



One – an albette by We Are

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Side Two

1. The Director's Cut
2. Jam Scones
3. TPO
4. Chickens In The Farm
5. The Fury Of The Gods
6. They
7. U Anagram U

Side Three

8. Welcome Back
9. Ballet Shoes
10. The White Mice Will Be Furious
11. You Have No Excuse
12. Thirteen Point Four
13. Potato Party

All songs written by Patrick and arranged by John and Patrick. Patrick did vocals, backup vocals and the violin in 'Potato Party'. John did backup vocals, guitar, keyboard, and anything else there is. Recorded in John's so-called 'shed', some weekend in the year 2000.

Dedicated with love to They Might Be Giants.

One contains at least two hit songs, two songs under 20 seconds in length, a bizarre and vicious religious song about the end of the world, and American accents.

The Director's Cut

Retrospective
Now I wonder
Why was I in love with you?
Everything you said was true

On reflection
Now I chunder
First a year and then a half
Even so I gotta laugh

'Cause all I had to do
To get myself right up and over you
Was remind myself that you don't like
The director's cut of *Blade Runner*

After that
It all was crystal
Punctuation never worse
Teenybopper fashion curse

Nice enough
But brains like fluff
And even though I love your mind
There it is, and now I find

That all I had to do
To get myself right up and over you
Was remind myself that you don't like
The director's cut of *Blade Runner*

You are not for me
I am not for you

You are you
And always have been
Yesterday you punched my arm
Now I get to see your charm

But you are not
In my head now
Why'd I write a song for you?
Well, because you asked me to!

And all I had to do
To get myself right up and over you
Was remind myself that you don't like
The director's cut of *Blade Runner*
And your spelling didn't help either!

Jam Scones

I can't find my jam scones anywhere
I thought I left them here
I think that they've got minds of their
own
How do they disappear?

I dunno; I dunno; I think they ran away
I dunno; I dunno; I think my jam
scones ran away-ay-ay, yeah
Ay-ay-ay, yeah

If you find them bring my jam scones
home
Scones, scones
I don't know to where my jam scones
roam
Scones, scones

I dunno; I dunno; I think they ran away
I dunno; I dunno; I think my jam
scones ran away-ay-ay, yeah
Ay-ay-ay-ay, yeah

I want you; I want you; yeah, scones, I
want you
I want you; I want you; covered in jam
I want you; I want you; scones, how I
want you
To eat you; to eat you; covered in jam

Maybe they got sick of being ate
Scones, scones
I suppose that life is not too great
Jam scones

I dunno; I dunno; I think they ran away
I dunno; I dunno; I think my jam
scones ran away-ay-ay, yeah
Ay-ay-ay-ay
Yeah, baby; ooh ooh baby; ooh ooh
baby, yeah

TPO

I am the boy with the overdue library
book
You are the door to the library marked
'Pull'
You stick, you stick like glue
No matter what I do
You say 'Pull' and indeed I am pulling
You should say 'Push', yeah, who are
you fooling?
Go to hell, library door, I really hate
you
(Ba-doo)
Who me?
(Yes you)

I'm going to go and get me a crowbar
Then I'm going to come back and
knock out your glass
You will no longer stick
You make me very sick
Say goodbye to the world, you door
Because I'm about to bust your but-
tocks

So don't give me any crap again
You won't give me any crap
Not now
Not then

I'll give my book back to the librarian
But I am not going to pay the damn
fine
Goodbye; I wish you well
I'll see you all in Hell
If you don't fix that door
Your souls are mine
If you don't fix that door your souls
are mine!

