

Oban Road 7" (33 1/3 rpm) EP. Released April 2014 on Saturno Records.

Oban Road

Lyrics © Saskia Holling, Tim Matthew & Russell Wilkins, Music © Lord Rochester. All Rights Reserved.

It was a 9 Mile stretch on the Oban road
I'm trying to catch up with a modified Ford
One body can play too much on your mind
A little bit back not far behind

A flash of red from a Vanden Plas
A moment of panic and my foot hits the gas
The body rolls around in the back
Blood on the seat and blood on the sack

Over the Atlantic and I ditch the car
Swap the AC for the TVR
Throw in the body, Throw in the weight
Down by the jetty on the way to the slate

On to the boat can't take the car
No Hillman, Humber or Jaguar
The body and the weight go down to the deep
On the edge of the world secrets to keep

Seven Steps to Heaven

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When I was just a little bitty boy
Grew tired of playing with all of my toys
Mama told me I was so nice
Until I discovered another vice

I've found – Seven steps to Heaven

First steps were so easy for me
They call it greed or gluttony
Just a case of wanting more
So what are you standing there waiting for

I've found – Seven steps to Heaven

If I stand up you call it wrath
If I sit down you call it sloth
If I'm content you call it pride
Now's your time to choose your side

I've found – Seven steps to Heaven

Six steps in I'm having fun
You tell me who's the envious one
Is it your eyes or is it your fear
If it wasn't for lust then we wouldn't be here

I've found – Seven steps to Heaven

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Don't Understand

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I don't understand

I don't understand

I calling my baby at home but she ain't there

I went down to her house

On the other side of town

The neighbour said with a smile that she wasn't around

I went straight to her sister's house

But she wouldn't open the door

I can't seem to talk to my baby any more

And I don't understand

I don't understand

I calling my baby at home but she ain't there

Then I tried at her brothers and I tried at her ma's

I tried at the pool hall too

I even telephoned Lees laundorama

But he wouldn't give me a clue

And I don't understand

I don't understand

I calling my baby at home but she ain't there

She ain't there

I don't understand

Sweating Out The Spirits

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Well my mouth is dry

And my eyes are red

My speech is slurred

And I can't feel my head

I been dry

But it sure don't feel like fun

When you're sweating out the spirits you're not the only one

Well my hands they shake

And my knees are weak

I got a tale to tell

But I can't hardly speak

I been dry

But it sure don't feel like fun

When you're sweating out the spirits you're not the only one

Well there comes a time

When the past comes to hand

Only then you will know

Only you'll understand

I been dry

But it sure don't feel like fun

When you're sweating out the spirits you're not the only one