

Replacing the Stone

Album Lyrics MUDSK001

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Myself Denied

I used to find it useful
To talk and be playful
But now there is no purpose
And functions are useless
Scratch below the surface
And all my youth has gone.

Now I've become what I always tried to avoid
Didn't want to become the man who grew to hate the boy
But I've grown so far away from the feelings of what it's like to be
With the weight of the world and hope for the future baring down on me.

I used to have a passion
Back then it was the fashion
But distraction played a hand
Stopped me listening to the bands
Dragged me into the grey lands
And then my life was gone.

Out in those quiet towns I've walked alone in the night
Avoiding the glances of those who I could have been like
But my dreams have abandoned me and I've got no memory and nothing's now left to chance
I live by the diary that's laid out in front of me and I've forgotten how to dance.

I want to get back there
To the place where we play
Where no complications
Can get in the way.

And if that can't happen
Which I think to be true
Then let there be moments
When I'm at least free with you.

I need to breathe again
An air that is tasteful
Unconditioned by the age
Untainted by the rage
Before I get to the end of my page
And all experience has gone.

Stood in the rain on the edge of the world looking in
And helpless the feeling that the end is no place to begin
Thinking about the what ifs and the buts and the circle that's kept me outside
I would've, I could've, I should've is all that I hear now echoing 'round myself is denied.

The Truth About UFO's

This story began long ago when we were children
When there was nothing else we could do
So we built a house on the garden
And I wish that I was still there with you.

Watching the sunset over the moor
Hearing the tide upon the shore
Saying the things that made us laugh
I wish I had a photograph.

When we left school we saw the roads that we had to travel
But we knew our paths would meet again
It might be weeks or months or years, it doesn't matter
'Cos time will never come between true friends.

It always seems like yesterday
I saw your face and heard you say
"Come with me, let's go and play
The song we wrote in our own way".

So here I am, twenty years on, with this gift you helped me find
That's why I'm writing you this song
You always had to travel so much further than me
But I'm missing you now you've really gone.

I'll think of you and the moving star
The Ajax drums, Satellite guitars
I preferred it when we didn't know
The truth about the UFO's
The truth about the UFO's.

Gangsters

I float up and down never coming or going
These restless feet grow from my soul.
Searching for answers unarmed by the question
Now the lack of faith starts to show.

Have I waited for too long
Missed the boat I should have been on
Someday, so long ago?
Am I mocked by the shadow
Of dreams that I'll never know?

'Tiny The Hope' was small comfort in shallow
Waters in those dark youthful days.
Whilst lodged in the windows, those fantasy children
Were rolling their dice in the haze.

And they never believed in the future.
The moment they held in their hands
Was the real.
So defeated by journeys
They left me alone here to feel
At the mercy of hoods
Mixing bad up with good
I don't know if I should cross that line.
Perhaps it's my turn tonight
To be the loser in the fight
And the blood on the knife will be mine.

So here I am now and I'm still going nowhere
Though it's not as far as before.
The friend I have been to the shadows in doorways
Is silent now for-ever more.

The Sign

Every footstep taken has some thought
It has my name on and not no-one else.
Destination winds its fateful way with no distraction
There's some place to go.

There's no strings
When she sings

So come a little closer
To the source and wind the motor
There's no teeth here that will eat you,
Just a friend.
A moment to be savoured
Do you recognise the flavour
Or is this moment that you favoured
'Round the bend?

And it's clear the path I've chosen
Isn't mine you've got your clothes on
I guess I didn't understand the sign.

Every dream is out of reach to those defeatists
Who don't see the point at all.
Mystery will wrap its hands around my fingers
Guide me to its secret place.

There's no rules
Except for fools

So I'll forget and take your hand
I don't care if it's not planned
I'll be striking up the band
For you.

I'll ask for nothing in return
It must be something that you yearn
This is how we don't get burned
Inside.

And it's feeling very different
It's clear by now what love is meant
To be like when you understand the sign.

Our Love Will See Us Through

The children are in the backyard playing in the dirt
Mother's in the kitchen trying to wash off all the hurt
Father's upstairs and he's sleeping again
He's drowned himself in a bottle of gin
Since the day they stole his pride from him
When they told him they didn't need him anymore
And his whole universe went crashing through the floor.

The street is full of cars not going anywhere
And the colour of the gutter is the colour of the air
And the garden's full of weeds, it's all looking very sad
Since that moment when the good went bad
And the words in the air became a little mad
And belts were tightened and the cries they weren't for joy
And pennies taken back from little girls and boys.

The times have always been hard times
It's not just you that it's happening to
The times have always been hard times
So when we get together, our love will see us through.

