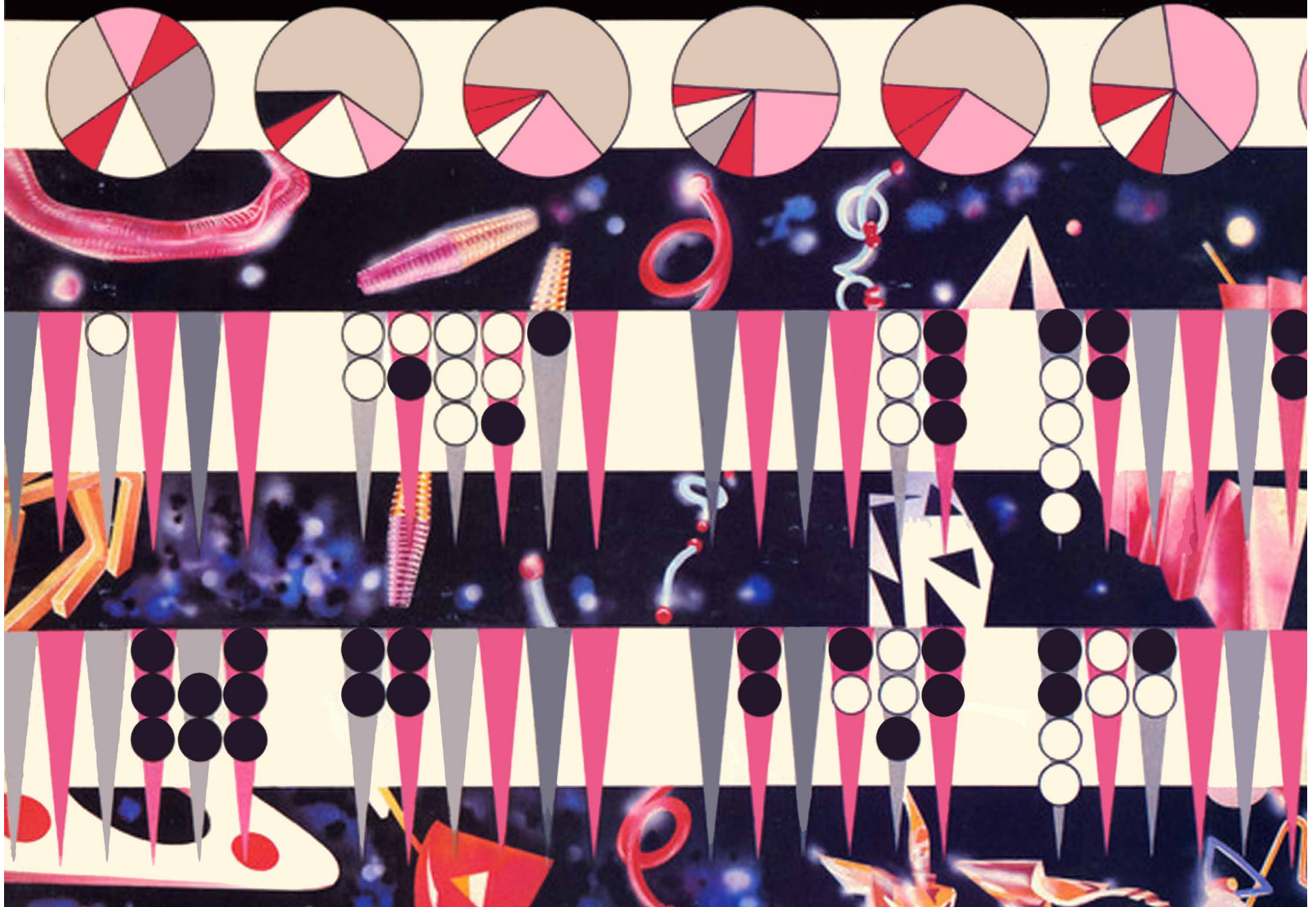


THE DUGITES

WEST OF THE WORLD



THE DUGITES

WEST OF THE WORLD

PART OF ME 3:35

NO NOISE 3:46

WAITING 5:18

MALCOLM'S GOT A PROBLEM 2:40

GO TO SLEEP 4:50

THERE'S A PLACE 4:27

WHO LOVES YOU MORE 3:04

RELY ON US 3:28

BEING USED 3:27

AFTER THE GAME 5:19

THE DUGITES

PART OF ME

IT'S NOT GREEN OR MUCH TO SEE FOR
IT'S A PART OF ME
PIECE OF LAND THAT'S ONLY SAND
AND NEVER OWNED OR RULED
I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY THEY SAY
WE'RE CRAZY JUST FOOLS

