



Mike Weaver
songbook

Lyrics 1978 –2020

Alex

We're all lads from England,
Our fathers stevedores,
Some were lost for little cost,
In the fourteen-eighteen war,
Our sisters wear white ribbons,
Tied in bows of hope,
Our heads are in the nooses,
We wove from desperate rope.

We crossed the ceaseless sand seas,
And along the River Nile,
It brought them life,
It brought us death,
Washed the blood rain from our eyes,
The calls across the city,
Brought the faithful to their prayer,
Ringing new Egyptian changes,
For the Allies who were there.

Alex, I don't believe,
In your places anymore,
Alex, don't need to look,
In your faces anymore.

They sent us ratting Rommel,
In the menace of the sun,
She ripped our hair,
And cut our hands,
And blistered our backs bare,
The wounds were soothed in Alex,
Soon in Pompey's Pillar bars,
Drink the old Egyptian potions.
And take us to your lair.

Alex, I don't believe,
In your places anymore,
Alex, don't need to look,
In your faces anymore.

She took me to the old town,
To a place she knew was there,
The bed was straw,
The shutters swung,
And fanned the restless air,
She wore a dress of satin,
And grew jasmine in her hair,
She showed me more of Alex,
And I wished I didn't care.

I woke in early sunlight,
To the city's market hum,
The girl had gone,
And I was lost,
Left waiting for the gun,
They sailed us out of Alex,
Robbed and raped and done,
To the new Salerno beaches,
And the faces on the men.

Alex, your sweat and wine,
Were never ice cold like they said,
Alex, you made us rot,
You turned us into living dead,
Alex, I never want,
To see your places,
Anymore.

Babe

Close your curtains,
Settle down,
And I will soon be around,
With my stories,
And my words,
Some of them may sound absurd.

We'll have rosé,
We'll have beer,
And I'll be glad to have you near,
Empty glasses,
No more wine,
One more sign of passing time.

For the times I missed you, Babe,
For the times we stayed out late,
Oh will you have my, could you have my...

Draw me closer,
Clutch me tight,
We will see the morning light,
Trace my fingers,
Around your face,
Make my World a different place.

We've seen midnight's,
Other side,
Stretched the hours open wide,
Cling together,
Minutes pass,
I'll return and make them last.

For the times I missed you, Babe,
For the times we stayed out late,
Oh will you have my, could you have my...

Turn Your Face To Mine

Promise you'll be careful,
Careful as you go,
Say that you will want me,
Want me ever so,
Say that you will always,
Reserve a place for me,
Tell me that you'll never,
Ever let me leave alone.

Some poor souls are sleeping,
Sleeping through their dreams,
Some by day are screaming,
Dreaming through their screams,
Thoughts live on in silence,
A private point of view,
What's the point in dreaming,
If thoughts lie next to you.

So carry on believing,
Believing if we do,
We'll carry on our loving,
Living as we do,
So tell me that you'll always,
Turn your face to mine,
And tell me that you'll never,
Ever let me leave, alone,
Tonight.

Life And Times

This is just a number,
For the friends I used to know,
Some went off to college,
Others had no place to go,
The times we'd go out sliding,
In the crystal season's snow,
Now time seems to be skating,
With each rapture that we throw away.

Taking engine numbers,
Afternoons at Whaddon Road,
A sneaky pint of tankard,
And we'd catch our buses home,
But what became of boyhood,
And haircuts never known,
Of albums on the lockers,
Conversations on the phone, with who?

Life and times of minutes passed,
Sounding schooldays always last,
I can't remember, who are you?
Empty faces and names which I once knew.

Evenings at the Pavvy,
Are the last ones to lament,
But think of plastic glasses,
And the smiles which we spent,
No happiness in dirges,
No future in the past,
But days seem to be speeding,
And the hours don't seem to last, so long.

So now we've chosen futures,
And taken some for wives,
And though the times are changing,
We have made new terms and lives,
The Rovers on the drive way,
The scent of Evensong,
But some of us have nothing,
We've forgotten how to get along.

