



BOB *Spencer*
saints + MURDERERS

Though relatively short in duration, this album has been a long time in the making. Some of these songs began life decades ago, but, not then having the correct vehicle to ignite, they remained in hibernation, until now.

Recording this album has been a journey filled with joy, anxiety, confusion, depression, elation, despair and happiness, and which has also presented me with the terrifying opportunity to sing in public. This has allowed me to confront more of my demons. Another reason to be grateful.

Much love to:

Pauline and Ellee, my wonderful little family, for putting up with me during the course of this recording (and more). I'm so fortunate to have you in my life.

John Downes, for his invaluable guidance, true friendship and heroic attempts to keep me on track. www.acorro.com.au

Mark Tinson for his sensible critiques and constant reminders that I really need to do this before I fall off the perch.

May All Beings Be Happy.

Thanks in particular to these patient supporters:

Becky Clarke, Christopher Hoare, Bill Webb, Libby Thomas, Mike Crawley, Andrew White, Phil Crew, Colin Hylton, Frank McIlquaham, Patricia Marshall, Mike Amato, Cameron Dench, Paul Brady, Frank Spizzica, John Di Natale, Bruce Saunders, Alex Carranza, Mike Lazarus, John Farrugia, Alex Green, Min Immesi and Grahame Harrison.

And to all who have followed and supported my whacky and meandering Musical journeys over the years.

Songs embellished with the luscious inputs of:

Ric McCann – loopy drums – track 8
Peter Heckenberg – drums – tracks 3, 13
Jacob Cook – drums – tracks 7, 8, 9, 11, 12
Peter Maslen – drums – tracks 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 10
Laura Davidson – backing vocals – tracks 1, 3, 5
Pam Maroney – backing vocals – tracks 1, 5
Pauline and Ellee – backing vocals – track 6

Humble thanks to

Doug Ford and Greg Macainsh for their (unwitting) helping hands.

I highly recommend these people and use their terrific bits of kit:

Ivan Richards Audio amplifiers and effects, Grover Notting Reference Monitors, Lorantz guitar speakers, Cole Clark Guitars, Tokai Guitars Australia, Don and Southern Cross, Audio Pony Recording Studios, sE Microphones, Aston microphones, D'addario NYXL strings, Mick Brierley Pickups, Zoom cameras, M.I. Audio effects, John Kav effects, Ash Moors effects, Les and 68 Guitars, Megasorber Acoustic Treatments, RME Audio Interfaces, Samplitude recording software.

My mate Shane came 'round the other day,
Turned up, un-announced,
He said "You look like shit, son,
better get you out the house".

What's that in the driveway?
An Italian soft top?
Oh honey, can I have my way,
And lead foot 'til I drop?
Oh please, little darling...

'cause I've been a good little soldier.
Yes you've been a good little soldier,
And you've done just what I told ya.

So baby can I,
Collect guitars, smoke cigars, go dancing in Cuba.
Restore that car, open up a bar,
And parachute naked!

But I can't do that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't say that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't even think that,
'Cause my wife will kill me.

The kids are out of high school,
And they just won't leave home,
I keep dropping those hints,
But no-where else will they roam.

The dishes they need cleaning,
But I hide out in the shed,
Ooh, those shelves, they need some painting,
Maybe I'll do that, instead.

Aren't I a good little soldier?
Yes, you're a good little soldier,
And you did just what we told ya.

Now harden up, and tough it out,
get up by your bootstraps.
Ride the waves, smiling brave,
I want to stand my ground

i can't do that, my wife will kill me

But I can't do that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't say that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't even think that, no!
'Cause my wife will kill me.

You see I can't do that 'cause my wife will kill me,
I cant buy that 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't even hold that,
'Cause my wife will kill me.

Who's that bloke in the mirror?
What's with all that grey hair?
Ooh, he gives me the shivers,
The rearview is so unfair.

So many things around me,
They look so beige.
Bring back Jimi! Bring back paisley!
Bring back crazy! Bring back those days!

I'm gonna dress rough, and leave the seat up,
Only shave every three days.
Never vacuum, and stay in my room,
And maybe then I'm done....

But I can't do that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't say that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't even think that, No!
'Cause my wife will kill me.

