

A hand is shown in a white, chalk-like outline against a bright yellow background. The hand is open, palm up, and holding several pills: two red, two pink, and two black. The overall style is artistic and expressive.

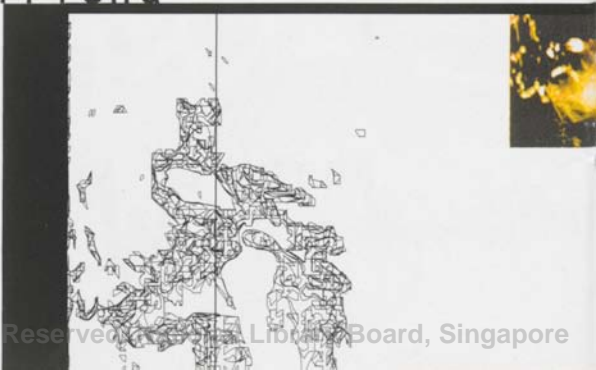
Whatever you  
*ARNiB* **want.**

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intro  
alien freakshow  
come fly with me  
saravejo  
cinderella

song for rebecca

high (live)  
fuschia  
demure  
imaginary friend



(words/music: caleb)

# intro

## alien freakshow

(words/music: caleb)

phantom figures lurking down the corridors  
charlie's creatures peering out behind the walls  
anna's angels descending from above  
mr. sandman has something up his glove

chorus: it's an alien freakshow - on a jukebox  
it's a broken window - on a stopped clock  
and we're blinded by our madness and our rage  
undecided by a broken heritage

masquerading clowns in dressed down overalls  
crowds of people in overcrowded malls  
buy a collared shirt for jimmy's little boy  
buy a little boy for jimmy's little toy

condescending fools all pleased about their work  
half crazed warriors all made to go berserk  
tin soldiers all brought back to life  
alien freakshow only runs from nine to five



girl take my hand and i'll bring you for  
the ride of your life you've never been  
just hold on close and i'll promise you  
i'll take you places you've never seen

i'll take you to another place  
a beautiful planet amidst the stars

we'll be in another galaxy  
we'll be where no one else can see

chorus: come fly with me  
up where we'll be  
just you and me  
where we'll be free

## come fly with me

(words: caleb music: alan, chang jim, caleb, wayne)

girl take my hand  
cos i understand  
you're heaven sent  
together we can

i'll take you to another place  
we'll have an intergalactic race  
i'll fly you to jupiter, the moon and mars  
and we'll soar through space oh so fast

we'll spend every night and day  
just walking on the milky way

feed the kids in sarajevo  
stop cain from killing abel  
so insane that you're not stable  
perspiration from your labour

in a fit of disillusion  
suffering from disenchantment  
madness is an understatement  
stop it all it needs no reason

shelter: to hide us from the storm  
help her: just keep her safe and warm  
mother: i need your loving touch  
doctor: don't make it hurt so much

wicked bullets all aflyng  
crazy men just keep on killing  
there's no way to stop this fighting  
there's no way to stop this fighting

can't you see we're suffering  
see we're labouring  
see we're dying  
is there nothing you can do

# sarajevo

(words/music: caleb)



# cinderella

(words/music: caleb)

jester...where are your friends  
have they disappeared without a trace  
laughter...where is your brand  
has the smile you smiled come off your face

don't put me in a straitjacket  
i'm not crazy, i'm not mad  
don't put me in a life jacket  
let me die let me drown real bad  
am i dancing with a GHOST  
dancing in MOROSE

joker...where are your tricks  
is there really something up your sleeve  
impostor...release my crucifix  
your leaving wouldn't really make me grieve

am i dancing with a GHOST  
dancing in MOROSE

cinderella, precious feather  
you're the sunshine of my life  
don't you worry, later maybe  
your chance to shine has not yet arrived

jester...where are your friends  
have they disappeared without a trace  
laughter...where is your brand  
has the smile you smiled come off your face

am I dancing with a GHOST  
dancing in MOROSE  
dancing in MOROSE  
dancing with a GHOST  
dancing with a GHOST  
dancing with a GHOST  
dancing with a GHOST

(words/music: caleb)

# song FOR REBECCA

we could go to madam wong's  
if there's something wrong  
with him and you now  
we could go see mister heng  
if you'd like to think  
about the two of us  
we could try to fall in love just like the way  
we used to do before

we could sing a song of sixpence  
we could think about making amends  
we could fly with peter pan  
we could live with alice in wonderland  
we could make believe we're in a story book a fairy tale  
we'll make it look..so real..

you could break my heart a million times...I don't mind  
you could say the two of us are...one of a kind  
you could wish upon a star and hoped it came true  
you could make me feel like i was lost in you  
it's completely new

you could make me walk around  
you could take your time to look me up and down  
you could make me feel so sad  
you could make me feel so bad  
about all the times and memories  
we've ever shared before

are you a pawn of prophecy  
are you a magic legacy  
are you a queen of sorcery  
this is my song for becky (my song for becky)



high  
(live)

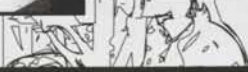
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caleb eugene



matthew wayne



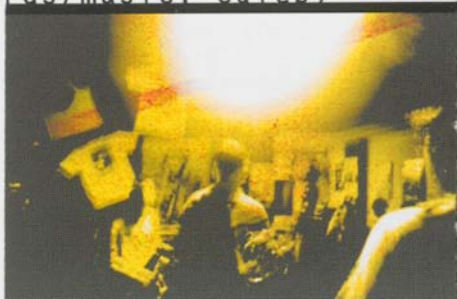
# fuschia (words/music: caleb)

i want to...be free  
i want to...be me  
i wish that...i could  
i wish that...i would

i'll stick around...to see how you do  
i'll lie around...and i'll be your fool  
i'll hang around...it just sounds so cool  
i'll be around...

i live in...my world  
he lives in...his girl  
i'm battered...you're bruised  
he's simply...amused

i'll stick around...to see how you do  
i'll lie around...and i'll be your fool  
i'll hang around...it just sounds so cool  
i'll be around...



