

Moff Skellington

Gravy on a Plate of Food.

Lyrics

2009

Daddy's Tarmac Suit
Who's coming up the stairs today?
Said Naughty Norman
Vapour in the attic of my titfor
Flightless Eggy Bird
The Upright Soldier
Sunnyside of the Falling Boot
Visiting Hours
Moonbone Grubber On the Sea
The Stranger on the Mat
Mad Men's Toes in Mad Men's Boots
Something's Going to Happen
Bipolar
3 O'clock in the Afternoon

Information

Daddy's Tarmac Suit

Through the painted rain you came,
Stilting giant on crystal heels
With stitch to choke Ma's cradle song;
With acid to tan the lilac fog.
You are a willow stump with smiles,
Tassles packed about your jelly.
I use magic as coin for chatter,
You're made of needles – fond of shock.

*But Daddy's tarmac suit was a bully
Grown from deep inside his eyes
The glinting ribs inside his spit
Were knocked from the jaws of a shitin' dog.*

You breezed from a feathered home
To swell upon my rainy boot.
You barnacle my tongue with lead
And poison my Christmas socks.
Perhaps, as kids, we knew one another
But since we've towered past our shoes
We stand and faintly wave at cars
Where petrol meets the carpet.

But you've got a very big coat
And you've got a very long story
And you will shout that story from
Inside your very big coat:

*In the quiet umber ducting
Of the breakfast yeast
I curl upon my precious eggs and worry
Twittering evils from their bedthatch*

But, you've got a very big coat
And you've got a very long story
And you will shout that story from
Inside your very big coat:

*To clothe a coral headache
Big enough to dwarf the hills
I graft the skin of milk – saucers
To the pinkishness under my cap*

Who's coming up the stairs Today?

Who's coming up the stairs Today?
Who's coming up the stairs Today?
He's got a bristle comb beneath his belly button.
He's got a lock of bright spittle upon his brow.
He taps with his toe like my drumming bowels –
My drumming bowels upon the attic stair. Well

Who's coming up the stairs Today?
Who's coming up the stairs Today?
He's all grey hairs like the master.
He's all woven fingers like the magistrate.
He flings a clot of white – spittle when he whispers
And he's all windy jetty, like me. So

Who's coming up the stairs Today?
Who's coming up the stairs Today?
Oh it's you.

Acrid smelling bottom
Is laughing in the wood.
Red the glow beneath the water.
A tiny bell the dapple rings.

I've come to share your laughter,
It feels lonely in your sludge.
A wild school of hearty, livid specks
Watches through a kidney hole.

Oh-ho! The sludge is a canopy.
It booms the chime of steepled hollows.
And all the lights of a miniature world
Come to rest upon my sleeve.

Said Naughty Norman

Said Naughty Norman, the plastic head of God:

My beard is an accretion of coloured fibres from the laundry pipe. My wisdom comes to you on a wing of brittle mucus and my yeasty guts may bloat you to a squire.

Oh, naughty Norman, plastic head of God,
Teach me to ignore the blizzards of lice
That run the cack-handed weather.
Better the loose red lady with the candle-plume neck
Than a scaffold round catastrophe with traffic passing under.

Said Naughty Norman, the plastic head of God:

I'm after the hell-fire model. Wine-clots undo me in my woodcut pantaloons. Will you stand like a goat and drill the coachwork in my lumber? Will you even break slumber to build me a go-kart?

Oh, Naughty Norman, plastic head of God,
Deliver my nervy mess from where
Germs own the loin-donor in his vinyl smock.
Better the petticoat fume that plovers up a damsel draught
Than dog-meat refineries and shipping fog.

Said Naughty Norman, the plastic head of God:

I am mutton pegs; I am bacon straps; I am the tiny flare of blood-spittle in your stoker's cough. With lung-iron braggery for cack-flowers in the fence, my old, oat furnace donkeys you in haywire and song.

Oh, Naughty Norman, plastic head of God,
Make my thoughts the swallow of a paper throat;
My memory, a deck of cheerful bruises.
Better the leotard spangle laddering her ropesticks,
Than tedium's little motor and the reptile hush.

