

EPP ▶ 1



Lazy Days

3.53

Lazy days calling to you
Come out to play
The future lies with you
Now you can be sure love is the cure
What we're searching for
Is to have a jolly good time

Crazy days but you'll get me through
And here I'll stay holdin' on to you
Now you can be sure
Our thoughts unpure
Will unlock the door
And we will have a jolly good time

It can happen in any season
We don't need any reason
To sit around and wait
The world can change in a second so

I find the sunshine beckons me
To open up the gate
And dream and dream

Lazy days don't let them get you down
Wear your smile
I don't want to see you frown
Don't let them get you down

It can happen in any season
We don't need any reason
To sit around and wait
The world can change in a second so
I find the sunshine beckons me
To open up the gate
And dream and dream

Then we will have - a jolly good time





Life Thru a Lens

3.08



Ego A Go Go

3.32



Wake up on Sunday morning
Everything feels so boring
Is that where it ends
Live your life thru a lens

Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black
She shouldn't wear this he shouldn't wear that
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double
measure with friends
Fashion tardis down at Quo Vadis
Who laughs the longest who drives the hardest
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double
measure with friends

Just because I ain't double barrelled
Don't mean I haven't travelled well
Can't you tell!
Oh no it's quite appalling
Your conversation is boring as hell, oh well!

Wake up on Sunday morning
And everything feels so boring
Is that where it ends
With your life thru a lens

And now your boyfriend's suspicious
So go home and wash the dishes
And wash them well so he can't tell

She's looking real drab just out of rehab
I'm talking football she's talking ab fab
Your clothes are very kitch
Just because your daddy is rich
You sound so funny with your voice all plummy
Now your cheque's just bounced better run
to your mummy
And you know it's a class act she'll never
ask for it back

Just because I ain't double barrelled
Don't mean I haven't travelled well
Can't you tell!
Mix with the local gentry and don't crash
Tarquin's Bentley
I'll take the bends with our life thru a lens
You're scared of the poor and needy
Is that why you're all inbreedy?
They're just like you, they need love too

Wake up on Sunday morning
And everything feels so boring
Is that where it ends
With your life thru a lens

And now your boyfriend's suspicious
So go home and wash the dishes
And wash them well so he can't tell

Where were you when you stole my pride
Did you ever get the feeling that
someone died
Hide away in your ivory tower
And cover me in your golden shower
Did I make you laugh when I played the clown
And was I the dog that bit you when you put
it down
Break it nicely break it slow
Break it so I got no place to go
Ego a go go now you've gone solo
Living on a memory
Where've you been lately
And do you still hate me
Could you offer an apology

AAah turn away
AAah fade to grey

Where were you when the party ended
Were you stitching up the wounds
that you thought I need mending
Wonderland has crashed to the ground
The circus has gone all that's left is the clowns
Did I break your heart when I stole your thunder
Was there woodworm in the table your foot
are under
Break it nicely break it slow
Break it so I got no place to go

Ego a go go now you've gone solo
Living on a memory
Now you've gone stately
And yes you do hate me
Could you offer an apology

AAah turn away
AAah fade to grey
AAah I hope you've strayed
AAah and got laid

Ego a go go



Angels

4.24

I sit and wait
Does an angel contemplate my fate
And do they know
The places where we go
When we're grey and old
'cos I've been told
That salvation lets their wings unfold
So when I'm lying in my bed
Thoughts running through my head
And I feel that love is dead
I'm loving angels instead

Chorus
And through it all she offers me protection
A lot of love and affection
Whether I'm right or wrong
And down the waterfall

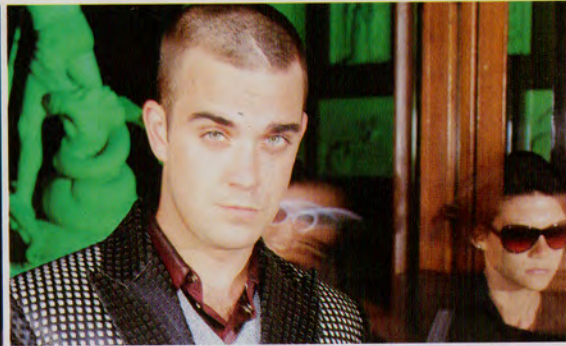
Wherever it may take me
I know that life won't break me
When I come to call she won't forsake me
I'm loving angels instead

When I'm feeling weak
And my pain walks down a one way street
I look above
And I know I'll always be blessed with love
And as the feeling grows
She breathes flesh to my bones
And when love is dead
I'm loving angels instead

