



Greatest Hits

Always

Blue Suede Shoes

Crazy Love

Downtown

I'm a Believer

In the Midnight Hour

My Baby Left Me

Pretty Woman

Words of Love

You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'

Ron Graves

EPB
2015

This little collection is not intended to be a rewriting of any songs suggested by the titles of the poems. The titles have, rather, served as inspiration.

Previous collections by the author are Hot Strawberries and Cancer Songs (both published by LEB Books and available from the author at graves@reidgraves.com).

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The cover art was sourced from the internet, with sincere thanks to EFB.

blue suede shoes

if i had some blue suede shoes
i wouldn't wear them round the house
i'd only put them on when i went out enchanting
slipping into tight backstreets
nodding to the dudes i'd meet
and pretending i was someone on a mission

i would keep them brushed and handsome
though i'd rarely ever wear them
'cause those tight back streets
and strange dudes pose a threat
i couldn't keep up the appearance
of a wide boy with a purpose
and be seen through by everyone i met

but if i had some blue suede shoes
i'd lie in bed and think about them
and imagine that i'm strutting through a crowd
where all that can be seen
is the slicked back hair gloss sheen
of a man who doesn't need your permission

if i had some blue suede shoes
i'd be like elvis christ or trotsky
and i'd do my thing regardless of your scorn
but instead i sit and ponder
with no sense of awe or wonder
what's the point of even being born

crazy love

every time i fall it's for someone off the wall
like i'm looking for a special kind of challenge
and i don't deserve a chance of having the best
so i settle for whatever's left of the rest

then she give me love and it's crazy love
blazing up like fire in a grate
and i want her and she wants me
and there's no way we can wait
but given time from her point or mine
it always turns to hate

she'll say i don't respect her or even care
because she can't remember anyone who did
and though i say i love her and i always will
the look she gives could curdle milk and kill

she says she hates herself and can't believe i care
she's lacking self-respect in every sense
and when we get it on she says it's like abuse
and i only want her there to be put to use

then she give me love and it's crazy love
blazing up like fire in a grate
and i want her and she wants me
and there's no way we can wait
but given time from her point or mine
it always turns to hate

and there's only love love love love crazy love
love love love love crazy love

downtown

he's in the bedroom getting ready
putting on a shirt and tie
for going downtown

he'll cruise the bars and nightclubs
in his search for something pretty
while he's downtown

he hasn't got a girlfriend
and he doesn't have a lover
he never sees his parents
doesn't get on with his brother
he used to have a flatmate
but they almost killed each other
in an row about which one of them
was sucking up most blubber
and he likes to keep his counsel
doesn't want to blow his cover
when he's downtown

if he sees a look he likes
he might try to have a chat
when he's downtown

he might even ask her back
for a coffee in his flat
when he's downtown

but if she comes he's gonna think
she wants to turn into a wife
set new rules and boundaries
and occupy his empty life
she'll get close and he'll get angry
overcome by fear of strife
'cause from his own beginnings
he knows arguments are rife
and looking at her pretty face
he'll want to cut it with a knife
if he goes downtown

i'm a believer

i was ten and got a leaflet from a man in the street
about somebody he said he'd like me to meet
he asked have you heard about christ our lord and redeemer
because you really need to become a believer

so i went down to the zion hall
where they spoke with tongues of fire
and when i left i'd made up my mind
that the man was a pawn shop liar

he said everything bad that ever happened
was because we wouldn't hear the word
and all the good things came to pass
because god made them occur

so i guessed that the collapsing pit heap
and all those little kids who were killed
was what they had coming to them
because they'd been so ill-willed

but i knew that in the coal mines
at ship yards and on factory floors
people looked out for each other
like that's what life was for

and i heard about those people
digging in the mud at aberfan
acid tears burning the faces
of every woman and man

and the young people having their heads cracked
by the cops protecting the state
when they wanted to end the vietnam war
and couldn't afford to wait

everywhere i looked i saw the pain
but no god on a lofty throne
so i decided good and bad
came from human beings alone

i know we create horror
but we make the beauty too
and the poorest person on the face of the earth
would give their last crumb to you

so now i'm a believer
in the goodness of human kind
and that religion is just the unscrupulous
misleading the wilfully blind

i'm a believer i'm a believer
i believe in you and me
i'm a believer i'm a believer
a believer in humanity

in the midnight hour

there are monsters in the corner box
devouring children in blue flames
and minions who slaver lies
about the nature of the game

they dribble patchwork tales about
the glory they're creating
but still it looks to most of us
like life itself they're hating

