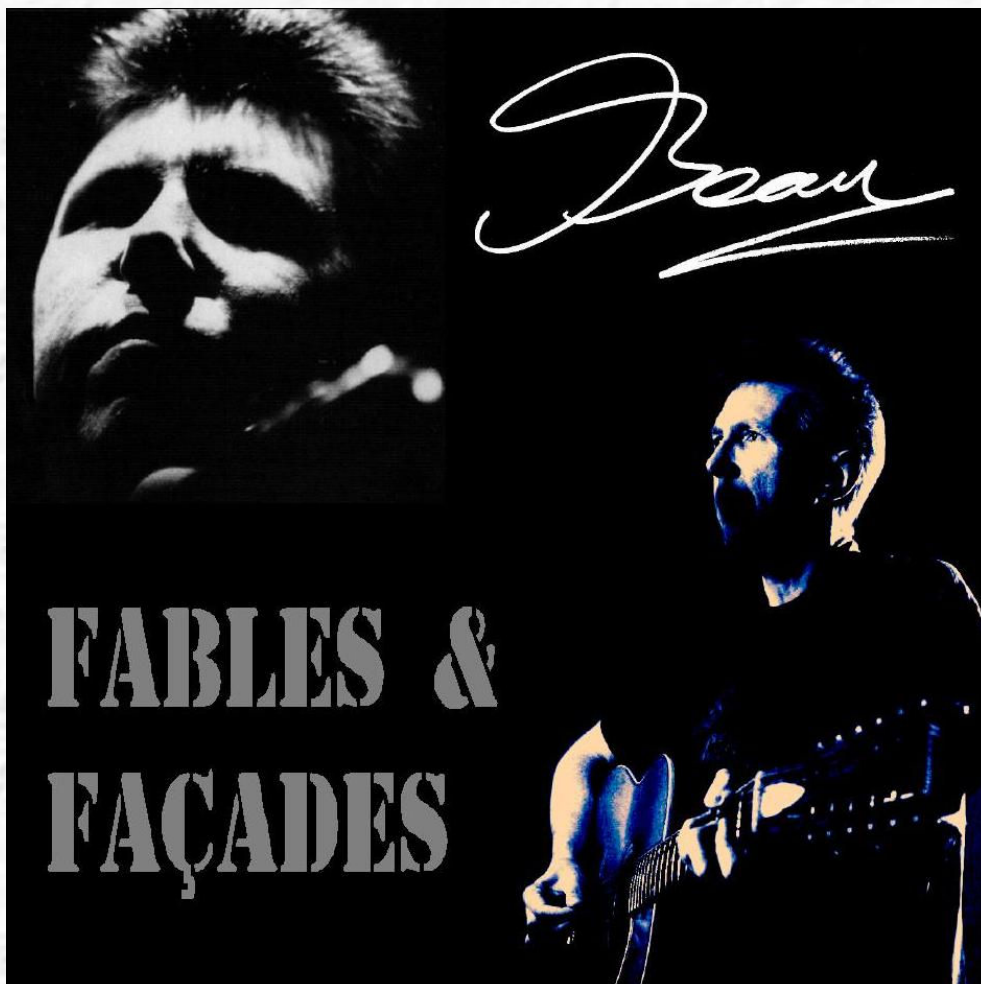


CHERRY RED RECORDS

PRESENTS



***FABLES & FAÇADES** is a heritage project, recorded and produced by Beau at
TM Studios, Derbyshire and Hertfordshire, England*

1978: tracks 4, 15	1984: track 11
1979: tracks 10, 17	1985: tracks 1, 2, 14
1981: track 8	1987: tracks 3, 7, 12
1983: tracks 5, 6, 13	1988: tracks 9, 16
	2000: track 18

Visit the **FABLES & FAÇADES** home page at <http://www.trevormidgley.com/Fables&Facades.html>

All songs written by C J T Midgley (published by Cherry Red Songs)
Cover photos: Pete Sanders & unknown Agency

Trevor Midgley web:
<http://www.trevormidgley.com>
<http://beausrecordings.blogspot.com>
<http://www.facebook.com/TrevMid>

1 Seeker After Truth (3:53)

... for all those who consider Frost/Nixon to be the interview of the 20th Century!