# demure (words/music: caleb)

contraceptive hit, misbelieving bit  
won't you stay with me, won't you play with me

lights up on the street, say again repeat  
bashed down broken door, dirty little whore

and when our worlds collide  
and when the noise subsides  
i'll play an overture  
so loud and yet demure

(so are you happy now)  
(will you be gone somehow)  
(i want to give somemore)  
(the feeling's just so raw)

detrimental love, subterranean mirth  
superseded fad, misconceived and bad

shamed and overwhelmed, bored and so uncharmed  
put her off to sleep, try not to weep



(words: caleb music: alvin, caleb)  
**imaginary friend**

you can walk with him  
you can talk with him  
in your world of make believe  
in your world of make believe

you can confide in him  
you'll share your dreams with him  
he's your imaginary friend  
in your realm of let's pretend

don't you wish you had someone to talk to  
don't you wish you had a friend  
and you look around to see if anyone's listening  
it's a wound you just can't mend

and you gaze upon the stars  
and you wish he wasn't far  
you close your eyes and pray  
watch your hope turn to dismay

don't you wish you had someone to talk to  
don't you wish you had a friend  
and you look around to see if anyone's listening  
it's a wound you just can't mend

close your eyes and sleep  
close your eyes and sleep  
close your eyes and sleep  
close your eyes and sleep



# vARNish thanks<sup>(in no order of merit)</sup>:

God, "Ah Boy" from TNT, Gurmit, Chloe, Marq, Rebecca, Gracie, Wan from Dyfectra, Doubting Jeremiah (excluding the vain frontman!!!), James from Rocket Queen, Elvin from Crop Circles, Mervyn from Overture, Steven from Roomful of Blues, everyone at The Mastering Suite, Richard, Alvin, Chang Lim, Lee, Wendy, Jaki, everyone at the School of Ammo CAI (cum and idle) centre and every jamming studio in Singapore for somehow putting up with our lateness...and whoever buys this CD!!!

## caleb

expresses his gratitude to:

God for strength and inner peace, my mum and dad for raising me and tolerating my noise levels, Wayne for playing drums non-stop and dissing my voice, Matthew for always changing my song titles and dissing my voice, Eugene for always listening to my songs, Rebecca for inspiration on songs, the Heng family for using their surname in SFR and dinners in Sin Ming, bunk mates in SOCE for tolerating with my rantings, Chloe for being my 1900 number and the best web-page designer, Gurmit for cool photographs and saying i sound like a faggot, Gracie for being so supportive, Sandra for ice-creams at Siglap, Esprit for free nail polish, Coffee Club X'press for us to have coffees on Saturday Nights, Thom Yorke, Daniel Johns and TyrEhc for simply being ChERYL.

## Matthew

wishes to thank and dedicate this album to the following:

To the Good Shepherd, to my mum (for tolerating & supporting my musical endeavours), to Gracie (for introducing me to Caleb, literally), to NTU, to Billy Corgan, to the chauffeur who dislikes being called 'chauffeur', to all the bands vARNish has done gigs with, to Coffee Club X'press, to vARNish's Toyota, to Farizwan (again, for all that gig planning efforts) and to the cosmetics counter at Takashimaya, also not forgetting belac, Dilbert and theogre for a wonderful year of friendship, camaraderie, late Saturday nights and flagrant chick-spotting. Someone oughtta write a biography of all this 10 years down the road, y'know...

## Eugene

would like to thank:

God, mum, dad, Jinyu, my beautiful girlfriend, as well as all those who helped and supported the band in one way or another (you know who you are!!!):

# Wayne

has been obligated to thank:

MUM and Dad for their patience and support. My sisters, Jacqueline for her understanding and belief in me, and Esther - for the wonderful fist-fights and squabbings...My co-conspirators -- the guys in the band. Alvin, for rekindling my interests in jamming after a long lay-off, My bmt friend, the late Kenneth Se (1978-1999)..you are gone but not forgotten, Weijie (for his great record collection), Lester, Roy for their friendships and undying support for vARnish, and being great footballing pals (together with Quek, Guan2, Aldric)..The great crew at CAI/SOA...for always singing "wank, wank, wank" to the tune of star wars to spite me, esp. GURMIT for his experimental photography and unrelentless drive to promote the band, MARQ for the design execution, Andre for "hand-modelling", Chen for being the "SLACKER" ...and all the instructors at SOA..And thanks to all the bands I've always listened to...ATR, Apexh Twin, Sonic Youth, Skinny Puppy..

No thanks: the most annoying, loud, vomit-inducing -- CLICKER

## vARnish are:

- caleb lye - lead vocals and rhythm guitars
- matthew tan - lead guitars and back-up vocals
- eugene wong - bass
- wayne cheong - drums and percussion

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Visit the vARnish webpage at:  
<http://home.onlinerock.com/musicians/varnish/>

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VARNish

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