Life and times of minutes passed,
Sounding schooldays always last,
I can't remember, who are you?
Empty faces and names which I once knew.

Jack and Fred were teachers,
Graduated to the grave,
So has Tiggy Zajczyk,
See if you can spell his name,
If you still count this number,
Then count yourself like me,
A former son of someone,
With eyes that still can see, the way.

Life and times of minutes passed,
Sounding schooldays always last,
I can't remember, who are you?
Empty faces and names which I once knew.

Little Lady Lies

She looked up from the table,
In the crowded back room bar,
Her eyes said she was able,
And willing to go far,
She slipped out of the shadows,
And downed her advocaat,
Staring at my shoulders,
As if we'd met before.

She whispered to me coolly,
That the town was full of bums,
With nothing for a young girl,
But to wait and see who comes,
The High Street, so they call it,
Is just a wide place in the road,
Where once a heavy wagon,
Had spurned and shed its load.

But if you come along with me,
You'll never want to go,
How do you like your coffee,
In the morning?

There are fourteen hundred soldiers,
In the barracks down the lane,
But when you've had one Tommy boy,
I guess they're all the same,
She said her men all had to be,
From towns she'd never seen,
To tell her distant stories,
Of places where they'd been.

She lives out of her pocket,
And works hard on a dream,
Doing daytimes at the garage,
And night times by the seams,
So if she gives you feelings,
Forget them when you meet.
Or you'll see her in the twilight,
On the corner of each street.

But if you come along with me,
You'll never want to go,
How do you like your coffee,
In the morning?

And when you're passing her town,
Spare a thought for backroom bars,
She's living for her moments,
In other people's cars,
So leave her when you find her,
Or you'll hear this haunting cry,
Don't listen to the whisper,
For the little lady lies.

She's Never Been To London

Dust falls on the city,
And hides the lights coming on,
She paints a picture of evening,
But she gets the colours all wrong,
And the sounds of the train from Greenwich,
Are just echoes in her mind,
She says she's never missed it,
Though it never runs on time,
At home she's fine,
Living down the line.

She's never been to London,
Though she calls the place her home,
She'll write you out a number,
And then ask you not to phone,
She's a run away,
In her mind today.

She likes, and lies my friend, she lies,
She cries, and dries my friend, she dries.

Alone she wakes in the morning,
With her patent love affair,
She walks out early evening,
With her clockwork millionaire,
The worlds and lives are real to her,
Like the company she keeps,
All foreign dreams and time to spare,
Away from rainy streets,
Alone she's fine,
Living down the line.

She's never been to London,
But she says this town can wait,
She really must be moving on,
Though the evening isn't late,
She must hide away,
In her mind today.

Hey Friend

Hey friend, don't I know you,
From those many years gone by,
You used to live off Keynsham Street,
Before the days could fly,
You don't remember me, man?
Why, we shared our youth at school,
Together, we were cowboys,
And broke so many rules

Hey girl, don't you know me?
Well I kissed you long ago,
We saw that epic movie,
In our first last picture show,
Your looks are light and faded,
And your life can tell you why,
I used to think you knew me,
Can you look me in the eye?

Praise them, praise them, praise those days men,
We were young and we were good,
And knew all the things we should.

We are spirits of the past, boys,
And the words of the old school song,
They stay gently in the mind boys,
We recall them all so wrong,
Can you put the names to faces,
For the good times which we had?
For now, we'll keep our places,
And the memories will stay bad.

For the taste of life is bitter,
In the mouths of broken men,
But the love of life, it's special,
And the flavour comes again,
We used to drink together,
Until they pulled the shutters down,
Our voices, they are but nothing,
Now the sorrows have been drowned.

Mirror of My Soul

There's a place of different slumbers,
Beyond the falling rain,
Where the World can gaze and wonder,
At the way you ease my pain,
And over by the fireside,
You'll turn and smile again,
At the time when I first touched you,
While feelings still remain.

