

XTC'S GO 2

- 1 Meccanic Dancing (Oh We Go!) 2.36
- 2 Battery Brides (Andy Paints Brian) 4.35
- 3 Buzzcily Talking 2.40
- 4 Crowded Room 2.52
- 5 The Rhythm 2.58
- 6 Are You Receiving Me? 3.03
- 7 Red 3.01
- 8 Beatown 4.35
- 9 Life Is Good In The Greenhouse 4.39
- 10 Jumping In Gomorrah 2.02
- 11 My Weapon 2.19
- 12 Super-Tuff 4.25
- 13 I Am The Audience 3.39

XTC'S GO 2

Meccanic Dancing (Oh We Go!)

(Andy Partridge)

Woolworth beauty
Factory beau
Arm in arm
They must go
To the church of dance with the light on low

They're meccanic dancing
Oh we go!
Can't wait until the weekend comes
I wanna be with all my chums

Alcohol is an easy key
It helps you unwind
And dance with me
To a disco trot from Germany

We're meccanic dancing
Oh we go!
Can't wait until the weekend comes
I wanna be with all my chums

I'm standing in front of this girl
I'm under a flourescent light
I've had a few beers inside me
I feel like a giant tonight

XTC is:

Andy Partridge - *Vocal, Guitar*
Barry Andrews - *Vocal, Keyboards, Saxophone on [7]*
Colin Moulding - *Vocal, Bass*
Terry Chambers - *Drums, Lampshades on [9]*

Recorded in England, 1978

John Leckie - *Production, Engineering*
Haydn Bendall and Pete James -
Assistant Engineers at Abbey Road
Andy Llewelyn and Jess Sutcliffe -
Assistant Engineers at Matrix
Martin Rushent - *Produced [6] at the Manor*

Research and booklet design - *André de Koning*
Thanks to - *John M. Relph (Luigi Productions)*

I Am The Audience

(Colin Moulding)

I am the audience
There's no doubt, no consequence
I could make the morning papers
If I use my capers
Let's be the audience
I might lose my patience
Polite applause expected
To the ones selected, as the audience
Oh I... am the audience
No doubt, no consequence
Cause I'm the audience
Let's all be the audience
I might lose my patience
Polite applause expected
To the ones selected
I am the audience
Breakdown the pretence
No longer to be silent
Let's turn to violence
Oh I... am the audience
No doubt, no consequence
Cause I'm the audience

Battery Brides (Andy Paints Brian)

(Andy Partridge)

Battery brides
Ha ha have you ever tried
To break out of your waiting room
And find yourself a waiting groom
Ba ba ba battery brides
Ba ba ba battery brides
She left school with a million others
And worked in a store part time
She dreams of a husband and a lover
Doesn't realise she's on a production line of

Buzzcity Talking

(Colin Moulding)

What makes you wander far
Don't know who you are
Now if the vibe is right
I'll go out tonight

Because it's Buzzcity talking
It's Buzzcity talking
Go and find a late night bar
If I'm not back leave the door ajar
It's Buzzcity talking
Talking to me

We have sickness in our hair
We have time to spare
You close another door
Break another law

When it's Buzzcity talking
It's Buzzcity talking
Go and find a late night bar
If I'm not back leave the door ajar
It's Buzzcity talking
Talking to me

Fast, night goes fast
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Super-Tuff

(Barry Andrews)

In the car park
In the lamplight
Go for a walk
Clock him shiv-fight

Sodium-a-shine on
All the faces white now
And he got his docs on
Bottle out all right now

As you might say
Him super-tuff

In the corner
In the cold rain
Sting like iodine
In my brain

Fist you till you fall down
Hit him back make him mad
Really hard, really fast
Have you never been had?
('Cos he's having you now)

As you might say
Him super-tuff
(But also tender)

Crowded Room

(Colin Moulding)

Across the crowded room
I first set eyes on you
My vision was impaired
Obstructed out of view

By those in a crowded room
Their - faces in a crowded room
Their - bodies in a crowded room
Their - breathing in a crowded room
And their - pushing me out
Down the fire escape

In the crowded room
I won't touch too much
I felt the punch of a punch
The language was enough
To send me

Running from a crowded room
Their - bodies in a crowded room
Their - breathing in a crowded room
And their - pushing me out
Down the fire escape

