**Here at Mumbo-Jumbo we take our lyric writing seriously – there’s no “ooh baby, one more time, take me through the night, are you looking at me lah lah” here. So we thought that we would share them with you all …… enjoy!**

1. **The Second Hand Guitar Dealer – Lyrics by Chris Lomas**

Musical antiquates the nature of my trade

Part exchange is welcome top prices paid

For any fine example banjo mandolin

Fancy cars and old guitars are back in style again

I deal in dreams and fantasy no fashion fads or flings

My victims enter willingly my web of silver strings

If there’s a husband wife or close friend I don’t always mane a kill

But all alone with no chaperone it’s guaranteed I will

Present them with a bill

Cos’ I’m the second hand guitar dealer

Nothing in my world that ain’t been used

I’m the second hand guitar dealer

No reasonably offers ever been refused

Their eyes go a little hazy when they walk in through the door

I got stuff they only heard about never seen before

Just how bad you want it decides the price you pay

Nothings tagged it’s up to you to strike a deal today

Come on what do you say

Chorus

Maybe mint condition ain’t what you’re looking for

A need to parade a lost decade has brought you to my store

When you find the perfect vintage achieve a state of grace

Strum a chord the crowd applaud you disappear without trace

All in a snake skin case

Chorus

1. **Sail That Ship – Lyrics by Oliver Carpenter**

There was a time when it mattered

If I could lighten the load

But now I’m just feeling battered

By this disquieting road

And you live in the pocket

Of a coat I don’t own

If I could, I’d unlock it

Sail that ship, get a grip, get a grip.

I’d share and glory in talking

Of whites in different hue

But now I’d rather be walking

In footsteps different to you

But you remain in the pocket

Of this coat I’ve outgrown

But I can’t seem to stop it,

Sail that ship, get a grip, get a grip

And while a simple transaction

Would finally sever the ties

Take us from total intraction

To leave this stasis and rise

For now we live in the pocket

Of this coat we’ve outgrown

If we could we’d unlock it

Sail that ship, get a grip, get a grip

1. **Ally Sloper’s Holiday – Lyrics by Oliver Carpenter**

Little naughty, bit of fun

Lots of humour, no harm done

Seeming harmless - feeling tense

Causing no exact offence, but

Subverting the status quo

Leaving nowhere else to go

So all the girls come out to play

On Ally Sloper’s Holiday

Pictures tell a thousand words

By making things look so absurd - So Absurd

Idling the whole day through

Glass of champers, maybe two

Kiss the girls and make them smile

Keep it light but all the while

Quietly changing everything

The way we work the way we think

Chorus

He’s just a lush with a gleam

A world that seems like a dream

When its an arduous life your leading

He’s such a break from the past

And living out of his class

Showing the waste of them that ‘ave some breeding

.. though he breaks all the rules

And seems to live like the jewels

Life ain’t all a bowl of cherries

He’s always trying to evade

Dodging his landlord and trade

And gets killed off by the bleedin’ jerrys

Cost a penny changed the world

Lazy schemer gets the girl

Living life without a mite

Lay it out in black and white

Read by all the status quo

Recognising the way to go

Chorus

1. **Those Frail Few – Lyrics by Oliver Carpenter**

Those frail few,

That band of old brothers

They're crumbling now

But they remember the others

Just ordinary men

Made extraordinary then

Shaped by events

So long ago, So long ago

Those Frail Few

Still standing in line

Their soft hands shake

Prepared for the time

Something shared, so large

That it cannot be explained

Buried deep,

But surface scratched the tears still flow.

Those Frail Few

Quietly leaving

Their memories fade

Not the Joy or the grieving

Back at home so often now

Invisible somehow

But medals on

The steel shines through, The steel shines through.

1. **Rejoice – Lyrics by Phil Bond**

Isn't it cute and I'm digging the scene

Poor little blind boy

Lives in his dreams

Battered old harp and a battered guitar

He'll be playing from dawn to dark

CHORUS

Rejoice rejoice rejoice rejoice

Rejoice in life

Crippled old Joe lives in his boat

With his tatty old suit and tatty old coat

Got the water rolling by underneath the shelf

With the water rolling by he can please himself

Rejoice etc.

Presidents and Princes

Kings and Queens

They got the power

But don't know what it means

Means a lot to them but it don't mean nothing to me

Wherever I am that's my country

CHORUS

1. **Hosedown – Lyrics by Oliver Carpenter**

I might not be as strong as you

I might not be as young as you

But I was both when I was you

Fifteen years ago

I can no longer touch my toes

Cook breakfast or dress I suppose

But there is one thing that I knows

You’ve got it all to come

More than just a hosedown,

More than just a sandwich

More than just a wet wipe, on my arse

Need a little laughter

Early in the morning

Need a little sunshine

In my life

I paid my taxes same as you

I lived a life that’s full and true

Is fifteen minutes all I’m due

To get me through the day

So put some services in place

So I stay in the human race

You’ll need it when you’re in my place

Not so long from now

Chorus

The clock’s impossible to crack

For toilet, hygiene, food and chat

And travel to the next poor chap

In quarter of an hour

I’d like to share a cup of tea

And talk about the news, and me

Instead there’s barely time to pee

Before she’s off again.

