

ROGER BUYS A FRIDGE BOWLES BROS.

SIDE ONE SIDE TWO

CHARLIE'S NUTS	ROGER THE DODGER
FITO	A GAME OF CHESS
DASHED WITH TABASCO	BEGUINE AGAIN
OUTSIDE RUNNER	DISPARATE DAN
JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS	



ROGER BUYS A FRIDGE

BOWLES BROS.

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BOWLES BROS.



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SIDE ONE

CHARLIE'S NUTS

Listen to the rhythm of the bebop sound
Focus on the smokers in the cocktail
lounge

Glancing at the dancing I'm hangin' around
I'm here with Mr. Jazz

Movin' is approxin' it'll make you dance
A reason for unfreezin' is a spell of
romance

Tonight's the night you might be in with
a chance

Just trust in Mr. Jazz

As you hear that music play
You'll find your senses slip away
And then you'll plan to spend the day
Along with Mr. Jazz

You'll be taken and be shaken by surprise
Given to the rhythms that can hypnotize
Only when the night is through you'll
realize

The size of Mr. Jazz

Ah Doo Dee
Wadap 'n Dee Badap 'n Dee Boop Boop 'n
Dee Beep Beep

'N Dee Habbedy Babbedy Bah
Doo yah 'm bah dah

He's a North American storm
From nightfall till dawn
He will shine your shoe-leather

No cold wall-flowers
In their ivory towers
Can long resist such heavy
weather

As those horns begin to wail
The vendor goes straight up for sale
And guess who's blowin' up a gale
That's right it's Mr. . . .

Salt peanuts
Salt peanuts

Our man is the barman coz as you pass
He oozes all the juices into one glass
Croonin' and a-swoonin' at the birdie's
brass

He's gone on Mr. Jazz

Doodley Dah Bah bah bah
Doo vah doo vee oo vah doo vmm
Bah Dah (a-de ve de ve de ve)
Dah Bah bah bah
Doo vah doo vee oo-vah do vmm
Aghh.

He's a North American storm
From nightfall till dawn
He will shine your shoe-leather
No cold wall-flowers
In their ivory towers
Can long resist such heavy weather

Can you believe it's happenin'
Does that mean it's happenin'
To Jaqueline I mean that

Everyone is someone and
Human that's human the
Zooman too can say cay you say
'Toucan oh you can but now you say

Bounce me brother with a
solid four
This cat's so high I swear
I just

Can't take much more

FITO

The summer sun's got up and gone
to work
And the buzz of flies is driving you berserk
Who winds them up nobody knows
And then your nervous system overloads
You drink your fill and then you drink
some more
Gettin' hotter by the minute
that's for sure
Close your eyes and sing
your favourite song
This tune's so cool it
helps the rain along

So let the rains come soon
We don't want to see the sun
any more

Just wipe that smile off Mr. Moon
They all say the rain's coming
soon

Fito de la Pata spread the news
The family dogs were heard to howl the
blues

Fito says he understands their tune
The family won't see rain fall this June

Though Fito has been mad these seven
years

When he spells disaster no-one jeers
He said he overheard it from the birds
And who am I to doubt a madman's words

So let the rains etc.

Cans are lined outside the old front door
They will stay there
Getting a rust-coloured tan
I can tell you man to man
How I wish I had ause for them

The way things heading now you try to
pray

Feeding fever to your reason day by day
Jesus understands the ones who prove
That they have lost most all they'll
ever lose

So let the rains come etc.

Pedal Steel Guitar: Roger Rettig
Percussion: Chris Karan

DASHED WITH TABASCO

Acoustic Piano: Jonathan Wade
Percussion: Chris Karan
Pedal Steel: Roger Rettig

OUTSIDE RUNNER

Men ask me in bars can I stand the pace
Tell 'em boys can I stand the pace
I'm an outside runner in the human race

And if you pick me off the floor I'll feel
just fine

You're checkin' out the downtown life
That's swell and ain't that grand
You're all set up to write about a
singer in a band

News like that ain't good news when
it's second hand

I've got something you can use
It'll change a nation's views
Help you drive away the blues
Won't you feel fine

My man tells me I'm dirty
My pride tells me I'm not
Could be dead at thirty
Got to use up what I got

And cocaine is a habit that I like a lot
So if you pick me up off the floor
And show me to the door
Like the time you did before then I'll
feel fine

And I'll be makin' my way
Crawling down memory lane
I'll wind up again
Where I'm sure to find solid peace of mind

Don't need no parkin' ticket
To while the night away
You don't have to step inside
You only have to say

I'll just count the minutes day by day

And if life weren't such a bore
You could stay a little more
Like you did before won't that feel fine

You ask me 'bout a downtown girl
Exactly how she lives
Ain't no housewife's chore
I'm your candy store and you take what
I gives

If they get uptight at what you write say
That's the way it is
If you tell all that you saw
Would you sell a million more
Like the time you did before
Won't that feel fine

No weekend lies no sad goodbyes
No heartaches no disgrace
No staring at mascara tears
Running down my face

