



**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

Baby Sitter

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

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
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