

Appendix II:



**BIG
COUNTRY**

The Skids

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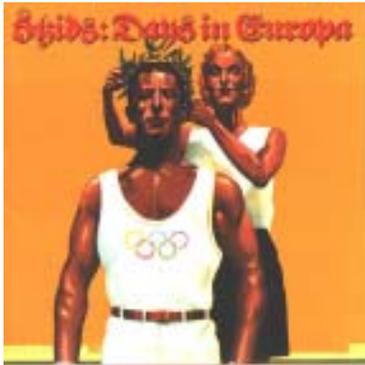
Update History

January 26, 2004 - v1.00: Initial version. All known songs listed. Lyrics taken from Oliver Hunter's "Into the Valley" website (www.geocities.com/intothevalley/itv.html). Obviously, much work still remains. If anybody is able to understand Richard Jobson's singing and wants to try transcribing lyrics, by all means let me know!

January 27, 2004 - v1.00.01: Added track times for BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert.

March 1, 2007 - v1.01: Added *The Saints Are Coming: The Best of The Skids* and *Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids Live*.

Aftermath Dub



Days in Europa (2001) 2:59

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

All the Young Dudes



The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:25

Lyrics and music: David Bowie

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda



Joy (1981) _: _
The Very Best of the Skids (2003):
5:33

Lyrics: Eric Bogle
Music: Traditional
Arrangement: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

When I was a young man I carried a pack
And lived the free life of a rover
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over

Then in 1915, the country said, "Son,
It's no time for roving, there's work to be done"
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun
And they sent me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And amidst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears
We sailed off for Gallipoli

Oh well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called Souvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter

Johnny Turk he was waiting
He primed himself well
Showered us with bullets and rained us with shells
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown us to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury the slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again

They collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind and insane
All the brave wounded heroes of Souvla

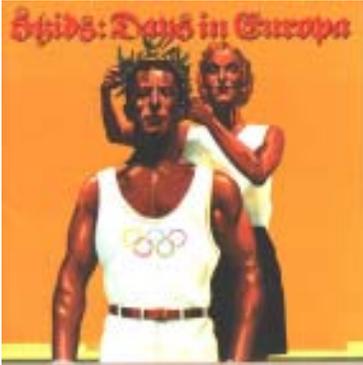
And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay
And I looked at the place where me legs used to be
I thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered they just stood there and stared
And then turned their faces away

So now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
And I see my old comrades how proudly they march
Reliving old dreams and past glory
But the old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore
Tired old men from the tired old war
And the young people ask what are they marching for
And I ask meself the same question

But the band played Waltzing Matilda
And the old men they answer the call
But year by year those old men disappear
Soon no-one will march there at all

Animation



Days in Europa (2001) 4:49
Dunfermline (1987) 4:04
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 4:04
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
4:05
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 4:33
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:16

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Animation caused the game to close
How we hurried to survive
Animation caused the hanging fire
How we hurried to retire

Disengage time and the body's on its own
Feel the stagnation and this is where we are thrown
Labour saving days are the ones that can't recline
Labour saving days are the ones that always shine

Animation was a hidden source
Always seeking a new mind
Animation was a purifier
Always starching a new find

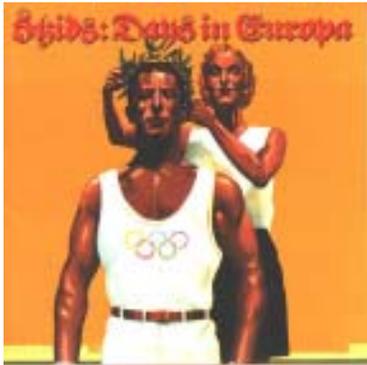
Rejuvenate time and the bodies join the throng
Contact stains but the time it feels so long
Leisure loving days are the ones that can't decide
Leisure loving days are the ones that can't provide

Animation was a lying cloud
Pretending to survive
Animation was a solemn heir
Withdrawn from the play

Animate time and the game is on its own
Play at sustaining and this is where we are thrown
Animating days are the ones that can't recline
Make believe days are the ones that always shine

Leisure loving days are the ones that can't decide
Leisure loving days are the ones that can't provide
Labour saving days are the ones that can't recline
Labour saving days are the ones that always shine

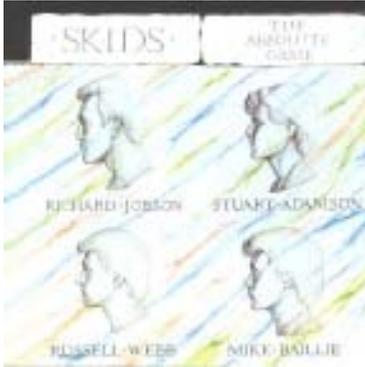
Another Emotion



Days in Europa (2001) 3:00

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Arena



The Absolute Game (2001) 5:24

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

**It's gross this loss of jaded sanity
Days are found recalling vanity**

**The guise the poise serving solitude
Days are found plating gratitude**

**Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner
Mural watching children screaming
Running running running running running run**

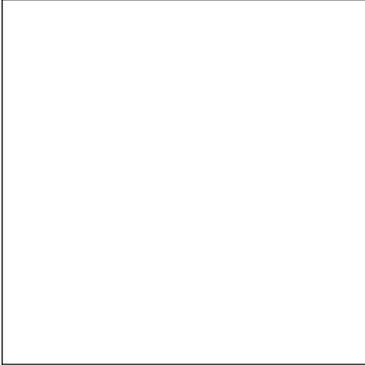
**The face, the grace of this attitude
Make mistakes onto platitudes**

**The race, the case the boys are innocent
These mistakes buy new testaments**

**Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner
Mural watching children screaming
Noble watchmen guard the children
Mural watching children screaming
Running running running running running run**

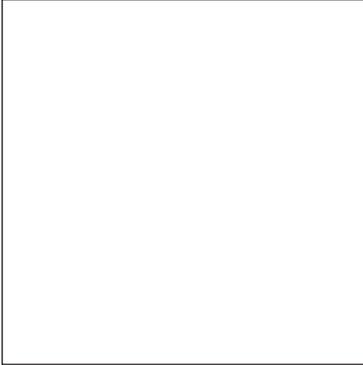
**All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh**

The Bell Jar



Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Blood and Soil



Joy (1981) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

**Too many hymns going down
We can be taught blood and soil**

**Too many books held ahigh,
We can be taught blood and soil**

Blood and soil

**Changing these joys to provide,
We can be taught blood and soil**

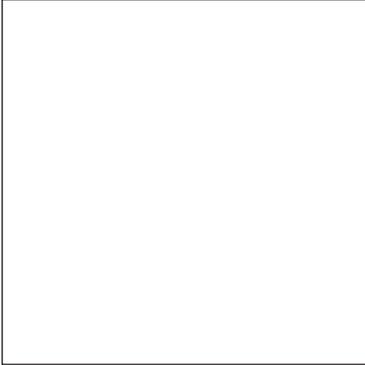
Blood and soil

**Too many hymns going down
We can be taught blood and soil**

**Too many books held ahigh,
We can be taught blood and soil**

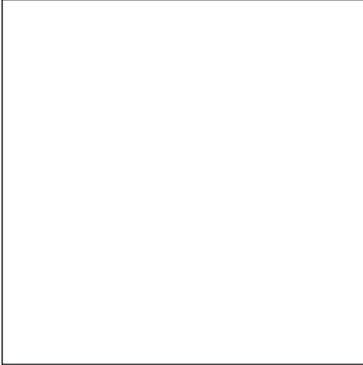
Blood and soil

Brave Man



Fields (1981) _:_

Brothers



Joy (___) _: _

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

Stood in the field
And echoed a thunder
Dream of a hill
And valleys of gold
Summer of stream
And crystal-like fountain
A flower of joy
Free from the burden
Of man-made in toil
The sorrowful sight of
Brothers in mourning

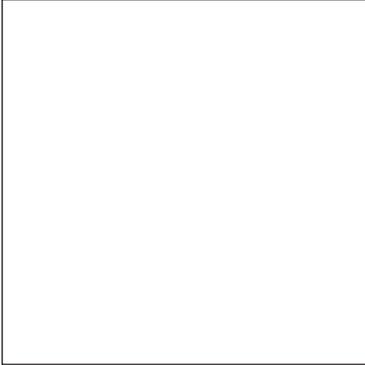
Bathed in a garden
Of greenfield and plenty
Cleansed of a sin
And ready to call
The angel of woman
Divine in her reign
A flower of joy
Free from the burden
So sick and so old
The sorrowful sight of
Brothers in mourning

Brother watch over me, guard me day by day
Brother watch over me, your strength my need to fight

Alive and so sure
I'm ready to answer
Already a man
And steady in stand
I'm already there, I'm already there
Give me a lance
I'm ready to answer
The sorrowful sight
Of brothers in mourning
Brothers in mourning

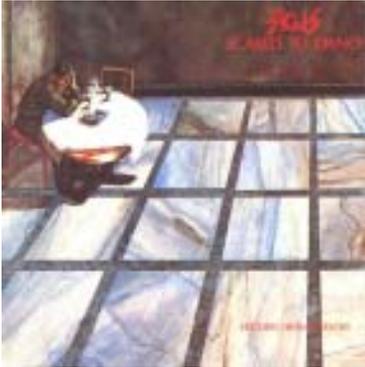
Brother watch over me
Guard me day by day
Brother watch over me
Your strength my need to fight

Bye Bye Johnny



Only available on bootleg recordings.

