



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

### The Chocolate Song

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

When you're tired and depressed, or feeling lonely  
When your chequebook's in the red, and you are blue  
When you've left the freezer open, or your rubber band is broken  
Or you've dropped the toilet paper down the loo.

If you feel a sudden urge to wash the steak knives  
Or to sniff at the exhaust pipe of your car  
Or to farewell those you love and take a nap inside the oven  
STOP! Salvation's just a suck from where you are.

#### CHORUS:

When you're feeling down, the best way up is chocolate.  
It's the answer that will get you through the day.  
Let me get my teeth around something small and square and brown  
And I'll masticate until I feel O.K.

Now, when God had finished making all the heavens  
And the valleys and the mountains and the seas  
And the weather and the weasels and the squid and German measles  
And the gherkins and Hong Kong and all the fleas

On the seventh day, as he was sitting resting  
He was feeling in a very chipper mood.  
There came one more inspiration for one last divine creation.  
Something fit to please a God – and could be chewed.

When I see a bar of chocolate lying idle  
It always seems to find its way inside my jaws  
It's a shame to mess about, 'cos it tastes better in, than out  
And It's going to a very worth cause

And although it won't endear me to my dentist  
And my doctor will be worried for my health  
And it's given me a skin full of enormous oily pimples,  
I'm still feeling very good about myself.

Just remember: if it's chocolate, you can eat it!  
Chocolate eggs and chocolate fish and chocolate chips.  
Chocolate bears and mice and frogs: chocolate cakes and mousse and logs.  
Let a chocolate bomb explode across your lips.

Some is crunchy, and is filled with hokey pokey.  
Some is thrown about by cowboys, and is white.  
There's a whole world out there waiting. Don't just sit there salivating.  
Pull your socks up, chocks away and bite, bite, bite!

You will never have a bad trip eating chocolate  
And it's tastier than sex, and much more fun.  
Keep your pills, and dope and glue, and your gin and whisky too  
'Cos there's no buzz like a chocolate buzz – bar none!

If you really, really love me, give me chocolate.  
Give me chocolate 'til it's coming out my ears.  
All I crave is just enough so I can indolently stuff myself  
For years and years and years and years and years.



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### **You're Not On Your Own**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

All at once the party is over.  
Suddenly, it's happened to you.  
The world as you knew it is falling apart  
And there's nothing anybody can do.  
And after questioning and getting no answers -  
Looking out for someone to blame -  
All you're really left with is knowing for sure  
That nothing's going to be the same again.

#### CHORUS:

But if it sometimes brings you down  
And no-one can see  
And there's no-one else around  
It matters to me.  
And though it's natural to fear  
To face it alone,  
Even though I'm nowhere near  
You're not on your own

Wish there was a way I could help you  
Or something I could think of to say  
That did more than simply fill up the lines of a song  
Especially when I'm so far away.  
But if I threw it all away and came running  
Halfway 'round the world to your side  
What would we gain watching each others' pain  
We don't have when the distance is wider?

Easy to give in to the grieving  
Or sink into a corner to cry.  
But you've never burdened anyone else with your woes  
And if you won't now, then neither will I.  
So here's a health to all we've been through together.  
Let's drink the wine as long as it lasts,  
Take whatever's coming a day at a time  
And treasure every moment that passes.



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### The Deerhunter

Words by Joe Charles (adapted by Marcus Turner)  
Music © Marcus Turner

Where the Hills are so steep that they breed special sheep  
With their legs growing short on one side  
There's no 'dozer or jeep that can climb, crawl or creep,  
Nor a horse strong enough you can ride  
Where the deer are at home and the billy-goats roam  
And the mountains lean forward, not back,  
You can go if you please, on your hands and your knees,  
Leaving teeth-marks – not footprints, or track.

