

Figure 3: Lyrics to “Supper’s Ready” interspersed with program notes by Peter Gabriel. (“Supper’s Ready” has been quoted with kind permission of Genesis and Hit & Run Music Publishing Ltd.)

I. “Lover’s Leap”

[In which two lovers are lost in each other’s eyes, and found again transformed in the bodies of another male and female.]

Walking across the sitting room, I turn the television off.
Sitting beside you, I look into your eyes.
As the sound of motor cars fades in the night time,
I swear I saw your face change, it didn’t seem quite right.
... And it’s hello babe, with your guardian eyes so blue,
Hey my baby, don’t you know our love is true?

Coming closer with our eyes, a distance falls around our bodies.
Out in the garden, the moon seems very bright.
Six saintly shrouded men move across the lawn slowly,
The seventh walks in front with a cross held high in hand.
... And it’s hey babe, your supper’s waiting for you,
Hey my baby, don’t you know our love is true?

I’ve been so far from here,
Far from your warm arms.
It’s good to feel you again.
It’s been a long time. Hasn’t it?

II. “The Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary Man”

[The lovers come across a town dominated by two characters: one a benevolent farmer and the other a head of a highly disciplined scientific religion. The latter likes to be known as “The Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary Man” and claims to contain a secret new ingredient capable of fighting fire. This is a falsehood, an untruth, a whopper and a taradiddle; or to put it in clearer terms, a lie.]

I know a farmer who looks after the farm,
With water clear, he cares for all his harvest.
I know a fireman who looks after the fire.

You, can’t you see he’s fooled you all?
Yes, he’s here again, can’t you see he’s fooled you all?

Share his peace,
Sign the lease.

He’s a supersonic scientist,
He’s the Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary Man.
Look, look into my mouth he cries.
And all the children lost down many paths,
I bet my life, you’ll walk inside
Hand in hand,
gland in gland,
With a spoonful of miracle,
He’s the Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary.
We will rock you, rock you little snake,
We will keep you snug and warm.

III. “Ikhnaton and Istacon and Their Band of Merry Men”

[Who the lovers see clad in greys and purples, awaiting to be summoned out of the ground. At the G.E.S.M.'s command they put forth from the bowels of the earth, to attack all those without an up-to-date "Eternal Life Licence", which were obtainable at the head office of the G.E.S.M.'s religion.]

Wearing feelings on our faces while our faces took a rest,
We walked across the fields to see the children of the West,
But we saw a host of dark skinned warriors
standing still below the ground,
 Waiting for battle.
The fight's begun, they've been released.
Killing foe for peace ... bang, bang, bang ... bang, bang, bang ...
And they're giving me a wonderful potion,
'Cos I cannot contain my emotion.
And even though I'm feeling good,
Something tells me I'd better activate my prayer capsule.
Today's a day to celebrate, the foe have met their fate.
The order for rejoicing and dancing has come from our warlord.

IV. "How Dare I Be So Beautiful?"

[In which our intrepid heroes investigate the aftermath of the battle and discover a solitary figure, obsessed by his own image. They witness an unusual transmutation, and are pulled into their own reflections in the water.]

Wandering in the chaos the battle has left,
We climb up the mountain of human flesh
To a plateau of green grass, and green trees full of life.
A young figure sits still by her pool,
He's been stamped "Human Bacon" by some butchery tool.
 (He is you)
Social Security took care of this lad,
We watch in reverence as Narcissus is turned into a flower.
 A flower?

V. "Willow Farm"

[Climbing out of the pool, they are once again in a different existence. They're right in the middle of a myriad of bright colours, filled with all manner of objects, plants, animals and humans. Life flows freely and everything is mindlessly busy. At random, a whistle blows and every single thing is instantly changed into another.]

If you go down to Willow Farm,
to look for butterflies, flutterbyes, gutterflies
Open your eyes, it's full of surprise, everyone lies,
like the focks [sic] on the rocks,
and the musical box.

Oh, there's Mum & Dad, and good and bad,
and everyone's happy to be here.

There's Winston Churchill dressed in drag,
He used to be a British flag, plastic bag. What a drag.
The frog was a prince, the prince was a brick, the brick was an egg,
and the egg was a bird.

 Hadn't you heard?
Yes, we're happy as fish, and gorgeous as geese,
 and wonderfully clean in the morning.
We've got everything, we're growing everything,

We've got some in,
We've got some out,
We've got some wild things floating about ...
Everyone, we're changing everyone,
You name them all,
We've had them here,
And the real stars are still to appear.

ALL CHANGE!

Feel your body melt:
Mum to mud to mad to dad
Dad diddley office, Dad diddley office,
You're all full of ball.
Dad to dam to dum to mum
Mum diddley washing, Mum diddley washing,
You're all full of ball.
Let me hear your lies, we're living this up to our eyes.
Oooo-oooo-oooo-oowaa
Momma I want you now.

And as you listen to my voice
To look for hidden doors, tidy floors, more applause.
You've been here all the time,
Like it or not, like what you got,
You're under the soil,
Yes deep in the soil.
So we'll end with a whistle and end with a bang
and all of us fit in our places.

VI. "Apocalypse in 9/8 (Co-Starring the Delicious Talents of Gabble Ratchet)"
[At one whistle the lovers become seeds in the soil, where they recognise other seeds to be people from the world in which they had originated. While they wait for Spring, they are returned to their old world to see the Apocalypse of St John in full progress. The seven trumpeteers cause a sensation, the fox keeps throwing sixes, and Pythagoras (a Greek extra) is deliriously happy as he manages to put exactly the right amount of milk and honey on his corn flakes.]

With the guards of Magog, swarming around,
The Pied Piper takes his children underground.
The Dragon's coming out of the sea,
With the shimmering silver head of wisdom looking at me.
He brings down the fire from the skies,
You can tell he's doing well by the look in human eyes.
You'd better not compromise.
It won't be easy.

666 is no longer alone,
He's getting out the marrow in your back bone.
And the seven trumpets blowing sweet rock and roll,
Gonna blow right down inside your soul.
Pythagoras with the looking-glass, reflecting the full moon,
In blood, he's writing the lyrics of a brand new tune.

And it's hey babe, with your guardian eyes so blue.
Hey my baby, don't you know our love is true?
I've been so far from here,

Far from your loving arms,
Now I'm back again, and baby it's going to work out fine.

VII. "As Sure as Eggs is Eggs (Aching Men's Feet)"
[Above all else an egg is an egg. "And did those feet ..." making ends meet.]

Can't you feel our souls ignite,
Shedding ever changing colours, in the darkness of the fading night?
Like the river joins the ocean, as the germ in a seed grows,
We have finally been freed to get back home.

There's an angel standing in the sun, and he's crying with a loud voice,
"This is the supper of the mighty one".
Lord of Lord's,
King of King's,
Has returned to lead his children home,
To take them to the new Jerusalem.
[Jerusalem = place of peace.]