My Weapon

(Barry Andrews)

I dunno wot she got
No telling where she learn the things she do to me
And I don't know what she done wrong but I want to hurt her

Wanna take it out on her
With my weapon
She's so exacting that she tells me when I go wrong
She doesn't value the attention she receives
She says I'm taking all the time but I'm not returning
(That's right)

I take it out on her
With my weapon

'Do this' but she won't do that
Lying beside me like a parcel of fat
Hot love - cold sweat - feel her beneath me wanna crush her to death
She tries to justify the people who despise me
She puts her finger on the things she knows will hurt
And I can't defend myself till we turn the lights off

Then I take it out on her
With my weapon

I dunno what she got - - my weapon
My stinking weapon

The Rhythm

(Colin Moulding)

He makes a beeline for the place
Where he gets his only ace
Sometimes he's standing in the rain
Oh Gene Kelly's hat and cane

He has the Rhythm in his head
He has the Rhythm, sing!

It's chaotic at the bar
B & O those sweaty drops
We are all mesmerized
To the thing we have inside

It has the Rhythm in his head
It has the Rhythm, sing!

Inside, outside
Westside, east
We kill the beast
Yourside, myside
Worlds collide, yes
We kill the beast

We have the Rhythm in our head
We have the Rhythm, sing!

Jumping In Gomorrah

(Andy Partridge)

J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free
J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free

Bring your horn of plenty
Gold calves if you've got em
We'll get stuck in history
All aboard for Sodom

J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free
J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free

Bring your burning bush
Harlots if you're able
We'll get stuck in history
Next stop tower of Babel

J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free
J.U.M.P.I.N.G.
Jumping in Gomorrah, I'm religion free

(J.U.M.P.I.N.G.)
(All aboard for Sodom)

Are You Receiving me?

(Andy Partridge)

Are you receiving me?
You are deceiving me I know
See I know

When we're out walking
Your mouth ain't where it's supposed to be
To do the talking
When we're in kissing
Your lips are missing
Are they out on loan to someone else?

Are you receiving me?
You are deceiving me I know
See I know

Are you receiving me?
You are deceiving me I know
See I know

I put it in a letter
What could be better?
I put it in a note
One night I wrote
I put it in a telegram
Just like the son of Sam
Baby something's missing
And your TV's just hissing

Life Is Good In The Greenhouse

(Andy Partridge)

Everybody lives somewhere
Mud hut or igloo
But what I got is the hottest spot

And it's away from you
Everybody says something
Truth lies or both

But dear all your hot air
Don't encourage my growth

Do you wonder why I look so fresh?
Do you wonder why I look so tall?

Do you wonder why you'll never ever move me?
Life is good in the greenhouse
Rather be a plant than be your Mickey Mouse

Life is good in the greenhouse
Everybody eats something
But you won't eat me

You won't get me on your plate
Or have me over for tea
Everybody lives somewhere
Mud hut or igloo

But what I got is the hottest spot
And it's away from you

Red

(Andy Partridge)

You better watch your tape boys
It's the tint that angers the beast
Got their sails in the sunset
They already got the east

Red! Red! Red!
Don't you let them make you
Don't you let them make you see... red!

You better watch your lead boys
It's already in your veins
Did you ever see the colour
Iron turns when it rains

Red! Red! Red!
Don't you let them make you
Don't you let them make you see... red!

It's not a gross infatuation
It's not a fear, it's not a crush
It's not any special nation
But even now they make me blush

Red! Red! Red!
Don't you let them make you
Don't you let them make you... red!

Beatown

(Andy Partridge)

(b.e.a.t.o.w.n)

I spoke to your boss this morning
He asked why you weren't home
I said sir they left without warning
You won't even get them on the telephone

They're in Beatown
It's a capital city and all roads lead to
Beatown
Ba ba ba Beatown

I spoke to your owner this lunchtime
He asked why you weren't home
I said sir they thought it was hunchtime
You won't even see them standing on their own

Beatown
It's a capital city and all roads lead to
Beatown
Ba ba ba Beatown

He says he wants his money back (sir)
He says you're all communists (sir)
I said they beat you fair and square (sir)
They use the head, and not the fist (sir)