Well, seeming so relaxed and easy was how God appeared to me
As he rose to shake my hand and waved me onto his settee.
“It’s good of you to see me, Lord,” I said as I sat down.
He laughed and showed those even teeth and eyes of smiling brown.

“The tape is fine, the level’s good,” I said “so please relax.
We’ll keep it light and to the point, but please stick to the facts.
I’d like to know for number one the problems you perceive
In coping with a world that either won’t or can’t believe.”

He laughed, and once again I saw that strength that lies within.
He said “You ought to ask my son. Hang on, I’ll call him in.”
He opened up the patio door and loudly shouted through,
“Hey Jesus, can you come inside. There’s someone here for you”.

“What is it, Pa?” a voice replied. “It’s someone from the press.”
“And what’s the question this time?” “Come on up here and guess.”
“Well, I’ll be with you, I shan’t be long,” the voice came back once more,
And hardly had the Lord sat down than Christ came through the door.

“Hello, it’s good to see you!” – he towelled a steaming face –
“It’s hot as hell out there!” he said, and promptly fell from grace.
“So what’s the problem, father, that this journalist doth weave?”
“The problem, Jesus Christ my son, is those who don’t believe”.

“Oh God, it makes me so annoyed!” said Jesus in reply.
“The answer is as always, you won’t know until you die.
But Dad and I and the Holy Ghost who we always keep outside
And Lucifer, we know the truth. But don’t forget, we’ve died.”

“And how about the Pope,” I asked, “in his dealings with the Lord?”
As God gave Christ a sideways glance, I knew I’d struck a chord.
“I’m sure I’ll never know,” he said, “how ever he got on
With every prayer beginning ‘Ground Control to Major Tom’.

“Now Buddha, he’s a different kind, he’s always in demand,
For ever trying to help and always there to lend a hand.
In fairness though, I must say he’s no intellectual guy.
He thinks that a stigmata means you’ve something in your eye!

(“Isn’t that incredible? Been just like a second son to me...)

“So are you trying to tell me as a seeker after truth
To go and bite the bleeding dust?” Said Christ, “Don’t be uncouth!”
“Of course,” the Lord continued, “because you won’t be going back.
We want to keep them guessing, and you’ve seen too much for that.”

2 Again The Dog (2:30)

If you want eerie and spooky and you're a film-maker, look no further than your neighbourhood pooch! "Citizen Kane", "The Third Man" and a hundred other classics would never have been the same without the swirling mists and that barking dog...

(And yes, that is just one guitar – no overdubs!)

When it's cold, it grows hungry; listen how it bays.
In the broken-backed city there is always the dog.
On the edges of silence somewhere in the rain
And the damp velvet drizzle there echoes again the dog.

From the white city mansions of high level sound
To the derelict slumber that centres around the dog,
The voice-over hushes, they mute the refrain,
As the decibel pushes project once again the dog.

And there was no emptiness easier to sell,
No loneliness greater than that which befell the dog.
Only the echoing whimpers remain
As Hollywood rests, resurrecting again the dog.

When it's cold, it grows hungry; listen how it bays.
In the broken-backed city there is always the dog.
On the edges of silence somewhere in the rain
And the damp velvet drizzle there echoes again the dog...

3 Filters (2:37)

I have a deep distrust and dislike of censorship. Moreover, I've always harboured a naïve conviction that if the people were able to see and read and hear everything done in their name, they'd take a very different line at the ballot box.

Obviously it goes without saying that, for the sake of decency and absolutely nothing else, they'll never be given this opportunity.

Strange how much becomes unclear,
How little can be realised
When that which we all rightly fear
Is first examined and revised
And neatly sanitized.

Strange how little filters past
The deep desiring to cleanse;
The straining out from first to last,
The poison from the pens,
The violence from the lens.

Stranger how restraint is urged
Where such has never ever been;

Where smell and hell are deftly purged
Before they reach the screen –
The filters come between.

Strange the image that I dreamed,
Too fearful ever to confide;
Unsifted and unclean it seemed,
And so unpurified.
I was terrified,
I almost died...