Oh no I can't do that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't touch that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't even feel that,
'Cause my wife will kill me.

Oh I can't do that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't drink that, 'cause my wife will kill me,
I can't partake of that, huh!!
'Cause my wife will,
'Cause my wife will kill me.

'Cause my wife will kill me.
'Cause my wife will kill me.

'Cause my wife will.'Cause my wife will.

Take this skin, that it might change its colour
I'd give anything, to be rid of this hue
I wish that I were born as white as Jesus
Oh, to be as beautiful as you

I take your blessings - on my knees
A rolling wreck – of rosaries

And I wish that I could be as white as Jesus,
With a sacred flaming heart, and dreamy eyes
And if only I were born, the man that he was,
White As Jesus

To get by, a boy wears many faces,
You took pleasure, in my need to please,
I'll never be, the virgin that he was
Snake and mouse, and Sunday guarantees

A litany - of put me downs,

The good I made - thrown on, thrown on,
thrown the ground

And I wish that I could be as white as Jesus,
With a sacred flaming heart, and dreamy eyes
And if only I were born, the man that he was,
White As Jesus

Response
White As Jesus!

Scars on your miracles, and all your truths in shackles
One step into lonely, and a mile into blue
And now the ink is dry, but I pulled through
While your God got off, under Section 2
How wonderful the world must be, for you.

as white as jesus

And I wish that I could be as white as Jesus,
With a sacred flaming heart, and dreamy eyes
And if only I were born, the man that he was,
In my dreams, I can be,
As right as him.
White As Jesus
Response
White As Jesus

I wish that I could be,
As White As Jesus

Smoke & mirrors & broken swings
And guns & fags & children who sing
About things they hate, that they call sin,
But they don't understand.

An angel's smile an imposter's pain,
Speaking of Peace while the words inflame,
And trading stories with the lame,
To seize the upper hand.

Praise the Dead, raise the Dead,
Take from them what you crave.

When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
And all the saints have taken leave,

When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
And all the saints have taken leave,
When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
All the things you had, have gone,
You'll take what you need.

All above is calling
Paradise is closing.

when the devil gets to heaven

When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
All the things you had, have gone,
You'll settle for what you need.

And now the mud on my boots has yet to dry,
But here I go again, into the rain outside.
I'm not that brave so I swallow my pride,
And I ring the Master's bell.

On a Saviour's hand blood leaves no trace,
Like a deck of cards, without the ace.
Such pretty clothes, such a pretty face,
But such a dirty smell.

Praise the Dead, raise the Dead,
Take from them what you crave.

When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
And all the saints have taken leave,
When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
And all the things you had, have gone.

When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
And all the saints have taken leave,
When The Devil Gets To Heaven,
All the things you had, have gone,
You'll settle for what you need.

Paradise is calling,
Paradise is calling.

Got the right amount of sunshine,
in the right amount of breeze,
C'mon greet the day.
Right amount of birds,
in the right amount of trees,
Honey, sashay this way.

I'll make the coffee, you make the bed,
Sit by the window, good days ahead.

You have my heart, now take my hand,
Get out into the Daylight.
No looking back, since this began,
Get out into the Daylight.

You're a lighthouse in a foggy world,
sunshine through the mist,
Feel my blood, it's rushing.
Graceful as a string of pearls,
love your candy kiss,
Lord I think I'm blushing.

I messed up directions,
you were there to guide me home,
A smile on the horizon, sweet as honeycomb.

You have my heart, now take my hand,
Get out into the Daylight
No looking back, since this began,
Get out into the Daylight.

Works of beauty hung on these walls,
They pale next to you.

I'm like a schoolboy running through the halls,
How is it, that you knew?

I almost missed you,
you stayed true to your aim,
I love how you kissed me,
I woke up like a hurricane.

You have my heart, now take my hand,
Let's get out into the Daylight
No looking back, since this began.
Let's get out into the Daylight

You have my heart, now take my hand,
Let's get out into the Daylight!

daylight

Everybody's famous.

Jimmy's at the gym and he's unwell,
He's hungover again - hah! - LOL.
He's falling to pieces all over his page,
N-n-n-nothing to say so I laugh at his rage.

He's taking selfies with his mum
42 and still at home
He wonders if you are alone...

Who Are These People?

