



**THE MIGHTY
BOSSCATS**



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God Bless America

3 rich white guys sat at a bar
Drinking at the company's expense
Talking about the wall with the TV on
Not caring who takes offence

Watching with delight as the numbers roll in
Orange is the new chosen black
Politics gone wild with a capital lie
And he picks up a drink of jack

God bless America

When the moneymen pretend to care
Set the many on the few
And flap around in the wind
As they grab a pussy or two

The poor car worker, the old steel man
The home on the range
The land of free we all want to be
Can they accept this change?

God bless America

Lorraine and a man April 4th
Takes to the balcony
A shot rings out a dream dies
The world cries with insanity

The people come on out on the streets
Coz the constitution says they can
People protest can change the world
Give a bloody nose to the man

God bless America



All falling down

She picks up the mail from threadbare mat
Writes a note for her memory jar
Hears the news on the radio
There's another falling star
She prizes off the lid, Not been used in a while
Begins to sort through her scribbled notes
Each one makes her smile

Had a meal in restaurant of note
Listened to a Bowie song
Made her think of other times
When the night went on and on
And now it's on a note
To remind her of the good
Like the time she saw the eagles
When it rained cause it could

There all falling down, were all falling down
We all got our memories, and the memories still around
I thought life was fine; you were the sounds of my time

She travelled west in search of life
Found a liking for dark rum
Tripped the light fantastic
Then the dark left things undone
She cried a little in hope, wrote it down just the same
Sometimes our memories
Help to ease the pain

And now her heroes leave
Goods times in the jar
The scribbled notes to remind her
What makes us what we are?
And now the stage is quite as the pin cascades to the floor
And echoes around her mind
As she scribbles a little more

Chorus

The last note she writes
Says thank you for the tune
When you helped me lift my soul
And not just me I presume
And now the jar is closed
Keep them safe for another day
To spread on the floor some more
And share the memories as they say



Fault line

I'm on a fault line I feel it in my bones
Lost a good job lost my house and home
And I don't mind telling you I cried in my hands
Cause I got feelings like any other man

Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line
Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line

When love some one sometimes aint enough
Don't put bread on the table when life gets tough
Was on a fault line something had to break
Someone don't like me up there in hell for heavens sake

Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line
Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line

I'm on a fault line I can feel it in my bones
Lost a good job lost my house and home
And I don't mind telling you I cried in my hands
Cause I got feelings like any other man

Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line
Don't talk to me about walking on a fault line



Don't run away

What don't kill you makes you stronger
That's what my mamma said to me
Then I went and broke my heart
Through my own stupidity

Well it almost killed me
And I was the one to blame
That stupid little episode
Keeps running around my brain

Don't run away come back and stay my love

If I could have a fortune
Drop from the heaven above
I'd turn back the clock of life
Turn my bad into my good

If I could walk on the water
If I could fly in the sky
I'd do my heart felt best
To make amends before I die

I won't run away I'll come back and stay for good

So when I want to get stronger
I listen to what mamma said
Although she's not hear no more
Her voice is clear inside my head

Aint gonna tell a lie
Say that life is so easy
It's not the truth that hurts
Ignorance makes me queasy

I won't run way I'll come back and stay for good



Hey Mr. Bird

Hey Mr Bird sitting in the tree
Sing me that song keeps me company
Don't fly away stay a little while
Need some one to talk to some one make me smile?
Hey there Mr Bird

In the headland where the bird he flies
My own piece of heaven where no body lies
I can lay on the grass smell the air after rain
In my headland where I can be sane
Hey there Mr Bird

And to get there you just gotta close your eyes
Shut away the world when I don't sympathise
Lock yourself away give time to you
Listen to the song bird cause the song help you lift the blues

Hey Mr bird sitting in the tree
What's today's tune song to help me?
Is it reasoned and tuneful?
Does it ring with hope?
Can I understand it will it help me cope
Hey there Mr Bird

Now Mr bird it's time for me to leave
Fly from the headland open eyes and deep breath
Now I'm refreshed after listening to the song
I'll go and face the world now
I'll be back wont be long
Hey there Mr Bird

And to get there you just gotta close your eyes
Shut away the world when I don't sympathise
Lock yourself away give time to you
Listen to the song bird cause the song help you lift the blues



Who you gonna call

Who you gonna call when the sun goes down
There's nothing there to make you smile
As you chased the dream and mined a seam
Who can listen for a little while?

