



Galaxia Foundation for the World Socialist Revolution

www.galaxiamusic.org

Galaxia Songbook

Number 2
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Introduction to Galaxia – a revolutionary socialist band

I, *Steve Wallis*, am a very good singer and had been planning to form a band for a long time. I want my band to be called **Galaxia** after the extremely left-wing ending of the galaxy at the end of *Isaac Asimov's Foundation series*. The first **Galaxia** songbook contains a synopsis of that series – you can download versions of all our songbooks (suitable for printing/photocopying) from www.galaxiamusic.org/songbooks.html.

Galaxia will be organised differently from every other band in history, because no band member will receive more than an average worker's wage (as taken by all six *Scottish Socialist Party* Members of the Scottish Parliament). [I won't take any wage, because I'll have a job developing my AI/simulation languages *SDML*, *ROOK* and *FOOD* at the Artificial Intelligence Applications Institute in Edinburgh.] A democratic non-profit making organisation called the *Galaxia Foundation for the World Socialist Revolution* will decide how to distribute any money we make. I am still recruiting band members – contact me (preferably by phoning 07739 904924) if you want to join **Galaxia**.

Livin' La Vida Loca

Tune based on *Livin' La Vida Loca* – **Ricky Martin** (written by **Robi Rosa** and **Desmond Child**)

Lyrics written and tune modified by **Steve Wallis** (7th June 2006)

They're into superstitions
Number 42 and GM stew
I feel a premonition
That they're gonna make life hell
They're into new sensations
Hard kicks in the prison cell
Extraordinary rendition
Torture every day and night
They'll make you take your clothes off
But won't let you go dancing in the rain
They'll take you to Guantánamo
Or maybe Abu Ghraib
They'll try to control your brain

CHORUS:

Upside inside out
They're livin' la vida loca
They'll push and pull you down
Livin' la vida loca
Their guards have devil eyes
And your blood's the colour of ochre
They will wear you out
Livin' la vida loca
They're livin' la vida loca

Woke up in Baghdad City
In a dirty cheap hotel
They took your lover
And they took your money
They must've slipped you a sleeping pill
They put drugs in the water

And give you an ordeal like David Blaine
Once you've had a course of this
You'll never be the same
Yeah, they'll make you go insane

CHORUS

They'll make you take your clothes off
But won't let you go dancing in the rain
They'll photograph your every move
And give you yet more pain
So you'll never be the same

Upside inside out
They're livin' la vida loca
They'll push and pull you down
Livin' la vida loca
Their guards have devil eyes
And your blood's the colour of ochre
They will wear you out
Livin' la vida loca

Upside inside out
They're livin' la vida loca
They'll push and pull you down
Livin' la vida loca
Their guards have devil eyes
And your blood's the colour of ochre
They will wear you out
Livin' la vida loca – repeated 3 times
Livin' la vida loca

Assassinations

Inspired by *The Revolution Starts Now!* – **Galaxia**, *Anthem Part II* – **Blink-182**, *Candle In The Wind '97* – **Elton John**, *Empty Chairs At Empty Tables* from the musical *Les Miserables*, *The Great Pretender* – **The Platters/Freddie Mercury**, *Losing My Religion* – **REM**, *The Living Years* – **Mike & the Mechanics**, *Eternal Flame* – **The Bangles/Atomic Kitten**, *I Will Always Love You* – **Dolly Parton/Whitney Houston** and *Goodbye My Lover* – **James Blunt**

Written by Steve Wallis (*Version 4, 17th July 2006*)

Everything is falling to pieces,
Earth is dying; can I lead us?
You need guidance, you've been misled;
I need new allies 'cos Nathalie is dead.

CHORUS:

Infiltration, assassinations and mind control
And not just the odd MI5 or CIA mole
Have so far stopped the revolution
But it is the only solution!

Nathalie's murder was so gory;
I loved her so, I'll tell her story.
She died when going to a meeting;
A fast car hit her, stopped her heart beating.

Nathalie's life was snuffed out like a candle in the wind.
She never knew who to turn to when the rain set in.
Oh, I'd have loved to know her better
But she died when little more than a kid
On our party's first joint branch meeting day.

Empty chairs at empty tables!
Oh my love was dead and gone!
Empty chairs at empty tables!
Can you tell me what her sacrifice was for?

SPOKEN:

*I'll tell you about big business's rationale:
In southern France, Nathalie had taken on the Front Nationale.
She came to Manchester to study and take part in politics
But conspiratorial organisations on the side of big business used dirty
tricks.
They used a secret agent called Stuart who used to be in the army.
Striking building workers we helped thought that in going out with
someone so ugly, Nathalie was barmy!
Nathalie was in a different Socialist Party branch from me
But when we met, between us there was electricity!
I was shy and didn't think it a socialist thing to do
To nick someone else's girlfriend, especially when he was in the
Socialist Party too.
Nathalie didn't always do what she was told but had a great mind of
her own
And many seeds of revolution she had sewn.
If they hadn't died, she could have helped me persuade the Socialist
Party
To support the proposal from Scottish Militant Labour's leaders to set
up the SSP.
The Scottish Socialist Party won six Scottish parliament seats in 2003
And it remains the best hope for the working class becoming free.*

Nathalie was killed by two drug dealers;

The army came but could not heal her.
Ugly Stuart had been in the army.
Big business messes with my mind but does not harm me!