Vapour in the attic of my Titfor

Oh, Vapour in the attic of my titfor,
Shadowless and flowerspread as in the odes of a quill,
Crystals in the lumpen rock brim scarlet in thy name –
Scarlet as the gliding tendons of a fever grub.

Oh, Vapour in the attic of my titfor,
Acne'd with a limpet host of festival blooms,
Who's gasses, blue and heaven fresh
 like bathrooms in a brochure
Compose me for the bidding of the night hours.

Oh, Vapour in the attic of my titfor,
Custodian of the blessings stolen from the room upstairs,
Diverting the attention of sinister machines
From saplings in the powdery soil of a school mound.

*And you shoo a reeking shape
From the backseat, from the guestroom.
Your sharpened fingertips remove the barnacles of my mouth-clag
So the gobbings of a jackal on the birdhouse wall
Never menace baubled nudes in the laundry lady's wink*

Here comes a man – there goes a man!

Flightless Eggy Bird

Fine as paper, brittle as slate,
Watch the winter heavens spread
See the dotted nestling glimmers close
To leave the hillside welcome in blackout.

But flightless, eggy bird is pupating in the sod,
All damp, orange paper and Hong Kong dining musak,
Known to early mariners and Vatican librarians
And farting Frenchmen
Stepping over garnet-measled reptiles underfoot

And the flightless eggy bird is known to my family
As a dog-eared recollection, slightly foxed,
Exciting wan smiles from their rank of sepia revenants,
Handsome like the sticky germ of life.

Oh, flightless eggy bird, pupating in the sod,
Bring home the sherbet for our latex poppet foundry
Bring home the burning, yellow cordials of whimsy

The Upright Soldier

Well, I'm spread with a spoonful
Of airborne magnetism,
Wild-wood green as the flight of eels
Downriver, deep.
Loin girders pressed home,
I step into a vital scamper,
At the high o'clock
When evil slides a finger between.

And when oblivious
In nighty and slipper
I climb trees after dark –
Bladder full of barbed, uneasy heat –
I'm winking steely.
I cheese a sipping dreg or two
From the dials and gauges
Set into the world of worry and concern.

I am the Upright soldier
With my paper trumpet full of flowers.
I rebuilt the engines of tick in my sleep;
And I pinned the wherefore of tock
To a butterfly board;
And I've written down the number of a house
Because I knew where the enemy gets fed.

Sunnyside of the Falling Boot

Sunnyside of the falling boot,
A road traffic accident happens like a snowdrop.
Sunnyside of the falling boot
The spoiled heath is happy for
The water in the drain.

A dainty lady, bridled in a cyclone of frocks
Side-saddles vertical and prim, like a daffodil.
On the sunnyside of the falling boots she is
Fungus in the parish of a solar sect or sun cult.

Sunnyside of the falling boot
Enchanted waves of shopping
Soak into the beetle ground

In a high palace window she wrinkles at the niff of
Yellow steam rising from the gravedigger's lunch
But inside the falling boot there is a spiral of laughter, just
A smudge – buffed pewter by the big stocking heel.

Sunnyside of the falling boot
Music hall bobbies take the stage
Like playful dolphins

On the sunnyside of the falling boot
She pedals in her cups through a floating burrow
She sees the boot falling where the underground man
Holds a broolly for the wedding on the ammonite beach

Visiting Hours

Somethin' to stop her eyes rolling about
Somethin' to keep her hands still. I don't know.
Dog still behind that door?

What time can she have another look outside?
Can't see much at the moment, anyway
Fog's built up
Dog still behind that door?

Can't read this writing
Poem about rockin' horses
Some secret between her and...
Dog still behind that door?

Something to stop her eyes rolling about
Yeah, lob it over here, that'll do
Dog still behind that door?

Moonbone Grubber On the Sea

There's Jelly on the rug made for shame.
So, it's out of the front door with a tin of chunks,
Mounting high curbstones of the oceanic neighbourhood
All on a bicycle borrowed from the rust.

Locomotive stumps bunched in a quiver,
Woolly, and dusted with herbs of sunny window.
His winsome blink – a scuzz-truffle blade, faecal nasty
His songful throat – a hanky full of steam.

His pocketful of postcard corners,
Flute cordite trails and chlorine,
And fish-fibre needles from a dried-up dinner
Keep his broolly wires under skin.

