

LEANNE KINGWELL

SHOW YA WHAT



WARNING

MODERATE impact
coarse language
and/or themes.

Look At My Life

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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 Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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

Gun Shy

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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:

Holding Your Gun

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John Keskeridis (Control)

I bin waiting, so long. So sure
something must be wrong. I called
just about the whole damn town.
No one's seen you, no one's seen
you around. Oh I hope that's your
truck coming now. Yaaaaarrrrghhhh!
Where you bin at? Can't you call me?
Can you tell me, what's your story?
Don't lie to me boy, I'm holding your
gun. Get your stuff out, take your
things now, load your truck up, hush
your mouth up. Don't lie to me, I'm
holding your gun. What's that lipstick
on your collar? What's that red hair
on your shoulder? Don't lie to me
boy, I'm holding your gun. Cops tell
me you ain't bin locked up. I called
your friends, they're all keepin' their
mouths shut. I smell perfume, and
it's not mine. There's a red mark on
your neck hon. Don't lie to me boy,
I'm holding your gun. Cause I'm
pissed off, gonna lose it and you
showed me how to use it. I said
don't lie to me, I'm keeping the gun.

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

Be With You

Written by Brewster/Brewster/
Neeson (lyrics 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

So Long

Written by John Watts (Complete Music)
(lyrics reproduced with kind permission
of Complete Music/Mushroom Music)

When I read your letter I couldn't
believe that you'd gone. I dialled your
number but no one answered the
phone. I asked your friends to tell me
if they knew where you were. They said
they thought that you were ill. I hired a
detective to try to find out where you
are. He managed to trace you he said
you were living in France. A watchman
saw you climb into someone elses car
and drive off laughing in the night. Why
didn't ya tell me? Not leave me this
way. Oh you coulda told me. Not wait-
ed for so long. I tried to forget you, but
I found myself walking the streets. I
went to the doctor and he gave me
something to sleep. I sent you tele-
grams but you haven't answered one.
Your mother told me I'd best leave you
well alone. I hope you're satisfied, now
you've done this thing to me. I hope
you're pleased with what you've done.
I never realised just exactly who you
were. I never realised the guy I had
before. I hope you're satisfied, you
won't hear from me again. I hope
you're pleased with what you've done.

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





You Stink

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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

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 Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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

My Hero

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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

Can't Get Enough

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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, whatcha 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

More

Written by Leanne Kingwell (Control)
& John 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.)

Johnny K

(Mr Melody, an exceptional human
being and always a girl's best friend.)

Andy Parsons

(For staying alive and still believing.)

Spooba and Zabrinna

(For furry love and kisses.)

Also: Mark Hilton, Wayne Nietz,
Chris Copping, Ian Kitney, Clive
Young, James Stewart, Billy Pinnell,
Cleo (We miss you), Martin Pullan,
Edensound, Craig Shell, Simon
Creerly, Andrew Porter, Mark
Demajo, DV8, Robyn Fahlstrom,
Maira Fahy, Dan, Elmo, Pete F, Salt
Studios, Troy Trigwell, Woodstock,
Chris, Dad, Mum, Bronny, Andrew,
Matthew, Siok-Lin, Mei-Yen,
Su-Yen, Cody, Debbie, Billy and
Derek Pattison.

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INTERNATIONAL

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