Now, that's all very fine, but no longer for mine,  
For I'm on to a lurk that's real sweet.  
For I've just come back down a new mountain track  
That's as smooth as a sealed city street.  
Now I've got a new job with a fabulous mob.  
We are bringing out meat by the ton.  
I shoot like a duke, Or King flaming Farouk  
And they'll even carry my gun

For this job is a whopper: I ride in a chopper  
With a bloke who can fly like a hawk.  
He can handle this thing like a toy on a string  
Or as easy as other folks walk.

Now, I've got to admit I damn near had a fit  
The first time that I flew in this thing.  
For a windmill just struck by a ten-wheeler truck  
And tied up with old wire and old string  
Would have looked twice as sound as this merry-go-round  
With a birdcage stuck on at the front,  
That will shudder and stutter like some old chaff cutter  
With its blade all buckled and blunt.

But I'm all right now. I've got used to the row  
And my stomach's stopped heaving about.  
Thought it hasn't a door, and you can see through the floor,  
I'm not frightened I'm going to fall out.  
And oh! How I thrill as we leap up the hill  
And the trees and the gullies pass through.  
We can swoop through the dawn, while the mist is all shorn from the hills  
Like the fleece from a ewe.

When we hang in the sky and the mountains roll by  
With the snow shining bright in the sun.  
We drop down to the kill like a hawk from the hill  
And the red deer all scatter and run.  
When we sink down to rest, like a lark to its nest.  
The silence is soon quite complete.  
And we both sit and yarn by a still mountain tarn,  
And the world lies spread out at our feet.



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### The Session

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

In a cosy little corner up the back of an alley  
There's a poky little pub that's called "The Raking of the Moon"  
And I can't for the life of me remember its location  
But be certain not to miss it if you're looking for a tune.  
I was there one night myself on a Monday - or a Thursday  
With a head full of directions from a man I didn't know  
Who had said I might be fortunate enough to find a session  
So I bundled up my fiddle and I thought I'd have a go.

#### CHORUS:

And I was there sitting in the middle  
Of the banjo and the bodhran and the bones, with me fiddle  
And we played just like it was going out of fashion  
As we gave the tunes a thrashin' with a passion at the session  
Dithery oodle dithery oodle dydle deedle dydle da.

After pounding on the pavements for an hour and a quarter  
I eventually found the place that I was looking for.  
I could tell it was the session by the way the place was rocking  
And the music you could hear at least a dozen blocks or more.  
There was nobody objected when I asked if I could enter  
(Though a feller knocked my hat off when I stood upon his toe)  
And I saw a little gap just big enough to squeeze a bum in  
So I sat my own upon it and I rosined up my bow.

There were singers and musicians from the nether end of everywhere  
With harps and hurdygurdys and a clatter of castanets  
An ethnomusicologist from London in the corner  
Keeping rhythm with the squeaking of his portable cassettes.  
A choir of eighty a cappella in the ladies' lavatory;  
A press gang of accordions all squeezed around the door  
And they even had a section in the basement for the bodhrans.  
You could tell when they were bashing by the rumble through the floor.

What a fabulous festivity! A feast of famous faces!  
Anybody who was anybody showed their body there.  
The celtic glitterati from the Isle of Man to Brittany  
All lifting up their drinking arms and letting down their hair.  
Bewhiskered balladeers and real recording superstars  
A pack of pickled pipers kept the dancers on their toes.  
And I saw someone who looked a lot to me like Donal Lunny  
And another face I recognised, but couldn't pick the nose.

So with spirits elevated, we ourselves inebriated  
As we fiddled and we tiddled and we danced the night away  
'Til I finally departed with the publican's persuasion  
And a yawning at the dawning of the morning of the day  
With a throbbing in my throat and a numbness in my noddle  
From the bouncing of the bubbles on the bottom of my brain  
And I've often felt the craving for a spot of Celtic raving  
But I fancy I've forgotten how to find the place again.



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### Zoot Suit

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

#### CHORUS:

Someday when it's sunny, and I've got the money  
I'm going to buy a zoot suit made from jute  
Then people will be talking, when they seem me walking  
In my real beaut, neat, jute, lightweight zoot suit.

