

Jam

"Wasteland"

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WASTELAND - Paul Weller

Meet me on the wastelands - later this day,
We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe,
For there's not much else to do in this drab and
colourless place.
We'll sit amongst the rubber tyres,
Amongst the discarded bric-a-brac - people have no
use for,
Amongst the smouldering embers of yesterday.
And when or if the sun shines,
Lighting our once beautiful features,
We'll smile, but only for seconds,
For to be caught smiling's to acknowledge life,
A brave but useless show of compassion,
And that is forbidden in this drab and colourless world.
Meet me on the wastelands - the ones behind,
The old houses - the ones left standing pre-war -
The ones overshadowed by those monolith
monstrosities -
councils call homes
And there amongst the shit - the dirty linen,
The holy Coca-Cola tins - the punctured footballs,
the ragged dolls - the rusting bicycles,
We'll sit and probably hold hands.
And watch the rain fall - watch it, watch it -
Tumble and fall - tumble and falling -
Like our lives - like our lives -
Just like our lives.
We'll talk about the old days,
When the wasteland was release, when we could play,
And think - without feeling guilty -
Meet me later but we'll have to hold hands.
Tumble and fall - tumble and falling -
Like our lives - like our lives -
Exactly like our lives.

BURNING SKY - Paul Weller

(Dear,)

How are things in your little world, I hope they're going
well and
you are too. Do you still see the same old crowd, the
ones who used
to meet every Friday? I'm really sorry that I can't be

there, but
work comes first, I'm sure you'll understand. Things
are really
taking off for me, business is thriving and I'm showing
a profit and.
And in any case it wouldn't be the same, 'cause we've
all grown up
and we've got our own lives and the values that we had
once upon a
time, seem stupid now 'cause the rent must be paid
and some bonds
severed and others made.
Now I don't want you to get me wrong, ideals are fine
when you are
young and I must admit we had a laugh, but that's all it
was and ever
will be, 'cause the Burning Sky keeps burning bright.
And as long as
it does (and it always will), there's no time for dreams
when
commerce calls. And the taxman's shouting 'cause he
wants his dough
and the wheels of finance won't begin to slow.
And it's only us realists who are gonna come through
'cause there's
only one power higher than that of truth and that's the
Burning Sky.
Oh and by the way I must tell you, before I sign off I've
got a

meeting next week, with the head of a big corporate. I
can't disclose
who but I'm sure you all know him, and. And the
Burning Sky - keeps
burning bright - And it won't turn off til it's had enough,
it's the
greedy bastard who won't give up, and you're just a
dreamer if you
don't realise, and the sooner you do will be the better
for you. And
then we'll all be happy and we'll all be wise. And we'll all
bow
down to the Burning Sky.
Then we'll all be happy and we'll all be wise, and
together we will
live beneath the Burning Sky.
THICK AS THIEVES - Paul Weller
Times were so tough, but not as tough as they are now.
We were so close and nothing came between us - and
the world -
No personal situations.

Thick as thieves us, we'd stick together for all time,
And we meant it, but it turns out just for a while,
We stole - the friendship that bound us together -
We stole from the schools and thier libraries,
We stole from the drugs that sent us to sleep,
We stole from the drink that made us sick,
We stole anything that we couldn't keep.
And it was enough - we didn't have to spoil anything,
And always be as thick as thieves.
Like a perfect stranger - you came into my life,
Then like the perfect lone ranger - you run away, run
away,
run away, run away, hey!
We stole the love from young girls in ivory towers,
We stole autumn leaves and summer showers,
We stole the silent wind that says you are free,
We stole everything that we could see.
But it wasn't enough - and now we've gone and spoiled
everything -
Now we're no longer as thick as thieves.
You came into my life -
Then like a perfect stranger you walked away - walked
away,
walked away, walked away
Thick as thieves us - we'd stick together for all time,
and we meant it, but it turns out just for awhile.
We stole the friendship that bound us together.
We stole the burning sun in the open sky,
We stole the twinkling stars in the black night,
We stole the green belt fields that made us believe,
We stole everything that we could see.
But something came along that changed our minds,
And I don't know what, and I don't know why -
But we seemed to grow up in a flash of time,
and we watched our ideals helplessly unwind.
No - we're no longer as thick as thieves - no.
We're not as thick as we used to be - no.
We're no longer as thick as thieves - no,
We're not as thick as we used to be -
No it wasn't enough - and we've gone and spoiled
everything
Now we're no longer as thick as thieves.

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