

THE EDDIE FAST SONG BOOK

Design & Layout - Roz Ungate
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Final Chorus: You Gotta Pay

Read a story 'bout a guy the other day
Was a Rock'n'Roll singer in a real big way
Watch his lips move, baby, see his hips sway
Thought he'd got the touch that never fades away
Thought he's live forever and the another day
Never learned man's lesson I would say:
Soul might fly but the body's made of clay!
Mess with the devil, baby, you gotta pay!
I said
Mess with the devil, baby, you gotta pay!

Well, the story continued on down the page
The rock star got older but he never aged
Lips as sweet as honey, babe, those hips still swayed
But the destination's certain, babe, he's on that train
Arrival not abandoned, just delayed:
Write a compact with the devil, the ink don't fade.
Mess with the devil, baby, you gotta pay!
I said
Sooner or later, you gotta pay!

Yeah, sooner or later you reach the bottom of the page
Look back and see the deal that you made
The songs not written and the tracks not played
Seems like as the music starts it's about to fade
Your memories come marching in a sweet parade
Whisper goodnight, pull down the shade
Cos Death is a-comin, sharp as a blade

Sooner or later you gotta pay
Sooner or later you gotta pay

See across the night the first streaks of grey
And by the time the dawn comes, the dues'll be paid.

THE SONGS

Opening Chorus: - music by James Pink

Chorus 2: Eddie Don't Go - music by James Pink

Chorus 3: - The Temptation by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

Chorus 4: The Signing by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'Mama Can You See me Know' by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'Rock Till You Drop' by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'Sylvia' - music by James Pink

'Surf is Runnin' - music by Derren Jones

'Master of Time' - music by James Pink

Chorus 5: Rock Star by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'The Ghost of Rock' by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'Destroy' by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

'Feed Everyone' - music by James Pink

'King of Rap' - music by James Pink/Simon Tammo

Final Chorus: You Gotta Pay by Mike Brown/Alan Jones

All arrangements by Alan Jones

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SAFEWAY of POOL

Opening Chorus

King of Rap

So there's darkness on stage
And all is ready
A band called "The Tinner's"
With a singer called Eddie.
Eddie Tregunna all the way
From Park Bottom:
You might like it but
He thinks it's rotten.
Just seventeen but, my,
He's ambitious!
Never heard of the vanity
Of human wishes.

Up in the morning before
the birdsong:
He says he'll be gone from the factory
before long.
Out early in the evening he's
The singer in the band;
Cover other people's records
And money in his hand.
Home after midnight; dreams
By the fireside:
They all say the same thing:
Eddie's never satisfied.

Darkness all around you
Are you ready?
You think you're a winner
But look out Eddie
As you savour the fruit
The deal's forgotten
The flesh is sweet
But the core is rotten:
Forbidden fruit, they say,
Is delicious
Oh, the vanity
Of human wishes

Now when I'm about the town the kids rush up to me
Wanting autographs; they all push up to me,
Wanna know 'bout my life history
So I say "When you grow up, what do you want to be?"
They say "You couldn't ask an easier question than that!
Wanna be just like you:
The King of Rap!"

That's what they say:
"He's the King of Rap"

Now I know they say "Not everyone agrees"
There's Rappers out there think they're better than me!
So all we got to do is invite 'em along
Get a beat groovin' and rap out a song
Won't take long 'fore they throw in their caps
Sayin' "We gotta admit
He's the King of Rap"

They gotta admit
Eddie's King of Rap!

Feed Everyone

They say there's enough food in the world
To feed every mother, father, boy and girl
All we need is the political will
For every citizen to get their fill

No strings attached to the bags of grain
Kick the arms dealers off the gravy train
Don't watch the tele wondering what you can do
It's not up to your neighbour, it's up to you!

Trucks are comin on down the road
Every lorry easin' the load
Pass it down from mother to son
Feed everyone
Feed everyone

If everyone holds out a hand
We can form a bond from land to land
Bind it hard, and maintain it for good
Call it Universal Brotherhood

Cos every starving cheek we see on T.V.
It could be you and it could be me
When you wipe a tear as you start to cry
Think "There for the grace of God go I"!

But the trucks are comin on down the road
Every little penny easin' the load
Pass it down from mother to son
Feed everyone
Feed everyone

Repeat chorus

Chorus 2: Eddie Don't Go

Feel my pulse and the beat is low
Take my temperature - it's too low
Read my blood pressure - it just won't flow
My whole body is telling me so

It says

No, no, no,
Eddie don't go.
No, no, no,
Eddie don't go.

Hear the train comin', hear the whistle blow
Smell the smoke risin', see the sparks glow,
Watch the wheels grindin' out this tale of woe
This whole body is tellin me so

It says

No, no, no,
Eddie don't go.
It says . . . etc.

