



**Damn it  
I need  
Some Emotion**

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## Last Dance

Brandy and Babycham  
Becks and Bud  
Chiffon dress  
Play hard to get

Another Marlboro  
Share a Camel Light  
Saxophone silhouette  
Play, play real hard to get

A bead of sweat  
Shake the snake  
Devour in the dark  
Play; play, play real hard to get

Squeeze her tight  
Last dance rite  
Smooch ever closer  
Play

Play  
Play  
Play real o so hard  
O so glad we met

O so glad  
O so hard  
Glad we met  
Hard to get

## Listen, not to call

Don't call home anymore  
Don't call your brother and sister  
No crossed words  
No broken glass

No  
Not even  
No  
Not anything

Daydream at the workplace  
Lose, lose, lost focus  
No crossed words  
No broken glass

No  
Not even  
No  
Not anything

Emptiness, all to nought  
Emptiness  
Except for these words  
A thousand many more

No  
Not even  
No crossed words  
No broken glass

Except for these words  
Words written not spoken  
No more nights of love  
Long nights of love

No crossed words  
No broken glass  
No  
Not anything

## **Bolt**

Damn it I need some emotion  
Some way to wake up  
Some smoking gun to get me on the run  
Knock this melancholy right out of my  
stride

Then the lady reckons my writing reckons  
And my man says he don't understand  
So I slip back in to think  
Take off my shoes, pick up my pen

Damn it I need some emotion  
Some coked smoke to shake me up  
Some infusion to prevent delusion  
Knock this cold confusion right out of my  
head

Then the lady grieves for grief  
And my man say's my logics left  
So I slip back in to misbelieve  
Take off my shoes, pick up my pen

## Light headed

Could be just coincidence  
Incandescent, irreverent coincidence  
Elemental, heaven sent  
Coincident

But there's got to be more, more to it  
More than innocent  
Innocent collisions  
Drive these decisions

Then again, someone said  
Seven stories told  
No more to unfold  
Whether the pages are paper, paper or gold

But there's got to be more, more to it  
More than lost civilizations

Civilisation's, civilized creations  
Create these collisions

Well soon they say we'll all be ether  
Moments passed  
Memories lapsed  
Neither you, nor me, nor soft, soft breather

But there's got to be more, more to it  
More than these poet's predilections  
Their convictions and descriptions  
Describe their alchemic prescriptions

So I move my arm the sideways  
Through the fine air  
Demon, debonair  
Yep, ether it's me, or it's the Corsair

## Play de el Paradisio

For you to lay back and imagine  
Benjamin Zephaniah paints his poems in  
the sand  
Derek Walcott welcomes himself to his  
own door  
That Mr Marley rumbles up the band

For you to extend your imaginary senses a  
little more  
On this sultry sunrise cotton daybreak  
Sweet potato, mango and fresh caught fish  
Breakfast on and in between

Now you're with the taste, tread out  
sprightly, feel  
The heat rippled skyline over salted wave  
breaks  
The hand-glide, water-slide, rapid ride  
Beach bum, guitar strum, Indian summer

It's not yet ten, in the morning that is  
You know that tonight the moon will set real  
slowly  
The jazz boys' brass will blow  
Dance will be fast as laser glow

Before that there will be oysters  
Look out over the bay  
Musk bound orange-yellow chiffon and  
taffeta  
Boys with steel studded belts, Cuban heels

Take a cup of coffee, one more cigarette  
Close your eyes so tightly  
For this moment, this morning  
You shall not forget

Up there in the mountains there is another  
poet who paints over us, everyone

Who was anyone was his visitor  
They would not, could not  
Let him be let be  
Could not let him  
Be let be  
Could not let him  
Let him be  
Let him be

## **Baby Sitter**

I'm angry and I'm bitter  
I'm a miserable sod  
I'm an awful, awkward critter

Just last night  
Picked me a fight  
And spilt a goddam half of bitter

I'm seething and I'm sad  
I'm an overweight unknown  
I'm going on half mad

Just before  
Slammed the door  
And forgot to get in the cab

I'm frosty and I'm jumpy  
I'm an hair faced ignoramus  
I'm frump, frump, frumpy