4 Chilli Powder (3:49)

“Chilli Powder” is a musical mnemonic; and an aide-mémoire for things that really are worth remembering...

So forgive my confusion if I hesitate,
It all must be written before it's too late.
The half of my memory that can't concentrate
Waits for a silence then starts to relate –

Chilli Powder is –
The tied paw of the red setter or
The wide jaw of the fed heifer or
The tried law of the sled fetter or
The side door of the bred debtor or
The snide snore of the bed-wetter or
The fried claw of the dead leper –
I'm sure it's one of these –
I'm sure it's one of these.

So forgive my confusion if I talk aloud
In training the powers of which I am proud.
The willing flesh scatters the memory's shroud,
As witness the many, so richly endowed –

Chilli Powder is –
The tied paw of the red setter or
The wide jaw of the fed heifer or
The tried law of the sled fetter or
The side door of the bred debtor or
The snide snore of the bed-wetter or
The fried claw of the dead leper –
I'm sure it's one of these –
I'm sure it's one of these.

So again, yet again, roll your memory's beads,
In thereby remembering all of your needs.
The starving may watch as this Englander feeds,
So sing your laments and Gretchaninov creeds –

Chilli Powder is –
The tied paw of the red setter or
The wide jaw of the fed heifer or
The tried law of the sled fetter or
The side door of the bred debtor or
The snide snore of the bed-wetter or
The fried claw of the dead leper or
The dried core of the red pepper –
I'm sure it's one of these –
I'm sure it's one of these.

5 Canal Zone (2:42)

Dateline: Egypt; 5th November 1956. Paratroopers from 3rd Battalion, the British Parachute Regiment capture El Gamil airfield west of Port Said. This is the opening engagement of the (short-lived) Suez War. But that's not what this song's about...

The fighting began after hours of waiting
In dampness and darkness and cramped in a corner;
Ready and willing to move on the order
At twenty-two minutes past nine.
At twenty-two minutes past nine
The message came over the line.

Fired in the furnace of self-preservation
And cast in the mould of my fathers before me;
Out there an ocean so windswept and stormy;
I nearly feel really alive.
I nearly feel really alive
Now the order to go has arrived.

No time for thought, and of course none for reason;
No calculation for when I am older.
The battle is raging and I am the soldier
With only a moment to go.
With only a moment to go
The overtures herald the show.

Hardened to face the undreamable frenzy;
Thrown on the rapids of true trepidation;
Fighting for life with a sense of elation,
The orders command and I shall...
The orders command and I shall
Head on down the canal.

Out in the light in one moment of glory;
Drowned in a sea where to win is surviving;
Choked on the welcoming dust, my arriving
Affirms my position and worth...
Affirms my position and worth...
Affirms my position and worth...

6 Summer Night Limbo (2:52)

It's hot. 3am. No AC, no fan to give a hint of down-draught. The window's open. No chance of sleep. The harder you try, the more restless and awake you feel. You're exhausted. It'll never come... It'll never come...

The rule says it's only at this point that "a merciful unconsciousness" kicks in. Perchance, to dream...

The oppressing silence weighing down
As I lay in my bed on a summer night,
On a summer night,
Makes sleep an impossible dream.
I vaguely hear the cars passing by through the dull damp air
And I wonder where, oh where do they go?
But I do not know so there I lay,
Suspended in my limbo.

I wait for dawn to bring my release,
But the morning seems a thousand years away,
A thousand years away,
So I must occupy my mind.
I vaguely hear the church clock chiming its regular chime
Telling me the time, time I should have slept.
I would hear except that a merciful unconsciousness
Relieves my limbo.

7 One About To Fall (4:01)

... for the hunted (of all species).

The heavy mist is on the trees,
A-hanging in the morning sky
Through which we run; not only I,
But those who follow in my steps
Across the frozen winter ground.
The echo of their clarion sound
Is deafening my ears.

The quickened pulse and gasping breath
Are mine amid the growing din;
My blood is pure adrenalin.
My senses heighten, hear the call.
Across the day the hunter moves
As close behind the flailing hooves
Still thunder in my wake.

