



Manning

Manning Number Ten Press Pack and Song Lyrics

Festival Music (F2) : 200902
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Available through Festival Music, via itunes, Amazon and through all good record shops.

All songs written by Guy Manning.

The Players

Guy Manning: Acoustic 6,12 and Classical and Electric Guitars, Keyboards, Bass, Bouzouki, Mandolin and Vocals

- * David Million: Electric Guitar
- * Laura Fowles: Alto Sax and Vocals
- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Phil Wilkes: Keyboards
- * Kris Hudson-Lee: Bass
- * Julie King: Vocals (including the duet on "Valentine's Night")
- * Kev Currie: Vocals
- * Ed Neidhardt: Soprano Sax and Bass Clarinet
- * Hannah Hudson-Lee: Vocals
- * Danny Rhodes: Additional Drums
- * Andy Tillison (Courtesy of The Tangent and PO90): Keyboards and Drums
- * Steve Dundon (Courtesy of Molly Bloom): Flute and Tenor Sax
- * Pav Chana: Percussion

Song Titles

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Ships

So here you come!
It's all over and I'll wash my hands of that!
Two keys, two rings, two old dusty photographs

When the Sun goes down in the western sky
Your voice calls out to me (you're out at sea)
Like a lost ship on the ocean,
the tide will bring you back, oh back to me

It's so calm, the storm is over, clouds have gone away
your voice in my ears, your face in my mind, all gone today
When the Sun goes down in the western sky
Your voice calls out to me (you're out at sea)
and like a lost ship on the ocean,
the tide will bring you back, oh back to me

Oh with every changing season
you haunt me and you reach me for no reason
No, No, No, No, No

Keep on hanging on,
Why do you keep on hanging on?



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The Final Chapter

When they all see me coming down why they step aside,
There's no trial by fire No suicides
I'm the King of the Low Side Cruisers
The main dog on the street
I'm no passenger or loser, I'm the man you have to beat

No meaner libertine will ever take me down
the new Judge of the highway
No witness will testify to anything at all

Catching the gangs when they're unawares
their fates are soon sealed
There's so much more to this under life
than their death reveals

You might consider running now, chances are you've left it too late
No heroes on this back street, true justice is put to bed
to keep down the numbers, you know you'll never come back

I hear their leader has crossed the line
I hear his reign is on the wane
Word on the street is that he's lost his crew
it's time to move in again
Called out to face the music, dance and sing
There's no movement on the streets
In this sub section of the war zone
I hear he's the man to beat

When they all saw him coming down why they stepped aside
there was no trial by fire No suicides
No meaner libertine was ever taken down
the old Judge of the highway
No witness would testify...to anything at all



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An Ordinary Day

It's just another early morning, chasing crisp bags on the breeze, the North wind rocks the chimney pots, blowing leaves from off the trees frosting pavement, cracks puddles, stings the air, etched within its memories is the fur of a Polar bear

Figures shunting quickly on the daily working tracks
Caught up by their rota, in the hollow icy drafts
Conspire and push away, a lifetime to be squeezed into an ordinary day

Locked away in towers, with noses to the glass,
Floating Lotto daydreams on a hope that never lasts
Illusion! Time standing still pulled ever clockwise by a forceful act of will

Countless letter boxes rattle when the restless branches splay
and yesterdays old paper, loops the loop and shoots away....
Tonight! lamplight floods the sky to block the star cast wonders and those aging satellites

We're just ordinary people, living ordinary lives
Introspective seekers when we hold the love inside ourselves
Candles burning bright, reaching onward bravely in the finite wave of light

It's just another early evening, snaking traffic, nose to tail,
and the North wind hits the rooftops turns the slates back into swirling dust, and red brick veins, throbbing through the paintwork when it mixes with the rain

We've got ordinary problems and a fate that's not denied
Mortal disbelievers as we hold the fear inside ourselves
Candles burning bright, reaching onward bravely in the finite wave of light



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Bloody Holiday!

Passport, keys and wallet found, tickets still at bay!
This is the check in queue for another plane delay
Babies, kids and pensioners wander up the halls
and this is just about the time that I regret filling in the forms

An aisle seat with extra room for an extra roomy 'Guy'
there's no chance of any comfort in this pencil in the sky
Belt up!, Sit still! Obey the rules and know your place
Two hours of transit mayhem with the seat back in my face

Come along on an English holiday
Jet ski packers with a lot of cash to pay
Flying the vapour trails across the smoky blue
Clouds float on by, there's nothing you can do
but enjoy the ride!

10ccs' "Mandy" playing in my mind
the 'Clockwork Creep' ?
There's a shady bloke sat right behind (me)
I grip the arms in the vice like seat
The plastic chicken that your kids won't eat
and pray to God you make the ground again!

Come along on an English holiday
Jet ski packers with a lot of cash to pay
Flying the vapour trails across the smoky blue
Clouds float on by, there's nothing you can do
but enjoy the ride!



