

THE QUARRY

Liz Hughes

Creation/chaos songs

F R E E D O M

when I go I'll go alone/ he will be free/ give me
to the father sun/ the weight of heat upon my
back/ when I work I'll work alone/ he will be
free/ give me to the mother earth/ the weight of
wheat upon my back/ when I sleep, I'll sleep
alone/ he will be free/ give me to my bed, the
rocks/ the weight of rest upon my back/ the sky
so full of stars for the taking/ sun for my
waking/ the woods so full of shelter for the
making/ wheat for the shaking/ for my
freedom/ if I'd go, I'd go alone/ oh, to be free/
the father sun reveals my skin/ the weight of
light upon my back/ If I'd go, I'd sleep alone/
oh, to be free/ the mother earth condemns my
skin/ the stone that bruises black, my back/ the
sky was full of stars for the taking/ sun for my
waking/ the woods were full of shelter for the
making/ wheat for the shaking/ now for his
freedom

T I G E R

tiger, tiger on your toes/ tiger with the dusty
nose/ sitting all day, silently/ on the
mantelpiece/ peacefully across the floor/ a
piece of fur at my front door/ I pick it up,
pocket it, and I leave/ I'll find her by the
river/ the water black as ink/ the tiger fills
her paws/ up for me to drink/ everything
here is hers/ now my mouth is stained
black/ now I follow blacker tracks/ she turns
to make her way, back/ to the mantelpiece/
I'll find her by the fire/ the flames as white
as paper/ give back what is hers/ you need
not repay her/ everything here is hers/ tiger,
tiger on your toes/ tiger with the dusty nose/
sitting all day silently / on the mantelpiece

S I N S

way up in that building/ they've got DNA from
your skin/ they got records of your good deeds/
and all of your sins/ photos of your past/ stuck
to the office walls/ a person with a clipboard/
another making calls/ they have more memories
of your life/ than I ever did/ and they all look
like you/ move like you/ speak like you/ I
almost believe that it is/ and they turned up on
my doorstep/ after a week away/ there was
nothing I could do to stop them coming in/ no
nothing I could say/ be careful what you wish
for/ the elixir of life / ain't that hard to find/ and
doesn't taste as sweet as you might like/ way up
in that building/ that's where I now live/ you
and I/ on the walls/ in the calls/ of all of their
mistakes and sins

S U G A R

sugar, times are dark but you're sweet/ let me take
you up to easy street/ if you want sugar/ I'll find a
farmer/ he'll be yours to keep/ sugar, times were
dark till I saw you/ let me take you away / if you
want finery/ I'll find a tailor/ he'll be yours to keep/
don't you be hidin' now/ come on out/ sweet Jesus
I've never heard such beauty/ you're voice like
honey in my ears/ If you want stars/ I'll find an
astronomer/ he'll be yours to keep/ Mary could
have been your mother/ I'd follow stars just to hear
you sing/ I'll do anything for you, sugar/ till I am
plump and the soil is thin/ who gave you food to
eat?/ who gave you clothes to wear?/ who gave
you a home to fill?/ who gave you songs to share?

L I E S

what a joy,/ what a joy/ what a joy, joy, joy/ to
lie upon a leaden bed/ and dream of softer
places/ you might rest/ rest your head/ lonely as
a lover giving lies/ what a thrill/ what a thrill/
what a thrill, thrill, thrill/ to wade in waters
brackish, black/ and think of better places you
might wash/ wash your back/ lonely as a lover
giving lies/ all this dirt/ and all these bruises/
like the hands of a child/ when the sun sets/ she
still chooses/ outside, outside/ what a joy/ what
a joy/ what a joy, joy, joy/ to hear a bird call
and call/ when the darkness seems to/ have it
all/ have it all/ singing through the darkest
night/ the darkest kind of lies, lies, lies