THERE IT LAY FOR MANY DAYS
AND NEVER SAW A CHANCE
NO ONE DRILLED IT, NO ONE TILLED IT
TILL SOME STRANGERS CAME
AND SUDDENLY THEY'RE BUYING WHAT
WE NEVER GAVE AWAY

PART OF ME
PART OF ME

PIECE OF LAND THAT'S ONLY SAND
AND SUN TOO HOT TO BEAR
UP ABOVE IT, WHEEL AND PLUMMET
BIRDS DON'T OWN THE AIR
AND NEVER EVEN STOP TO WONDER
WHY IT'S THERE

PART OF ME
PART OF ME





NO NOISE

I JUST CANT GO ON MUCH LONGER
I JUST CANT TAKE MUCH MORE
THE BACKGROUND CURSE
ITS GETTING WORSE
IT USED TO WHISPER BUT NOW IT ROARS

HEAR IT IN A RESTAURANT
HEAR IT IN A BUS OR TRAIN
ITS IN THE CAR
ITS AT THE BAR
EVEN IN A PLANE OVER SPAIN

EVERYWHERE I GO
I HEAR IT FROM THE
HILLS DOWN TO THE COAST
ITS EVERYWHERE AND IT WONT LEAVE ME ALONE
ALWAYS IN THE AIR
I'D LIKE TO LAUGH BUT THIS IS NO JOKE

GET IT IN AN ELEVATOR
GOING UP AND COMING DOWN
ALWAYS THE SAME
ALWAYS IN THE
MANTOVANI'S BAND OF REKNOWN

EVERYWHERE I GO
I HEAR IT THOUGH ITS
ALWAYS VERY LOW
DESCENDING UPON ME LIKE AURAL SNOW
AND I FEEL ABUSED

EVERYWHERE I GO
I HEAR IT FROM THE
HILLS DOWN TO THE COAST
ITS EVERYWHERE AND IT WONT LEAVE ME ALONE
ALWAYS IN THE AIR

MY EARS ARE REALLY BEING MISUSED
I'M SORRY BUT I'M JUST NOT ENTHUSED
THIS AURAL INPUT'S GOT ME CONFUSED
I JUST DONT NEED THIS AURAL MASSENCE