CHORUS

SPOKEN:

*About a week after Nathalie, Princess Diana also died suspiciously.
In her case too, the secret services acted viciously!
VX nerve gas was squirted into the eyes of driver Henri Paul
Giving him blurred vision so he hit a zigzagging car and the tunnel
wall.
The Order of the Solar Temple that had already bumped off Princess
Grace
Were also implicated in Princess Diana's case.
Diana was the world's most successful campaigner against war
In trying to ensure that using landmines was against the law.
Diana was going out with a Muslim when she died, perhaps with plans
to marry or have his baby.
SO WHO THINKS THAT BUSH AND BLAIR COULD HAVE ATTACKED
IRAQ IF OPPOSED BY DIANA AND DODI?*

CHORUS

Oh yes, I've been the Great Pretender!
I'm lonely but few people can tell.
My need is such –
I loved Nathalie so much
So I believed that she was still around
And that she saw me in the spot-light
Gaining some religion!
I dreamt I heard her laughing;
I thought I heard her speak!

I felt such trepidation when I approached her door;
I had such loving feelings that I'd never felt before!
Oh, I felt such deep emotion when I heard she'd passed away.
About those loving feelings I had never got to say.
Oh, I wish I could have told her in the Living Years!

Does she feel my heart beating?
Does she understand?
Is this burning – burning – an eternal flame?

CHORUS

Bitter sweet memories –
That is all I could take with me.
So goodbye my darling, goodbye my friend.
I-I-I will always love you!

SHOUTED: *VIVE LA REVOLUTION!*

I Walk The Earth

Inspired by *I Walk The Earth* – **Voice of the Beehive**, *The Men Below* – **Latin Quarter**, *Walk Of Life* – **Dire Straits**, *I Want To Know What Love Is* – **Foreigner**, *500 Miles* – **The Proclaimers**, *All At Once* – **Whitney Houston**, *Common People* – **Pulp**, *Going Down To Liverpool* – **Katrina & the Waves/The Bangles**, *The Ballad of John McLean* – **Matt McGinn**, *Molly Malone (Cockles And Mussels)* – **Traditional**, *Beautiful Stranger* – **Madonna**, *Borderline* – **Chris de Burgh**, *Whatsername* – **Green Day**, *Your Latest Trick* – **Dire Straits**, *One More Night* – **Phil Collins**, *Too Good To Be Forgotten* – **Amazulu/Galaxia**, *Walking On Sunshine* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Sun Street* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Last Night I Heard The Screaming* – **Tracy Chapman** and *What's the Story, Morning Glory* – **Oasis**

Written by Steve Wallis (8th June 2006)

Imagine having to fight
To work two miles down from the air and the light!
And imagine having to plead
That a job that can kill you is a job that you need!
Imagine!
And who knows what we all owe
To the boys in the dust, to the men below!
And who knows what we all owe
To the boys in the dust, to the men below!
During the miners' strike, there was a slogan: "Coal not dole!"
But I didn't think they would win – so instead I did the Bogle Stroll!
At university I did that 55-mile sponsored walk;
With many beautiful people, I did talk.
As I walked, I listened to many songs
And to some of them I just had to sing along:
I did the walk!
I did the walk of life!
There was a great song by a band called Foreigner
That was very apt for me as I couldn't have been lonelier!
SPOKEN: I sang:
Can't stop now
I've travelled so far
To change this lonely life.
I want to know what love is!
I want you to show me!
I want to feel what love is!
Why can't you show me?
On the first attempt, I got half way, to Chorley
Before my knee gave way – I didn't do poorly.
The second time, I just about did 40 miles
Before my knee gave in again amongst groans and smiles.
The third time, I did walk 55 miles!
And the following year, I did walk 55 more!
Yes, I did walk the full 55 miles!
Before collapsing at my door!

CHORUS:

I walk the Earth, my darlings
This is my home
I visit you, oh earthlings
Loving while I roam

At many demos, workers, unemployed people and students shouted:
Maggie! Maggie! Maggie! Out! Out! Out!
But could we oust the Iron Lady?
When the poll tax came along, I had no doubt!
She took the working class on all at once!
All at once,
She finally took on all of us and I realised that
The working class could now fight back

And very soon we beat her all at once!
I once had a best friend called Jules;
With his hypnotic voice he took us for fools!
One day he introduced me to a friend of his from UCL
I now think that he'd tried to make her life hell
And when we came round to call
She had anti-poll tax stickers on her wall.
Compared to her, I was very tall
And in love with her, I had to fall!
Her name was Paula;
I was too nervous to call her!
I joined Militant before her.
Oh, I really did adore her!
All at once,
I drifted on a lonely sea
Hoping Paula would go out with me!
And failure hurt me more than you know,
So much more than it showed,
All at once.
Later on, when Paula departed
For London, I was broken-hearted.
She became a full-timer for all London branches of the Socialist Party;
Maybe now she will come to Glasgow to be with me!

