

A hand is shown from the palm side, holding several pills. The hand is rendered in a stylized, high-contrast manner with white outlines and black shadows against a bright yellow background. The pills are a mix of red and pink colors. The overall composition is dynamic and visually striking.

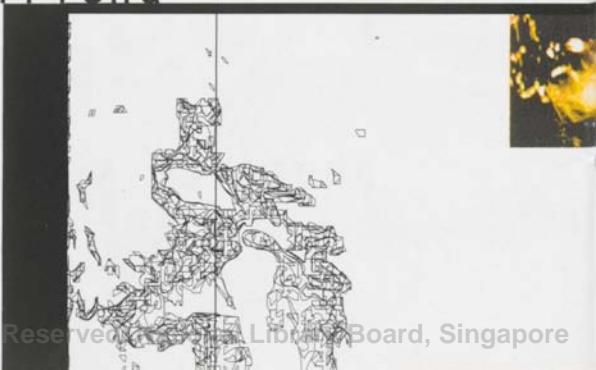
Whatever you
ARNi **want.**

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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
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)

(words/music: caleb)

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caleb

eugene



matthew

wayne



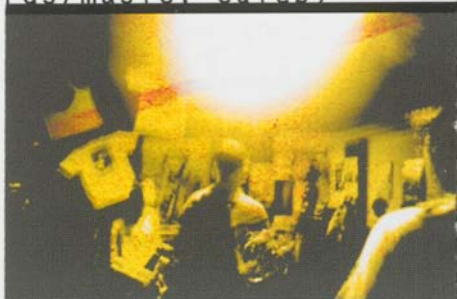
fuschia (words/music: caleb)

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^(in no order of merit):

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:
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3. come fly with me
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5. cinderella
6. song for rebecca
7. high (live)
8. fuschia
9. demure
10. imaginary friend



vARnIsh

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