



**MATTHEWS
SOUTHERN
COMFORT
LIKE A RADIO**

LIKE A RADIO

I nearly fell down tonight
When you said she's
She's just a rock and
With her circles and
She's such a night
With her banter
All she ever says
And you can't

I know you
I she with
opie

ONE
CME
But
D
Y

THE THOUGHT POLICE

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Bart Jan Baartmans
(Buma- Stemra)

I am a simple man
I have no hidden powers
I'm just the same as my reflection
I take life as it falls
Determination stalls
I still have faith in my direction
I still have faith in my direction

You want to find the cause
Knowing i have my doubts
That we can get there through insistence
It's tough i know it is
Imperfect, hit and miss
Along the path of least resistance
Along this path of least resistance

Here come the thought police
Distorting everything
They're gonna make you sing
They're gonna meddle in your business
Here come the thought police
They're gonna make you squirm
Leaving no stones unturned
There`s gonna be no silent witness

Some days we overflow
Caught in the undercurrents
No way to still the idle chatter

But we share the deeper things
That honesty can bring
Where love and trust are really all that matter
Where love and trust are all that matter

Here come the thought police
Distorting everything
They're gonna make you sing
They're gonna meddle in your business
Here come the thought police
They're gonna make you squirm
Leaving no stones unturned
There's gonna be no silent witness

I am a simple man
I have no hidden virtues
I am the same as my reflection
I take life as it falls
Determination stalls
I still have faith in my direction
I still have faith in my direction



LIKE A RADIO

Words: Iain Matthews, Clive Gregson (Gregsongs BMG) //
Music: Iain Matthews

I nearly fell down laughing
When you said, she's like a saint
She's just a rock and roll survivor
With her clichés and her paint
She's such a righteous holy roller
With her sweetness and her light
All she ever seems to do is whet your appetite.
And you can't do wrong, for doing right

I know you've tried your best to claim her
But she was having none of that
Never open to persuasion.
And you could not find the cracks
You think she's oh so incorruptible, a visual delight
All she ever talks about is fighting the good fight
And you can't do wrong, for doing right

She'll try to run
But you won't let go
She leads you on just like a gigolo
She fills you up, until you overflow
Then she turns you down, like a radio oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh

She wears that stain proof reputation
Like a fence around her heart

She's saving for that perfect day, to play the perfect part
And to think you almost measured up
To all she had in mind
She's got you hook, line and sinker
Well, almost, but not quite
And you can't do wrong, for doing right.

She'll try to run
But you won't let go
She leads you on just like a gigolo
She fills you up, until you overflow
Then she turns you down, like a radio oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh

I wish you'd just forget her
Try to focus on the light
She's such a permanent distraction
An emotional parasite
She's Joan of Arc and Guinevere
All twisted into one
All she ever seems to do is keep you hanging on
And you can't do right, for doing wrong

She'll try to run
But you won't let go
She leads you on just like a gigolo
She fills you up, until you overflow
Then she turns you down, like a radio oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh

THE AGE OF ISOLATION

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Iain Matthews,
Eric de Vries (Buma- Stemra)