Calling the Tune



Scared to Dance (1990) 4:02

Lyrics: Richard Jobson

Music: Stuart Adamson

Down in the gutter
Where white eyes roar
A man seeks a lover
To keep behind doors
Lie in a bedroom
Want to make more
An ignorant human
Can't hear you call

Calling calling, crazy tunes
Look all around you
Your life is in ruins

A negative husband
No love for his wife
He lives in an army
To kill is his life
Along came a bullet
That shattered his head
Once was a father
Now he's just dead

Calling calling, crazy tunes
Look all around you
Your life is in ruins

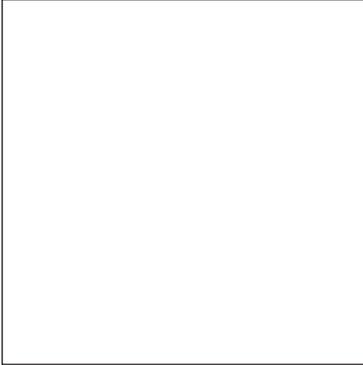
A handsome young stallion
To make is no pain
Corrupt and deceitful
He feels no disdain
His mission is simple
To add to the score
Look through his reflection
Ah what could be more

Calling calling, crazy tunes
Look all around you
Your life is in ruins

My body, my body
Has taken a shape
Dead with no friendship
I cannot relate
Blinded and deafened
They can't see my state
Inside is a kick
Can this be my fate

Calling calling, crazy tunes
Look all around you
Your life is in ruins, look all around you,
life is in ruins

A Challenge (The Wanderer)



Strength Through Joy (1980) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

I
The wanderer told me
Of galleon shores
 how mystery beckons
 while fire lights close
He spoke of danger in unholy men
The eye of the lion who looks over men

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge

II
The wanderer left me
Excited by need
 To run from the mountains
 and take to the shores
He swore an oath
To journey afar
 holding his head high
 drenched in fatigue

III
I watched from a distance
The manner of his way
 and fought for a reason
 to which I could remain
I gathered the soil
The fodder of my feed
 and ran from the mountains
 the honeycombe of seed.

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge
 hi ho.

IV
I took to the ocean
Affection of the sea
 the roaring of winds
 the blessing of my plead
Gales held a warning
Of what lay ahead
 the signs of a strange land
 those mysteries of sea

V
I braved through the storm
Resolute in fright
 and leapt at the landing
 no caution in sight
A fire on the sea shore
Defiant to the last
 desire took control
 the famine and the fast

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge
 hi ho.

VI
I seen in the distance
The wanderer so bold
 the might and the standing
 a journey for the true
I boasted of my glory
An action of the brave
 he laughed and he shunned
 and turning with disdain

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge
 hi ho.

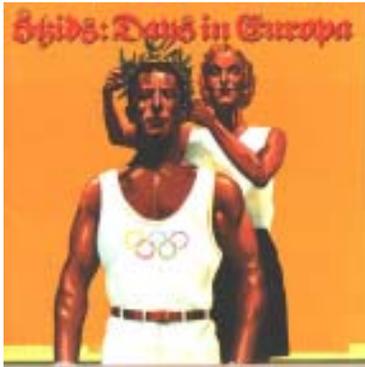
VII
The parasite within me
Drowned among the flak
 releasing my bravado
 the stunt of my attack
The wanderer soon left me
Alone, the sunken plume
 widower of a mountain
 so sullen and so soon

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge

VIII
I dreamed of a mountain
High above the sea
 the guardian of beauty
 custodian of free
Take me home, I'm weary
Sentinel of sea.
 The danger of a journey
 oh sea, the sea, I see.

I've never seen anything
I've wanted to sail
Give unto me, a challenge
 hi ho.

Charade



Days in Europa (2001) 3:54
Dunfermline (1987) 3:53
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 3:53
The Greatest Hits of Big Country and
the Skids - The Best of Stuart
Adamson (2002) 3:52
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:53
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:58
[Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live \(2007\) 3:26](#)

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

The band still played
Through the interval
Candle lit but the room was still
While two men dealt amongst the chill

Charade...

The stakes were high but the danger low
Without a friend these risks would grow
This the night their eyes would glow

Charade...

The band played on like a dazzling flame
Another card for the burning game
Selling solitude to ease the blame

Charade...

Then the time came to run or choose
Either way one would fail and lose
Gamble a partner and dim the fuse

Charade...

Charles



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:48
Dunfermline (1987) 2:43
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 2:43
The Greatest Hits of Big Country and
the Skids - The Best of Stuart
Adamson (2002) 2:45
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
2:45
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 2:47
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 2:22

Lyrics and music: Stuart Adamson

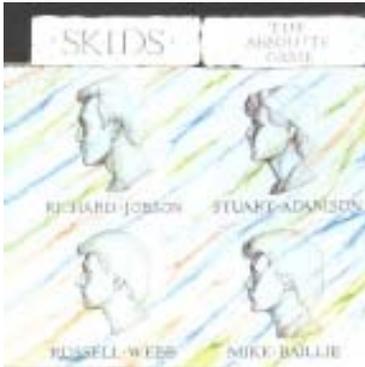
Charles got a job in a factory
Drilling sheet metal from six till three
Worked extra hours for a better wage
Got lost in his task quite needlessly

I noticed his brain was a plastic box
His work rate improved 'cause he couldn't stop
He couldn't eat lunch with those metal hands
His legs were supports for new inner glands

Next when I saw him his face was gone
A stainless steel spine now instead of bone
His arms became grafted onto the switch
Six months without food made it quite a trip

His wife soon returned from her open grief
She told his employer she had kids to keep
They gave her the scrap price of his machine
Last weekend Charles became obsolete.

The Children Saw the Shame



The Absolute Game (2001) 3:41

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

The master held on edge
And dogs are held at bay
The climax on its verge
As mother's taken away
The master looks for land
And preachers meet in fire
The master meets his land
And mother meets her choir
Oh tragedian, tragedian of my shame

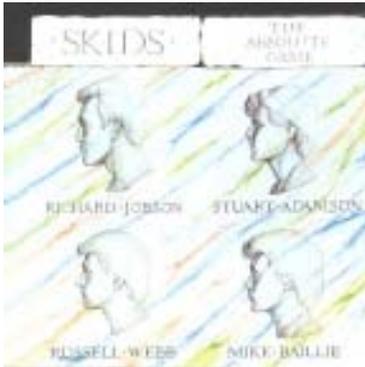
But the children saw the shame
But the children saw the shame

The master cried aloud
The children can go home
The change is in the crowd
Our embassy is thrown
The master cried in shame
As mother joins her choir
The preachers all aflame
As mothers in the fire
Oh tragedian, tragedian of my shame

Forward go the children
Playground full of sadness
Forward go the children
Mother knew the answer
Forward go the children
Tragedian of my shame

But the children saw the shame
But the children saw the shame

Circus Games



The Absolute Game (2001) 3:51
Dunfermline (1987) 3:56
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 3:56
The Greatest Hits of Big Country and
the Skids - The Best of Stuart
Adamson (2002) 3:53
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:57
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:52
[Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live \(2007\) 4:07](#)

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

**Mission is a gambler
The Wager, the one card to play
Priest has the burden
He thinks, the right thing, to say
Amid all the honour
He sees, the wrong one, to share
Since child is an angel
The duty, the one card prepare**

**Jury is a gabler
The wager, the one card, to play
Judge has the burden
He tells, the wrong one, to pay
Amid all the honour
He puts, the wrong one, to trial
Since child is an angel
No jury, but one card, so vile**

**Come and play circus games
Come and play at circus games
Come and play circus games
Come and play at circus games**

**Mother is a gambler
The wager, the one card, to play
Birth has the burden
She says no children today
Midst all dishonour
She sees a heavenly noose
Since child is an angel
The mother, one child, set loose**

**Come and play circus games
Come and play at circus games
Come and play circus games
Come and play at circus games**

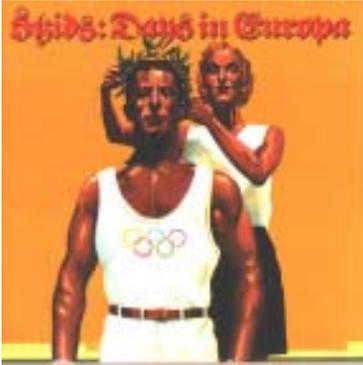
Contusion



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:43

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

A Day in Europa



Days in Europa (2001) 3:03

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

From the corner
I bled with dismay
Sight of my victims
It was my judgement day

Walking the street
So subtle and calm
Caught in my pocket
Was an Arian psalm

And the memory shall linger
And the memory shall fall
It was a day in Europa
My regression recalls

Invent the position
I attempt to conceal
Vice of my nature
The intruders can't steal
Model the guilty
I blame the blamed
Transgressions liable
To cover in shame

And the stainless shall linger
And the guiltless prevail
It was the day of our glory
My righteousness hails

Death the avenger
I kill the unworthy goals
Chase of their evil
Yes, we had control

Assist my mission
Please don't refrain
Destroy the corruption
Don't take it in vain

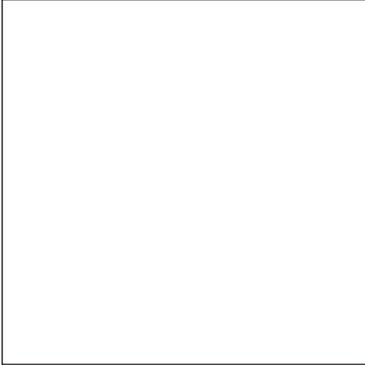
Oh, hear the singing
The churches and the choirs
Chanting hail to the mighty
Oh, they are not lying

Let us hail to mighty, the ritual begins
Let us hail to Apollo, the cleanser of sins
Let us hail to Europa, she always wins

And the memory shall linger
And the memory shall fall
It was a day in Europa
My regression recalls

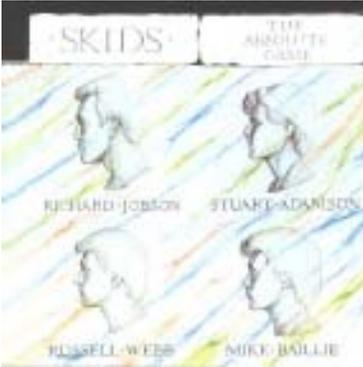
Hail to the mighty, the ritual begins
Hail to Apollo, the cleanser of sins
Hail to Europa, she always wins

Design



Only available on bootleg recordings.