Chickens In The Farm

Chickens in the farm
Oh those chickens in the farm
Those chickens in the farm are everywhere
They sometimes peck the ground
For whatever is around
And sometimes they do sacrifices in
The Chickens' Lair

Chickens in the mist
Oh those chickens in the mist
Chickens in the mist, they get me down
They say their evil spells
And call up demons from Hell
Those chickens have a Church of Satan somewhere underground

Oh those chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
Beware of the chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
They might run a knife through you
and then tear out your spleen

Chickens in the straw
Oh those chickens in the straw
Those chickens in the straw are very bad
They're evil and they do
Lots of nasty things to you
But that's okay because you know
they never had a dad

Oh those chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
Beware of the chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
Don't bring them home because, my son,
you don't know where they've been

Chickens in the cave
Oh those chickens in the cave
Those chickens in the cave are going to die
I'm gonna have to bait them
Because they worship Satan
Those chickens turned so evil; what a shame;
I wonder why

Chickens in the grave
Oh those chickens in the grave
Those chickens in the grave are now in Hell
Their bodies rot away
Through the process of decay
You might think it's a pity but it's probably just as well

Oh those chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
Beware of the chickens
They're not quite as innocent as they seem
They might rise from the grave one day
and haunt you in your dreams

The Fury Of The Gods

Many things unspeakable
And very very dead as well
At least for now, until the stars
Are in position, spelling 'Hell'

They will rise from sunken grave
And hidden in the desert cave
And swallowing the end to come
They hold the moon and block the sun

Thousand thousand thousand eyes
Falling from the eastern sky
Waking up the ugly sods
I don't fear the fury of the gods

Nobody is on their own
Unless they are in fact alone
And even when they come again
The stomach wall will be your home

In the pit your living fears
Torment you for a thousand years
In slavery to evil ends
The earth it will be theirs again

Welcome to the sulphur lake
Time for a commercial break
Rack them off, the ugly sods
I don't fear the fury of the gods

They

Paranoia is a way of life
And I think some people
Think I live it

They are out there and they want me back
And they want to put
A knife into it

Trying to kill me (kill me), kill me
They know that I did it
Whatever it was
They wanna kill me (kill me), kill me
They know that I did it
They know that I'll do it again

U Anagram U

Follow the man in the mirror
Walking away from the wall
Look at the way he is walking
Versus this verse says it all

Verse one is underneath the sun
It started then it came undone
And now is how the verses used to be

Verse two a new and ever young
Verse to be new and never sung
Hey wait a minute; oh my goodness
me

It doesn't have to be that way
It doesn't have to be that way
But it is (They want to be like you)
But it is (They want to be like you)
Yes it is (They want to be like you)
Yes it is (They want to be like you)

Follow the man in the mirror
Walking away from the wall
You cannot hear he is talking
You cannot hear him at all

Verse three to be an easy one
Two three to be an easy one
Two three to be an easy one to see

Verse four a more or less in love
Verse for a moral lesson: love
Is not a lot of help to entropy

It doesn't have to end that way
It doesn't have to end that way

Nobody follow the man in the back
He is a shadow and fading to black
Time to stop the metronome
Time to stop the metronome
Time to stop

Welcome Back

Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no
Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no
Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no
Oh no oh no oh no oh no

And but if yes no maybe

Open up another city
Make a chicken nice and pretty
Up and down and left and right and
Never mind the upper ending

Down again and up again
Take it in and take it out and
Take it out on me; it never stops

Welcome back; here you go
Nice to have you on the show
Take a seat; have a drink
Welcome back

There you go; gone again
But I know you'll be my friend
Welcome back; forty-two
Welcome back

Never mind the atmosphere and
Notice how it's dark in here and
Have another drink; it never stops

Welcome back; here you go
Nice to have you on the show
Take a seat; have a drink
Welcome back

There you go; gone again
But I know you'll be my friend
Welcome back; forty-two
Welcome back

Ballet Shoes

You think you have it worse than
everybody
You think you have problems; issues;
you need tissues
I don't think so

You think it's over; well, at least it
started
You think it is over; cupid, don't be
stupid
I don't think so

At least she loves you (loves you)
At least she loves you (so?)

