

TIM MINCHIN

APART | TOGETHER

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SUMMER ROMANCE

Wind blows
But I refuse to close the windows
Weather I deny for one more day
Let the leaves fall where they may
I am holding on

Coatless
I'm heading out even though I
Know it's hopeless
I'll take my battle to the streets
Umbrella-less but undefeated
I am holding on

Time wraps
Her arms around me like one of those
Time lapse photographic sequences of Autumn
Sending in her debt collectors to wreak havoc
On the trees of Highgate Woods
But I'm holding on
I am holding on
For one more day of sun

Sunlight
Bullied by the clouds as I run
Night is
Nipping at the heels of afternoon
It'll all be over soon
So I'm holding on
I am holding on
For one more day of sun
One more day of sun

These moments never last
We both know that it's true
I love you you're beautiful
It was just a summer romance
And now our time is through
I love you you're beautiful

I love you I love you I love you

It was just a summer romance

APART TOGETHER

KCRW

On the way to a show
Heard the story of an elderly couple
Found dead in their mobile home
They'd been there a month they say
Seemed to be no decay
I guess the upside of freezing to death
Is that you tend to stay that way
Locked in each other's arms
Eyes closed and faces calm
They may have lain there 'til spring
If it weren't for the ping of their smoke alarm
God sure works in mysterious ways
Died of power bills left unpaid
Found by a neighbour who heard the ping
Dropped around offering
Double As

I think this could last forever
Girl let's fall apart together

I can handle the entropy
If you promise to stay with me
I give you my heart knowing things fall apart
Praying you will decay with me

Locked in each other's arms
Eyes closed and faces calm
In the morning a new life will dawn
So maybe don't set the alarm

Baby I think this could last forever
Girl let's fall apart together
Girl let's fall apart together

AIRPORT PIANO

I wrote this song on an airport piano
I was the guy disturbing your journey from security
To gate twenty-three A
Maybe you noticed me
I wrote this song cos I had a spare hour
I was delayed trying to get back to my babies in Sydney
And I noticed the keys so I'm writing a song
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
I don't know why they're so sad
Maybe it's the calories they coulda had
Filling them up with regret
And men in the cafes in ski resorts
Trying to connect with their sons
Look like they just wanna hit 'em
I mean I'm sure that they dig 'em underneath all the gear

A young man in Air Jordans
Just left me five dollars on the piano
Whattaya know

I always hated those airport pianos
Should be a law saying playing the theme from Beverly Hills Cop
Will get one of your hands chopped off
I wrote this song on an airport piano
I'm out of time I just need one more little rhyme
I gotta board that plane
They're calling my name
So I'm writing a song
Singin'

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
Or is it only the Botox
They stick in their face to keep their looks from slipping
They're kicking the can down the road
And men in mansions on cul-de-sacs
Having their midlife affairs
With the wife of a banker
While the banker is banging Bianca
But sadly they're still gonna die

A guy buying Subway
Anxiously digs through his cabin bag
Smiles when his wallet is found

Pays for his six-inch
Then forgets that his bag is unzipped
So the contents of it
Is disgorged
And a jar of Viagra spills onto the ground
So it goes

Women in SUV Porsches always look miserable
And I know why they're so sad
They thought they'd be happier than they were in their Fords
But now they're bored of their Porsches
And they're looking for more
They're out there shopping for more
And their husband's so fat in his new Lycra shorts
Trying to peddle his way back to ninety-four
Trying to wind back the clock to before
To before they had this boat and this house
And this buy-to-let mortgage
To before they had bought all the things that they thought
Would fill up the hole but the goal keeps receding
And his hair is receding there's this book he's been reading for
Six months but the words just swim round the pages
And god it's been ages since they made love
And the kids are on drugs
With their ADHD and their anxiety
And their music is shit
And the time just keeps slipping away
But I'm sitting here playing and singing
And they are calling my name
Cos your flight's gotta go when your flight's gotta go
And I wrote this song on an airport piano