The Devils Decade



The Absolute Game (2001) 5:33
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:52

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

I never seen December
Look this bad before
The paper mill is closing
Death is on our shore
Mines are slowly turning
Brothers don't come home
Father lies still coughing
Releasing us a moan

Oh mother of mine
Release us from evil, oh show us a sign
Oh mother of mine
Your children are bleeding, please show us a sign

We stood by our union
Holding up the flag
The union stood by watching
While we buried dad
Mother doesn't talk now
Only to her soul
Children hungry children
Let the people know

Oh mother of mine
Release us from evil, oh show us a sign
Oh mother of mine
Your children are bleeding, please show us a sign
Oh mother of mine
Release us from evil, oh show us a sign

La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Christmas was upon us
Everyone was there
Christmas was upon us
We've nothing left to share
The church was holding sermon
Ringing out a bell
We all prayed for mercy
Take us from this hell

Oh mother of mine
Release us from evil, oh show us a sign
Oh mother of mine
Your children are bleeding, please show us a sign
Oh mother of mine
Release us from evil, oh show us a sign

La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Dossier (Of Fallability)



Scared to Dance (1990) 3:30

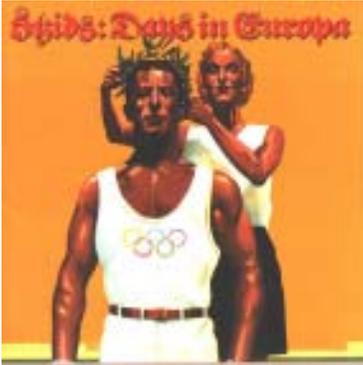
Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

1. I never said never
I only said can't
Move over move over
It's unjustified romance
No more affair
It went on too long
No more communication
Time I was gone
Put down receiver.
Time I was gone.
Move over move over
Time I was gone.

The blood lay spilled on the receiving end
The wrists were cut unseen to all
The blood lay spilled an ancient blend
The wrists were cut during this call.
2. You are such a martyr
You leave such a taste
You are a disciple
You are such a waste
No more intimacy
Only footage news
Rejection of religion
Cascaded with blame
No stricken conscience
Attendance at the ashes
Sorry for the family
See you at your grave

A situation built round this plight
I no longer seem to require my greed
All these ambitions severed in flight
Just realised love's more than a need
3. Inside and outside
Caught in between
The method that killed you
Was mine it would seem
A situation built round this plight
I no longer require my greed
All these ambitions are severed in flight.
I've just realised love's a need
Should I endeavour to reset the wire
To reset the wire of life
This mental torment with nowhere to rehire
Please let my Dossier-grind-shoot-and
HALT
The blood lay spilled on the receiving end
The wrists were cut unseen to all
All these ambitions are severed in flight
And I've just realised love's more than a need.

Dulce et Decorum est (Pro Patria Mori)



Days in Europa (2001) 4:07
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 5:37 (medley with
"Grey Parade")

Lyrics and Music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Dissipated tears from the soldier
He felt his world break, into a smoulder
Disgusted jeers come from battalions
He sought out refuge from new companions

Overground cheers seek the answers
The Heralds waiting, insert the dancers
But all around the ballet sheltered
The soldier listened as dancers faltered

These children bore no malice
Please God serve me the chalice
This ash around me thickens
Oh why does no one listen

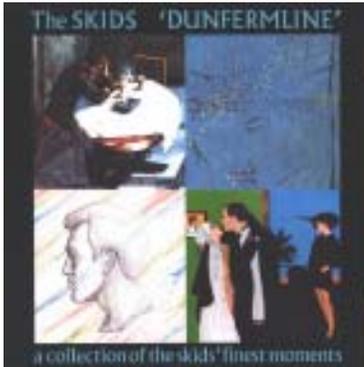
"Dulce et decorum est
My childlike dream is marching west
Dulce et decorum est
For my soul I've failed the test
Dulce et decorum est
Come our Johnny join the rest"

Heroic realms come from the martyr
He felt his world cry into a banter
But as the danger fell behind him
He felt young soldiers marching past him

These visions bear no meaning
I must stand back and leave them
Please never say you're inside
I need your world to confide

"Dulce et decorum est
My childlike dream is marching west
Dulce et decorum est
For my soul I've failed the test
Dulce et decorum est
Come our Johnny join the rest"

Fields



Joy (1981 Only available on bootleg recordings.) :__
Dunfermline (1987) 4:27
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the Skids (1995) 4:27
The Very Best of the Skids (2003) 4:28

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson & Russell Webb

Oh shift thy feet, oh peasant one
Pull and tug your burden
Even here the sweat will gain
The firm belief so Christian
Evil tide of middle age
The effort and the struggle
Will once again devour you
Carry forth and listen

The work of man upon his land
Guarantees an altar
Of kindred psalm
And flowering spring
Carry on ne'er falter

Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle

So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on

If winter comes unseemingly
Will season mark a rescue
If winter comes approvingly
Will childbirth restore you
If darker days like middle age
Profiteer hard labour
If hunger bites the bible chill
Still these days grow longer

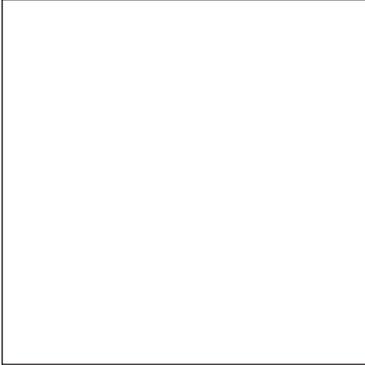
So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on

Carry, carry, carry on
Carry, carry, carry on
Carry, carry, carry on

When fields are clammed in dirty grey
You know how much they hate you
To sing a psalm in suffered calm
Carry on as always
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle

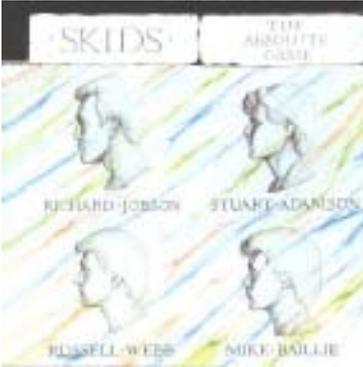
So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on

Filming Africa



Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Goodbye Civilian



The Absolute Game (2001) 4:18
Dunfermline (1987) 4:18
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 4:18
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
4:19
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 4:18

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

Never been inside
My passage is close
Boys in the river
Are dying from blows

Say hello to civilian
Say hello to the sail

Always been outside
The reason is here
Boys in the river
The tide's drawing near

Say hello to civilian
Say hello to the sail
Goodbye to the order
Goodbye to the shame
Boys in the river
The absolute game

Who is my mother
Your sweetheart's inside
Boys in the river
Caught in the tide

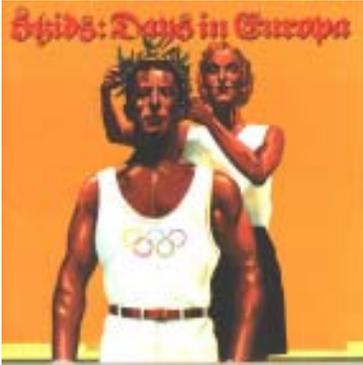
Say hello to civilian (repeat)
Say hello to the sail
Goodbye to the order
Goodbye to the shame
Boys in the river
The absolute game

Goodbye civilian, civilian (repeat)
Goodbye my friend

Never been living, never been living
As orderlies come, as orderlies come
Boys in the river, boys in the river
Have nowhere to run, nowhere to run

(Chorus)

Grey Parade

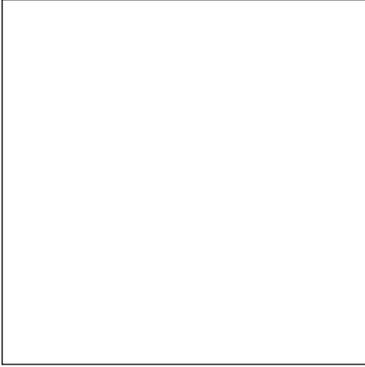


Days in Europa (2001) 4:37

Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 5:37 (medley with
"Dulce et Decorum Est")

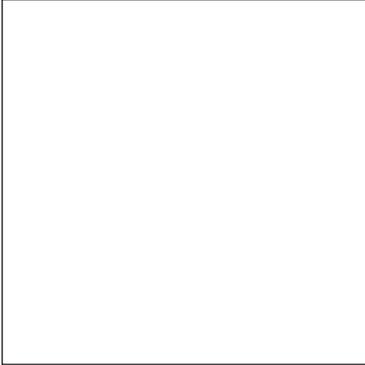
Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, & Bill Nelson

Grievance



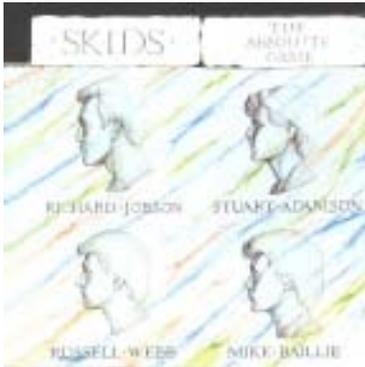
Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Hang on to the Shadows



Only available on bootleg recordings.