And it may be another country,
Where Christmas bells don't toll,
Or even in our homeland,
When natural life is whole,
Your eyes will catch the candle,
To light the love we stoll,
For the labour of my own life,
And mirror of my soul.

For days of hope now are ended,
A higher life begun
It may be a time of winter,
And windswept days of sun,
But I will be your journey,
The destination done,
And you for me, eternal,
The first and last love won.

Nell

Nell, she comes back to me,
From forest, vale and field,
To free the child within me,
She knows just how I feel,
Then lays me down so easy,
To rest beside her, still,
She says one day I'll leave her,
I know I never will.

Nell, she comes back to me,
Through stagnant mists of time,
A purpose to fulfill me,
And pull me back in line,
She slips out of the shadows,
To step inside my mind,
And underlines the future,
This puzzle to unwind.

Nell, she gets into me,
Where no-one else has been,
She visits hidden corners,
And those dark, forgotten dreams,
And shines out from the windows,
To fill the land with smiles,
And calms the tide within me,
If only for a while.

Nell, she came back to me,
With cigarettes and wine,
No promise of a future,
Just a chance for me to shine,
And I will take these changes,
Her love will pull me through,
And you would understand me,
If Nell believed in you.

From Here to Africa

And I would walk,
From here to Africa,
If I thought,
I'd be with you,
Across the sands

,
And through the wilderness,
Into the light,
From deepest blue,
And I could sleep tonight,
If my heart would settle down,
Beside the dark,
And restless sea,
Above the storm,
My soul cries out for you,
You are my eyes,
You let me see.

And I would talk,
Of cool clear waters,
If I thought,
You'd want them too,
Of forest fire,
And snow capped mountain,
On hilltops high,
I'd take you to,
Where we could fly away,
On gilded wings of hope,
Beyond the clouds,
I'd sail with you,
You'd be my tears,
And dry out all my fears,
You are my hope,
You'd let me be.

When I have doubts,
Or no direction,
I look on you,
To pull me through,
All down the years,
And through the stillness,
I find you there,
I need you too,
I could do anything,
If you walk on by my side,
Under the sun,
Or starlit skies,
Beneath the moon,
I sing this lonely tune,
Cry out for you,
To be with you.

And I would walk,
From here to Africa,
If I thought,
I'd be with you,
Across the sea,
And through the wilderness,
Into the light,
From deepest blue,
And I could sleep tonight,
If my heart would settle down,
Beside the dark,
And restless sea,
Above the storm,
My soul cries out for you,
You are my eyes,
You let me see.

The Richness In You

Sunlight through a window pane,
The soft kiss of the dew,
Snowfall in a country lane,
A crocus breaking through,
The colour of a daffodil,
A sky of cloudless blue,
Beyond belief,
Without compare,
To the richness that's in you.

A small child in the cradle,
A mother's gentle tune,
A seabird on the turning tide,
The memory of the moon,
The blackbird's song before the dawn,
A wide unbroken view,
I'd trade it all,
For one last call,
On the richness that's in you.

An echo of a bygone age,
A childhood memory shared,
The magic of the Christmas tree,
And a world which isn't scared,
A prophet back to save mankind,
Can keep his promise too,
I'd trade it all,
If I'll be spared,
The richness that's in you.

Patches of Summer

Patches of summer,
Little dabs of light,
Beyond the bedroom curtains,
The faded dance of night.
The frosted fields of winter,
A sense of feeling small,
Blanketed with comfort,
Thin shadows in the hall.

But then, to stay, or when to go?
Before the fires, melt winter's snow.

Morning streets with echoes,
Of rumours from the fall,
By Spring the looks are mellow,
But eyes still say it all.
Shoulders turn and tighten,
Each time she passes by,
A wide-eyed child to frighten,
But no tears left to cry.

So reach for stars, no one will tell,
They'll guide you home, so guard them well.

