

Komshulak at Moniack

i) Kapka with Kris

Somewhere there waits a wanderer
whose face cannot be seen.
She's standin' on the borderline,
the queen of in between.

*She's goin' back
to komshulak.*

She left her friends an' family
an' went out on the road.
She boasted of the fact she'd no abode.

*She thought she was a traveller
who wanted to see Rome,
but she's really on her way back home.*

She'll be here in the mornin'
with winter just begun.
She won't be very proud of what she's done.

*She thought she was a traveller
who wanted to see Rome,
but she's really on her way back home.*

She wears a mask of happiness
an' plays a mean guitar.
She tells us that our loneliness
is but a shootin' star.

*She'll bring us back
to komshulak.*

ii) *Part of a Group*

They promised us no rain,
but it's pissing down again.
We *are* in the hills,
a corner of the Cairngorms.

The mood is winding up –
we're working on our songs.
We'll soon be moving on,
but we still have today.

I'm part of a group,
but sitting on my own.
Go an' fetch a guitar.
Soon we'll all be singing.

iii) No More Poisoned Promises

No, you needn't have a heart attack
'cause I've come back to Moniak,
defied the jazz police.
They say I'm tangled in red tape,
that Superman has lost his cape.
Will wonders never cease?
Now they're givin' me a load of flak.
I didn't pack my anorak.
God, please leave me in peace.

*It's never too late
to follow your dream.
I like to sit an' stare.
I might have to wait
to join the right team.
It could be anywhere.
No more poisoned promises,
no practices to keep.
No more hopeless odysseys
an' hidin' under sheep.
It's never too late
to follow your dream.
I like to sit an' stare.
I might have to wait
to join the right team.
It could be anywhere.*

Now they're callin' me a maniac
who lost the track an' got the sack
an' then ran off to Greece.
It seems as if I can't escape
humanity's concerted rape.
I can't get no release.
Why is everythin' so white and black?
What people lack is komshulak.
God, please leave me in peace.

*It's never too late
to follow your dream.
I like to sit an' stare.
I might have to wait
to join the right team.
It could be anywhere.
No more poisoned promises,
no practices to keep.
No more hopeless odysseys
an' hidin' under sheep.
It's never too late
to follow your dream.
I like to sit an' stare.
I might have to wait
to join the right team.*

iv) My E-type Jag

I've got my own little flag,
it's an E-type Jag.
I take it everywhere.
It's my only living room,
an' it goes broom-broom.
People stop an' stare.

I can drive all night
then just turn out the light
when I'm tired an' wanna sleep.
I can sink the seat back
when I'm gonna hit the sack.
It's really rather cheap.

*Call me a fanatic,
erratic, enigmatic.
What you mean is charismatic
and true.
I'm always diplomatic,
phlegmatic, democratic,
an' I'll never be dramatic
with you.*

*So please, leave me in peace.
Oh please, let me be happy.*