

FABIAN HOLLAND
UNDER THE RED ISLAND BAKERY

Two Men In A Boat

Two men, two men In a boat and they're floating, floating to see
what for? what for? Know one knows? It's all just, all just a mystery

Six years, six years they've been out here and not one boat, one boat they've seen
a man can't, man can't been out here too long he might go, might go crazy

"Go now, go now." Said one man. "We must sink this boat now and go.
I feel, I feel that others will come they'll take what we have I know."

"I know, I know there's land near by oh would I lie? I lie to you?"
Beware, beware of what others might say They may not, may not speak true

So two men, two men they cast their votes and they both now, both now agree
they wont stay, wont stay on this boat they're best off, best off at sea

so one hole, one hole in this boat and the two men, two men went down
what for? what for? no one knows and now, and now they've drowned



Holiday

Tomorrow's the day when we go away adventures have only begun
and there's no boring flight so make sure you pack light we're off on a hike having fun
Kids don't get stuck in the back of this old truck don't worry the drivers a friend
and there's people here too just like me and you we're all travelling until the end

So pack ya' bags kids, pack ya' bags kids
We're going on holiday, we're of soon enough
bring ya nice shoes and bring ya smile too
'cos who really knows where we'll end up?

Now we're on foot and that fresh air is good come on kids just follow me
and we'll spend a few nights under the moon light until we get to the sea
look there's the coast and I see our boat it's a bit small but I'm sure we'll all fit
and kids don't worry about the bodys in the sea they're not real I promise you this

So pack ya' bags kids, pack ya' bags kids
We're going on holiday, we're of soon enough
bring ya nice shoes and bring ya smile too
'cos who really knows where we'll end up?

Now we've arrived on dry land alive exhausted I'll collapse on this floor
and If I now close my eyes I may not survive but kids don't you worry any more

So pack ya' bags kids, pack ya' bags kids
We're going on holiday, we're of soon enough
bring ya nice shoes and bring ya smile too
'cos who really knows where we'll end up?



Another Monday

It was a long winters day and the sun came my way, couldn't beleive
and like millions before we're just in awe, his mom and me
All this stress we endure, could hardly take more pain in our heads
"oh you're not alone, got twelve kids at home" the taxi man said

Oh the weather is bad and the traffic's the same
to anybody else it's just another Monday
all the people are mad and the trains are delayed
to anybody else it's just another Monday

In this bubble we are and we've made it thus far ten hours in
but the next thirteen hours will be harder still that's when it begins
my oh my what a sight, as your mum holds me tight as she breathes
on the next push he'll be here just wait and see, one, two, three

Oh the weather is bad and the traffic's the same
to anybody else it's just another Monday
all the people are mad and the trains are delayed
to anybody else it's just another Monday



She Don't Love Me

I love my baby but she don't love me
I love my baby but she don't love me
She's just the cutest thing that I've ever seen
She loves everyone but me

I gave her my heart and she tore it in two
I gave her my hart and she peirced it streight through
I gave her everything now I don't know what to do
Oh she tore me in two

I'm so in love I'm sick and I need help
I'm so in love I'm sick and I need help
If I can't have her I'll get drunk by myself
'cos I don't want no one else

For You

Ain't got much money, I can't hold a job
I'm not really funny and socially odd
but there's one thing that I can do
just this one thing that I can do
sing this for you

I ain't much of a business minded man
and I ain't got no grand scheme kind of plan
but there's one thing that I can do
just this one thing that I can do
sing this for you

I may not be the smartest alive
I know I'm not the tallest of guys
but there's one thing that I can do
just this one thing that I can do
sing this for you



Flour Bed

One spoon of dough one cup of flour
half a glass of water then leave for an hour
to make the perfect sourdough
It takes the dedication that one man knows
baking's his art and he's a master of his craft

"There's flour in my bed and I'm baking all this bread
but I don't mind" He said, "All this flour in my bed."

This baker had a loyal wife
who stood beside him throughout most of his life
but the sourdough took up his time
baking everyday his obsession made him blind
He couldn't see her anymore
but he still loved her to the core

"There's flour in my bed." The bakers wife she said
"And I'll go elsewhere instead, all this flour in my bed."

and then one day this young man came
approached the bakers wife and asked for her name
he said to her "I'm young and free,
so won't you leave your baker and come with me."
She felt wanted again
she told the baker there and then.

"There's flour in my bed and this young man want's me." She said.
"So I'll go with him instead, he has no flour in his bed."

This baker oh he couldn't cope
after all this time yet not a single loaf
he asked his wife to come back home
"I can't survive without you, I can't be alone."
"One condition." said she, "Oh anything!" Said he.

"Oh I do adore your bread." The bakers wife she said
"And I'll come back to you instead, but no more flour in my bed."

Cold Tea

The tea's gone cold and my feet have froze
in this house the gas bill rose to my fear
i'm far too old to take this cold the winter is near

The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold
The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold

I sit and wait for my son he's always late
he works too hard he needs a break
I'll shout so loud I'm oh so proud
he'll get here soon just you wait

The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold
The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold

I like to glare as passers stare
at this old man don't they care who I am?
Who's this now someone has come it might be my son

The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold
The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold

I must live all alone

Once I was a-walking one morning by chance
I heard a maid making her moan
I asked her why she sighed and she sadly replied
"Alas I must live all alone,
Alas I must live all alone"

I said, "My fair maid
pray whence have you strayed?
And are you some distance from home?"
"My home," she replied, "is a burden to me,
For there I must live all alone,
For there I must live all alone"

"Once I was eleven sweethearts I had seven,
And then I would look upon none;
But now all in vain I must sigh and complain,
For my true love has left me alone,
For my true love has left me alone!"

"Oh Come back from sea, my Johnny to me
And make me a bride of your own
Or else for your sake my heart it will break
And here I shall die all alone,
And here I shall die all alone."



FABIAN HOLLAND - vocals, guitar, lapsteel, ukulele, charango

With Guest:
JAKE PAINTER - Trumpet

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All songs written by Fabian Holland except "I must live all alone" (Traditional).
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