

Paul Haworth & Sam de Groot ILLEGAL EMOTIONS

Produced and mixed by Sam de Groot.
Mastered by Alan Ward at Electric City,
Brussels. Additional vocals on “All Lovers” by
Alex Brenchley and Tom Rosenthal. “The
Unanswered Question” is a composition by
Charles Ives, 1908. Art by Kyle Tryhorn,
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1 Men in Parked Cars in Darkened Corners of Car Parks

I loved you
I loved you in dreams where there were men
Vanquished giants
Men in parked cars
Phantom hoofbeats
Men in parked cars in darkened corners of car
parks
Waiting
Bad technique is it

Is it bad technique
To discover if a woman is a witch or not
Not rich
Got all I want
Car in the dark
At the end of days
We don't change
I didn't choose to be born
Lose wars
Papa patriarch
Don't blink don't talk
We talked on the phone and there you are
They are their own nuclear family
Values sainthood
Showing us hatred
Does it feel too good to be alone
Full grown
To disown every useless son
The sack
Give the dog a bone
He came back
Come back
This is comeback
Comeback
Daddy wants his son back
Son back
Under a spell of lies
Suffering a mother who won't accept him for
who he is
Who I am
I am always saying sorry
To some teacher
Community
Business leader
Need you knee-jerk
In and out of work
Believing you need the work

It was the worst of times
Not really
These are just the lines I read
I bleed
I need speed
Nightbreed
Stampede of illegal emotions
A no-show
Asocial so-called
A loitering with no intent
All spent on a smoke-coated cloud
I smoke to forget a
To get it together
Whatever
Whatever it takes to make immunity a new
disease
Ravaging curfew communities
Oh yeah
Yes please
You can see what every life choice meant
BCC and torment
I pretend I never change
That it's just my way
So relax
Relate
Have a taste
What do you think
Am I at risk
Here's a list of imagery at night
I might like you
I might like you
Self-sucker
You can fuck yourself
Don't forget to give one
To everybody else
I might like you
Self-sucker

You can fuck yourself
Don't forget to give one
To everybody else
I might like you
Self-sucker
You can fuck yourself
Don't forget to give one
To everybody else
I might like you
Self-sucker
You can fuck yourself
Don't forget to give one
To everybody else
I might like you
Like I like your face
The way it plays on my feelings
Come on come in
Four fine deals anything
Tainted blood
Too thin
To say what you see
When men meet for unity
For one thing that it's not
A job for life
A lost cause
We're all men waiting
Men in parked cars

2 Poverty Failure Rejection

Look at that man
He's sad

Watch you don't end up like that
Said a career adviser
Mr Elder and Wiser
Buys a right to a life
You can't afford on a living wage
Who puts the rage front-page
Who says
It's just a phase
It's just your age
This is life
It's not age

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

There's your hook
Take a second look
All that's good
Is good for money
Got milk
Make cream
I rub my penis on the face of our queen
That's a wet dream
My theme inequality
Qualified as competition
Degradation obscene
When you're on your knees
You tell me what you see

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

You're lucky
You live in the land of the Lord
And the Lords of the land land land to the
Lords
With the landlord laws

Lauding their land like the Lord
Jesus Christ
I need a foot rub
I need a rise
1%
That's all I'm asking for
Denied
All rise for the national anthem

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

Look at me
A litany of bad decisions
To quote my mum and dad
I don't listen
I lack ambition
I told mum and dad
I'm a symptom of capitalism
One system doesn't ask to be forgiven
Doesn't ask what it takes
It makes you glad to hear me say
The market responded well to reports today of

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

Don't look at me
Do not enter
Depressed diseased job centre
Centre of vice
Children with lice
Men with dogs the size of cars
Security guards
Panic alarms
Phantom limbs
Limps

Trackmarks
A hacking cough
Back payments
Pick the scab off
I'm afraid to sign on
Please spare me from

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

Keep looking for copper, robber
When all copper has been removed
You got recruiters in schools
Tutor market rules
We be fools for the rule of law
Contract
Clause
I get so bored of the nuts and bolts of my life
so-called
So I call to devour the power that towers the
debt
On a zero-hour
What do you expect

Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection
Poverty failure rejection

Make some noise
If your inbox is full of E-rejection letters
If entering your pin fills you with dread
If you don't want to know what your monthly
statement said
Then make some noise
For the cuts
Caps

Bedroom tax
Benefit cards that benefit our plutocracy of
HRH VIP-lane dignitaries
Pulling down estates
Putting luxury homes in their place
Driving a crystal-encrusted Mercedes across
my face
If you've had enough
Then make some noise

Something must be done

3 British Values

Start with a bang
On about a gang from a land of inherited
estates
Abandoned values
Stately pace
Abandoned values
Stately pace
Have you seen the state of this police state
Piety
Religious hate
Front-page arms trader
Tank
Who pays a bank
Food bank
Booze
Binge drink
Booze
On the news a who's-who of old bastards
Getting away with it again
And I'm supposed to give thanks

Who to
British values
British beef
British farmer's daughter on page 3
Phwoar
Tits
Goodbye teens
Brits abroad
You know what that means
Deported
Never been kissed
Teacher teacher
On thee our hopes we fix
Teach us politics
Knavish tricks
A Trojan horse for all the hate preachers and
oily garchs
Mix and a pick of the lonely hearts
Which is when the wife starts
Integration
Gone too far right
To the rich
Out of sight
Out of mind
Mine occupied by who to demonise
Who has no rights
No voice
No power
Who has no power
Rise up
Molest the dead
Do you like me
Nah, not interested
Rise up
Molest the dead
Do you like me
Nah, not interested

Interest rates
House prices
By the look on your face we're in a crisis
Born and raised
Like this crisis we're front-page
Correction
Nothing kills an erection like stepping on a slug
Barefoot
Oh God
And yes, Sir, I am in love
In love with the mattress on the pavement
Eviction notice
That's entertainment
And if you don't vote
For us
A plague of locust
May sedition hush
Late payment
Tick toc
Crush rebellious Scot
Rebellious Scot
Your God
What gets you off
Your sister's knickers on my head
Entertains a sordid guest
Anyway up
Meal for two
Three kings to be
Be
OBE me
Please
Men should brothers be
One family
Not endowed by a Duke
Can I be your Companion of Honour
Gonna puke on a beans on toast
Lads lads

Let us raise a glass and make a toast
You shagged my Sunday roast
To British jobs and British growth
Go east
Start a war
Distort peace
Ambassador to the very best of the British
defence industry
We could leave you be
Cold and hungry
Available to hire
Put a money in a bullet
It's all friendly fire
Hiya
We beat a team
Up to no good
Have you seen a
Unruly mob
I need a cleaner
With a bucket and a mop
Up at the scene of
Unnatural love
Love your father homeless
Impaled on spikes
Your days and nights of pagan sacrifice
You're all benefit scum and parasites
Unlucky for some
I'm not racist but
I'm not racist but
When you say this
You're definitely are racist
That's not great
In this age
Daily hate is a trait of the male
Mating
Baiting
Procreating

White British babies
Baking Victoria sponge
Are you taking the piss
You've got to be fucking kidding me
There is no more boring cake than this

4 Life is Hi-Vis

Life is hi-vis
All life is is more
More of that
More
And yet you get your answers

5 Paint Your Favourite

Paint your favourite
Again again
Seers insane
I hate you
All you feel
Is pain your favourite feeling
Idea-stealing
Feelings change
I still hate you
Painting arms-dealing fairs
You've got your memories
I've got no cares
Beware

Strange feelings
Don't send me there
Where riches bewitch the riches
I'm bewitched by the pictures you paint
Fiction's a promise you make
Again again
Paint worlds where it's all so easy
It's so sad
Who's had love
Had pain
Which leads us to the question
Where do you get off
Soft lines
Offerings of bad advice
Like
That's nice
I'm not blind to the signs
I describe my feelings
We're not speaking
Shh
It's a secret
Meet with the masters
Aghast at the moral decay
Old master disaster
In love with the past
What can I say
Save it for later, pater
On the day we met
You said you were a failure
Unveil your happy tears
Oil varnish veneers
The tears of pain
How can you explain to me
The passing of time to be
Fuller in black
Painting ballast
To a cast of virgins and whores

