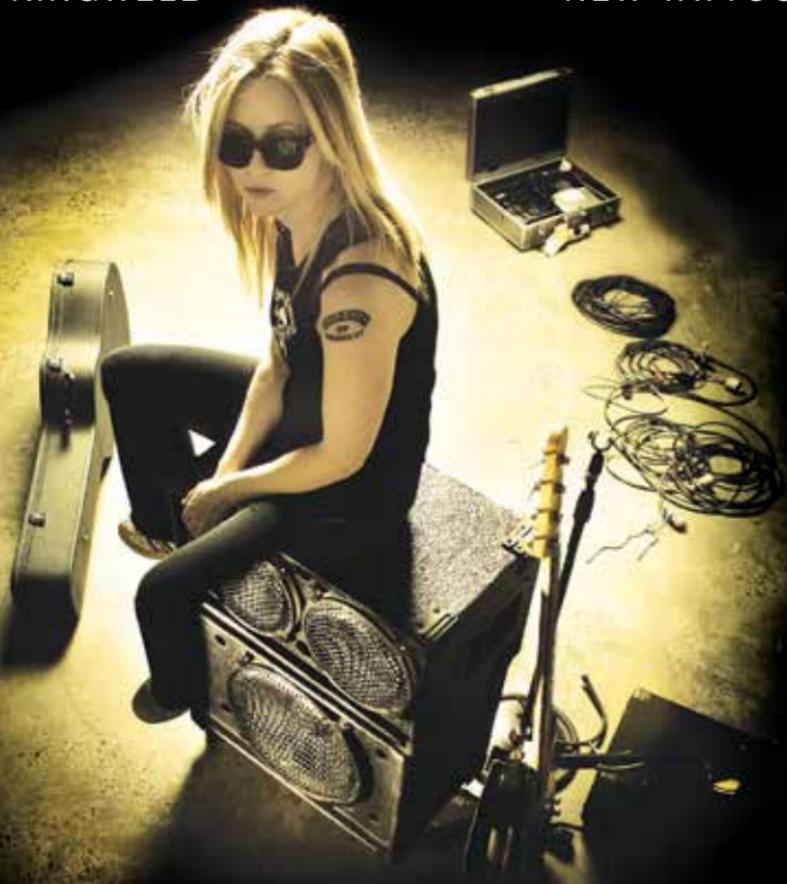


LEANNE KINGWELL

NEW TATTOO



Look At My Life

Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

Broke, bent, tired, totalled and wired.
My brain got clean, my demons
retired. I've been to hell and back...
Still got some fuel in the tank.
Cashed up, vibed, junk free and fed.
Got a steel cap made, for the hole in
my head. I've been to hell and
back... Still got some fuel in the tank.
Hey hey yeah, take a look at my life
right now. I'm in a happy place
somehow. I think I've worked it out.
Hey hey yeah, take a look at my life.
Just take a look at my life. Take a
look at my life. Pumped up, proud,
single and free. Gotta point to prove,
an' my karma's clean. I've been to
hell and back... Still got some fuel in
the tank. New tattoo. Friends on
side. Wrote a book. Cut a record.
Got a life. I've been to hell. I'm
back... Still got some fuel in the tank.
Hey, you know there's no magician,
to help escape addiction, to some-
thing you love. And hey, you can't
just wish it away, and promise
tomorrow you'll change. I'll fix
tomorrow today.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, Guitar, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Show Ya What

Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

You been running. You been hiding.
You been livin' in denial. But when
you run out of excuses and your life
doesn't mean alot, well if ya let me
baby, I'll show ya what you haven't
got. Yeah if ya let me baby, I'll show
ya what you haven't got. You been
running. You been hiding. You been
bitchin'. Something's missing. But
when you run out of excuses, and
your life doesn't mean alot, well if ya
let me baby, I'll show ya what you
haven't got. Yeah if ya let me baby,
I'll show ya what you haven't got.
Just got to tell yourself, baby that's
what life's about. Just got to dare
yourself, to let it all hang out. If ya
let me maybe, I'll show ya what you
haven't got.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, Guitar, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Frightened (Gun Shy)

Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

Sometimes, I feel like I disappear
and when I speak no one hears. I'm
not there. I fall asleep on the sofa at
night. I can't go to bed, it's too quiet.
I guess I'm scared. I'm so tired every
morning these days, I stay at home
in bed and I hide. I thought I heard a
song on TV, a song that once meant
something to me and I started to cry.
Right now, I think I'm wasting my
time. But I got medicine called wine
to make me smile. Because I'm
feeling so damn hollow inside me.
And I only want this feeling to go. But
I'm gun shy and a little bit frightened.
I could stay at home. Ignore the
phone. I could die alone. No one
would know. I got nothing to do,
nothing planned for tomorrow. I'm
taking pills to sleep, I can't eat and
I'm drowning my sorrows.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, Guitar, BV's
John MacKay: Drums
Recorded at: Sing Sing
Honeyface
Woodstock
Mixed at: Woodstock

Can't Get Enough

Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

I'm cool, I might, be good to you
tonight. I'm real hot stuff. Can't get
enough. Oh yeah. I know that you
like me. Oh yeah, I know that you like
me... So grab my hips. Scream and
shout. Spank me. Jump up and
down. You dig me, I don't doubt it.
So, watcha gonna do about it?
Yeah. Be a man. If you can. I'm
alone. Take me home. I'm sweet.
Taste nice. Don't scratch. Do bite.
I'm real hot stuff. Can't get enough.
Oh yeah.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Blind
Written by James Stewart (Control)

You told me that you can't see that we can be together anymore. And now the time has come to leave and who knows what you're leaving for. Is this an ultimatum that you've brought to make me show my hand? These last few pockets of privacy are things that you'll never understand. Why can't you sit down, work it out? What is it you want from me? You're crying wolf and making smoke. But there's no fire, I can see. You think it's worth the pain you're giving me to put your mind at ease? You try and tell yourself it's not because you're gripped by jealousy.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Chris Copping: Hammond
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Drop Your Pants
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

You could grow up. You could piss off. You could shut up. You could f-f-f**k off. You could get happy. Or you could get sa-a-ad. You could bitch round the house, driving me mad. Nag, nag, nag. I'm so bored. You're no fun, anymore. Nag, nag, nag. What a waste. Shut your mouth and please get off my case. You could grow up. You could piss off. You could shut up. You could f**k the f**k off. You could get happy. Or you could get sa-a-ad. You could bitch round the house. Driving me mad. You could cause trouble. You could flick rubber bands. Or you could shut up your goddamn loudmouth face and just drop your pants. Drop your pants. You could try roma-a-ance. You could try romance romance romance. Yeah drop your pants. You could try romance. You could drop your pa-a-ants. You could try romance romance romance, yeah drop your pants.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Be With You
Written by Brewster/Brewster/
Neeson (reproduced with kind
permission of J Albert & Son Pty Ltd)

Your flashing eyes are a beacon light. That guides the jet plane through the night. I just wanna be with you. Pick me up when I'm down. Feel so good when you're around. I just wanna be with you. It's not blue the way it's been. It's not night or in between. It's not guilt at feeling free. Takes much more to conquer me. I just wanna be with you. There's no place, no person left. Don't wanna be nobody else. I just wanna be with you, darling. I just wanna be with you. I just wanna be with you. I wanna be with you.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
James Stewart: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass
John MacKay: Drums
Chris Copping: Hammond
Recorded & Mixed at: Sing Sing

Back To Me (Crawling)
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& C Young (PeerMusic)

