

Blue House and Titty Bottle.

Lyrics

Moff Skellington

2009

Grind the Piggywig's Bones

Belly Ache One

The Longing to be Elsewhere

Belly Ache Two

Are You a Wolf?

The Money Apple

Belly Ache Three

Nine Miles Back

Fiasco Artiste

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Ball of Gas

Spidermites

Thank you, Dr. Beady

Voicemail

Belly Ache Five

Information

Grind the Piggywig's Bones

*Grind, grind, the Piggywig's bones
Grind the Piggywig's bones.
Sausages, sausages wrapped in paper
Just like when the war came.*

Fall, fall the nest fall chick
Fall into the traffic, then
Into the gutter! Into the gutter!
With the side of my shoe.

Love, love the fresh and milky
Underside of a pillow.
Rain! Rain! You peg the rooftop
To the Magpie and the Crow.

Teddy bear, teddy bear lowered in a bucket
Made you feel quite special
On the curb stones of the cul-de-sac
By empty-smelling houses.

(To bury these bones in the torn-down wood
We have to trespass on the railway.
Leave 'em dug up, I say, leave 'em dug up.
Grind 'em special for the kids.)

A nurse with cruel manners
Has taken away your skin.
The house is wrapped in a plastic sheet.
Kids are drawing in the soot.

Belly Ache One

He talks of airborne fat coating the bowel
To render carpet dark as ovens.
Our neighbour has the long, purple memory of a twig fancier,
He talks of airborne fat coating the bowel
To redden bed sheets darkly – the eye of a probe inserted.
Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday.

The Longing to be Elsewhere

It's the longing to be elsewhere
Haunting the cup of my hands
Nine dugout fathoms below a jacket of clinker.

It's the longing to be elsewhere
Riding on the carbon reeking wind
Stoking rags of shell metal
With the voice of a butcher's heel.

It's the longing to be elsewhere
Replacing our depth of troubled earth
With a paper roof and a Judas beacon.

It's the longing to be elsewhere
Decomposing tranquillity
In slow, treacled increments of convulsion.

Patched from the cheerful refuse of forgetting
We are fast in a membrane of low centigrades
And the surface cannot hide
Among the whiskers of the wood,
For the wood has been razored to a lunar sea.

A veil against the machine raptors
Is whatever the clouds let go in winter.
Only the unblemished snow
Can hush the map of scars.

But the Elder blossom girls
From the town of listing spires say:
"Never mind 'eh"

Belly Ache Two

Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday
With printed hymnal dames in hollow plastic frames
Of golden spray and candle-stick section.
They fidget on the wall above the telephone nook
When the letterbox flaps in winter.
They talk of airborne fat coating their bowels.
Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday.

Are You a Wolf?

Are you a wolf in the wire?

Are you a serpent in the maze?

Hosting my trials and dripping with smarm

Drawing ever closer

So the oracle says.

The Money Apple

Behind the hour of night
We are lifeless puddings
Towed along the canal
By a dog, run over.

And under the spotter's wood
We are with the aphids
Gathering inks of dudgeon
From the trench.

But the money apple is ours.

Memories of the nursery
Flow like colliery farts,
Urgent as the haste of wolves
To piss across our threshold.

'throned on towering sludge
We cling to gravity's stencil.
Like rain in the barrow tracks
We seek a dab of cleanse.

But the money apple is ours

Belly Ache Three

Our neighbour nurses the want of thick air seasoned rustic.
Our neighbour is the Belly Ache, a dinner in a box,
Made of glue and exhaust and airborne fat coating the bowel.

Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday lunch
To separate the five walls of his stomach
For a period of salaried units.

Then comes the bloom of dyspepsia in his daily yawn.
Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday.

Nine Miles Back

A treetop stranger, eyes of smoke,
Unbidden, took my hand
And led me though November sticks
To a world I did not understand.

A niggle moved inside my belly –
A frightened whelp in a drowning sack.
I knew I should be mixing homefire
On the stove, nine miles back.

*Nine miles back along the road we took
Curtains hide the blasted heath.
Nine miles back along the road we took
They're stroking handfuls of my teeth.*

We straddled the igneous bones of the earth,
Me and the treetop stranger.
We used our dreams to rub away
The memory of danger.

But, Daddy does it, Grandpa did it,
Generations layered in the mist had the knack
Of mixing homefire on the stove,
Nine miles back.

*Nine miles back along the road we took
Faces hang from the curtain hooks.
Nine miles back along the road we took
Numbers hide in pocket books.*

The hour is come for them as sees
To climb up into winter trees
And quietly await their prize:
A pleasant fading of the eyes.

Fiasco Artiste

This man is a fiasco of adrenalin blither,
The clerks and marketeers watch him circle and dither.
He's got it wrong again and his collar has burst
And he's broken both ankles 'cause his house is cursed.