Chorus
And through it all she offers me protection
A lot of love and affection

Whether I'm right or wrong
And down the waterfall
Wherever it may take me
I know that life won't break me
When I come to call she won't forsake me
I'm loving angels instead

Repeat chorus



South of the Border

3.53

I know a freaky young lady
Name of Cocaine Katie
She makes my temperature freeze
She's got a blood red powder
When she gives a shout
She'll bring you to your knees

Well we were being clever playing God
games forever
She said she only meant to please
But I'm someone's brother, got a father
and a mother
You know I'm going to have to leave

South of the border
I think you oughta
South of the border
I think you oughta

Chorus
'cos you know you're gonna have to leave
To a place where you can breathe
And you know there's no reprieve

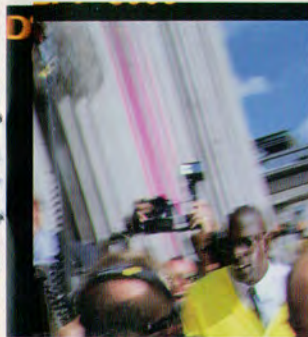
There'll be tears on leaving
But there won't be no grieving
'cos a city soon forgets
To me it's magic
To the landlord it's tragic
He's got another room to let

There'll be the same old faces in the same
old places
Where my youth was well misspent
But I tow the line and move the time
To a town called 'No Regrets'

South of the border
I think you oughta
South of the border
I think you oughta

Chorus
'cos you know you're gonna have to leave
To a place where you can breathe
And you know there's no reprieve

Repeat chorus



Old Before I Die

3.54

She's taking me places
I should never have been
She's showin' me faces
I should never have seen
Well these are strange days
We're livin' in today
C'est la vie I say

I hope I'm old
Before I die
I hope I live to relive
The days gone by
I hope I'm old before I die
But tonight I'm gonna
Live for today
So come along for the ride
I hope I'm old
Before I die

She's not feeling stable
She's unable to breathe
Her heart's beating faster
So I'll ask her to leave
These are strange days
We're livin' in today
Am I straight or gay

I hope I'm old
Before I die

I hope I live to see the day
The Pope gets high
I hope I'm old before I die
Well tonight I'm gonna
Live for today
So come along for the ride
I hope I'm old
Before I die

Well these are strange days
We're livin' in today
C'est la vie I say, I say, I say

I hope I'm old
Before I die
I hope I live to relive
The days gone by
I hope I'm old before I die
But tonight I'm gonna
Live for today
So come along for the ride
I hope I'm old
Before I die
I hope I'm old before
Old before I die
Old before
Old before I die
Old before I die





One of God's Better People

3.33

Let Me Entertain You

4.21

You're one of God's better people
And you don't know
That's why you're special
And I cry so I can talk like this
From my downbeat existence :
And I know that you can make my wish
If my wish is pure

But I don't know
I just don't know
I don't know
Let me love you so

Now I can't live this without you
I'd die without you
Without you, without you

You're one of God's better people
And you don't know
That's why you're special

It must hurt to see your favourite man
Lose himself again and again
And I know that you're my only friend
From way back when

My wish was pure
It was oh so pure
It was pure
I couldn't love you more

Now I can't live this without you
I'd die without you
Without you
Now I can't live this without you
I'd die without you
Without you, without you

And everybody's going to step aside
As you spread your wings and you will fly
And take me to the other side where they know

'cos I don't know no more
I just don't know no more
I don't know
Let me love you so

Now I can't live this without you
I'd die without you
Without you
Now I can't live this without you
I'd die without you
Without you, without you

You're one of God's better people
And you don't know
That's why you're special

Hell is gone and heaven's here
There's nothing left for you to fear
Shake your arse come over here
Now scream
I'm a burning effigy
Of everything I used to be
You're my rock of empathy, my dear

So come on let me entertain you
Let me entertain you

Life's too short for you to die
So grab yourself an alibi
Heaven knows your mother lied
Mon cher
Separate your right from wrongs
Come and sing a different song
The kettle's on so don't be long
Mon cher

So come on let me entertain you
Let me entertain you

Look me up in the yellow pages
I will be your rock of ages
Your see through fads and your crazy phases
yeah
Little Bo Peep has lost his sheep
He popped a pill and fell asleep
The dew is wet but the grass is sweet my dear

Your mind gets burned
With the habits you've learned
But we're the generation that's got to be heard
You're tired of your teachers and your
school's a drag
You're not going to end up like your mum
and dad