you watch as little clumps of cloth
are dragged from hammered homes
and slowly recognise the rags
hold some child's broken bones

and in the midnight hour
when you're lonely in the dark
a silent scream tears at your skin
and rips your heart apart

it's all for you they do these things
to keep you safe and warm
as another ruined body
says this child should not be born

and the weeping father in the howling heat
fails to see or understand
that such collateral damage
is just dust on a rich man's hand

and in the midnight hour
when you're lonely in the dark
a silent scream tears at your skin
and rips your heart apart

in the midnight hour
in the midnight hour
when you'd rather think of love
you know that droning noise is
winged death hovering above

my baby left me

my baby left me hardly said hello
i was just getting to know her
when she said she had to go
she said she had low self-esteem
and i made matters worse
she'd come to the conclusion
i was her life's curse

now she has a job at the dwp
and when she sanctions claimants she thinks of me
all she really needed was a feeling of revenge
but i get compensation from sleeping with her friends

my baby left me never said a word
or i guess she maybe did
and it's just i never heard
she said i didn't listen
i was just too self-obsessed
but if she'd pressed her charges
there's a chance i'd have confessed

just to keep someone around me
'cause life's lonely on your own
and like they say in country songs
a house is not a home

my baby left me isn't coming back
didn't say it's me not you
or any of that crack
she made it pretty clear
that i was all to blame
but me and my denial
will pull through it all the same

my baby left me
hardly said hello

words of love

he said i love you and i'd never cope
if you weren't with me i'd have no hope
it's only you that gets me through
i know i'd be finished if not for you

then next time when he's drunk his fill
it isn't himself he thinks to kill
when he slams her head against the door
and kicks her body on the floor

he says she pushed too far and made him small
so he smashed her up against a wall
next morning when her head has cleared
she tries to leave just like he feared

and weeping he begs her to never go
because he needs her and he loves her so

words of love and deeds of murder
all through time have walked as one
the raped and tortured little daughter
the ridiculed and slaughtered son

she smiled and said you're mummy's boy
who brings me happiness and joy
your being makes my life complete
climb up and i'll stroke your tiny feet

but don't forget there's only me
the only one who'll ever see
beyond your weaknesses and flaws
so don't go looking for applause

nobody else will give you love
i only can because we are blood
and while you paint my every day
i'll speak the words some mothers say

without my love you'd be an empty can
a ringing vessel but not a man

words of love and deeds of murder
all through time have walked as one
the raped and tortured little daughter
the ridiculed and slaughtered son

pretty woman

pretty woman sees me looking
at her face and shape and hair
but i wonder if she really sees i'm there

pretty woman smiles a little
but i don't think it's at me
i guess there's someone else who she can see

pretty woman's started laughing
and her eyes look over here
i'm only thinking that because of too much beer

pretty woman puts her coat on
she gets up and starts to leave
and there's nothing that i'm willing to believe

except the guy who's got his hand out
and is the opening the door
orchestrating her way through it
like he's confident
is obviously the one who calls the shots
and makes decisions
the man whose always there
as an impediment

pretty woman turns towards me
and slowly shakes her head
perhaps i'll think about her when i go to bed

you've lost that lovin' feelin'

on saturday nights you're the man who comes
when he's been drinking with his mates
and mum is pretending to be asleep
while you complain she never waits

but it isn't her you really want
so instead you come to me
and in a way i'm almost glad
because you leave my sister be

she's only six but in a few years
i know she won't be able to resist
when you've had your night down in the pub
and come home frustrated and pissed

and sometimes when i see your face
in the sickly light from the ceiling
i think you used to be my dad
but you've lost that loving feeling

now i've got no mum to watch over me
no dad to make sure i'm well
just a cowering woman and a drunken man
who include me in their hell

you say this is something special
but i've gone well past believing
and though you say i'm your princess
i know you've lost that loving feeling

always

i'm not speaking for the audience
i'm not talking to the crowd
my words are all for you baby
if that can be allowed

and i want you to be happy
that's what matters most to me
so i'll do the things i need to do
to ensure that you're free

but don't you go away and leave me
don't make decisions for yourself
just come along here every month
and take me off the shelf

lift me down and tell me
what it is you want to hear
and i'll make sure that you get it baby
with your wine and gin and beer

so have a happy holiday
and do the things you want to do
and remember when we meet again
i'm always loving you

RON GRAVES grew up in County Durham, England, spending his childhood and early adolescence in the town of Spennymoor. At the age of fourteen, his father changed jobs and the family moved to Carrville, just a couple of miles outside of Durham City.