And so it is these towering trees
That stand aloft, aloof and tall,
Salute the one about to fall.
The mist is growing colder now.

The running eyes and gasping breath
Are quickened in the jaws of death
That slaver as they bay
And carry me away...

8 July Jamboree (1:59)

I first really took notice of the Morris when I heard the concertina work of that great Oxfordshire Morris-man, William Kimber (1872-1961). Kimber's all but forgotten today – he was pretty obscure when I was listening to him nearly forty years ago – but one of the things that gave me a warm feeling about John Peel was when I found he had the Topic LP, "The Art Of William Kimber" in his extensive collection.

"July Jamboree" may be short and sweet (it's at least half an hour shorter than the average Morris-dance!), but it has a loose rural feel and is as English as warm beer.

Everyone, everyone, everyone was there.
Far and wide, the countryside came to see the Fair,
And they were there in their summer clothes
And all their finery –
Everyone, everyone at the July Jamboree.

Far away, far away, people heard the news.
In the sun, everyone lost their winter blues
And the dancing shoes took to the high roads
Across the country –
Far away, far away to the July Jamboree.

All around, all around, rich and poor they came.
Strong and sound, some renowned, the able and the lame,
They were all the same whether they were from
The castle or the sea –
All around, all around at the July Jamboree.

Everyone, everyone, everyone was there.
Far and wide, the countryside came to see the Fair,
And they were there in their summer clothes
And all their finery –
Everyone, everyone at the July Jamboree.

9 Listen To Me (2:36)

... is a rockin' second cousin to Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land".

Take it up, break it up, shake it up, make it up
But do what you're wanting to do.
You know the land on your right
And the land on your left hand
All belong to you –
Listen to me, listen to me, listen to me, listen to me.

Tie it down if you must, grind it down in the dust
But see what you're wanting to see.
You know the sea and the sand
That you see on your right hand
All belong to you and to me –
Listen to me, listen to me,
Listen to me, listen to me...
Listen to me...

Throw it up, sew it up, blow it up, show it up
And call what you're wanting to call.
You know the sun up in the blue
And the moon up on the black sky
All belong to all.
Listen to me, listen to me, listen to me,
Listen to me, listen to me, listen to me.

The sea and the sand that you see upon your right hand;
The sun and the moon that you're holding in between and
The living of your life that you're holding in your left hand –
All belong to all, to all...
All belong to all, to all...

10 In The Court Of Conscience (3:01)

Not only weapons wound. Words can kill as sure as the sharpest blade. In fact, they often do a more efficient job. Words can kill the soul...

With the cold eye of the soldier and
The cold hand of the surgeon and
The cold and calculating mind of
Someone from Intelligence,
I walk along the city street
Assassinating all I meet;
My crumpled uniform, once neat,
Is now in disarray.

Breezes blow my hair at will,
Their wayward passage to fulfil
But they can never pierce the heart
And kill the way a deftly wielded
Knife, or yet a sharpened barb,
Well turned and twisted can succeed;
For words will never make you bleed
But only fade away.

I found this weakness in the heart;
Remorselessly tore it apart,
But that was when my uniform
Was smart and pretty in the glittering springlight;
When my words so clear

Fell, curdling the bitter beer,
And dripped into the waiting ear
'Til silence ruled that day.

And when the slaughter was complete,
Another fool had found defeat
And still my hands were soft and
Even sweet inside the glove that played
The drumsticks on the soft and kind.
It took the military mind
To sentence silence as the blind
Went tapping on their way.

11 White Knight (3:16)

A simple tale of mediaeval derring-do. Beyond the point of exhaustion, our hero saves the day.

