





This Is The Story Of My Life

When I should have been at playschool
I was wearing black and playing the fool
While they were all stroking rabbits
I was picking up some nasty habits

This is the story of my life
How can you do that
You naughty little boy
Go up to your room and pray, ahh

When I should have been at college
I was gathering forbidden knowledge
While their minds were getting feeble
I was doing things that once were legal

(Chorus)

When my friends, they all got married
I was being harried out of graveyards
While they were all knitting sweaters
I was purling airs around strange letters

(Chorus)



Golden, It Is, Beautiful

For a drop of blue forgetful, I will tell you how I found it
Was in the port of devils, when The Hesperus was grounded
I wandered mazy alleys, sullen cobblestones I pounded
I came across a doorway with a ridden look upon it
And the rusty bell, I rung it
For I am just a singing seaman

This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what
This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what it's for

By no hand, the door creaked open, and I joined a dimness teeming
With a multitude of booty, 'gainst each other gruffly leaning
The floor was deep with feathers, dropped from birds hung on the ceiling
On a model of a clipper stood a tiny fiendish figure
And his features drew a shiver
For I am just a singing seaman

This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what
This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what it's for

Seated by a tortured carving was a bandy tattooed oarsman
He puffed sweet-smelling baccy from a bearded-headed meerschaum
Spinning from his dreggy fingers twirled a cureless little bargain
In exchange for my last winter is a shoal of peerless treasure
Which no earthly nets could measure
And I am just a singing seaman

This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what
This is the key, golden, it is, beautiful
But I don't know what it's for





Piepentube

Oh, piepentube
I point it out the window and I
See something rude
Bobbing in the billows, I spy
Belladonna cooking in her frilly bloomers
I wanna keep a-looking, but it's chilly, I'm shaking
I can't keep it still

Oh, piepentube
In a bush, I push it, and to
The spot I'm glued
My goggle sees a wobble in view
Stinging nettles buffet Mr Boston's bottom
I haven't seen enough yet, but I can't keep in focus
They're moving too fast

Oh, piepentube
I dip it in the deep end and I
See, swimming nude
Mrs Pappy's cheeky daughter
Floating in the water is her red bikini
I wanna have a peeky, but the lens is all steamy
The tip is all wet



New Friends

I'm Catastrophe Kate, or so they claim
A less successful sister of Calamity Jane
It must be fate
That led you to Catastrophe Kate

This here is Deathwatch Dan, don't be alarmed
He's currently inclined to see you come to no harm
Do what you can
To stay on the right side of Dan

When the evening comes and you are new in town
You need some friends to keep an eye on you
The only thing worse than being on your own
Is to fall in with the wrong kind of crew

They call me Junkyard Lil - it's only a joke
I take a little drink and I like a little smoke
I hope that you will
Keep company with Junkyard Lil

Meet Ammonia Al, of local renown
You'll hear a lot of Al from anyone in this town
Now he's your pal
You'll be glad you met Ammonia Al

(Chorus)

We are your new friends, if the night ever ends
It will feel as though we've always been here
With us as her friends an individual tends
To believe that she's got nothing left to fear

My Little Doll

A poppet of clay, tiny cotton wool hair
Raven's black feather, plucked from the air
Slip it under the arm and wiggle, wiggle
He giggles: hah, hah, hah

Ribbon carmine, as thin as a blade
Ripped from the bodice, in a luskly dark shade
Pass it around the neck and then choky, choky
She's croaky: cough, cough, cough

And it's mine till sunrise
And I love its dark eyes
My little doll, my little doll
My little doll, my little doll

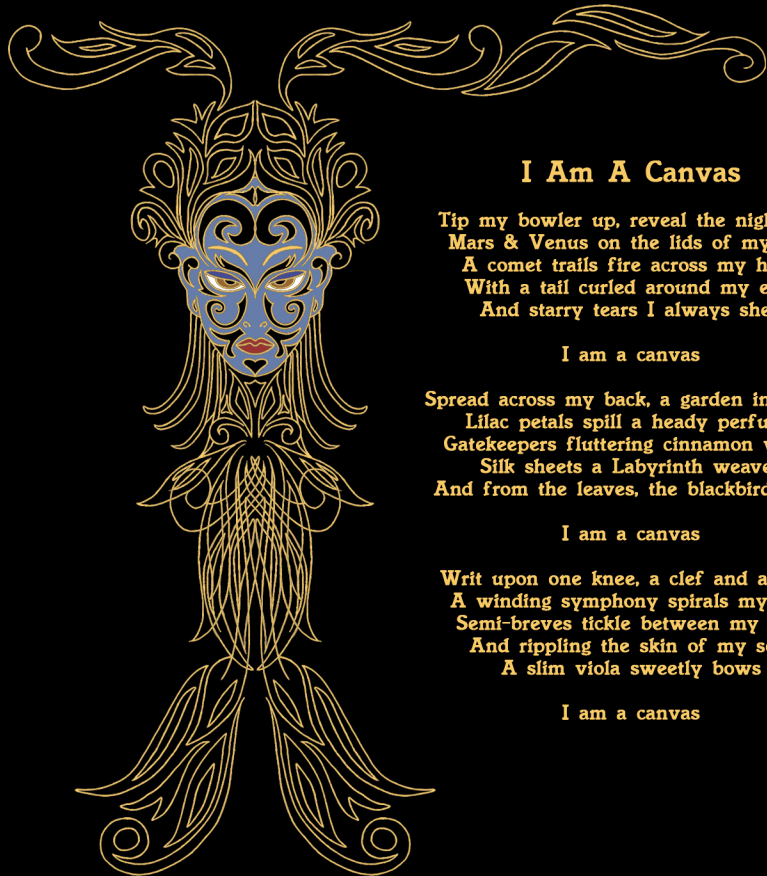
Sweet restless myrrh on a smouldering pill
Smoky black tendrils, the breath of the ill
Impishly to the nose is creeping, creeping
He's sleeping: snore, snore, snore

