

## Heaven 17

### "Excerpts From Diary Of A Contender"

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Tuesday 21/5 1985:

This morning the sky hung heavy; a dirty, yellow sky  
that kept me in bed

longer than I should have been in bed. A thunderclap,  
as loud as a bomb,

shot me into action. I was dressed and ready to leave  
for the studio in

ten minutes. Today, I'm in the car(?), for better or for  
worse. Not wishing

to go too far into the jungle of sound we stopped. We  
start another path.

Thursday 23/5 1985:

Deep in fear of running down the job I run into the  
estate. We are \*not\*

late. Socks, money, shirts, photographs of loved ones,  
tea, book,

telephone book, international driving license... We also  
need a day of

love before we go.

I speak of a spirit, as free as the wind, able to travel  
anywhere in the

world, nay, the universe; and yet, the only place that  
this spirit wishes

to be is home. But is this not the wish of the governing  
forces that are

higher even than the said spirit? Even the seed blown  
from the tree has

a predestined point; a point that must be met at some time. Paris has

lost some of its romance.

Thursday, 30 May 1985:

We return at dawn on Saturday; and it seems that the [tunnel?] will not

be discovered by the guards. Remorse is for the birds!  
We speak of a

dangerous dress that the girl puts on when she finds her lover. Fear in

the spring. [This following section is spoken very fast and with a strange

reverb.] Feeling of pleasure has been absorbed, the war is over, come home,

come home, [???] but to last the heroes of an unforgotten war, we are

expected to carry on as if the memory of the past was a pain which even

love could not overcome. We did have too much. We have had enough. There

will be more but tomorrow we'll be over the page as it always is. Help

please help me.

Friday, May 31st:

One of the boys took a strange turn. What was to be a simple film

soundtrack turned out to be more of an ordeal. Ian, now only having one

leg and laid up in a Paris hospital, was being visited by a gay black man

that he'd met in a nightclub. Martyn was lost forever in the underground

of Paris.

This last day in Paris and my stomach is in total turmoil.  
My heartbeat is

too fast. I cannot sit down, my thoughts revolve around  
only one thing,

yet I cannot focus my attention at all. Is it that we have  
broken some

unknown universal rule? Have we somehow angered a  
long-forgotten god? And

why, why when life for so long would seem to be worth  
living? Must this

bolt of unleashed fear be set free within my body? My  
mind is unclear.

Am I to be set free from the prison that I am in fear of  
living? Time will

tell us all. I know this but still a human would try to  
guess, or predict,

or dream how it will end... a totally pointless exercise.  
And yet, even

though I know this, I find myself reaching into the  
future with all my

powers, which are few, to try and glimpse a single look  
of the end. Oh,

how fucking futile the unexpected can be!

Today is bright, as yesterday was dark. The brightness  
comes from within,

but for me, my inner light is fast fading. Did I ever get a  
day of light

[day of life]?

Ian is safely at home with his parents in Sheffield,  
Martyn is living in

Amsterdam, and Glenn is alone. How often as children  
we played at being

something we were not; now that we are grown all this  
play-acting must

just stop, love must take over this desire to be  
someone or something

else. We all have love to give but not all of us get given  
love.

Tuesday, 13/7 1985:

A long time, a lot done, new places have been seen,  
new things have been

tried. Today is okay to tell the world that we are fine.  
ALL INVOLVED ARE

FINE - I think

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