Tell the fellas at the bar
How I stood the pace
And could you take a little more
Do it like we did before

You're a fact I'll choose to ignore
So just ease yourself to the door

Acoustic Piano: Colin Frechter

JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

It was just one of those things
Just one of those crazy flings
One of those bells that now and then rings
Just one of those things

It was just one of those nights
Just one of those fabulous flights

A trip to the moon on gossamer wings
Just one of those things

If we'd thought a bit
Of the end of it
As we started painting the town
We'd have been aware
That our love affair
Was too hot not to cool down

So goodbye dear and amen
Here's hoping we'll meet
Now and then
It was great fun but it was
Just one of those things

As Columbus announced
When he knew he was bounced
'It was swell, Isabelle, swell'
As Abelard said to Eloise
'Don't forget to drop a line to me please'
As Juliet cried in her Romeo's ear
'Why not face the facts my dear'

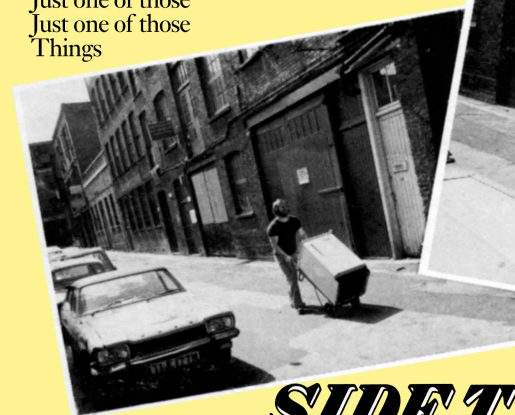
It was just one of those
Just one of those things
Just one of those things

It was just one of those things
Just one of those crazy flings
One of those bells that now and then rings
Just one of those things

SCATVERSE

So goodbye dear and amen
Here's hoping we'll meet
Now and then
It was great fun but it was
Just one of those things

So goodbye dear and amen
Here's hoping we'll meet
Now and then
It was great fun but it was
Just one of those things
Just one of those things
Just one of those things
Things



SIDE TWO

ROGER THE DODGER

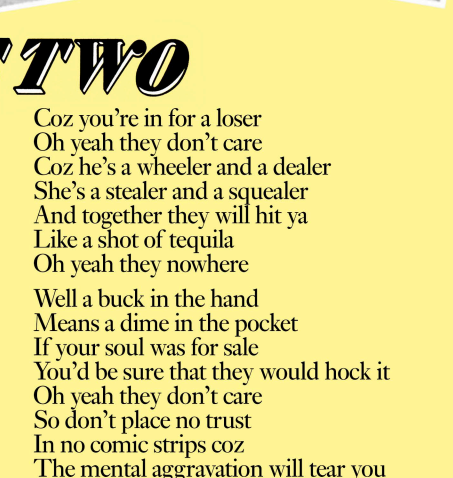
Roger the Dodger's a school-skiver
He just wanna be a home-jiver
Oh yeah he don't care
He got a hang-dog face
With no expression
Like a '58 Chevy
With low compression
Oh yeah he nowhere

But with his brains on the table
You could say he was out of his head
With his brains on the table
You could say he was out of his head

Beril the Peril's
A real sensation
But he choked her off
With his carburation
Oh yeah she don't care
Well she muscles into town
Like a Savonarola
She don't need no kicks coz
She's coked up on Cola
Oh yeah she nowhere

But with her brains on the table
You could say she was out of her head
With her brains on the table
You could say she was out of her head

If you're drivin' into town
In a douce coupe cruiser
Just don't pick up on those two



Coz you're in for a loser
Oh yeah they don't care
Coz he's a wheeler and a dealer
She's a stealer and a squealer
And together they will hit ya
Like a shot of tequila
Oh yeah they nowhere

Well a buck in the hand
Means a dime in the pocket
If your soul was for sale
You'd be sure that they would hock it
Oh yeah they don't care
So don't place no trust
In no comic strips coz
The mental aggravation will tear you
to bits

I won't buy that crazy line
I won't waste another dime
I won't buy that crazy line
I won't waste another dime

With his brains on the table
You can say he was out of his head
With his brains on the table
You can say he was out of his head

He was out of his head
Who would have thought
That his crazy ma bought
All those comics
To shrink up
His head



A GAME OF CHESS
All my white pieces fall have your black
pieces done
Day is night and the world is confusing
Now here's this bottle of gin says the
just always win
So I'll just take my time before choosing
Will I move to the left, should I stay on
the right
Anything might happen at this hour of
night
I move to cancel the dawn and advance
one cold beer
Seems like we've been playing games all
year

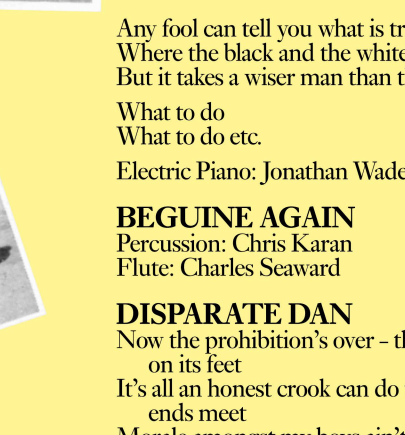
Which one will you choose
Do you mean to jump in blind
You must do what you must
And I don't mind