At least she wears ballet shoes
When she treads on your heart

I think I'll bang my head against a
brick wall
I think I will cry and die and try to fly
But you don't think so
I think I'll slash my wrists or cut my
arm off
I think I will harm myself or hate
myself
But you don't think so

At least I love you
At least I love you (so?)
At least she wears ballet shoes
When she treads on his him
Itsy bitsy ballet shoes; ballet shoes;
ballet shoes
At least she wears ballet shoes
When she treads on his heart

No matter who you are, there's al-
ways someone worse
No matter who you are; unless you're
me, of course
At least she loves you (loves you)
At least she loves you (so?)

Three, two, one, oh
At least she wears ballet shoes
When she treads on your heart
(Does she tread on his heart?)
When she treads on your heart
(Does she tread on his heart?)
When she treads on your heart
(Does she tread on his heart?)
Does she tread on your heart?

The White Mice Will Be Furious

One day the sky will split in two
A better life if you go through
Open up a window
Letting in a very few

A gate for those who would confess
Those who are more by feeling less
Hold their heads up high in shame
Take the key to life and timelessness

I hope I see you there
With me up in the air

One day the days will be no more
A better life will be in store
Good for those who knew the bad
Bad for those who never saw

But not before the sad remains
A monument to death and pain
Suicide by monster pride
Eating up itself with hellish flame

You will not see me then
You won't be laughing when

Everything is going up in flames
Wind, earth and water
Everything is going up in flames
Stone, brick and mortar

I will be high and Heaven-bound
And you will be stuck on the ground
Taken by my servant
I was lost but now am found

I shall not want for anything
Not when I dance and when I sing
Goodbye forever, Earth
Hope you die while I live with my king

I'll be so happy then
I will not notice when

Everything is going up in flames
Wife and your daughter
Everything is going up in flames
Cheap life supporter

Maybe everything will be okay
Maybe life will go on anyway
Maybe everything will be all right
Yeah; yeah, right

You will not see me then
You won't be laughing when

Everything is going up in flames
Wind, earth and water
Everything is going up in flames
Stone, brick and mortar

Everything is going up in flames
Everything is going up in flames

You Have No Excuse

Don't give me that rot
You have no excuse
I'll bust you in twain
Oh where is your brain?
Your own self-abuse

Is making me mad
It's keeping you sad
Girl make up your mind
To try it this time
And please come to SMADD

You know that you want to
We said that we want you
To come on to SMA-A-ADD
So come on now
Don't be a cow
And come to SMADD

You're glad that you came
You're coming again
We'll see you next year
So wipe off that tear
And hand me a pen

I'll write on your book
And you'll go away
And tell all your friends
You loved it, and then
Make sure that you say

You know that you want to
We said that we want you
To come on to SMA-A-ADD
So come on now
Don't be a cow
And please come to SMADD

You know that you want to
We said that we want you
To come on to SMA-A-ADD
So come on now
Don't be a cow
And please come to SMADD

So come on now
Don't be a cow
And come to SMA-A-ADD
So come on now
Don't be a cow
And maybe somehow
Don't be a sow
Oh come on now
Don't be a cow
And come to SMADD

Thirteen Point Four

Well Betty she was driving with the
pedal to the floor
She grabbed me by the collar and she
pushed me out the door
I rolled for ten metres; I rolled for
three more
But nothing really happened after
thirteen point four
(Hey!)

Potato Party

Hello mister old potato
Welcome to potato party
Meet another nice potato
Keep the nice potato happy

Pin the tail on the potato
Listen as potato sings
Industry potato contacts
Talk about potato things

Happy birthday to potato
As the drunk potato rambles
Spike the punch with a potato
Blow the lit potato candles

See the movie star potato
Big potato action scene
In the dark with a potato
Poke potato, make her scream

At a potato party
You can have potato fun
At a potato party
You will have potato fun

Eat potato cheese and crackers
Trash the whole potato house
Some potato not invited
Hot potato at the party; chip
Hot potato at the party; chip

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