

Manning Anser's Tree Press Pack & Song Lyrics

Prog Rock Records : PRR270 Mechanical Release : October 2006 Electronic Release : March 2011

Available through Festival Music, the Band Website plus via itunes, Amazon and through all good record shops.

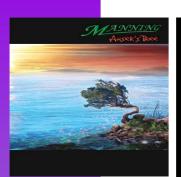
All songs written by Guy Manning.

The Players

- * Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals
- * David Million: Electric Guitar
- * Laura Fowles: Sax and Vocals
- * Steve Dundon (Courtesy of Molly Bloom): Flute
- * Andy Tillison (Courtesy of The Tangent and PO90): Keyboards
- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Ed Unitsky: Cover Artist Copyright

Song Titles

- 1Margaret Montgomery (1581 ????) 07:13
- 2 Jack Roberts (1699 1749) 06:39
- 3 William Barras (1803 1835)14:15
- 4 Diana Horden (1900 1922) 07:47
- 5 Joshua Logan (1990 2048) 07:58
- 6 Prof. Adam Logan (2001 2094) 11:59
- 7 Dr. Jonathan Anser (2089 -????)07:07



Margaret Montgomery (1581-?)

Ice formed valley protects from the eyes of all strangers that wander the hills the wind from the North rushes down to the tarn side and tumbles on heather over spills

Margaret Montgomery cares for her children, warding all evil away Fearlessly solo, she acts with true purpose & draws on the lines of the ley

1605 and the news travels swiftly, changes of bloodline and kings The people stood nervously, lulled in the moment of calm that rides warmonger wings

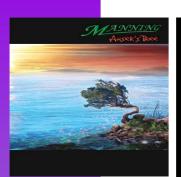
But Margaret Montgomery cares for her children, warding all evil away

She cares nothing for politics, gunpowder, treason & draws on the lines of the ley

So beware, You travellers, who march to this place, Strange forces habit here, it will end with your ruin - So Beware!

A black blooded night when the soldiers did come To tear her sanctuary down No one alive, no one survived, no one made any sound

Margaret Montgomery cares for her children, warding all evil away And this place is a warning of a woman with calling who draws on the lines of the ley



Jack Roberts (1699-1749)

Not a cloud in the sky Up here on lonely mountain Is that a tear in my eye? Caught out by a memory And every time I feel the wind....

No passers by Up here on lonely mountain Silence is the king of the hill Lost in my own condition And every time I watch the trees...

There's no comfort in the hermit life Cut off from the warmth of beings I thought it could have been paradise But I was fooling myself 'Cos every time I hear your name....

Such a terrible climb Up the face of lonely mountain Ravaged by the passing of time No mirror will record it And every time I close my eyes....

There's no comfort in the hermit life Cut off from the warmth of beings I though it could have been paradise But I was only fooling myself.....



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William Barras (1803 -1835)

Part 1. The Working Life

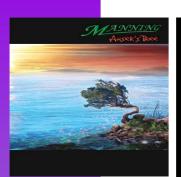
Down from the sunlight, boys, Swinging in a cage Life underground, Mirrors the black face mole bathed in shadow light Beat the drum boys! Dust an misery for a farthing at Wallsend colliery

Out in the morning, we'll be far, far away from lamps in the burrows to clear blue overhead...with our families

So beat the drum boys! Black coal takers One more round and we'll make it home again...over the hills

Down in the tunnels where devils may lie There's no one to turn to, my 'marra' and I Counting our pieces like hand crafted gold Hearing our hearts like the hammers of old Strike! Strike! Strike! upon the seam Strike! Strike! and try not hit a beam Couched like some victims and forcing our way up through the mixture of iron and clay under toe...

Then in a second, a moment of cold an instant of silence has taken control of my soul of my soul...under the hills So beat the drum boys! Black coal takers There's no more time for memory makers here...



William Barras (1803 -1835) (Contd.)

Part 2. The Cave-in (Instrumental)

Part 3. Auld Nick & Co.

There's nothing moving and I can't feel my legs I hear someone breathing and there's a Davy by my head Is anyone else alive down here? Help is on its way, never fear boys

Minutes passing slowly in the damp and the black There's no more moving, from the wall at the back will they get to the shaft base in time? Ponies and dead bodies in the gloom and grime

Imagine myself in the noon day sun or standing in the summers' rain will I ever be home again? I'm locked beneath a frame I'll run wild through the trees and the hay and wash in the Northern Seas If God is on our side this time He'll never let Auld Nick take me away

There's no one coming...to set us free we're all alone now, just Jack and Me

Imagine myself in the Noon day sun or standing in the summers' rain will I ever be home again? I'm locked beneath a frame I'll run wild through the trees and the hay and wash in the Northern Seas If God is on our side this time He'll never let Auld Nick take me away



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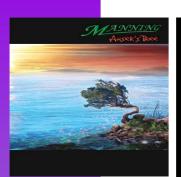
William Barras (1803 -1835) (Contd.)