There's Debbie she's a raging xenophobe,
And she can't get enough cat videos.
She's trolling me with her partner in crime,
A paranoid puppy with a hidden timeline.

who are these people

She is a party of one,
With a keyboard as a gun,
If I were you then I would run...

Who Are These People?

And I can smell you from here,
Through the whiskey & the beer,
You're getting way, way too near...

Who Are These People?

Magic apparitions, on my, breakfast toast,
Better call this number, Post haste! Haste post!

Can I Get An Amen? Yeah!
Can I Get An Amen? Amen!
Can I Get An Amen? Hell yeah!

Behind hate and "us " and "them"
and mindless fear,
There's a darkness I know I can sway,
Call for blood, but hide away,
when the blood it comes too close,
After all, I wouldn't want to get in your way,
Would I?

can i get an amen

A lollypop hero of the throw away kind,
Flesh and blood, muscle and money,
On my side.

Better dig deep, better send it this way,
Better pay for the promise of you being saved.

Can I Get An Amen? Yeah!
Can I Get An Amen? Amen!
Can I Get An Amen? Hell yeah!
Lucky that there's so much low hanging fruit,
I'll keep milking it until the very end,
A shroud of expectations, a cloud of absolutes,
I will kill what I can't comprehend.

Bless him, spite her, and her evil ways.
Let 'em drown, let 'em float, I say.

Can I Get An Amen? Yeah!
Can I Get An Amen? Amen!
Can I Get An Amen? Hell yeah!

Can I Get An Amen?

Amen!

If you're going down to Memphis,
don't ya, be no whore,
If you're going down to Memphis,
don't ya, be no whore.

I got ten dollars, need a hundred more,
I got ten dollars, need a hundred more,
I got ten dollars, need a hundred more,
Rosie keep the winter from coming to my door.

Oh Rosie, Oh girl.
Oh Rosie, Oh girl.

Buy me a ticket kiss a, yellow dog,
Buy me a ticket kiss a, yellow dog.

rosie

You be my woman girl I'll, be your man,
You be my woman girl I'll, be your man,
You be my woman girl I'll, be your man,
You got my life-blood girl it's,
In your hands.

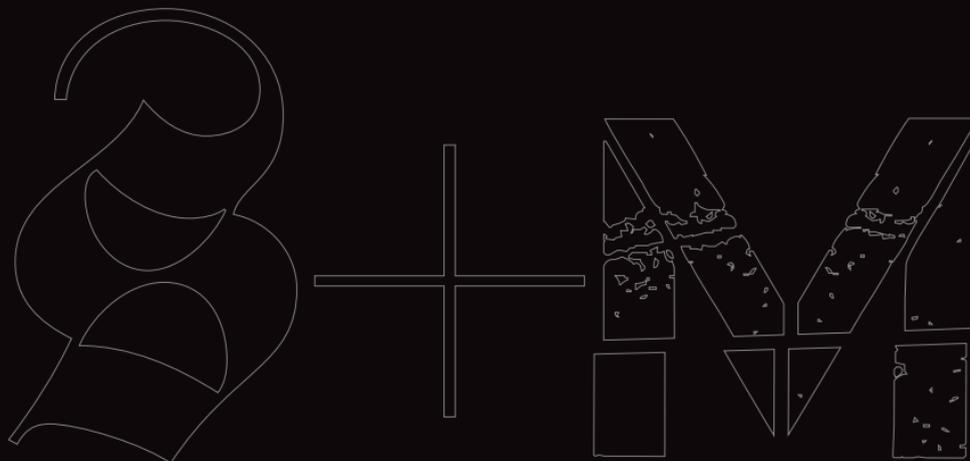
In your hands, Lord,
In your hands,
You got my life-blood girl it's,
In your hands.

Oh Rosie, Oh girl.
Oh Rosie, Oh girl.
Oh Rosie, Oh girl,
Oh Rosie, Oh girl.

Stick to the promise girl that, you made me,
Stick to the promise girl that, you made me,
Stick to the promise girl that, you made me,
You said you'd marry me when, I go free.
I go free Lord, I go free,
You said you'd marry me when, I go free.

Oh Rosie, Oh girl.
Oh Rosie, Oh girl.
Oh Rosie, Oh girl,
Oh Rosie, Oh girl.