The secrets of a past life
With thoughts all locked away,
Security of feelings,
That won't come out to play.
Church bells in the half light,
The street lamps coming on,
Warm blows the breeze of changes,
The whispers now are gone.

So part the clouds, you're free to go,
To sail on high, new lands below.

Patches of summer,
Little dabs of light,
Beyond the bedroom curtains,
The faded dance of night.

How Come I Did Not Choose You?

Tripping down the hallways,
Skipping down the streets,
Down into the valley,
The grassy, summer heat.
Dappled with the sunlight,
The rill about our feet,
Reflect the skies above us,
Just where the waters meet.

Dandelion clocks, which,
Float into the blue,
How come I did not choose you.

I watched you with your wet hair,
A smile molasses sweet,
Freckled skin with goosebumps,
Your gathered skirts so neat.
But down the hall at Thoresby,
I thought I saw you there,
With someone in the shadows,
Heard footsteps on the stair.

And then the way you looked,
When you noticed me in view,
How come I did not choose you.

I saw you at the market,
It might have been last May,
Busy doing all the things,
You must have done each day.
I wonder if you think of it,
The way I sometimes do,
Promises long broken,
Life to muddle through.

The meadow's filled with houses,
A road's been driven through,
How come I did not choose you.
Oh, how come I did not, choose you.

Gather I Must

There's a part of me thinks,
When my heart turns to dust,
The season is over,
Then gather I must,
Collect all the memories,
Which bound me to you,
Preserve them forever,
Lest the wind scutters through.

In the bite of October,
The geese will be gone,
But they can return,
To the place they belong,
Beyond the sad rainbows,
And lights in the skies,
I will hope that you linger,
In the colour of my eyes.

I still find your face,
In the hills of this isle,
The touch of your fingers,
The curve of your smile,
But when the breeze blows,
And it tousles my hair,
No brush of your hand,
Yet I still feel it there.

From the line of the shore,
Pretty shells to bring home,
Build patterns of life,
Yet I feel so alone,
Can you help me make sense,
Of the parting of ways,
Will your ghost still be there,
At the end of my days?

(This is Andrew's song from Claws, A Hebridean Mystery)

In Shadowlands

Tempted by a red dress,
And the lamps all turning down,
He doesn't find himself much,
On the darker side of town,
She flashes him a look,
And he knows he could be caught,
Reeled in by the whisky,
And the shallows of his thoughts,
In Shadowlands.

Above the single figures,
On a scale of one to ten,
He really shouldn't be here,
But was drawn to come again,
With the spiders in the corners,
Straps and tinfoil on the floor,
Paper's peeling from the wall,
The handle's off the door,
In Shadowlands.

There are bottles in the garden,
And a mattress on the lawn,
He doesn't recognise it,
As the house where he was born,
The sober sound of sirens,
And the crunch of broken glass,
The quickening of footsteps,
As he leaves the underpass,
In Shadowlands.

Then back around the corner,
They have colour in their cheeks,
For here's a place of plenty,
It's the land of working weeks,
Where friends walk out in daytime,
And then dine by candlelight,
Wary of the twisted ways,
Which sneak into the night,
And Shadowlands.

Little Joe's Ash

Little Joe's Ash, Little Joe's Ash,
Where once the sheep grazed,
Now are crops grown for cash,
The lambs here were nurtured,
By your own gentle hand,
The course of your nature,
At one with the land.

Little Joe's Ash, Little Joe's Ash,
Where the frosts they come early,
As the fallow bucks crash,
High on the headland,
Where the stones blunt the plough,
The lark still ascends,
But your song's silent now.

Little Joe's Ash, Little Joe's Ash,
No rest for the shepherd,
When the winter rains lash,
The snow covers all,
Of your tired boots' trail,
A lifetime of duty,
Solitude, and of ale.

Little Joe's Ash, Little Joe's Ash,
The spring brings new life,
Then it's gone in a flash,
The grass will grow over,
The land where you toil,
And everything wondered,
Returns to the soil.

