



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD The Best is Yet to Come

### **The Civil Service Song**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

I'm pleased to meet you. My name's Marcus.  
I work in the city, in an office, as a clerk.  
And I sit behind my desk and do the same thing every day  
And with the civil service, it's excitement all the way.

#### CHORUS:

I work in an office every day  
Every second Wednesday, I collect my pay  
I'm perfectly secure, and I think it's bliss  
To work in the civil service

I have to do some work for at least an hour a day  
In order to make some attempt to justify my pay,  
So I sign another order form and file away the slips  
Then I gather up the pencils and I sharpen all the tips.

I have morning tea at ten past ten  
But the crossword in the paper keeps me occupied 'til then.  
Then I turn to the racing page and try and pick a winner.  
With any luck, that keeps me going until it's time for dinner.

After lunch, I mess around 'til half past three  
Then we all knock off for half an hour, for afternoon tea.  
Then I make a chain of paper clips, and give my mate a ring  
When five o'clock arrives, I haven't done a bloody thing.

I'm going out this evening with a very nice girl.  
She's another civil servant, and her name is Shirl.  
She works as a typist on the upstairs floor.  
She's got a pair of elbows like I've never seen before.

Some day I'll marry Shirl, and then I'll settle down  
In my own state house at the edge of the town  
With a colour television, and a family so dear  
And a holiday at Wanaka for two weeks every year.

You can see the civil service is all blood, sweat and tears  
But I'll keep on working at it for another forty years  
'Til I get the golden handshake, and they kiss me goodbye.  
Then I'll potter in the garden. And then I'll bloody die.



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### **Lady Aranea**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

Lady Aranea steps through the garden.  
With gentle precision, she moves through the grass.  
There's an exquisite beauty in each of her movements.  
She leaves not a trace, where her tiny feet pass.  
Making her way 'cross the lawn  
She comes to the heavenly form  
Of a girl, who is sleeping  
As softly she's creeping  
Where dew covers roses, like small beads of glass.

Caressed by the breeze  
As it toys with the leaves of the tree she sleeps under,  
The girl slumbers on.  
Touching her fingers, Aranea lingers.  
She knows not this beauty, nor where she is from.  
Feeling the movement she makes,  
The girl from her dreaming awakes.  
Her eyes open wide, as she looks down beside her.  
But Lady, the spider, is gone.



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### Gutboard Blues

Lyrics and Music © Dave Jordan

Well, I'm off down the road every morning 'bout eight.  
I'm going down to the job. And it's a job I hate.  
Hackin' cuttin' mutton gut on a contract basis.  
I climb into my overalls and take my place  
As the boss comes along, and he tells me that  
I've got to strip and clip a stomach, every second, flat.  
So I bust a gut, just to get the job all done,  
Cleanin' cuttin' mutton gut until the cows come home.

So, sling 'em here, and sling 'em there.  
Those guts keep comin' in from everywhere.  
I'm up to my elbows in this dark-green ooze.  
I've got the hackin', cuttin' bust-a-gut'n gutboard blues.

Down the chute, with a slosh and a slop  
Those sheep guts drop, and they never seem to stop.  
So I grab myself a stomach, and I slit it wide.  
Then I trim it and I scrape it, 'til it's clean inside.  
Turn on the hose, and let the water run.  
Toss it on the pile, and there's another one done.  
Well, the pace is hot. I stop a spot, and mop my brow.  
And my face has all been covered up with grass, by now.

So, sling 'em here, and sling 'em there.  
Those guts keep coming in from everywhere.  
I've gotta have the money, and a beggar can't choose.  
I've got the sloshin', sloppin', never-stoppin' gutboard blues.

Well, there's hydrochloric acid eatin' into my head.  
And my hair's turnin' green, and I smell like I'm dead.  
And there's fellers all around me, sloshin' juice on my knees.  
And the temperature's a-hittin' 'bout a hundred degrees.  
I've had a gutsful of guts. I'm tellin' you true.  
I don't think I could stomach one more ewe.  
It's a way to make a living, but  
Sheep: I hate your guts.

So, sling 'em here, and sling 'em there.  
Those guts keep coming in from everywhere.  
How else can I afford to live the life that I choose,  
Without those acid-burnin', stomach-churnin', money-earnin'  
Gutboard blues.



