



## **BAND OF BOWSIES**

TAKES MORE THAN GUNS TO KILL A MAN  
TAKES MORE THAN SONGS TO SING AND DANCE  
AND NOW LET'S TAKE ANOTHER ROUND  
AND LISTEN TO THE ANCIENT SOUNDS

SO WOULD YOU REALLY DARE  
TO CUT DOWN THE BLASTED TREE  
YOU BELONG TO THE BAND OF BOWSIES

TAKES ALL OF US TO MAKE IT UP  
I KNOW THAT'S QUITE ANOTHER CUP  
AT A SILENT FAMILY GATHERING  
LET THEM CATCH UP THE SECOND STRING

AND ON AND ON THE STORY GOES  
MY DEAR, THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME  
I'M STANDING WHERE THE NORTHWIND BLOWS  
NO HAPPY END – THE ANGER GROWS

SO WOULD YOU REALLY DARE  
TO CUT DOWN THE BLASTED TREE  
WE'RE MADE OF STERNER STUFF  
THAT'S IRISH ANCESTRY  
SO WOULD YOU REALLY DARE  
TO CUT DOWN THE BLASTED TREE  
YOU BELONG TO THE BAND OF BOWSIES

## **ALIVE**

ONE – THIS LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL  
TWO – IT'S GREAT TO BE WITH YOU  
THREE – STOP NAGGIN ON AND ON  
FOUR – NO TIME TO CUT AND RUN

DOGS THAT BARK DON'T BITE  
DRUNKS THAT PUKE DON'T FIGHT  
TO GET LAID BE POLITE  
AIN'T IT GREAT TO BE ALIVE

FIVE – IT REALLY COULD BE WORSE  
SIX – WELL YOU COULD BE ACCURSED  
SEVEN – NO FRIENDS ALONG YOUR WAY  
EIGHT – WELL YOU COULD GO ASTRAY

NINE – LIFE'S JUST A CHANCE YOU HAVE  
A CHANCE TO SING AND LAUGH  
A CHANCE TO LOVE AND CRY  
TEN – BEFORE YOU SAY GOOD-BYE

### **END OF THE DAY**

WHERE WILL I BE WHEN THEY LAY ME TO REST  
I HOPE MY FOLKS KNOW THAT I TRIED MY BEST  
THAT I WASNT A BURDEN OR A BIT OF A PEST  
WHERE WILL I BE WHEN IM AWAY FROM THE STRESS

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS WHEN THE LIGHT PASSES BY  
WHEN PEOPLE ARE TOLD, WILL ANYONE CRY  
WILL ANYONE SIT AND JUST WONDER WHY  
WHAT REALLY HAPPENS WHEN YOU FINALLY DIE

A TROUBLED LIFE WAS ONE I HAD LED  
SO NOW ITS TIME TO WAIT ON DEATHS BED  
WHEN ALL IS OVER AND EVERYTHINGS SAID  
A TROUBLED LIFE WAS ONE I HAD LED

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WILL I FLOAT HIGH ABOVE  
COULD I RETURN AS A STRIKING WHITE DOVE  
IS SOMEBODY THERE TO SHOW ME SOME LOVE  
OR WILL I BE TOLD ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

WONDERING WHY I LOOKED BACK AT THE PAST  
FEELING SO SURE I WAS WEARING A MASK  
A BIT PART PLAYER IN A STAR STUDDED CAST  
WONDERING WHY I COULDN'T BE ARSED

BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF ALL IS NOT WELL  
IF I HEAR THE CHIME OF A SMOKE BLACKENED BELL  
IS IT MY BODY OR MY SOUL I WILL SELL  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I END UP IN HELL.

### **THROW YOUR DIARY IN THE GARBAGE CAN**

A NICE BLUE SKY – THE SUMMER BREEZE  
WORKING 9 TO 5 – HEART DISEASE  
YOUR FRIENDS SAY YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK  
AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK

THE DEEP BLUE SEA – YOU HAVE A BALL  
YOU SPEND YOUR CASH ON ALCOHOL  
IT'S CLEAR THAT YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK  
AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK

THROW YOUR DIARY IN THE GARBAGE CAN  
GIVE YOUR OLD WRISTWATCH TO THE ICE CREAM MAN  
AND YOU WILL BE...BORN AGAIN

THE SUN DECLINES – THE BLOOD RED HILLS  
YOU'RE WORKING LATE – SLEEPING PILLS  
YOUR WIFE SAYS YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK  
SHE'S NEVER COMING BACK

YOUR LOOKS BOTH NICE AND SLEAZY  
YOU'RE THE SHADOW OF A MAN  
A DECENT PINT OF VALIUM  
JUST A SHADOW OF A MAN

THE MORNING IS SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT –  
YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCE...SUICIDE  
YOU NOTICED YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK  
YOU'RE NEVER COMING BACK

## **BRAIN CELLS**

AT FIRST YOU RUIN THE SAD CELLS  
YOU NEVER WILL FELL BLUE  
AGAIN AND ALWAYS SMILE  
EVEN WITHOUT A CLUE

SECOND THERE'S THE SILENT CELLS  
YOU RUN OFF AT YOUR MOUTH  
YOU NEVER EVER SHUT IT UP  
STILL NEVER GET APPLAUSE

IT'S FUN TO WRECK YOUR BRAIN CELLS  
AN EASY THING TO DO  
ENJOY AND WRECK YOUR BRAIN CELLS  
SOME FUN FOR ME AND YOU

ON THREE YOU KILL YOUR STUPID CELLS  
IMMEDIATE FLASH OF WIT  
AN IMAGE OF A CLEVER DICK  
THE OLDER PUPILS HIT

AT FOUR THERE IS YOUR MEMORY CELLS  
NOW EVERYTHING'S ERASED  
YOU FINALLY ACHIEVED IT  
WITH A DEADLY BREAKNECK PACE

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CREAMY PINT  
OR LAGER ON TAP  
AN ICE-COLD PINT OF CIDER AT HAND  
AND EVEN IF YOU'RE DUMB AND BLIND  
A SLOBBERING CHAP  
THE JOURNEY IS IST OWN REWARD

### **BANKS OF INISHFREE**

HIS SUNDAY BEST HAS SEEN SOME BETTER TIMES  
THE KINDA THINGS YOU CAN'T DENY  
THAT'S WHAT ALL THE OTHER BLOKES SHARE  
CALLOUS SKIN, A CALLOUS MAN

WILL WE EVER SEE OUR LIKES AGAIN?  
BORN TO SET OUR SPIRITS FREE  
WILL WE EVER SEE OUR LIKES AGAIN?  
ON THE BANKS OF INISHFREE?

YOU'D RATHER OFFER HIM NO DRINK TONIGHT  
TELLS THE SAME OLD STORIES AGAIN  
IT'S LIKE HIM SINGING A CLASSIC TUNE  
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN GLAMOUR AND GLOOM

HIS SUNDAY BEST HAS SEEN SOME BETTER TIMES  
THE KINDA THINGS YOU CAN'T DENY  
TONIGHT ALL THE DRINKS ARE ON ME  
TELL THOSE STORIES – SPIRITS FREE



KONTAKT: ROBIN HIERMER – [INFO@CEILIFAMILY.DE](mailto:INFO@CEILIFAMILY.DE) - [WWW.CEILIFAMILY.DE](http://WWW.CEILIFAMILY.DE)