Oh Rosie!



We all breathe the same air,
while we're
Rolling on.
Nothing's gonna change if I sit here, just
Playin' along.

So I'm gonna man-hug the left,
Break bread with the right.

Weave the threads of Peace and Good,
Around my life.

And raise my kids,
No guilt or fear.
They can love who they want,
And hold them near.

Maybe I'll wrap a rainbow,
Right around my home.

Don't bring your dark days back to me,
Or re-write that song.

How about we jail the Dukes?
Who turned a blind eye?
All sins absolved,
By their friends in the sky?

'Cause the fights we fight, don't make sense,
Don't make sense, don't make sense to me!

And I don't need no blessings, from any gods,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna spare the kids and break those rods,
What Do You Think About That?

Gonna go to my grave, all debts paid,
What Do You Think About That?
Do something about the mess I've made,
What Do You Think About That?

Don't bring your dark days back to me,
Or re-write that song.

what do you think about that

Gonna burn the flag and pierce my skin,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna shout about the shape I'm in,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna shine a light on the lies we were fed,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna paint my face and shave my head,
What Do You Think ,
What Do You Think About That?

Long shadows thrown by a tinhorn badge,
Not so long ago.
And fighting over nothing, dozing in the mirage
Morals on the cutting room floor.

Marry my boyfriend, adopt a kid,
What Do You Think About That?
I'm gonna find the evidence you hid,
What Do You Think About That?
I'm gonna give my heart to those in need,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna tax the rich and administer the ministry,
What Do You Think,
What Do You Think About That?

Well I'm not gonna pay for your insane war,
Gonna give that money directly to the poor.
(You can't do that)

Here's me with an open heart for refugees,

How about we jail the Dukes?
Who turned a blind eye?
All sins absolved,
Gonna burn the flag and pierce my skin,
What Do You Think About That?
Gonna shout about the shape we're in,
What Do You Think About That?

I don't need no blessings from any gods,
What Do You Think About That?
Spare the kids and break those rods,
What Do You Think About?
So,
What Do You Think About....

Hey! Didn't you used to be someone?
Oh yeah! So cool! That's right.
I used to go to all your gigs,
Man, that hair sure gave me a fright.

But here's the thing, you're new stuff sucks,
Maybe you should stay in your room?
Where do you get those words?
How 'bout you shut up, play us a tune?

Yeah, you!
I'm talking about you!
We're talking about you!
Let's talk about you.

Why Don't You Stick To Music?
You're just a monkey with a cup.
Why don't you stick to what you know,
And leave the rest to us?

I can't think with all these commies,
I can't breathe with all these gays,
And if I see one more greenie,
I'm gonna send them to an early grave.

Check this, I think you owe me,
All that stuff, T-shirts, CD's.
I got a drawer full of cassettes,
But now I download, for free!

Whatcha gonna do?
I'm talking about you!
We're talking about you!
Let's talk about you.
Why Don't You Stick To Music?
You're just a monkey with a cup.
Why don't you stick to what you know,
And leave the rest to us?

why don't you stick to music?

Why Don't You Stick To Music?
And spare us the commentaries.
We are not amused by your political views,
And lessons from history.

Stick to Music.

A question; I saw your face again.
My God! You must be rich!
A Lambo, a Rolls, A Ferrari?
Go on! Admit it!

I say this, for your own good,
That stuff is hard to embrace,
Sure, you pen a funny lyric,
But you don't seem to know your place.

Yeah, you!
I'm talking about you!
And we're talking about you!
Let's talk about you.

Why Don't You Stick To Music?
You're just a monkey with a cup.
Why don't you stick to what you know,
Leave the rest to us?

Why Don't You Stick To Music?
Give us more of that good stuff,
We are not amused by your political views,
In Groove We Trust.

In Groove We Trust (Stick to Music)
In Groove We Trust (Stick to Music)

In Groove We Trust.

In Groove We Trust.

In Groove!
We Trust.

Things of beauty, wasted in your hands,
They turn to dust, in a barren land
You get breath, from what you never made,
The cold and the darkness,
Follow you around like slaves.

Which way to go, it's such a clear line,
A plunderer of other peoples' goldmines.

