



HOLD ON ~ *Gordon Mullen*
LYRICS BOOKLET



BLURB FROM HOLD ON CD ALBUM COVER

We all come from somewhere. Samuel, Roberta, Bertie, Brenda, Gordon and Yvonne came from Ireland. A family posted for 20 pounds....for the seeds of hate were germinating in '58 and Arthur wanted more white Aussies. The Mullen's. Hard working, skillful, grateful for this beautiful and peaceful land, longing for 'home' to be peaceful too.

It wasn't. It isn't.

And in the burning sun there was light. The little gospel mission at Willy the Rices, the Jamo's, the Lanes. And S.U. And Wycliffe, David and Ruth, Ukarampa, the class of '76, Robin and Ruth. Then Truth and Lib. Lots of light 'rumors of glory' many tears must flow and the Kingdom grew through many tears John Price, Morgs, Smithy and songs began to grow to describe what was going on. The songs were the people. Morris and Barb exposing myths, principalities, powers, equipping. Famine Walls will fall. Peeley and Gwen, shoulders of tears from which love grows. Geoff and Mac, leading on through the fire to the river of grace. Daphne and Andy

giving up all at Whyalla to 'start again' with Jesus as their friend. Graham and Di, sheltering the benders and breakers. Lyn and Darryl, Idea, on the road, outback people, Songlines, Aussie talent.

Up in Wollongong, Ced opened his home and his heart to the Refugees and Margaret was gone. Steve and Kerrie breathing Kingdom values in Auditoriums and lean-to's. Warwick and Mary met in Israel for it was on their minds. Jocelyn nursed the sick and Creation. Colin and Merran's creative genius returned. Esther was etched on our memories and the bells rang. We followed Mark and Margaret to join Kevin, Kathy, Alec and Elaine at Yackandandah. Tears still flowed.....Caleb, that Winter Babe of Sally and David, was much loved and cuddled in those pre-natal Winter months. But things did not turn out well. We remembered and mourned. Winter babe. "Time won't let me hold you, the stronger you'll grow if I let you go". Sweet, bitter, sweet.....My precious Winter babes Sharon, Colleen, Andrew, Kelly awesome gifts. And my Sweet, Sweet woman, Heather you've never let me down.



HOLD ON album

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Thankyou for respecting the artist's creativity.

All songs written by Gordon Mullen

01 TESTED POSITIVE FOR LOVE

02 FAMINE WALLS

03 HOLD ON

04 WINTER BABE

05 SOMETIMES

06 SPORT FOR THE GENERALS

07 SWEET WOMAN

08 LEAD ME ON

09 IN AUSTRALIA

10 VALUE OF LIFE

Produced by Dave Carr
for Bakelite Radio Productions

Recorded live at T.L.C. studio
Bayswater North, Melbourne

Engineers: **John Bosua** and **Andy Sorenson**

The musicians are :

Gordon Mullen-vocals • **Dave Carr**-electric and acoustic guitars, Hammond, bass, synthesiser
• **Les Price**-piano, Hammond • **Geoff Bentley**-bass • **Chris Bishop**-drums • **Darryl Thompson**-dobro, accordion. DeGruchy guitar & Wurlitzer on "Sweet Woman" • **Andy Sorenson**-Wurlitzer on "Sometimes" Synth, Hammond & piano on "Winter Babe" "Reprise" • **Gerald Keuneman**-cello • **Jennifer Anderson**-backing vocals
• **Carl Laurens**-backing vocals on "Tested Positive for Love" • **Chris Butson**- backing vocals on "Winter Babe chaos"

Art direction and Design: **Geoff Bentley**

The, "it wouldn't have been possible without them" bit.

It was at John Bosua's suggestion that this project should see the light of day and through his management, Dave and the rest of the team created an album.

The credits don't tell the true story. As a producer, Dave engineered. As an engineer, John produced. Dave arranged the songs and introduced us to Jennifer. Jennifer lit up the album. What would we have done without the help of Lars Canrule, Scalan Ruler, Laurel Nacrs, R.S.L. "Ace" La`Urn, Carnal Lures, Rene J Sin Fernando and Old Harold? Thanks guys. There's not enough space to write of the sacrifices made, and the people who helped. I am grateful to the leadership of the Truth and Liberation Community for all of their encouragement and support. I acknowledge God in all my ways. Thanks to Andy and Daphne for my second home. To Lyn and Darryl for the fruits of friendship. To Geoff and Mac for their generosity.

