



ELIZA CARTHY
DREAMS OF BREATHING UNDERWATER

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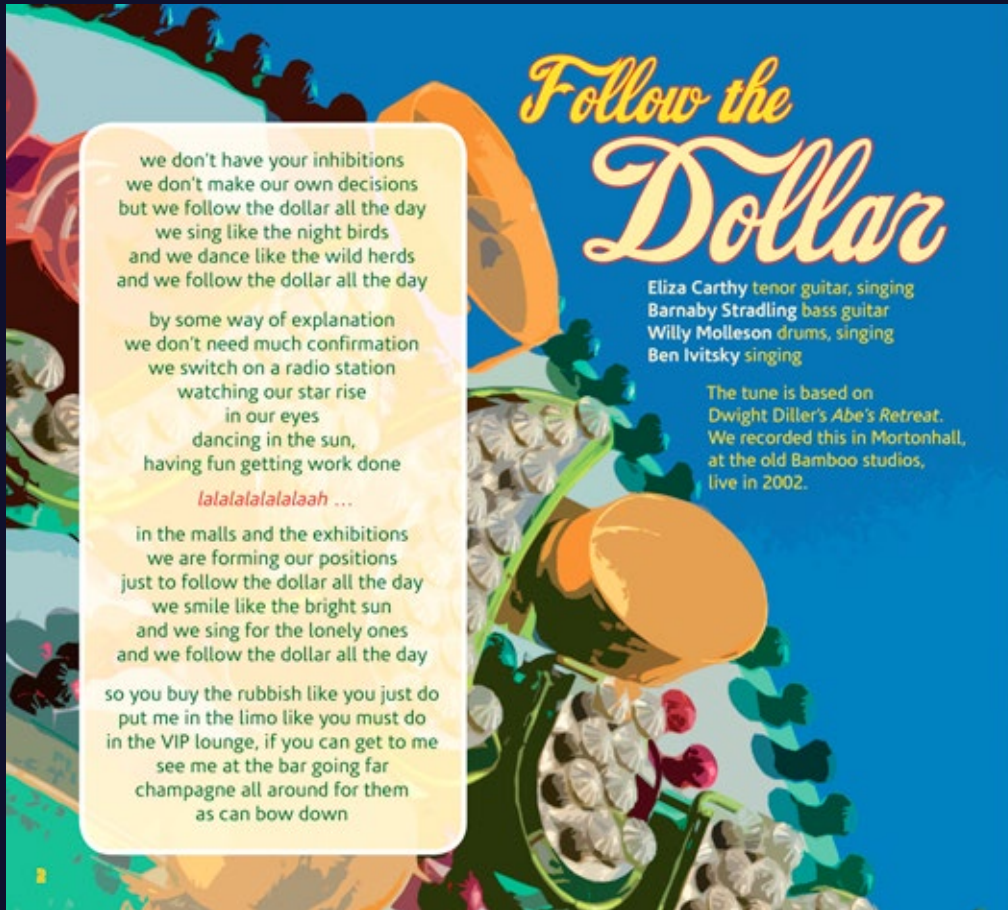


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ELIZA CARTHY
DREAMS OF BREATHIING UNDERWATER





Follow the Dollar

we don't have your inhibitions
we don't make our own decisions
but we follow the dollar all the day
we sing like the night birds
and we dance like the wild herds
and we follow the dollar all the day

by some way of explanation
we don't need much confirmation
we switch on a radio station
watching our star rise
in our eyes
dancing in the sun,
having fun getting work done

lalalalalalaah ...

in the malls and the exhibitions
we are forming our positions
just to follow the dollar all the day
we smile like the bright sun
and we sing for the lonely ones
and we follow the dollar all the day

so you buy the rubbish like you just do
put me in the limo like you must do
in the VIP lounge, if you can get to me
see me at the bar going far
champagne all around for them
as can bow down

Eliza Carthy tenor guitar, singing
Barnaby Stradling bass guitar
Willy Molleson drums, singing
Ben Ivitsky singing

The tune is based on
Dwight Diller's *Abe's Retreat*.
We recorded this in Mortonhall,
at the old Bamboo studios,
live in 2002.

