



Misplaced
Childhood

MARILLION



BITTER SUITE

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY


I - Brief Encounter

E


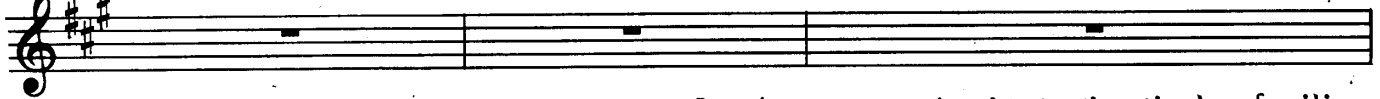



(Spoken) A spider wandered aimlessly, within the warmth of a shadow.

C#




D


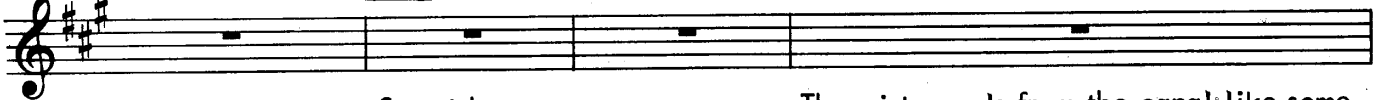



Not the regal creature of Border caves But the poor, misguided, directionless familiar

B


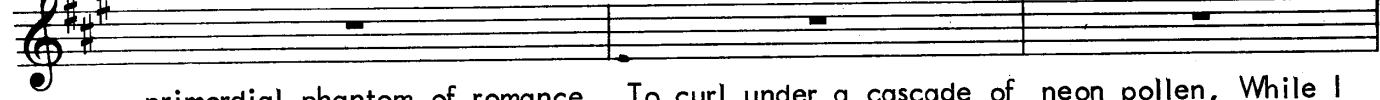


A


of some obscure Scottish poet. The mist crawls from the canal like some

F#


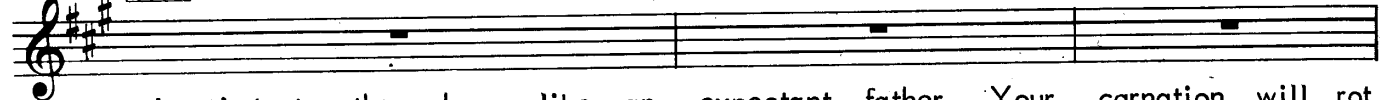



primordial phantom of romance. To curl under a cascade of neon pollen, While I

A





F#sus4

sit tied to the phone like an expectant father, Your carnation will rot


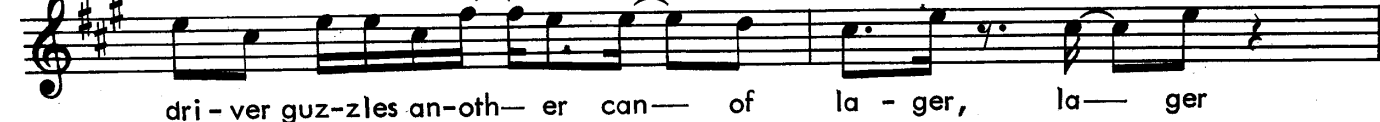
II - Lost Weekend

D

in a vase. A train sleeps in a sid— ing, The

B

dri-ver guz-zles an-oth— er can— of la-ger, la— ger

D

To wash a-way the mem-'ries of a

B

Fri - day night down at the club.

A

She was a wall - flow-er at six - teen. She'll be a

F#

wall - flow-er at thir - ty — four, — Her

A

moth-er called — her beau-ti-ful, Her dad-dy said 'a

III - Blue Angel

F#

whore.

D

The sky was Bi - ble black in Ly - on When I found—

G

— the Mag-da - lene. She was par-a-lysed in a street-light, She re -

D

- fused to give her name And a ring of vio - let bruises They were pinned-

G

— up - on her arm. — Two hun-dred francs for sanc- tua-ry And she

D

led me by the hand To a room of danc-ing sha-dows Where all the

G

heart-ache dis - ap - pears And from the glow-ing tongues of can-dles I heard her

D

whis - per in my ear, "J'én-tend ton cœur — J'én-tend ton cœur."

