TRACK 1 - DING-DONG DADDY

The night creeps into my room like a lover,
I've been living one heartbeat at a time,
the night is hot and smells of dust and end of summer,
my resurrection and the life is weed and wine.
Miss Palmer drew my likeness on the label of a bottle of champagne,
she drew me thumping my chest like a gorilla
and sparking up a Molotov cocktail.
'Cos I've seen tigers and I've seen flies and I faced 'em down alone,
underneath this hairshirt I got amazing muscle tone, I got amazing muscle tone.

I used to be a real ding-dong daddy till Mercy took off and moved away.
How small a life can end up being, I start afresh a hundred times a day.
Connemara Kate is putting on weight,
I hugged her hard enough to make a diamond out of her.
Her smile kind of reminds me of summers long gone,
I've martyred so many guitars writing songs for her.
I've broken hearts and I've done things for which I never could atone,
underneath this hairshirt I got a real cold heart of stone, a real cold heart of stone.

I always keep my grave-suit good and ready,
but I'd swear on a whole stack of bibles just the same
that the struggle of our days is already paradise.
all that old blah-blah-blah of praise and blame.
Ada and Marion in matching polka-dot scarves
tell me the night ain't got her bloomers on.
They're off to do the hucklebuck to life's fiddle and drum
and they've most kindly invited me along.
So I'll dance to the glory of the shit and the chic
and when I'm done will someone carry me home?
Underneath this hairshirt I'm just a man of flesh, blood and bone,
a man of flesh, blood and bone.

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Published by Montparnasse Music/BMG (2024)