So come on let me entertain you
Let me entertain you
Let me entertain you

He may be good he may be outta sight
But he can't be here so come around tonight
Here is the place where the feeling grows
You gotta get high before you taste the lows
So come on

Let me entertain you
Let me entertain you
So come on let me entertain you
Let me entertain you

Come on come on come on come on
Come on come on come on come on
Come on come on come on come on

Repeat



Killing Me

3.56

I don't mind the abuse
It fills in time
When I'm not much use
But it's killing me, killing me slowly

They all say
I'm too restless
But words cut deep
When you're defenceless
And they're killing me, but killing me slowly

There was a time when we were fine
And I could tolerate you
I do believe that you should leave
'cos I've grown to hate you
Should I be weak and turn my cheek
'cos I'm scared to fall
But I just don't know you
And you don't know me at all

I've been told that love's a celebration
But I've lost faith through frustration
And it's killing me, but killing me slowly

You paint my picture black
The joke's on me
And I don't wanna laugh
Remember the good times
Won't you bring them back someday, somehow

I don't mind feeling blue
If I could smile just like you do
And it's killing me, killing me slowly

I can't go on alone
Pretending nothing's wrong
Maybe I just want to belong
Somewhere, somehow, somehow

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...



Clean

3.54

There was a time
When crazy days would start with wine
And now I tow a different line
I stay in bed and use my loaf instead of
my bread
And stroll on 'cos I've been thinking
so long
That something's gonna go wrong
It's gone to my head my vision's all blurred
And my legs feel like lead

But I'm clean yeah
Friends with Mr Sheen yeah
Don't have to wean myself off of nothing
I'm two minutes clean and that's not very often
Stroll on

There was a time
When I would dread what I had said
Waking up in someone's bed
Wondering who I was
Naked and cold
With an ache in my head
And stroll on 'cos I've been thinking so long
That something's gonna go wrong
It's gone to my head my visions all blurred
And my legs feel like lead

But I'm clean yeah
Friends with Charlie Sheen yeah
Gonna meet the Queen yeah
Don't have to wean myself off of nothing
I'm two minutes clean and that's not
very often
Stroll on and on

Clean yeah
Friends with Mr Sheen yeah
Don't have to wean myself off of nothing
I'm two minutes clean and that's not very often
I'm clean yeah
Gonna meet the Queen yeah
I won't be obscene yeah
'cos I'm two minutes clean and that's not
very often
Stroll on and on and on and on and on
Oh yeah



Baby Girl Window

3.16

I've got your rainbows seen your sunbeams
I know a place where heaven breathes
And it's through her window
Your baby girl's window

I know you're happy where you are
Singing to the moon talking to the stars
Through her window
Your baby girl's window

There's finger marks around her soul
But your laughter fills the hole
Through her window
Your baby girl's window

Aaah I wish you would stay
Aaah to see what she made of herself

People say you were gone too soon
I see your face when flowers bloom
Through her window
Your baby girl's window

I'm looking for the words to say
Something to take the pain away
Through her window

Aaah I wish you would stay
Aaah to see what she made of herself



Track

- 1 > 11
- 1 5 6 8
- 1 > 11
- 1 > 3 5 > 7 9 10
- 3
- 2 3 5 > 9
- 1 2 5 6 9 > 11
- 7
- 2 > 5 8 > 11
- 7
- 3 > 5 11
- 2 4 5 7 9 > 11
- 1 > 4 9 10
- 1 4
- 1 2 6 9 10
- 1 6 11
- 1 3 > 5 7 > 10
- 3 4 > 5 8
- 3 4 > 8
- 1 6
- 6
- 3 8
- 4 5
- 4 5
- 2 4 9
- 3 8
- 4 8
- 10
- 7
- 9
- 4
- 1
- 8
- 3
- 8
- 8
- 2
- 5