D7 G

I can hear—your heart, I can hear—your heart,

D D7

I can hear— your heart, hear your heart, I can hear your heart.

G D D7

G Bb F

Dm C Bb Dm

IV - Misplaced Rendezvous

Gm Dm Dm7

It's get-ting late for scribbling and scratching on the

Bb Am

pa - per. Something's gonna give under the pres - sure And the cracks are ahead - y be -

Bb Dm Dm7

- gin-ning to show. It's too late — The weekend career girl nev - er

Bb Am

board - ed the plane. — They said this — could never hap - pen a - gain — So wrong —

Bb Dm C

— so wrong. — This time — it seems to be — an -

Am Dm C

- oth - er mis - placed ren - dez - vous, — This time — it's looking like — an -

Am Bb Am

- oth-er mis-placed ren- dez-vous- with you — The par-al-lel of

Bb Am Bb Am Bb Am

you, you.

Dm C Dm C Am Bb V - Windswept Thumb

On the

Dm C Dm C

out-skirts of no-where, On the ring-road to some-where, On the

Am Bb Dm C

verge of in - de - ci - sion, I'll al-ways take the round-a-bout way —

Dm C Am Bb

hey — Wait-ing on the rain for I was born — with a

Dm C Dm C Am

hab-it From a sign — The hab-it of the wind-swept

Bb D

thumb And the sign — of the rain. *ppp* "It's started rain - ing."

BLIND CURVE

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

I - Vocal Under A Bloodlight

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. Each staff begins with a guitar chord diagram above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and triplets.

Staff 1: Chord: G. Lyrics: Last night you said I was cold,

Staff 2: Chord: A. Chord: F#m. Lyrics: un - touch - a - ble. A lone - ly piece - of act -

Staff 3: Chord: G. Lyrics: — ion from an - oth - er town. I just want to be


Staff 4: Chord: Bm. Chord: A. Lyrics: free. I'm hap - py to be lone - ly -


Staff 5: Chord: F#m. Lyrics: Can't you stay a - way? Just leave me a -

Staff 6: Chord: G. Chord: Bm. Lyrics: - lone - with my thoughts, Just a run - a - way, Just a


Staff 7: Chord: A. Chord: F#m. Lyrics: run - a - way, I'm sav - ing my - self.


II - Passing Strangers

G 



Strung out un - der a neck-lace of car — ni - val lights, —


F#m 




— Cold moon held on the crest of the night. —



I'm too tired to fight So now we're


G 




pass - ing stran — gers at sin - gle ta — bles, Still



try - ing to get o - ver. Still try - ing to write love songs for

F#m 





pass-ing stran— gers All those pass-ing stran— gers And the

G 



twink-ling lies. — All those twink-ling lies

F#m 



Spark-le with the wet ink on the pa - per.

III - Mylo

I re - mem - ber Tor - on — to when My —

— lo went down — and we sat — and cried — on the phone. —

— I nev - er felt so a - lone. He was the first of our

own. Some of us go down in a

blaze of obs - cur — it - y, Some of us go down in a

haze of pub - li — ci - ty. The price of in — fa - my,

The edge of in - san - it - y An - oth - er

Hol - i - day Inn, — an - oth - er temp - or - a - ry home and an in —

— ter-view-er threatened me — with a mic — ro-phone, "Talk to me,—

Tell me your stor— ies."

IV - Perimeter Walk

(Spoken) It would be incredible if we could retrace all the times that we lived here, all the collisions. Wasted, I've never been so wasted, I've never been this far out before. Perimeter walk, there's a presence here I feel could have been ancient, could have been mystical. There's a presence, a child, my child. My childhood, my misplaced childhood, give it back to me, give it back to me. A childhood, the childhood. Oh please give it back to me.