"My" this, "my" that, things you never earned
I've never heard anything so absurd.

relentless

Rattle that cage, rattle that cage.
Relentless, Relentless.
Darken every page, just to get your own way.
Relentless.

Pick pocketing Judas,
private school for your kids,
Hot air ballooning, and Disneyland trips.
How do you sleep? How do you live?
You've got, so much to take,
from so many who give.

Scribbled promises, on a paper cup,
Make it so easy, to cover up.

Double dipping fingers in a borrowed light,
If only it would linger and take you in the night.

Rattle that cage, rattle that cage.
Relentless, Relentless.
Darken every page, just to get your own way.
Relentless, Relentless.

Beating your chest, an insipid paper anvil,
while your Father goes down, just like roadkill.
Blackmail money, blackmail in the blood,
The more you get, the more you need,
too much is not enough!

Rattle that cage, rattle that cage.
Relentless, Relentless.
Darken every page, just to get your own way.
Relentless, Relentless.

Too much is not enough.
Too much is not enough.
Too much is not enough.
Not enough!

Blackmail money.
Blackmail money.
Blackmail money.
Male money.
Blackmail money.

Blackmail blood!

Emergency in the boondocks,
Ripples barely reach me here,
I shake my fist, for the world to stop,
Then dreamy slumber, blurs my fear.

Madmen on the horizon,
Patriots in my home town,
See through painted eyes on,
Only what they can tear down.

Will I climb to the Light,
Or fall to the Dark?
They live right here,
In my heart.

I am.

Saints and Murderers

One day I love this carousel,
One day I'd rather my time spent,
Just me all alone, pacing a cell,
Anywhere at all, just somewhere else.

And I can climb to the Light,
Or fall to the Dark?
They live right here,
In my heart.

I am.

Saints + murderers

Saints and Murderers

All things seen and un-seen,
I'm with them, near and far.

I am the bandit, I pulled you under,
I am that whisper, I am your lover.

Here we are.

Saints and Murderers

And The Road Goes On Forever,
Two hearts beat as one,
You might lose your way sometimes,
but you're not the only one,
And in the cool of the early evening,
we all face the same sun,
Hand in hand forever, forever.

You share your light with me,
Slow and easy.
All is right when you are near,
And I'll tread time before your grace
receives me.

I breathe out what you breathe in,
You breathe in what I breathe out.

And The Road Goes On Forever,
Two hearts beat as one,
You might lose your way sometimes,
but you're not the only one,
And in the cool of the early evening,
we all face the same sun,
Hand in hand forever, forever.

the road goes on forever

And The Road Goes On Forever,
Two hearts beat as one,
You might lose your way sometimes,
but you're not the only one,
And in the cool of the early evening,
we all face the setting sun,
Hand in hand forever, forever.

This hand is only real,
When it's, touching your face.
In the fractured sunrise I feel,
No King's ransom could ever take me away.

Your secret scent in our room,
A cover, a coat, a shield of perfume.

And The Road Goes On Forever,
All hearts beat as one,
We might lose our way sometimes,
but we're not the only ones,
And in the cool of the early evening,
we all face the setting sun,
We're hand in hand forever.
Forever.

And The Road Goes On,
Forever.

1. I CAN'T DO THAT, MY WIFE WILL KILL ME
2. AS WHITE AS JESUS
3. WHEN THE DEVIL GETS TO HEAVEN
4. MAROUBRA, 1973, SEPTEMBER, 3 PM
5. DAYLIGHT
6. WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE
7. CAN I GET AN AMEN
8. ROSIE
9. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT
10. WHY DON'T YOU STICK TO MUSIC
11. RELENTLESS
12. SAINTS & MURDERERS
13. THE ROAD GOES ON FOREVER

All songs written by Bob Spencer, except the blues traditional "Rosie", which includes original Music and additional original lyrics by Bob, and "Who Are These People", co-written with the lovely Laura Davidson.

Additional drum recordings engineered by Simon Bray and Steve Vertigan

Audio production by Bob
Mastered by Martin Pullan

Download CD booklet (with lyrics) at: www.bobspencer.com.au
Visit: www.youtube.com/user/BobSpencerMusic

All songs by Bob Spencer (Control) except
Track 6: B. Spencer/L. Davidson (Control)

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