Happy to Be With You



The Absolute Game (2001) 3:36
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 3:16

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

We missed the boat for home
So scream we can defy
We missed the boat for home
Astute we could not die
Oh this pain inside me now
It throws me to the floor
Oh that pain's outside me now
This is heaven can't you tell

We're so happy to be with you
We're so happy to be here
Yes we're happy to be with you
Yes we're happy to be here

We play the patron's game
And run it through our hair
We play the patron's game
And watch the patron stare
Oh this game we're playing now
Parades around our fun
Oh this game we're playing now
I'm happy to be one

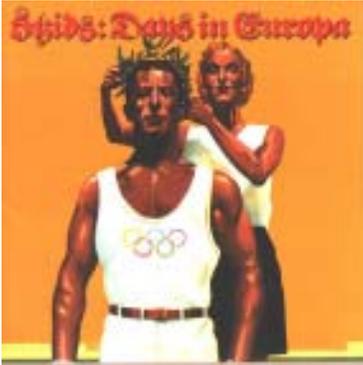
We're so happy to be with you
We're so happy to be here
Yes we're happy to be with you
Yes we're happy to be here

Oh this pain inside me now
It throws me to the floor
Oh that pain's outside me now
This is heaven can't you tell
Oh this game we're playing now
Parades around our fun
Oh this game we're playing now
I'm happy to be one

We're happy that we came today
Could heaven be so near

Oh we're happy to be with you
We're happy to be here
Yes we're happy to be with you
We're happy to be here

Home of the Saved



Days in Europa (2001) 5:07

Lyrics and music: Stuart Adamson

City grey walled in the distance
Dusty roads white from the sun
Doctors disease has to live here
Nursing the sons

One who can stray from the shepherds
Heralds an outbreak of gloom
Lost from relations unheard of
Show us the tombs

Home for the lonely, home for the new born
Home for the plague, unclean

Please for salvation and mercy
Burn on bureaucracy's pen
Figure lay waste to the saviours
Blinded again
Virus becomes epidemic
Throats grip with panic and fear
No flight from quarantine stations
Dying is here

Home for the lonely, home for the aged
Home for the plague, unclean

Lookouts lie bare on the ramparts
Cinemas boarded and closed
Immunized peace rests uneasy
Dying is done

Home for the lonely, home for the new born
home for the plague
Home for the lonely, home for the aged
home for the plague
Home of the fetish, home of the hatred,
home of the saved

Hope and Glory



Scared to Dance (1990) 3:16

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

1 The essence of outlandish dreams
Is the wake, and the daylight
Is the sweats of nighttime screams
Surrounded by crystal veils
In this position, it seldom fails

Chorus

I have hope and glory
Redeeming my life story
I have hope and glory
Dissolving all of my worry

2 The emotion of paper words
Is the lost, and the love
Raucous writers seem lost for words
Failing this the authors dream
Transcend all else, the poetic scheme

Chorus

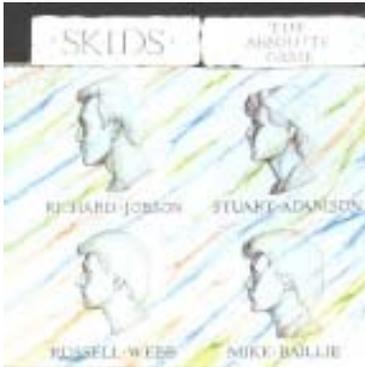
I have hope and glory
Redeeming my life story
I have hope and glory
Dissolving all of my worry

3 The blemish of the failing rise
Is the sustain, and the fear
Reject advice to accept the cries
When all of this is gone
This a time, not for forlorn.

Chorus

The man on the dolphin's side
Shine, silver diamond
Escape, prospectors, mine
Collect, enhance your children
Cherish, stalemate black on white
Shine, silver stallion
Prepare, the final ride
Victory, victory over victory
The man, the man on the dolphin's side

Hurry on Boys



The Absolute Game (2001) 3:43
Dunfermline (1987) 3:44
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 3:44
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:44
[Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live \(2007\) 3:31](#)

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

Hurry on boys, the show's for free (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, so we can see (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, while daddy's gone (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, 'cause boys are strong (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)

The clown is here, please make way (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
The clown is here, come in to play (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
The clown is here, to make nights long (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
The clown is here, while daddy's gone (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)

The boys are fed
The child has ran
Daddy's dead
Can't understand
Oh, lucky man
Oh, lucky man
Your child has ran
Your child has ran
Oh, oh, oh

Mum asked you, boys ask me (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Mum asked you, is the show for free (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Mum asked you, is something wrong (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Mum asked you, your boys are strong (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)

The boys are fed
The child has ran
Daddy's dead
Can't understand
Oh, lucky man
Oh, lucky man
Your child has ran
Your child has ran
Oh, oh, oh

Hurry on boys, the show's for free (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, so we can see (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, while daddy's gone (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)
Hurry on boys, 'cause boys are strong (hurry on boys, hurry on boys)

The boys are fed
The child has ran
Daddy's dead
Can't understand
Oh, lucky man
Oh, lucky man
Your child has ran
Your child has ran
Oh, oh, oh

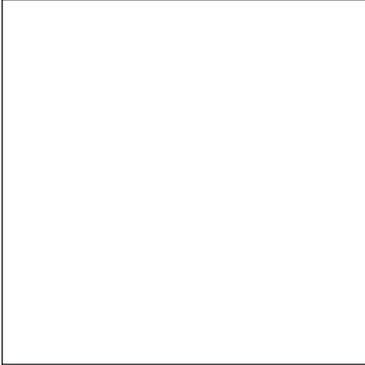
Hymns For a Haunted Ballroom



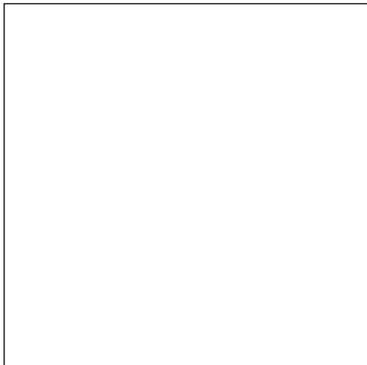
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:54

Lyrics and music: Stuart Adamson &
Richard Jobson

I Know

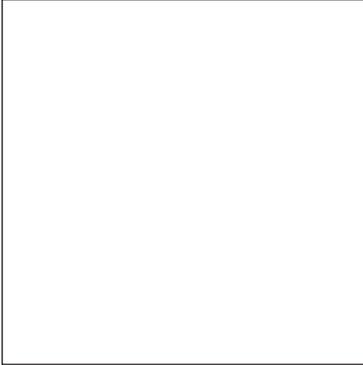


An Incident in Algiers



Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

In Fear of Fire



Joy (1981) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

**Merrily they danced on fire
I don't know why I hated fire
Something old it must have been
The way I was they must have seen.**

In fear of fire, fire.

Integral Plot



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:38
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
2:41

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

Through the crack
Three numbers together
Plan an attack
Deliver the succour
Too outrageous for me
To write of another
Somebody told me
Where is the glamour
Made you a camera
Words go much further
Hard to maintain
How comes the plot
Lost of the strength
No appetite
Remember the cause
Don't say because
I'll fight to the end
Tell the truth
The energy's gone
I'll fight to the end
Tell the truth, the energy's gone.

