

The following pages contain the lyrics to Colin Lloyd Tucker's Inner Nutshell album. To read, you can use the ZOOM (above) and use menu (left) to select page.

If you wish you can print the pages and make a booklet to keep in your Inner Nut-Case. Be sure that your printer is set to double-sided or duplex printing.

Print as follows:

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8. Human Tide (Ring Out The Mortifying Bell)
9. Head Over Heals
10. Bungalow Brain
11. Isolationist's Lament
12. Around A Round Table
13. Diamond
14. Dream Song



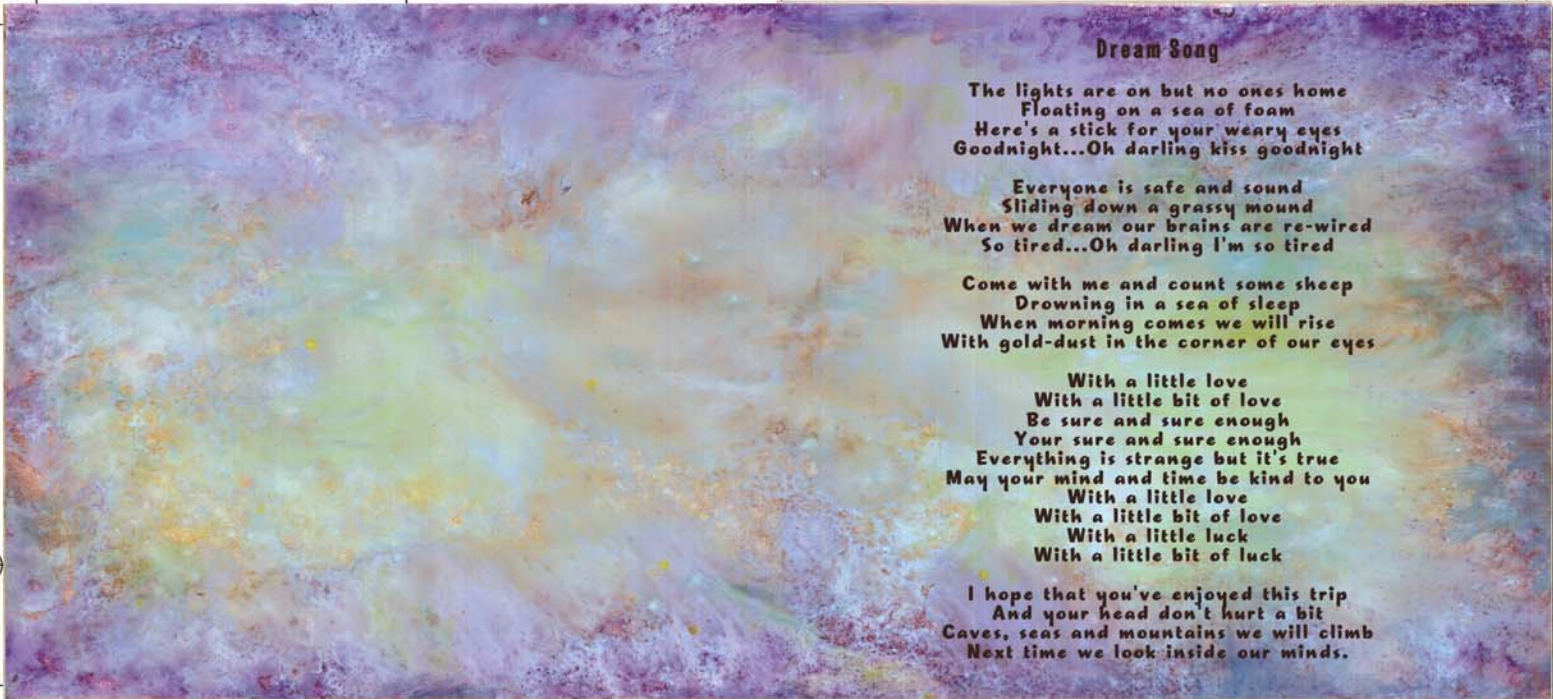
ColinLloydTucker



PO#

COVER

CYAN MAGENTA
YELLOW BLACK



Dream Song

The lights are on but no ones home
Floating on a sea of foam
Here's a stick for your weary eyes
Goodnight...Oh darling kiss goodnight

