black hair, I know you're all mine.

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## **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 gnable 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 g-no I'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 g-no, I'm a Gnu  
G-no 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.