Into the Valley



Scared to Dance (1990) 3:19
Dunfermline (1987) 3:16
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
2:53
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 3:16
The Greatest Hits of Big Country and
the Skids - The Best of Stuart
Adamson (2002) 3:15
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:18
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:17
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:08 (medley with
"Sleep John B")

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

Into the Valley
Betrothed and divine
Realisations no virtue
But who can define
Why soldiers go marching
Those masses a line
This disease is catching
From victory to stone

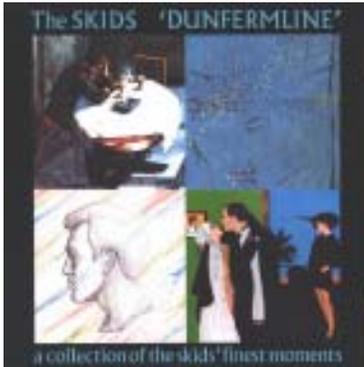
Ahoy! Ahoy! Land, sea and sky
Ahoy! Ahoy! Boy, man and soldier
Ahoy! Ahoy! Deceived and then punctured
Ahoy! Ahoy! Long may they die

Out of concealment
Blank and stark eyed
Why so uncertain
This culture deceives
Prophesised, brainwashed
Tomorrow's demise
All systems failing
The placards unroll

Ahoy! Ahoy! Land, sea and sky
Ahoy! Ahoy! Boy, man and soldier
Ahoy! Ahoy! Deceived and then punctured
Ahoy! Ahoy! Long may they die

Time for the audit
The gathering trial
A collectors dilemma
Repositioned and filed

Iona



Joy (1981 Only available on bootleg recordings.) :__

Dunfermline (1987) 3:22

Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the Skids (1995) 3:22

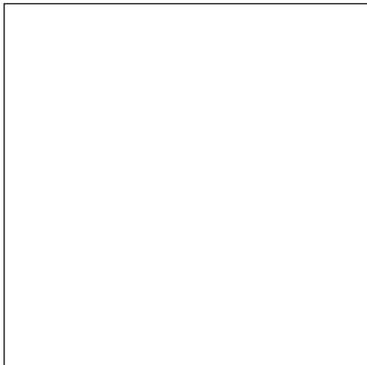
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of The Skids (2007) 3:05 (single version)

Lyrics and music: Russell Webb
(original title by Richard Jobson)

Note: Stuart Adamson plays guitar on "Iona"

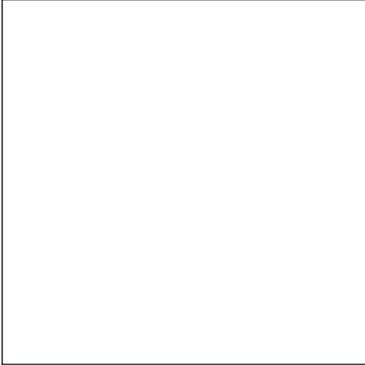
Oh Iona, winds are blowing
Shall I see you home again
Oh Iona, I remember
Days of beauty, days of pain
I believe you I am with you
To a promise I will keep
No lamenting joy is waiting
I shall see you as I sleep
Oh Iona though divided
All my passion I will save
Oh Iona undecided
Stands by waiting, as I pray
O'er the distance, now between us
Sailing homeward on stormy sea
Speed my message of devotion
Born in flame, forged in steel
Oh Iona, how I miss you
Oh my soul cries out for thee
Oh Iona, Oh Iona, Oh Iona, stand by me

Johnny Wants



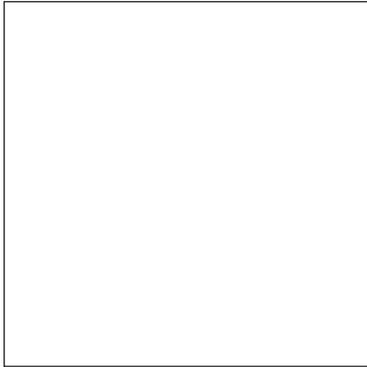
Only available on bootleg recordings.

London



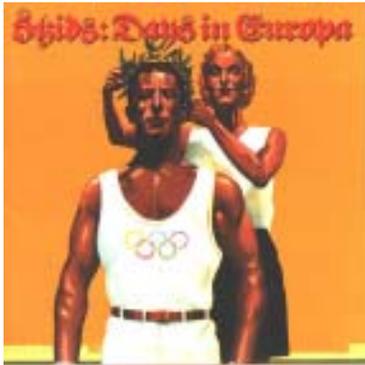
Only available on bootleg recordings.

A Man for All Seasons



Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Masquerade



- Days in Europa (2001) 2:45
- Dunfermline (1987) 2:46
- Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the Skids (1995) 2:46
- The Greatest Hits of Big Country and the Skids - The Best of Stuart Adamson (2002) 2:48
- The Very Best of the Skids (2003) 2:46
- The Saints Are Coming: The Best of The Skids (2007) 2:46
- Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids Live (2007) 2:55

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson & Stuart Adamson

Melancholy Soldiers



Scared to Dance (1990) 3:02
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
3:18
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
3:04
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:03
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 3:25

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

Who fed you to the lions
When hanging from a tree
It's a case of melancholy
There's no tourists at the sea
Twelve saw decaying monuments
While marching on attack
Eleven watched a single
Thus continued on the march
Oh, oh

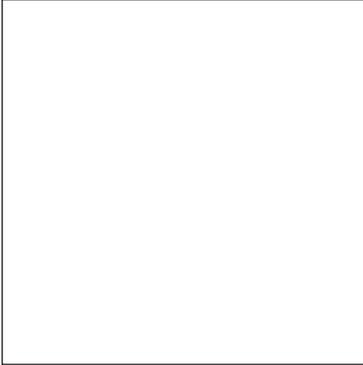
Pin point toward horizon
Convalescent to the last
A moment lost of imagery
The last word to the cast
Won't you listen to the danger
I can't listen any more
Oh, oh.

This...oh, oh oh!
This...oh, oh oh!
This...to march along
This...on undwelt seed
This...is a panorama
This...is a soldier's creed.

From this came a stranger
All the marching seemed to halt
From this came a moment
Then the march led to assault
The dwellers took position
While commanding genocide
The enemy were helpless
And there's lots more besides
Oh, oh

This...to march along
This...on undwelt seed
This...is a panorama
This...is a soldier's creed.
This...oh, oh oh
This...oh, oh oh

A Memory



Joy (1981) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

So long now
It seems as though it passed me by
And never thought to say to me

Will you no, come back again

So long now,
A memory of promises
Look and say quite distantly

Will you no, come back again

So long

So long now
The loneliness of honesty
Exposed and cost indifferently

Will you no, come back again

So long now,
The last remain of faithfulness
So long now

Will you no, come back again

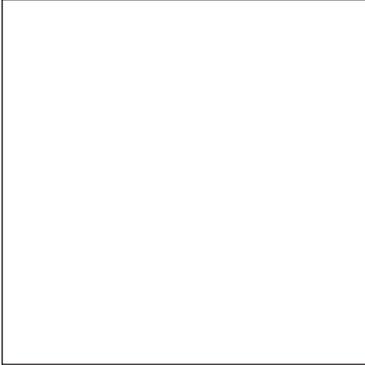
So long

So long now
It seemed as though it's passed me by
So long now
A memory of promises
So long now
I change again so easily
So long now
The loneliness of honesty
Called and said goodbye to me, so long now,

Will you no, come back again.

Lie, lie, lie, lie.

Men of Mercy

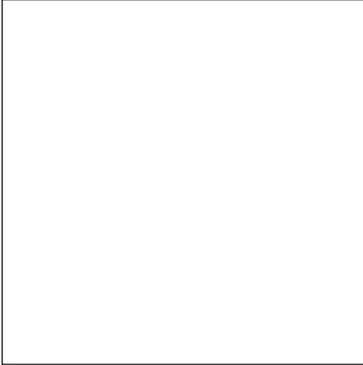


**Men of mercy, men of grace.
Show the brightness of your face.
Shine upon us, shine on sea.
By the shores, awaiting thee.**

Joy (1981) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

The Men of the Fall



Joy (1981) _:_

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Russell Webb

The men of the fall
Of courage and sword
A bow-strung courage
Holds them to ground
Astray in the snow
An echo repeats
The beg of retreat
The sound of defeat

The valley below
Dark, silent lair
Shelter the fold
From the strain of it all

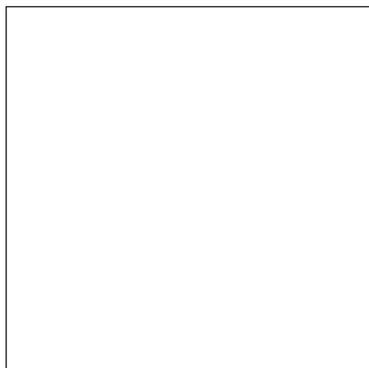
Running for days...

The men of the fall
Honour bestowed
In heyday of oath
Triumph and rage
The call to crusade
The roar and the rouse
Volley and Thunder
The fall and retreat

Running for days...

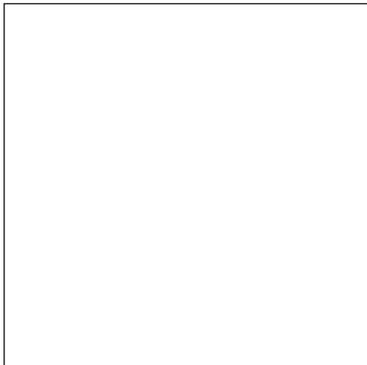
The men of the fall
Cannot surrender
The beg of retreat
The sound of defeat

Monkey McGuire Meets Specky Potter Behind Lochore Institute



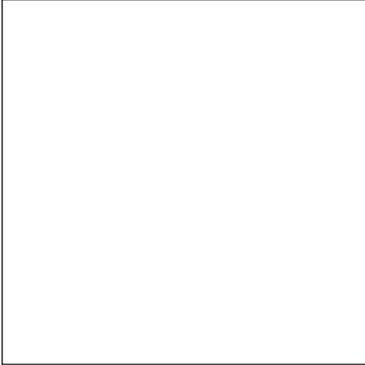
Goodbye Civilian (1980) :_:_

My Wife



Only available on bootleg recordings.

New Dare



Only available on bootleg recordings.