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Chorus 3: The Temptation

Destroy

C'mon Eddie let me ease the pain
If it's not easy let me make it plain
Cross the waters, down into the dark
Take your place on my ghostly barque

C'mon Eddie let me show you the way
The water's risin and the boat won't stay
I'll take you where you want to go
If you say "Gimme" then I won't say no

C'mon Eddie you'll be a star
Take the keys to your fancy car
Take the money, there's more like that
Hang your platinum discs in your penthouse flat

C'mon Eddie won't you take it all
The girls are waitin', you just got to call
Want a hit record, just take up your pen
One after another, again and again

C'mon Eddie let me ease the pain
If it's not easy let me make it plain
Cross the waters down into the dark
Take your place on my ghostly barque

See the house at the end of the street
See the garden's all nice and neat
They got a path that's crazy paved
Got windows they've double glazed
Only one thing to do with that:
Knock it flat!

Oh boy
Gotta destroy!
What a joy
Gotta destroy!

See this paper, see this pen
See what crap I've written again
Every night it's torture to be
Confronted by your mediocrity
Only one pleasure that I've got:
Burn the lot!

Oh joy
Gotta destroy!
What a boy
Gotta destroy!

In the bathroom mirror, see my face
A fine example of the human race
Perfect prison guarded by my skin
Can't get out of this body I'm in
Turn the tap, create some steam:
Wipe it clean!

Oh boy
Gotta destroy!
Such joy
Gotta destroy!
Destroyyyy!

The Ghost of Rock

And the officer said

“When his car ran out of petrol
On the lonely road
He should have known the nearest garage
Was five miles to go.
If I’ve offered my advice
I’d’ve said stay put,
Particularly when he saw
The full moon come up.
When I saw his face in the morning
Oh the state of shock!
There could be only one culprit
It’s the Ghost of Rock!”

When you parents are out one evening
And you’re home all alone,
You know something strange is happening
When all the fuses blow!
And when you’re searching for a candle
In the kitchen in the dark
That’s when our ghostly groover
Likes to make his mark!
You feel that tingling feeling
When you hear the knock.
Yes, it could only be one caller
It’s the Ghost of Rock!

Why did you book the honeymoon suite
In that lonesome old hotel?
You know the Death March played
When you rang the service bell
And owls hooted and bats hung from the wire.
There were coffins in the grounds
With a note which read “For Hire”!
When you saw the handle turning
And the key grate in the lock
You knew it was midnight
Without looking at the clock.
You knew there could only be one owner
It’s the Ghost of Rock!

Chorus 4: The Signing

Eddie: You must tell me about the deal
Before you get it signed or sealed

Meph: Everything’s here you need to know
Thirty five years without getting old;
Thirty five years of pleasure and fame
A trail of hit records, not one the same!

Eddie: No one gives you nuthin you haven’t earned
What do I have to give in return?

Meph: That which is rarely bought or sold:
We only want your immortal soul!

Eddie: Now that’s a delightful twist
How can I lose what doesn’t exist?

Meph: Then sign!

Eddie: The pleasure’s mine!
Give me a pen and the place to write

Meph: A little closer with the light.
I’m afraid that’s no good
The signature’s got to be in blood!

Eddie: Will that suffice?

Meph: Prepare yourself for earthly paradise!

Mama Can You See me Now

Woke up that mornin': cold, misty and wet.
The alarm clock said another five minutes yet.
My mind said "Come on, get out of that bed!"
But my body wasn't listenin' to my head!

Right about then I fell back to sleep:
That was when I had this wonderful dream:
All about how things are gonna be
You can bet there was nothin' bout the factory!

There I was up on the stage somehow
Singin' in front of a Rock'n'Roll Band
Bursting' my lungs and wavin' my hand
Singin' "Mama Can You See me Now"!

Well I was delighted as the dream unfurled
Signin' autographs for about half the world
Takin'g for the concert filled a dozen sacks
And I was whisked off in my Cadillac!

Seemed about then it was party time:
The other half of the world was mine!
Rockin' and Rollin' right through the night
Seemed as though there was no end in sight!

There I was up on the stage somehow
Singin' in front of a Rock'n'Roll Band
Bursting' my lungs and wavin' my hand
Singin' "Mama Can You See me Now"!

It was right about then the alarm bell chimed
And that was the end of that dream of mine.
I pulled the pillow over my head
Mother shouted up "Get out of that bed!"

'Fore I knew it I was out in the rain
Headin' in the dark for the factory again
You know one thing I will say
That dream's gonna happen one day.