Everyone is safe and sound
Sliding down a grassy mound
When we dream our brains are re-wired
So tired...Oh darling I'm so tired

Come with me and count some sheep
Drowning in a sea of sleep
When morning comes we will rise
With gold-dust in the corner of our eyes

With a little love
With a little bit of love
Be sure and sure enough
Your sure and sure enough
Everything is strange but it's true
May your mind and time be kind to you
With a little love
With a little bit of love
With a little luck
With a little bit of luck

I hope that you've enjoyed this trip
And your head don't hurt a bit
Caves, seas and mountains we will climb
Next time we look inside our minds.

PO#

COVER INSIDE

STAIN MAGENTA
YELLOW BLACK

Diamond

Hello shiny...you haven't lost your sparkle
'though you're sleeping... you're a diamond

A black bed of velvet
They have locked you in the dark
Don't be frightened...you're a diamond

And I will give you a ring
Or a crown that you could wear
'pon a head of raven hair

Hall of mirrors
See how the light splits
Over and over...you're a diamond

So long as there is light
Then your day will come
Your fire will burn bright
Your fire will burn bright...you're a diamond

Hello shiny...you're a diamond
Don't be frightened...you're a diamond
Over and over...

Your Incredible Mind

A passing thought like a little bird
Lands on top of your head
Well heck just shrug it off
Don't let it build a nest
These wheels most turn and churn
Hot wired, internal hard drive
Don't worry 'bout a single thing
Everything's going to be alright

Turning the wheels of life
Your incredible mind
Got a lot of stuff upstairs
Even God is living up there

This train is right on time
And it's coming on down the line
It's carrying a heavy load
With all that's in your mind
These wheels most turn and churn
Hot wired, internal hard drive
Don't worry 'bout a single thing
Everything's going to be alright

Turning the wheels of life
Your incredible mind
Got a lot of stuff upstairs
Even God is living up there
Turning the wheels of life
Turning the wheels of life

Bellows And Reed (Lungs 'n' Tongues)

Come on, dry your eyes
Wipe away the tears
The wizard waved his wiggly wand
And is here
Rearranging the runes
'neath a silvery moon
He's been making up tunes
In the harmonium room

Can You hear the room breath with bellows and reed?

Oh my Lord
Better lock up your daughter
This ship will sail
Come hell or high water

Isolationist's Lament

When the sky is a wall
The people too tall
Just want to crawl away somewhere
And the clouds are a shroud
You don't feel allowed
To join in with the crowd
I'll be there

Around A Round Table

Prince of darkness, princess of light
The twilight king and his shiny knights
Around a round table
Awaiting the arrival
Of the fireball queen of sunrise
The light shines from her eyes!

It was raining when she arrived
So they all went outside
Pointing an accusing finger at a tearful sky

Bungalow Brain

Bungalow Brain's got nothing upstairs
He's a one level guy
It's an obvious fact that
Flat on his back is how he loves to lie
He can't stand the rain so he's staying indoors
He's incredibly dry
It won't be the same
The day Bungalow Brain learns how to fly

Pack up get ready to go
We're all moving to a bungalow
You learn to keep your high heads low
When your living in a bungalow
Bungalow is an Indian word
Bungalow is good in a quake
Put a hand on top of your head
Can you feel the sky-scrap?

