

The Housekeeping Society

THIS WAY TO POWER

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www.thehousekeepingsociety.com

“The Inventor”

**Back at the drawing board
The floor is filled with screwed up paper
I hear the future's call
It's nearly here and it won't wait for me...**

**What else could society require?
Now we've conquered the waves and mastered fire**

**We've lifted off the ground
We've blazed a trail through history's pages
And we've recorded sound
We've hauled a statue over raging seas...**

**But what could we possibly need?
Now we've laughed in the face of gravity?
Could I find an invention even better than the rest?
Are there any new ideas left?**

**Keep moving, time marches on.
Keep up or get trampled on**

**What else are the people craving for?
Now we've put the cart before the horse
Could I find an invention even better than the rest?
Are there any new ideas left?**

“The Wheel”

**At the same time each day, when the sun starts rising,
I'm working next to you
We're beneath the same sky
On the same world that's turning me into something new**

**You could melt these shoulders of steel,
If you understood how I feel**

**But as the water falls beneath me
It's the perfect point of view
As the eyes below can't see me, I turn to you**

**You know that I bring the bread everyday and weave the
Thread that'll keep you warm
I find all the gratitude I need in your eyes at the break of dawn**

**And you know that I'm always there,
From the clockwork sound in the air**

**But as the water falls beneath me
It's the perfect point of view
As the eyes below can't see me, I turn to you**

**The water wanders by without a care
A stream of consciousness and sound
We need each other but the fact remains
That every day it rusts my feet and pushes me around**

**I wanna turn on my heels but I know that I should
Roll up my sleeves and stay
Or I will spin in my grave as I'm haunted by your face as I turn
away**

**But as the water falls beneath me
It's the perfect point of view
As the eyes below can't see me, I turn to you**

“Spin A Yarn”

**Come tell me, come spin another yarn
I'll be patient, place silver in your palm
I'm patchwork, you're there to sew the seams
It feels like you've always been**

**Come find me, I'm sweeping dirt from dungeons
I'm searching, I'm scratching round for substance
While at the same time I'm losing sleep
I'm dreaming of vows yet to keep**

**Tearing tiny corners
From a diary's pages
Taking days from us
Like candy from a baby
All the bigger questions
Answered with a maybe
Maybe...**

**This life is just hope and education
They all say without this you are nothing
The clock-punch is looming over me
It feels like it will always be**

“Revolution (Part ii)”

**The revolution came - I fear it passed me by
My resolute refrain refused to catch its eye
But it said, Boy are you ready?
Boy are you ready?
Boy are you ready?
...And I just shrugged and sighed**

“Little Boy Lost”

**The moon is high, casting shadows far below,
The debt is mine signed in blood and carved in stone.
But however fast I run away, I can't escape what my father
says;**

**“Keep your head down and you'll make it through,
You know this town is bigger than you”**

**And the voices call
And the shadows fall**

**I'm like a little boy lost, lost in the wood,
Running through the trees, running through my blood
Like a little boy lost, it all looks the same,
Trying to take a turn, trying to make a change**

**I can't turn back, I lost my bearings long ago,
My heart beats fast, as my steps begin to slow.**

And the shadows fall

**I'm like a little boy lost, lost in the wood,
Running through the trees, running through my blood
Like a little boy lost, it all looks the same,
Trying to take a turn, trying to make a change**

**I'm like a little boy lost, I can't find my way,
And these ancient trees are the bars of my cage
I can hide from my roots, but the blood still remains,
This is what I get for trying to make a change**

And the shadows fall

**I'm like a little boy lost, lost in the wood,
Running through the trees, running through my blood
Like a little boy lost, it all looks the same,
Trying to take a turn, trying to make a change**

I'm like a little boy lost, and now I'm lost for good,

**The dream that made me live has finally spilled my blood.
My heart starts to slow, and my breath starts to fade
This is what I get for trying to make a change**

“Same Old, Same Old”

**Same old, same old will bring me to my knees
Same old bell tolls, then rings and then repeats
‘Til the clocks turn ‘round again...**

“Civic Pride”

**Your portrait hangs across the room
Surveying everything from a canvas tomb
Brick by brick we spread our reach
Open the curtains 'cos there's so much to see**

**In a blinding moment of wonder
The past is all torn asunder
It's a ray of hope from a glimmer
So we can hold ourselves up as a mirror
It's civic pride! Watch them all try!**

**To make a place in God's own land...
But even he can't turn these wheels without a hand
Raise local funds, boost local pride -
Build a monument in the countryside**

“But I Won’t”

**Between the pages of my books and magazines,
I’ve been vicariously living out my dreams,
I should be making my escape,
But I won’t.**

**My scripted fantasies will never let me down,
My favourite characters will always be around,
Their universe will never change**

**But I won’t get chance to see it for myself,
I’ll see the world through someone else,
I’ll dream of jumping off this shelf,
But I won’t**

**Hijacking love affairs with girls I’ve never met,
Pretend heroics are the best that I can get
I might be brave enough one day,
I tell myself I’ll run away**

But I won’t, no I won’t

**No I won’t get chance to feel beneath my feet,
The German hills and the Paris streets
These destinations out of reach**

**But I won’t get chance to see it for myself,
I’ll see the world through someone else,
I’ll dream of jumping off this shelf,
But I won’t**

**Between the pages of my books and magazine,
I’ve been vicariously living out my dreams**

“All That Changes Is The Day”

**She lived downstream in a village beyond the way
We were as thick as thieves in summers gone
A teenage dream, escape down the waterway
Faded as soon as we learned what it was built upon**

**Might as well be strangers for all that we ever say
The morning bells ring changes but all that changes is the day**

**Each morning, I hear the people that pass the house
Her footsteps might as well be another world away**

**Might as well be strangers for all that we ever say
The morning bells ring changes but all that changes is the day**

**One day I'll shine a torch down this alleyway
Pick out the ghosts I've walked from
Sometimes I feel them drag on my coat tails
When all I want to do is move the day along**

**Might as well be strangers for all that we ever say
The morning bells ring changes but all that changes is the day
Might as well be strangers for all that we ever say
The morning bells ring changes but all that changes is the day**

“Revolution (Part i)”

**The revolution came - I heard it on the wind
A voice like pounding rain said 'Let the work begin!'
And I thought, Boy, are you ready?**

“We’re Not The Same, But We Fit Together”

**In the garden, there’s a tree with our names on it
That we carved when we were children many years ago
They sit underneath your granddad’s name and his father
before him
And your name will sit below them all
To remind you this is home**

**There’s a line upon my face with your name on it
There’s a picture in the kitchen where the line began
We’re not the same, but we fit together
Like the seasons change so slowly that they stay the same the
whole year round
(You know that I’m always there)
And they tell me that this is home**

**And we’ll break each other, but we’ll break each other’s fall
And we’ll deafen one another, but we’ll hear each other’s call**

And they tell me that this is home

**And the leaves fall from the tree, and help it all the way to
heaven
Making room for far more names below**

“100 Years”

**One hundred years from now
Tourists will walk the trail
Follow the lines we drew together
The wheel will no longer turn
Unless there's a point to make
Packed up the past to make it better**

**There are signposts to the stables
Where strangers feed the horses
Walls covered in tales
Of times other than their own**

**Cameras will point and shoot
Make it a work of art
One man's history, another's treasure**

**There are postcards of your mother
Hanging out the washing
Photos of your father
Trudging home from work
Never really knowing
The lens that was pointing at them
Would capture them forever
For times other than their own
Other than their own...**
