

# 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,  
Lou Buche, Noëm Held & Miquel Hervás  
Gómez, Harsh Patel, Nathan Antolik, Asta  
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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 proo—

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  
Bonnevillle  
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 gallantfools  
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