Night and Day



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:37
Dunfermline (1987) 2:38
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
2:17
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 2:38
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 2:08

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

The city lights are dying,
Two burning suns cruise west,
Stomachs taught,
With the smack of wine
Left behind the streets of sweat,
Bled a thousand times
Living in the alleys of grime,
Kids made of steel
Who never give,
Muscle and blood
To stay alive
An encounter on the highway,
A woman in an injured machine
Several numbers,
One wave thought
To steal some fun in a single shot,
The screams lost in the distance
No city tears were shed,
The Boss-man sheriff
So far away,
As the car pulled off and
The night turned day..... and CONTUSION...
There's blood on the road,
Car on the motorway
Screaming machine,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood on the street,
Man in the subway,
Human remain,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in the war,
Passage of history,
Only a memory
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in your brain,
Clot travelling slowly,
Held by a vice,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in the sea,
Float so smoothly,
Never to blend
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
In a reasonable way the blood gained transfusion
But nothing could block, no nothing could close,
These cells of confusion

Of One Skin

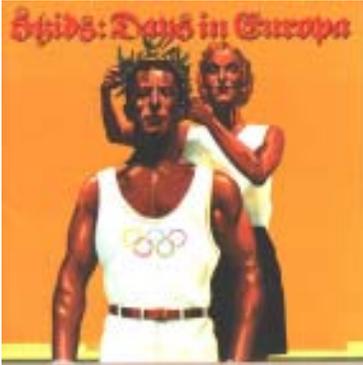


Scared to Dance (1990) 2:26
Dunfermline (1987) 2:28
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
2:49
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 2:28
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 2:26
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 3:49

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Beware, little one knowledge
Inside, you seem to acknowledge
Traced the case of your family path
A maritime captain escaped the last laugh
Deep little one ponder
Sleep you seem to discover
Meandered the track of a right-angled road
Vesuvius my sheba erupted and gored
Silk little one slender
Certain part of the gender
A mother, a father, a brother, a son
A pyramid of love remembered you are the one
Beware little one knowledge
Inside do you acknowledge

The Olympian



Days in Europa (2001) 3:31
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:27

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

We thought we'd cross the oceans higher
We thought we'd get to that final line
Now we've got these things in our way
I've got the feeling that we don't wanna stay

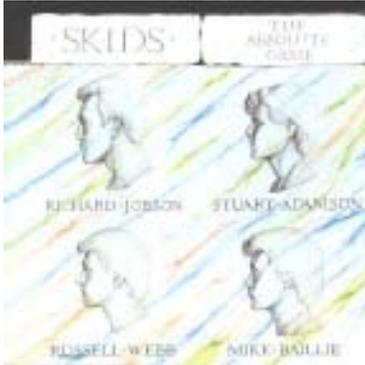
And all the banners, all the flank
And all the banners, all the flank
say
Hey, hey, look at this man
Hey, hey, he's Olympian

Let's go into the dream that stole
Let us carry on with that fantasy
Until we see other losing posts
Let us carry on with humble boasts

And all the banners, all the flank
And all the banners, all the flank
say
Hey, hey, look at this man
Hey, hey, he's Olympian

Now we've met the hostility
Now we've met the gratitude
Carried the banners and the flank
They lay together while we sank

One Decree



The Absolute Game (2001) 3:25

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

Onwards pray the angels
Forward we set sail
Onward through the darkness
Standfast do not fail
Stood by Moses' mantle
He held a new decree
We all heard
We all heard
We all heard, but could not see

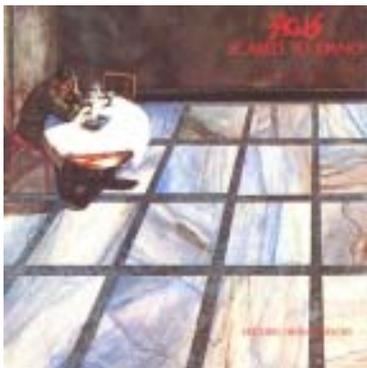
Onward praised the godly
Forward forget true
Onward missed the glory
Stoodfast none but few
Sailing was Moses' mantle
he held an old decree
We all seen
We all seen
We all seen, but could not see

Save me!! from disciples
Save me!! without sin
Save me!! from the cluster
Where I've already been

Hurrah no more falling
Hurrah we set sail
Hurrah for the glory
Hurrah we can't fail
Stood by our own decision
We held our own decree
We all held
We all held
We all held the one decree

Save me!! from disciples
Save me!! without sin
Save me!! from the cluster
Where I've already been

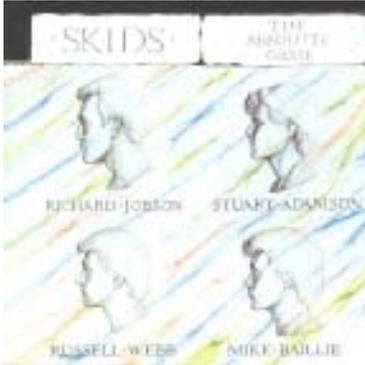
Open Sound



Scared to Dance (1990) 1:52

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Out of Town



The Absolute Game (2001) 4:09
Days in Europa (2001) 4:10
Dunfermline (1987) 4:09
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 4:09
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 4:10
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:57

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Weeping by the river, now watch how it blends
But listen to the ripples, now watch how it descends
Nobody stands by craving, now watch how it ends
Nobody stands by craving, now watch how it ends

Need to run, need to hide
'Cause I'm out of town, out of town, out of town
Out of town, out of town

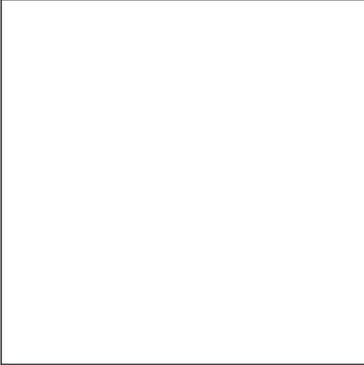
Reflections on the river, the mirror of my choice
While throwing up delusions, another image without a voice
Oh standing by awaiting, the gripping of the vice
Oh standing by awaiting when nothing is suffice

Need to run, need to hide
'Cause I'm out of town, out of town, out of town
Out of town, out of town

Preparing next fixation, now watch how it blends
Overflow with desperation, now watch how it descends
Nobody stands by craving, now watch how it ends
Nobody stands by craving, now watch how it ends

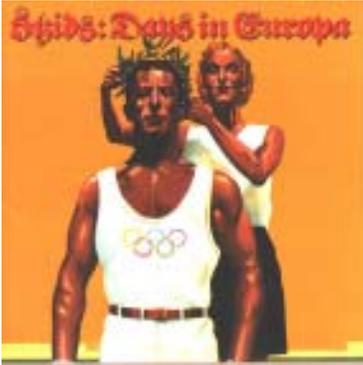
Need to run, need to hide
'Cause I'm out of town, out of town, out of town
Out of town, out of town

Paralyzed



Only available on bootleg recordings.

Peaceful Times



Days in Europa (2001) 5:04
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 5:03

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

I casted out the image from my mind
Where did the mission say to leave a sign
On the tables, books of Paris, start to shine
Oh, the world ensembles as we dine
Let's talk of Jackals and drink sweet wine
Peaceful times, Rome and Paris, are so fine

Oh, I'm sure I'd like to move on soon
Egyptian girls hide by the moon

Stand by monumental toys
Stand by me and cure turmoil
Stand by me exquisite boys
Stand by me and feel new soil

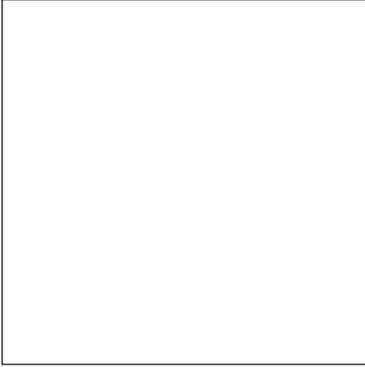
I sacrificed the methods of my dreams
On the latter, these new poets, stole the scene
Oh, I'm sure they feel I can't betray
Egyptian girls can only say

In peaceful times, new writers flow
In peaceful times, new writers know
In peaceful times, new winds can blow
In peaceful times, new winds can grow

Oh, winter and the palaces and vines
My these messages that sweep the mind
Oh, I'm sure that I must carry on
Egyptian girls don't last for long

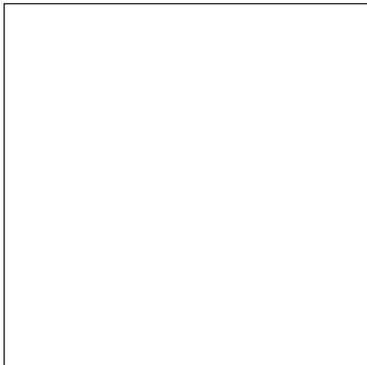
Stand by me, the snow has come
Stand by me, Oh, do not run
Stand by me, the summer is fun
Stand by me, in animation

Photograph



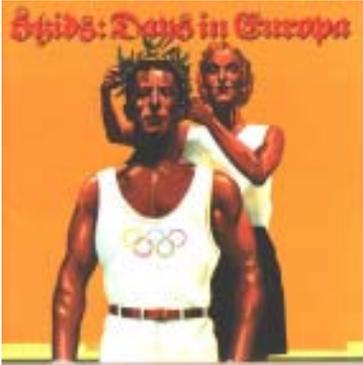
Only available on bootleg recordings.

Planet



Only available on bootleg recordings.