The miles beneath the horse's hooves were turning into dust;
A hundred of them gone since darkness fell.
The messenger was looking out for someone he could trust
As his horse drank water from the village well –
Aye aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

And the dark remained unbroken in the early hours of day
As vainly on the highway he did search
Until a chink of light appeared to point itself his way
There shining from the doorway of the church –
Aye aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

The rider turned upon his heel, but as he strode away
A voice that whispered from behind him said,
“It would please us if indeed you'd find the time to stay,
For this is where your journeying has led, White Knight.”
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

The rider sharply turned his head, but all that he could see
Was still the door that framed the flickering light.
“Who spoke those words?” he asked aloud, “and more, who jests with me?
Who trifles with my purpose here tonight?”
Aye aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

A voice saying “I can help you,” from the door appeared to come,
“You search in vain, the villagers have gone.
But if you will confide in me I'll see what can be done
If you my flickering light will gaze upon, White Knight.”
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

The hypnotizing light brought forth the story from the first,
That the enemy had landed at the coast;
That the army must be warned that they must expect the worst;
That their strength of numbers was no hollow boast, aye aye aye –

Aye aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

And suddenly the courtyard was alight with blazing flares.
The Prince that he had served so faithfully
Said “We will turn them back, we’ll hunt the devils to their lairs
With this intelligence you bring to me, White Knight!
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

“But you have ridden hard my friend through many dangerous hours,
Though proud will be the tale of how you came.
So sleep, and when you wake again the victory will be ours,
The battle be remembered by your name, White Knight.”
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye –
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye –
Aye aye, aye aye, aye aye.

12 There's No Room For Cruelty In Haiti (2:51)

Haiti's always been a mélange of tragedies; political, cultural and natural.

Perhaps the most significant political disaster of the last sixty years was the dictator Dr François Duvalier (“Papa Doc”). He was President of the Republic from 1957 to 1971. Papa Doc – predictably – was succeeded by his son, Jean-Claude (“Baby Doc”). With the help of voodoo and the notorious Tontons Macoutes (the paramilitary ‘Milice de Volontaires de la Sécurité Nationale’), the Duvaliers held sway for thirty long years.

Then, on 12th January 2010, the country was hit by its biggest disaster of all when a 7.0 magnitude earthquake struck close to the capital, Port-Au-Prince. Almost 200,000 people lost their lives.

So the story continues...

“There’s No Room For Cruelty In Haiti” was written and recorded in November 1987, immediately following the overthrow of Baby Doc.

There’s no room for cruelty,
There’s no point in pain,
And everybody learns it
Every now and again.
It’s a blue horizon, it’s a Caribbean Sea,
And there’s no room for cruelty in Haiti.

From the green of the mountains
To the white of the sand;
From the chain and the collar
To that final severed hand
It’s a blue horizon, it’s a Caribbean Sea,
And there’s no room for cruelty in Haiti.

Take the snow-white schooner
With the bird-white sheet.
She’s going to Miami

And she carries the elite
Across the blue horizon, across the Caribbean Sea,
And there's no room for cruelty in Haiti.

Forget about the justice
That is long overdue.
Forget about the vengeance,
And it really might be true
That it's a blue horizon upon a Caribbean Sea
And there's no room for cruelty in Haiti.

There's no room for cruelty,
There's no point in pain,
And everybody learns it
Every now and again.
It's a blue horizon, it's a Caribbean Sea,
And there's no room for cruelty in Haiti –

No room for cruelty in Haiti.

13 The Rocking Machine (3:49)

... is a flight of fancy that takes off from – and lands back in – Utopia.

I was sitting and thinking, the way that you do,
Of something and nothing, of right and of wrong
When something or someone gave me the idea
To write down the words that turned into the song
Called The Rocking Machine...

And I invented the Rocking Machine,
Where the rainbow will end in a small pot of gold;
Where the salt of the earth will return from the sea
To the land from which it was driven of old...

Sway with me like the anemones sway,
Glide like a fish on the floor of the sea.
Sit in the shade of the tall granite rock;
For the door remains locked, but here lies the key
To the Rocking Machine...

And I invented the Rocking Machine,
Where the rainbow will end in a small pot of gold;
Where the salt of the earth will return from the sea
To the land from which it was driven of old...

Sit in your solid-state solitude, sit.
Think as you've never considered before.
Don't be discouraged by time that has gone,
When you find the key you will open the door
To the Rocking Machine...

Sombre decisions will take on the guise
Of simple pronouncements of what you believe.
To be true to yourselves, to be true to your friends.
Well, the harder you try, then the more you'll achieve
In the Rocking Machine...

And I invented the Rocking Machine,
Where the rainbow will end in a small pot of gold;
Where the salt of the earth will return from the sea
To the land from which it was driven of old.