- Robbie Williams // Vocals
- Robbie Williams // Backing Vocals
- Guy Chambers // Keyboards
- Guy Chambers // Guitar
- Guy Chambers // Backing Vocals
- Phil Eisler // Guitar
- Phil Eisler // Bass
- Phil Eisler // Tom Tom
- Chris Sharrock // Drums
- Chris Sharrock // Snare Drum
- Gary Nuttall // Guitar
- Gary Nuttall // Backing Vocals
- Andre Barreau // Backing Vocals
- Andre Barreau // Guitar
- Steve McEwan // Backing Vocals
- Steve McEwan // Guitar
- Andy Duncan // Percussion
- Steve Power // Programming
- Steve Power // Keyboards
- Geoff Dugmore // Drums
- Geoff Dugmore // Percussion
- Dave Catlin-Birch // Bass
- Dave Catlin-Birch // Backing Vocals
- Mark Smith // Bass
- Mark Smith // Programming
- London Session Orchestra led by Gavin Wright
- Brass led by Steve Sidwell
- Chester Kamen // Guitar
- Martin Slattery // Keyboards
- Smiley // Backing Vocals
- Oscar O'Loughlin // Guitar
- Nicole Patterson // Backing Vocals
- Andy Caine // Backing Vocals
- Beverly Siceete // Backing Vocals
- Claudia Fontaine // Backing Vocals
- Carroll Thompson // Programming
- Steve Bush // Programming
- Kerry Hopwood // Programming
- Steve Sidwell // Trumpet Solo
- Derek Watkins // Backward Cacophony
- Jim Brumby // Harmonica
- Mark Feltham // Harmonica

All songs written by R Williams and G Chambers except # Old Before I Die written by R Williams, E Bazilian, D Child and # Clean written by R Williams, A Genn, R Hawley, M Slattery, P Cook

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 Arranged by Guy Chambers
 Mixed by Steve Power
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 Assistant Engineer Jim Brumby
 Recorded at Matrix Maison Rouge
 Assistant Engineer Matt Hay

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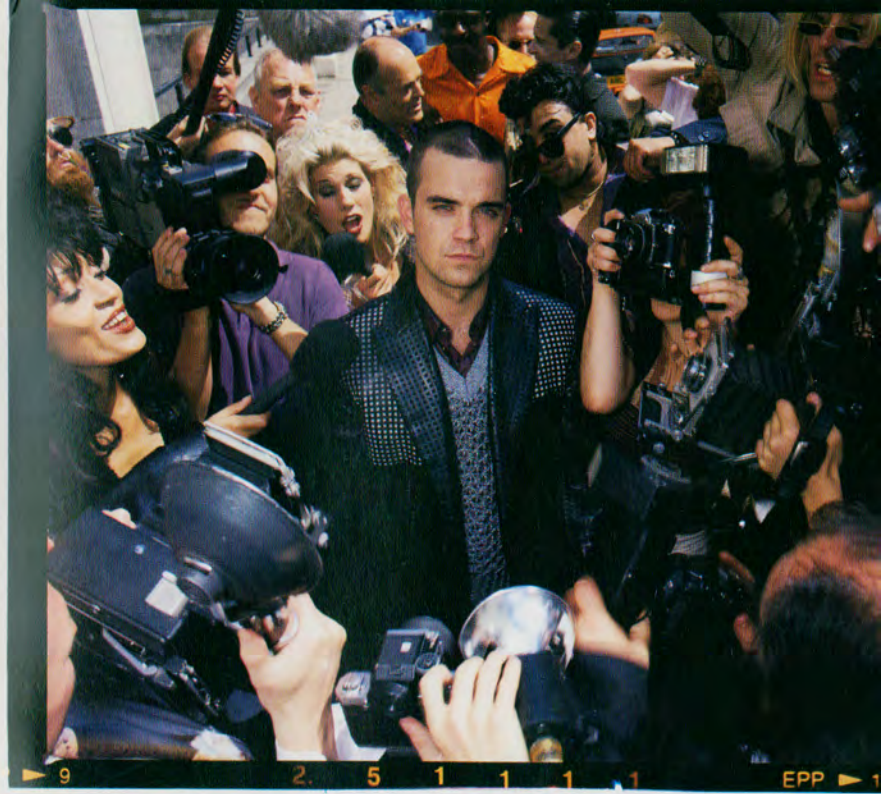
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Art Direction Mat Cook at Intro, London
 Photography Andy Earl

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www.robwilliams.co.uk

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A list of thank yous

Nigel Martin-Smith
I think of you a lot and my past is something I find difficult to accept, especially the part with you in it. You're a very talented man with so much to offer. Go easy on yourself and the people around you.

Gary, Mark, Howard, Jason
Wow what the f---k happened - that was some white knuckle ride. Whatever was said, whatever was done, I'll never forget my four brothers.

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Guy (look what we've created - plenty more where that came from. Thanks for your support). Smiley, Fil, Gary, Martin, Chris Sharrock (your jumper's just asked me if I've got any rizlas), Richard Hawley, Steve Power (for the spiritual warmth and understanding).

I find it difficult to express on paper enough thanks so I'll just say let's get the bastards.

Anyone I've forgotten - the cheque's in the post. Now sit back and relax and let me entertain you!



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