V - Threshold

I saw a war wid-ow in a laun-der-ette Wash - ing the

mem-'ries from her hus-band's clothes. She had

med - als pinned to a thread - bare great - coat, A

lump in her throat With ce-me-ta-ry eyes. I see

con-voys kerb-crawl-ing West Ger-man Au-to-bahns

Try-ing to pick up a war. They're going to e-ven the

score. Oh I can't take an-y

more. I see

2. I see black flags on factories
 Soup ladles poised on the lips of the poor.
 I see children with vacant stares
 Destined for rape in the alleyways.
 Does anybody care? I can't take anymore
 Should we say goodbye?
3. I see priests, politicians,
 Heroes in black plastic body-bags under nations' flag
 I see children pleading with outstretched hands
 Drenched in napalm, this is no Vietnam.
 I can't take anymore, should we say goodbye
 How can you justify?
 And they call us civilised.

CHILDHOOD'S END?

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY, DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

D F#m

And it was morn-ing And I found myself mourning for a

Bm G

child-hood That I thought had dis - ap-peared. I looked-out the

D F#m

win-dow, I saw— a mag-pie in a rain-bow, The

Bm G Chos E A

rain had gone, I'm not a-lone, I turned— to the mir-ror, I saw you— the

D Bm F#m E

child that once— loved. The child be-fore—they broke his

Chord diagrams: E (0 2 2 1 0 0), A (0 2 2 0 0 0), D (0 2 3 2 1 0), Bm (2 4 4 2 1 0), F#m (2 4 4 2 1 0), E (0 2 2 1 0 0).

Lyrics: heart, Our heart, The heart— I believed— was lost.

2. Hey, you surprised? More than surprised
 To find the answers to the questions
 Were always in your own eyes
- Do you realise,
 That you could have gone back to her,
 But that would only be
 Retracing all the problems that you ever knew,
 So untrue,
 For she's got to carry on with her life
 And you've got to carry on with yours.
- So I see it's me, I can do anything
 I'm still the child
 'Cos the only thing misplaced was direction
 And I found direction.
 There is no childhood's end.
3. Hey you, you've survived
 Now you've arrived to be reborn
 In the shadow of the magpie.
- Now you realise
 That you've got to get out of here.
 You've found the leading light of destiny
 Burning in the ashes of your memory.
 You want to change the world?
 You've resigned yourself to die a broken rebel,
 But you were looking backward
 Now you've found the light.
- You the child that once loved
 So I see it's me, I can do anything
 I'm still the child.
 'Cos the only thing misplaced was direction
 And I found direction.
 There is no childhood's end
 You are my childhood friend, lead me on . . .




♩ Chorus Ad lib. to fade


HEART OF LOTHIAN

Moderately Bright



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(1) Wide Boy

G  D  C 






Wide boys, wide boys, Wide boys,

G  D 






Born with hearts— of Lo-thi - an Wide boys. We're the

C  G 










wide boys Born with hearts— of Lo-thi - an.


C  G 








We came from Lo-thi - an.

Slower







C  G  D  G  Am  C  D 

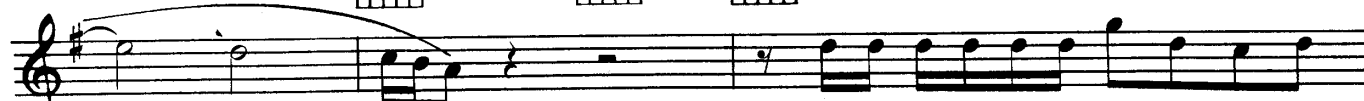


G  D  C  D 



It's six o'clock— in the tow— er block, Stal-ag- mites— of cul— ture shock—

G  D  C  D  G  D 



And the trippers of the light fan-tas - tic.