Ron left school aged fifteen and worked for the next three years as a hall porter at the Royal County Hotel, in Durham, before being persuaded by his friend, Peter Farrier (then completing his PhD at Durham University), to resume his education at Durham Technical College. Ron spent the next seven (yes, seven!) years as a student doing 'O' and 'A' Levels, followed by a degree in English and History at what was then Newcastle Polytechnic. In 1978, after a year of dossing around, Ron began training as a psychiatric nurse at Winterton Hospital, Sedgefield, County Durham. In 1982, he came to Peterborough to work at The Cedars Adolescent Unit, a radical therapeutic community working with teenagers and their families. He continued to work as a psychotherapist with teenagers until June 2017.

Ron has produced two books of poetry (Hot Strawberries and Cancer Songs).

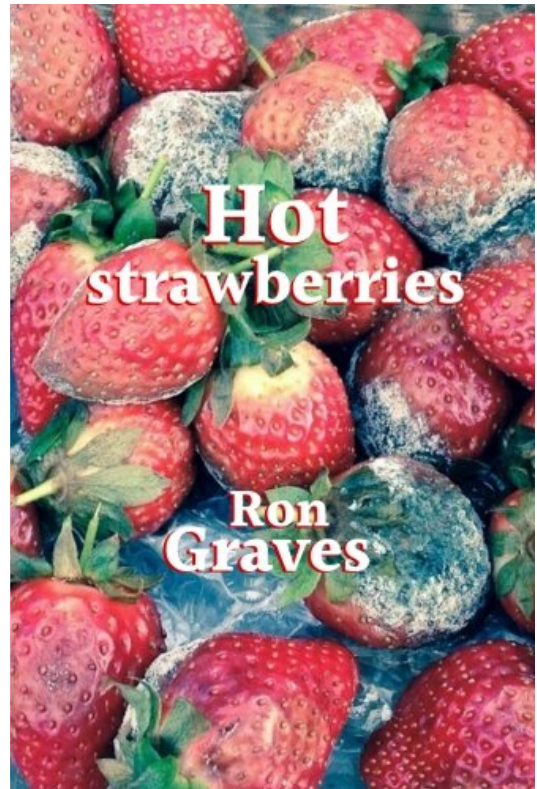
In collaboration with the composer and singer, David Reid (famous for producing eight albums with his band, The Contrast) he has released two albums, *Lovely As Suspicion* and *Slacking on Pain*, under the name ReidGraves. The first album uses Ron's song lyrics and features some of Peterborough's finest musicians; the second has Ron performing his poetry in conjunction with the creative guitar of David Reid.

He has written and directed one short film, *Grim Day*, and is currently directing a second.

Ron has been a politically active Marxist since his adolescence and describes himself as "a poet, lyricist, psychotherapist, and revolutionary socialist".

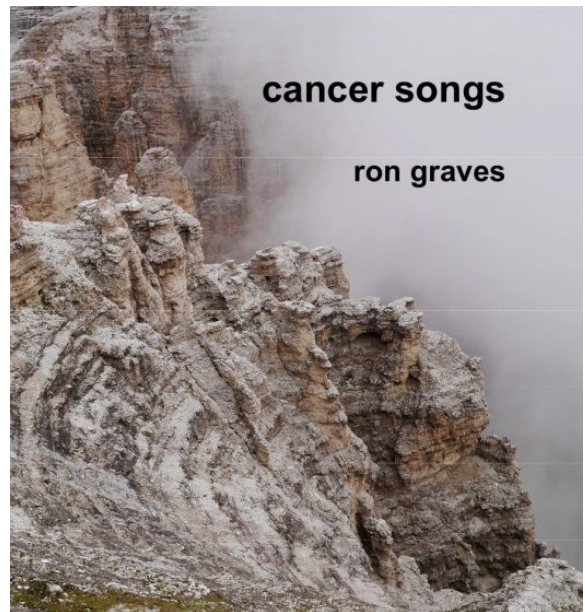


Lord Litter (Radio-On Berlin): "...a brilliant, unique piece of underground culture"



"Exquisite" - Gew Gaw magazine, Athens.

"A well-crafted art project" - Bliss/Aquamarine, UK.



"Ron Graves paints pictures that tell us what it's like to face a disease that scares us deeply" - Ian MacMillan (poet and broadcaster).

All CDs and books are available from graves@reidgraves.com, or at the website www.reidgraves.com

The books and CDs can also be bought via Amazon etc

Cancer Songs is also available from behind the bar at The Draper's Arms. All proceeds from the book will go to local cancer services (minimum donation £6, please, but you are welcome to donate more).