

**“NINE MINUTE HOLIDAY” by BABYLON SQUEAK  
(Smoking Ant Records, 2017)**

**POSTCARD FROM AMNESIA**

The spewy dewy 13th morning streets  
Are lined with unwanted trees  
I’m trapped by the trinkets  
I believed would set me free

I meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
I tripped and it slipped my mind  
I meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
A joke to folks left right behind

Backwalking in the footprints  
That brought me round about there  
But I can’t unsee, unhear, unfeel, unthink  
I can’t change planes in mid-air

I meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
Just an old fart kicking up a stink  
I meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
But I had too much to think

I’m leaving out the empties  
I’m not taking in the fools  
I’m opening the toolbox  
Playing with my tools.  
I’m dropping out of my comfort zone  
I’m getting in the rounds  
I’m shaving off the bad years  
And piling on the pounds.

Today’s jewellery’s tomorrow’s jumble  
It’s no secret, I can’t give it away  
Build it and it will crumble  
Like the twilight swallowing the day

I was meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
Something cheesy and trivial  
I meant to send a postcard from Amnesia  
But it’s hard to be easy and convivial

**SUNNY RAY**

Sunny Ray threw a ball and lost it  
Locked Gandhi’s curlers in a safe  
Out the manger lurks the danger  
Gilt can buy a lot of faith.  
Sunny boy, you’re blackclouding over  
Not hot, not feeling too bright  
Eyes rain mainly intense pain  
Limbo below your kite-kicking height

When you come through  
Will you be true?

Admiral Teabag's stainless memoirs  
Volumes of shoutspoken guff  
Bellyaching, navel contemplating  
There's gold in that thar fluff.  
Sunny Ray, you're glowly sinking  
Dead hands waving back and forth  
When Milly Munter peaks way out West  
Your South Pole heads magnetic North

When you come through  
Will you be true?

Sunny Ray, you're jumping at shadows  
Tormentertainment - yeah yeah  
And Mystic Mick accurately predicts  
Something will happen to someone somewhere.  
Time will trip us in stolen slippers  
Friends or photos are halved  
Sunny Ray can see a soli-tree  
Where one heart and four letters are carved

When you come through  
Will you be true?

I can see you  
I can see you

### **UP TO YOU**

I can hear friends join up, drinking  
When there's a shilling in the sky  
Pressure drop, no joined-up thinking  
A round of laughs buy a cry

Memorialising,  
Fantasising  
No rush to brush the flush town blue  
It's clear to see  
What's down to me  
Is up to you

Penny for the gods, tuppence for the pit  
Uncertain when the curtain falls  
Before the lamp we tramp on sawdust and spit  
Unaware of who's in the stalls

Off the script  
Getting ripped  
Axe the climax's moment of truth  
Actually  
What's down to me  
Is up to you

Cogs well oiled, the cast know their roles  
Faces contort appropriately  
Right on cue, the correct emotion shows

In the last act tragedy

Running eyes and noses

Holding poses

Wave flags, recite platitudes

Soliloquy

What's down to me

Is up to you

**Words: Paul Hamilton**

**Music: Andrew Thomson & Paul Hamilton**

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