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### **I've Gone Just About As Far As I Can Go**

(A song for the depression)

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

I am fed up to the back teeth with the crap on television  
And particularly Marvo, and his twelve performing penguins  
And don't ask me why I'm watching it, 'cos I don't know the answer  
But it makes about as much sense as does anything, this morning.

I've had all that I can take of being unemployed since April  
And I'm sick of nagging wives and fighting kids and yapping dogs  
And being months behind on payments for the car, and on the mortgage  
And being told to squeeze the toothpaste from the end, and not the centre.

#### CHORUS:

I've had just about enough of all this never-ending pressure.  
I'm not sure what I will do when I can't take it any longer  
And I feel the hour of reckoning is just around the corner.  
I've gone just about as far as I can go.

Every time I turn around, there's someone trying to sell me something.  
"How about a new Encyclopaedia Britannica?"  
All knowledge at my fingertips. I'll be the man with everything  
Including more installments on a plan that lasts forever.

I've got mildew in the basement. I've got borer in the ceiling  
And a nose that's always running, and a bathroom tap that doesn't.  
What do I need something else for? I've got quite enough already.  
I have everything I need to have the perfect nervous breakdown.

Everyone I meet has some philosophy to help me  
Such as "Life is an illusion." and "Have I tried meditation?"  
And there's always some new therapy, or massage, or religion  
Though I note, with great regret, that so far, no-one's offered money.

And my own view of existence is that life's a garbage sandwich  
And the people who have lots of bread don't have to eat much garbage.  
I am just a cigarette butt on the pavement of oblivion.  
All filthy and unnoticed, and occasionally trod on.

And don't keep telling me life's not supposed to be a picnic.  
I am perfectly aware, and have the insect bites to prove it.  
And I just heard someone mutter that this isn't even rhyming.  
They can take a great leap backwards up a gum tree, for all I care

'Cos I'm going to the park and, in the clearing by the duckpond,  
With the key to my salvation down the barrel of a shotgun,  
I will aim between my eyeballs and then gently squeeze the trigger  
And, with my luck, likely miss and blow some other bastard's head off.



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### The Best is Yet to Come

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

Well, I said I wouldn't do it, and I may regret it later  
But, tonight, I can't conceive it to be wrong.  
So, I've taken my guitar out, and I'm on my third Drambuie  
And I'm working my way closer to a song.

It's not supposed to be a love song; it's just what I want to give you.  
And you can take it any way you choose.  
It's more important I should write it, than it is for you to like it.  
And a little bit of pride's all I can lose.

I've allowed the situation to turn over in my mind.  
And I don't know if our loving has to end.  
But I've come to realise that, if I haven't found a lover for forever,  
I believe I've found a friend.

When I saw that you were special, I went searching for the reasons.  
And I questioned every feeling that I had.  
Like a surgeon with a scalpel, I went probing and dissecting  
And then wondered why I ended up so sad.

Now, a man with half an eye can see that all kinds of uncertainty  
Will grow, if you take time to plant the seed.  
Call it love, or call it chemistry, you scratch me where it itches.  
And that's all the explanation I should need.

I've allowed the situation to turn over in my mind.  
And I don't know if our loving has to end.  
But I've come to realise that, if I haven't found a lover for forever,  
I believe I've found a friend.

And just when, at last, I've started to relax and take it easy,  
All at once, it seems you have to go away.  
And though I knew that it was coming, still, it hits me like a hammer  
And I find it hard to thing what I should say.

I don't know why I feel so bad. It's not as though there's someone dying.  
We'll meet again. I shouldn't feel so numb.  
If we're friends, or if we're lovers, all the first steps have been taken now.  
And, either way, the best is yet to come.

I've allowed the situation to turn over in mu mind.  
And I'm not prepared to say it has to end.  
But I've come to realise that, if I haven't found alover for forever,  
Then I know you've found a friend.



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### Davy Low'ston

(Anonymous)

My name is Davy Low'ston.  
I did seal. I did seal.  
My name is Davy Low'ston.  
I did seal.

Though my men and I were lost.  
Though our very lives it cost.  
We did seal.  
We did seal.  
We did seal.

We were set down in Open Bay.  
Were set down, were set down.  
We were set down in Open Bay.  
Were set down.

We were left, we gallant men  
Never more to sail again  
For to sail.  
For to sail.  
For to sail.

