

A Book of Fretful Chums.

Lyrics

Moff Skellington

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Look out, Little Pet
Let's Frame the Way a Cow Sees in a Song
Belonging to Water
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The Family in Clean Clothes
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Why Don't We go Back to Bed?

Information

Look out, Little Pet

A twist of viral string in the egg,
Tempting squeals from sludge at room Fahrenheit.

It trails me a bag of see-thru
For living pets to chase.
And untreated pocks about the middle skin
Play little iron thumbs to bracket the sight
Of ferry petrol, curling up worries from the margin.

Oh, but the wrongest ways are knitted
Through the grain of carelessness,
And in the avoidance of tragedy we all shout:
LOOK OUT, LITTLE PET!

To stop the pet from bursting impact,
Whiling away the busy roads with stupor,
I rock into my scissor jump from bed rest,
Shooting noise like a witness to canon strokes,
And in the avoidance of tragedy I call out:
LOOK OUT, LITTLE PET!

Let's Frame the Way a Cow Sees in a Song

Let's frame the way a cow sees in a song,
Shall we do that?
Let's frame the way a cow sees in a song.

If a flavour brimmed with energy, like me
Is bred to flee the arches of spasm,
Is bred to rinse a tattooed sog
Of meat coils in the linen,
Well, then a paste of muttered hormones finds me
Dogged in the shoe.

Needful folly blokes the squire's wrist.
A man, bandy-legged with his rakish thirst
For when larks to flap a cheeky thumb
Made platelets of the barmy
And a lonely cardboard shape against the light.

Yes, he's right.
Needful folly blokes the squire's wrist.
Up against a blandishment of fumes within a chamber.
Needful folly blokes the squire's wrist.
And the bulbs have dark a-plenty
For a night's sleep making pretzel wheels
And string boats in the urine to interpret.

And I've been out since Sunday, yes I have,
Moon squozen flat like the sea at night,
Even though small jelly to hob-jockeys golden,
Still a lovely cardboard shape against the light.

Well, the haunted specifics of my life
Nest a tray of puppets with a hand up,
Clever, like my dad, husbanding his apparatus –
A brochure's worth of deep under an everglade of fun,
So let's frame the way a cow sees in a song.

Needful folly takes the squire about in such a way
That random lusts and worries slope his knee
But I've been out since Sunday conducting an ocean
Drifting south on some migrating plastic.

Belonging to Water

Yesterday,
When tall, glass schools had purchase on my nerves,
I kept my bite behind a tart, shrunken purse
And stitched my lips together
With axel bones from a leisure craft.

If some unfriendly wrack of clouds
Rose through the paper walls,
I'd make moan in the windy sticks
Of a house long since gutted.

If a snow-capped prefect
Hove into the neck of the gennel
With an elephantine glide of xyloid withers,
I'd dive into the strainings of a soil god,
Or view the episode through canal water.

You see, things that live in water
Never walk in circles through the empty wood.
Even in the lonely afternoon of their panic,
Boiling up their squeeze-belly dreams in mosquito fires,
They never walk in circles in the empty wood.

They stay swimming put, in the water,
And let the gentle current teach it's lesson.
They stay swimming put, in the water,
And let the current chalk a happy gleam into their bones.

I am the Nutter on the bus

My name is Moff, how d'you do?
I am the nutter on the bus.

With a pleasantry returned you have drawn my bead
And now I have mistaken you for a friend.
I fancy you are one of the prefects.
You, in your grown up shoes,
Sitting up with a book of writing
Way past your bedtime.

I make no apologies.
I am the nutter on the bus.
And all my friends are nutters on busses
And they are royalty!

Inside the candyfloss of your trance, perfect stranger,
I am a scattering of sharps and bloodspots,
A tropical bladder-fish with rockabilly hiccups
Blooming the tatters of a vinegar stroke
Just for you.

In the yeasting trays of my grainy drab
My adopted corners are in bluebottle orbit.
With a twitch of shellfish whisker
They flabbergast your pallet like food brought to your bedside
In a strangers house.

The Family in Clean Clothes

Out among the diesel bulbs
In a laughing prism of twigs
Ambulant bones are arrested,
Ambulant bones are made to stand.

In a tiny amber window, the family in clean clothes
Abides near a shimmer in it's comfort soup,
Yes, inside a coated lens, the family in clean clothes
Steams the eager nostril of a doting elder.

