

2. CHARLIE 4.08

3. DOODLE 3.16

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9. HULLO 5.12

INSTRUMENTALS:

10. I AM THE DJ

11. CHARLIE

12. WARM

13. PANDEMIC

14. HOW LONG

15. ON HOLD

16. HULLO



Also available: Antiromantic - Songs of Old Earth (before the ants ate plastic) - Through a Milky Lens (while avoiding the queue) - Unfold - Slapdog the Underhound - And Another Thing... - Impulse Buy



FRANKY FRANKS

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1. I am the DJ

I am the DJ - I go with the flow There's nothing much about This job I don't know I get excited by the ebb and the flow Of the sea of sweaty bodies In the pit down below And when it's time to let eo. I take the decks and give them Everything I know

I am the DJ, what do they know? I keep the beats up When they want to go slow I like to thrash it when want toe-to-toe

I am the DL I'm lovey-dovey The young and the old Not superficial, I make time in my fold Just so long as they are famous... Yes, if they're famous. So when I tell them to go They smile and make as if

Who is the DI? Who's the frikkin' DI? LAM THE DE Yeah.

I am the DJ. I have The Powah! Mystical knowledge from a life long ago Shamanic forces guide the beats that I throw To the sea of sweaty bodies. (So many bodies!) Call me Michelangelo A space-age Sistine Chapel in stereo

Friday night, Friday night This joint is jumping Gang's all here on the town Just a little nervous Never know what's comin

When my baby's comin' round All the week, All the week Baby, I've been waiting To see you shining like the sun Then you're calling me I turn around and see you What you been and gone and done?

Charlie! Give us all a break, and change On examination You need time to re-arrang Charlie! Call me when you're

Back in range Lipstick and foundation, all down there: I think that's strange!

Don't get me wrong, Charlotte Wong I like it edgy What you wear, that takes guts But there's a limit, honey That fake tattoo ain't funn Your new look is simply nut-Did your hair, did your nails Did your mirror tell you You're the fairest of them all: Those Aldi bags are baggy

Those rags are just too ragg Looks like midnight's co And you've left the ball 3. Doodle

Doodle - Disko - Diskotek - Diskoteko Diskoteknology - Diskoteknologenius

4. Warm

I don't know where the money goes Let me go!

A burning warm intelligence Might keep me in the queue Of individuals that hope For more than dawn or dew Put me upon a mountain-top I'd have a better view But grant me shades of autumn's jade

And all is made anew I won't pretend that life extends To all of us the clue Of what might fill our summer skies Behind the limpid blue There is a wild uncerta A chaos, this is true

A chaos each of us must find, and what I found was you A happy you, an angry you A sunshine-smiling, sometimes blue

Easy-giving, modern living All-accepting, all-forgiving Seldom judging, never grudging aving loved, more love accruing In the hope that even you In essence and in incandescence Might just love me, really love me Torn and wild and deep And whole and true

A debt long overdue

So carry me, no, marry me

Flames of passion growing higher I'll make of you and me a liar Swearing by this ring I'm wearing

Still I dare that even I In fairy dell and merry hell will

Always love you, really love you Torn and wild and deep

And whole and true

Sprinkle thee love's potpour Set your fire while I expire

So tell me darlin', tell me dearest Who's the fairest terrorist? Shall I get scary too? I could reveal my sacred heart In one unholy cour When bored of peekaboo?

I have a sense (in my defence) Of an emotional glue Still I walk that dusty road That somewhere in my heart Lies bleeding yesternight's debut Upon the stage of feelings I'll reveal my one taboo: A simple prayer for happiness

> Can't tell me it's fine Don't string me a line. Take it from me I'm spending all my my time Searching for signs, baby: It's hard, it's hard, so hard

> > 6. How Long? (My Mistress' Lament 1740)



ONE LISTENS TO





I was walking a dusty road State western highway was taking me High and low and high and low and low Said a feller as old as woe

Leave my stuff to the buffaloes

He said 'Never say nevi It's hard it's hand on hand To open up in a pandemic

He said 'I tell you, was folks I know Was working hard for the man, when it

All came down Were they cancer or scorpic I saw them all in the sun and snow Made no diference, the rich the poor They all lost some or all

Can't tell me it's fine Don't string me a line, Take it from me I'm spending all my my tim-Searching for signs, baby: It's hard, it's hard, so hard To open up in a pandemi

Western highway behind me for All I know and high and low and low Old feller's words burned in my soul She was my only, and yet I had to let her go..."

To open up in a pandemi





You told me it's over You said that you'd tell her You'd leave her for sure You needed the right time Lask: How long?

Your plaything: Your whore Just older and bored

> 7. On Hold Blah blah blah It was only ever you

Gazing out from my laptop screen tressed little puppet of me And a puppet of you I strain to understand all that you say While worrying how you see me too We try to connect But with each transmission defect Air is slowly sucked out of the room

8. Hullo Shadow

Hullo, shadow? I know it isn't really me And I know that isn't you
Hullo, shadow? I say hello but what gets through: Hullo shadow? Shadow play is all I see As I miss you, do you miss me

We can't really hear As they shout across the beach Waves washing our

Real connection away Yes, my microphone's on We all know the words to that song Just shadows talking at shadows Talking at shadows

Video makes you seem far away

As our shadow-puppets laugh and talk and smile and play

Vocals kees

Guitar: Guy Whyman (1,2)

Drums: Humphrey Already (1,2,3,8) Florence Farthing (4.9) Melanie Outright (5,6,7)

Terri Nobbles (1,2,7) Bonny Feroni (3,4,5,8,9)

Eddie Ball's Five Star Strings

Orlando Banderfeldt

Franky thanks Kate Gordon, Greg Dex, Stephen Deery and God for their eternal patience...

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@Collington Street Studios, Montserrat (honest)