CHORUS

Hey now!
Where were they going with their UB40s in their hand!
Hey now!
They were going down to Liverpool to do nothing
All the days of their lives!
Unemployment was very bad in Liverpool
But it started getting better during Militant's rule.
Militant had an MP called Terry Fields;
When called upon to pay his poll tax, he refused to yield!
He was given a prison sentence of 60 days.
As we marched to Walton Jail, we chanted, "Can't pay! Won't pay!"
The poll tax was unjust and unfair
But the campaign was nearly wrecked by a riot in Trafalgar Square.
The Tories tried to portray us all as violent thugs
But those who advocated rioting were either big business infiltrators
or complete mugs!
There once was a singer called Matt McGinn,
Who wrote a song called "The Ballad of John McLean"
About the greatest revolutionary socialist in Scottish history.
John fought for the working class to become free
But died at a tender age after being poisoned in jail.
His legacy inspires the working class so that we will not fail
To overcome the forces of big business, our ruling class.
And there was a moment of inspiration from Matt McGinn's lass:

She thought of a march from Glasgow, Liverpool and South Wales
To London involving around 50 males and females.

There were many demos, meetings and social events on the way;
The People's March ensured that people would still refuse to pay.
I was one of those who marched from Liverpool

And I met a young woman called Naomi who was no fool!
She had joined Militant at about the same time as me;
We realised that the Tendency could enable the working class to
become free!

I gained confidence at chatting to women and talking politics
And between Naomi and me there was a definite spark of magic!

I also gained confidence at public speaking
But I didn't find the love that I was seeking!
There was a young man who tagged along with us; I think he was
called Paul;

He had a girlfriend, but despite that, a relationship with Naomi
blossomed – he sure had the gall

To win Naomi's heart; mine was in a mess!
I was overcome with jealousy and sadness!

Naomi is now the youth organiser for the Socialist Party.
I doubt she will come to Glasgow to be with me!

CHORUS

Militant, now called the Socialist Party, is linked to other organisations
across the world via the CWI;

These organisations have similar views, although members think for
themselves and don't always see eye-to-eye.

The CWI set up Youth Against Racism in Europe to defeat the far right
And at a YRE camp in Germany, two Irish youth full-timers set my
heart alight!

From Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,

Came two sweet young women called Susan and Sinéad.
When they chatted me up around a campfire I thought I'd got it made!
But I bottled it when they suggested a game of spin-the-bottle;

My heart was pounding at full throttle!

A fascist had been spotted with a Kalashnikov in a field
So we took turns to guard the camp at night and needed to keep our
eyes peeled!

I had some romantic chats with a woman on guard duty with me
And there was a stunning young Polish woman I only chatted to
briefly!

I fell in love with a beautiful stranger!

I was too shy to look into her eyes;

My heart was dancing all over the place.

To see her was to love her!

I didn't take my chance with a beautiful stranger!

I was going round the camp urging people to go to a CWI meeting;

I wanted to chat for longer but the discussion had to be fleeting!

I remember thinking: I hear my party calling but I want to be with you!

We'll create a world with no borderline!

If we fail, there'll be no one alive!

I can remember the time but I don't know her name!

If only I knew where whatsername has been – and where she is now!

I'd invite her to Glasgow to be with me!

CHORUS

There was a big debate in the CWI and the Socialist Party
About whether Scottish Militant Labour should set up the SSP.
The Scottish Socialist Party now has six members of the Scottish
parliament

But the Socialist Party and CWI leaders said that reformists would
become dominant.

A big debate took place at the 1998 European School of the CWI.

I realised then that many, including Peter Taaffe, the Socialist Party
leader, are spies

Who have infiltrated the organisation to try to destroy it from within.

But working class organisations infiltrate too so big business will not
win!

In my speech, I talked about prospects for a revival of left reformism;
I argued that people no longer think that gradual changes can lead to
socialism.

I walked the Belgian streets since I could not sleep, the night before
my speech.

As I walked, I contemplated how best the audience I could reach.
I realised the impact I could have on history!

But I ran out of time when making my speech, and with the Chair,
acted out a comedy!

I had a tussle with him over the microphone;

When I thought I'd blown it, I felt so alone!

But I later went round people I already knew

Reassuring them that I wasn't mad – didn't have a loose screw!

And it seemed to do the trick

My latest trick!

In that conference in Belgium, I did more than take part;

I was also looking for love because I have a heart!

And I met Susan and Sinéad once again.