TWO TEARS

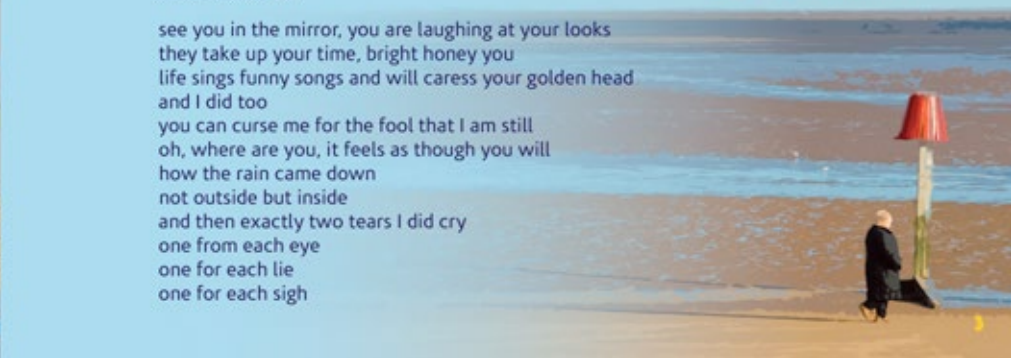
Marianne Faithfull sings a song about a boy who's like the rain
and love, that's you
when you first appeared you brought me flowers every day
now where are you?
no-one's saying that you should be here
but if you were the forecast would be clear
because the rain came down
not outside, but inside
and exactly two tears I did cry
one from each eye


this faithless girl has loved a dozen faithless souls
now I am low, and you, you're new
when you were first around I told you all about good friends
in love and true
you said you wished you had a story so profound
but how could you boy? you wouldn't stick around,
how the rain came down
when I turned and you weren't by my side
then exactly two tears I did cry
one for each lie

see you in the mirror, you are laughing at your looks
they take up your time, bright honey you
life sings funny songs and will caress your golden head
and I did too
you can curse me for the fool that I am still
oh, where are you, it feels as though you will
how the rain came down
not outside but inside
and then exactly two tears I did cry
one from each eye
one for each lie
one for each sigh

Eliza Carthy violin, singing
Ben Ivitsky 5-string viola
Barney Strachan Organetta
John Spiers melodeon
Jon Boden violin
Conrad Ivitsky double bass
Donald Hay drums, percussion

The Tom Waits song
Strange Weather inspired the
first line of this, after my
mam started singing the
Marianne Faithfull version.
*"When once again we're strangers,
and the fog comes rolling in..."*.
I'm not one of those people
that can easily go back to
talking about the weather.





Rows of Angels

you have rows and rows of angels lined up
on your picture rail
and all of them are smiling on you,
they could tell a tale
does it feel good? is it real?
I found a tiny mermaid swimming in a glass of water
and she was waiting for you
like a slim and faithful daughter
and it feels good, that's how it feels

he replies, I feed my own soul
I fill my own goal
I swim through any shoal and out against your tide
I say my own name
and then I weigh my own shame
I don't need you smiling by my side

all the pretty birds fly around my town,
they bat their wings to please
it's not nice to blight happy appetite,
the darkness comes to eat me
don't say you'll ever leave me
you will comfort and appease me
and we will build a nest for me
in a high, high, brittle tree
in a high and bending tree

comfort and appease me,
we will build a nest for me in a high, high, brittle tree
in a high and bending tree

chorus

Eliza Carthy singing, octave violin
Ben Ivitsky guitar, noises, Stylaphone, triangle
Heather Macleod singing
Jon Boden concertina
Paul Sartin oboe
Barney Strachan singing, drumtrak machine
Micky Marr bass guitar
Willy Molleson drums, drumtrak machine