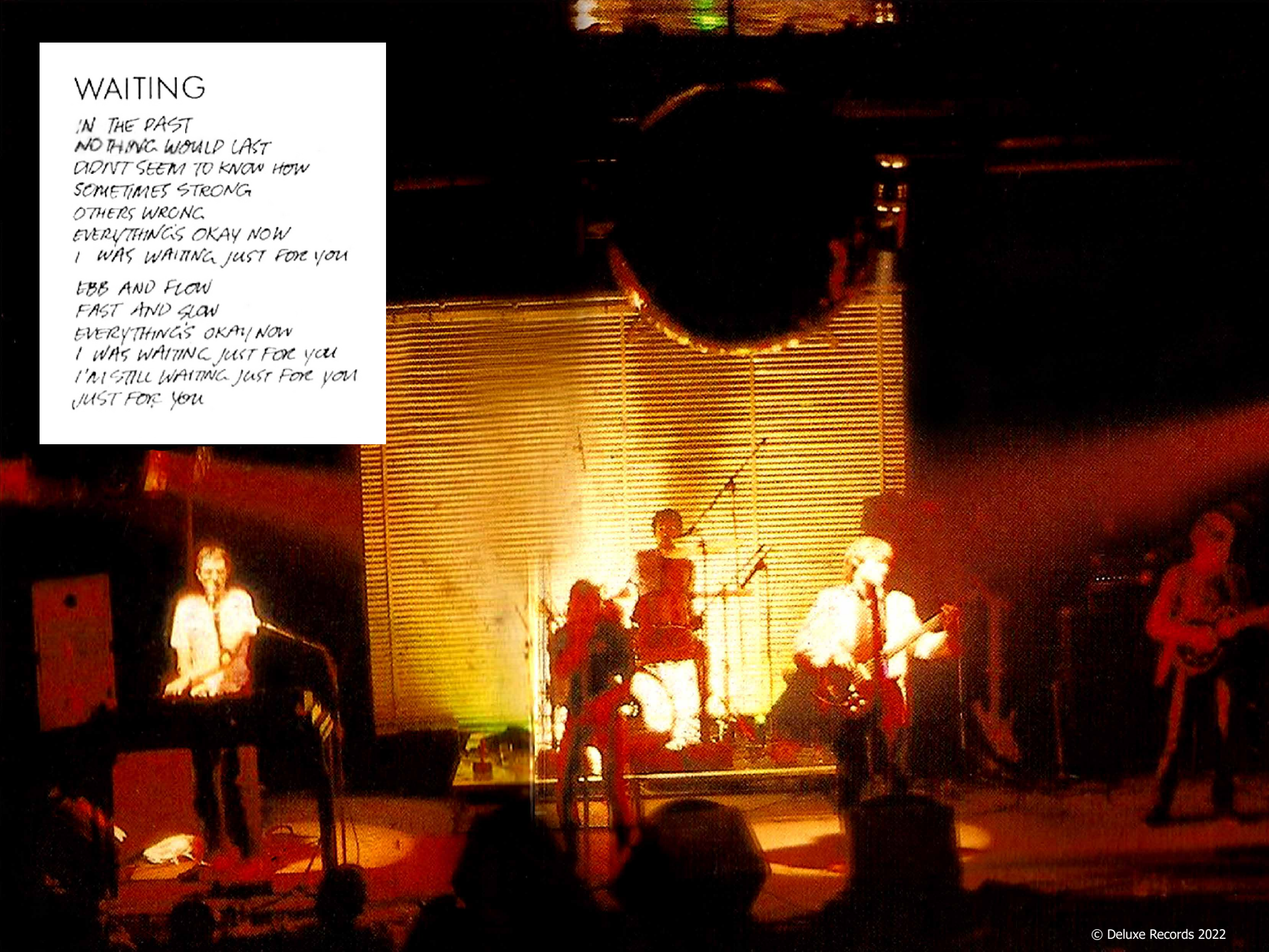
LYNDA NUTTER

VOCALS

WAITING

IN THE PAST
NOTHING WOULD LAST
DIDNT SEEM TO KNOW HOW
SOMETIMES STRONG
OTHERS WRONG
EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW
I WAS WAITING JUST FOR YOU

EBB AND FLOW
FAST AND SLOW
EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW
I WAS WAITING JUST FOR YOU
I'M STILL WAITING JUST FOR YOU
JUST FOR YOU