My heart was unsatisfied once more but I was enjoying myself too
much to feel the pain!

I won a raffle those two Irish ladies organised

And I shared the prizes; to be greedy would be to be despised!

I've had a lot of luck over the years at such lotteries.

Sinéad now lives in Glasgow but I don't want her to be with me!

CHORUS

At the 1998 European School of the CWI, I became a big factor in
world politics!

So conspiratorial organisations on the side of big business had to
resort to dirty tricks!

I had arranged to stay at Jules' flat on my way home;
Jules was not there that night so with his Polish lodger Dorotca I was
alone.

He had set me up on a blind date with her one earlier day;
We were attracted to each other but on that occasion ran out of things
to say.

However, when I got back from Belgium I had a good chat with
Dorotca;

I can't remember what we talked about but I know I really fancied her!
At night, I wrote down some ideas about setting up a counter-network
to spies I assumed were in MI5;

I realised later that many such counter-networks already exist – if that
was not the case, I would not even be alive!

I left my notes in my rucksack and after a golf (pitch-and-putt) game
The rucksack was in a neater state – for being freaked out, Dorotca I
didn't blame.

She was a lovely woman and on the side of the working class.

In those days, I didn't know how to make a successful pass!

But I could tell instinctively that we loved each other

And rather more than a son feels for his mother!

I planned to outwit my enemies by pretending to be going to

Manchester but really travel to Glasgow;

I wanted to continue to help the Scots and that was the best city
where I could go.

But at the tube station I noticed I was being followed,

So I followed my instincts, from which my consciousness flowed
And I phoned Morag and John of the Socialist Party in Manchester;

Morag was the one I most trusted, so I thought of setting up the

counter-network with her.

Morag Allen was the Manchester/Lancashire regional secretary.

Of thrusting "The Socialist" in people's faces, she was wary!

Instead she actually talked to people before trying to sell the paper

And even said what was bad as well as good in it – good for her!

When I tried to phone them, their answering machine came on;

Then there was an audible click on the line so I didn't think my
message would get through to Morag and John.

They told me later that they had received it.
 By the way, Morag was really fit!
 I hastily decided to go on an underground train,
 Where I felt a judder in my ankle – very mild, no pain!
 I thought it was a bomb and had to think quickly;
 I remembered Marge Piercy's book "Vida" that a lodger of mine called
 Dylan had given me.
 Inspired by that book, I used my brain!
 I worked up to a dramatic appeal to people on the train.
 I said that they may have heard of assassinations of people like
 Malcolm X, Martin Luther King and JFK;
 It happens too in this country; "I'm not as important as them," I heard
 myself say!
 I said that if they heard of a tube, train or coach crash
 Then let it be known that two people I most suspected were state
 agents, receiving cash
 For wrecking the Socialist Party and the CWI.
 To the reputations of Niall Mulholland and Phil Frampton I thought it'd
 be bye-bye!
 After making the situation safe, I planned to go to Glasgow.
 However, I phoned Jules first and his hypnotic voice persuaded me
 not to go
 But to stay with him one more night...
 Just one more night...
 I had received a terrible fright!
 Jules took me for a cream tea
 And at first he seemed to show sympathy
 But then he trapped me in his flat and wouldn't let me out
 Unless I sought psychiatric help, something I mustn't do I had no
 doubt,
 Because I would be admitting I was mad in Belgium!
 He was stronger than me so I was under his thumb!
 He phoned our mutual friend Jimmy who came round to help him keep
 me trapped;
 It was nothing short of being kidnapped!
 He seemed very keen for me to have a drink;
 When I sipped a bit, I felt drowsy, I think.
 So I locked myself in his bathroom and went on hunger strike!
 When the police came, I demanded they set up speakers and a mike.
 I refused to come out unless persuaded by certain key members of
 Scottish Militant Labour.
 They couldn't persuade me to leave one way or another
 So they broke the door down and handcuffed me.
 I spent a month in a psychiatric ward before I became free.
 A while later, I worked up the courage to ask Dorotca out on the
 phone
 But she had a boyfriend by then so I had to remain very much alone.
 We don't have enough in common so I don't want her to move to
 Glasgow to be with me!

CHORUS

Cath was a woman I met in Manchester one day.
 When they said I'd lost my marbles, she had an ace card to play!
 She was too good to be forgotten – I'd have loved her by my side
 today!
 Too good to be forgotten – It's a shame I had to let her get away!