01 TESTED POSITIVE FOR LOVE

© Gordon Mullen 1990

You say you love me, you say that you care
You'll never leave me, go anywhere
Led like a pony you go prancing around
Out of the saddle in a wild town....
But you still tease me I'm your favourite one
You'll never please me on the run
I took a gamble on love at first sight
You won my heart on that first night

CHORUS

So let's get right back, on the right track
You've got to keep the inside running
Keep the inside running
And get right back on the right track
Give me your heart
I want it tested positive for love

You think you're on clover, think you're on stud
Passion for palaces is understood
You've had your season
You've had your reward
But in the tension there's a snap....

CHORUS

So let's get right back, on the right track
You've got to keep the inside running
Keep the inside running
And get right back on the right track
Give me your heart
I want it tested positive for love

02 FAMINE WALLS

© *Gordon Mullen 1991*

Famine walls keep standing
Famine walls are strong
Built from little children
You know it is wrong

Drought will take some beating
Wars come to an end
Hungry mouths still open
Hungry eyes extend

Famine walls are hidden
Famine walls ignored
Looking for excuses
Say we can't afford

Well if they see grain dumped in oceans
As they perish in the sun
You can understand them fighting
You can understand the gun

03 HOLD ON

© *Gordon Mullen 1990*

You are uncertain, cold and suburban
So disconcerting, so overburdened
There are no rules in, your situation
There is no room for, accommodating, hold on
You have been used by, buyer and seller
Your body's sold in, the human market
Sometimes you wonder, how to escape it
No longer plundered, no longer raped, hold on

Hold on, be strong
I know you're not a candle in the window
Hold on, it's wrong, you bend, you break
Every time the wind blows
I'm in the game and it's not over
you are my angel, you are my angel, Hold on

Hold on, be strong
I know you're not a candle in the window
Hold on, it's wrong, you bend, you break
Every time the wind blows
I'm in the game and it's not over
you are my angel, you are my angel, Hold on

04 WINTER BABE

© Gordon Mullen 1990

Heal, setting sun, softened shadows fade
Crisp cool light painted icy jade
You're warm near my heart tonight
No harm near my heart tonight Winter babe
Flinted streams of light christens velvet tide
Seas of ancient night floods to heaven's side
You're safe near my heart tonight
No harm near my heart tonight Winter babe
But time won't let me hold you
The stronger you'll grow if I let you go
For love is a shoulder of tears
And grace grows to soften the years
Though I'm frightened I'll lose you
I know I must choose to

NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU

Drunk with the wine of indulgence
Filled with airs of respect
Bought by the angels of darkness
Fed by the scene of neglect
Sit by the cesspool of ignorance
Clothed by a wardrobe of fear
Inhale the poison of comfort
Stalked by the nuclear year
Nothing wrong with you
Nothing you could do
You're just a Winters baby in a cold cold world

Stained by the oil of repugnance
Breath in the notion of fools
Starved of the spirit of justice
Numbed by the six o'clock news
Cut by the razor of dogma
Stung by the guilt of regret
Pierced by the thorns of the system
Hung by the nails of respect
Nothing wrong with you
Nothing you could do
You're just a Winters baby in a cold cold world

BABE REPRISÉ

We're getting ready for a right world
a Christ world
Mandela's freedom in a right world
a Christ world
The walls are tumbling in a right world
a Christ world
Winter baby, Winter baby, Winter baby

05 SOMETIMES

© Gordon Mullen 1978

Sometimes you wish you could start again
Seeing the world with new eyes
But you've grown too old
and your mind it ain't clear
And you wish you could start again
You put the bottle back on the shelf
Stumble around and you look for yourself
But the face that you see
must be somebody else
And you wish you could start again

Don't blame the grape
and don't blame the vine
And don't blame Jesus he's a friend of mine
Don't blame the grape no don't blame the vine
Take a look at the seed with in you

Sometimes you wish you could be born again
Seeing the world like a child
But you've grown too old to enter the womb
But you wish you could be born again
The baby cries and your life skips a beat
Eternity rings and you jump to your feet
Throw on your coat
you know you've someone to meet
And you wish you could be born again

