



Joy, Fear and Fuck It

Vol. 1

20 years of backchat by The Game Cat

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with

Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

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Second Chance

You may need it next.

This Compendium for Christine

**I will do things, for, to you
If you want me to,
take you by the hand
I will, I will, I will,
I will do things for, to you**

**I will do the best I can, by you
If you want me to,
Visit virgin lands
I will do things for, to you**

*If you'd want me to
I do*



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Vol. 1

Devotee

I no longer dare to touch you
For the fear you might scream
I'm not surprised I repulse you
When I think of where I've been
I guess you murder children / Or rape OAPs
You must carry some burden
To have earned a curse like me

Devotee, devotee, devotee, devotee / Devotee, devotee, that's me

I no longer hope to see you
Except for in my dreams
I'm not surprised you don't hold me
When I think of what you've seen
I guess that you are an angel
A perfect bleeding being
You must have a heart of gold
To love your devotee

Devotee, devotee, devotee, devotee / Devotee, devotee, that's me

I no longer bear to kiss you
When I'm a drunk disgrace
I no longer want to repent
What, I have done in haste
I no longer dare to worship you / I know it isn't safe
But I will tend a shrine for you / In a secret place

Devotee, devotee, devotee, devotee / Devotee, devotee, that's me
Devotee

End-of-Transmission

Has it ever been like this, before ?
Have you ever had, the wolf,
knocking at your door ?
Has it ever been like this, before ?

ETX, XYZ

I wonder what it, is that happens next.
The earth is still a-turning, It's gone around the bend
I think that this must, Be the living end

Wholesale, retail
Gotta go and buy it
Wholesale, retail
Life's a fucking riot
Wholesale, wholesale
Retail, retail
Wholesale, retail
It isn't over yet

If there's a god I think I want a refund

Uppers and downers, and round-a-bout towners
I want a packet of magical tablets
Red ones, and blue ones, and old ones, and new ones
Some that I swallow and some that I chew on
I want to take them all of the time
I want to get right out of my mind
I want to be on hallucinogenics
I want my thoughts to be synthetic

Time is still a-tickin', it's a terminal disease

Champion the wonder-horse-meat
<Give your dog a real treat>

Ain't got no kind of future, Nowhere left to go
The international conglomerates, Make me, feel small.
Good bye fair green valley, Farewell mountain grove
There gonna build another Coca-Cola superstore
So's you'll feel at home

Wholesale, retail
Gotta go and buy it
Wholesale, retail
Life's a fucking riot
Wholesale, wholesale
Retail, retail
Wholesale, retail
It isn't over yet

Fucked the telly, It's full of shite
Fucked the town, they fucked it right
Fucked the dogs on Dovecot street,
<We want the world and we want it now>
Fuck new labour, it's full of scum
Fuck the papers, they're just too glum
Fuck the queen, and her fucking mum
Fuck the pope, and his fucking nuns
Fuck the lord's, "Thy will be done"
Fuck the fucking Millennium
Fuck the fucking Millennium
Fuck the fucking Millennium

Far Too Many

Far too many, cigarettes,
stuffed out in my face.
Far too many insects,
flying about this place.
Far too many spiders,
spinning in my head.
Aaaarrghh

Far too many, hours spent,
inside this baking room.
Far too many brain cells dead,
I'm in that zombie mood.
Ha hah haa, I got to get out.

Far too many locks and bolts,
securing my front door.
Lost my keys,
I lost my keys,
I can't get out no more.
I get down on my hand and knees,
scrabble under chairs,
beneath a pile of maggots I,
find my hammer there.
The one I use to crack the backs
of roaches on the wall,
I use it now on the window pain
to get me out of hell.
I'm standing in the garden when
It begins to bloody rain

Far too many dustbin lids,
playing in the street.
Far too many bloody kids,
suffering in the heat.
Far too many vehicles,
driving far too fast.
Far too many earfuls,
as I'm walking past.
Far too many domestic scenes,
of easy married grief.
Far too many people on,
Far too many streets.

Far too many on this world,
as it spins around.
A lonely, cold and helpless rock,
sinking without sound.
The whole entire universe
locked up in a box -
No wonder it's so hot.

Help me, I'm melting.



Fuck it in the Morning

*Fuck it in the morning
Fuck it in the evening
Fuck it at any time
You're not gonna fuck up
This little ol' life of mine*

**You wake up in the morning
And even while your yawning
The postman delivers fines
He just wants to fuck up
This little ol' life of mine**

**You stumble down for breakfast
And while you look your grimmest
Your wife screams and drops the knife
She just wants to fuck up
This little ol' life of mine**

CHORUS

**You make it out the door quick
And you slip in dog shit
To the glee of the passers by
They just want to fuck up
This little ol' life of mine**

**You make it to the office
Complain about the bus missed
The boss docks you twice the time
He just wants to fuck up
This little ol' life of mine**

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