She was too good to be forgotten – What more can I say?
SPOKEN: *Quite a lot more actually! Listen to the song "Too Good
 To Be Forgotten"...*
 I've spent a lot of time in the last eight years locked up as a political
 prisoner.
 In that period, Cath was my greatest collaborator
 And I was deeply in love with her,
 But then I was so bowled over by an Asian nurse called Sonya
 Who after spending one day with, I thought I may love her more!
 Maybe she was the woman I was waiting my whole life for!
 I was already getting good at chatting up women I see;
 I told her about a girl at school who fancied me,
 But she stank of smoke so I rejected her,
 And the name of this girl at school was... Sonya!
 I asked her on that day for her email address which she gladly gave
 And we danced quite closely together to a song by Katrina and the
 Waves.
 Ow!
 Mm yeah!
 I used to think maybe Sonya loved me, then baby I was sure!
 And I just can't wait till the day when she knocks on my door!
 Now every time I read my email I gotta hold myself down!
 Because I just can't wait till she writes me she's coming around!
 I was walking on sunshine! Woh!
 I was walking on sunshine! Woh!
 I was walking on sunshine! Woh!
 And didn't it feel good! Hey yeah!
 I only had escorted leave from the ward at the time,
 But many of my walks were sublime,
 Because I was alone in the company of a beautiful woman;
 I called them "romantic walks" and they certainly were fun!
 We did the walk!
 We did the walk of life!
 We were walking on a sunny street!
 But Sonya played hard to get – she didn't fall at my feet!
 We were usually alone but once Jimmy came along;
 My friendship with Sonya was by then very strong.
 We went to the house I used to live in, in Moss Side;
 When we got there, we saw many police outside,
 So I sang lines from a great Tracy Chapman song:
 Last night I heard the screaming –
 Loud voices from behind the wall.
 The police come late
 If they come at all.
 When Sonya did a night shift we made plans
 To visit Australia together – when she messed me around on the
 internet I thought she'd met another man!
 The story of my life!
 What's the story? Why can't I have morning glory?
 I realise now that Sonya was helping me avoid a dreadful mistake.
 It wasn't because our love for each other was getting too strong and
 she wanted to apply the brake!
 It was because I'd have to stop off somewhere unsafe on the way:
 Somewhere I didn't know the language, or the bastion of world
 capitalism that is the USA!
 Could Sonya unlock my broken heart? Can she still supply the key?
 I think I'll email her and ask her to come to Glasgow to be with me!

Too Good To Be Forgotten

Inspired by *Too Good To Be Forgotten* – **Amazulu**, *Don't Pay The Ferryman* – **Chris de Burgh**, *I Predict A Riot* – **Kaiser Chiefs**, *Where Is The Love?* – **Black Eyed Peas**, *Put Him Out* – **Ms Dynamite**, *Great Balls Of Fire* – **Jerry Lee Lewis**, *Ain't No Doubt* – **Jimmy Nail**, *What Can I Do?* – **The Corrs** and *It Must Have Been Love* – **Roxette/Journey South**

Written by Steve Wallis (*Version 2, 14th June 2006*)

Oway-oway-oway-away!
Can't pay! Won't pay!

People crying, people dying!
The West attacked the weak!
We wouldn't turn the other cheek!

The Militant Tendency who started and led the mass non-payment campaign were great soothsayers
In predicting the defeat of the poll tax – but they did not just say “Don't pay”; they also defended non-payers.
They said to local residents: “Don't pay the Poll Tax Man!”
They said to councils: “Don't even fix a price!”
Class War said: “We predict a riot! We predict a riot!”
The Anti-Poll Tax Federation tried to keep the peace
But a riot was started in Trafalgar Square by the police.
Militant who led the Fed
Were not anarchist black but socialist red!
The Tories tried to portray us all as violent thugs
But those who advocated rioting were complete mugs (or agents of big business)!
When the riot Class War predicted took place, they claimed responsibility
But that anarchist group were not violent – they were noted for their jollity!
After a documentary revealed on TV that the police had started the riot
Violent anarchists virtually disappeared in Britain, and those who were left became really quiet!
Violent anarchism prospered in the days of mass unemployment
And finally had a resurgence in Edinburgh at the Carnival for Full Enjoyment
When joined by foreign anarchists for the G8 summit in Gleneagles;
Many were prosecuted despite the best efforts of legal eagles!
At the G8 summit in Genoa in 2001, fifty fascists had infiltrated the Black Bloc;
Carlo Giuliani was murdered by the police but they never appeared in the dock.
On a mass demo the following day, when policemen we did see,
We shouted at them “Assassini! Assassini!” – ASSASSINS!

CHORUS:

Cath was a woman I met in Manchester one day.
When they said I'd lost my marbles, she had an ace card to play!
She was too good to be forgotten – I'd have loved her by my side today!
Too good to be forgotten – It's a shame I had to let her get away!
She was too good to be forgotten – What more can I say?

SPOKEN: *Quite a lot more actually! Here goes...*

I first met Cath through her job with CND.
I think it was love at first sight – she was very pretty!
During the 1991 Gulf War, CND said that sanctions should be applied,
But when the West imposed them on Iraq, about a million people died!
After the war, the West set up no-fly zones and later resumed air attacks.
In Greater Manchester, several organisations united in a coalition against war on Iraq.
When the air strikes ended, the SWP said that the coalition should disband
But I argued that sanctions were now a big issue and against them we should make a stand.

