



1 Discipline

Chorus

Na na na.... Discipline  
Na na na.....Discipline

Face hard, stand square,  
Angry, short-haired,  
Politics fan,  
Hard-faced hard man.  
Thrives in a crowd,  
His voice is loud.  
He knows his facts,  
He answers back.

Chorus

Angelic face,  
Likes human race,  
Feelings in space,  
Cheesecloth and lace.  
Likes to take drugs,  
Drinks wine from jugs,  
Lives in his past,  
Small dope-filled flats.

Chorus

Fights in dark streets,  
Mind incomplete.  
Buys Sounds each week,  
Pleasure he seeks.  
Writes names on Back,  
Doc Martens black.  
Likes his Punk loud,  
Jumps up and down.

Chorus

Hates our country,  
No one likes me.  
He tells no lies,  
He just defies.  
Went to a school,  
Became a fool,  
He hates his life,  
He thinks of suicide.  
He hates his life,  
He thinks of suicide.

Chorus

It's a lack of discipline... (repeat)

Version taken from *The Final Recordings* (1984)  
Steve Edwards (words, vocals), Stephen Murphy (music, guitar), Iain Grey (bass), Andrew Grentworth (drums)

2 Jaqueline’s Admission

Jaqueline Smith is eighteen years old and suffers from Hebeephrenic Schizophrenia. She giggles fatuously and often talks to herself. She behaves in quite unpredictable ways and was bought into our hospital under a ‘Section’ for future detention because she could no longer look after herself and mummy and daddy could not control her. At school Jaqueline was always quiet and kept herself to herself, she would often daydream and could not concentrate on her work. She only ever had one close friend and otherwise made little contact with anyone else. She left school at fifteen and went to work in a factory; packing sausage meat. At first she managed alright but then her work seemed to pile up on her. She became moody and depressed and took to lying on her bed at night for long periods, just staring into space. She told her parents that voices spoke to her during the night and told her that she must do things like going out and buying things that she didn’t really need – often little things with neither use nor value. Her bedroom was cluttered with such items because she just left them on the ground.

Jaqueline’s mother often lost her temper with her because she didn’t seem to listen to what was being said to her. Things came to a head late one night when Jaqueline went out and drowned the family’s pet dog. When her father tried to make her explain why she did it, she smiled to herself but did not reply.

Later in the week, she left a note for her father saying that the dog was the Devil and God had told her to destroy the Devil before the Devil destroyed her! When Jaquelines father tried to reason with her, she hit him violently across the mouth, explaining she had to do it to stop him from hurting himself. Then she ran upstairs and locked herself in her bedroom, playing her records very loudly. She refused to turn down the volume or open her door so her family sent for the doctor who arranged for Jaqueline’s admission to the local psychiatric hospital. On the first Thursday after her admission, on the Doctor’s ward round, she was surrounded by all aspects of the health care team and showed the necessary signs and symptoms to be classified schizophrenic. She was now branded.

Version taken from *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (1980)  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar), Robert Hall (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

3 Good and Evil

All alone, my life is loveless / All alone, with my sadness.  
All alone, our lives are worthless / All alone, with my madness.  
Your religion did not help me  
But it always held me back.  
Your religion was sent to save me  
Now hate’s a virtue I don’t lack.

Bogus treatments in my workplace  
Feel the pain, I’ve no regrets.  
The Holy Trinity must be a fraud  
When people beg for cigarettes.  
I’ll die so gladly underground  
Those mad faces haunt me still  
Then I’ll wait for good and evil  
And let them do what they will.