In the wake of a forgotten compass, tonight,
Dead shadows peel the soul from the boot;
Dead shadows rot the laces;
Dead shadows fill running feet with bruises;
Dead shadows prickle with rainbow suds.

In a red-brick cube in the valley wall
Behind trellised constellations of Virginia creeper,
The family in clean clothes twinkle in the syrups
Of a Godly Iris concealed in the bed of a wallpaper lagoon.

But,
Do they have the feeling, this family in clean clothes,
That they are being watched by some unfortunate souls
Trapped in the outside place, banished to the room with no ceiling.

In the rhubarb glades and the slug hives,
Prisoners of unhospitality
Watch the winter bees harvest gas-bottle frost
And study the lights of the town.
Among which, a family in clean clothes
Turn their faces to the wall,
While a doting elder with a hand over his eyes
Pulls the curtain across.

The Golden age of Thank You

It was the golden age of Thank You
The trench and the summit of candle shadow,
When embroidered churches met you
On the apple slopes.

Everyman wore a little dish for solving nonsense
And the telling of a handicap.

The winged worm and the succubus,
The tracksuit and the alopecia,
Were versions of ourselves in emblem,
Were the jotted clover print of our distilled curds.

It was an underworld of glaciers
Grown from the seed
And nerve bricks of monoxide weight
Swarming like dogs in the greenbelt.

The take-my-hat-off people
Layered their smiles into frigid columns of air:
Biopsies of the rain beacon.
They said:

“The frowning wilderness of sleep
Brings with it the boating weather.
From our raft of milky bribes,
We energise the drizzle with fibs.”

The Machinery of Flinch

In the frame of an eye glass pointing fathoms down
The blood is a procession of hammers.
In the scope of a gaze, adjusted to the dark
The ugly bone is wired for a float.

Here I am inside the darkness, wading in the dregs -
Torchlight recoils at the prospect
And wheezing in the dregs, a mask of curling lips
Undecides a gallon of ponder.

My nerve stream is uneasy in it's photogenic rags.
Every button flails at the tip of a wire, so
I watch the stomach floor in my dignity frocks,
I blush and bruise, and spit out my teeth.

I'm a primal gonk, bearded in rare hormones,
Nodding to the soggy prompt of laughable trombones.
I'm a flushed foam colossus but my arms and legs are wrong
Under a mackerel sky.

Here within, the prospect is grotesque,
Grist to the machinery of flinch.
No painted rustic spinneys redeem this blighted neighbourhood.
The sludge of despond butters every inch.

Needing the Nana Box Hole

For an outing in the rain
My rusted nerves become
A system of glowing trees
Asleep in the corpuscle gloom
Clotted in the shock of flow.

They spiral me a wrinkle of bag-belly dunce,
Heels in a mudslide, glued to the moon.
Very much needing the Nana Box Hole.

And spilt in the speakers throat,
Blank as Wednesday,
Spoil dances still on the waves
All stone horizons, delivered by the water's edge
Fresh from the Nana Box Hole.

And over in the countryside
The Nana Box Version is a child.
All that carted muck is liver green,
Brimming up the outhouse wall
Like clackers on the wire.

But here in the recurring sudden
A crumpling of lard spokes a five weather Nana,
Her choice wobble stuffed into Chapel bindings,
Smiling down like the guts of a bomber.

And she opens me a book
From the Nana Box Hole,
A book of harsh couplets
By speakers lulled in fire blisters
And she warns me of a bilious chase
Through coal orchards wracked with peril.

Now it's Time to Start the Future

Elderly addresses made of grass
Are standing gauntlet 'round a teasing flame.
Flats designed by men in floral shoes
Wait along the river
For the signal to multiply.

Trees grown on carpet just snap off
When the hostess trolley wheel fetches them a swipe,
And time is just a little pot
Of yeast upon the stairs
That squeals when a rainy shoe comes near.

Only faded ancestors understand barometers.
Only the dead remember how to turn the telly off
And hats in the window of the charity shop
Recall the warmth generated by a single thought.

I Am the Royal Florist

Revealed by the Eye Doctors' glittering razor wheel
Is much wine-gum sheeting, cornflower blue and tangerine,
Ironed flat behind the lens by a child aloft, with wings attached,
Then framed in Jewel briars for you philistines at work.

Complied from fresh knitting
I am the Royal Florist.
Precious like the tiny silver dogs of an heiress.
Yes, I am the Royal Florist,
I am the hidden weight
In envelopes conferred with a purple wink.