MALCOLM'S GOT A PROBLEM

MALCOLM'S GOT A PROBLEM
'CAUSE HE'S JUST LIKE US
RONNIE'S FEELING ANGRY
'CAUSE HE'S JUST LIKE US

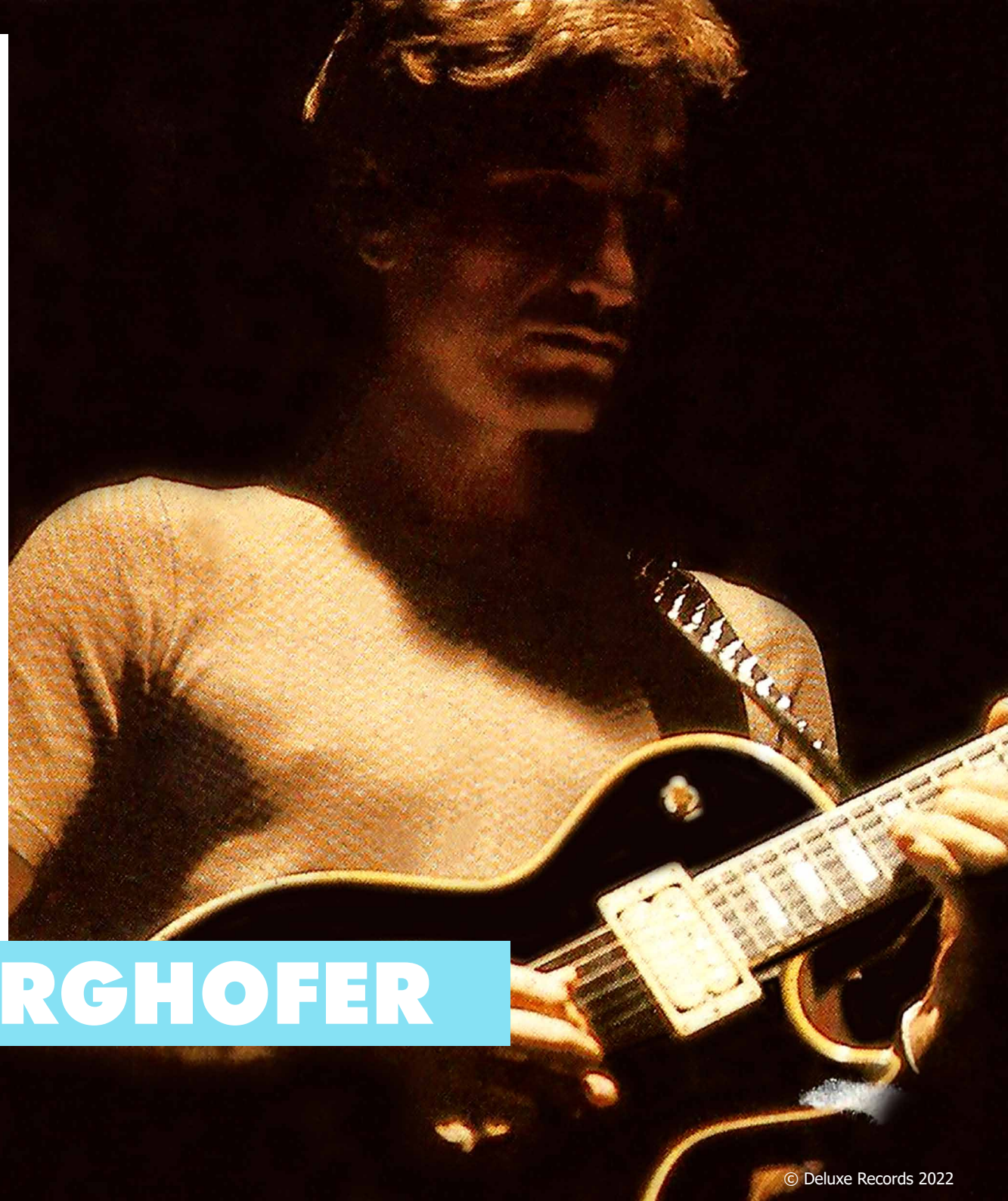
SHE IS BAKING A CAKE FOR HER FATHER
AND SHE DOES THE SAME THING EVERY DAY
TRIES TO MAKE IT JUST RIGHT
STARTS BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT
BUT HE NEVER EVER LOOKS HER WAY

MALCOLM'S GOT A PROBLEM
'CAUSE HE'S JUST LIKE US
RONNIE'S FEELING ANGRY
'CAUSE HE'S JUST LIKE US

LENNY'S GOT A HEADACHE
'CAUSE HE'S JUST LIKE US
MAGGIE GETS UP EARLY
'CAUSE SHE'S JUST LIKE US

THERE'S A BUS TO HIS WORK THAT'S PROVIDED
AND HE TAKES THE SAME ONE EVERY DAY
THERE'S A KISS FOR THE WIFE
WHEN HE COMES HOME AT NIGHT
BUT HE NEVER EVER LOOKS HER WAY

ON THE WEEKEND THEY VISIT HER MOTHER
AND THEY DO THE SAME THING EVERY DAY
THERE THEY TALK OF THE KIDS
TELLING HER WHAT THEY DID
BUT SHE NEVER EVER HEARS WHAT THEY SAY



GUNTER BERGHOFFER

GUITAR



PETER CROSBIE

KEYBOARDS

GO TO SLEEP

A DESERT PLANE
A CAMEL TRAIN
GOES ON AND ON
AN ANCIENT LAND
MYSTERIOUS BAND
GOES ON AND ON

A COOLING BREEZE
BLOWS FROM THE EAST
YET BRINGS NO REST
BY NIGHT THE STARS
POINT OUT THE PATH
ON AND ON
TILL MORNING COMES AGAIN

