

September. South London. I said we were surprised to find the common hilly. They said it was dead flat till the Council buried all the rubbish a few years back. It had grown over quite nice, grass, trees, dogs, mist etc.

Two of them; Robert, Michael. Old friends or something. Usual stuff. Been in a band. Split. Didn't see each other for a bit. Etc.

Bus, tube, bus, stumbling out across the common under the bored upstairs gaze of remaining... whatever. Saturday morning Mitcham. Grass, trees, dogs... no dogs. One dog. Mist.

Studio. An eight track in Yorkshire Road. Big estate. Backs off some other estate. A bedroom in a terrace. Thin walls but the neighbours are understanding. Give and take. Thick with thin. Etc. (Liking bagpipe music themselves...) Vocals in the box-room, tambourine in the back bedroom. Tambourine will be covered in blood by the end of the day, but that's another story.

"Dad says is it OK to mow the lawn?" (Saturday afternoon.)

"Not at the moment, we're doing the vocals."