I got the time to reflect - imagine how
things will be
What I can't see's the time that you'll
be thinkin' of me
Help the man make a move and the dawn
break the day
Break up drinkin' and thinkin' tonight away

So which one will you choose
Do you mean to jump in blind
You must do what you must
And I don't mind
Which one will you choose
And did you ever think that I might want
to lose

Say - what's going on in your head
You're thinking things better left unsaid
And when there's no place left to go
Win or lose - ain't nothing left to show

So which one will you choose
Do you mean to jump in blind
You must do what you must
And I don't mind
Which one will you choose



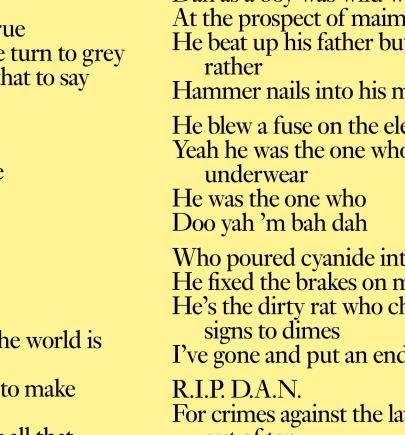
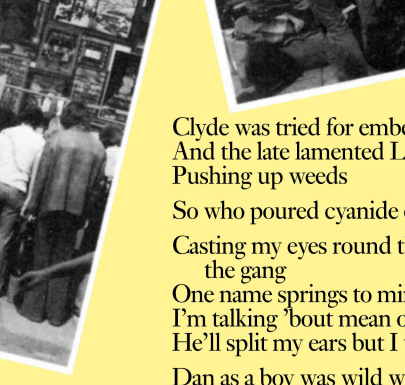
Any fool can tell you what is true
Where the black and the white turn to grey
But it takes a wiser man than that to say
What to do
What to do etc.
Electric Piano: Jonathan Wade

BEGUINE AGAIN
Percussion: Chris Karan
Flute: Charles Seaward

DISPARATE DAN
Now the prohibition's over - the world is
on its feet
It's all an honest crook can do to make
ends meet
Morale amongst my boys ain't all that
it might be
There's a move to pension one of us
Namely me

But who poured cyanide in my whisky jar
And who fixed the brakes on my
Cadillac car
What kind of dirty rat changed my dollar
signs to dimes
I gotta put an end to these crimes
Jo the Dip was in Wisconsin and Flo was
abroad
Mox was in Manhattan, he was doing time
for fraud

Brian Bowles - Guitar & Vocals
Sue Jones-Davis - Vocals
Richard Lee - Double Bass
Richard Marcangelo - Drums
Julian Smedley - Lead Acoustic
& Electric Guitar, Violin & Vocals



Produced by Colin Frechter and
Bil Kimber
Engineered by Denis Weinreich
and Trevor Vallis
at Scorpio Sound and
Mayfair Sound Studios

Outer cover design and original painting - Graham Lupp
Inner cover and Typography - Jean Ashcroft
Concept & Co-ordination - Mick McDonagh

Bones Howe - inspiration and guidance.
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BOWLES BROTHERS



"HAWAIIAN COWBOY" (Bright)

"Lay It Back" (Smedley)

Producer: Ray Singer

Catalogue No: F 13823

Release Date: 9th February, 1979

The Bowles Brothers can always be relied upon to come up with the unusual. This latest single "Hawaiian Cowboy" is no exception. It is a zany number from the Twenties, written by Sol K Bright for an Hawaiian Showband in Hollywood. It would have been perfectly at home in a Marx Brothers extravaganza.

Produced by Ray Singer of Robin and Peter Sarstedt and Child fame, 'Hawaiian Cowboy' is a pleasant departure from his usual style.

"Hawaiian Cowboy" is a lot of fun and we hope you enjoy it.

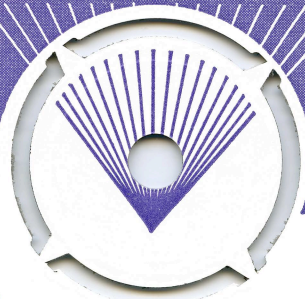
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A SIDE
C. Connelly

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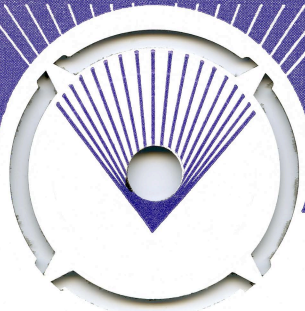
HAWAIIAN COWBOY
(Bright)
BOWLES BROS. BAND
Producer: Ray Singer

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B SIDE
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LAY IT BACK
(Smedley)
BOWLES BROS. BAND
Producer: Ray Singer

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