C D G D

Bow down, hoe down, spray their pher-e-mones on, This per-fume

C D G D

un-i-form. And an-ar-chy smiles— in the Roy-al Mile

C D G D

And they're wait-ing on the sly boys, fly-boys, wide boys,

C D G D

Root-ing tooting cowboys, Lucky lit-tle la-dies at the wa-ter-ing holes. They'll scare the Fri—

C D G D C D

—day night— goals. I was born — with a heart of Lo—

G D C D

— thi-an. I was

C D C G C

with a heart of Lo— thi-an. And the man from the

(2) Curtain Call

rall.

mag-a-zine wants an-oth-er shot Of you

D

all curled up 'cos you look like an act— or in a

G C

mo-vie shot But you're feel - ing like a wi - no in a

G Em

park - ing lot. How did I get in here

D C

an— y—way? Do we real - ly need a play-back— of the

Em C

show — 'Cos the wide - boys want to head for the

Em D

wa-ter-ing holes, wa-ter-ing holes, an - y-way. Let's

C Bm

go.

rall.

And the man in the mir - ror had sad eyes.

KAYLEIGH

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

Slowly

Dm C Am F Dm C

Am Dm Am G

Do you re-mem— ber
— ber

Em F Am G

Chalk hearts melt-ing on a play-ground wall? Do you re-mem— ber Dawn esc-
Bare-foot on the lawn with shoot-ing stars? Do you re-mem— ber

Em F Am G

- apes from moon-washed col-lege halls? Do you re-mem— ber the
Lov-ing on the floor in Bel-size Park? Do you re-mem— ber

Em F Am G

cher-ry blos-som in the mark-et square? Do you re-mem— ber, I
Danc-ing in stil-et-toes in the snow? Do you re-mem— ber, You

Em F Am G Em F

thought it was con-fet-ti in our hair?— } By—the way, did-n't I break— your heart,
nev-er un-der-stood I had to go?— }

Am G Em F

— Please ex-cuse me, I nev-er meant to break your heart,—

Am G Em F

— So sor-ry. I nev-er meant to break your heart—

Am G Em F C G

— but you broke— mine. { Kay-leigh, is it too
Kay-leigh, I just

F C Bb F

late to say I'm sor-ry And Kay-leigh, could we get it to- geth-
want to say I'm sor-ry But Kay-leigh, I'm too scared to pick

C G F C

- er a-gain?— I just can't go on pre-tend-ing That it
up the phone— To hear you've found another lov-er, To

Bb F C G

came to a nat - u - ral end. — Kay - leigh, Oh I
 patch up our bro - ken home. — Kay - leigh, I'm still

F C Bb F

nev - er thought I'd miss you And Kay-leigh, I thought — that we'd al —
 try - ing to write that love song. Kay - leigh, it's more im - port - ant to me —

C G

— ways be friends. — We said our love — would last for
 — now you're gone. — May - be it — will prove that

F C Bb F

ev - er, So how did it come to this — bit - ter end. —
 we were right, or it - 'll prove that I — was — wrong. —

C Am Dm

Am Dm C

Do you re - mem - —

LAVENDER

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

Slowly



I was walk-ing in the park, Dream-ing of a

spark When I heard the sprink-ler's whisp-er, Shim-mer in the

haze of sum-mer lawns. Then I heard the child-ren sing-ing, They were running thro' the

rain-bows, They weresinging a song— for you. Well, it seemed to be a

song for you, The one I want-ed to write— for you, For— you,

you.

Lav - end-er's blue, — dil-ly, dil-ly,
Lav - end-er's green, — dil-ly, dil-ly,

Lav - end - er's green,
Lav - end - er's blue, } When I - am - king, dil - ly, dil - ly,

Ab Eb
You will - be queen. - A pen - ny for your thoughts, my - dear, A pen - ny for your

Cm
thoughts, my - dear. I. O. U. for your love, I. O.

1 2 Ab
U. for your love. U. for your love, For your

Eb Eb7 Cm
love, For your love, For your love.