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I never thought I would miss her
she was loud and obnoxious and grand
said, I like a lascivious kisser
I like a man that's all hands
whose body makes hungry demands

we walked in the mountains and valleys
and she brought down the birds with her noise
she boomed in the clubs and back alleys
never accused of good poise
oh she loved drinking beer with the boys

Rosalie, Rosalie, Rosalie
come back to me

as I left on the train she cried for me
she was crying and running along
and now that I know she adored me
I find that I miss that sweet song
how I was a fool all along

chorus

Rosalie, give me your love
I am helpless without you
what can I do now I see that there's something about you?
give me your love
I'll make sure it's enough

nobody wants to be lonely
in the smoke and the sky, brown and white
nobody wants to be lonely
so I'll see if she wants me tonight
I'll see if she'll have me tonight

chorus

Eliza Carthy singing
Ben Ivitsky acoustic and electric guitars
Heather Macleod singing
Barney Strachan singing
Robert McFall string arrangement, violin
Claire Sterling violin Brian Schieles viola
Su-a Lee cello Tom Lyne double bass
Willy Molleson drums

The tune is based on a trad Sussex waltz.
Mmm, nice tunes from Sussex. Yes.

Rosalie
Rosalie

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Mr Magnifico, everyone knows
is a man who's seen heights and dusty belows
he has in his time drunk tequila and lime
with those who hide crime in their grimy behinds

he sees in his haze he has seen better days
and he longs for the gaze of a feminine face
he doesn't have to go far,
man walks into a bar, there they are
saying, we're just in today,
do you know somewhere we can stay

they say that eighteen is the magical age
he says to his mates over pints of ten eights
all that living to learn, all those lessons to earn
if a man could be firm he could get some return

Mr Magnifico, what can he do?
he won't think a slow thought
when a fast one will do

Mr Magnifico fancies his chances
Mr Magnifico practises dances
Mr Magnifico longs for romances
that never end up in champagne
oh how life took its toll on his brain

oh you girls from France do a very special dance
he says with a wink as he fixes the sink
they look at him stand,
grand with the grease on his hand
and the gold in his tooth winks
once more at their youth

so it's off to the warehouse to look for a bed
a big one, he said, three silk pillows in red
and he hums a wee song as he's driving along
it was, come on, come on, and Magnifico's... gone

Mr Magnifico can see, and he knows
if he follows his nose how it's going to go
a little spiked wine, dim the lights, pass the time
those French girls like fromage
oh, they'll like a wee ménage...

he pulls up to the door about a quarter to four
ready for his glimpse of some youth
and inexperience
what he finds stays in his mind
'til the day he goes blind
a ripe old retort in that bed that he bought

Mr Magnifico loved his fine suits
he was fond of his hi-fi, he was fond of his boots
he was fond of the Rolex he kept in his safe
and the French girls, both gone
and gone traveling on

Mr Magnifico claimed the insurance
but Mr Magnifico found no reassurance
from a heart that was broken beyond all endurance
now he only lives by the full board
and abides by the Wilkinson Sword

featuring

Tim Matthew, most of **Mystery Juice**
and **Toby Shippey**

Tim Matthew narrator, violin
Eliza Carthy ukulele, violin, singing
Ben Ivitsky guitar, 5-string viola, singing
Toby Shippey trumpet
Martin Green piano accordion
Marcus Britton trumpet
Tim Lane trombone
Olivia Furness tenor saxophone
Greg Ivitsky alto saxophone
Joe Peat bass guitar
Donald Hay drums
Willy Molleson vocals

Mr Magnifico is my new hero.
He's not entirely made up.
I think he drinks in the Holyrood Tavern.
He had an adventure with a Canadian girls
ice hockey team that needs a song. I just have to buy him a pint
and get the full story out of him first...
Huge thanks to Donald Macdougall for graciously lending me the rest of Mystery Juice for this.