Yes, and I invented the Rocking Machine,
Where the rainbow will end in a small pot of gold;
Where the salt of the earth will return from the sea
To the land from which it was driven of old...

14 Fly Upon The Wall (2:33)

I was in Berlin in 1985, just five years before the Wall fell. Crossed easily from the opulence of the West to the paranoia of the East.

Getting back in those days wasn't quite so simple. Came through Checkpoint Charlie on Friedrichstraße. East German Vopo guards searched high and low and underneath. Eventually got back into the West. The abiding memory of Berlin for me, however, was of the woman in the red cardigan.

There was a viewing stand a hundred metres or so downwind of the Brandenburg Gate. Here, free-Westerners could gaze out into the unknown across No-Man's Land. From that vantage point, I saw the woman in the red cardigan standing just to the east of the Brandenburg. I waved. She waved. And I thought, "If I come to you, no-one will bat an eyelid. You come to me, they will kill you". Then she disappeared behind the Gate.

We flew out of Tegel the following day, a day on which two East Germans were shot and killed trying to cross over. I hoped neither was wearing a red cardigan.

The mists are always swirling
Where the castle wall is cold.
The night is not for dreamers
Or for schemers, or the old,
For they cannot escape from
The fog, the clinging fold –
The fog, the clinging fold –
The fog, the clinging fold across The Wall.

In fear or frustration
All the discontented crews
Gather in the glowing
Of the slowly-burning fuse.
And there are no surprises
Finding they themselves accused –

Finding they themselves accused –
Finding they themselves accused before The Wall.

Unmatched in unimportance
All your neon towers rise,
Crackling with images
And Estee Lauder lies.
The paradox is heightened
For you need not advertise –
You need not advertise –
There is no need to advertise upon The Wall.

They may take up all my papers,
They may look into my eyes,
But they cannot pierce my makeup
Or break up my disguise.
They check me with their mirrors,
They mate me with their flies.
They mate me with their flies –
They mate me with their flies upon The Wall.

15 Gallery (3:03)

“Gallery” was taped in 1978, long before we in the UK learned to love biometric ID, the DNA database, our ubiquitous CCTV etc. Back in the '70s, old Iron Curtain countries weren't always fun places for tourists; particularly with their almost paranoid levels of surveillance. It was after visiting Russia and a couple of its satellites that I wrote “Gallery”.

In those far-off times, high levels of Soviet control and surveillance were seen as definite indicators of philosophical and moral uncertainty. Oddly, post 9/11, 7/7 etc., attitudes seem to have changed. Whilst Soviet surveillance was always thought OTT, for us it's now deemed quite understandable; even essential.

But it's easy to be unfair. After all, we in the West do have the benefit of moral clarity...

They took your picture
And hung it in their gallery,
Close beside the classical illusions they've collected.
And... there, beneath the counterpane of dust
And web of lies, my portrait too.

They took your number
And framed it in their gallery,
Hung between the mythical and puzzles they've neglected.
And... there, beneath the counterpane of dust
And web of lies my portrait too;
And there, beneath the isinglass that masks
And smudges light, my number too.

They took your address
And filed it in their gallery,

Hard against the library of cards they have selected.
And... there, beneath the counterpane of dust
And web of lies my portrait too;
And there, beneath the isinglass that masks
And smudges light, my number too;
And there, below the microscope of blind
Electric eyes, my address too.

They've got your number!

16 Fight For The Right (2:44)

Someone – I don't know who – once said "All political careers end in defeat". Someone else – again, can't put my finger on a name – broadened things out with "The bigger they come, the harder they fall".

All true. Never stopped people trying though, did it?

How hard the mighty fall from their pinnacles of fame
When we and our friends push them over.
As they crash down the mountainside, so others take their place.
On the throne sits another King.

We fought for what was ours, this sovereign seat of power,
And now we see the duelling below us,
And realise so well the fate that must be ours
As they fight for the right to be King.

And we're fighting to defend, and we parry every thrust
In the night for our power and glory.
As the fires fiercely burn, and rise up in their turn,
They're as true as they ever have been...

On the throne sits another King...
On the throne sits another King...

