

## Jalane

### "Pretty Green"

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PRETTY GREEN (Paul Weller)

I've got a pocket full of pretty green -  
I'm gonna put it in the fruit machine -  
I'm gonna put it in the juke box -  
It's gonna play all the records in the hit parade -  
This is the pretty green - this is society -  
You can't do nothing - unless it's in the pocket - oh no -  
I've got a pocket full of pretty green -  
I'm gonna give it to the man behind the counter -  
He's gonna give me food and water -  
I'm gonna eat that and look for more -  
And they didn't teach me that in school -  
It's something that I learnt on my own -  
That power is measured by the pound or the fist -  
It's as clear as this oh -  
I've got a pocket full of Pretty Green!

MONDAY (Paul Weller)

Rainclouds came and stole my thunder -  
Left me barren like a desert  
But a sunshine girl like you  
It's worth going through -  
I will never be embarrassed about love again.  
Tortured winds that blew me over -  
When I start to think that I'm something special  
They tell me that I'm not -  
And they're right and I'm glad and I'm not -  
I will never be embarrassed about that again.  
Oh baby I'm dreaming of Monday,  
Oh baby will I see you again,  
Oh baby I'm dreaming of Monday.

MAN IN THE CORNER SHOP (Paul Weller)

Puts up the closed sign does the man in the corner  
shop  
Serves his last and says goodbye to him  
He knows it is a hard life  
But it's nice to be your own boss really  
Walks off home does the last customer  
He is jealous of the man in the corner shop  
He is sick of working at the factory  
Says it must be nice to be your own boss (really)  
Sells cigars to the boss from the factory

He is jealous is the man in the corner shop  
He is sick of struggling so hard  
He says - it must be nice to own a factory  
Go to church do the people from the area  
All shapes and classes sit and pray together  
For here they are all one  
For God created all men equal.  
SET THE HOUSE ABLAZE (Paul Weller)  
I was in the Pub last night  
When a mutual friend of ours said  
He'd seen you in the uniform.  
Yeah the leather belt looks manly  
The black boots butch  
But oh what a bastard to get off.  
Promises, promises  
They offer real solutions  
But hatred has never won for long.  
And something you said set the house ablaze  
You was so open minded  
But by someone blinded  
And now your sign says closed.  
Promises, promises  
They offer real solutions  
But hatred has never won for long.  
I think we've lost our perception -  
I think we've lost sight of the goals we should be  
working for  
I think we've lost our reason  
We stumble blindly and that vision must be restored!  
I wish that there was something  
I could do about it  
I wish that there was some way  
I could try to fight it  
Scream and shout it -  
It is called indoctrination  
And it happens on all levels  
But it has nothing to do with equality  
It has nothing to do with democracy  
And though it professes to  
It has nothing to do with humanity  
It is cold hard and mechanical

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