MR MAGNIFICO

if God had given me wings I wouldn't have used them
if I have ever known my rights I have surely abused them
like most, when I open my mouth
I hate what's coming out
and I don't understand my choice of words as I use them

no I don't see my friends and my family makes me
though I wish that I could find some place that would take me
these streets are grey and cold
they kill me as I get old
and if I could work I would but I constantly waste me

so fall in, fall out, fall down, fall about
I am failing in my credit and I think I have to get a proper job
and I'm shouting at the telly like I care
like I care, like I care
care for a chair and some more tea, vicar?
bet with her shirt, and lost with her knickers

now God gave me a voice and I've never tried it
although when it comes to opinion I've always supplied it
I've no fear of choice, but fear of choosing
no fear of loss but fear of losing
and fear of bruising my head whenever I've fried it

but what is this misery for?
maybe they'd let me go to war
because I'm just so bored, sitting here
filling my head with fizzy American beer
shouting at the devil from my chair
like I care, like I care, like I care
where is the light and the colour to aim for it
when you know in your throes who's to blame for it

LIKE I CARE (WINGS)

Eliza Carthy singing
Ben Ivitsky electric guitar
Heather Macleod singing
Sarah Roberts singing
Martin Green piano accordion
Barnaby Stradling bass guitar
Willy Molleson drums
Marcus Britton trumpet
Olivia Furness tenor saxophone
Greg Ivitsky alto saxophone
Tim Lane trombone

did he come too quick in the water, did he move too soon
did he leave a spark for me in the lazy afternoon?
because August was a good time for swimming
winter came and went
waiting for him too many years, that money's all been spent

while you're here we can swim in the stream
while the little wings buzz round our ears, fit for a dream
and the crawls on my skin
they're not from without, they come from within
lie to me, don't lie to me
when will this happen again?

did we drift apart slowly, overtook by time
did we leap the dams wholly in an open mind?
I keep a loving picture of you
all right inside my eye
could you think more kindly of me
before you drown and die?

while you're here we can swim in the stream
while the little wings buzz round our ears,
fit for a dream
and the crawls on your skin
they're not from without,
they come from within
suffer the little fishes, see how they shine
in the cold water between me and mine

chorus

Featuring Eddie Reader
and Heather Macleod
Eliza Carthy singing
Eddie Reader singing
Ben Ivitsky viola, percussion
Heather Macleod singing
Robert McFall
string arrangement, violin
Claire Sterling violin
Brian Schieles viola
Su-a Lee cello
Barnaby Stradling bass guitar
Donald Hay percussion

LAVENDERS

Little Bigman

on the dark streets of a winter city
he showed me his big love to my face
by the time spring came I was still ripe and pretty
but there was another big girl in my place

my oh my, my oh my
that's how you make a big girl sigh, oh
my oh my, my oh my
that's how you make a big man cry

he likes them big, oh he likes them singing
he likes them with their feet on the floor
he likes them dancing, changing tides, swinging
likes them once
then he doesn't like them any more

chorus

he likes them big, oh he likes them sassy
he loves them like a dog loves a bone
sadly for me he doesn't like them classy
now my big broken heart has me crying
on my own

chorus

now then little bigman
if you'd have had the notion
for a little visit to a village by the sea
well, you could have been rocking in a big ship
on the ocean
going deep-sea diving with me

on the sea, on the sea, on the sea
with the fishes and me

little bigman goes a-walking
and the ladies start talking
will you fall in love with me
he says, I don't think I can
because I'm a coward
and I don't like mobiles
and the wife would kill me before we get to sea

he gave me his treasure
it was all in kisses
said, love me forever
but don't tell the mrs.
'til the day that inspiration comes to me
(a pirate's life is the life for me)

and the cold wind of the ocean
sang the song of my devotion
to the land and the sea

on the sea, on the sea, on the sea
with the fish in the sea, with the fish in the sea
on the sea, on the sea, on the sea
with the fishes and me

from the cold ship in the harbour
down from the bandstand to the Tap and Spile
and back to me
and the fish in the sea