Men's problems
What bores
Don't send me there
Seers insane
I hate you
I still hate you
All their laws
What-fors and why
Why does anyone care what anything means
I'm a child enthroned in narrative scenes
So paint your favourite
Machines savour
What you want from the world
Is it rapture
See how the artist captures the feeling
Healing picture on the ceiling
Believe in your favourite false god
Are you lost
Crazy thing is nothing can stop
The passing of time
We met at mine
Now we design excuses
Why we do this to ourselves
Again again
Paint your favourite
Portrait of the same mistake
Again again
We're all winners
When the ways of the world makes a sinner
Bad behaviour at dinner
In a world of your own
Now breathe
Oil and thinner's all you need
All you read is self-help books
Beginner's luck
See a look that says everything
Suspended

We swim in the sense this is it
So take it
Paint your favourite
Paint it from memory
Fading
Feelings changing
The colours in a face I'm defenceless
Paint your favourite world
This is endless

6 Next Tuesday

7 All Lovers

All lovers are strange lovers
Living proof of made-up rules
All lovers are one plus another
A dream and a dream come true

All lovers at the start of something big
Wondering
Is this it
Is it
Or is it a mistake
A big mistake
Like there's any other kind
One kind rewrite the lines
Are your minds made up
By the words
Oh no
You're wrong

You waited too long
Now she's gone
You're alone
In boxer shorts
Unmade bed
Impure thoughts
Let's pretend
It worked out different
Defences
Time well spent
Time in present tenses
Not pensive on fences
It wasn't meant to be
I'm so sensitive
We're just friends
The alternative end is

All lovers are strange lovers
Living proof of made-up rules
All lovers are one plus another
A dream and a dream come true

I'm scared
Aware
Truth or dare
I dare you to kiss him
I dare you to not listen
In the suspense
To the better sense that tells you
You won't miss him
Missing pieces increases the thesis
At least he's not scared of women
I'm scared of women
There
I said it
I'm scared of women real
Symbolic

Surreal women
Sub-atomic
Atonement to all women told
I've really got a lot on at the moment
Oh Paul

All lovers are strange lovers
Living proof—

Wait for it
I pay for it
A tour guide to life
She would sigh
Of course, he was never married
The implication being
You-know-what-I-meaner
Dig deeper, daydreamer
Bachelor
Grim reaper
Keep up with the family values
I choose to adore her dimples
Remind me of your name
Ignore the pain
To every impulse I lose my way
To hear you say
I'm single and ready to mingle
A wink
Oh my days

All lovers are strange lovers
Living proof of made-up rules
All lovers are one plus another
A dream and a dream come true

Shame
You bring shame on the family name
This'll kill your mother

Oh mother let me live
Holy father let me spread my wings
There's things I want to say
Don't tell me you're gay
Nefarious lies
Meet the parents
Eat their pies
Oh this is lovely, Mrs Lovely
Incompatibilise
In case of emergency
Searching for mercy
In second-hand love-at-first-sight
On the third or fourth try
But what if
We never look alike
Look right like
Heterobombs and baby showers
Conformity norms
They don't cut like ours
If I was in love like my art
Impossible to grasp
Everybody just laughs
I'm the last of the great romantics
Say what
Not a box that the Everyman ticks
Relationships
Make a list of my pros and cons
Yeah I get it
I'm a column of cons
And you were always the one

All lovers are strange lovers
Living proof of made-up rules
All lovers are one plus another
A dream and a dream come true

All lovers are strange lovers

Living proof of made-up rules
All lovers are one plus another
A dream and a dream come true

All lovers at the start of something big

8 Why Must the Course of True Love Be So Hard?

Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel
Seel

Boys
All for one
Fall for a voice
Her eyes
A kiss
Girls are like
Are you serious
Who's this
Guest appearance
He's got some nerve
And you're all a bunch of pervs is what you are
A waltz and we are
Serenaded by André Rieu

