

The days of Pearly Spencer

A tenderment, a dirty street
Walked and worn by shoeless feet
Inside it's long and so complete
Watch by a shivering sun
Old eyes in a small child's face
Watching as the shadows race
Through walls and cracks and leave no trace
And daylight's brightness shuns

The days of Pearly Spencer
Aah
The race is almost run

Nose pressed hard on frosted glass
Gazing as the swollen mass
On concrete fields where grows no grass
Stumbles blindly on
Iron trees smother the air
But withering they stand and stare
Through eyes that neither know nor care
Where the grass has gone

The days of Pearly Spencer
Aah
The race is almost run

Pearly where's your milk white skin?
What that stubble on your chin?
It's buried in the rot gut gin
You played and lost not won
You played a house that can't be beat
Now look your head's bowed in defeat
You walked too far along the street
Where only rats can run

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Brilliant Billy

It's been your love right from the start,
music always played a part,
and you're brilliant in this art,
you are still around.
Since that day, you've changed your name
but the talent's still the same,
you do really earn the fame
for your music's sound.

We love you, Brilliant Billy,
aah,
your music is so great!

It's a pity that a lie
overshadows all your life:
You aren't Paul McCartney, why
don't you tell the truth?
Many people know the plot,
you were not allowed to talk,
you gave clues in all your work
hinting to the truth.

We love you, Brilliant Billy,
aah,
your music is so great!

You're a genius in your art.
Cease to play the shameful part,
show us you are really smart
by ending that charade.
Think about the other world,
you will earn what you deserve.
Do you really want to hurt
your eternal fate?

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David McWilliams

Silvia Ohse