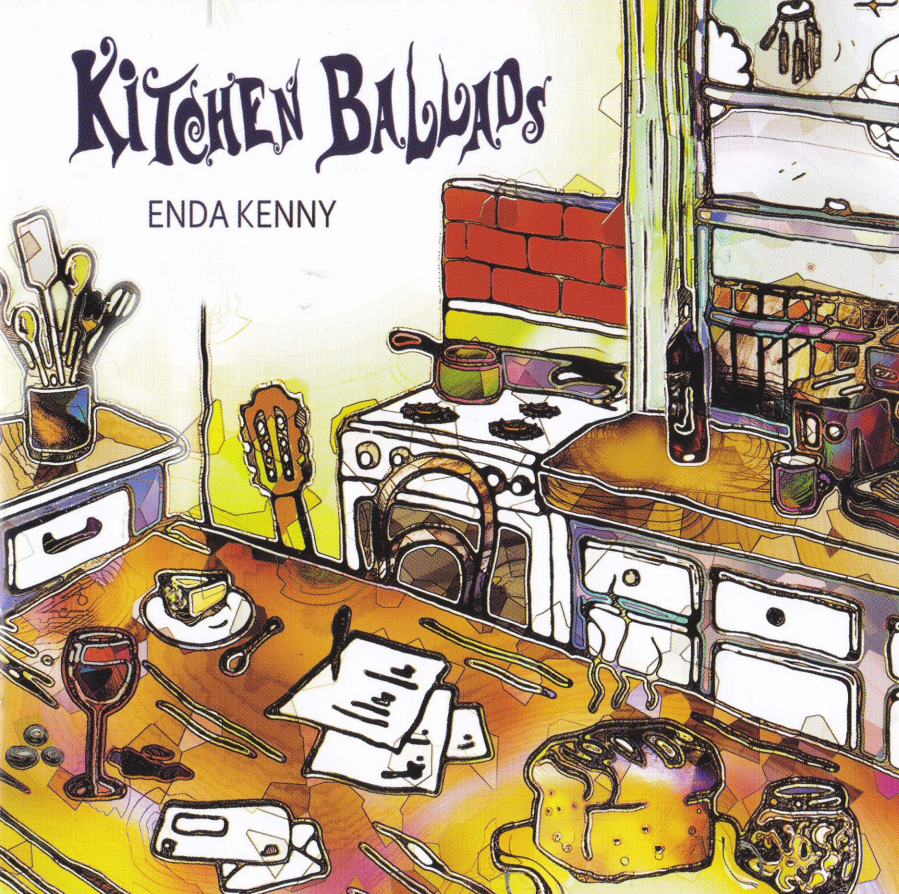


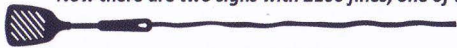
KITCHEN BALLADS

ENDA KENNY



GREEN PARK

*In my 20's I swapped busking pitches down the tube with Alex Legg.
Now there are two signs with £100 fines, one of them obscured by a busker!*



Between two signs, between the Piccadilly and the Victoria Lines
Between these white tiled walls, the curved roof and the ground
When a pound coin falls a busker knows the sound

People are his lifeblood, these tunnels are the veins
Music's the adrenalin that moves them to their trains
With every beat and every rhyme
The passing feet are keeping time
Keeping left like those above
They can hear his song of love

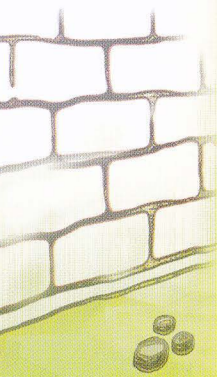
In Green Park - Way down in The Underground
Green Park - In the heart of London Town

A penny for your thoughts
Before inflation you might say
In for a penny, in for a pound
He'll keep playing anyway

In Green Park - Way down in The Underground
Green Park - In the heart of London Town

In Green Park...