I hold you close
You whisper in my ear
Looks like you're not from around here, boy
And just like that
An unjust society
Tells you
What you want to do
Ask for permission
Ask for permission
It's true
I've made some very bad decisions in my life
But look at me now
Allow me to introduce my wife

Christina of Denmark
Duchess of Milan
You look like a boy
But you have ladies' hands
And I am smitten
Bitten, once bitten
Forbidden love
Indeed
Identity thieves
Protect your identity from cold feet
Oh Christina
There's someone I'd like you to meet
Ik ben Sam
Het plezier is alles mijn
Designs on my wife
Designs on my wife
Could it be Sam's got
Designs on my wife
Oh my
Why must the course of true love be so hard
Ah but it's never boring
We were never yawning
Mourning

I wasn't born in the past
Page a day and the day is done
It's over, it's over
We've only just begun

9 The Unanswered Question

Yeah yeah
I wonder where you are
You are
The one cold body on the net
I am trying to not get used to the silence
Any kind of kindness
Silence
As we ride sleepy-eyed milestones
You won't call
I won't follow
The rocks that fall
The rifts
The cliffs
It was all so PG-12
I held your innocence like the fruit of a winter
cherry
This is difficult, very
Undelete every email I didn't properly read
There's something I fail to see
That's called fate, that is
A way to not be interested
The heavy hurt
To say the word
Accept defeat
Let's fill our bodies with disease

Mum calls
Mum calls
Ring ring
Mum calling to wish you luck
But lately it's like luck isn't enough
So what's up
I don't know
Just stuff
He tells me
Like he's the only one that's got stuff going
Like I don't understand
Not knowing
I don't suffer down
Climb clouds
Blow smoke
When a cloak swings down
It sinks like a brick
And the mind plays tricks
But it sticks to its story
Who gets you up in the morning
Makes you sorry
Makes a vow
Solemn
Now we lisp and slur
And the pictures blur
Young lovers
A his and a her
In a world at war
And yeah yeah
I still wonder where you are
You are unresolved
You are out of sight
I saw your name
Written in white
Bordered in black
ALL YR GRAVES ARE OPEN
Ginsberg wrote that

On a portrait of Kerouac
Your face a blank
Your name lost straightaway
Straight face
Great days
Wasn't it
Can I put my case in
Wasting
Wait
Don't tell me you've got the cloakroom blues
I've got the cloakroom blues
The what-you-gonna-do's
When it all gets too
What's the word
When your momma go
All you do is wait tables
Able alien woman
From a city I've never heard of
In a country I can't place
I can't place faces
Ones you see once and never again
Once you feel wanted you move again away
You say
All places are alike
And all earth is fit for burial
Fit for burying serial feelings of nothing much
Those feelings push the same answers
Always just stuff
Stuff your stuff
You're all talk
Can't even fill the stalls
If your best work's behind you
Why do you get the same rush
Rush your lines
Like minds
And I'm like
Who's next

Can I help
You can hope
My name is
And you spoke
And it just so happened
We both were cained
Carved in oak
Do you feel my pain
Do you smoke
Mayhaps in each toke
I hope I can rely on you to protect my cloak
Here's what she wrote
Ta-ra and ta
Wherever you are
I hope you're happy with him
And not wondering
My God
My luck
I just don't trust men
Not to mention
Men that cry
Aye aye
I was working today at the National Gallery
And I smiled at a man who looked like Hugh
Bonneville
Was it him
I'm not sure
I think it was
And the reason I'm telling you this
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know how to make you happy
And you don't know
You don't know
You don't know who Hugh Bonneville is
So
I plunder my past

Trying to make you laugh
Or figure the last time we spoke
I missed what you said
Your voice broke and the line went
You look good
You're all mine
Your own mind made of smoke
You wouldn't know
And I wouldn't say no
So no
No no no no
No traps, Donatello
Clap my head off
Before you go off on one
About a low
And I grow
I know stuff I can't remember
I called
What for
Hot coals
Starvation and heartbreak
Hot coals
I'll call you first mate
Hot coals
If I don't go a hi-di-ho
So go, you gallant fools
And I'll take the heartbreak
To the underworld
To the basement
To Paul Westerberg
Your ballads are my favourite
And I pay for it
No patrons make you
I paint you portraits of waiters
Cleaners
Prisoner dreamers
Leave us alone or in love