False trail blues

As far as I can gather, nothing seems to matter

But that telephone's vibration

Welcome to the age of isolation

False trail blues

False trail blues

I try to sleep but sleep won't come

I'm tighter than a cocktail drum

Vibrating with the hum of my imagination

I just can't see a way back home

I'm wrestling with the status quo

And all we've learned and all we know is my salvation

There's got to be some kind of fix

If we could only find the love in it

As I think about how cash is the new rock of ages

We hardly talk or read a book

We just obsess about the way we look

And I cannot find an easy way to turn these pages

False trail blues

As far as I can gather, nothing seems to matter

But that telephone's vibration

Welcome to the age of isolation

False trail blues

False trail blues

We we're on the edge of something new

I'm wondering what it was we thought we knew

Now that truth sweeping down on you

And getting closer

We overflow with discontent

Like it's some kind of happy accident

When it's all about that past due rent

We never owed you

They say all the things we love to hate

Will eventually evaporate

And I'm tired but so wide awake in anticipation

I know there's goodness in the soul of man

A goodness we can't fully understand

And I'm reeling as I make my plans

To meet you at the station

False trail blues

As far as I can gather, nothing seems to matter

But that telephone's vibration

Welcome to the age of isolation

False trail blues

Nothing seems to matter

It's all about the data

And that telephone's vibration

We're living in the age of isolation

False trail blues

False trail blues

False trail blues

BITS AND PIECES

Words & Music: Iain Matthews

I kinda like this town, but I'm not sure I can live in it
Let me show you around, it's a jungle out here isn't it!
Been down, lost and found
If you'd asked me I'd have given you the bits and pieces
All the little bits and pieces

I've tried to picture my life,
but I'm not sure how to look at it
I've backed down, swallowed my pride
Just to see what's at the root of it
I'm sharp as a kitchen knife
But I'm oh such an idiot for bits and pieces
Tiny little bits and pieces

I've got to open my eyes and see what's in front of me
Glow like a firefly, sting like a honey bee
I've got no alibi and I don't wanna be in bits and pieces
Many little bits and pieces

Sticks and stones may break my bones
But words they'll bounce right off me
Time may find me all alone
When this town's had enough of me.

I kinda like this town but I love my peace and solitude
I will figure it out and I'll do what I've gotta do
I felt it dragging me down

Well you would though, wouldn't you
All the little bits and piece
Tiny little bits and pieces
Many little bits and pieces
Bits and pieces



DARCY FARROW

Words & Music: Steve Gillette, Tom Campbell. //
(Compass Rose Music, BMI / Rumpole Dimple Music, BMI)

Where the Walker runs down to the Carson valley plain
There lived a maiden Darcy Farrow was her name
The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she
The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

Her voice was as sweet as the sugar candy
Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down
Her eyes shone bright as the city lights
That shine in the night out of Yerington town

She was courted by young Van der Meer
And quite handsome was he that I hear
He brought her silver rings and lacy things
And she promised to wed before the snows fell that year

But her pony did stumble and she did fall
Her dying touched the hearts of us one and all
Young Vandy in his pain, put a bullet in his brain
We buried them together as the snows began to fall

They sing of Darcy Farrow
where the Truckee runs through
They sing of her beauty in Virginia city too
At dusky sundown to her name they drink a round
And to young Vandy, who's love was so true

Where the Walker runs down to the Carson valley plain
There lived a maiden Darcy Farrow was her name
The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she
The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

CRYSTALS ON THE GLASS

Words & Music: Isain Matthews

I've been gazing at the future
Sifting through the past for clues while
Distant memories blaze like fireflies
Swarming thick and fast, then fading
Swarming thick and fast

I've been dreaming where life takes us
When that die is cast it feels like
Icy fingers up my backbone
Crystals on the glass
They move like crystals on the glass

I've been wondering 'bout tomorrow
How those fragile wings will open
Snakes and ladders, broken bottles
Who can know such things,

I've been spinning round in circles
Trying to understand that life is
Blazing fireflies, icy fingers
Crystals on the glass,
It moves like crystals on the glass
It feels like crystals on the glass

BEEN DOWN SO LONG

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Iain Matthews,
Egbert Derix (Eggy D music)

When they swarmed upon our beaches
They lit a beacon on our shores
While they showed the hand of kindness
Had their eyes on so much more
They taught us how to load the musket
How to rein the horse
Why we should speak to just one God
And that's their God, of course
Now the ochre and the crimson flutters
Gently in the breeze
It was Cortez and the tall ships finally
Brought us to our knees

Now we've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long
We're gonna set our demons free
Oh we've been down so long
We've been down so long
We've been down so long
It looks like up to me

By the light at Florence and Normandy
We pulled him from his cab
Like a plague of swarming locust
On some poor white trucker scab
While some of us had tyre jacks

Some of us used bricks
And we brought down our thunder on
That racist cracker hick
They said we did it out of hatred
Out of inhumanity
But we did it in the name of
Brother Rodney you and me.