THE ABSENCE OF YOU

I take a walk on the Seine
Cross Pont Neuf on my way to St Germain
Love-hearts on padlocks on wire in the mist
Where young lovers kiss
And swear to be true
Echoes of ten thousand sighs of love
And yet I
Feel only the absence of you

Out of a window on the thirtieth floor
Central Park shines with the coming of dawn
Through eyes rendered weary by jetlag and wine
I turn round to find
There's a girl in my room
For a moment we kiss
But her vodka-soaked lips
Taste only of the absence of you

I don't know
What all of this means
If you are not here with me
And I am lost
When we are apart
There's a hole in my heart
That light passes through
And the pattern it creates
Is the shape of
The absence of you

Spring has been found hanging round Soho Square
So I take my coffee and newspaper there
To bask in the not-warm-enough April sun
With the workers who come
To eat Pret with no shoes
But the grass to the side
Of the patch where I'm lying
Is flat with the absence of you

I don't know
What all this is for
If you are not near to me
And I can't sleep
Sleep is no fun when the unruly sun
Will reveal the truth
A space in my bed as cold as the dead

Exactly the size and the shape of
The absence of you

And all of this beauty
Runs over and through me
And pools round my shoes
And the puddle it forms
Conforms to the shape of
The absence of you

I CAN'T SAVE YOU

I'll walk to the freeway to help change your tyre
I'll wake you to warn you your house is on fire
And I'll give you money if money will help
But I can't save you from yourself
I can't save you

When you're feeling blue I'll send you songs to sing
If the flood pulls you down mine's a hand you can cling to
And if you fall ill I will nurse you back to health
But darlin' I can't save you from yourself
I can't save you

And if you lose your passport in
A country where no one speaks English
I will call the consulate for you
And if you one day have a kid
Who god forbid should need a kidney
I've a spare I will donate for you
If you need me to
You know it's true

No lover will hurt you no ally will flee
Without some day having to answer to me
I'll give you my heart if you think a heart will help
But darlin' I can't save you from yourself
I can't save you from yourself
I can't save you

TALKED TOO MUCH, STAYED TOO LONG

Don't wanna be in your club if you'd take me as a member
I'm not even slightly interested in whether I'm remembered I say

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Gimme a tombstone if you feel you must
Sayin' here lies a clown who wrote some songs
He talked too much and stayed too long

Back home in Perth I played piano down at Café Piazza
Swallowing second-hand smoke and singin' standards by the masters

Learnt that every lyric's sacred

That love's everything

And that three drinks makes you straighten up and four get you swingin'
'Til my crowd scared the suits away and I'd play my own songs
And then we'd talk too much and stay too long

Moved to Melbourne with my missus after locking her down

Felt like a very little fishy in a very big town

Barely scraping by on corporate gigs and quaint cabaret

Playing keyboards in a cover band until three in the AM

I was never really suited to them top forty songs

'Cos I talked too much and played too long

Don't wanna be in your club if you'd take me as a member
I'm not even slightly interested in whether I'm remembered I say

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Gimme a tombstone if you feel you must
Sayin' here lies a clown who wrote some songs
He talked too much and stayed too long

Took my eyeliner to Edinburgh in twenty-oh-five
Played to forty-five paying punters on that opening night

But to my surprise there was a rising demand

For a lovechild of Liberace and Edward Scissorhands

Dude from the paper said that diggin' me was wrong

He said I talked too much and stayed too long

I've played the Albert Hall and Wembley I've played basements and bars

I've been to Hollywood and Broadway met those A-lister stars

I've shared cigarettes with Knights and shot tequila with Dames

Found I'm more interested in laughter than in hotness and fame

So long as you got irony honey we'll get along

We can talk too much and stay way, way too long

Don't wanna be in your club if you'd take me as a member
I'm not even slightly interested in whether I'm remembered I say

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Gimme a tombstone if you feel you must
Sayin' here lies a clown who wrote some songs
You know he talked too much and stayed too long

I been threatened with death and arrest and with hell
I went hard at a cardinal who was feeling unwell
I've had them dog-whistlin' whiners send their dogs after me
I been a bigot and a faggot I been smug and ugly
I'm a long-haired lefty joker and a smoker of bongs
And I talk too much and stay too long.