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Valentines' Night

Concentrate on a time and place
Watch the lines in the others face
It's me...It's a mirror of me

Can you see how it settles in?
Goes to rest underneath the skin
and hides, in the linings out of sight

When will she be me?
and when will I cease to be...me?
Becoming something new...
Another hybrid brew

Oh take me home, with just one kiss
Left to wander alone in the night, in the darkness and face my
beast! Another Valentine's night

Oh the things I can see now
and all the things I have lost!
In a dream of a dream of a nightmare insanity
the shadow world comes to enforce its anima ...
...and calls me home, with just one moment of bliss
Left to wander alone in the night, in the darkness and face my
beast!

With a welcome home, with just one kiss
Left to wander alone in the night, in the darkness and face my
beast! Another Valentine's night



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A Road Less Travelled

The storm is coming down and the radio is dead
the old tin cans fill the endless carousel like kings of the road
and nothing is what it seems through the blurry misted glass
stuck back at this crossroads facing up to my Past
There's a mystic light that's shining white
and warms my worn out frame
it beckons to the Eastern path
and through the blinding rain, it calls to me again

So I turn the wheel into the rising Sun
locked to the line of a journey to what may come
Throwing the map on the back seat, I trust in shadow play
foot down on the throttle - I pull away
There's no horizon, no sheltering trees
as the cross hair mind forces me onwards
with dust bowl dreams of water
and of comfort...
and of company...
and of rest again

Home - This is the last stop on the road of life
Going Home - Cancel the meetings you organised
Hands are pressing greetings now
I recognise their shapes
we walk down the Golden Highway - no ticker tape!
Back street houses opening doors
tiny windows to their soul
Pulled along in the flow and the rush of the wind as we go



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A Road Less Travelled (Contd.)

It's a little bit funny now, as I hear familiar songs
Brushing off the cobwebs, in the corners where they belong
Cataloguing fragrances and the objects that I feel
to separate my monsters from the thoughts that are not real

Welcome Home - Gentle soldier, place that rifle down...
Welcome Home - the War is over!
The cavalry returned and the lessons have all been learned

No more fear of casualty now
the old life is stripped away
onto the final homecoming with no parades!
Family houses have opened their doors to usher me alone
Pulled along in the flow and lost in the wind as I go

Welcome Home - Gentle soldier, the white dove will arise
Welcome Home - your pain is over
Your friends have all returned and the battlefields have burned
The ticking clocks are slowing now to meet a new born pace
we float on the clouds of remembrance, full of grace!
Supported by their comforting arms, old memories wipe away
Watching over the show, the hush of the ghosts as they go



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Another Lazy Sunday

It's one o' clock again and this time I've really changed
No more wasted time, I'm putting things in order
Lots of things to do, that I have put away
Lots of games to play, put away for rainy days

Tea and toast
Read the post
Try and see what's on TV
Not much there
Try elsewhere - oh no!
Long walks, Short talks
Cars and parks and bars...
They're all ideas for leisure

Oh look at the clock upon the wall
(the hands are moving slowly)
and I've done nothing at all
(whiling away a lazy Sunday)!

Tea and toast
Read the post
Try and see what's on TV
Not much there
Try elsewhere - oh no!
Long walks, Short talks
Cars and parks and bars...
They're all ideas for leisure



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The House On The Hill

Part One {In The Frame}

Standing staring at this photograph
I thought I saw you start to smile
Curled edges and sellotape, beauty and entropy entwined
I'll fall in love with this memory
I fall in love with this face
I will reach down through the Ages and stop...Time and Space
Turn back the clocks!
Along the Hawking miles
Folded in on ourselves in some paradigm
I see myself walking slowly in Autumn
Kicking stones down some leafy English lane
and suddenly it hits me, I'm alone, I call your name
Cold sepia glass
I feel the moments pass me by
the house on the hill is so far away.

Part Two {Travel plans}

Fixate on a single point in Time
These butterfly wings can still arise
Inner point of view locked in my heart
Mad jugglers stand in line,
and they recognise their King!
Tumblers in the clockwork mind begin...
...they begin to sing
Thin gossamer webs with strange designs
Promised whispers from the other side
- A trick of the light, a trick on the mind
No worries at all about what's left behind
Court jesters wait in line,
They recognise - not a thing!
Players of the morbid games begin
we begin to sing



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The House On The Hill (Contd.)

Part Three {The other shoreline}

It's Alright, It's OK

Under the portal gaze there is some calm and some waiting and some breathing

It's not quite how I thought it would be, but then what do I know?

Got to get my dead ducks in a row

Ferryman, here is your coin, take me to the other side

But hurry now I'm all for being on my way

Slip the moorings, feel the oars

Cast adrift on the other shore, my destiny is there, waiting for me

No sounds of water, no slipstream in our wake

I'm into the Shadowlands, where the dead are still awake

No sign of any Grand Estates, in this wasteland, desolate

I search for her amongst the lost blank faces

Black and white, all shapes and sizes

the overwhelming sorrow that this flow comprises

I look for her within the wandering crowd...but she's not there

Part Four {Together again}

Left staring at a photograph, I only want to see you smile

and there you are before me now, found in Time

Turn back the clocks and make this moment last

Together as one, from out of the Past

Hand In Hand. we walk towards the horizon

Lost in each other eyes

The House on the hill is not so far away

My journey's end, my heart's content

the end of the story as if it was always meant to be

and you are with me now!