Now we've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long
We're gonna set our demons free
Oh we've been down so long
We've been down so long
We've been down so long
It looks like up to me

You say trust gives power to reason
Before reason turns to doubt
If time is an illusion
Why does time keep running out
And if love is unconditional
If love's an open door
Why can't we open up
C'mon let's open up
And let that spirit soar

Haim said to Caleb
Come, let's start a holy war
We'll unleash a reign of terror,
The likes they've never seen before
Come now, help me drive the unbelievers
From our promised land
We must protect our birthright Caleb
I shall take command
Til we're no longer persecuted
Until everyone can see
In the future, in our holy book
They'll speak of you and me

That we've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long
We're gonna set our demons free
We've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long It looks like up to me
We've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long
We're gonna set our demons free
We've been down so long
Down so long
We've been down so long It looks like up to me



JIVE PYJAMAS

Words & Music: Iain Matthews

Nose up, wheels down, coasting into Angel town
Far as the eye can see an ocean of humanity
So tired, for God's sake, adrenalin, keeps me awake
It's Springtime, 73, I'm changing my philosophy

Let's go, say when, can it be that late again
First thing, crack of dawn,
I'll make peace with that LA morning
Surf's up, so fine, echoes of a different time
Strange days, best forgotten,
Man this desert town is getting hotter

Hey there Angel town, tell me all your dirty secrets
I wonder do you even see me,
Cruising in your Lambourgini
Say there Angel town, show me all your dirty laundry
Wet dreams and psychodramas,
where'd you get them jive pyjamas

Eased down, blended in, such a foreign discipline
Ground shakes, heap big fun,
I wonder should I turn and run
Ventura boulevard, sparkles like a Christmas card
Strange days, remembering,
How nothing felt quite genuine

True love, or not, I gave it everything I got
Top ten, flat broke, Jive town, she's a cruel joke
Dark times, so alone, someday soon I'm going home
Big plans, long, thin rope, I'm humming like a gyroscope

Bad trips, made some, all my best friends, tagged along
Tight lipped, highly strung,
Just one more line and then we're done
Boundaries, yeah we crossed em,
Inhibitions gone, we lost em
Bean town she's my muse, free transfusion can't refuse it

Nose up, wheels down, coasting into Angel town
Far as the eye can see an ocean of humanity

Hey there Angel town, tell me all your dirty secrets
I wonder if you even see me, posing in your cheap bikini
Say there Angel town, show me all your dirty laundry
Shattered dreams and psychodramas,
Where'd you get them jive pyjamas
Hey there Angel town, turn me in the right direction
Wet dreams and melodramas,
Why'd you wear such jive pyjamas

A PHOENIX RISING

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Iain Matthews,
Bart Jan Beartmans

In the eyes of the world
He had life on the end of a string
In the eyes of the world
Without doubt he was destined to sing
Just a kid from the north on a southerly course
He was fresh as a pearl
In the eyes of the world
In the eyes of the world

By the grace of the gods
He had everyone humming along
By the grace of the gods
He'd just given new life to the song
He was staying afloat on a frown and a quote
Drunk on applause
By the grace of the gods
By the grace of the gods

By the grace of the gods
He was perched like a bird on a wire
By the grace of the gods
Barely reaching those points of desire
From the foot to the peak in the space of a week
Defying the odds
By the grace of the gods
By the grace of the gods



And they loved him for who he was
Some would idolise him
Once a kid in love with song
And now a phoenix rising

In the eyes of the world
He's been gradually fading away
In the eyes of the world
He's had nothing of substance to say
You can cut to the chase 'til you're blue in the face
And come unfurled
In the eyes of the world
In the eyes of the world

TO LOVE

Words & Music: Carol King. (Sony / ATV music)

Down the road a piece she was waiting
Yes, she was waiting and you know me
I had had my fill of hesitating
I always really knew it had to be

To love, to love, to love, to love
All you really need's the opportunity
To love, to love, to love, to love
Baby don't you make a fool of me

Never will forget our first encounter
And yes I'm here to say it was alright
I was just so happy to have found her
As ready as I was that night

To love, to love, to love, to love
All you really need's the opportunity
To love, to love, to love, to love
Baby don't you make a fool of me

There are those of us too cool for passion
They're the ones that it could do some good
And there are those who say it's out of fashion
They're the ones who only wish they could