Bungalow Brain has got no head for heights
So he's digging a hole
The mud on his boots
Is feeding his roots
Now he's beginning to grow
He may get as tall
As a cathedral wall
And look real cute in a suit
But Bungalows hole
Will keep his head low
There 'll be no need to stoop

Irregular Nebular

Behind my eyes
Beyond my face
I took a trip through inner space
Revolving door
It led me in
Spun me around
And out again
Irregular Nebular...Oh Yeah

The weasel man
On my TV
Saying that he'll do so much for me
I can't believe
A word he says
And so I crawl back into bed
Sinister Minister...messing with my Irregular Nebular

In my head there's a funky party starting
In my head I'm going 'Yahoo!'
Outside the revolution never started
Outside there is nothing to do
In my head there's an orgy of sex 'n violence
In my head an endless sky o' blue
Outside they take away your liberty
Outside they piss on you

Fight to survive
Day after day
The world is small
Not far away
The land was raw
The drought was worse
He showed the poor
What they were worth

Inner Nutshell

Words adapted from 'Prometheus Unbound' by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Echoes we; listen !
We cannot stay
As the dew-stars glisten
Then fade away
O, follow follow. O, follow follow.

Hark! Spirits speak.
The liquid responses of their aerial tongues
Yet sound I hear
O, follow follow. O, follow follow.

As our voice recedeth
Through the caverns hollow
Where the forest spreadeth
O, follow follow. O, follow follow.

As the song floats you pursue
Where the wild bee never flew
Through the noontide darkness deep
By the odor-breathing sleep
Of faint night flowers and waves
At the fountain-lighted caves
While the music, wild and sweet
Mocks your gently-falling feet

And in a world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken

Now...the notes sink upon the ebbing wind
O, follow follow. O, follow follow.
Child of the ocean

Head Over Heels

If I was a sailor
A sailor lost at sea
I would long for nothing
But your company

Not just when I'm dreaming
But in my waking hours too
Transfixed by the beauty
The beauty that is you

I want you to know
No...I need you to know
That I'm still so...
Head over heels over you

(We) came close to failure
So many times
Fussing and fighting or worse
Just marking time

But I still get a thrill
Every time you smile
For the light that's in your eyes
Still lingers for a while

Human Tide

Can we ride this human tide
With hearts held high and free
Of all the binds that blind our eyes
No blinkered light to see

Time can see the sniper hide
We are held in the clocks pointed hands
Some say "time can catch you up"
Ring out the mortifying bell!
And return me to the land

Winter came with icy claw
Gone the land of green
The tide will return no more
For frozen is the sea

Keeping Our High Heads Low

Out on the great Pacific Ocean
Casting kisses to the shore
There were some bad things up in my head
But they don't live there anymore

And all the smiling, waving children
Shiny beacons, rays of light
They'll head for the green hills in the morning
We're sleeping on the beach tonight

'Blue' is my Indian friend
He'll be coming 'round again
To watch the time go

Tumbling down a mountain side
Many twinkling lights we spied
Up where the bugs glow

Came from San Geronimo
Oh the green, green grass of home
Near Acapulco

There were soldiers on the track
We turned around then doubled back
Keeping our heads low

So High
Keeping our high heads low

Hollow World

This is a hollow world
And so much colder
I can't see what's ahead of me
And I daren't look over my shoulder

Here where the time is frozen
Nobody loves yer
Here where the minds have broken down

Here I'm trapped inside a photograph
A captured image from the past
Wish I could stand like a tripod stands
Wish I could stand

Beautiful Susie stares at the wall
Nobody calls her...no one at all

This is a hollow world

Deprived of a real emotion
All day play ping-pong
Nothing will ever come around

Telescope me to the right height
Be sure my head is screwed on right
Spirit-level horizon now

Nobody here has something to say
They scooped out our insides, put them on display
Beautiful eyeballs are swollen but dim
It's like trying to stand on the head of a pin

This is a hollow world

(Just a) Hollow boy looking for a hollow girl
To burst my bubble, come inside my hollow world

The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat

Believe what you believe
But please don't ignore the facts
It's just what you perceive
So leave it at that

We are all the man who mistook his wife for a hat
Read that in a book by Oliver Sacks

Down in the lab.
All the scientists are slicing the lobes
It's a freaky slide show
That they view through a microscope

Naughty neurologist in a twist of electrodes
But I still hear the voices... "Hello"

Holy Joe geezer's evangelist wife
Drop-kicking Jesus through the goalposts of life
And you - you are priceless
With the nicest of vices
But I still hear the voices
The cricketing voices