But fuck that live fast and die young shit I plan on getting rickety
Baby I intend to stick around 'til all you pricks is sick of me
And when they come to wash my old man balls and feed me mashed banana
They'll find me in the common room playin' blues on the piano
Same old three chords and cliched fuckin' runs
And I'll talk too much and stay too long

Don't wanna be in your club if you'd take me as a member
I'm not even slightly interested in whether I'm remembered I say

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Gimme a tombstone baby if you feel you must
Sayin' here lies a clown who wrote some songs
Y'know he talked too much and stayed too long

Another white mother-fucker rambling on
He talked too much and stayed too long

LEAVING L.A.

Check the locks and leave the keys
Moldy bath masked with Febreze
Something's dead behind the refrigerator
Some poor fuck will deal with it later

I've spent the last ten weeks
Squeezing out the sponge of friendships plugging leaks
I've talked until there's no more to say
I'm going away
I'm leaving LA

And the tourists say
Please give me the directions to the Hollywood sign
I always dreamt of coming here to see the Hollywood sign
But on their way back down we'll ask did you have a good time
They'll say, *it's just some fucking letters on a hill*

I wander through the Bronson Caves
One more OK coffee at the Oaks Gourmet
I'll watch the players at the UCB
Trying to improvise their way out of ennui

Walking trails in the creeping dark
Up to the observatory in Griffith Park
There's too much light for stars anyway
I'm getting out of this place
I'm leaving LA
I'm leaving LA

And the studio executives who never made a thing
Blaming others for their failures taking credit for their wins
Wiping the blood of dumb artists from their chins singing,
Kid you oughtn't take it personally

On Hollywood and Vine a dime-store Spiderman
Shouting at a stoned Emma Stone dressed à la La La Land
And in the distance in both its glorious dimensions
The sign projects its shadow on the hill

Rushing by machine-gunned cops at LAX
Malfunctioning departure board says we're boarding next
Belt off shoes off jacket off hat
Don't need the attitude but I quite enjoy the subsequent pat down
And I'm sat down

As the A380 engine roars
Pushed backwards as this tube of monkeys rumbles forwards
Looking forward to
Another twenty hours on a plane
Nothing but shit films and my brain
I've been going slowly insane
I've seen your sport and I don't wanna play
I'm getting out of this place
I'm getting out of this place
I'm leaving LA

And the actors at Gratitude drinking undrinkable juice
And the agents taking ten percent in their sneakers and suits
And the writers in their Teslas trying to punch up Act One
Driving home on the 101 in the relentless fucking sun
And the needy and the greedy and the homeless and horny
And the deals done on treadmills at ten to six in the morning
And the Captain's on the PA saying, *look for the sign!*
But I find it's just some fucking letters on a hill
Just some really ugly letters on a pretty ugly hill

I'm leaving LA
I'm leaving 'ell

I'LL TAKE LONELY TONIGHT

I'll take lonely tonight
Your offer is kind
And I must confess that I find
Your casual caresses and that pretty dress
Pretty hard to resist
And Christ what a night
I think you're pretty high
I know I'm pretty pissed

But I'll take lonely tonight
Though I'm not denying
I hate being alone
Even so I know regret in the making
You're one of those others I swore I'd forsake
And although this extraction is taking
A great act of will
I got a girl has my heart in a house on a hill
So though I am hungry and tempted
I'm sorry I'm not going to bite
I'm gonna take lonely

I'll take lonely tonight
Though I know I might well
Have future regrets
That I didn't more often take up these chances
For what is life for but to shag drink and dance
And teenager me would be screaming his pants off
Begging me to stay
But my girl has my heart in a house half a planet away
And I'd rather murder than hurt her
So sorry though it feels so right
I'm gonna take lonely tonight

Odysseus wasn't strong enough
To endure the Siren song and so
He made his sailors tie him to a mast
And Jesus spent forty days and forty nights
And he stood his ground and fought his fight
And the devil tried but couldn't break his fast
If this is true
The devil should've offered him you
Goddammit

I'll take lonely tonight
In my three-point-five star

Boutique hotel
Where I will spend
Twenty-five bucks
On minibar snacks
And pass out on my phone

And wake in four hours or so
Soaked in relief to find
I am alone

With only the wrappers
Of Pringles and Snickers
For which to atone

Blissfully lonely

BEAUTIFUL HEAD

What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?
What's going on?
What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?