Chorus

1. **No Devil at the Crossroads – Lyrics by Chris Lomas & Oliver Carpenter**

If you’d like a slice of the action

Trade it all to pay your dues

There’s a problem chile, he ain’t been round for a while

To make that pact with you

When the road was more well travelled

And Satan had his pick of souls

But now all you see is the tumbleweed

At the junction with the ultimate toll

It aint no use to get you’re Mojo working

Or get yourself up on that Killing Floor

Cos the Devil ain’t hanging round

down at the Crossroads any more

No the Devil ain’t hanging round

down at the Crossroads any more

So if you crave a taste of exotic

Fruit from a different vine

I suggest you avoid the new supply

Saccharine is the latest line

There aint no point in complaining

We all get what we deserve

And if you don’t resist and then persist

Then the bland will inherit the earth

Ain’t no point searching the Heartland

Because there’s one thing that’s for sure

1. **Later Somehow – Lyrics by Chris Lomas**

You say that you think its best

To finally get it all offa’ your chest

You may be loving this now

But later somehow - Later somehow

Don’t know what I’m gonna’

I never felt so alone and blue

You may be loving this now

But later somehow - Later somehow

Later somehow I’m gonna’ make you see

You shouldn’t have done this thing to me oh yeh

You may be loving this now

But later somehow - Later somehow

You’ve twisted everything I said

Girl your really messing with my head

You may be loving this now

But later somehow - Later somehow

I can hardly see through my tears

You say he makes you happy and it seems like years

You may be loving this now

But later somehow - Later somehow

Later somehow I’ll get even with you

If it’s the very last thing I ever do

You may be loving this now

But later somehow -Later somehow

You wouldn’t want to even try it

Or include it on your diet

You wouldn’t wanna’ ever make it so

If you knew the depth of my sorrow

You’d be back before tomorrow

I’m telling you right now later somehow

1. **Taking You Back – Lyrics by Phil Bond**

I see you've done so very well

Plenty o' money

Well I so happy for you

No longer walking on your own two feet

But you look kinda sad

Come on n tell me how you feel

I'll take you back from where you came

Taking you back from where you came

You're hustling bustling through the streets

That's a smart piece of metal

Got the chrome on the wheels

But now your soul can't take the heat

You look kinda blue

Sit down tell me how you feel

I'll take you back from where you came

Taking you back from where you came

Pretty now and getting older

Parking every guy you're fit to choose

Time comes round just like thunder

Your feet now longer fit the shoes

I'm taking you back

Remember how we hit the ball

You shone like a diamond with the light bouncing off it

Remember how we hit that hall

On a steamy late summer

Drenched ‘n soaked in rain ‘n sweat

Taking you back

I'll take you back to the river bank

Take you to Scotland

With the wild heather blowing

Take you to the ends of the earth and back

You know my love's still growing

Taking you back

1. **Hold On – Lyrics by Oliver Carpenter**

Walk, walk with me, hold my hand and breath

Talk, talk with me, speak your mind, to me

When lightning strikes, the world gets dark, Hold On

Don’t be afraid, take your time, Hold on

1. **Back To The Wheel – Lyrics by Phil Bond**

I was walking in the summer rain

Got invited to a game

It was a game I had to win

But it made my light grow dim

I get easily caught constantly starting from nought

Saw the mask, then I see

,that the mask was made for me

CHORUS

Put your back to the wheel

Throw away al the things you conceal

Put your ear to the ground

You don't have to be negative noW

I sat down by a tree

Not a sound just the water and me

took a drink long and deep

and I woke up from my sleep

One fine day

One fine night

drifting over the veil of your sight

Other things to see to

Other people just like you

CHORUS

Put your back etc.

1. **Too Many Days (Like That!) – Lyrics by Chris Lomas & Oliver Carpenter**

Man I really feel like working

Don’t get too many days like that

Everybody wants to talk to me today, and the

Boss has gone away for the rest of the day

Man I really feel like working

Don’t get too many days like that, oh no

Too many days like that.

Woke up hat on my head

Ready to earn my daily bread

In a touch screen super clean I Mac dream

Diggin’ a hole or building a shed

Man I really feel like working

Don’t get too many days like that

Nobody’s hassling me today

I’ll do a fair day’s work for a fair day’s pay

Man I really feel like working

Don’t get too many days like that, oh no

Too many days like that.

Nose to the grindstone, foot to the ground

It must be the time of year

I just can’t help it, it’s the way I feel

Spinning like a hamster in a hamster wheel

Chorus

1. **The Final Encore – Lyrics by Chris Lomas & Oliver Carpenter**

It might be time to give as good as I get

Get ready now to go or just get set

It might be time to throw my hat

But it’s to late so I’ll wait for the fat lady

I might be ready for the b’lloon to go up

I might beware the slip from the cup

I might be ready for that old wing-ding

But it’s to late so I’ll wait for the fat lady

‘Cos when she’s belting out your left with no doubt that its time to go home.

So get ready to quit when she gets into it pack up your trombone, and hit the exit,

Don’t swear and cuss when you miss the last bus

Cause chaos or kick up a fuss

Ain’t no more welcome to the final encore.

There might be a chance that I could fall

I might see some writing on the wall

There might be a brighter day next spring

But it’s too late so I’ll wait for the fat lady to sing