Pros and Cons



Days in Europa (2001) 3:19

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Are you alone
You stand by the tree
Which holds only an opening
With nothing but sea
Why do you cry
Do you hide from the sneers
Which darken the pathways
And hold only tears

Is there no end
To these buzzards' attacks
Which approach unexpected
With nothing but facts

Where is the love
Restricted from view
Hides in the chambers
Will solitude do
Is it a crime
To hold such a task
Where only one person
Takes off the mask
Who is to say
Way up in the sky
Can there be room
With nobody to lie
Pro and the cons
Take the pro and the cons
Bullet, needle or blade
Guess I knew all long
I'm caught in a charade

Reasons



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:07

Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 2:53

The Saints Are Coming



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:37

Dunfermline (1987) 2:41

BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
3:14

Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 2:41

The Greatest Hits of Big Country and
the Skids - The Best of Stuart
Adamson (2002) 2:42

The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
2:42

The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 2:40

Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 2:32

Lyrics: Richard Jobson

Music: Stuart Adamson

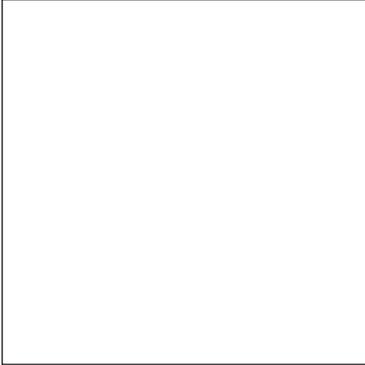
I cried to my daddy on the telephone
how long now
Until the clouds unroll and you come home
the line went
But the shadows still remain since your descent
your descent

The saints are coming, the saints are coming
No matter how I try, I realise there's no reply
The saints are coming, the saints are coming

A drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief
How long now
Until a weather change condemns belief
The stone says
This paternal guide once had his day
Once had his day

The saints are coming, the saints are coming
No matter how I try, I realise there's no reply
The saints are coming, the saints are coming

The Salmon



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Scale



Scared to Dance (1990) 4:42
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
5:11
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 4:44

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

Enemy of your regime
Enemy of your own scheme
Enemy of state
Enemy of your own hate

Reflecting glaze, of your own love
Symbol of peace the white, white dove.

Rescued from a clouded sky
Rescued as a man to die
Rescued from eternal fate
Rescued as a man too late

Obtrusive glance of your own trance
Symbol of peace the white romance

Daring not to deliver
Daring only to consider
Daring not to take a lover
Daring only to have a mother

Restricting glare of blazing glass
Symbol of peace the catholic mass

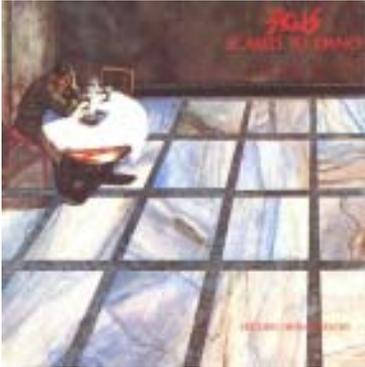
Remaining part of the unchilled cold
Still life the untold story
Is it me or the Kingdom of Glory

Death was only sleep
Death held no pain
Death was gentle
Death was release
Death was in me
Death was part.

Life was an eternal wake
Life held a choking pain
Life was rough
Life was capture
Life had left me
Life was void

Membrane burst a drowning mass
Securely latched from the past.
of myth
of faith
of heaven and of hell
of life
of death

Scared to Dance



Scared to Dance (1990) 3:17
Dunfermline (1987) 3:18
BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)
3:34
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 3:18
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 3:19
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:24

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Your face in the corner
Like some statue of gold
I want you to walk home
I want you to hold

But I'm scared to dance
Said I'm scared to dance
Well I'm scared to dance

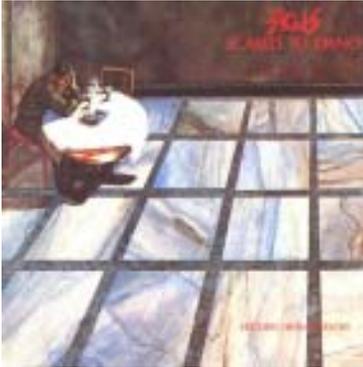
I've seen you before girl
And I've held your wrist
But I can't jive girl
No I cannot twist

But I'm scared to dance
Said I'm scared to dance
Well I'm scared to dance

So now I walk behind you
And you don't hear
Until I'm right beside you
Until you bleed (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

But I'm scared to dance
Said I'm scared to dance
Well I'm scared to dance

Six Times



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:10

Lyrics: Richard Jobson

Music: Stuart Adamson

I shot the stage, six times
Before you come
On equal, silver, grey same

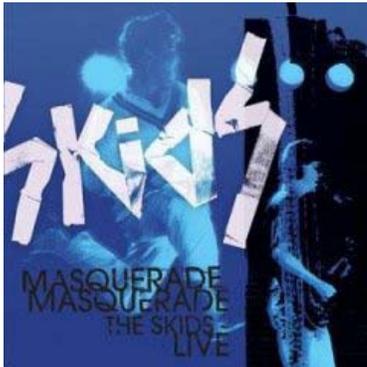
The distortion throbs
While mother sobs
But all the children
And all the men
Seem content
to be back again

Heat rose from the modules, six times
Clench of a fist
Could cause this silvery, grey mist...grey mist

The distortion eased
While mother dried
But all the children
And all the men
Seem incontent
to be free again

And you entered, and you screamed
All six of us stood
And when you answered, goodnight
No one understood, No one understood
no one understood

Sloop John B

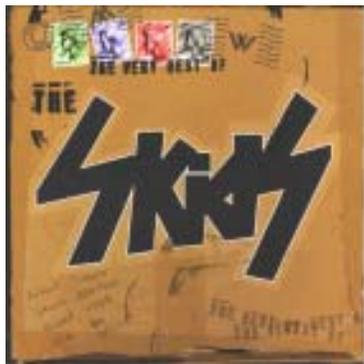


Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 4:08 (medley with
"Into the Valley")

Lyrics and music: Trad. arr Brian
Wilson



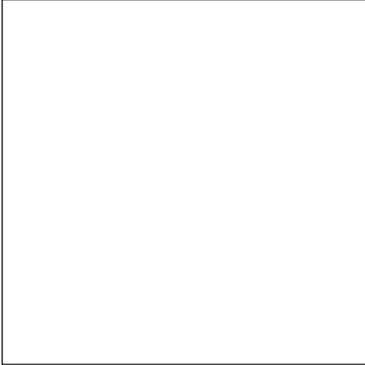
Snakes and Ladders



The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
4:01

Lyrics and music: Skids

The Sound of Retreat

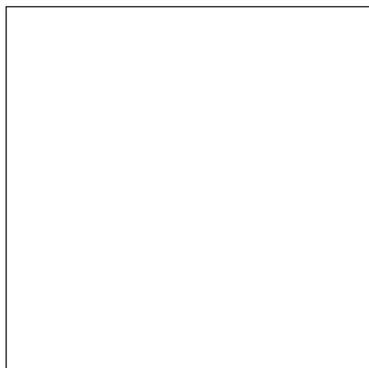


Joy (1981) _:_

Music: Richard Jobson & Russell
Webb

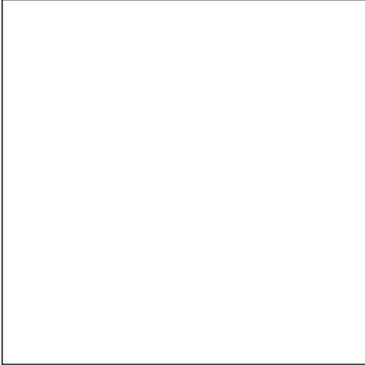
INSTRUMENTAL

Strength Through Joy



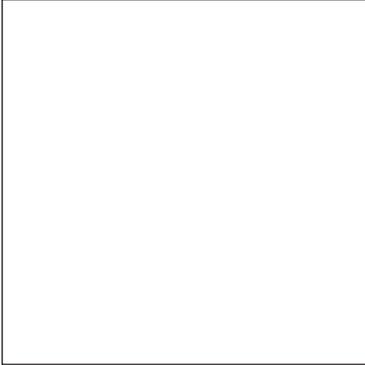
Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Summer



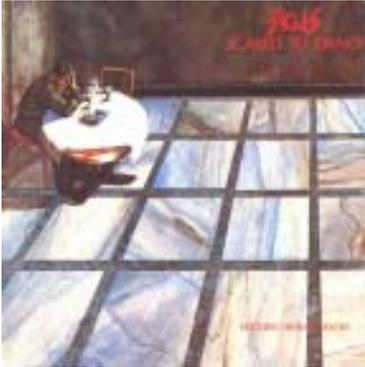
Only available on bootleg recordings.

Surgical Triumph



Strength Through Joy (1980) :__

Sweet Suburbia



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:32
Dunfermline (1987) 2:25
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the Skids (1995) 2:25
The Very Best of the Skids (2003) 2:27
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of The Skids (2007) 2:32
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids Live (2007) 1:52

Lyrics: Richard Jobson
Music: Stuart Adamson

Remnants of the ancient heart remain
Time for one to seek an anti-soak
Bars for 3 and only room for 2
Box and box, a lift for legless hope

Sweet Suburbia

Living on the paper periscope
Hot dog life cold for the antelope
Concrete days and white electric nights
Steel and steel life on the open plain

Sweet Suburbia x 2

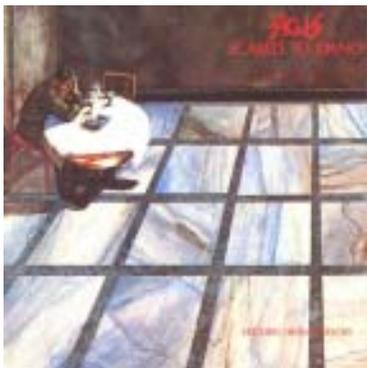
Excavate a land for restless days
Contemplate a chance for future ways
Clip and hate to centralise the world
Food and food and cardboard expatriates

Sweet Suburbia x 2

Birth and birth and birth and birth and birth
Live and live and live and live and live
Mate and mate and mate and mate and mate
Die and die and die and die and die

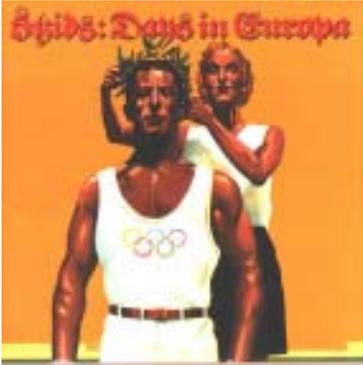
Sweet Suburbia...