For elbow friction with my Royal Floristhood,
The Eye Doctor soaks me in his nuzzle-teat-wanting for
He passed into his tawdry world through a conduit of spam-silk
Fragranced in miasmas of fly-nip, like my slippers.

Yes, come and smell my slippers,
I am the Royal Florist.
Smoking cocktail fags through
The beak of a mosquito.
Yes, I am the Royal Florist,
In the back of a Rolls Royce
Bound for gated idylls by the sea.

But sacred leafy poplars raised hackle-back along the dyke,
Slicing halves and quarters from my dangle doves of bounty.
Translate the weird to nudge me newly mindful of the fact
That I am just an acid belch of brittle arthropod.

But when the wind has died,
Am I not born of fluffy trim?
Am I not the Royal Florist?

Advice on Crossing the Park

The wrong way to spill across the park
Is to bend your shadow into the trees,
Like a fork into a line of flowing numbers.
That is the wrong way to spill across the park.

The right way is to strike
Like silence on a holiday beach
And thrill to the distance covered,
While remaining behind glass
Like a number made of light.

The wrong way to slope across the park
Is to worry the daylight.
That living gas, worth it's weight in cardboard,
Can tip over dustbins in the night
With the dense rupture of it's earthly smell.

The right way to tilt across the park
Is to wine like a dog,
Until a gown of prickled silk swans over
Blending you with it's untold jokes
Like a thumb stitched with haemorrhoids.

The Carpets of Your Bungalow

I sleep under the marsh
In a century of mud.
I sleep inside the wall
In a century of silence.
Composing my injunctions
For the good of the dead one
Who shares the calendar with me,
Who's skin is on the beach

Sometimes I think there is only
One thought left to think.
If I knew which one it was
I'd think it and be dammed.

My heart is very greedy, so
I'm blushing like a slaughterhouse window,
Dreaming of abstractions in
The carpets of your bungalow.

Something in my Lap Made of Cogs

I sat up past the end of the telly tonight.
Something in my lap made of cogs upset my bladder.
The kitchen door was open.
I could see the aprons hanging up
And the animals that we'd drawn on the wall.

My plight, in a tale pled with sobbed apostrophes,
I passed on into the kitchen as a loud soliloquy.
Movement in the kitchen often yields a glimpse of mortal parts
And one to mushroom wifely with a bottle might attend.

Well, luck would have me twice agog
When intercourse transpired,
My ears condensing whispers in a haze of kitchen salts:
There's something made of cogs in your lap, you buffoon,
Pick it up and put it by your chair for later on.

And now your bladder is at peace,
Shall we quench with chocolate
And later draw some animals on the wall?

Well, I know her choice of animal was a cow.
We enjoyed their company on our honeymoon.
We made the milk as hot as our mouths could stand
And doodled herds of cattle in a haze of kitchen salts.

Why Don't We go Back to Bed?

The bedfellow stirs, mouthing slingshot in its sleep
For my clowning splint of weft-coloured noises in the pillow.
Our egg-white summer pleasure boats
 are crumpled in the keep-sake drawer
And the morning radio serves a vomitus of leaping knives.

Monitors in valid sashes, ushers in their named lapels
Are cuckooed in the breast by snappy ankle terriers.
They mortify and menace with the threat of helicopters
And stand you in a buttock frame with slogans.

*Why don't we go back to bed?
And there resume our slumbers.
It's plain to see we've taken
The wrong exit from our dreams.*

And down by the sea, a broken-hearted Mariner
Is lost in rippled chimneys reflecting off the water
But ringworm in the fractures of the quayside will soon
Slide behind his eye to disengage the picture nerve.

On the other side of town, an overwhelmed agoraphobe
Finds one thousand, one hundred keys on the fob.
Not a single one uncloses sanctuary's door, in fact,
Many have been scissored out of picture books for kids.

The reins of the day are between a stranger's teeth
And notice how the numbers on the clock throb and rupture.

Information

All tracks written, performed, recorded and mixed
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Mastered by invisiblegirl
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Moff talks, sings and plays the following:
Accordions, Melodica, whistles, percussion, guitars, harmonica,
cimbalom, Hattyphone, Eddodiner, Swanee whistle, kazoo,
Jaw Harp, diddley-bow, bamboo flute and other household flotsam.

Dedicated to Heart of Coal, Dr. Vibes and the late Peter Tinniswood.

Thanks to Meesh and Julia.