Ab Eb Eb7

Cm Ab Eb

LORDS OF THE BACKSTAGE

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

Moderately

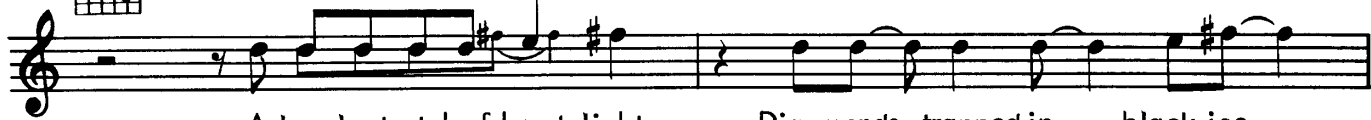


A love song with no va - lid - it - y.
A life - style with no sim - pli - ci - ties,

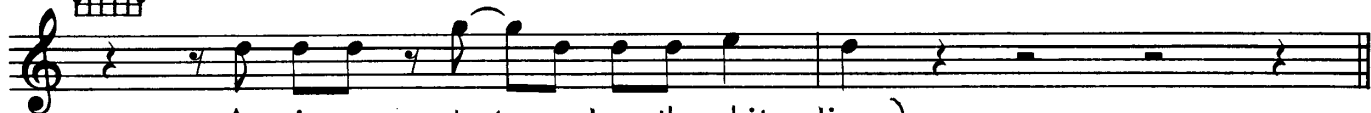
Pre - tend — you nev — er meant — that — much to — me. —
But I'm — not ask — ing for — your — sym - path — ies. —

Numb, A — va — li — um child. —
Talk we nev - er — could talk, —

Bored by mean — ing - less — col — lis - ions. —
dis - tanced by all that was — be — tween us. —



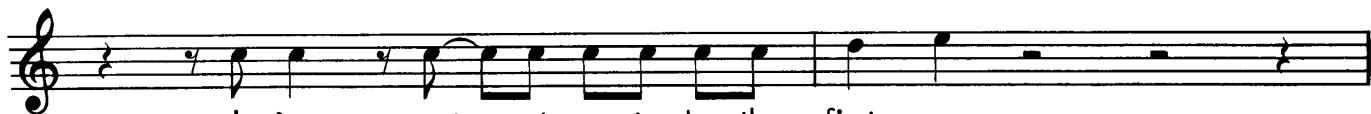
A lonely stretch of head-light, Dia-monds-trapped in— black ice.—
A Lord of the back— stage, A crea— ture of— lang-uage.—



A mir-ror cracked— a-long the white lines. }
I'm so far out— and I'm too far in. }



I just want— ed you to be the first one



I just want— ed you to be the first one.



{ Ash-es } are burn— ing, burn— ing. { Ash -es } are burn— ing, burn— ing.
{ Bridg-es }



PSEUDO SILK KIMONO

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY, DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

Slowly

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The score consists of seven staves of music. The first two staves are instrumental. The third staff begins the lyrics: 'Hud-dled in the safe - ty of a pseu- do silk ki- mo - no, Wear - ing'. The fourth staff continues: 'brace-lets of smoke, Na-ked of un - der - stand - ing.' The fifth staff continues: 'Ni-co-tine smears, long, long dried tears, in -'. The sixth staff continues: '- vi - si - ble tears — Safe in my own words,'. The seventh staff concludes: 'Learn-ing from my own words, cruel joke, — Cruel joke.—'. Guitar chords are indicated above the staff: Bm (x22321) and G (020232). A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the fourth staff. The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the melody.

Bm

G

Bm

G

Bm

G

Bm

G

Bm

G

D

A

G

Hud-dled in the safe - ty of a pseu- do silk ki- mo - no, Wear - ing

brace-lets of smoke, Na-ked of un - der - stand - ing.

Ni-co-tine smears, long, long dried tears, in -

- vi - si - ble tears — Safe in my own words,

Learn-ing from my own words, cruel joke, — Cruel joke.—

D A G

Bm

Hud-dled in the safe-ty of a

G Bm

pseu-do silk ki-mo-no, A morn-ing mare rides in the

G Bm

star-less shut-ters of my eyes. The

G Bm

spir-it of a mis-placed child-hood is ris-ing to speak his mind

G

To this or-phan of heart-break, dis-il-lus-ioned and scarred. A

A G A

re-fu-gee, re-fu-gee.