Test Tube Babies



Scared to Dance (1990) 2:03

Thanatos



Days in Europa (2001) 4:07

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

The chateau bursts in seething red
As hour glass waits to count the dead
Knowing, leering and standing by
Enveloped, dwellers await to burn and cry

Thanatos, thanatos

All scruples fell in form aground
While buildings slid without a sound
Charred, smouldering and ridden through
Woman chant in another shrew

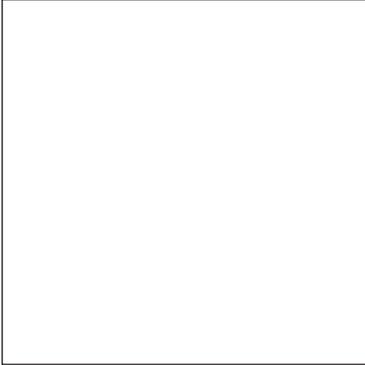
Thanatos, thanatos

And shackles met amid the rain
As sandfloors fed into disdain
Singing, chanting and looking on
Haunted hymns from a ballroom throng

Thanatos, thanatos

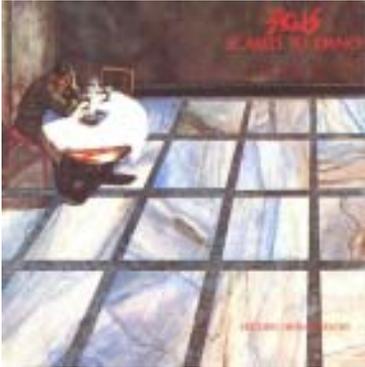
Thanatos
Can't you see
Thanatos
I'm so lonely
Thanatos
Can't you see
Thanatos
I'm so lonely

This Is Summer



Only available on bootleg recordings.

TV Stars



Scared to Dance (1990) 1:44

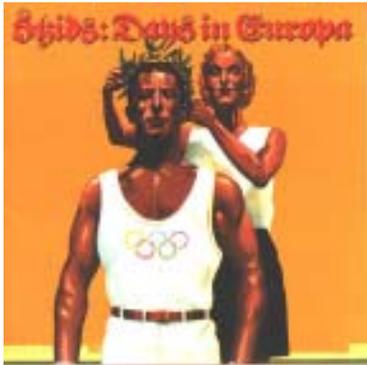
The Very Best of the Skids (2003)
1:46

The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 2:08

Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 1:32

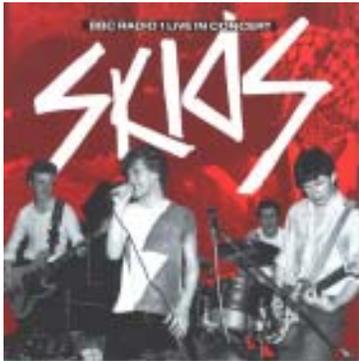
Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson &
Stuart Adamson

Vanguard's Crusade



Days in Europa (2001) 4:39

Walk on the Wild Side



BBC Radio 1 Live in Concert (1991)

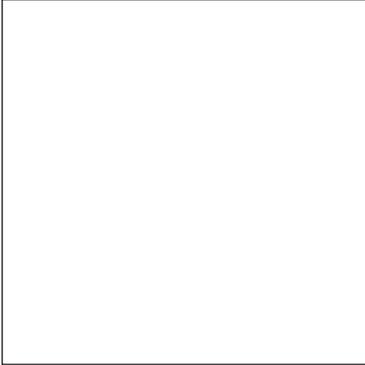
4:48

The Very Best of the Skids (2003)

4:37

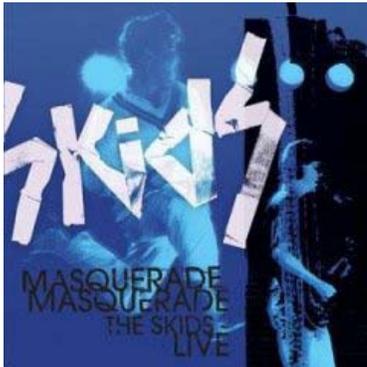
Lyrics and music: Lou Reed

War Poets



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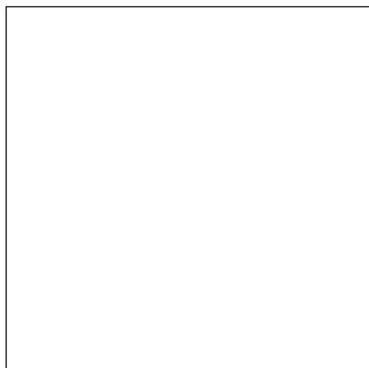
Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go?



Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live (2007) 1:28

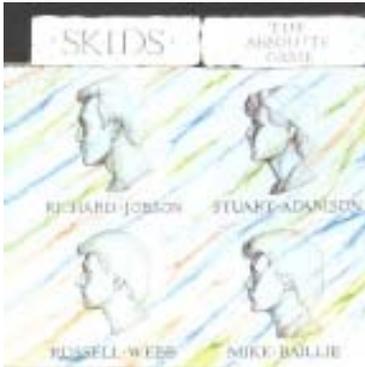
Lyrics and music: Francis McPeake

Withdrawal Symptoms



Only available on bootleg recordings.

A Woman in Winter



The Absolute Game (2001) 4:03
Dunfermline (1987) 5:55
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the
Skids (1995) 5:55
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of
The Skids (2007) 5:57
[Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids
Live \(2007\) 5:36](#)

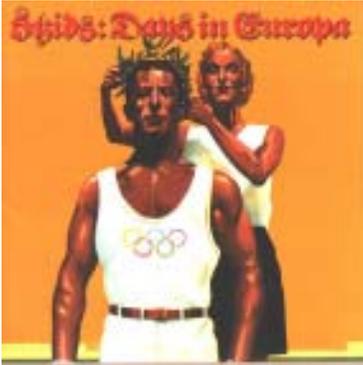
Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson,
Stuart Adamson, Russell Webb, &
Mike Baillie

The sailor shot the dice straight through
As woman cried with birth
And doctors ran from town to town
Resolving every myth
The ones who stayed afire in ice
Cried in winds of change
But winter it just fell some more
And nothing felt so strange
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)

The camps and fires lay empty there
Children had flown home
The ones who crossed still were there
As wind re-read each moan
The birthday boys cried out for sun
But no sons reappeared
But winter it just fell some more
Just as they had feared
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
I saw this lonely boy
In this other world
With a marble girl
In another face
In another world
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
Somewhere said she waits for me
It ran out from my mind
So I sat and watched the winter fall
Pretending to be blind
I watched you darken Kipling's lights
You saw me by his thrown
But winter it just fell some more
And I was still alone
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
I saw this lonely boy. In this other world
With a marble girl. In another face. In another world.
I saw this lonely boy. With a marble girl.
In another face. In another world.
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Is anybody looking for a woman in winter
Is anybody looking for a woman in winter
Is anybody looking for a woman in winter

Working for the Yankee Dollar



Days in Europa (2001) 4:54 & 3:37
Dunfermline (1987) 3:39
Sweet Suburbia - The Best of the Skids (1995) 3:39
The Greatest Hits of Big Country and the Skids (2002) 3:39
The Very Best of the Skids (2003) 3:40
The Saints Are Coming: The Best of The Skids (2007) 3:39 (Single Version)
Masquerade Masquerade: The Skids Live (2007) 5:05

Lyrics and music: Richard Jobson & Stuart Adamson

Saw Vietnam as a partisan and wished I'd never been
As I held the rope on through the scope I wish I'd never seen
Where the air turned red as the bodies bled into a schoolboy's dream
But who were there could only stare into this wondrous scene

Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

In Germany in the '45, my mind was on the altar
Thought of God the Iron Rod and thought that needed shelter
From 'Tragen' pain and men insane and eyes that got much colder
Saw a German son with a Yankee gun and a uniform much older

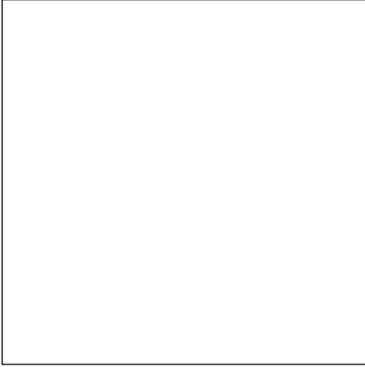
Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

Working for the Yankee Dollar
Working for the Yankee Dollar

Processions bear that human flare which mark a hero's welcome
For those dead and for those shed it was a big occasion
And all flags and Yankee mags which embroidered all the meaning
In an oversight, forgot the fight, which never bore elation

Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

Working for the Yankee Dollar
Working for the Yankee Dollar



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