



# Savage

In a steamy, rotten greenwood  
There's a stinking little shack  
With a limping, scratching lurcher  
And a barrel 'round the back

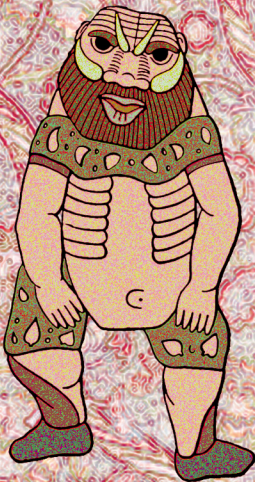
And I fly overhead  
As my luggage goes a-tumbling through the air  
From a tear in the hold; my pyjamas unfold  
And they dance down the clouds and bow at the feet of a  
Savage!

There's a knock-kneed, glaucous conga  
Led by a savage in the swamp  
As he wears my pink tuxedo  
With a fly-blown brutish pomp

And I fly overhead  
As my old school ties hang like creepers in the trees  
And my monocles all tinkle like a wind chime in the breeze  
And my handkerchief collection is jumping with the fleas of  
Savage!

In the mist, my shirts are shrinking  
As my after-shave, he's drinking  
And my gold cuff-links are clinking  
On a rat-tail round his neck

And I fly overhead  
Somewhere in the forest  
There's a man with a hat, and he's wearing it all wrong  
And he's singing a song, out of time and key  
Savage!



# Mermaid

I would be a mermaid fair  
I would comb my golden curls  
With a comb of shiny pearl  
My ringlets would fall down  
From beneath my sea-bud crown  
I would look like a fountain of gold

And all the mermen in the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me

But at night I'd slip away  
Fling aside my flowing locks  
Join the mermen on the rocks  
Run 'cross the crimson shells  
From the diamond dells  
I would leap like a silvery wave

And all the mermen in the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me

I would be a mermaid grand  
I would not give up my hand  
To the mermen on the sand  
But, King of all, come carry me  
Woo me, win me, marry me  
In the twilights under the sea



## You Can't Get The Staff



The chef, from Haiti  
A voodooisant, he  
His zombies moan and boil the dasheen  
Dry shrunken heads  
Roll round with the eggs  
And hanging dolls all dance in the steam  
(Tooty, don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get the staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

The butler is mute  
He speaks with a flute  
His moods displayed by peep and quaver  
His false leg, a palm  
But still in its pot  
And when he walks, he drags it a lot  
(Tooty, don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get the staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

None of them speaks English  
One of them speaks Welsh

The maid from Biarritz  
A dominatrix  
Her cat-o-nine tails whips the cobwebs  
Pouffes are all slapped  
The nuts are all cracked  
And heel marks in my Persian carpet  
(Tooty, don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get the staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

None of them speaks English  
One of them speaks San

# The Stars That Fall On Hairy Tim

Strange food, darkened by spices  
Radiant bonfires leap up his skin  
Up in the heavens, Pegasus spins  
In a delirium of wings

The stars that fall  
The stars that fall  
On Hairy Tim

Snake eyes, painted by fusion  
Coiling illusion, savage and bright  
Glide on this roaring ocean of light  
In the blue-lidded eyes of night

The stars that fall  
The stars that fall  
On Hairy Tim

Burning droplets of silver  
Tap dance in silent shimmering heat  
Platinum vapour flows round his feet  
As I walk down this glitter street

The stars that fall  
The stars that fall  
On Hairy Tim

White sun, flying through the air  
Sun, fire in your hair  
Sun



# Narcissus In The Maze



Lost in my thoughts as I saunter athwart  
It occurs that I am suddenly alone  
Grimly I muse on this morsel of news  
When the sky yells, "Vanity won't get you home!  
An immaculately polished pair of gilded buckle boots  
Is no guarantor of picking out the efficacious routes  
When your absolute surroundings  
Are a never ending corridor of green  
Don't temporise! It's ill-advised, to moisturise!"

To preen and to pout may not help me get out  
But quite frankly chum, who asked you anyway?  
Advice absurd from a chattering bird  
Is no comfort for a mislaid popinjay  
You may hover all you like but I've a plumage of my own  
And I need to look my best before I'm looking for my home.  
If a fop falls in the forest  
Does he make a sound impression on the trees?  
The squawker hissed, "You're off me list, foul uranist!"

Some book I read, by an idler long dead  
Says to always take the first turn on the right  
Thus shall I act as I check my compact  
And the way out will be looming into sight  
But alas, alack! Here's a cul-de-sac!

Wait! – See this rag, wrought of colony flag  
That some fellow stray has shed upon the track.  
Why, 'tis a match for the similar batch  
That I carry in my cosmetician's sack.  
If I jettison a napkin every time the hedges part,  
I can trace my waggish wanderings reversing to the start  
And that scruffy flapping pest'll learn  
How boyish beauty always finds a way!  
Exfoliate! Emolliate! And titivate!  
Now, entry gate: await, await.