Don't blame the grape
and don't blame the vine
And don't blame Jesus he's a friend of mine
Don't blame the grape no don't blame the vine
Take a look at the seed with in you

Sometimes you wish you could start again
Seeing the world with new eyes
But you've grown too old
and your mind it ain't clear
And you wish you could start again

06 SPORT FOR THE GENERALS

© *Gordon Mullen 1991*

Knock knock, knock on wood
Cross your fingers you're not understood
Collateral damage's more than stock decline
Pressroom briefings on production line
They talk as if it was a ball game
You knock them over make them fall again
Sport for the Generals, Sport for the Generals

Knock knock, knock on wood
Cross your fingers you're not understood
Beamed to millions with a grandstand view
Laser touchdown on the evening news
You can kill his soldiers he won't give a damn
They're cannon fodder
they're his martyr's band
Sport for the Generals, Sport for the Generals

You'd think America could understand
A guided missile's not a helping hand
Designed so beautifully, delicately made
So are the children that they kill instead
You can knock forever on a deaf man's door
Cry for peace and then you yell for more
Nobody hears you, nobody hears you

07 SWEET WOMAN

© Gordon Mullen 1981

Sweet woman, I really love you
'Cause you've never let me down
Sweet woman, I want to thank you
'Cause you've never let me down
My friends, they asked me why
Asked my why I haven't tried another lover
Books change their cover
But I say, you've never let me down
They say it's fun to mess around
A new girl in every town
Like a face change to a clown
But I say, you've never let me down

Sweet woman, I really love you
'Cause you've never let me down
Sweet woman, I want to thank you
'Cause you've never let me down

08 LEAD ME ON

© *Gordon Mullen 1993*

I had to face the situations
I have never faced before
There are places I am going
You would not have me go
Taking leave of my traditions
And the poverty that grows
When you insist of me that goodness
That your kingdom does not show

Oh the agony of wondering
If you do not let me go
Of remaining in a vacuum
When nothing ever grows

I'm a vagrant on the journey
Of the well intentioned souls
Who have lived their lives adjacent
Running by the kingdom road
There's a bitterness of knowing
Responsibilities I've shed
And the guilt of little princes
That are reigning in my head

Lead me on through that fire
To that river of grace
That insatiable desire
To be there, face to face

Say a prayer for the journeyman
The pursuer of grace
He's kindled the fire
For that Galilean embrace

Lead me on through that fire
To that river of grace
That insatiable desire
To be there, face to face

09 IN AUSTRALIA

© *Gordon Mullen 1993*

No Pilgrim heart no prayers to settle the dust
in Australia
Keep what they could and took what they must
in Australia
No God no country no one you could trust
in Australia
Fight for a future, fight for a crust
in Australia

Power and authority wrapped up in a gun
in Australia
A burning country there was nowhere to run
in Australia
Two hundred years
and still the boat people come
to Australia
A simple irony lost on some
in Australia

Sailed their hearts
from a land that is covered in blood
Set their hopes in a nation
that has understood, the Refugee

10 VALUE OF LIFE

© Gordon Mullen 1990

Well it's the same old thing day after day
You suffer the same humiliation
in the same old way
Not taking a chance
'cause there's too much to pay
A limited security, a limited day

CHORUS

Who switched the label? Who told a lie?
Changes are able, before you die.

You can't afford to take a chance
'cause in spite of the burl
There's the kids, there's their future
there's this interest compound world
There's a fear of growing old
without a nest-egg laid down
Or a firm golden handshake
when you leave town
You need your security,
you need to be paid
You need to be sure
They're clothed, they're fed
You see all is darkness,
you hear all the pain
You need all of your insurance
To keep out the rain
CHORUS

There's a mortgage so high
you both have to work
There's alimony for the one that you hurt
There's a levy on your health
that will make you ill
Just another complication, another bill
CHORUS

I know it's not wrong that you want to be free
It's not wrong to be you
it's not wrong to be me
It's not wrong to desire a beautiful wife
It's not wrong to aspire to a healthier life
But someone's switch the label
someone's told a lie
Someone speaks your value
with the winking of his eye
Someone's cut the lifeline
someone's turned the knife
Someone's switched the labels
on the value of life