Where the pigeons, crows and seagulls share the beggars feast
Where the last can that is opened unveils the savage beast
Relentless is the character, survivor is his name
And soon we'll all be players in his angry game
Since he's lost his pride he ain't wearing no shame
It's so hard to be a man when you can't hold your head up high
When the pressure is really on, you break down and cry.

The hard times are good times
Is the lie we've been listening to.
The hard times are good times
Well, whatever, we're together, our love will see us through.

Twins

Look over there, there's a man on the ground
I'm wondering now what he has found
To occupy him so totally
Perhaps he's found a way of being free.

Old man, young man
Tell me do you have a plan?
Break out or drop out
Wish I could find what it's all about.

There's a woman I see on her own
She smiles and nods her head, she's not alone
And, to me, it's all a mystery
Perhaps a best friend is the one you can't see.

Someone or no-one
Does it matter if it is done
In fear or in cheer?
Wish I could see and touch every one.

If I should wake and find a change
Look in the mirror and see someone strange
Would you walk away or hang around
Or stop to pick me off the ground?

Not old, but so old
So many stories told
They lie so we try
To write a different name in the sky.

Replacing the Stone

Some place I've never been to
Where ancient rivers flow
Absolving all the mysteries
And where life's beauty goes.

It's not for lack of trying
To get there if I can
Should I be apologising
For being imperfect man?

(Chorus) As I make my way
Through these borrowed times
Replacing every stone I turn
Always aware they're not really mine.

When strangers come together
Just like they've always known
The secret place of winter months
Where the birds have always flown.

In answer to a calling
That is so hard to hear
Above the sound of voices
And their self-fulfilling fears.

(Chorus)

If there's a claim to an understanding
Of all that's gone before
I will be the last man standing
Unless I really can be sure.

That it's not a work of fiction
Its purpose to deny
The right of every living soul
To discover they can fly.

(Chorus)

Here's One Now

I'm stuck here at the opening line
Just trying to find the space and time.
I need to write but don't know what
Perhaps I've given all I've got.

(Chorus) Ticking Clock
Pen Drops
Ink Spots.
Now I've got
Song.

The times may change but I remain
A slave to finding a refrain
That resonates and touches all
Profoundly meaningless the call.

(Chorus)

I've been too long to be surprised
And now I see through weary eyes.
I held a hope that couldn't be
For me, at least, reality.

These minutes take so many years
I sometimes miss them when they're here
And have to wait for some time when
The space is empty once again.

(Chorus)

So here I am, as the world awakes
Reflecting on my sleepless state
And wondering if now, my friends
There's any more – or is this the end?

Symptoms

I have no time about my person
No reference point to place.
I can't follow any direction
When I don't know which way I face.

Some may say it's a condition
But it's really a constant state
A joining together of history
In which perceptions don't relate.

(Chorus) And the medicine bottle is empty
The course followed to the word
But persistent little symptoms
Still make their voices heard.

I have stood inside a rainbow
In which the colours couldn't be seen
And my nylon doors of perception
Have been torn apart at the seams.

Somehow I'm never stranger
And the fruit I bare is sweet
But it's tainted by the bitter taste
That blows in from the streets.

(Chorus)

Mine is the right to question
If there is another way
I'll take badly the suggestion
That I've grown too old to play.

Who Will Cry For Me?

I'm feeling my first winter
Now I know my name
Stood here in forgotten lands
Feeling born again.
Invisible just yesterday
Now I have appeared
Like the guilt of white history
You know is really here.

(Chorus) And Who will cry for me?
Who will cry?
Who will cry for me?
Who will cry?

I heard about the soldiers
Who threw away their guns
And found what had been stolen
The mothers of the sons.
And now I remember moments
When doubt clouded my mind
Confirmed now are the secrets
And lies that kept us blind.

(Chorus)

'Cos if I start I'll never stop
That's why my feelings are blocked
And that is why I'm not
A man like you.

I knew it was my mother
And no one felt the shame
With no one there to love her
They threw her from the plane.
Museum of sad memories
School of hopeful thought
From torture cells to classrooms
Where lessons will be taught.

(Chorus)

Empty Chairs

When I was a young lad I wanted to be
A strong burly fisherman that sailed out to sea.
I dreamt of the oceans and nets reeling in
I never thought the only fish I'd see would come in a tin. (x2)

Well my father was a fisherman and his father before
But the days have all gone when they land on the shore.
The catch of their toils, the sweat of their days
And now all that's left are the stories that tell of their ways. (x2)

And gone like the great storms
The boat of my dreams.
The fleet on the morning
Blowing full ahead steam.

Now it's the Spanish who are flying
Their flags on the bow
And our village is dying
And there's rust on the hull.

I saw an old man by the harbour wiping a tear
Saying "Son, it was something, you should have been here.
The sound of the auctions, the salt in the air
And now there's no-one left to drink with, just a pile of empty chairs." (x2)