And it's mine till sunrise
And I love its sweet sighs
My little doll, my little doll
My little doll, my little doll

Glimmering pin, sucked from a hat
Ruby-encrusted, sharp as a rat
Slide it into the ear and pricking, pricking
Timebomb's ticking: tick, tick, tock

And it's mine till sunrise
And I love its black lies
My little doll, my little doll
My little doll, my little doll





I Am A Canvas

Tip my bowler up, reveal the night sky
Mars & Venus on the lids of my eye
A comet trails fire across my head
With a tail curled around my ear
And starry tears I always shed

I am a canvas

Spread across my back, a garden in bloom
Lilac petals spill a heady perfume
Gatekeepers fluttering cinnamon wings
Silk sheets a Labyrinth weaves
And from the leaves, the blackbird sings

I am a canvas

Writ upon one knee, a clef and a staff
A winding symphony spirals my calf
Semi-breves tickle between my toes
And rippling the skin of my sole
A slim viola sweetly bows

I am a canvas

Mid-Morning Lily Songs

Saddle up the mare of dreams, ride her into the sunrise
Thunder gathers round the beams, sable covers the bare skies
Let these streams wash our lives into the sea
Where they fade, and ever sigh

And I'm lost in a land
Where the skies are electric
All at once am I floating along
In our mid-morning lily songs

Tie a little yellow flame round the bough of an elder
Wrap this leaf around our names, hang it there for a summer
Let this rain wash our colours into grey
As we vanish, all away

And I'm lost in a land
Where the fields are like oceans
All at once am I floating along
In our mid-morning lily songs

Ever singing, we float on sweet hearts of green
Over meadow seas, over tenantless dreams
La, la, la, la....

In forest shade, we liquid are, melted into the twilight
On our lily gondolas, sheltered in a veil from sight
Over stars, shimmering on the water top
Soft, we glide into the night

And I'm lost in a land
Where the flowers are coral
All at once am I floating along
In our mid-morning lily songs

Ever singing, we float on sweet hearts of green
Over meadow seas, over tenantless dreams
La, la, la, la....





The Monkey's Hand

You should not be in this part of town
You crossed my path and saw me frown
You felt faint and you sat down
Or did you fall

Smelt a bitter scent, burning hot
I whispered words that you knew not
I showed you something but quite what
You can't recall

You're bleeding from a small wound

You'll see the monkey's hand
I'll get you in my book
You'll hear the sarabande, and then it will be
Time to take a look
If the mirror shows no sign
You will know that you are mine

Take the old road till it peters out
You'll hear the boatman give a shout
The Spanish moss hangs all about
The landing stage

Board the rotting skiff and cross the lake
Followed by a swimming snake
Though it is hot, you start to shake
For you are sick

And I think I can cure you

(Chorus)



This November Night

**Strange songs playing, so darkly chanted
With words that I feel, but don't understand
Candles in their hands
And they're singing, "Rise up"**

**This is an invasion, and the air is turning
Misty white, this November night**

**Deep dark angry, coloured in lilac
She stands in the centre, her arms open wide
Gold fawns by her side
And she's singing, "Rise up"**

**This is an invasion, and the air is turning
Witch-breath white, this November night**

**Pretty hunters, weeping with hunger
Slide up to the chalk line, malapert dumb
A pricking of their thumbs
And they're singing, "Rise up"**

**This is an invasion, and the air is turning
Crystal white, this November night**





I Sleep Amongst The Tall Tall Flowers

I sleep amongst the tall tall flowers
Where I cannot be seen
Except by one who darkly glowers
Behind the foliage green
I seem to dream
But what I dream is actual fact
And those who act sincere
As is the sound of trodden ground
That only I can hear

Come out my love if it is you
Who in the darkness goes
No reassurance doth issue
So I again repose
I miss your kiss
In restful bliss
It leaves a mark
Which tells of darker powers
That deftly reap, once more I sleep
Amongst the tall tall flowers

Oh how can you doubt me
When I say I'm in your thrall
For if you thought to live without me
I could not live at all
My tact to act
Was too exact
And now it seems
That what were dreams weren't fake
But forecasts of a dreamlike love
That keeps me wide awake



My Heart Is Leaping

Sing to me, my love, my love
Oh, sing to me, my love
A lambent shimmer that braids my blood
Come down, and sing for me

And I am mystified
And I am lost, lost inside
And I will mutely sing
My heart is leaping

Dance for me, my love, my love
Oh, dance for me, my love
A lissom skip by a spreading tree
Come down, and dance for me

And I am fine enlaced
And I am lost, lost in space
And I will mutely sing
My heart is leaping

Fly to me, my love, my love
Oh, fly to me, my love
Flash your feathers and blind me once
Come up, and fly to me

And I am cloudless blue
And I am lost, lost in you
And I will mutely sing
My heart is leaping

SCARLET'S WELL

Bid : Lead vocals, guitar
Alice Healey : Lead vocals
Peter Momtchiloff : Lead guitar
Helena Johansson : Violin, mandolin
Siân Chaffer : Organ, piano, harpsichord, vocals
Martin White : Accordion
Deb van der Geugten : Bass, vocals
Jennifer Denitto : Drums, vocals

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SCARLET'S WELL albums
Strange Letters
The Isle Of The Blue Flowers
Alice In The Underworld
The Dream Spider Of The Laughing Horse
Unreal (Live)
Black Tulip Wings
Gatekeeper

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