17 The Night Before Trafalgar (5:19)

Horatio, Lord Nelson, Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet, was killed in action at the Battle of Trafalgar on 21st October 1805.

As the following note recalls, his first command, in 1793, had been the sixty-four gun "Agamemnon"...

*"THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY,
WHITEHALL.*

27th January 1806.

*To: REAR-ADMIRAL SIR PERCY TREVELYAN, K.B.
NATIONAL MARITIME ARCHIVE,
GREENWICH.*

Sir,

The despatch accompanying this communication is in the hand of Captain Sir Thomas Andrews, K.B., late of His Britannic Majesty's Ship "Agamemnon".

You will see that the document is dated 20th October 1805, one day before the death of Admiral Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Their Lordships have lately been informed that Sir Thomas sustained mortal injuries during an heroic engagement on 24th October 1805 in the western Mediterranean Sea. During this engagement, "Agamemnon" was lost.

Lieutenant Abel Kerry, First Officer aboard "Agamemnon", survived the action and was conveyed to Gibraltar. It was Lieutenant Kerry who delivered Sir Thomas' despatch into the hands of the Vice-Admiral Commanding in the Mediterranean.

Shortly after arriving in Gibraltar, Kerry became afflicted with Brain Fever, undoubtedly occasioned by his experiences during the last hours of "Agamemnon". He is no longer in sound mind and will be unable to return to England.

Having regard to the emotion felt throughout the Land on the death of the Admiral, and to "Agamemnon" having been Admiral Nelson's first command, I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners to direct and require you to hold the Agamemnon Despatch (as it shall be known) in a place of safety for not less than 200 (two hundred) years. It is not to be Gazetted, and its existence is not to be catalogued in the National Maritime Archive.

You are further directed and required to inform their Lordships through me that this Order has been complied with.

Your obed't servant,

*E. SEAGRAVE
Secy. to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty."*

The mist came upon us (the Captain reported)
From seemingly nowhere, like out of the sea.
The helm was unsteady, though hard she was blowing.
The watch sent below and reported to me, oh yes.

The cook sent the lad from the galley informing
The fires had died and the ovens were cold.

The lookout atop of the mainmast was silent,
Reporting of nothing for him to behold, oh yes.

'Twas here Mr Kerry, the Mate, then reported,
"Sir, half-a-cable directly ahead!
'Tis surely a frigate that slowly approaches.
A strange sight indeed, Sir!" the Lieutenant said, oh yes.

And yes, she was strange as she came down upon us,
The Fires of St. Elmo so freely bestowed
Did sweep through her sails and dance in her rigging.
It seemed that her powder must surely explode, oh yes.

"Hard over port on the helm!" I commanded.
"Hard over port, Sir!" the helmsman replied.
And as he reported, "The wheel will not answer!"
Then onto my quarter the frigate did glide, oh yes.

Her Captain stood, his eyes on fire,
And turning, he spoke as she passed by my rail;
"Remember this sight that you see, Thomas Andrews.
Remember this sight, or your mission will fail!" - oh yes.

And there as she passed, the fog began sinking
And with sails burned to ash and with nothing to save,
Her name being obscured by the heat of the flames,
Like a wisp in the mist she then sank to her grave, oh yes.

This then is account for your Lordships' attention
Of that which occurred and of which I did see,
As I must report with a truth I'm believing,
My Lords, it was Nelson who spoke unto me, oh yes.

Your Obedient Servant,

Thomas Andrews, oh yes.

