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Jesper Strobel for French Horn on *Need No Angels*

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Written, arranged, played, produced, mixed, mastered, and paid for
by Pale Russians

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Any Way

All the things you do
Chew a pencil, tie your shoe
All things considered I'm a sucker for you

Need the wheels aligned
Your driving drives me out of my mind
But all things considered I think you're divine

Any way you lag behind
When there's something on your mind
Any way you lose your cell phone
Any way you toss your hair
Part your lips and hold it there
Any way you cross my smell zone

And the way you said
The way you said goodbye

Basically, you said,
I'm single but I share beds
Anything's better than death, you got a shed?

I could use some heat
You never mentioned those cold feet
But all things considered I think you're élite

Women and Money and Rum

We sailed to Cuba, Jamaica, then
home
Nine months of blue and green waters
The meat went bad and the fresh
water stale
We fended off rats in our quarters
Sail ho, sail ho

Sailing for women and money and rum
The captain's our daddy and the ship
is our mum
I think in 200 years we'll still sail
For women and money and rum

All of you sailors have always been
banned
Was the encouragement I got from me
mother
Learn, my son, that a sailor is meant
To care but never to bother – Sail ho,
sail ho

Sailing for women and money and rum

Valerie (Can't Dance)

Not bland, everything but grey
Indifference killed the spark
A firm foundation can make you sway
She'd rather stand on two feet of clay
She never liked a walk in the park

Valerie can't dance, ain't that extraordinary
Valerie can't dance, with Tom or Dick or Harry
Valerie, Valerie

Hot feet speeding across the sand
Or freezing cold in the night
To blend in never was her plan
She'd rather be an outlier, man
Than the average girl in disguise

Valerie can't dance, ain't that extraordinary
Valerie can't dance, with Tom or Dick or Harry
Valerie, Valerie

Everybody's Got His Own

I think Bob Marley was right
There's too much trouble in the world
The thing to do is sit tight
And wait till your eyes become pearls

Let go of hope for mankind
Concentrate on your mind
And if you don't like what you see
You could always try
To get high as a kite
Playing "Waterloo" on repeat

Everybody's got his own
In the end you stand alone
Just like a child on a floe
Man's the wolf of man

The fact is fear multiplies
That's why the stock markets crash
And neighbours turn into spies
They want to know what you stash

As soon as trouble's in sight
Draw the blinds and keep quiet
And if you hear your own heart beat
You could always try
Shut it up for a while
Playing "Waterloo" on repeat



Hangin' on to You

Now you could drown in the sea of your tears
And you could jump to conclusions again
Yes, you could do all the things that you'd fear
To do when I was your man

You could wear your heart on a gold chain
And you could chop off your hair for fun
You could exercise body and brain
And never doubt that you are the one

'Cause anywhere you go I'll go there, too
There's nothing that I'd rather do
Got myself a one-way ticket
Then I fucked it up
No I can't but hang on to you

I don't believe I should put on a nightgown
Because the radiator's jammed with dung
I don't mind we're the talk of the whole town
There's no crime like being too young

Go to sleep, I'll remain in your wake
And we'll go cruisin' the American way
Swoppin' chrome-plated dreams for a headache
So what if you end up astray

'Cause anywhere you go I'll go there, too...

In Reverse

Sorry, we're sold out he said and grinned
Well, you don't know where I have been
I went to Berlin and back
Couldn't win, the odds were stacked
Still, I came back with my face intact
And I'll kill the beast if it doesn't kill me first
(I've put away some money for the hearse)
Refuse to write my story in reverse

These are the end of times, me, I don't mind
Aah, but I can't be trusted anyway

The truth is far too ugly for you to know
I keep it from you because I love you so
I went through all this trouble for you
And I think the least you can do
Is back me up through and through
And I'll kill all the beasts if they don't kill me first
I'll flex my muscles till they burst
But I won't live my life in reverse
These are the end of times...