GO TO SLEEP NOW DON'T YOU WAKE
GO TO SLEEP NOW DON'T YOU WAKE
TILL THE BREAK OF DAY
GO TO SLEEP NOW

A DESERT PLANE
A CAMEL TRAIN
AND WEARY EYES
A DISTANT LAND
MYSTERIOUS BAND
GOES ON AND ON
AND NEVER COME AGAIN
GO TO SLEEP NOW DON'T YOU WAKE
GO TO SLEEP NOW DON'T YOU WAKE
TILL THE BREAK OF DAY
GO TO SLEEP NOW

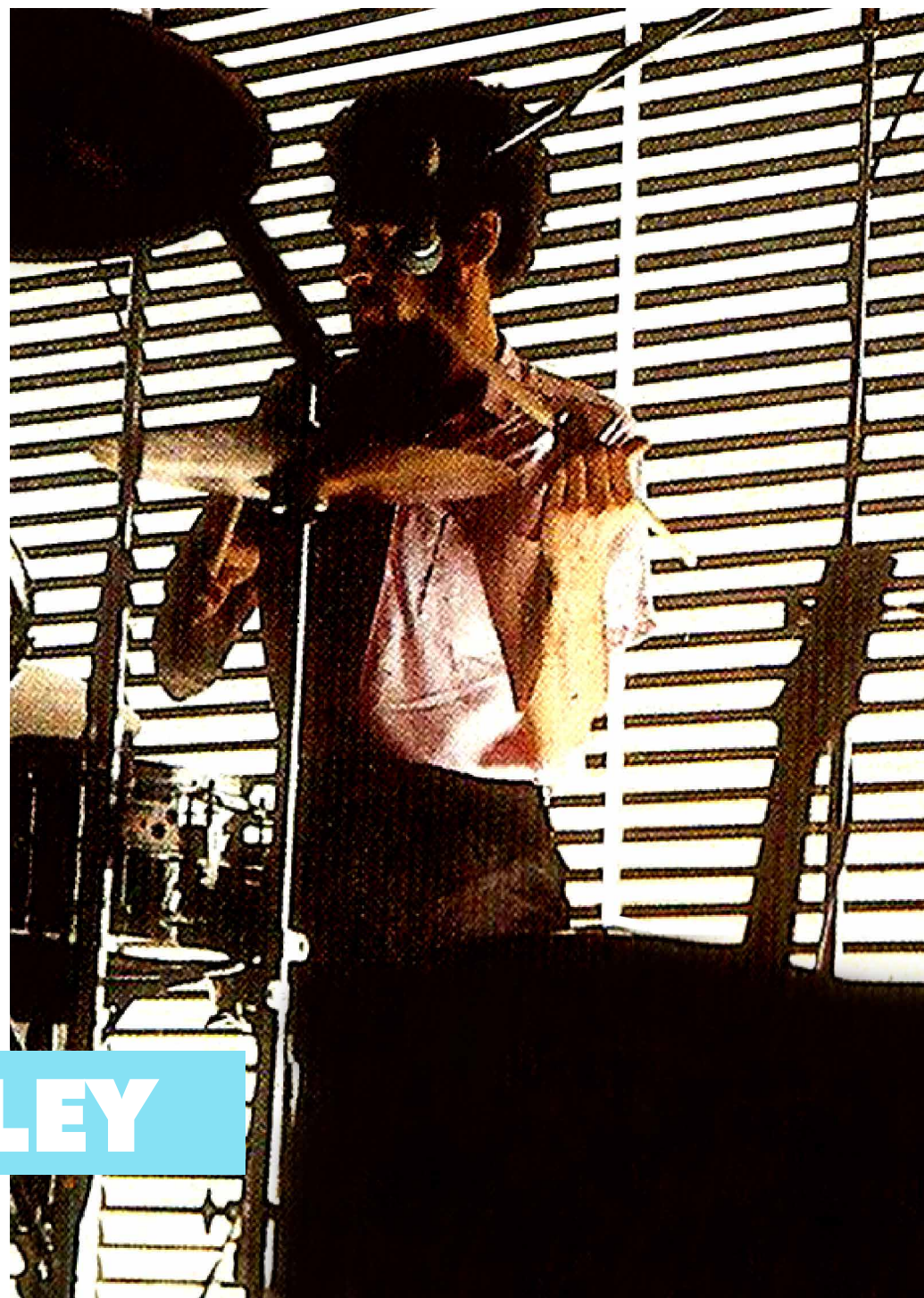
THERE'S A PLACE