## Old cold hands

Just then  
Spotted the speckled hen  
And got caught in the pen

I'm awash with melancholy  
I'm worn out in age old clothes  
I'm all dished up; jelly not jolly

Just now no fitter  
Sorrowful I plod  
The gooseberry, goose-gob, baby sitter

Hold  
Somebody's  
Hold anybody's hand

I want to hold your hand  
I want so, so  
To hold

I grow old  
Without love  
My hands, so cold

I want to hold your hand  
I want so  
So to hold

Hold  
Someone's  
Hold anyone's hand

## Friend

Troubled when it's double  
Now my girls in trouble  
Got  
She's got the friend

Winter falls in behind us  
Baby's all her cries to blind us  
Yep  
She's got the friend

Lie and escape  
Day's no more awake  
Again  
She's got the friend

All that's now behind me  
Grind and grudge no more remind me  
Sunlight dawns fall kindly  
It's she who's got the friend

I know there's further to descend  
More pain before begin to mend  
More arguments my mind extends  
I know she's got the friend

Spring steps into summer  
Guitar strings, bongo drummer  
Forget and forget regret  
She's got a friend

Mountain trails, midnight smokes  
Stay back my thoughts to stroke  
Elope from this life with hope  
I've got, I've found a friend

## Ya

I'm off to me work  
I'm stayin in the woodshed  
Them excel sheets I'll have em teeming  
An me technological words they'll be  
breeming  
An the colleagues alongside, to them it'll  
be seeming  
Like my mind's on fire, like I've caught a  
work desire  
But you'll all know, tis just for show  
For really I'll be dreamin, plottin an  
schemin  
Reasoning that what I'm really meanin

Is not their stuff at all  
Nope it's that good ol rock an roll  
That's keeping me on the ball  
Saving me from the dole  
Making me write this scrawl  
Helping me pay the toll  
Till I'm home once more  
Walking thro this mergin poet's door  
Lettin everyone know I'm sore  
Tellin them all the score  
Down here at the shore.  
  
See ya at the weekend

## Yes, you

I am off to work  
I stay in the woodshed  
Those excel sheets I will have them  
teeming  
My technological words they will be  
beaming

Colleagues, sat alongside  
To them it may well seem  
As if my mind is on fire  
As if I have caught a work desire

But you all already know, you know it just  
is for show  
For really I will be dreaming, plotting and  
scheming  
Reasoning, that's what I am really  
meaning

It is not their stuff at all  
No it is that good old rock and roll  
That has kept me on the ball  
Saved me from the dole, made me write this  
scrawl  
Helped me pay the toll, until I am home once  
more

Walk in through the emergent poet's door  
Let everyone know I'm sore  
I tell them all the score  
Down here on the shore

See you at the weekend  
Yes; see you at the weekend

## Failingsxxx

Not that you needed me  
Not needed me to tell you  
Say that now you're free  
Say it's no longer adultery

So I won't bother  
With the e mail from me  
Not bother with the mail  
From me to you

Say I'll put it in a poem  
State clearly, hey you're free  
Say I'll post it on the web  
There for everyone for to see

But we can stay friends  
What - friends with me  
But how can I be friends  
Friends - what, with you

Say lets talk this over  
Remember you're free  
Say let's talk this over  
Remember it is no longer adultery

No the time for talk is over  
Talk is for the birds, you said  
Not bother then with talk  
How about a walk

Say we will walk apart  
Apart, away from each other  
Say were smart  
We could help each other recover

But you don't mean counsel  
Counsel - you with me  
But could we do counsel  
Me counsel - what with you

Say we will sit in separate spaces  
Sit quite apart  
Say we will remember traces  
Places were we fail to start

But you don't mean there were failings  
You failing me  
But failings - sort of shared failings  
Between me and you

Say we will hang out our failings  
Hang them on the railings  
Hang them failing's  
Right on out to dry

Then we will sit here wailing  
Wail again goodbye  
Wail again goodbye  
Say, would you like a drink?