The resulting Coalition Against Sanctions and War on Iraq included the North West branch of CARDRI (the Campaign Against Repression and for Democratic Rights in Iraq), Militant, the Iraqi Communist Party, other peace activists and Cath representing CND.
I ensured that we also opposed Saddam Hussein and his Ba'athist regime.
Cath was very good politically – together we were a great team!
She had vaguely anarchist views being into direct action,
But she was very peaceful unlike the Red Army Faction.
Cath helped organise meetings in Hulme called the “Riotous Assembly”
But “riotous” was a joke; most of us were very friendly!

CHORUS

With her boyfriend Nathan, Cath set up a group called Defy-ID;
I think Nathan entered politics to avoid losing Cath to me!
Nathan was someone I quite liked at first but grew to hate.
Defy-ID was a great organisation, against ID cards and the surveillance state.
It is an issue I care strongly about having often been harassed
By the police and MI5; if implemented the ID cards central database would be vast.
Information currently scattered on many different computer systems would all be in one place
And conspiratorial organisations on the side of big business could use it to maintain their dictatorship over the human race.
Unfortunately, Nathan ran the Defy-ID website and failed to keep it up-to-date.
I want Cath to put Nathan out but for that I'll have to wait!

RAP:

Yes, Cath should put him out!
He's a bad influence, there's no doubt!
There's no doubt, it's plain to see –
I love Cath and Cath loves me!
What's she doing with such a lout?
It's obvious – she should put him out!

CHORUS

I invited Cath to hear me at karaoke.
She ended up bringing along her blokey!
They ignored each other all night;
It was obvious who set Cath's heart alight!
I did a song guaranteed to inspire.
It was Jerry Lee Lewis' “Great Balls Of Fire”!
They rattle my nerves and try to shatter my brain
Too much hate could drive a man or woman insane
They tried to break my will –
Oh, What a thrill!
Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!
I laughed at love 'cause I thought it was funny!

Cath, you came along and moved me honey!
Kiss me baby, oooh, it'd feel good!
Let me love you like a lover should!
You're fine, so kind and I wanted to tell the world that you're mine,
mine, mine, mine...
I chewed my nails and I twiddled my thumbs;
I was real nervous but singing for Cath sure was fun!

CHORUS

Before the 2003 war on Iraq, there was a conference in Manchester of the CBI.
The war was for oil and BP's policies in Colombia had caused many to die.
Many anti-war protestors demonstrated outside –
We didn't want the British people to be taken for a ride!
With another anarchist, Cath sneaked into the hall
And they poured paint over the BP stall!
Their trial taking place before the war would have been something big
business would surely dread.
If we had mobilised around it, we could even have stopped the war
from going ahead!
So on the flimsiest of grounds
BP estimated the damage at over 5000 pounds!
This postponed the trial but also ensured there was a jury.
In the end, Cath defended herself and got off scot free!

CHORUS

Cath had an earlier court appearance on Valentine's Day.
I had so much to tell her, so what did I say
In my e-Valentine's Card that I sent to inspire her?
As well as talking politics, I let her know that I desired her!
She kept insisting that she did not love me;
I did not believe her but playing along with that was not above me!
I dedicated to her some karaoke songs that I knew –
Top of the list was the Corrs' "What Can I Do?"

What could I do to make her love me?
What could I do to make her care?
What could I do to win her heart completely?
What could I do to take her there?

CHORUS

Cath was my greatest collaborator from 1998 to 2003
That was after I left Militant, by now renamed the Socialist Party.
In the run-up to the 2003 war, I saw the need for a new revolutionary
socialist organisation.
For the launch meeting, I naturally invited the woman who had been

my inspiration.
Despite her anarchist background, Cath was by far the closest person
to me politically
As well as by far the closest person to me romantically!
I phoned her up to ask her to speak at the meeting and we chatted for
about an hour
By talking politics as well as my love for her, I thought I managed to
wow her!
She told me that she would be away for the weekend
And on her telling the truth, I could usually depend,
But she actually went away for a whole week!
I had to get some leaflets printed in the meantime and assumed that
she would speak.
Then at an anti-war meeting and huge Manchester demo
She shouted her head off – at me she had a go!
For putting her name on the leaflets without her permission.
I realise now that it was a deliberate row to frustrate agents of big
business, and that Cath was a sort of magician!

CHORUS

Being my strongest collaborator, Cath was someone who set my heart
alight!
I even expressed my love for her on the internet with a message
entitled "Dynamite!"
I wrote a leaflet based on it called "The Socialist Revolution and the
Police State".
I later invited her to see a musical – that could have been our first
date!
Cath said she wasn't well when I phoned her the day before but I
bought tickets anyway;
She was very hoarse when she phoned to cancel on the day of that
musical play.
If she hadn't had that cold, the world could now be a very different
place;
It could have been the start of a wonderful relationship with a woman
with a beautiful face!
She could have cooperated with me in letting me speak at the
Manchester demo
And getting her to speak too – it would have dealt capitalism a fatal
blow!
But I suspect she turned me down because she thought we were both
English
Although actually I'm an eighth Welsh and a quarter Jewish!