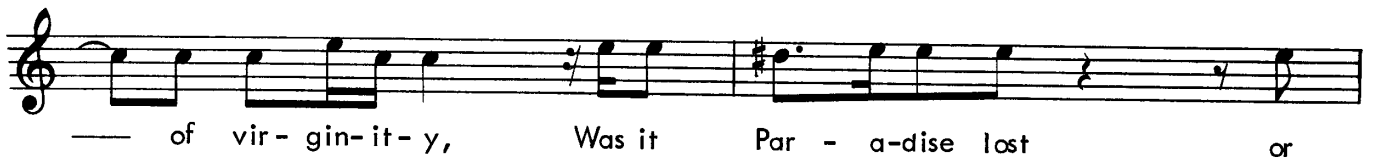
G Bm

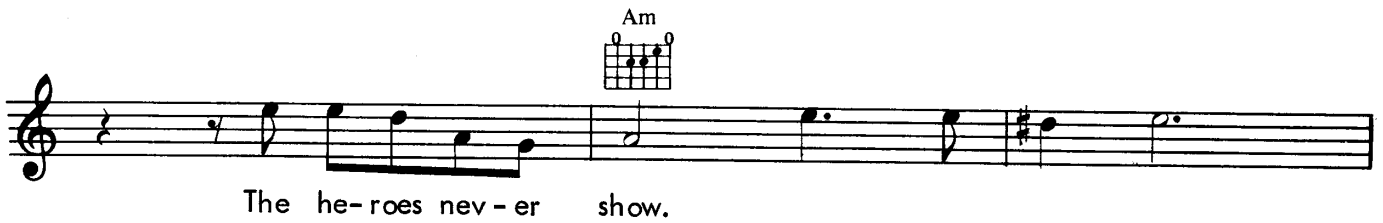
WATERHOLE (EXPRESSO BONGO)

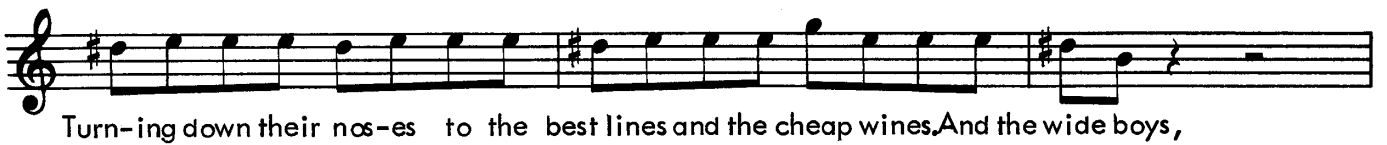
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Moderately

Am







WHITE FEATHER

Words and Music by MARK KELLY, STEVEN ROTHERY,
DEREK DICK, PETER TREWAVAS and IAN MOSLEY

A

Well I hit the street— back in eight-y one, I found a

D

heart in the gutter and a po-et's crown— I felt barbed wire kiss-es and i— ci-cle tears,—

A

Where have I been— all these— years?— I saw po -

- lit-i-cal in—trigue, po-lit-i-cal lies.— I'm going to wipe—those smiles of

D A A

self sat - is-faction from their eyes.— 2. I will heart, My

heart, This is my heart. 3. We D.C. to Fade

2. I will wear your white feather
 I will carry your white flag
 I will swear I have no nation
 'Cos I'm proud to own my heart
 I will wear your white feather
 I will carry your white flag
 I will swear I have no nation
 'Cos I'm proud to own my heart
 This is my heart.
3. We don't need your uniforms
 We have no disguise
 For divided we stand, together we will rise.

(ALL THE CHILDREN)

We will wear your white feathers
 We will carry your white flags
 We will swear we have no nations
 But we're proud to own our hearts
 These are our hearts
 You can't take away our hearts
 You can't steal our hearts away.

I won't walk away
 I won't walk away
 I won't walk away no more.
 No more.