Hello, 31
I want you so much
Now you're gone
There's no proof you were here
We dissolve in our youth
Disappear
Inconsole
Hide the truth
Do you see a decade
Do you see a day
Made up of loose-cigarette stares
Promises unkept in the depths
And who cares at last call who you choose
When I've seen you move
Through Nepal, India, Germany, Spain
You're not answering again
The call to entertain in plays
A maze of feeling
Raised by reading the letters we scatter
Like confetti initials of a name
But whose
Who's to gather the matters the ladders
A crane of longevity seekers
Same old
Same old
Age and weakness
Clear this mind
I'll be no charity case
So let's be kind
As we discover we're sad and dumb
And run these waters into one
To one
To the best
To become
And if it gets too tough
You don't remember my name
Read my name badge, dummy

10 Cory Monteith

One one
One more
Why not
What's more than seasons
Will this day give up its secrets
You know you don't know someone
Their theme
A TV show drops clues in every scene
And where it leads
Will it make you happy
That's all we want
Not breaking news
Unconfirmed reports
Until eventually, of course, the words they use

So now you know
Your teen drama
Self-harmer
Come karma
Diminuendo
Oh
There you go
Your own tribute
Go deal with it
Deal with it
Deal in the feelings I don't want to know
Don't Stop Believin'
I don't want to know
Don't show me you're feeling
Your leading man
Show and tell
Real feelings sell
Heroine holding you up
For one last first kiss

Look
Here's what you missed

Will you be there
Your name in the credits
Live on stage
Can we restart
Rewrite
Re-edit
Re-cap every character arc
A disappearing act
How do you keep track
No tears
I won't give you that
Dance dance
So don't give me that
Dance dance
What's your defence
Family
Friends
Your fans
Dance dance
Your goofy smile
School romance
What's your defence
Against life you're always at risk
Here's what you missed

Who's ODing next
Who's got no regrets
Mistakes
You won't forget
Remember
Air guitar drums
You won't forget
Remember
Forever young in re-runs

What becomes past-tense profiles
Snap to black
You go wild
There's no sense
And no comeback
So send in the high notes
Sing with your eyes closed
Clench your fist
Here's what you missed

The sweetness and the sorrow
The best addiction disease could borrow
Fan fiction, hotel suites and all the rest
Tomorrow
Tomorrow I could make believe
The growing pains
Never see your face grow up
To give way
No way to show pain
I could say what's up
In hashtag wars
All I read are tweets RIP
Can we meet
Can we meet in my dreams
You would see you are loved
And you are missed
Cory Monteith
Here's what you missed
Here's what you missed

11 I Am Teaching Myself To Remember

Your Name

I am teaching myself to remember your name

Tom

Alice

Jude or Jade

I made a list

Things to do

An interlude to self-improve

Because I'm into you

And we're still friends

Still life and only

Ever drunk on buses and trains

Always in search of

When will I see you again

Again a game of hearts in search of

Question

Are you drunk

Lonely

Estranged

Are all of the above a pisstake

Mystic Sage

When will I see you again

Again a game

Where I would walk this way

Just to say hi

Goodbye, old soul

You are cold

And I'm over it

Over those

Easy laughs

Obvious jokes

Self-pity

Diminish in a city of diminishing returns

Of yearning

Learning to sing dance act
Like I'm on the mend
When I'm a triple threat
And the fact is
That we're still friends
Still life and only
Just making ends meet
Needs must
We pretend to be a part of this century
So far adrift from where you are

You are where you are
You are where you are
You are where you are
You are where you are

Like so many
Metaphors I don't have time for
I could tell you I'm not performing
Not a lot like but liking Billy Corgan
LET ME GIVE THE WORLD TO YOU

Gary

Mark

Jess or Jessica

Now you're just guessing

Digressing

I'm messy

Confessing

What's the best way to say it

Not be depressing

Time was never right

For us to be still friends

Still life and only

Ever drunk on buses and trains

I am teaching myself to remember your name