# My Tender Years

Could have sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh  
serving as his cabin boy  
He wanted me to be his toy but it was not worth it

Had a scene with the Queen of Sheba  
gardening her rosy bed  
She showered kisses on my head but it was not worth it

Nearly persuaded Casanova  
that I could have been the one  
But the arithmetic was never done it was not worth it

Not worth the trouble it was not worth the tears  
In my tender years  
There was always tomorrow  
There was never time  
Not worth the trouble it was not worth the tears  
In my tender years

There were some, I remember now  
But I can't see them clearly somehow  
For I have drawn a veil of tears  
Over those tender years

I admit that I was flattered when the golden boy  
Apollo had a crush on me  
But I turned myself into a tree it was not worth it

The immortal bard was quite persuasive  
when he tried to have his way  
He compared me to a summer's day but it was not worth it

Could have lain back while Picasso  
sweated out another masterpiece  
I was old enough to be his niece it was not worth it



# Black Tulip Wings



In the city of madness  
The graces uncurl  
Their twisted shapes  
And chitter as they flutter in their gutter capes  
Sweet-scented dust and ashes, billowing around me  
Through the yellow cloud I sing

Black tulip wings  
(Swaying like a cobra)  
And suddenly, I'm flying  
(We glide around the sand)  
Suddenly, the wind is sighing  
Go back, go home, beware

Sway like an exotic bloom  
A venomous plume  
Whose shadow flakes  
And slithers on the leather like a feathered snake  
Mephitic melodies meander in the medina  
Round our little sandy ring

Black tulip wings  
(Swaying like a cobra)  
And suddenly, I'm flying  
(We glide around the sand)  
Suddenly, the wind is sighing  
Go back, go home, beware

Fog, from the frankincense, rise  
And paint my dead eyes  
With flicking tongues  
Lapping at the vapour of a spitting sun  
Beat hypnotising rhythm, rising like a shimmer  
Shimmy like a jaunty djinn

Black tulip wings  
(Swaying like a cobra)  
And suddenly, I'm flying  
(We glide around the sand)  
Suddenly, the wind is sighing  
Go back, go home, beware



# To One In Paradise

You were all that to me, love  
For which my soul did pine  
A green isle in the sea, love  
A fountain and a shrine  
All wreathed with fruits and flowers  
And the flowers were all mine

And all my days are trances  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where your grey eye glances  
And where your footstep gleams  
In what ethereal dances  
By what eternal streams.

Dream too bright to last!  
Starry Hope! that did arise  
But to be overcast  
A voice from out the Future cries  
Mute motionless aghast  
My spirit hovering lies

(Chorus)

Alas! alas! With me  
The light of Life is over!  
(Such language holds the sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

(Chorus)



## The 364th Quest Of Gerald The Eerie



Spake the disembodied voice thus:  
At the mangy gibbous moon  
Board the cursèd Hesperus  
So creep out this foul lagoon  
Thence to the coast of Barbary  
*(On the tides of summer wilt thou sail)*  
Cast thy cross at El-Jibbi

Eerie Gerald  
Eerie Gerald

From the shrine of St Boletus  
Follow, slimewise, like a snail  
Hairy Tim the Sinuous  
Up the crooked Berber trail  
And rising from the rocky sea  
*(Carved by dizzy masons from stale bread)*  
A twisted tower wilt thou see

Eerie Gerald  
Eerie Gerald

Pull the sleeping cobra bell-cord  
A withered seer will reply  
Look into his yellowed eye  
Ask who is his serpent Lord  
Note down the name on this vellum  
*(Use a quill of sparrow dipped in gin)*  
Bring this back and you are done

Eerie Gerald  
Eerie Gerald

# Salamander

There is a man made of fire  
A man made of flame  
He is a scoundrel and a liar  
Salamander is his name  
Don't be deceived by his candour  
Do not pander to his charm  
Don't believe the Salamander  
When he says that he means you no harm

Salamander!  
Salamander!

His manner is dry and laconic  
He is arrogant, ruthless and vain  
He will sip at his Bovril and Tonic™  
While you writhe in torment and pain!  
He will strooooool and meander  
Spiraling in on his prey  
Beware the Salamander  
He always gets his way

Salamander!  
Salamander!

He is a master of disguise  
You won't recognize him till it's too late  
His Spirograph will hypnotise you, mesmerise you  
The Salamander will control your fate!  
Salamander...  
Salamander...

Salamander!  
Salamander!



## Evening Star

'Twas noontide of summer and midtime of night  
And the stars in their orbits shone pale through the light  
Of the brighter cold moon mid the planets her slaves  
Herself in the heavens her beam on the waves

I gaz'd awhile  
On her cold smile  
Too cold, too cold for me  
Proud Evening Star  
In thy glory afar  
And dearer thy beam shall be

As I gazed on her coldness there passed as a shroud  
'cross the dun painted welkin a white fleecy cloud  
I turned round to face thee for more I admire  
Not that cold brumal moonlight, but thy distant fire

I gaz'd awhile  
On her cold smile  
Too cold, too cold for me  
Proud Evening Star  
In thy glory afar  
And dearer thy beam shall be

I gaz'd awhile  
On her cold smile  
Too cold, too cold for me  
Proud Evening Star  
In thy glory afar  
And dearer thy beam shall be







# **SCARLET'S WELL**

**Bid** : Vocals (lead on tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11), Guitars  
**Alice Healey** : Vocals (lead on tracks 2, 4, 6, 10)  
**Kate Dornan** : Vocals (lead on track 8), Keyboards, Cello  
**Martin White** : Accordion, Mbira  
**Jennifer Denitto** : Drums, Percussion  
**Peter Momtchiloff** : Lead Guitar  
**Helena Johansson** : Violin, Mandolin  
**Marcus Miller** : Bass, Vocals

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**SCARLET'S WELL** albums  
Strange Letters  
The Isle Of The Blue Flowers  
Alice In The Underworld  
The Dream Spider Of The Laughing Horse  
Unreal (Live)  
Black Tulip Wings

[www.scarletswell.co.uk](http://www.scarletswell.co.uk)  
[www.siesta.es](http://www.siesta.es)



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