Between two signs, between the Piccadilly and the Victoria Lines
Between these white tiled walls, the curved roof and the ground
When a pound coin falls a busker knows the sound



CATCH ME A CLOUD

True story. Virgin flight.



"Can you catch me a cloud" said the boy in the seat next to me
He must have been two and a half, that's going on three...

"Can you catch me a cloud", said he

And I looked at the cotton wool clouds, they were passing below
Said "I would if I could, but I can't open that window"
He said "I know"

"You could catch me a cloud if you open that door over there!"
"Not allowed to" said I, "when we're up in the sky, not allowed when we're up in the air"
He said "not fair"

And a steward was passing by, just an average kind of guy
I can't believe what he did for that kid, it still brings a tear to my eye

For when he returned with a coffee cup between his hands
One hand on the bottom, one hand on the top
He reached our row and he came to a stop

Then he lifted his top hand and said to the boy "Look inside!
I've caught you a cloud, now it's got to go back outside"
Then he disappeared with that cup of dry ice, I gave him a thumbs up and I whispered, "Nice"
What a marvellous thing to do, made that little boy's mum pretty happy too

So when you finish your coffee the next time you're up in the air
Imagine a cloud swirling round in your cup
'Cause this really happened, it isn't made up
The boy got his cloud and I got a story to share - on a discount fare!

"Can you catch me a cloud" said the boy in the seat next to me...



DAVY

*For my mate Brocky whose determination
to recover from his stroke is inspiring.*

Davy doesn't know your name but he still gets music
All the words are still the same inside his head
Davy says the lad's been in, you know, you remember him
What's his face, that guy
I don't ask why

There's before and there is after this is now
Tears will turn to laughter anyhow

Davy doesn't know your name, you might know his
Things will never be the same, that's how it is

There is now and nothing after when you're gone
It's in other people's memory you live on
But for now you might as well live in your own
You won't remember half the names you've known

Davy doesn't know your name but he still gets music
All the words are still the same inside his head
Davy says the lad's been in, you know, you remember him
What's his face, that guy
I don't ask why

Davy doesn't know your name
Davy doesn't know your name
Davy doesn't know your name
But he still gets music

LONG MILE ROAD

*First recorded on cassette in 1990.
Back by popular request or in a word, nagging.*



Forgive me if I can't recall just where it was we met
It's faces I remember, just the places I forget
I'd like to ask you how you've been if you could stay a while
We can talk of all the things you've seen and walk with me a mile

Along a stretch of coastline where we'll hear the gannets cry
And the cormorant bobs up and down beneath a changing sky
Where the wind will whistle through you, the spray will sting your face
Let's walk a mile while we are both together in one place

So many times I've wished that I could say I knew you well
But your name it still escapes me and I know that you can tell
But hey! What does it matter if we don't remember names
If we could walk a mile together, we'd still be the same

Along a stretch of coastline where we'll hear the gannets cry...

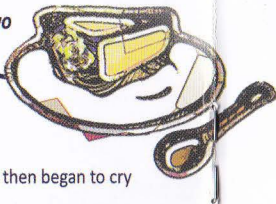
I've got no head for names and places, never cared for airs and graces
Still I find familiar faces everywhere I go
They walk the Long Mile Road with me, the road that sets my spirit free
Where we can listen to the sea, that's where I want to go

Along a stretch of coastline where we'll hear the gannets cry...

Along a stretch of coastline where we'll hear the gannets cry...

THE CHEESECAKE SONG

From Ben Sands in Newry - who else could put those two words next to each other and get away with it?