To love, to love, to love, to love
All you really need's the opportunity
To love, to love, to love, to love
Baby don't you make a fool of me
Baby don't you make a fool of me
Baby don't you make a fool of me





RIGHT AS RAIN

Words: Michael Fracasso (Electric Pacific songs. BMI) /

Iain Matthews // Music: Iain Matthews

It was here in this spot
We hung up that portrait i'd forgot
Of a time and a place
That's already been and gone

I found your last note
A waste of good time and space you wrote
But the truth i'd forgot
Now it's already washed away

It's a little bit faded now
A little bit tainted too
It's a little bit shaded now
But oh right as rain
Oh right as rain
So right as rain

At the heart of it all
Was that shimmering silence i recall
As your ace in the hole
But you already played that hand

From a room painted green
Came the deepest of blues i'd ever seen
Photographs of my life
And all shot in black and white

It's a little bit quieter now
I'm a little bit wiser too
It's a little bit brighter now
And oh right as rain
Oh right as rain
So right as rain

You punched a hole in my life
But nobody's right and no one's wrong
I forget how it goes
Then you've already heard that song

It's a little bit faded now
A little bit tainted too
It's a little bit shaded now
I'm a little bit quieter too
I'm a little bit wiser now
A little bit brighter too
And oh oh oh
Right as rain
Oh right as rain
So right as rain



CHASING RAINBOWS

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Bart de Win
(Buma- Stemra) / Iain Matthews

This Spring I was reminded of a life I knew back when
And that old familiar hopeless
feeling shot me down again
I was rooted in the moment,
wondering what I might have done
Instead of chasing rainbows in the California sun

I remembered being silenced
By that endless urban sprawl
Yet caught up in the mystery and glamour of it all
Until I finally realised I was not the only one
Out there chasing rainbows in the California sun

Show me a rainbow, i'll show you a dreamer
Caught in the moment, a daydream believer
All rainbows are fleeting, they carry no weight
Born from a pure metaphysical state

It hardly really mattered which direction I would turn
For every stroke of fortune there's a lesson to be learned
That jewel in the desert, such a strange phenomenon
It had me out there chasing rainbows
In the California sun

Did you ever pushed the limits
Of an inner mounting flame
When the deck was stacked against you
Would you play it twice the same

There's nothing like that feeling
When the blues are on the run
To be out there chasing rainbows
In the California sun

Show me a rainbow
I'll show you a dreamer
Caught in the moment
A daydream believer
All rainbows are fleeting
They carry no weight
Born from a pure metaphysical state

This Spring I was reminded of a life I knew before
And those old familiar hopeless feelings
Shook me to the core
I was rooted in the moment wondering
What I might have done
Instead of chasing rainbows in the California sun



SOMETHING IN THE WAY SHE MOVES

Words & Music: James Taylor. (Sony/ ATV music)

There's something in the way she moves
Looks my way, or calls my name
That seems to leave this troubled world behind
And if I'm feeling down or blue
Or troubled by some foolish game
She always seems to make me change my mind

And I feel fine any time she's around me now
She's around me now, almost all the time
If I'm well she can tell she's been with me now
and she's been with me now such a long, long time
And I feel fine

It isn't what she's got to say
Or how she feels, or where she's been
To me the words are fine the way they sound
I like to hear them best that way
It doesn't matter what they mean
She says them mostly just to calm me down

And I feel fine any time she's around me now
She's around me now, almost all the time
If I'm well she can tell she's been with me now
And she's been with me now such a long, long time
And I feel fine

Every now and then the things I lean on
Lose their meaning
And I find myself careening
Into places where I know I should not go
She's got the power to go
Where no one else can find me
And constantly remind me
Of the happiness and good times that I know

There's something in the way she moves
Looks my way, or calls my name
That seems to leave this troubled world behind
And if I'm feeling down or blue
Or troubled by some foolish game
She always seems to make me change my mind

And I feel fine any time she's around me now
She's around me now, almost all the time
If I'm well she can tell she's been with me now
And she's been with me now such a long, long time
And I feel fine