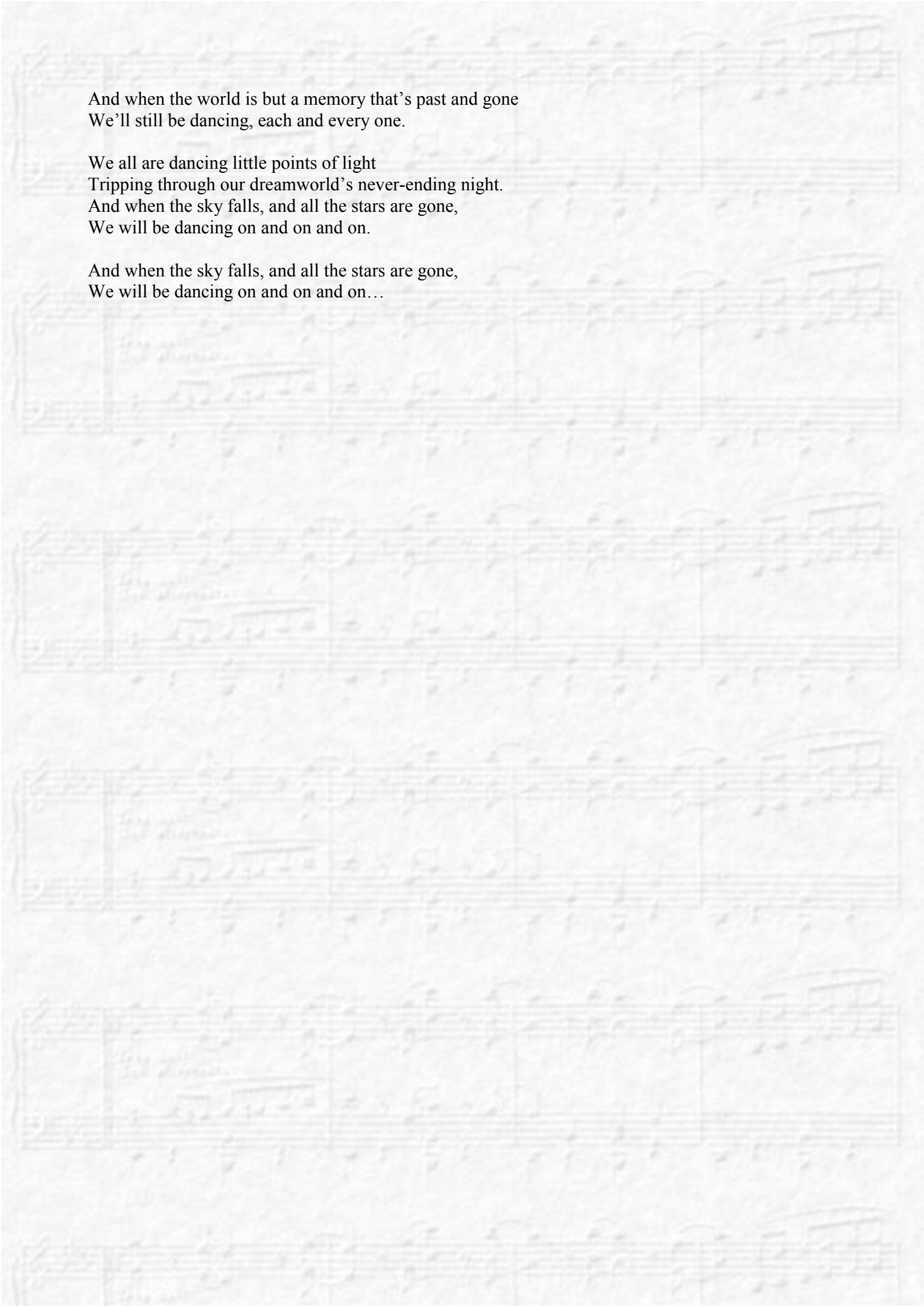
18 We Will Be Dancing (3:00)

... is from Act One of "Warhol – The Musical", a piece for the stage that Steve Clayton and I wrote back in 2000. In the show, the song is sung by Edie Sedgwick as she dances with Andy Warhol.

This version comes from the original demo CD.

We all are dancing like there is no end.
Some of us are lovers; most of us are friends.
And dreams are like the sun that always lights our way,
Burning bright no matter how fast the dances play.

We all are dancing through a purple sky
In and out of rainbows, infinitely high.

A faint, repeating background image of a musical score, likely for piano, featuring staves with notes and rests.

And when the world is but a memory that's past and gone
We'll still be dancing, each and every one.

We all are dancing little points of light
Tripping through our dreamworld's never-ending night.
And when the sky falls, and all the stars are gone,
We will be dancing on and on and on.

And when the sky falls, and all the stars are gone,
We will be dancing on and on and on...