I don't want a colour like green or blue or yellor.  
I require a red one like a beetroot.  
Then I'll be looking quite cute walking in my real beaut,  
Neat, jute, beetroot, lightweight zoot suit.

I'll care for it and clean it. I'll water it and weed it.  
If it's hungry, then I'll feed it and I'll buy some fruit.  
And then I'm going to need some real beaut,  
Neat, jute, beetroot, lightweight, zoot-suit fruit-loot.

So then I'll have to go and earn a lot of dough  
And I will be a busker, and I'll blow the flute.  
And you can hear my real beaut, neat, jute, beetroot,  
Lightweight, zoot-suit, fruit-loot flute toot.

And then I'll buy some grapefruit and feed it to my zoot suit  
And I will have a great treat watching while my suit eats  
Real, beaut, neat, jute, beetroot, lightweight,  
Zoot-suit, fruit-loot, flute-toot grapefruit.

That's it! Let's quit. Let's let my zoot suit eat  
Real, beaut, neat, jute, beetroot,  
Lightweight, zoot-suit, fruit-loot, flute-toot  
Grapefruit. All right. Good night. Can't quite  
Fit.



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### **You Think Again**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

If I can just interrupt your interrupting  
Of me interrupting what you have just said  
I'd point out that I don't like being interrupted  
By someone who talks through a hole in his head.

I'm not saying your argument doesn't have merits  
But I'd say that you'd say what I say has flaws.  
What I say to that is that you can get far more  
From listening to me, than just flapping your jaws.

#### CHORUS:

And if you think that just because I think that you think  
That I don't know quite what I'm trying to explain  
That I'm going to give up my side of the argument  
Just 'cos you think so – then you think again!

Now you're a young man with a fine education  
And possibly clever for all that I care.  
All I am saying is, look very closely.  
I don't wear a tongue stud and I have brown hair.

I didn't drink my way through three years of college  
Listening to hip hop and flattery with girls  
And what kind of man needs to go past the fifth form  
To learn what he needs to get on in the world.

Has it once occurred to what you call your mind  
As you rabbit away through the top of your hat  
That I'm not only right, but I'm more that twice your age?  
I'd love to see how you explain away that.

So if you think I'm wrong and if I'm wrong and you're right  
Then that means that you think I'm wrong about you.  
So, if I'm wrong and I say, for instance, that you're right  
I'm wrong about that – so that makes you wrong too!

Now I've made my point, son, and if you've been listening  
You might have picked up a few salient facts.  
What you need is two solid years in the army.  
We'll see what you've learned by the time you get back.

You'll find that there's more in this world than just thinking  
And being bloody clever, and doing well in school.  
You'll find for yourself in the real world  
That anyone who thinks I'm stupid is no bloody fool.



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### **Please Don't Sing That Song Again**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

You're a very fine musician, and the audience is captured by your rhyme.  
You have them in your hand.  
But you're stepping out of line by poking fun at something I have taken time  
To really understand.

For you don't have the vision I am privileged to see  
And the song that you are singing questions my philosophy  
And the subject is offensive – well, at least it is to me

So please don't sing that song again.

I've been looking through your library  
And found a book that disagrees with my enlightened point of view  
And it laughs at my achievements, spouting fabrications, fallacies and lies  
Concerning what I do.

I'm not saying you'll believe it, but I'm worried that you could  
And you know I hate to tell you what you shouldn't and you should.  
But please understand, I'm only doing this for your own good

So please don't read that book again.

I observe that you're unhappy with the way I have decided things will be.  
I sympathise, I'm sure.  
But your protests and your questioning create an inconvenience for me.  
They mustn't any more.

I don't wish to make it seem that I am holier than you.  
But if you were only me, you'd see it from my point of view  
Besides, I have the power to dictate exactly what you'll do

So please don't think that thought again.