You made new friends as a need arose
And they made you a friend for life
Then saw you in court over battles you fought
Through all this trouble and strife

You need some one to call – you need some one to call
You need that friend – some one you can depend

Now don't feel offended if I don't call
As we both try to swim the ocean
With my desires to touch the spires
It's a storm of tidal emotion

You are happy with the feet on the ground
And I've never said this before
When I am mad or when I'm sad
You always want to listen some more

You need some one to call – you need some one to call
You need that friend – some one you can depend

So when I call you to ask the time of day
It's just to here your voice, nothing more to say
Don't mean nothing but thanks for the call
I can do the same whenever you fall

You need some one to call – you need some one to call
You need that friend – some one you can depend



She's Gone

From a scruffy road in a terrace
Broken lights and broken dreams
Leaning trees in the pavement
Trying to look pretty and neat

Tied to the same reasons
Tied to the same path you tread
Then life goes on and on
And the road splits ahead

She's gone baby she's gone
Changed like a season
From summer to winter
Feel the coldness in the air
She's gone baby She's gone

She didn't walk out one morning
Catch a train to a different town
With 20 years of luggage
Straining to bring her down

She moved away over time
Never quite returning home
Now there's just strangers
Makes here want to roam

She's gone baby she's gone
Changed like a season
From summer to winter
Feel the coldness in the air
She's gone baby She's gone



Walking in the sun

I was walking in the burning sun
Parasol to save my skin
But the holes in the delicate lace
Let the burning rays in
And I just continued on my journey
Cause nothing could be finer
I was told the holes weren't there
A conspiracy from China

And I walked and walked some more
Through rising water to my knees
But the sun kept beating down
And made me feel at ease

I walked past a new shopping mall
It used to be a wood
The animals all compulsory purchased
Just because we could
And progress makes us money
A better life for some
Feeling good with a parasol
But feels a hotter sun

And I walked and walked some more
Through rising water to my waist
But the sun kept beating down
Upon the human race

And here we are in a designer world
Constrained by human endeavour
Cause the cleverest of humans are ignored
And we're beaten by the weather
And the parasol is old and tired
The lace is just too thin
The sun he keeps on beating down
The holes let too much in

And I walked and walked some more
Through rising water to my head
And the sun keeps beating down
We're hanging by a thread

Walking in walking in walking in the sun x2



Pride

There's a car in the distance – lights on to see the way
Cause its dark in the evening – but some people see dark all day
They build walls of pride around them – right up to the sky
Walls, thick as thieves – cant get around no matter how u try

Lights on, turn your lights on, shine on, baby shine on
Lights on, turn your lights on – tear down the walls of pride now
And set your self free

May be you u think you fly high – sore above every one below?
But it's a lonely place in the clouds – I'd rather be a live than a hero
Come on down and visit the real world - the real world wants to be your friend
Tear down the walls of pride – there's really nothing there to pretend

Lights on, turn your lights on, shine on, baby shine on
Lights on, turn your lights on – tear down the walls of pride now
And set your self free

Listen to the sound of silence when some things don't go your way
Say what you really feel don't let compromise get in the way
Sometimes it's best to know when you moved from a darkened place
Listen to the real world put acceptance on your face

Lights on, turn your lights on, shine on, baby shine on
Lights on, turn your lights on – tear down the walls of pride now
And set your self free



Plenty of Time

You ever decide to leave me
I don't know what I'd do
I'd find it near impossible
To find someone quite like you

If you walked out one evening
I'd find a lonely bar
Drink to the early light
Southern comfort by the jar

And I'd have Plenty of time on my hands x4

You are the reason you are the key
You open life's doors and set me free
Without the strength that you instil
I'd fall by the wayside without a will

And I'd have Plenty of time on my hands x4



Sweet Dreams

Chorus

Honey you are my sweet dreams
Baby don't let me wake from this
Honey you are my daydream
Baby don't let me miss this kiss

Verse

I used to live a nightmare
Eyes tired of the world
And now I have you in my pocket
Until it's all unfurled

Chorus

Honey you are my sweet dreams
Baby don't let me wake from this

Solo

Honey you are my daydream
Baby don't let me miss this kiss

Verse

I used to listen to the senate
Where they frowned upon you
And I decided I'd try myself
See if it was true

Chorus

Honey you are my sweet dreams
Baby don't let me wake from this
Honey you are my daydream
Baby don't let me miss this kiss



Ticket of Life

Pretty girl small town
Working real hard to keep 2 jobs down
One pays the bills the other for a ticket to life

Pours a coffee makes polite conversation
Takes the money with deep reservation
Final money she needs to walk on by

She climbs aboard, falls asleep on the bus
Didn't tell no one didn't want make a fuss
And anyhow she thinks crocodile tears aint polite

And in her dreams all shiny and new
In her dreams she never met you

She finds a place, some guy offers her work
Keeping men happy she declines and calls him a jerk
But she takes his number you know just in case

And the city streets tarnish over time
And She aint got the talent to make it shine
So she gives the jerk a call to see what he's paying

She now keeps men happy she gotta to pay the rent
All of them trash doesn't make a cent
She's got a habit to keep her happy