Is that a date  
Are you asking me for a date?  
I would like that  
Yes I would like that a lot

## Stop shirking

I don't want to be a starving  
Writer  
Don't want the piles like  
Keats  
Don't want to lose my  
Mind  
Nor even half of it  
Don't want to face  
The fearsome  
Face of failure  
I can't stop these words from  
Working  
Can't stop skipping work and  
Shirking  
Can't stop that rhyme, with Serge  
Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin  
  
Can't stop ..... firkin did  
Just then

## Have a laugh

Boy  
Do I like that  
That sweet old Yorkshire refrain  
Can 'ardly restrain meself  
Ee I can feel it comin on  
  
Them old town shoes  
Then dancing boots  
Them tappin feet  
Down yon steel city street  
  
From t'mucky Duck  
T' old Blue Ball  
Boy them girls had it all  
Rock n blues n shakin soul  
Them girls had it all  
Boy, they gave their all  
  
An yer could 'ardly reach yer ale

Ant' smoke were thick as treacle  
But fresh boy, fresh smoke, not stale  
Except for't occasional funny fag (that lad  
from Chesterfield)  
And cakes n ale and ale n Cocker  
Yon jail house rocker

An' olas too late for t'train  
An' t'were too far for t'walk  
So yer had to find a lass  
One er them accommodating sourt  
By them girls had it  
That accommodation  
They gave their all

Then come Sat'day afternoon  
On t'hillsboro cop  
Is it riet, wot they said  
You and Florence, gerrin wed

Heard it on tannoy  
At half time like  
An thought, well half the village  
Rode the village bike

Naer reed  
Say wot yer like  
Flo's t'accommodating type  
An she's ripe for plucking  
Say wot yer like

Well lad  
Yer'll 'av to pack away  
Yon dancing shoes  
Yer playin out wil af'ter stop  
Yer boyhood's gon  
Yer now a man

Nay I'll near grow up



As olas be a bit daft  
Olas have a laugh  
Wit lads, wit lads

Y'know  
Friday nights like

## **Betrothed**

Sweet  
Sweet sorrowful song  
You belong

Beyond  
Beside troubled creation  
Beyond your imagination

Betrothed to you  
Doubt and depravation  
Behind this sorrowful song

Sweet  
Sweet sorrowful song  
We belong betrothed

## Ob la

Now my friend

*Ob la*

*Di ob*

*La da*

My friend we will be together

At the end

Sunny, sun old morning, the seed sowed

he reaps

Spring dawns across meadows

Around the world mother sleeps

The sunlight catches

Across the variegated ivy leaf

The reflected crackled puzzled pattern,

At least two sides

To life, my liege

My friend we will be together

At the end

Past patches of frost covered snowdrops

Climb around the grass jack grower's greens

Around the world lover weeps

Tears of joy

Tears

With smiles as big as rainbows

At least five lives

In life he breathes

*Ob la*

*Di ob*

*La da*

So far as love would let me, be together

My friend, at the end

Sunny, sunny morning, way above the bay

Could go on forever, could go on so far

One raft for forgiveness, one raft for escape

By the lych gate  
By the parson out calling  
All before  
*The spring it is arriving*  
But I'll go bless my own sweet lord  
*Ob la*  
*Di ob*  
*La da*

Leaf clings and thrives, imbibes  
On nothing more than life itself  
We remember lichen, fore or aft who  
knows

Sunny, sunny morning  
Sprinkle dewdrops  
Dewdrops at the shore  
Around the world

Across a continent or more  
Enigma's engulf the ebb and flow  
Enriched  
In deepest dream space

Lovers in love with life  
Understand if not know  
Not to know all the score

Now my friend  
This is no incantation  
No medieval or Gregorian chant  
My friend this is love for you  
My friend, right on to the end  
Then how can we all proclaim this  
How my liege my leaf  
How can we share this gentle  
Awakened release; unbounded joy

My friend we can go sing

Go on sing

Sing

*Ob la*

*Di ob*

*La da*

*Ob la*

*Di ob*

*La da*

*Thanks to the Beatles and their 'White' album  
and to the Sacred Souls of Vermont*