The Girl With the Unruly Hair

Have you seen – the girl with the unruly hair?
Have you seen – I last saw her standing there
Have you seen – The girl with the amazing smile
Have you seen – The one who makes it all worthwhile

I told her I hate to dance
That I am not a public prancer

And she is – one in a million, I swear
And she is – the princess in a dragon's lair
And she is – able to take care of the beast
And she is – on her own, she won't need me

I told her I hate to dance
That I am not a public prancer

I'm not going anywhere so there's no trip to cancel
And I haven't asked no questions, so I don't need
I don't need no answers

Here I stand – didn't even catch her name
Here I stand – a slow starter again
Here I stand – face to face with cupid
Here I stand – so stupid, so stupid, so stupid

So much din I had to shout
I just can't live without you

She said: I'm not going anywhere so there's no
trip to cancel
And I haven't asked no questions so I don't need
I don't need no answers

Need No Angels

Darkness crept in around us and we
sensed the jungle ripe with silence
I bet every (single) mind was set
on the threat of violence
The chaplain from the missionary
shook with fear as he spoke to me:

We need no angels, no, not now

Moving slowly, canopy dense
on both sides of the river
Must have heard the boat tugging on
Could they know what we'd deliver?
Well, his must be the darkest part
Just let me stab it through the heart

We need no anael. we need no saints

The Ballad of General Custer

The snake was basking in the sun
As general Custer rode by
– Get out of my path, the general said,
Or else you'll be chopped till you die.

– Man gimme a break, I dig this rock,
I come here every day.
And you'd be better off back east
Where snakes don't block your way.

– Are you a devil or a Sioux
Indian in disguise?
This isn't Paradise you know
And I'm a crusader 'gainst vice.

If you're but a common snake
How come you speak my tongue?
Heaven only knows how many
Women you have stung!

– The world's too full of saviours,
Answered the snake with a hiss.
– I see you gonna be the next
Your mind's soaked in Fatherly piss.

This territory needs no freaks
But loads of common sense.
Who's native, who's intruding here
In the present tense?

– No one can argue with the devil,
Custer told his men.
He drew his sabre, spurred his horse
And gave his moustache a new bend.

The snake he split from head to tail
And uttered a word of scorn.
The cavalry resumed its march.
They'd soon reach I little Rin Horn

All songs by
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Sunday Afternoons

On a Sunday I don't want no hardware
And if you ask me where I wanna be
I want to sit in my favourite armchair
reading Dostoyevsky

We want everyone to charm us,
we want instant karmas;
everything that's rightfully ours
Me, I want Sundays in my pyjamas
And I never step into the shower

All those Sunday afternoons
Just seem to slip away too soon

I want days of leisure, nothing but pleasures
Any kind of work load makes me squirm
Most of all I need no lectures
'bout the early bird catching the worm

Some kind of brunch to silence my belly
Maybe then a walk in the park
But on a Sunday, well I gotta tell you
that's my view of having a lark

Another Replacement

I'd just like to talk it over
Some day when you are sober, my friend
At first I didn't recognise you
Your thirst gave you away, and your voice
in the end

There still is no rescue at the bottom of the
glass
You have drunk yourself to diabetes
if we are really crass

It's such a handy arrangement
A different day different statement
A convenient replacement for now

So tell me just what you're after
All those years and you're just a grifter for
drinks
There still is no friendship/answer at the
counter of a bar
It is just a game of finding a
sucker who'll pay for the next round

There's no friendship
waiting at the bottom of the purse
And if things are going anywhere
they're going from bad to worse

Shoes and tobacco

By my side walks Illusion
It sleeps under my cushion
Calls every day on the telephone
Tells me, 'You're another, not a
clone
You're different from your brother

You're on your own, man
Forget the past and do your thing
There may not be another spring'
But I say, 'All of us must die some
Day, and now I'm going to buy some

Shoes and tobacco'

God is a jester
A mean old Uncle Fester
The things that you want are not
what you get
You get what you don't want and
that's it
People come and go
You're on your own, man

Pretend the Sky ain't Falling

We drove down to the coast
Don't know what shook me the most
The erosion or the orange groves

We drove in silence and you
Shed some tears, I did, too
Mine were tears of rage
We're literally poisoning ourselves

If we stay in our beds we can pretend
the sky ain't falling

We call ourselves primates, my arse
Second rate monkeys we are
Addicted to fossil fuel
We piss in a paper cup
Now we have to drink it up!

If we stay in our beds we can pretend
the sky ain't falling

We bang on the funeral drum
Shouting there's no cause for alarm

If we stay in our beds we can pretend
the sky ain't falling