And in her Dreams no longer shiny and new
And in her dreams she can't escape you

Solo

And in her Dreams no longer shiny and new
And in her dreams she can't escape you

Well they lay her out try make her look her best
Some one fly's over from way over west
And says that's the pretty girl I used to know

Small town nothing changes much
Pretty little girl saving for the bus
She's got those 2 jobs for a ticket to life

And in her dreams all shiny and new
In her dreams she never meets you

She's got a ticket... a ticket of life



Downtown parking lot

Downtown parking lot Downtown parking lot

She slides on in to the black leather seat
In the 911 her husband bought
She drives on down to the other side of town
Looking for love she thought

Downtown district parking lot
Where the lonely people they all meet
Break away from their public life
Casual loving' discreet

It all happens in the downtown parking lot
Where strangers meet for company

She winds down the window and beckons him over
Greets with some titillation
They catch their eye and to her surprise
They indulge in dirty education

There's a man in a van selling a dream
Costs 30 dollars for an hour of heaven
And there's a queue of tetchy shoppers
Like a black Friday sale at 711

It all happens in the downtown parking lot
Where strangers meet for company

There's a man in the corner he's taking notes
With a pencil and a scrupulous eye
Red-topped paper waiting to publish
Stories they can't deny

Downtown parking lot
Park up and forget who you are
Eclectic mix of human life
Bent over the 911 car

It all happens in the downtown parking lot
Where strangers meet for company



Hold My Hand

Well walking down the main street, of a city I don't know
Looking for a friendly face and some place to go
I saw her on the corner 2 blocks a head
Holding up placard and this is what she said

Hold my hand, hold my hand
Hold my hand, baby hold my hand
Touch my heart, touch my heart
Touch my heart, baby touch my heart

Well I was tempted her smile was sweet as sweet
There's a price to pay, when yea thinking on your feet
So I declined her offer Like Marvin walked on by
Straight down the main street, past doorways where folks die

I said

Hold their hand, hold their hand
Hold their hand, baby hold their hand
Touch their heart, touch their heart
Touch their heart, touch their heart not mine

We often trip when we look too far away
Our own backyard so familiar each day
Change the world from young to old
But don't forget the main street and whose hand to hold

And I said

Hold their hand, hold their hand
Hold their hand, not mine
Touch their heart, touch their heart
Touch their heart, touch their heart not mine

Hold their hand, hold their hand
Hold their hand, hold their hand not mine
Touch their heart, touch their heart
Touch their heart, touch their heart not mine

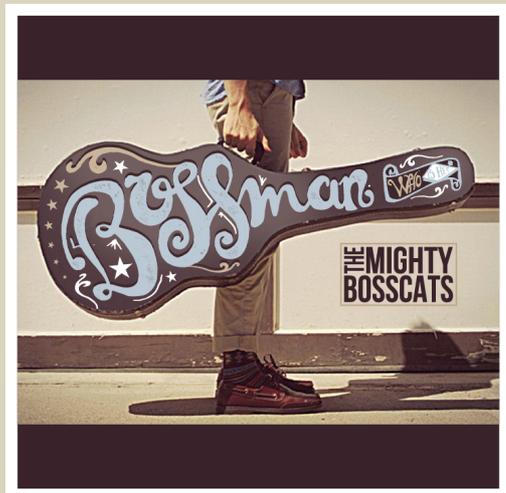




"...The band has again struck a rich musical seam to deliver a ten track offering that shimmers with US influences, and includes Townend's fine fretwork on both electric and resonator guitars. Throw in some neat slidework and Townend's droll, gravelly voice and you have an album that really works well from start to finish...."

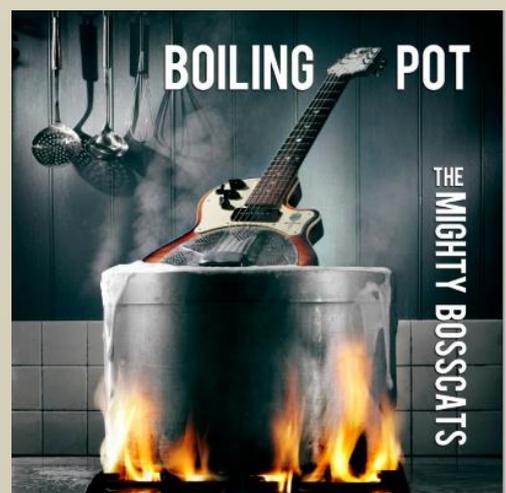
"This is easily one of the best British bands out there....."

Elmore Magazine New York



"The songs evoke imagery, often thought provoking, as only Richard can do "

Blues In Britain



"With its' high production values, standard of musicianship and impressive lack of filler material, Boiling Pot has the makings of something rather special"

R2 Rock and Reel