In the corner of a café
With a coffee, killing time
And a second-hand newspaper
Someone had left behind
Perusing some old story
That had bored me twice before
When I saw you through the headlines
As you walked in through the door
Well, my heart began a beating
Like a hundred conga drums
And the muffin I was eating
Scattered in a spray of crumbs
When you walked up to my table
And you said "Is this place free?"
I mumbled "Yes"
And spilled my cup of coffee round my knee

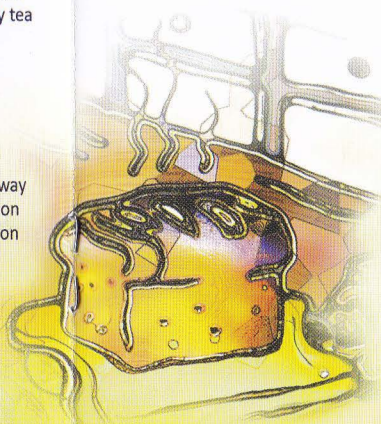
Come here 'til I tell ya
There's something about ya
You make me feel like no-one's
Ever made me feel before
I can't even thinka
'Bout living without ya
And I knew it from the minute
That you walked in through the door

Well, I ordered two more coffees
And you sat down with a sigh
You seemed so sad and lonely and then began to cry
And I became all flustered
And I tried to dry your tears
With a hankie from my pocket
That had been there several years
You told me your sad story, you described your life to me
As you ate the piece of cheesecake I was saving for my tea
By the time it was finished you had me in your spell
And cheesecake notwithstanding
I'd have followed you to Hell

Come here 'til I tell ya...

We chatted on together for an hour or two that day
Then quickly as you came to me you quietly slipped away
You told me you'd be back again next Tuesday afternoon
But seven Tuesdays later I stir memories with this spoon
You meet so many people and remember very few
Just the ones who touch your heart
And remind yourself of you
So I sit here in the café and behold the trouser stain
With the cheesecake in my pocket
Just in case you come again!

Come here 'til I tell ya...
Come here 'til I tell ya...



MICHAEL

For Michael Kennedy.

You can find his music at www.michaekennedy.com.au

He was a country boy with an Irish name
Lived out west of Melbourne where we settled when we came
He played guitar left-handed, played it very well
If you'd ever heard him singing you could always tell

He was in service to the story at the heart of every song
He'd always get you listening, you might even sing along
A quiet man with gentle words that stayed with you all day
If you'd ever heard him singing, you'd know why people say...

They walk among us, They walk among us
Even if it's only for a while
They walk among us, They walk among us
And every time I think of him I smile

Heavy hearts still beating, friends are feeling sad
In time we will be thankful for the moments that we had
The songs we sang together, the joy that they still bring
Not everyone can say they heard an angel sing

They walk among us, They walk among us...

They walk among us, They walk among us...

He was a country boy with an Irish name

VIGIL

*For Eurydice Dixon, Jill Meagher and women everywhere.
And for all the men who need to hear it.*

It was half an hour of silence on a Melbourne winter's night
No Telephone, No "How's it goin'?" in a sea of candlelight
On a darkened muddy soccer field down the road from Prinny Hill
We came for women everywhere and for Eurydice and Jill

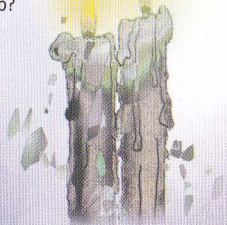
Some were carrying a bouquet or a dog upon a lead
You could hear a baby crying, she answered everybody's need
We saw the blue rings of Rialto in a city standing still
Something's gotta' change for Eurydice and Jill

A few drinks on a Friday or a Tuesday gig downtown
It should be everybody's right to not be taken down

Still we blame it on the Psychos and the victims after dark
We only see it when it happens on Sydney Road and Princes Park
Guys don't want to talk about it, don't want to lift that lid
Another week, another woman, you know it's time we did

We're at the centre of this story, though it's not every man, that's true
What makes us think we have the right to do the things we do?
And that includes doing nothing 'til it's a mountain not a hill
We can be stronger than that for Eurydice and Jill

A few drinks on a Friday...