THERE'S A PLACE I KNOW
WHERE I CAN BE MYSELF
NOT ANYONE ELSE

THERE'S A SPACE I KNOW
WHERE I CAN BE MYSELF
NOT ANYONE ELSE
BUT IT'S SO HARD TO FIND

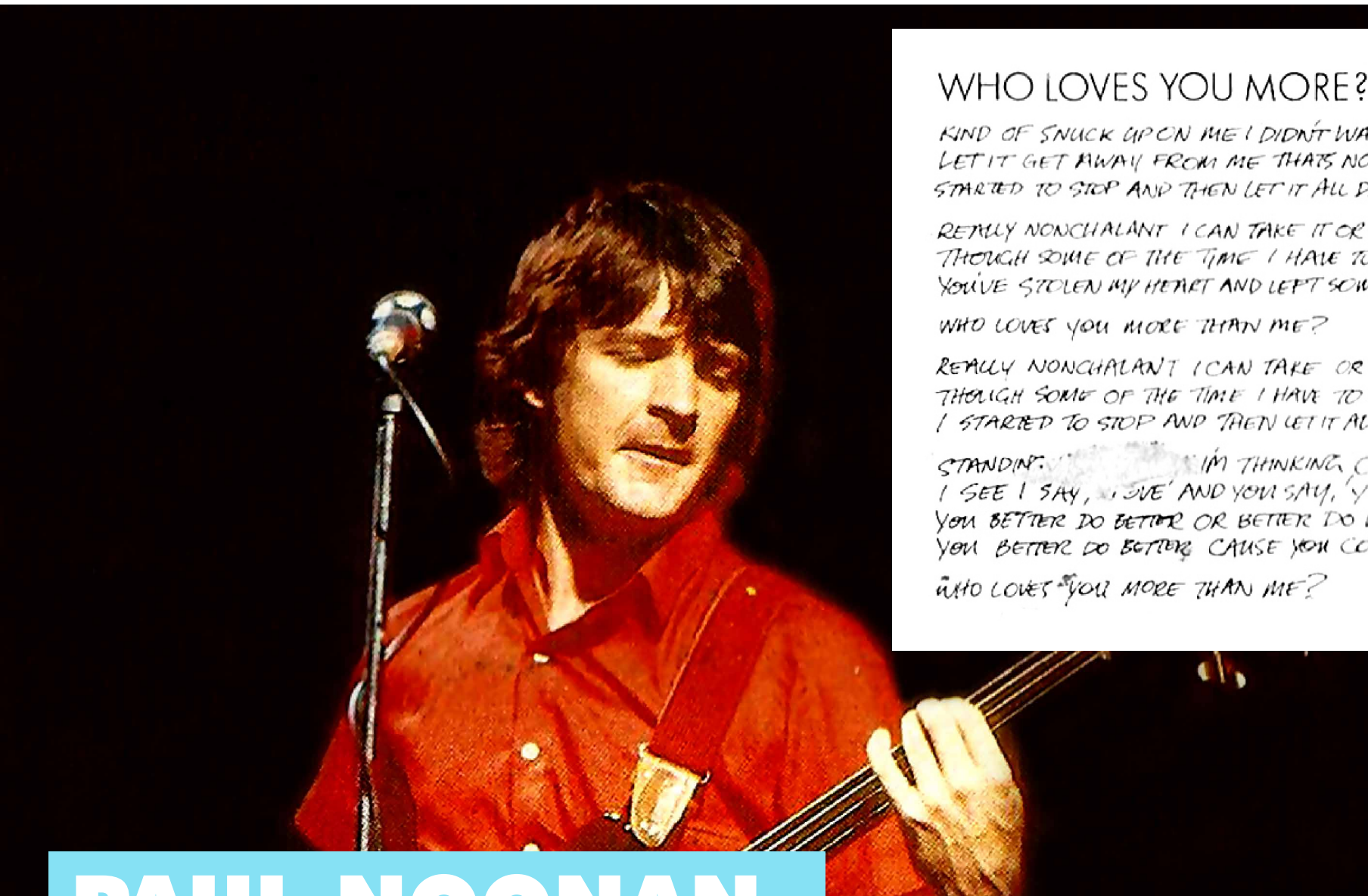
I CAN TRAVEL LIGHT
THERE'S NOTHING THAT I NEED
EXCEPT ME
BUT I TRIED JAPAN
AND THE ROCKS IN THE SAND
I THOUGHT I'D BE FINE
WHEN YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND

THERE'S A PLACE I KNOW
WHERE I CAN BE MYSELF
NOT ANYONE ELSE
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY IT FEELS CLOSE AT HAND



CLARENCE BAILEY

KEYBOARDS



WHO LOVES YOU MORE?

KIND OF SNUCK UP ON ME I DIDN'T WANT TO
LET IT GET AWAY FROM ME THAT'S NOT ON I
STARTED TO STOP AND THEN LET IT ALL DROP

REALLY NONCHALANT I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
THOUGH SOME OF THE TIME I HAVE TO MAKE BELIEVE IT
YOU'VE STOLEN MY HEART AND LEFT SOME ON MY SLEEVE
WHO LOVES YOU MORE THAN ME?

REALLY NONCHALANT I CAN TAKE OR LEAVE IT
THOUGH SOME OF THE TIME I HAVE TO MAKE BELIEVE IT
I STARTED TO STOP AND THEN LET IT ALL DROP

STANDING. I'M THINKING CLEARLY
I SEE I SAY, 'I LOVE' AND YOU SAY, 'YOURS SINCERELY'
YOU BETTER DO BETTER OR BETTER DO WORSE
YOU BETTER DO BETTER CAUSE YOU COULD DO WORSE
WHO LOVES YOU MORE THAN ME?

PAUL NOONAN

BASS

RELY ON US

SOMETIMES WHEN I AWAKE
I WANT TO SCREAM
I TRY TO LOOK AT MY WORLD
BUT IT'S A DREAM
I CANNOT BELIEVE IN WHAT I PERCEIVE
THINGS TO BE

YOU CAN RELY ON US

I SEE YOU STANDING RIGHT THERE
IT'S TEN PAST THREE
SOON I HAVE TO CLOSE MY EYES
AND THEN YOU'LL LEAVE
A TRAIN AT THE STATION
MY IMAGINATION
MY BRAIN OR ME