Now although it seems presumptuous to say that I am right and you are wrong,  
It happens to be true  
And although it seems incredible that I could feel offended by a song,  
It happens that I do.

For you don't have the vision I am privileged to see  
And the song that you are singing threatens my authority  
And we don't want any trouble, as I'm sure you will agree

So please don't sing that song again.

Please don't sing that song again.



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

### **When the Boys Are On Parade**

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

Here they come marching past the houses  
Shiny boots and khaki blouses  
Stiff as the creases in their trousers  
Standing tall and straight and strong

And they all keep in step together  
Glint of steel and flash of leather  
Braving every kind of weather  
As they boldly march along.

You can dismiss it as a ploy  
For the enlistment of the boys  
Who'll be impressed to see the toys  
And play the games that can be played.

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

Look at your sons: before they're older  
They'll be stronger; they'll be bolder  
Just the thing to make a soldier  
And we'll turn them into men.

And they'll be taught to follow orders  
Keep the peace and guard the borders  
To protect us from marauders  
And defend us to the end.

But the position they'll be filling  
Is to be able and be willing  
To be killed or do the killing  
When there's a price that must be paid.

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

In the pursuit of a community  
Of decency and unity  
And equal opportunity  
We stand prepared to fight

And if there's a threat to our position  
From aggressive opposition  
Then, with guns and ammunition  
We'll repel with all our might.

And we'll dehumanise and hate them.  
Send in the troops to decimate them  
As in the name of all the nation  
All it stands for is betrayed.





## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

(When the Boys are On Parade – cont.)

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

For merely the whim or intuition  
Of an elected politician  
Makes a melée, with no conditions,  
Once the monster quits the cage.

It's a machine that gives no quarter  
Dealing death and sowing slaughter,  
Raping mothers, wives and daughters  
In an all-consuming rage.

And we may well believe we need it  
And we'll pay to arm and feed it.  
But can you tell me who will lead it  
When the decisions must be made?

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

Some will wonder what's to fear  
And say that there's no danger here  
But there has never been a year  
When soldiers haven't been at war.

And all the evil executions  
And the bloody revolutions  
And the ultimate solutions too  
Have all been seen before.

And there's always someone scheming  
And sometimes at night when dreaming  
In the distance I hear screaming  
And in my heart I feel afraid

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

Here they come marching past the houses  
Shiny boots and khaki blouses  
Stiff as the creases in their trousers  
Standing tall and straight and strong

And is it any cause for pride  
That now the women march beside them?  
Will there be wiser Gods to guide them  
In discerning right from wrong?



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

(When the Boys are On Parade – cont.)

For every step is a reminder  
Of the threat that lies behind  
If we forget the ties that bind us  
When the [authentic game is played.

And you may well prefer abstention,  
But I feel compelled to mention  
You'd do well to pay attention  
When the boys are on parade.

And as the procession passes by  
Consider the sight before your eyes  
'Cos it'll be you they kill and die for  
If they are called to the crusade

For you may love them and adore them;  
You may hate them and abhor them.  
But for God's sake don't ignore them  
When the boys are on parade.



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

### Otakou

Lyrics and Music © Marcus Turner

In an ancient cauldron of fire and of earth  
As the sky split asunder with lightning and thunder  
In darkness and rain  
Screaming with pain  
The mother of all gave you birth.

Beneath, the ground heaved, and above, the sky wept  
An anguishing sound as you laid yourself down on the face of the land.  
And caressed by her hand  
Your sides became smooth as you slept.

Otakou, sleeping the slumber of time out of time,  
By the harbour she lies,  
Her spirit high overhead on the wind where the albatross flies.

And seeing you were naked, she covered your form.  
Swathed it in rolls of luxuriant foliage  
Fragrant and clean.  
A mantle of green  
Clothing the land newly born.

