

**pavlov's
cat**

Burlington Road

Ghost Song 3:56

she opened the door and let the night pour in
her sense of unease faded away to a grin
it billowed around her, telling her stories
of all the friends that she knew before
it seemed to know her and all of her sadness
tempted her onward into the night

she danced with the night
out in the woods with her friends
whirling around like a young girl again
and then they said "love, it's time to go now
we never shall be parted again"
she took their hands and just as the dawn broke
was carried away on the scent of the night

they came to the house
thinking to force their way in
a neighbour had called
they found the door swinging in the wind
they found her body wreathed in a black dress
she had the face of a young girl again
and as the shadows bloomed in the corners
fancied that they heard a song on the wind

Down the Tracks 3:49

she trips the light fantastic
in her tight top and plastic shoes
she knows they'll all be staring
at the attitude she's wearing

she drops an e, she's all smiles
her friends go on for hours and hours
with their opinions to share
how to raise a child on welfare

*at the job centre and the pub
they've been like this since they knew
that she was in the club*

fed up of thinking dumbed down
with some loser who knocks her around
he does his talking with fists
and thinking with his flies unzipped

she fantasises wine and roses
settles for bingo, cakes and ale
she pours another drink
in case her conscience makes her think

*dreams of escape over a gin
of where the grass is greener
and nobody kicks the windows in*

buys a ticket at the station
amid some kind of revelation
no more feeling claustrophobic
at the gym and step aerobics

down the tracks to start a new life
far away from harping midwives
she knows it will be complicated
but it will be what she made it

she trips the light fantastic
in her tight top and plastic shoes

She Moves Through the Fair 7:11

poem by Padraig Collum, trad. arr.: Pavlov's Cat

my young love said to me
my mother won't mind
and my father won't slight you
for your lack of kind
and she laid her hands on me
and this she did say
it will not be long love
till our wedding day

and then she went away from me
and she moved through the fair
and softly i watched her
move here and move there
then she went homeward
just one star awake
like the swan in the evening
moves over the lake

the people were saying
no two e'er, no two e'er were wed
but one had a secret
that never was said
and i watched her move on with
her goods and her gear
and that was the last
that i saw of my dear

last night she came to me
my dead love, she came in
so softly she moved
her feet made no din
and she laid her hands on me
and this she did say
it will not be long now
till our wedding day

Wash Away 4:59

across the room you see her viper's dance
her pitiful smile like a victim of circumstance
she is watching you.

nursing wounds still sore and festering
you find it hard to believe somebody will let her in
the guardian of your truth

*fix this hole i am pleading
you know i am bleeding out inside
pour over me all your sweet balm
because i glimpsed the truth from the corner of my eye
so let it rain on the righteous and the reckless
i don't want to drown
i just want to wash away*

news like a bad dream leaves you powerless
say it enough it all becomes meaningless
tethered with lethargy

two cups in and just about functional
by cold morning light it all seems trivial
living with the half life of your past

*fix this hole i am pleading
you know i am bleeding out inside
pour over me all your sweet balm
because i glimpsed the truth from the corner of my eye
so let it rain on the righteous and the reckless
i don't want to drown
i just want to wash away*

tuned to ghosts of dogma and doggerel
between radio stations where music says bugger all
sickened by the silence of your friends

you played fair and clean but now you see finally
you're full of contempt, stained by history
and the illusion of solid ground

Lighthouse for the Blind 4:48

she puts down her glasses
on an occasional table
with the books from her classes
the tears roll down her white face
so she fixes her make-up
in case she looks out of place

*but the way she looks is more beautiful than she could know
as the honesty of her bitter heart begins to show*

they're banning Mr. Punch
Whitehouse and chums
shutting down all the fun
and they don't want you to think
decide for yourself
and they might lose everything

*could it be that we need a lighthouse for the blind
to guide us all to sanity in these troubled times?*

we're wearing a hole in the sky
as the Barnum and Bailey parade passes by
and she knows her voice is so small
she privately ponders not screaming at all

*let the veil fall, reveal yourself and take my hand
together we'll search out the last piece of green in this cold and concrete land*



Burlington Road 3:46

in Burlington Road a baby is born
a family sits round with idiot grins
sure they can see the pride in his eyes
that he's said goodbye to demons within

*cries in the night wearing them down
as his temper frays, she pulls away
in the morning light the mirror tells tales
of his sallow face in Burlington Road*

as time creeps by his business expands
he works late at night, spends time with the boys
buys the family new things, except what they need
but can't paper the cracks with clothes and new toys

*all that success goes straight up his nose
his eggshell heart shatters again
through dust on the mirror the miserable sight
of his sallow face in Burlington Road*

in Burlington Road her cases are packed
the little boy tugs at the hem of her coat
through bitter tears she takes one look back
posts her ring and a note in a brown envelope