A HEARTLESS NIGHT

Words: Iain Matthews // Music: Iain Matthews,
Bart Jan Baartmans

We're coming apart like a house on fire
It's a heartless night
I'm not sure how we'll ever survive this slippery ride
She waltzed right in with the party guests
A big bad wolf in little red dress
How did we let her create this mess
It's a heartless night
What a heartless night

I'm about as tight as a tambourine
It's a heartless night
While she's floating around like a Mardi Gras queen
On her wingless flight
She hit me like a heart attack
My reality just fades to black
Like wild dog stuck in a cul de sac
On a heartless night
Such a heartless night

On a heartless night
I'm becoming a heartless man
On a heartless night
We'll be making a heartless stand
On a heartless night
You'd better surrender all you've got
Just give it away cause you're not gonna need it

No we're hypnotized beyond belief
It's a heartless night
While she's playing the room like a bitch in heat
It's a pointless fight
She's planning to steal me away from you
She wants to set up a rendezvous
But I won't back down and she can't break through
It's a heartless night
Such a heartless night

On a heartless night
I'm becoming a heartless man
On a heartless night
She'll be making a heartless stand
On a heartless night
You'd better surrender all you've got
You'd better surrender all you've got
You'd better surrender all you've got
Just give it away, cause you're not gonna need it
No, you're not gonna need it



YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT

Words & Music: Iain Matthews

The writing's on the wall
And we are in a low place now
They say the mighty fall
And my how we have fallen

As far as I can tell
It really doesn't matter
As far as you're concerned
It's all just endless chatter

And not that long ago
You drove us to distraction
Now there's fire in the hole
And what is your reaction

Who's gonna be your favourite son
Who's gonna be your shining light
Who'll be there to pick you up
And take you home this time

They say heroes come and go
Like popular opinion
Now the once and future king
Is losing his dominion

You make your feelings known
Although they show no reason
Now who will be your saviour
And who will be the demons

Who's gonna be your favourite son
Who's gonna be your shining light
Who'll be there to pick you up
And take you home this time

But all this too shall pass
And no one will repeat it
As history dictates
You can't have your cake and eat it
You can't have your cake and eat it
You can't have your cake and eat it





Recorded mixed and mastered by:

Bart Jan Baartmans @ Studio Wild Verband. Boxmeer.
Netherlands. June 17th - July 15th 2017.

Produced by: Bart Jan Baartmans & Iain Matthews
for Perfect Pitch Productions.

Executive Producers: Marianne @ Rick Chester.

MATTHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT is:**Iain Matthews:**

Acoustic rhythm guitar. Lead & background vocals.
Percussion.

Bart Jan Baartmans:

Acoustic rhythm and lead guitar. Resonator guitar.
Electric rhythm and lead guitar. Mandolin. Electric sitar.
Bouzouki. Electric bass. Banjo.

Bart de Win:

Acoustic piano. Fender Rhodes. Accordion. Wurlitzer
electric piano. Background vocals.

Eric Devries:

Acoustic rhythm guitar. Lead and background vocals.

Honorary member

Sjoerd Van Bommel: Drums. Percussion
and good advice.

Photos: Hipstamatic photos by Iain Matthews. Band
photo and portraits by Gijs Jacobs. Artwork by Sascha
Osterland

Special thanks to: Manfred Schütz & Bernd Ramien
and all @ M.I.G. Music. Hannover.

Contacts

Iain Matthews and Matthews Southern Comfort are
managed in the USA by
Mike Gormley @ LAPD.
Los Angeles.Ca.
+1.818.795.2834
Email: mg@lapdev.com

For UK bookings:

Peter Barton @ RAM
(Rock Artist Management)
+44.7712.628.366
Email: peterbartonmanagement@gmail.com

For German Bookings:

Michel Schuh @ Solar Penguin Agency.
+49 69 256269 60

Iain uses

John Pearse strings // Recording King guitars //
McKenzie & Marr guitars // Shubb and G7th capos //
LR Baggs & Headway electronics

For further information about the members of Matthews
Southern Comfort please go to:

www.iainmatthews.nl
www.ericdevries.info
www.bjbaartmans.nl
www.bartdewin.nl