

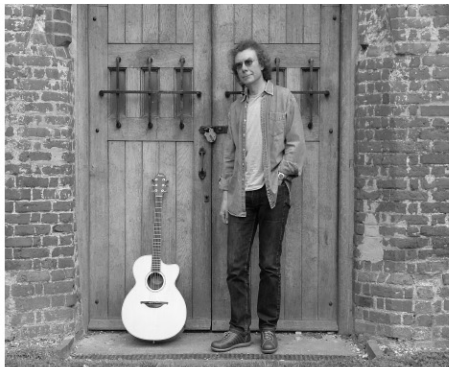
Waiting in the Wings

Just like a radio heard but not seen
Waiting in the wings
Hiding in alleyways like it's a sin
Waiting in the wings
No-one ever listens
Who could ever tell
Keep things hidden away
Think of the loser
Locked behind doors
Gambling for today

Some like to touch some like to test
Waiting in the wings
Tomorrows confusion yesterdays guess
Waiting in the wings

Stand at your elbow ring on your bell
Waiting in the wings
Like some old overcoat you know so well
Waiting in the wings

Dedicated to all bedroom guitarists everywhere.....



Concertina Man

Day is dawned sun is up
Our Captain leads his men to the fray
No Sluggards here we're all in good cheer
So fill your glass here's health to the year
Concertina man Concertina man
Play us a tune we can dance
Light and lively your fingers go skipping
Play up lets on with the dance

Whether the season be cloudy or shine
There's always his smile to help us along
Everything right his eyes close up tight
His music comes spilling out into the night

With each dance called new work to be done
He won't stop playing until we go home
Keep his jug filled with strong cider filled
And recharge his pipe he won't take it ill

Now company calls on him for a song
There's never a man as ready as he
A clearing of throat and a pitching of note
Give us the chorus we'll sing with a heart

This song was written as a memorial to Ernie, a fine concertina player for the Hoddesdon Crownsman rapper dance team who was sadly killed in a road accident.

Montague John

Oh you may call me Montague John I lead a one-man crusade
I dress all in black but my other name's Jack
And I'm very adept at my trade

I am the night walker of mist-shrouded Spitalfields
And I hide in the doorways away from the light
Reflected in a gas glare there's another girl laughing
Yes little miss here's your beau for tonight

The first in the game there was Mary Ann Nicholls
Annie Chapman entertained me in Hanbury Yard
Lizzie Stride and Kate Eddows were a double performance
And a flash of blue steel leaves my next calling card

Some say I'm a barber a Pole or a Russian
A surgeon whose hands can't hold steady a knife
A lunatic lawyer, a slaughterhouse worker
"Dear Boss" I don't lead none of these double lives

Good evening Mrs Kelly here's Jack at your service
Though you'll never know it you'll be my last
In a month they'll discover an ex-teacher's body
Washed up on Thames side stones tied around the waist

Written when working as a genealogist; we had endless arguments about the conspiracy theories surrounding the true identity of Jack the Ripper