The Ratcatchers with Mr McFall's Chamber

Eliza Carthy singing, one-row melodeon
Jon Boden singing, banjo John Spiers singing
Willy Molleson singing Emma Smith singing
Ben Ivitsky singing, rowing Gideon Juckes tuba
Robert McFall string arrangement, violin
Claire Sterling violin Brian Schieles viola
Su-a Lee cello

Going to the Fair with my young man,
or down the pub on the harbour anyway,
for fish and chips and a snog.
Whitby fish and chips is the cure for most things.
Weston? What?





Eliza Carthy singing, piano, violins
Ben Ivitsky guitar, noises
David 'Demus' Donnelly bass guitar
Willy Molleson drums

Simple Things

simple things, simple things are what I get from you
simple things are what you somehow bring
and peace of mind, trouble far behind
when I'm near, when I'm near I'm all but touching you
when I'm here I breathe best by your side
my heart bothers me so, like water in the overflow
you, please you

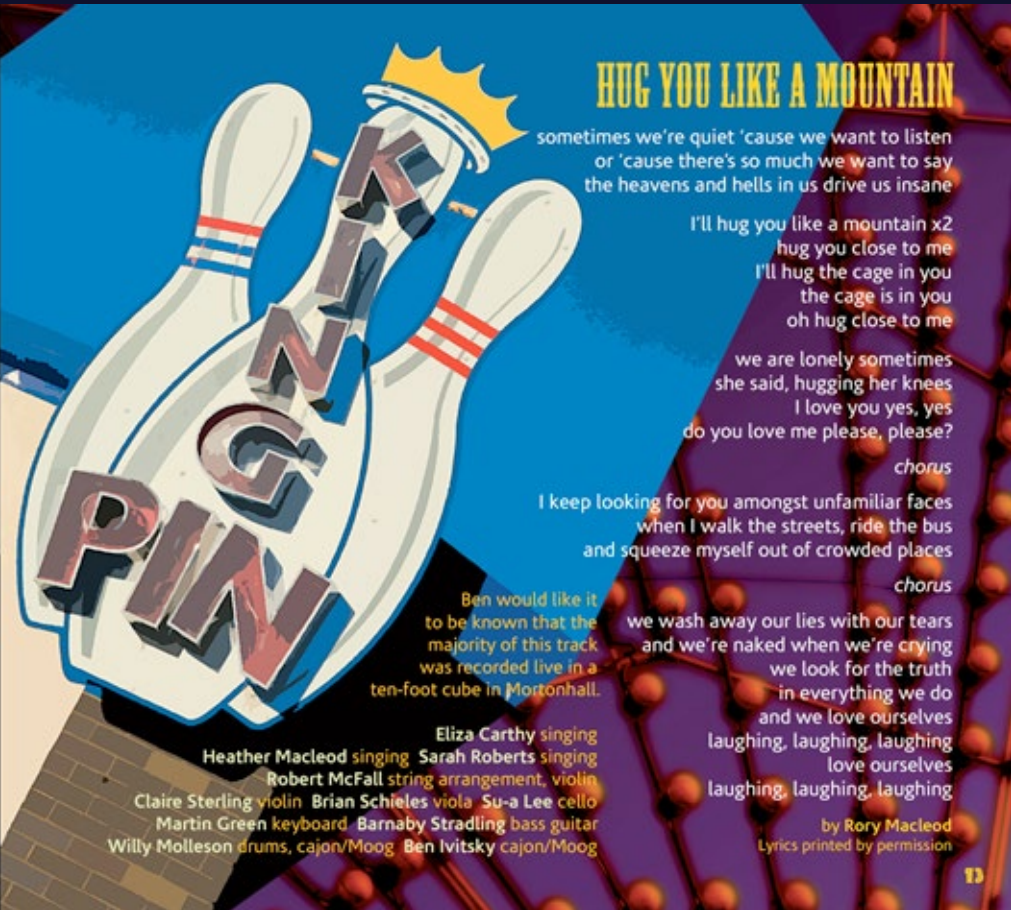
everything, everything my mother said was true
there's a man who'll take your fears away
and he'll give you his, my darling that's just how love is
all my nights, all my days are spent in dreaming you
winter come, I'll be warm in your lap like a girl
and when you're gone, the sun will find me sleeping on