Century Caught

The taxi lights at 3.00am,
I knew you wouldn't come again,
In darkened rooms where shadows prance,
The mystic signs of old romance,
No muddied fields, or strolls in parks,
No ancient trees with lovers marks.

And let us dance the last dance,
Tomorrow I am bound for France,
So many never get the chance,
So take the floor with me.

No lamps to light the streets below,
But muffled footsteps come and go,
And Jimmy sleeping in his bed,
He dreams of clear skies overhead,
Then keep him safe when underground,
From firestorms or lost and found.

And let us dance the last dance,
Tomorrow I am bound for France,
So many never get the chance,
So take the floor with me.

On cobbled stones the footsteps, bright,
Will march from darkness into light,
They cheer from windows up above,
And pluck white feathers from white doves,
The pals brigades and happy cries,
They know no where the future lies.

And let us dance the last dance,
Tomorrow I am bound for France,
So many never get the chance,
So take the floor with me.

For every soul, who's gone before,
A different knock upon this door,
The stalwart solid down the years,
Has shielded hope and sheltered fears,
A century of life to yield,
It was before and will be, field.

And let us dance the last dance,
Tomorrow I am bound for France,
So many never get the chance,
So take the floor with me.

The Taste of Freedom

Of sadness past and bitter strings,
That tie me to unpleasant things,
To wish my mind could break away,
Then rest, to rise another day,
Freed from crowded muddled lines,
Unscripted futures left behind.

And see you wander down that shore,
Red shoes in hand, we dance no more,
But feel the cold tide shock our toes,
There are no places no-one knows,
For if there were we'd be there yet,
Alone. The darkness. Please. Forget.

Outside the night grows ever wild,
Chilled fingers grip the sleeping child,
A parting kiss upon her brow,
No time for bedtime stories now,
Beyond the dawn, through traitor's gates,
The silent father's fate awaits.

And then the girl, she's done no wrong,
Why should she have to learn this song,
Above the clouds an angel sings,
Through modern life she's earned her wings.

Of sadness past and bitter strings,
That tie me to unpleasant things,
A book to read, an empty room,
How best to spend an afternoon?
Time to kill and space to fill,
The taste of freedom's bitter pill.

Blue

Blue is the colour,
That's locked in my eyes,
Splintered with sadness,
There's no compromise,
Deep in the morning,
Before the sunrise,
Look down on you sleeping,
The lows and the highs.

Blue is the name,
That you'd give to a boy,
He'd have your hair,
And a smile full of joy,
Watch him jump waves,
At the ebb of the tide,
The bay rings with laughter,
Your eyes fill with pride.

Blue is the colour,
Of shadows beside,
The bed where we woke,
On the cusp of the ides,
The beacons of summer,
Then fires in the fall,
And now dawns the winter,
But we had it all.

Blue is the name,
That I call myself now,
An end to the harvest,
The turn of the plough,
A sequel of changes,
The twists in our time,
A rock through the ages,
Forever, you're mine.

Just Don't Bother Me

They say you go with men,
And there may be more than ten,
It just don't bother me.
It's a fact that they surmise,
From the wideness of your eyes,
It just don't bother me.

So shimmy down,
That sequinned gown,
I don't care who you've been around,
You'll find me sitting here,
While I nurse another beer,
It just don't bother me.

There's liquor in the front,
And there's poker in the rear,
It just don't bother me.
You can hit me with a Jack,
And I'll even split the pack,
It just don't bother me.

So shimmy down,
That golden gown,
I don't care where you've been in town,
I'm happy sitting here,
And I'll take another beer,
It just don't bother me.

They'll be running for their lives,
When he pulls a 45,
It just don't bother me.
Why don't you find a chair,
Take some time to stop and stare,
It just don't bother me.

So shimmy down,
That blood red gown,
The best kept secret's never found,
And I'll still be sitting here,
So just pour me one last beer,
It just don't bother me.

