

pavlov's cat

motes of dust

**Rain Song 0:28**  
*Blaise Pascal*

Rain came down and cleaned the street  
I'm sitting on the corner taking life off my feet  
Rose peddler's a hustler by  
He's a hard out man catching drops from the sky  
But no money

Somehow the sadness of his shuffle reminds me of you  
The smoke behind his ear and the million dollar shoe  
And it's starting to rain like tears down on our street  
Again honey

We are motes of dust  
Dancing in the light  
There's no epiphany  
No happy ending in sight  
So I dream that you would take me home tonight  
And I'd hold on to you for bitter life

Bitter sweet life  
Do you think of me  
Do you dream of me too  
Do you think of me  
And the things we used to do?

The portrait lady came and smiled in French  
The bike delivery boy is looking for a wrench  
The awnings are dawdling with new drops of rain  
And the hairdresser's having triplets again  
Or so she tells me

*A New York street scene in the rain, complete with beggar in ironically  
expensive coat of furs - verse lyrics collected from New Jersey poet  
Joe Pasolun's poems, slightly re-arranged and widdly added to my chorus*

**Patchouli Girl v. 18**

She rode in like a knight on a stolen mountain bike  
And she stole Jerry's heart away in the twinkling of an eye

She stood like an angel in Dr. Marten's boots  
And Jerry felt so alone in his city suit

Before the brown haired patchouli girl

See her there in the half-light with her colours running wild  
She's out in the moonlight, this luminous flower child

The brown haired patchouli girl

They say that love is blind  
But Jerry thought his heart would break from staring all the time  
At the brown haired patchouli girl

For the sport of possessing her beauty and her charm  
He forgot about his wife and kids & fell into her arms  
So he wined & dined her at the finest spots in town  
Tried to press her flower in a book & tone the magic down  
The brown haired patchouli girl

She said, "it's only the surface, this glamour that you see  
and you never look further, behind the smile to the inner me."

The brown haired patchouli girl

All you see makes you blind"  
She stole his money and his car and drove into the night

The brown haired patchouli girl

She's out there what they seem on the surface the smug(?) hide of  
two despicable people

**Death and the Lady 0:11**

*words: Paul van James Hadden  
music: James Hadden*

As I walked out one morn in May  
The birds did sing and the light did play  
I met an old man on the way  
I met an old man by the way

His head was bald, his beard was grey  
His coat was of a myrtle shade  
I asked him what strange countryman  
Or what strange place he did belong?

"My name is Death, cannot you see?  
Lords, Dukes and Ladies bow down to me  
And you are one of those branches three  
And you fair maid must come with me

I'll give you gold and jewels rare  
I'll give you costly robes to wear  
I'll give you all my wealth in store  
If you'll let me live a few years more

"Fair lady, lay your robes aside  
No longer glory in your pride  
And now, sweet maid, make no delay  
Your time is come we must away."

And not long after, this fair maid died  
"Write on my tomb," her ghost it cried  
"Here lies a poor distressed maid  
Whom Death now lately hath betrayed."

An innocent 16th Century English folk song receives the Pevlov's  
Cat treatment, one of the many English songs about meeting  
death or the devil on the road.

#### The Poisoner 3:41

I see a world not shaped for me  
From my chair of invisibility  
Can't you see disdain beneath my courtesy  
For all your sugared sympathy

You cannot hope to understand  
The prison guard with silent hand  
Your righteous words form no shield against the fear  
That pours like poison in my ear

Trying to conceal a smile  
As I crack this frosted phial  
I fall asleep and dance like fotsam in the stream  
Whirling in this fleeting dream

another cheery tale: invisible to most of the world in a wheelchair,  
does the poisoner take himself/ herself or others?  
...later for the mystery ghost voice in this recording.

#### The Wind & The Rain 3:09

words: William Shakespeare  
music: James Hibben

whenever we've played this outdoors at festivals it has conjured  
precipitation from the skies!

#### Angels Dancing 4:42

in the faded photograph above the dying line  
in the simpler days of fantasy and play  
They told the boy that it was wrong to talk of angels dancing

in the soulless office seconds stretch out into days  
Biding his time peddling plastic on the line  
in the dance of life only his head is spinning

With no magic life is held together  
With the slenderest of threads  
With the reason and rhyme  
Of fables and song  
The boy is taking their hand and waiting along

In his distant memory he sees angels dancing

He walks the godless world on winter's cold streets  
And every day brings change but still they stay the same  
And at the bottom of the bottle he sees angels dancing

Amber solace burns his throat, the night blurs and slows  
A gentle voice calls him a ride and in a moment he's outside  
And for an instant in her eyes he sees angels dancing

...everyone needs a little magic in their lives.

#### Shoot them all Down 3:41

I've got to an age where I should have  
My opinions sorted out  
Not be sitting wondering just what it's all about  
And when I was a young boy they told me  
I would have a chance  
To fill the number one seat if I worked as hard as I can

One fine day I realized  
Just what I had to do  
Started carrying a gun with the torch I held for you  
Now the land I love is hurting me  
For putting up a fight  
So we're going out in flames with my name up in lights

Shoot them all down

It's just the way that it goes  
To be famous for more than one day

Shoot them all down

Surely most everyone knows  
You've got to break heads that get in your way

written after the first occasion some lunatic walked into a school  
in the US and gunned down children, sadly still relevant.

### Last Chance Café 3:10

So welcome to the last chance café  
I hope you enjoy your meal today  
Of humble pie and bitter pills

All washed down in a sugary sauce  
And then we serve just desserts of course  
A set you on, out on your way into the night

All of us here still remember when you first rushed in  
Slamming the door, all bloodshot eyes  
And reeking of gin & the night

So one for the road  
To give you the strength to see through this;  
Your veil of bluff and artifice  
That has you believe things will come right

I don't suppose you still remember  
Pledging your heart  
Vowing that nothing would tear you apart  
As you're scanning the menu again

So welcome to the last chance café  
I hope you enjoy your meal today  
Of humble pie... and bitter pills

...curious people have actually walked to this at our gigs!

all songs written by James Hibbins except where indicated;  
arranged by Pavlov's Cat  
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## pavlov's cat live

Nick Anderson: acoustic, electric and fretless bass guitars  
James Hibbins: vocals, acoustic guitar & arid harmonies  
Kon Holland: bodhran  
Darren Tansley: keyboards, harmonies, low whistle and bodhran on "Shoot"

recorded & mixed by Jason Bangers  
@ Jester Studios, Colchester  
mastered by Pete Reynolds  
 sleeve by: moody (am not) Sue Dillee  
 pavlov's cat & AccountCity logos by Steve Watson

special thanks to:

Sue 'Wild' Dillee for removing lampposts,  
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Elaine Barker for unstinting support,  
Nigel Chainev for ridiculous levels of enthusiasm and  
labelled for putting up with him,  
Joe Penczak for New York pomes and further transatlantic email.

Purists may be shocked to learn that Darren did not wear the  
tabled hat during this recording...

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"It's a fierce procedure..."

1. RAIN SONG
2. PATCHOULI GIRL
3. DEATH AND THE LADY
4. THE POISONER
5. THE WIND AND THE RAIN
6. ANGELS DANCING
7. SHOOT THEM ALL DOWN
8. LAST CHANCE CAFÉ

recorded and mixed by Jason Bangers.

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