You say you wanna find yourself, well baby start looking. You say you're really sorry after all this time to leave me behind. So traipse around the universe with your inner self and when you realise there's nothing there... You'll come crawling. Back to me. You'll come crawling. With blood on your knees. But don't expect sympathy, you've lost that opportunity. You'll come crawling. You'll come crawling. Please excuse me if you find my lack of tears a little disappointing. But I guess it's just too hard for me to be the sensitive kind. So find yourself a guru to open your third eye, then you can clearly see the moment when... You come crawling. Back to me. You'll come crawling. With blood on your knees. But don't expect sympathy, you've lost that opportunity. You'll come crawling. You'll come crawling. Don't sugar coat your reasons, it makes you sound weak... but I guess you are.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, Guitar, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Chris Copping: Hammond
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

You Stink
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

Fixed up the house. My mama's a'coming around. You've sat all week, front of the tv and you f**ken stink. Clean it up now. Because you make me sick. Wash it up now. I can't let my mama, canna let my mama near this. You're messed up pal. God knows how you live with yourself. You animal. Git outta here. Your boys, yak yak. Smokin' their skunk and gak. Smoke smoke. Drink drink. Just get your mates out cause they're trashing shit. Get your mates out. Because they make me sick. Get your mates out. I don't wanna have 'em, I don't wanna have 'em round here. They're messed up now. God knows how they'll be in an hour. They're animals. Git outta here. There is one room, that you should visit soon. Out back, somewhere. It's called the bathroom and the shower's there. Because I told you, you make me sick. Yeah yeah I told you, I'm not gonna go there. Get the hell away from me pal. Just clean up now. Soap it up and wash it all down. You f**ken stink. All right. Oh yeah. You f**ken stink.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Chris Copping: Piano
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

My Hero (Better Than You)
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

He doesn't look at other girls. He knows just what to do. He makes my heart beat faster than I ever knew it could. We have so much fun. He's always there for me. He's my hero, and I'm the only girl he needs. He'd never ever knock me up. He wouldn't cancel a date. He gave me his virginity and oh I know he'd never show up late. He doesn't snore, he never sleeps. He doesn't lie, he couldn't cheat. I really think it's time you knew, ooh-oh ooh-oh, I know you know it's true. It's the one thing I-I-I-I can't can't can't, I can't deny, I love my my my vibrator. Ooooh oh oh oh, better than you. Yeah it's true. Better than you.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass, BV's
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

Bite
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

Ray banned, comin' back to town. Looking up your number, cigarette in hand. Hitman, got myself a plan. Self employed, annoyed, -45 in handbag. Your phone, nobody home. Heavy breathe a message just to say hello. Call back, we need to chat. You're screwin' up my head and messing round behind my back. Turn round, leave town. Hey, hey. Stand down, hit ground. Hey. Get down, dead man. Hey. Start begging for your life, this pussy's gonna bite. Broke in, went through your things. D.O.A.'ed the bedroom, put your porn in the bin. He whore, walked through the door. Stuck a bullet, Bang! In the middle of your forehead. Honey you're in trouble. And I'll come for you tonight. Oh, it's no bother, I've had you on my mind. Been thinking violent thoughts of you at night. An' it's time this bitch girl, that you trashed out put things right. I'm walkin' up your street I'm loaded to the teeth. I'm stalkin' you, you prick. Can't wait to see you. Can't wait to see you. Can't say I'll miss you. Can't wait to kiss you... Goodbye.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Mark Hilton: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass
Wayne Nietz: Drums
Recorded at: Salt Studios
Mixed at: Woodstock

More
Written by L Kingwell (Control)
& J Keskeridis (Control)

Don't let it fade away. Don't save it for a rainy day. Let yourself go to the other side. Live out your mind. We're just like houses. We're just like cars. We're easy drinkers, in sleazy bars. We're all dead heroes, fighting in a war. Oh for God's sake, life give me more. Life give me more.

Leanne Kingwell: Vocals
Dan Luscombe: Guitar
Andy Parsons: Bass
Ian Kitney: Drums
Chris Copping: Hammond
Recorded at: Fortissimo
Mixed at: Woodstock

Thanks:

Forrest (Boss, Master, Lover. Being good takes strength. And you're the GOODEST. I wuff you.)

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🌐 leannekingwell.com ✉ info@leannekingwell.com

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