So your name’s Jesus, you’ve come to save me?  
Whilst I lie here in the dark  
I wait to tempt you for my Master  
On my scalp I bear the mark.  
You have chased me for time eternal  
Several battles have been fought  
Now let war rage over innocence  
Let us fight until we die.  
Good and Evil. (repeat)

Version taken from *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, 1980  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar), Laura Plant (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

4 Plague of Dreams

It doesn’t matter / It doesn’t matter.  
Why do you have to wait on the other side  
Of a heart of darkness.  
Insufficient smiles  
I didn’t understand you.  
It made no sense  
We never understood each other.  
Life stinks  
Life stinks  
Life stinks  
Life stinks  
For ever in our dreams...  
In my dreams.  
For ever in my dreams...  
Plague of dreams / Plague of dreams  
Plague of dreams / Plague of dreams  
Why do you have to wait on the other side  
Of a heart of darkness.  
I don’t understand you.  
You make no sense  
Which tells me our lives stink.  
Life stinks  
Life stinks  
Life stinks  
I say Life stinks.  
It goes on and on for ever in my dreams.  
Plague of dreams... Plague of...

Version taken from *The Final Recordings* (1984)  
Iain Grey (words, music, vocals, bass), Stephen Murphy (guitar), Andrew Grentworth (drums), Steve Edwards (saxophone)

5 Anaesthetic

Down comes the rain for your golden dawn.  
Fifty and impotent, you’ve been forewarned.  
You were always the drunken dissenter.  
That the barmaids viewed with hate: the entertainer.

You and your wife have shared mistrust all your lives.  
Imagine her with your best friend and at it like knives.  
Saliva drips off your chin, in thin clear tubes,  
As your thoughts are wandering to something on the news.

To the driving rain of a November, grey day  
With a sympathy for the dignitary.  
Soaked to the skin to launch a battleship,  
She closes her eyes as the champagne bottle swings  
Smashing on the ship’s hull and foams down the side,  
Like stinking, yellow urine on a piss-stone never dries.

As the anaesthetic fades and tears fill your eyes,  
You think of the people who let you down in your life.  
George Best, Nico and Alex Higgins.  
These are the heroes who take on our dreams.

Now your bottom-lip quivers in a presenile rage,  
As you’re forced to pay for your past mistakes.  
A pitiful old man who falls to the floor.  
You know you’ll never drink in the Crumpsall anymore.

Your enemies outnumber you a million to one  
Your enemies outnumber you a million to one (repeat)  
Drink becomes your refuge.  
A futile ceremony.  
Drink becomes your refuge.  
A futile ceremony.  
A slashed face grimy picture.  
Everyone is stupid but you and me and even we are a bit stupid.  
Down comes the rain for your golden dawn. (repeat)

Version taken from *The Final Recordings* (1984)  
Steve Edwards (words, vocals), Stephen Murphy (music, guitar), Iain Grey (bass), Andrew Grentworth (drums)

6 Clamour Club

I drive the streets alone at night,  
I can not sleep by day.  
I see the results of corruptive force,  
There are no words to say.  
Red lights and steam from the subway,  
The hydrants streams away,  
Pimps sell fourteen-year-old girls,  
There are no words to say, except...

Clamour Club, Clamour Club (repeat)

There’s blood on the seats again,  
This job will not pay.  
When heroin is the source of life,  
There are no words to say.  
Despite the wisdom of powerful men,  
They still don’t live this way.  
Another lie, another vote...  
There are no words to say, except...

Clamour Club, Clamour Club (repeat)

A sudden snap, self-control is lost,  
Shortening the fuse.  
It’s someone’s turn to die tonight,  
I have no words to use, except...

A sudden snap, self-control is lost,  
Shortening the fuse.  
It’s someone’s turn to die tonight,  
I have no words to use, except...

Clamour Club, Clamour Club

Version taken from *Clamour Club Tapes* (1981)  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar),  
Iain Grey (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

7 Creeps in

The children grow with the silent majority,  
Using the gifts they gratefully receive.  
Using the opportunities  
Before the disease creeps in.  
Before the dark messages begin to destroy  
Their world of peace they’re so glad to live in.  
The sad drumbeats of adolescence turn into the  
Solid mass of a dull horde.  
Realisation, salvation, words, realisation,  
Justice in the world.  
Statistics, plastics, spastics.  
Statistics, plastics and spastics.  
No life, no light, the streets in extreme.  
Why care who you’re killing?  
Why care, you’re never the victim.  
The sad drumbeats of adolescence...  
before the disease creeps in.  
The sad drumbeats of adolescence.  
Solid mass,  
Solid mass.  
Listen to the students,  
Listen to our students,  
The students of noise.