*And the elephant alive in his dancing shoes
Sprays the pretty women with ammonia.*

This man is a fiasco of adrenalin blither,
His shoes will unravel and his billycock wither.
His history is a loop-the-loop of seizure and convulsion
Rupt with inner cyclones of brick and spilt emulsion.

*And the tinsel-fed seraphim
From the skies over Christmas
Leave their droppings in his pocket.*

Fiasco Artiste!

Belly Ache Four

At night,
To sense the town opening and closing
With the turnstiles of his pulse,
Our neighbour entertains a succubus
Always busy suppressing time
Like children kidnapped on a holiday gone wrong.

A holiday gone wrong in all the ways described
In a birthday warning from the old attendant voice in the fog,
From the old airborne fat coating the bowel.
Our neighbour is the repetition of Sunday.

Ball of Gas

This, our ball of gas
Exists only when observed from speeding transport.
The dander and weaning cells of the wish people
Stitch Crows and aerial shrouds to the rendering apparatus
And observe at a steady one hundred.

Float, float on.

The wish people whisper,
Blurring the storyline to a night shower of gums
Chewing their vowels.
And sometimes this, our ball of gas
Exists only as a mineral plot.

Float, float on.

Moonrakers, brash and limber
Tell me these things
With their odd stone knuckles
And their weighted clubs
And their nicknames for gadgets in the flesh.

Float, float on

And on this, our mineral plot
There is white light; loving bicycles
And the road passing under
At a steady one hundred
From which we observe this,
Our ball of gas.

Float, float on.

Inside this, our ball of gas
There is a handful of foundling miniatures
Each dabbed a favourite blue
By a brush of a single hair.

Float, float on

Spidermites

Mock paper flowers in a canal bucket.
To trace the spidermites
We must peel the rind of calendar spots
And let cot-babbling tubules of the storm
Rinse away uncomfot.

But we seem to be outside
The ice-tinselled shallows of the rinse,
Laughing at rude, green spears in the drain mouth.

And the mock paper flowers run with us
Up the breezy Jack and Jill,
Down the brick cellar of unbroken distance,
Trailing their spidermites and bending stitch
The taste of black lung on the whiskers of a ghost.

We can roll noise up in it's silent linings
And tread near the unexploded houses.
We can belly inch the nettle smoke
To look upon canal buckets rusted through –
Scribbles of red ochre.

But, thriving in their *cannot-be-seen*
The spidermites have become enlarged,
Joining the few splinters from the rooms
To make a dining hole.

And there they sit.
Napkin, knife and fork, in monstrous silhouette,
Just beyond the periphery of sight.

Thank You, Dr. Beady

I was sheep-dogged into 45° of stone
By a doctor who resembled Queen Elizabeth II.
Her twinset and pearls were knitted from my past.
Her stockings were a chainmail
Of the deep breaths I should be taking.

She nodded,
Like a velvet dog in the back of a Cortina,
And bid me drink more poison
To rinse the common sadness from my ordinary skull.

Oh, we all get sad at Christmas time
Don't we, Dr. Beady?
We all cradle yearnings to never have existed
Don't we, Dr. Beady?

And my brain shivered, Dr. Beady.
Ordinary sadness came
Like a landlord for the rent.
My body was corrupted
By the yeast of lost souls.

And my brain shivered, Dr. Beady
My right hand it fluttered
Like a flag on the beach.
My left hand shook
Like the rattle of a desert snake.

She nodded,
Like a velvet dog in the back of a Cortina,
And bid me drink more poison.

My brain shivered, Dr. Beady,
And dreams blew me backwards
Like the temperatures of winter flu.

My brain shivered, Dr. Beady.

Voicemail

It could be you.

This is why I never answer the telephone.

Belly Ache Five

The repetition of Sunday,
Our neighbour is the hedgehog turning to stone
Under the rusted bones of the hedge.

The repetition of Sunday,
Our neighbour is a woodland grave at the back of the moon
With it's lid of many opposing hinges.

And our neighbour, the repetition of Sunday,
Is rolling over ebony gasses with his programme
For the rapid sub-division of bruises.

Information

All tracks written, performed, recorded and mixed
M.Skellington, Uterus Cottage, Abstercot, 2009.

Mastered by invisiblegirl
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Released on iTunes 14 Feb 2010

Moff talks, sings and plays the following:
Accordions, Melodica, whistles, percussion, guitars, harmonica,
cymbalom, Hutttyphone, Eddodiner, Swanee whistle, kazoo,
Jaw Harp, diddley-bow, bamboo flute and other household flotsam.

Dedicated to Heart of Coal, Dr. Vibes and the town of Otley, West
Yorkshire.

Thanks to Meesh and Julia.