see me come, see me go like broken bits of you
years and years will be gone before she's back again
this love smothers me so, like water in the overflow

I'll cry you and then I'll defy you
I'll hold you and then I'll scold you
I'll charm you and then I'll harm you

you, please you

oh I sent my tears the fastest way
the tide will bring them twice a day



HUG YOU LIKE A MOUNTAIN

sometimes we're quiet 'cause we want to listen
or 'cause there's so much we want to say
the heavens and hells in us drive us insane

I'll hug you like a mountain x2
hug you close to me
I'll hug the cage in you
the cage is in you
oh hug close to me

we are lonely sometimes
she said, hugging her knees
I love you yes, yes
do you love me please, please?

chorus

I keep looking for you amongst unfamiliar faces
when I walk the streets, ride the bus
and squeeze myself out of crowded places

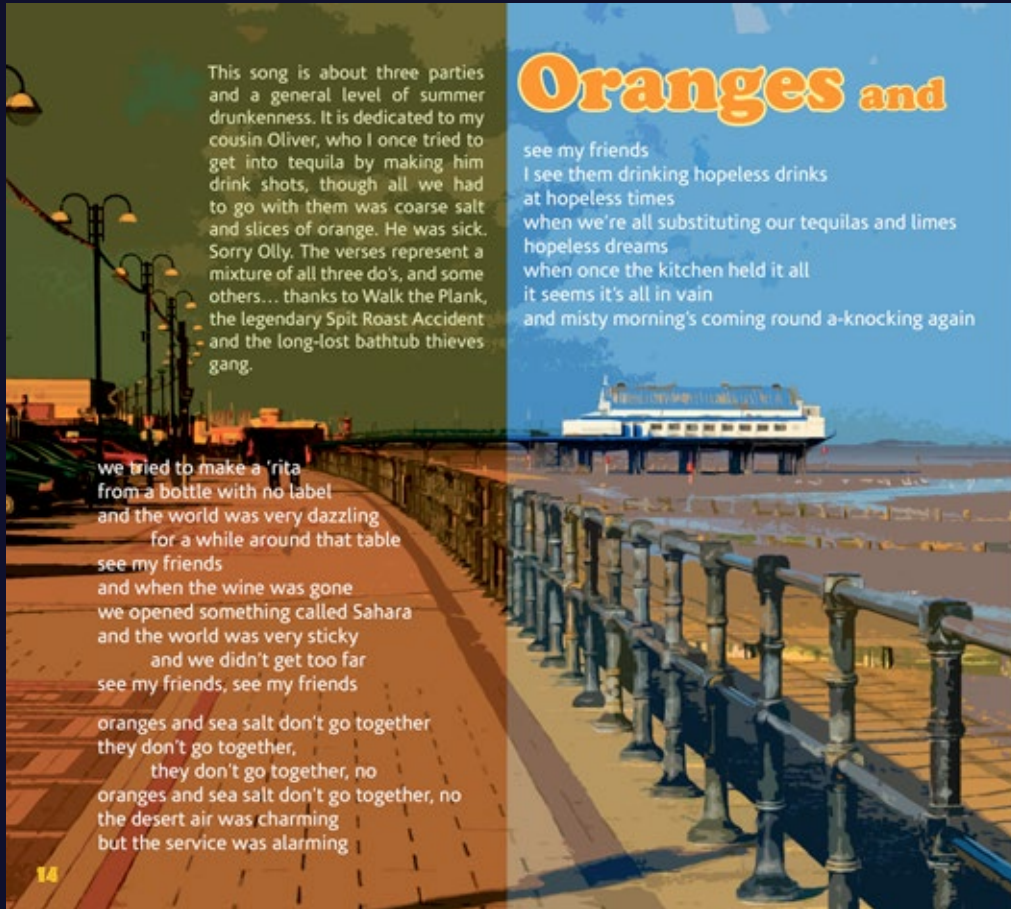
chorus

Ben would like it
to be known that the
majority of this track
was recorded live in a
ten-foot cube in Mortonhall.

Eliza Carthy singing
Heather Macleod singing, Sarah Roberts singing
Robert McFall string arrangement, violin
Claire Sterling violin, Brian Schieles viola, Su-a Lee cello
Martin Green keyboard, Barnaby Stradling bass guitar
Willy Molleson drums, cajon/Moog, Ben Ivitsky cajon/Moog

we wash away our lies with our tears
and we're naked when we're crying
we look for the truth
in everything we do
and we love ourselves
laughing, laughing, laughing
love ourselves
laughing, laughing, laughing

by Rory Macleod
Lyrics printed by permission



Oranges and

This song is about three parties and a general level of summer drunkenness. It is dedicated to my cousin Oliver, who I once tried to get into tequila by making him drink shots, though all we had to go with them was coarse salt and slices of orange. He was sick. Sorry Olly. The verses represent a mixture of all three do's, and some others... thanks to Walk the Plank, the legendary Spit Roast Accident and the long-lost bathtub thieves gang.

see my friends
I see them drinking hopeless drinks
at hopeless times
when we're all substituting our tequilas and limes
hopeless dreams
when once the kitchen held it all
it seems it's all in vain