Version taken from *The Original Group* (1979-1980)  
Steve Edwards (words, vocals), Stephen Murphy (music, guitar),  
Laura Plant (music, bass), Paul Leadbeater (music, drums)

8 Anthony Perkins

My body tries as best it can,  
To run away from that man.  
I saw the look within his eyes,  
I saw the hate within his eyes.  
The mist is swirling all around,

The rain makes holes in the ground.

Who? Perkins, Perkins, Anthony Perkins.

I saw the light shine from his knife,  
I know he wants to end my life.  
He killed a woman in a shower,  
In a motel, midnight hour.  
I know he wants to end my life,  
Struggle and strife, struggle and strife.

Running, running, running, running.

Who? Perkins, Perkins, Anthony Perkins.

Version taken from *The Original Group* (1979-1980)  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar),  
Laura Plant (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

9 These Days

In an air raid shelter,  
In an area,  
We talked about our mothers,  
We talked about our pasts.

These days people go missing.  
These days are too hard for me.

Go down to the sub world,  
Go and see your despair.  
Tell yourself, if you dare,  
Try to remember when you cared.

The gaps increase,  
Then there are no gaps.

We are being attacked,  
We can not fight back.  
You know what for. (repeat)

Version taken from *These Days* (1979)  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar),  
Laura Plant (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

10 Phone Call from the Future

The clowns were dancing around the body of my closest friend.  
Children kicked and spat and swore at the Ambulance men.  
Vicars retreated back inside their churches as the Police arrived.  
The Sergeant bent forward trying hard to hide the knife he’d found.

Chorus: Phone Call from the Future (repeat four times)

Help was hard to find, the tramp lay bleeding outside the shop.  
The cries of pleasure always drown the moans until they stop.  
Pranksters know the things they need to fake,  
to have a good time.  
I’m left out ‘cos of my accent, living was no plan of mine.

Chorus

Fuck all from the Future – Exit!

Version taken from *The Original Group* (1979-1980)  
Steve Edwards (music, vocals), Stephen Murphy (words, guitar),  
Laura Plant (bass), Paul Leadbeater (drums)

11 Revelations

We are poor, naked and blind.  
All living creatures answer.  
The Elders fall down and worship...  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah  
We are poor, naked and blind.  
All living creatures answer, Amen.

The Elders fall down and worship...  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah  
There are two natures in this world,  
One of Heaven and one of Hell.  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah (repeat)  
There are two natures in this world,  
One of Heaven and one of Hell.  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah (repeat)

They say the world has no truth.  
No moral foundation; No God.  
There is no Law of Creation.  
The cause of birth is lust.  
Firm in this belief...  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah

These dead men who undertake their work of evil,  
As they pray for the destruction of the world.  
We torture our souls with impurity.  
Our delusion is darkness,  
We will be hurled to destruction.  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah (repeat)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no (repeat)  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah (repeat)

The Book of Revelations (repeat 7 times)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no (repeat)  
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah (repeat)

Version taken from *The Final Recordings* (1984)  
Steve Edwards (words, vocals), Stephen Murphy (music, guitar),  
Iain Grey (music, bass), Andrew Glentworth (drums)



Gods Gift started as Steven Edwards, Paul Leadbeater, Stephen Murphy and Laura Plant...  
...and ended as Steven Edwards, Andrew Glentworth, Iain Grey and Stephen Murphy.

Along the way, they were grateful to:  
Roy Bebbington, Paul Adams, Martine (Hilton) Bailey,  
Robert Hall, the late Jeffrey Bridges and Martin Tivnan.

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Ink drawing 'Falling Man' on the album cover by Mike Turner.  
Album artwork by Lucia Palacios.

This LP comes with a DVD of a gig in Rotterdam in 1984,  
the only footage of a Gods Gift live show ever.  
NTSC, region-free.