Oh, it must have been love!
But it's over now!
The love we shared
Has been shattered somehow!

George Bush's Army

Inspired by *Oliver's Army* – **Elvis Costello** and *War* – **Edwin Starr**

Written by Steve Wallis (*May 2006*)

War!
What is it good for?
BIG BUSINESS! (Absolutely Nothing! *simultaneously but quieter*)

George Bush's army are there today
George Bush's army are there to stay
George Bush's army won't go away

More of George Bush's army are on their way
And I would rather be anywhere else
Than in Iraq today!

War!
What is it good for?
BIG BUSINESS! (Absolutely Nothing! *simultaneously but quieter*)

Couldn't Wait Until Sunday

Inspired by *Manic Monday* – **The Bangles**, *Boulevard Of Broken Dreams* – **Green Day**, *All By Myself* – **Scilsson/The King's Singers**, *Reete Petite* – **Jackie Wilson**, *Where Is The Love?* – **Black Eyed Peas**, *Rebel Yell* – **Billy Idol**, *Perfect* – **Fairground Attraction**, *Kiss Me* – **Sixpence None The Richer**, *Sun Street* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Walking On Sunshine* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Walking Where The Roses Grow* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Girl With Blue Eyes* – **Katrina & the Waves**, *Radio Romance* – **Tiffany**, *Perfect Moment* – **Martine McCutcheon**, *I've Got You* – **Martine McCutcheon**, *Love Me* – **Martine McCutcheon**, *I Dreamed A Dream* – **Martine McCutcheon** (from the musical *Les Miserables*), *Talking 'Bout A Revolution* – **Tracey Chapman**, *Shout* – **Tears For Fears**, *Honesty* – **Billy Joel**, *Angels* – **Robbie Williams**, *First Date* – **Blink-182**, *Lady In Red* – **Chris de Burgh**, *Uptown Girl* – **Billy Joel** and *Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart* – **Martine McCutcheon**

Written by Steve Wallis (Version 3, 29th June 2006)

I've been on the Boulevard of Broken Dreams!
My shadow's been the only one beside me!
My broken heart's been the only one that's beating!

When I was young, I never needed anyone.
Those days are gone!
I don't wanna be
All by myself any more!

CHORUS 1:

It was yet another loveless Monday oh-u-oh,
Couldn't wait until Sunday oh-u-oh!
That could have been our fun day oh-u-oh!
It could also have been a pun day oh-u-oh!
Followed by another loveless Monday.

SPOKEN: *Let's step back in time to when I was at school...*

Rhiannon was the most beautiful girl in the world!
She had a lovely Welsh accent and long dark hair (not curled).
She was also reete petite!
Rrrrrreete petite! She was really sweet!
The sweetest girl you'd ever want to me-ee-ee!

CHORUS 2:

At school we didn't analyse history –
They didn't want us to learn how to become free!
I was very good at trigonometry
But got fed up of looking at plants in biology!
I only got a 'B' at O-level chemistry;
Exams then relied (much more than now) on memory!
With my 'A' at O-level French I was really chuffed,
But when I try to remember most of it now, I'm completely stuffed!
Rhiannon was not very good at learning by rote
But in my heart, she (most of the time) struck the right note!
While Rhiannon had to do resits, trying to remember things like
quotes,
I was starting my A-levels – I got an 'A' at Maths a year early but
mustn't gloat!
She left to become a nurse in a GP surgery
While I went on to university.
I even ended up with a PhD
And wrote software to analyse the economy, policies and
conspiracies!!!

With her friend Carolyn, Rhiannon often chased me down the street!
I was very shy then, especially with someone so gorgeous and petite!

Eventually I plucked up the courage to chase them instead –
We were all good at running and no-one finished way ahead!
They didn't chase me again any more
And the love we shared began to thaw.

We later went on a school exchange to St Pol de Leon (Brittany) in
France
On the ferry, I was too nervous to speak to Rhiannon, never mind ask
her to dance!
But we were together one hot sunny day
In a barn containing many bales of hay.
Then someone told me Rhiannon was depressed
So I wanted to comfort her and I did my best!
But when I got near
Her depression turned to fear
And she threw a cup of water over me!
It was our most romantic moment and thinking about it later filled me
with glee!

CHORUS 2

Two decades later, I contacted Rhiannon through Friends Reunited.
When she put a second description on the web, I was delighted!
She had taken a look at my website including my favourite songs of
all time;
She probably thought that many of my choices were sublime!
But the genres of heavy metal and hip-hop left big gaps
So she told me that she is still into heavy metal (!!!) but hates all rap.

I therefore listened much more to the Fugees,
Ms Dynamite, Eminem and the Black Eyed Peas.
I recently rapped along to the Peas' "Where Is The Love?" on karaoke
And sung along to the bits of the song with a melody:
People crying, people dying!
Will you practice what you preach
Or will you turn the other cheek?