And the children of Tane attended your sleep  
With sweet lullabies to the whispers and sighs  
Of the seas at your sides.  
With the sway of the tides  
As Tangaroa rocked from the deep.

Otakou, taha te whanga. Ka takoto koe.  
Te moenga roa.  
E rere, e toroa. Mauria mai tona mauri e.

Through sun after moon after night after day.  
Ages of wonder and seasons unnumbered.  
Remote and secure  
Protected and pure  
In pristine perfection you lay.

'Til the blow of an adze and the crackle of flame  
Shattered the morning and sounded the warning,  
As woman and man  
Came walking a land  
That would never again be the same.

Waitaha; Kai Tahu; Kati Mamoe.  
Ephemeral embers.  
In legend remembered  
They flickered and shone.  
Muaupoko lived on  
Deflowered, but never destroyed.

On the distant horizon the wind filled a sail  
As over the waters  
The sons and the daughters of church and the soil  
To pray and to toil  
From far Caledonia came.



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

(Otakou – cont.)

In fire you were born and with fire they despoiled.  
Your korowai kindled,  
And rendered to cinders.  
The birds have all fled. The trees are all dead  
And everywhere stripped to the soil.

Hoiho, tui, piwakawaka, riroriro, weta, kanuka,  
Kotare, rimu, mokomoko, korora: kei hea koutou?  
Ka tangi, Totara, korimako, kereru, weka, kohuhu,  
Kowhai, miro, kakariki: haere ki te po.

At the end of the earth, where the sea meets the sky  
Borne on the crest of the wind from the westward,  
Drawn here to the land  
Where all else is banned,  
The archangel albatross flies.

O toroa, circling where the sea breaks,  
Silently viewing  
The carnage and ruin.  
Do you come to mourn,  
Or announce her reborn?  
O What will she do, if she wakes?

Otakou, sleeping the slumber of time out of time,  
By the harbour she lies,  
Her spirit high overhead on the wind where the albatross flies.

E rere, e toroa; mauria mai tona mauri e.



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

### **Legnala Dana**

Traditional Macedonian

Music and English Lyrics © Marcus Turner

Down at the end of a garden *O lele boze*  
Where the wind whispers the secrets it keeps  
Under the shade of an olive *O lele boze*  
Beautiful Dana lay taking her sleep.

The wind on the ocean arising *O lele boze*  
Swiftly came over to her sleeping place.  
Seizing a limb from the olive *O lele boze*  
The wind cast it down over poor Dana's face.

Rudely awakened was Dana *O lele boze*.  
Tears from her eyes flowed a pure silver stream.  
Who would disturb me at my slumber *O lele boze*  
Smiting my face and destroying my dream.

Three young men courted in my dreaming *O lele boze*.  
One brought a ring and he gave to me this.  
The second bestowed me an apple *O lele boze*.  
The third on my lips placed a pure tender kiss.

I never will marry for jewels *O lele boze*.  
Green is the young man, an apple who gives.  
But he who would offer his pure heart *O lele boze*,  
Him, I will love for as long as I live.



## Lyrics from Marcus Turner's CD Laid Down

### Spider in the Bath

Music and Lyrics © Marcus Turner

#### CHORUS:

Here I am.

Is anyone about?

I'm down beside the plughole and I can't get out.

I've been here an hour and a half.

Can anybody help a little spider in the bath?

I woke up feeling hungry in the middle of the night.  
I saw a moth and thought "Now that would make a tasty bite"  
So I chased it up the mirror and along the windowsill  
Around behind the dental floss  
And then I slipped  
And fell.

The sides are very slippery 'cos the bath has just been cleaned.  
And everything is cold and wet  
And avocado green.  
There's a long lumpy loofah, and some pumice in a dish  
And all I have to talk to is a purple plastic fish.

There's no need to be frightened: I won't do you any harm.  
Just take me to the garden, where it's nice and save and warm.  
Then gently put me down, and I'll run back home to my mother  
One leg after the other  
After the other after the other after the other after the other.