PENESTANAN

*Just out of Ubud - an idyllic writing week.
juicecreativ.com*

Frangipani begging for a breeze
Geckoes playing chasey up the wall
Bike pedal barstools and Bintang
Penestanan, Penestanan

Wealthy Europeans buying stone
Beggar in a doorway all alone
Million for a hundred, hand-to-hand
Penestanan, Penestanan

Bipping motorcycles all day long
"Taxi. For tomorrow?" like a song
Honey roasted cashews in a can
Penestanan, Penestanan

Words are falling down like monsoon rain
Stuff I never knew was in my brain
Beneath this mozzie net and fan
Penestanan, Penestanan

Frangipani begging for a breeze
Geckoes playing chasey up the wall
Bike pedal barstools and Bintang
Penestanan, Penestanan

Wealthy Europeans buying stone
Beggar in a doorway all alone
Million for a hundred, hand-to-hand
Penestanan, Penestanan

LETTERS

I can still smell the Brasso!

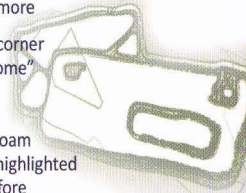
Remember we used to write letters
In the days before instant reply
We'd wait in the hall for the postman to call
And sigh when he'd cycle on by
We'd polish the brass on that little rectangle
That covered the hole in the door
Now the inbox is what the letterbox was
And no-one writes letters no more

The thrill of the stamp in the corner
The circular date that said "home"
Handwriting you knew
Someone thinking of you
As you travelled far over the foam
Now we click on a line that's highlighted
'til it fades like a thousand before
And it just doesn't get me excited
'Cause no-one writes letters no more

The radio plays Mr Postman and Return to Sender, it's true
But I can't remember the last time I got a letter from you

My envelopes, they've all got windows
I pay when the red one comes through
So I'm writing these lines to remember old times
When you'd write and I'd write back to you
I could sit right down and write one to myself
And make believe that it came from somebody else

The radio plays Mr Postman...



STUMBLING INTO LOVE

*Egan's Kitchen in Bendigo,
Colum and Barbara's in Rostrevor
and Mirjam's in Denholm.*



I stumbled into love the way that people do
When they've been a little careless
And you know they've had a few
Didn't look where I was going
It hit me right between the eyes
I stumbled into love
Surprise Surprise

I stumbled into love, I didn't have a plan
I used to be so careful, I walked before I ran
Well I must have let my guard down
Not quite sure what happened there
I stumbled into love
It was an accident I swear

And all the old excuses
Don't necessarily apply
When you're powerless and useless
No use to sit and wonder why
You never know when it will find you
You never know when it might leave
All I know is it can blind you
So I stumble and believe

I stumbled into love the way that people do...

SIMPLE WORDS

*In between the Bintangs at
Made's Warung, Penestanan.*



Simple words are all you need
And you only need a few
It doesn't really matter
If they've got more than you
It's not what you say

And simple things are all you need
And you only need a few
It doesn't really matter
If they've got more than you
It's not what you've got

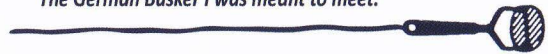
And simple ways are all you need
And you only need a few
When you add it all up my friend
One and one make two
One and one make two

It's not what you say
It's not what you've got
It's what you do
It's what you do

Simple words are all you need

GANDHI'S WORDS

*From Glencree in 1978 to Santiago de Compostella in 2015.
I'm a Words Man. Gandhi and Luther King said it best.
The German Busker I was meant to meet.*



In the Pilgrim Square, there's a statue there
Hands held in prayer in the Pilgrim Square

In the Pilgrim Square, a familiar face
From a different place in the Pilgrim Square

Flowing robes as white as snow
Little rounded glasses on a face I know

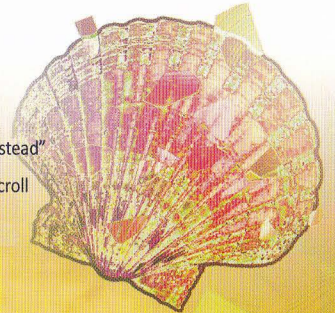
In the Pilgrim Square, but for a blinking eye
I'd see Gandhi there and I'd walk on by