I'm gonna tell you 'bout my fancy's queen
I met my baby we were just seventeen
We were still wearing tie-dyed shirts and white jeans
Ah-ha I know the smell of her hair
Ah-ha I know her freckles come in pairs
Ah-ha I know she doesn't know her left from her right

Yeah I know everything about her
And I know what she does in the shower
And I can tell what's goin' on around her
But I don't know what's goin' on inside that beautiful head

What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?
What's going on?
What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?
What's going on? O-o-oh
I just wanna know what's goin' on Inside that beautiful head of yours

I know my baby like the back of her thighs
I know she loves me by the look in her eyes
I buy her underwear cos I know her size
Ah-ha Yeah I know all her details
Ah-ha I know she quite likes females
Ah-ha I know she doesn't know her left from her right

I know her better than anybody
And I know every moment of her body
And I can tell you all her facts and figures
But I don't know what's going on inside that beautiful head
Inside that beautiful head
Inside that beautiful head

What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?
What's going on?
What's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours?
What's goin' on? O-o-oh
I just wanna know what's goin' on inside that beautiful head of yours

IF THIS PLANE GOES DOWN

Could I be more of a cliché?
Thirty thousand feet above Nebraska
Scratching lyrics on a napkin
Praying that this turbulence will spare my wine
The plane is almost empty
But for three hundred and twenty
Other humans
All staking their existence
On a couple of dozen rivets
Straining between fuselage and wing
A fact we're only coping with by drinking

If this plane goes down
I hope that I'm one of the cool ones
Will I have the nerve to play the clown
If this plane goes down?

If this plane goes down
Remember me as someone who tried
To find a balance between self-loathing and pride
Dug too hard for love at times
So if it ends in flames and fuel
Please tell my kids I kept my cool
If my time is up and this plane goes down

If this plane goes down
As we hit the ground
I wanna be smiling
Happily Hades-bound
If this plane goes down

If this plane goes down
Remember me as someone who cared
Often but not always about his hair
Self-righteous when shit wasn't fair
So if it ends in fire and glass
Please tell my kids I went down classy
If my time is up and this plane goes down

I've no regrets as such
It's just a shame I've so much still to do
If my youth was wasted on me I don't mind
Cos I wasted it with you my love
And from up above this planet looking down

The world reduced to greens and browns
Toy trains in papier-mâché towns
And just for now the trials of humankind
Dissolved by altitude and wine
I really think that I'd be fine
If my time is up and this plane goes down

If this plane goes down
I hope that I can get people laughing
Will I have the balls to tool around
If this plane goes down?

If this plane goes down remember me
As someone who went down
With fair results but grand intent found
Meaning in how phrases can be bent
To the will
Where will my remains be sent
To be eventually dentally identified?

So if this flight should end in tears
Please tell my kids I felt no fear
And tell them that the smoke will clear
And tell them I didn't spill a drop of beer
If my time is up and this plane goes down

If my time is up and this plane goes down

CARRY YOU

If they would let me trade
I'd give a year for half a day
Just curled up on the sofa with you

We'd wander down to Cottesloe
Eat fish and chips in the final glow
I'd hold my breath for I forgive you

Sometimes I feel you with me in the dark
And your face is in the faces
Of the strangers walking by me in the park

And reflected in your eyes
Is all my love and all my lies
Is all my promise and my pride
Is all my fear and all my fight
Is all my dread and my denial

So though we cannot be together I know
That I will carry you wherever I go
I will carry you
Lord knows I will carry you
I will carry you

And reflected in your eyes
Is all my love and all my lies
Is all my promise and my pride
Is all my fear and all my fight
Is all my dread and my denial

So though we cannot be together I know
That I will carry you wherever I go
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