Part 4. The Working After-Life

Down in the tunnels where devils may lie There's only the ghosts of my 'marra' and I Guarding the pieces like hand crafted gold Echoes of axes like hammers of old

Strike! Strike! Strike! upon the seam Strike! Strike! and try not hit a beam The pit mouth was sealed and the town moved away Leaving the mixture of iron and clay far below....under the hills

So beat the drum boys! Black coal takers There's no more time for memory makers here



Diana Horden (1900-1922)

(Diana)

Walking down Main street with a frightened face in my head "She was cruising for a bruising" that's what the other man said Hiding away, in the shadows Though it may take all the night I have, I have my camera I have the door way in plain sight

"She looked like an angel" the cab driver had claimed But thirty minutes later they were trying to find someone to blame She, she had left the door open And in walked the killer, so cold No one, no one heard her struggle As she fought for survival till the end

Lost the right to life in the candle light he extinguished her flame then slipped away and left his prey Down on, Down on, Down on Sparrow Lane

(Killer)

I have walked this mind's eye Leaving compassion behind me Crossed the road to her front door And managed the lock...so easily

Hanging out on Main street with a knife in my hand "I'll catch him with a snapshot!" that's what the lady had planned Hiding away, in the shadows Though it may take all the night I have, I have my alibi I have her door in plain sight

Lost the right to life in the flashbulb light when she entered my game then I slip away another day Down on, Down on, Down on Sparrow Lane



Joshua Logan (1990-2048)

Why does an apple fall down? How long is "..we shall see.." ? Why do the clouds look like faces in the sky Can you please explain it to me? I want to know right now! How much does an elephant weigh? So many questions that are buzzin' in my head That I can't get around to my play

Tell me why my eyes are blue How come we want to fight a War? Can you really laugh your head off? And does it roll around on the floor? What is God & where is He? Why does my mummy cry? So many questions that are buzzin' in my head What makes the birdies fly?

I am not a child anymore, I am now a man But I've still have some questions that I just can't understand

Why do I need to sleep? And what makes the grass go brown? Does everybody else know the answer to the puzzle of how far is UP from DOWN? Can I spin round and round.... 'till I'm dizzy and I can't stand still So many questions that are buzzin' in my head That every day I'm walking uphill

OK, here's a big one.. Where do little babies come from? There's a lot of little babies about! Why does my best friend have a little belly button and I've got a 'sticky out'? Are my dreams really real? And where do they go to? So many questions that are buzzin' in my head I'm sure I've got another one of two...



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Professor Adam Logan (2001 - 2094)

Straight out of Cambridge and already in debt to the hilt He wanted to light up the sky Made a name in plastics with Cola hi-rollers And left the tax man happy with a slice of the pie He was cool, no ones' fool, but the work that he did left him feeling so empty, tried to deny it, tried to hide it, but he worried about what he'd started at school

I'm calling out to the World – I wanted to be your friend And I'm calling out to the World – So sorry that it has to end

He tore through the notebooks and checked it again Searching for anything, just a hint of a weakness Column by column and then row by row Surely some others had noted the signs It was there in the charts The ice flows were melting much faster than normal Tried to deny it, tried to hide it But he worried about what he'd finished at school

He went to the Ministry and waited by doors in the cold Kept in the corridors 'till well after midnight Shared with a small man, the proof of his cause And was told to write a letter to the person in charge No more time, he'd lost the plot! So he broke into TV and shouted the odds Could do no more, when he was through His charts and his books were thrown out of the door

So I'm sitting by the telephone Waiting for somebody to respond And make it all right... Packed my case, I'm on my way It started raining yesterday and soon there'll be no places dry....



Dr. Jonathan Anser (2089 -?)

Far below the last remaining hill, a figure searches endlessly Sifting through the rubble for the answers to the questions he has posed for years.

Am I all alone? All alone in a sinking World And did compacted clay once feel the touch of beings walking regally?

Footprints in the sand, Footprints that's all I'm looking for, Footprints in the sand

And a meaning to the riddle of the Universe that could be forged by just one hand I lie face down upon the earth beneath, touching head to toe Listening to the movement of the Planet and its' atmosphere The Grand Plateau

Dance...To a rhythm tapped out long ago Dance...and make the 'Puppet Master' sit up and say "Hello!" Dance...just knock upon the door and enter friend Dance...until the end