*all there is left, his only joy
to speak to the boy on the telephone
all his regrets and moments of hope
play on his sallow face in Burlington Road*

A Distant Hum 4:22

my tears are lost in the water
flowing with the river again
my mind is cast to the heavens
blowing with the dust in the wind

i can't explain the way that i feel
can't clear my head of all of this noise

can you take me to the place where i feel safe?

my fears are close to the surface
i'm living on the edge of my wit
i have calm now, born of desperation
i know that i have so much to learn

the time seems to fly away
leaving me with so much undone

here i sit paralysed by the weight of things to do

my teeth are clenched for the battle
i speak with a liar's tongue
my dreams are awful and simple
there's always someone i can't outrun

the traffic is a distant hum
truth and trust seem so far away

can you take me to the place where i feel safe?



Lord Thomas 6:52
words: trad. arr.: James Hibbins
music: James Hibbins

Lord Thomas was a bold forester
keeper of the King's deer
fair Eleanor was a virtuous maid
Lord Thomas loved her dear

"Come rail it over, dear mother" he said,
"what answer is at hand?
whether I should marry the fair Eleanor or
the brown girl, for she has house and land?"

Lord Thomas rode to Eleanor's tower
"Bad news I bring to thee,
I've come to invite you to my wedding
but the bride you shall not be"

"Come rail it over, dear mother" she said
for this wedding should I go?
for there will be a hundred friends
and a hundred of my foes"

"Your bride is wondrous brown" she says,
replies Lord Thomas "Despise her not for me
better do I love your little lily-white finger
than all her whole body"

the brown girl she was standing by
with knife ground keen and sharp
between the long ribs and the short
she pierced fair Eleanor's heart

"You look so pale" Lord Thomas said
"Oh, Lord Thomas are you blind?
can you not see my own heart's blood
running down my side?"

he took his sword from his side
and he strode down the hall
cut the brown girl's head from her shoulders
and flung it against the wall

he set the hilt against the ground
the tip against his heart
no sooner did three lovers meet
no sooner did they part

"Dig me a grave," Lord Thomas said
"dig it deep and wide
bury the brown girl at my feet
and fair Ellen by my side"

from fair Eleanor grew a red red rose
from Lord Thomas grew a briar
they formed a knot at the high steeple top
for true lovers to admire

Backyard 3:14

we have ideas for you
would you like to believe them now?
simplified points of view
beyond the point you have to think about

*we're smashing up our own backyard
too late for stories of freaks and artists, charlatans and fools
cooking at the cancer shack
our skins so thick it's a miracle if anything gets through*

take this book to lean upon
you can make it explain everything
and if your conscience bothers you
sit back and let the alcohol set in

*we're smashing up our own backyard
cupid works for Hallmark on sugar coated sentiment
we're watching as the bridges burn
we have forgotten how to feel anything of consequence*

we've eaten well but still want more
so take it from another's pile
black gold and petroleum
feed the snake behind the saccharine smile

*we're smashing up our own backyard
teaching the children to replicate our greed and fears
too much sand in our ears
to break the cycle we've been riding on for years*



Stripped to the Bone 3:24

stripped to the bone
naked and vulnerable
to beauty and danger
fears and ideas
free falling
free forming

*we roll and reel
and stagger again
stripped to the bone
drinking again*

on the razor's edge
between lunacy and articulation
politics
philosophy
philanthropy
entropy
expert taxonomy

fatigued and lucid dreaming
heated discourse
febrile ranting
arguments collapsing
adjusting
perceptions
conceptions
expositions

*we roll and reel
and stagger again
stripped to the bone
drinking again*

Sleepwalking 3:32

what is that i'm searching for
as desperation creeps
when there's too much nothing on my mind
for me to get to sleep?

when we talk without communicating
our fragments of the truth
clasp the cage's bars for bitter life
and fool ourselves with shadows

*just stop thinking, take the easy way
let this trance wash over me
and I feel i've been sleepwalking through my life, all this time*

these games are just excuses
for us not to think
so we dull the senses to shield ourselves
or drown ourselves in drink

glimpsing moments of enlightenment
through holes in the safety net
we retreat to smaller challenges
and routines we feel happy with

*just stop thinking take the easy way
let this trance wash over me
we skim the surface in this narcoleptic dream, sleepwalking*

pavlov's cat are:

Nick Anderson: bass guitars

James Hibbins: vocals, acoustic guitars & backing vocals

with

Jason Bangers: drums, backing vocals, acoustic bass on "backyard"

Kelly Jones: violin on "she moves..."

Darren Tansley: keyboards & backing vocals

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