Yeah, I'll be up on the stage somehow
Singin' in front of a Rock'n'Roll Band
Bursting' my lungs mic. in hand
Singin' "Mama Can You See me Now"!

Chorus 5: Rock Star

I want to be a rock star
Well, that's the life for me
Perpetually famous
That's what I want to be!

I wanna be a rebel
Grow my hair down long
The scourge of the neighbours
A trial to my mom!

I want to be a rock star
That's what I want to be
So come on Eddie
Got some advice for me?

I wanna play the guitar,
Play it all night long
But the strings hurt my fingers
And, no, I can't write songs..

But I'd love to be a rock star
All I want to be:
My face on the covers
Of a dozen L.P.s

Then you gotta go further
Go places no one goes
Got genius runnin in your veins
Got more up your nose!

De rigneur if you're a rock star
To suffer for your art
Got to keep stimulated
To stay in the charts!

Oh, to be an icon
A place in everyone's head
When like a Rock Chatterton
You lie Romantically dead!

Oh, Eddie, you're the Rock Star
That I could never be
All I've got is dreams, Eddie,
So live them out for me!

Master of Time

Through the hole in the fence
I can just about see
The boy in short trousers
With the same name as me

He's on the Embankment
As the train crashes by
Just a blur of faces
On the Western line

Turning the pages
I'm the master of time
Everyone frozen
In this album of mine.

There's family, relations,
Together, alone,
In flowery aprons,
In waistcoats, at home
Brought together again
Every one,
By the fact that we don't know
Where they are gone.

Chorus

Here's another - that's me
There in the crowd
Yes I know, uncannily like
My son looks now.

Chorus

And, yes, here
Someone I knew well,
A car crash, a victim
He's under that spell
Magician,
Wind back the cartridge for me,
Put him back in the frame,
Just let him be.

Turning the pages
Such a master of time
That everyone froze
In this album of mine.

Rock Till You Drop

I was out there on the night shift
Foreman said to me
"You don't seem much suited To this factory!
You need to get acquainted
With work it seems to me!"

Got no time for tea break
Got no time to stop
Just gotta get on and
Work until ya drop!

Now I said "Listen Mister
Know what you can do?
You can have these overalls
Take this clock card too
Cos these two brothel creepers
Are saying goodbye to you!"

Got no time for foremen
Got no time for clocks
Just gotta get on
And rock until I drop!

So I picked me up a guitar
Wrote down some songs
Sent them off to London
And then before too long
I read the music papers
And saw I was number one!

Just time to get my drapes on
And my lime green socks
Then just gotta get on
And rock until I drop!

Just time to slick my hair back
Brylcreem down these locks
Then just gotta get on
And rock until I drop!

A Note to Sylvia

I found the note this morning
on the table by the door:
your clothes missing from the wardrobe,
traces of talc on the bathroom floor.
I laid down my guitar case,
wiped tiredness from my eyes;
Made myself a cup of coffee
And thought, "Well it comes as no surprise."

Been travellin' up and down the land
Every time a one night stand
With a suitcase and guitar in hand
On tour with a rock'n'roll band!

I sit down at the table
take the note and start to read
"I don't suppose you think much
About the kind of life I lead.
Or about the kind of time I have
Hanging round here all alone
So by the time you read this,
I'll be on my way back home.
Try something for yourself perhaps
Not a night sky to a star
I won't be coming back again,
Not while ever you are

Travellin' up and down the land
Every time a one night stand
With a suitcase and guitar on hand
On tour with a rock'n'roll band."

Surf is Runnin' (You'll be Running too) (Homage to South West Water)

Well I'm watchin, the sun sparkle over the sea
With the waves crashin' in, it sure looks good to me
The temperature's climbin'; everything's just right:
The sort of surf I dream of every night!

So, I grab my board and I start to run
To join everyone havin' so much fun
I just want to be there ridin' the wave
To glide on that crest is all I crave!

The surf is runnin'
You'll be runnin' too
Cos the ocean's comin'
Comin' after you

It was just about there when I felt his touch:
Suntanned, muscle-bound, all too much:
Shades, megaphone, the lifeguard norm
Then he discussed faecal coliforms

He said, "Things have changed out here on Big Sur:
You feel the stomach cramps, eyes start to blur
That's those coliforms, they know just what to do
It's goodbye to someone else, now it's hello to you!

The surf is runnin'
You'll be runnin' too
Cos the ocean's comin'
Comin' after you

So there really ain't much point going in the sea
You might as well swim in your lavatory!"
"But all I love is the sun, sea and sand!"
He said, "My advice to you is to stay inland!"
Because the surf is runnin'
You'll be runnin' too
Cos the ocean's comin'
Comin' after you