Our captain, John Bedar.  
He set sail. He set sail.  
Yes, for old Port Jackson  
He did sail.

"I'll return men, without fail."  
But she foundered in a gale  
And went down.  
And went down.  
And went down.

We killed ten thousand seals  
For the fur. For the fur.  
We cured ten thousand skins  
For the fur

Brackish water. Putrid seal.  
We did, all of us, fall ill  
For to die.  
For to die.  
For to die.

So, come all you lads who sail  
Upon the sea. Sail the sea.  
Come all you jacks who sail  
Upon the sea.

Though the schooner "Governor Bligh"  
Took on those who didn't die.  
Never seal.  
Never seal.  
Never seal.

Never seal.  
Never seal.  
Never seal.



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### Life Story

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

On a cold morning in the autumn  
She came, crying, to the world.  
To the great sadness of her father  
The first baby was a girl;  
Not a son to inherit all his land;  
Not a boy, to keep the good name of his family alive;  
But a girl, born to be a woman  
And damned, the moment she arrived.

As she grew through thirteen years of childhood,  
She learned to cook, and how to sew,  
How to smile, and how to be a lady,  
And all a lady ought to know.  
But they never taught her things that really mattered,  
Like how to be accepting of the bleeding, and the pain.  
All at once, a girl became a woman  
Alone, with no-one to explain.

And they said she'd be a nurse, because she had a caring nature.  
Then find herself a husband, who'd provide a decent future.  
But she couldn't love a man, no matter how he tried to suit her.  
She couldn't even love herself.

And the days became an endless nighttime:  
A climb down a never-ending stair  
'Til a friend appeared, to light the darkness:  
A hand, a smile and golden hair.  
And she gave her love, as only a woman can.  
And she soothed away the pain, as no-one ever had, before.  
No other man or woman  
Could ever love her more.

But the men waiting at the corner  
Had no way to understand  
That a lady could love another,  
Much less, prefer her to a man.  
And they held her down, to show what she was missing.  
And they tore her live away, such was the fury of their blows.  
What they left, lay crumpled on the pavement:  
A bruised and battered shell of woman.  
And the love that lasted just a moment  
Was gone, with nothing left to show.



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### **I'm Gonna Try Again**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

Me and Louise were headed for a fight  
Ever since the night  
I walked in and found her crying.  
She didn't have to say that there was something wrong.  
I guess I knew it all along:  
That what we had was dying.

#### CHORUS:

But I'm gonna try again.  
And I hope it's not the wrong time.  
'Cos she could turn me down.  
And that would be the end.  
You see, I've come a long way.  
And I've waited such a long time  
For a chance just to try and work it out again.

We sat down, and tried to talk it out.  
But what to talk about?  
You know, a silence lasts forever.  
What used to be a love, faded long ago  
With nothing left to show  
For nearly seven years, together.

So, ever since I left, I've been on my own.  
I've never known  
A single thing I'd say a prayer for.  
But living on the road wouldn't be so bad  
If I had  
The single thing I care for.





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### **The Ballad of Fergie McCormick.**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

Now, Fergie McCormick was walking one day,  
When he noticed a building on fire.  
The screams of a woman could plainly be heard  
Through the flames, as they soared ever higher.  
The trembling lady was clutching a baby.  
The building was ten stories high.  
It could plainly be seen that both she and the child  
Were most certainly doomed for to die.

Now, the firemen were there, with their ropes and their ladders  
And holding a big trampoline.  
Though they tried to encourage the lady to jump,  
She was, patiently, not very keen  
For, the babe was too small to survive such a fall.  
And so, she refused to let go.  
What could they do? They were right in the stew  
As they helplessly gazed from below.

The up stepped the hero. "Tis Fergie McCormick," he cried. "Throw your baby to me!"  
"Fear not: I will catch it! From death, I shall snatch it,  
And save in my arms it will be."  
Now, the big fullback's arms and his masculine charms  
Allayed all the young mother's fears.  
She cried "Bless you Fergie!"  
Then tossed her child over the edge, as her eyes filled with tears.

Now, the rest of this story will long be remembered  
In legend throughout all the land.  
For there, on the ground, as the crowd gathered round  
The wee babe landed safe in his hands!  
"He's rescued the child!" said the crowd, going wild.  
The excitement was plainly too much.  
As they all stared in wonder, with a swift up-and-under  
He kicked forty metres for touch.