The Stranger on the Mat

Look at the stranger on the mat,
Who mummy seems to know,
Who daddy seems to trust.
Look at the stranger moving off the mat
Leaving wintry footprints.

The stranger is a wise frock merchant
From a tinsel card.
His lustrous foil turban is a bauble
Punting thermals through profane chronicles.

The stranger has a halo –
Black as painted railings
Sawn away in wartime.
The stranger has a voice
Leaking from his beard
Like the shadow of smoke on a milkman.

With open handed gestures
He stands beside the drainage cockle
Telephoning the doctor.

Mad Men's toes in Mad Men's Boots

Hatter's from the traffic have
Fretful fingers plotting music
Knocking tunes from bonfire bones to
Smother winking lamps
Others fidget on their peddles
Trailing laces on the sea
Conjuring their mad men's boots
To worm the blossoms up

Mad men's toes in mad men's boots
- taller than the apple hills
Those toes tap-tapping
Mathematics on and on
Mad men's toes in mad men's boots
Stepping on the mossy pudding
Worming blossoms from the soot
Hurray for mad men's boots!

Moon high Daddy dials riddles
Deep into her granite web
Floating moons of patient thunder
Deep granite down
Chaos is an ample breakfast
For the townsfolk underneath
They bless the green slabs of the town
For weather in the ears

I hope to go to sleep on Sunday
For it is a special day
Tapping mathematics on
The green slabs of the town
Mad men's boots appear to me
Nettled by the broad daylight
Wriggling the toes of friendship –
Worming blossoms up.

Something's Going to Happen

A holiday greeting leans back through the years
From the where the livid sun is still inside the egg.
A bone basket grumbles yellow water on the stove
And his thoughts are kneeling in the attic.

A holiday greeting is flattening brambles
From a place where lemon powders whisper from the kettle.
And he's licking the windows and he's watching the wood
From where the waterbend rattles with a medicine spoon.

And something's going to happen
There's a dead thing on the drive
And he can't find mummy inside her clothes.
Something's going to happen
When the holidays are over
And test card music is brimming
From the drain beneath his bed.

That holiday greeting is a woollen turtle collar
Closing the years around his throat
And the lungs of the deadfallen wood push a song out
To shut his window tight
And stop him traipsing through the night

And the holiday greeting is a bulldozing mister
Who frowns with a copper tongue
Clipping at his arse buckle
On the last happy day before his nerves grew taller
Than the two illuminated storey's of home.

Bipolar

You can catch cancer from a Russian play
And you can suffer a palsy of fluff
If overmuch Busby Showstopper is consumed.
But there is no middle way
Unless you get run out by Greener Hugh,
Your astral twin
And some dreadful, malignant syndrome
Tears the wicket down,
With you
Just a moment's sleepwalk from the crease.

3 O'clock in the Afternoon

At three o'clock in the afternoon
Potatoes blush naked by the rummage of utensils
Limbless, they can only dream
Of pulling on their mantles of worm-turned earth
And in a parlour drowned by lake bottom dusk
Tommyrot attacks the brand new cushions
And in the wall cavity, upon a wooden stair
Children thunder in the family clog as one.

At three o'clock in the afternoon
Grinning like a horse on a merry-go-round
A mischief man is on the outer ledge
Slender as a rabbit carcass cured between two bibles
He plays a pair of tiny scissors
Over the weave of the window nets
Letting all his tommyrot, like molten silicon
Fall down on the ground to gather wasp wings and fluff

At three o'clock in the afternoon
His tommyrot is crossing the parlour floor towards
Cushions of fine lustre and cushions buttoned royal
And cushions with embroidery and tassels well to do
But potatoes clad in earthen mantles burst
From the old utensil pile, burrowing in anger
And the walls are but a membrane, behind which burns the sun
Revealing the shape of children
Mounting stairs aboard in a single clog.

At three o'clock in the afternoon
A mischief man calls back his tommyrot for now
Back into the ducting of his rosy, wooden cheeks
To return when conditions favour the aggressor.

Information

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

Mastered by... (Invisible Girl)

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

Dedicated to Heart of Coal, Dr. Vibes and the Year 1979.

Thanks to Meesh and Julia.