YOU CAN RELY ON US
COUNT ON US



BEING USED

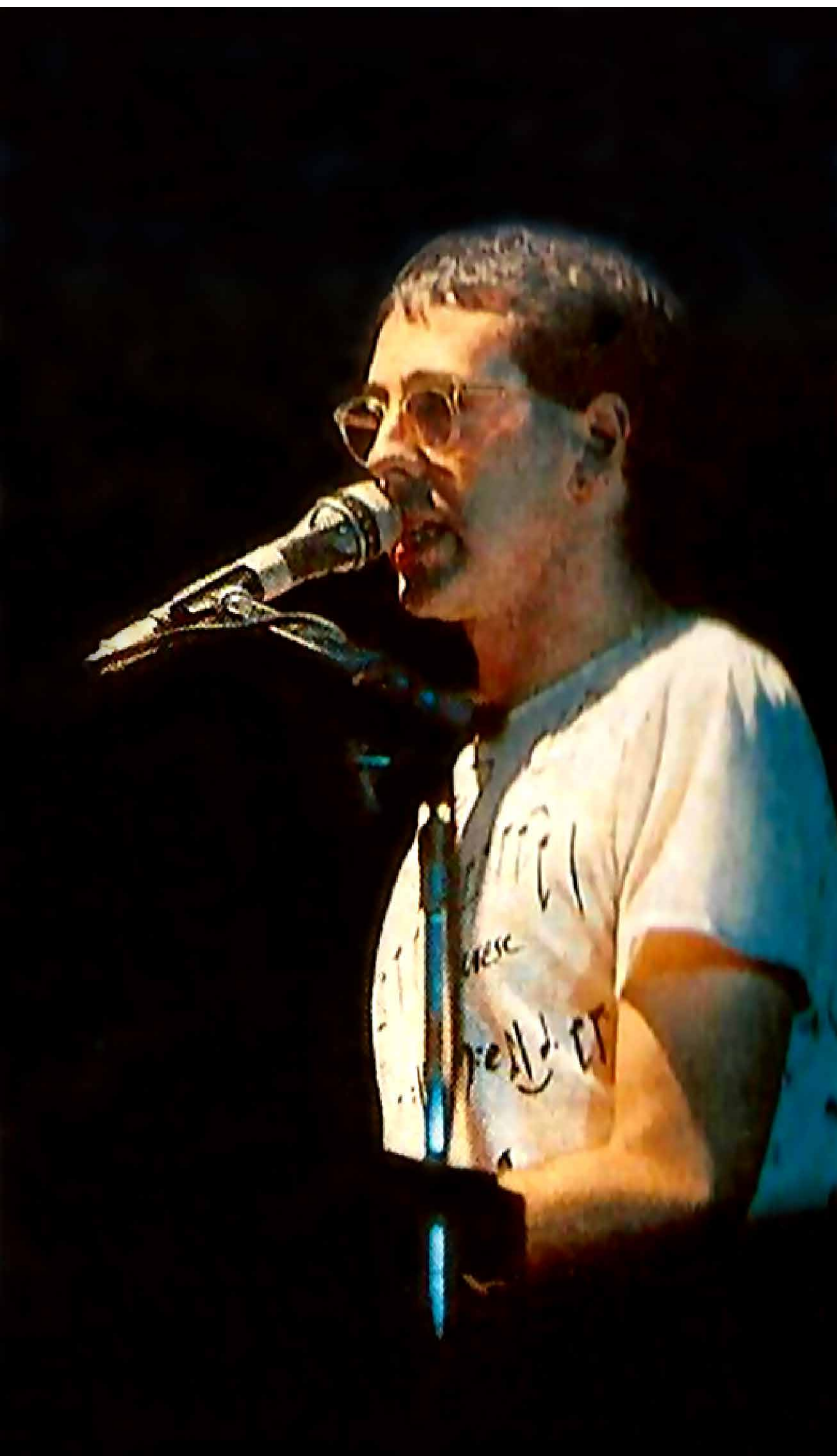
SO MANY TIMES
I'VE SAT UP LATE AT NIGHT
TALKING TO YOU
MAKING YOU FEEL ALRIGHT

I PLAYED ALONG
PART OF YOUR MAKE BELIEVE
NEXT TIME YOU COME
I WON'T BE SO NAIVE

I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING USED

NOW YOU'RE OKAY
YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME
I GET A CALL
NOW I'M THE ONE YOU NEED
I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING USED





AFTER THE GAME

IT CAN BE LOTS OF FUN LIVING LIKE A MOLE
LIVING IN A MOLE
LOTS OF THINGS TO DO UNDER THE GROUND
NOT MUNDANE THERE
NEVER RAINS THERE
AND THERE WON'T BE

NO MORE LYING, NO MORE CRYING
AFTER THE GAME
WE'LL FEEL NO MORE PAIN
WHERE NOTHING REMAINS

GET A PERISCOPE TO LOOK OUTSIDE
MIGHT BE SOMETHING ALICE
DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT YOU WISH
BE A PRINCESS
WITH A HEADRESS
NO ONE TO IMPRESS
NO MORE FASHIONS
NO MORE PASSIONS
WHERE NOTHING REMAINS
NO NEED TO EXPLAIN
AND THERE'LL BE
NO MORE T.V.
JACK OR STEVE
THERE'LL BE NO CHAMPAGNE
NO WINNERS OR FAME
AFTER THE GAME

Produced By Bob Andrews
Recorded At Studios 301 Sydney 1981
Engineer: Gerry Stevens
Mastering: Don Bartley
Cover Art: Bruce Nicholson
Photography: Shona Woods
Management: Brian Peacock
We Would Like To Thank Terry Inman, John Clarke,
Jeremy Cook: Marimbas And Tympani
Phil Bailey: Extra Vocals On 'malcolm'

All Songs By Peter Crosbie
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