I dropped a coin to take a photograph
Then a finger moved and it made me laugh

He beckoned me toward him and he said
"Hablas Español or would you prefer English instead"

He reached into his pocket, gave to me a tiny scroll
Gandhi's words of wisdom speaking to my soul

Tomorrow depends on what you do today
Tomorrow depends on what you do today
Tomorrow depends
Tomorrow depends
Tomorrow depends



MUSIC IN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE

From the Sands Family, Home for Christmas album. And for my musical brothers and sisters, Uncle Enda, and everyone else who came for a feed and sang their heads off.

There were wind chimes in the window, bells inside the clock
An organ in the corner, tunes in the music box
We sang when we were cooking or working in the yard
We sang although our lives were really hard

'Cause there was music in my mother's house
There was music all night long
There was music in my mother's house
And my heart still sings that song

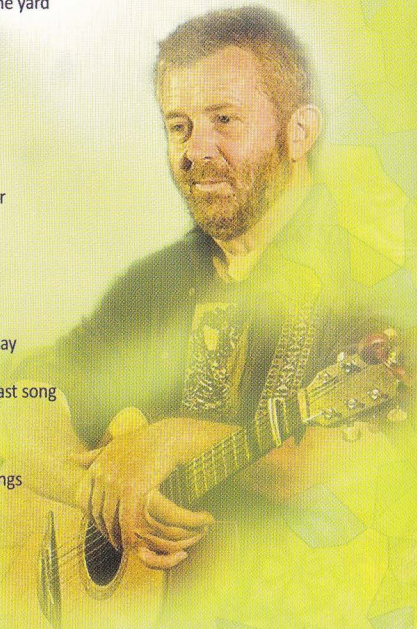
She taught us all piano, my sister had the ear
She could play a harmony to any tune she'd hear
I was just a little boy, how I loved to play
And I hope I will until my dying day

'Cause there was music in my mother's house...
La da dah, La da dah ...

Those days come back so clearly now I'm far away
She gave me the kind of gift I love to give away
And when my mother died and she'd sang her last song
We sat up in the parlour singing all night long

Singing la da dah, la da dah
Singing some sad songs, trad songs and mad songs
La da dah, La da dah
Singing the songs to send her home

'Cause there was music in my mother's house...



1. GREEN PARK	2.10	All songs written by Enda Kenny © & ® (APRA/AMCOS)
2. CATCH ME A CLOUD	3.52	except for Track 5 - Ben Sands (PRS) and Track 13 - Stuart Stotts
3. DAVY	2.32	<i>(Published by Santa Barbara Music - #SBMP880).</i>
4. LONG MILE ROAD	3.59	
5. THE CHEESECAKE SONG	4.41	Enda Kenny - Vocals & Guitar
6. MICHAEL	3.17	Dave O'Neill - Mandolin, Guitars & Fiddle
7. VIGIL	3.45	Mandy Connell & Khristian Mizzi - Backing Vocals
8. PENESTANAN	4.10	Nicolas Lyon - Viola & Fiddle on Track 10
9. LETTERS	3.24	Jen Hawley - Guitar on Track 10
10. STUMBLED INTO LOVE	4.00	Silas Palmer - Piano on Track 13
11. SIMPLE WORDS	2.57	Recorded, mixed and mastered by Mark Woods
12. GANDHI'S WORDS	3.51	at Bald Hill Studios, Carisbrook, Victoria.
13. MUSIC IN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE	4.08	Original artwork and CD layout by Tracey Roberts.
		Photograph of Enda Kenny by Trevor Pearson.
		Special thanks to Julie Boffa for her encouragement
		and generosity.
Total playing time	47.22	



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