and misty morning's coming round a-knocking again

we tried to make a 'rita
from a bottle with no label
and the world was very dazzling
for a while around that table
see my friends
and when the wine was gone
we opened something called Sahara
and the world was very sticky
and we didn't get too far
see my friends, see my friends
oranges and sea salt don't go together
they don't go together,
they don't go together, no
oranges and sea salt don't go together, oh
the desert air was charming
but the service was alarming

Seasalt

see my friends
when morning comes the blinds are drawn
the blind drunk are drawn in kind
wearing their big sunglasses in the park one more time
hold the hand that's near
think we make a lucky pair
then wish there was more booze
and know the bottle underneath the sink is deadly,
though blue

Brandy Alexanders test the stomach of a man
and follow thirteen or so after
there could be tears, there could be laughter
see my friends
we go down to meet the sailors
for a drop or two of Morgan's
and we let them all regale us
in the ship's internal organs
see my friends, see my friends

oranges and sea salt don't go together,
they don't go together, they don't go together, no
oranges and sea salt don't go together
in a mostly cream-based evening
you can still be sad you're leaving...

oranges and sea salt don't go together
they don't go together, they don't go together, no
oranges and sea salt don't go together, oh
well, maybe on a gammon joint
but never in my drink, no

The Love Boat,
featuring **The Bevvy Sisters**
and **Mr McFall's Chamber**

The Bevvy Sisters -
Heather Macleod, Kaela Rowan
and **Lindsay Black**

Eliza Carthy ukelele, singing
Robert McFall string arrangement, violin
Claire Sterling violin
Su-a Lee cello
Brian Schieles viola
Marcus Britton trumpet
Olivia Furness tenor saxophone
Tim Lane trombone
Ben Ivitsky trombone, vocals
Greg Ivitsky alto saxophone, vocals
Conrad Ivitsky double bass, vocals
Willy Molleson drums, vocals

All songs written by Eliza Carthy and Ben Ivitsky
and published by Topic Records Ltd
except Hug 'You like a Mountain' (Rory Macleod)

ELIZA CARTHY
DREAMS OF BREATHIING UNDERWATER

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