Rhiannon would be able to help me identify good heavy metal
But I've bought some great CDs already by Guns 'n' Roses, Pat
Benatar and Billy Idol:
"With a rebel yell, we want more, more, more!"

CHORUS 1

I had invited Rhiannon to see me on my 40th birthday in Wales
But I was arrested and spent a night in a police station cell (not jail!)
Being a political prisoner stopped me getting there

And my mobile was confiscated so I don't know if Rhiannon tried to ring me, and really cares!

It doesn't have to beeeeeee perfect!
But it's got to beeeeeee worth it, yeah!
I need someone who really cares
And someone who really dares!

On Sunday we could have listened to many romantic songs
And to some of those songs we could have sung along.
Maybe she'd have kissed me! By the deep blue Penarth sea! Kissed me!

Katrina and the Waves are my favourite band of all time
So maybe we'd have gone walking on Sun Street or on sunshine!
I might have gone with her walking where the roses grooooooow!
Walking where the roses grow!
Girl with blue eyes! Girl with blue eyes! I loved you!

I'd also have liked us to watch a romantic DVD –
I think I'd have chosen "Love, Actually"
Because I had a radio romance with Martine who played Tiffany
In EastEnders, before singing "Perfect Moment", "I've Got You" and "Love Me"!

CHORUS 1 (with one line missing):
It was yet another loveless Monday oh-u-oh,
 Couldn't wait until Sunday oh-u-oh!
That could have been our fun day oh-u-oh!
 Followed by another loveless Monday.

I want Martine to join my band Galaxia –
There could hardly be anyone sexier!

Of course others will join the band later;
Maybe even Konnie Huq from "Blue Peter"
Who sang beautifully on "Comic Relief does Fame Academy".
I'm pretty sure she'd relish the opportunity to make history!

But I particularly want Martine,
Who sang "I Dreamed A Dream"
From "Les Miserables", the revolutionary musical,
About 19th Century France (before the hammer and sickle).

Don't you know, we'll be singing 'bout a revolution
That will sound not like a whisper but a shout!
Shout! Shout! Let it all out!
Let them all know what we're on about!

I've considered many ordinary people for my band
But I need the best in the land
And maybe some from across the sea
Including my first girlfriend, Ronda Prunty!

When I met Ronda, she was on the run from the state!
We watched "The Fugitive" with Harrison Ford in on our first date!
She was a Mormon and really offended by the way the FBI
Had caused many Branch Dividian cult members in Waco to die.
She had shouted her mouth off about it in the street –
An act which caused her to feel the heat!
I was probably the first person to take her seriously
Because of my knowledge of the state being in the Militant Tendency.

Honesty is such a lovely word!

Nearly everyone is so untrue!
Honesty is hardly ever heard
But it's mostly what I want from you!

I'm fed up with those who didn't mean what they said,
So now I'm loving angels instead!

When I was a political prisoner in Gartnavel
I met a nurse called Michael with very dark brown eyes – a dark angel!
He has a famous cousin who plays the flute
And this cousin of his is really cute!
There was a famous storyline in the Brookside soap
About a woman who with her violent husband couldn't cope.
It was a story of suffering and woe;
Eventually she killed him and with her daughter buried his body under the patio.
They were both sentenced to long spells in jail –
A vindictive act by the judge; one beyond the pale.
Anna Friel, Michael's cousin, played the daughter's part.
I'd love Anna to join Galaxia – I'm sure she's got a wonderful heart!

I've gone to the Earth First! Gathering the last two summers.
Last year I met an Asian woman called Priya.
She is involved with War Cry Independent Cinema.
She interviewed people going to the Republican Convention;
She out-thought the delegates – they couldn't handle the situation.
She lives in the United States.
With her, I've not yet had a date.

I just can't wait
To ask her out for our very first date.
Would it be cool if I held her hand?
It'd be great if she comes to Glasgow to video my band
And maybe play an instrument
To help me overthrow our governments.

I'm attracted to her partly due to her anarchist politics;
She is very effective and not put off by big business's dirty tricks.
I'd love her to be my lady whose black!
At the Gathering, I danced with her and many others,
I chatted with her a fair amount and she didn't seem to have a lover.

I'd love her to dance with me
Cheek to cheek,
With nobody here
Except her and me,
She could be my lady whose black.

Out of all those women I'm inviting to join the band, I think Martine
McCutcheon is the best.
When I mention that I want her in the band, many people think I jest!
She is after all an uptown girl
Living in an uptown world.
I live in different circles hardly ever wearing a suit
But Martine's family were poor and she has working class roots.
She was born ten years to the day after me
On the 14th of May 1976, as she stated in her autobiography.

I'd love to do "I've Got You" as a duet with her;
Love me please, love me a lot lot lot longer!

When I first heard her "Musicality" album, zing went the strings of my heart!