Pembrokeshire Fair

It was here that the sand dog,
Stretched out on the beach,
With pebbles for eyes,
And cockles for teeth,
Where shingle tailed mermaids,
Had seaweed for hair,
And buckets built castles,
In Pembrokeshire fair.

Two specks on the headland,
Walked down to the sea,
Nets stirring rockpools,
When barefoot and free,
Captured on camera,
You shine from the past,
Fresh faced and youthful,
But changing so fast.

So where are the days,
With the salt on your lips,
Snowflakes on noses,
And paper cup ships,
The wind in their sails,
They bob on the tide,
To drift out of sight,
Where the skies are so wide.

Beyond the horizon,
Beneath the same sun,
A whole world of difference,
And new lives begun,
Yet caught for all time,
Like the fresh Haven air,
Is the brightness that shaped us,
In Pembrokeshire Fair.

She Wants To Go Out Dancing

She wants to go out dancing,
I'm too tired for the halls,
Don't need the glow upon me,
From those shabby mirrored balls,
Shield me from the laughter,
Of another drunken night,
So show me to the corner,
Protect me from the light.

Then lead me to a cliff top,
With a view of promised land,
Talk softly of a future,
As you gently take my hand,
Spare me from your questions,
And all those muddled plans,
Just smile and share the moment,
We are beautiful but damned.

I can't be a God of all things,
I have no answers when you ask,
There is no further need to wander,
Or take on another task.

No, don't take me to your leader,
I don't want to hear his words,
I would rather lie in long grass,
To look up and watch the birds,
Skirt into the bluest yonder,
And sing the brightest song I've heard,
Lay me down within your soft heart,
Where all the sweetness is interred.

I can't be a God of all things,
I have no answers when you ask,
There is no further need to wander,
Or take on another task.

Nobody Makes A Biscuit Like The English

Nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
The Digestive and the Lincoln are but two,
I thought we'd had our lot,
When they ditched the Royal Scot,
But the good old custard cream came shining through,
For nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
Created for a good dunk in your brew.

Oh, nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
Though the Belgians have no rivals
for their buns,
The French have langue du chat,
But we don't think much of that,
And Garibaldi merely give a man the runs,
For nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
Bring us Ginger Nuts and
Bourbons by the tons.

Her Majesty at three,
Said I don't mean one but We,
Wish to cancel our request for Petit Fours,
For when it gets to four,
Tell the footman at the door,
That the Falklands can be his,
For one Rich Tea.

Yes, nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
McVittie, Fox and Burton and Peak Fren,
The noble Jammie Dodger,
Set to please the oldest codger,
And Lemon Puffs fulfill your wildest dream,
For nobody makes a biscuit like the English,
From the Borders to the lanes of
Taunton Deane.

When

When bare feet no longer walk
Over jagged stones,
Or leave prints in sand and snow,
When the sun beats fiercely down,
On my bleached bones,
And fireflies give up their glow,
When a billion stars burn out,
And all rivers run to drought,
I will still have loved you.

When the last leaves fall from trees,
And turn to golden dust,
Tides ebb and flow no more,
Over brittle shards of rust,
Grasses fail our barren fields,
In yellow faded light,
Through the silence that follows,
In all the dark hollows,
I will still have loved you.

The day of judgement faded now,
The good book cuts its ties,
The words of hope are distant,
Just jaded shallow lies,
Eternal fire an ember now,
Retains its vital spark,
And somewhere through space,
Rings a song to your grace,
That I will still have loved you.

Chasing Squirrels in the Sky

The yellow stones beneath us,
We'd walk for country miles,
You always found the right side,
Of gates and broken stiles,
But now the bluebells bow their heads,
And we have eyes to dry,
As you go chasing squirrels,
In the sky.

In late April's brightness,
You bounced into our world,
Nine day wonder's gladness,
All black and golden curls,
The walks grow shorter by the day,
And now the time it flies,
You'll soon be chasing squirrels,
In the sky.

No toys are brought to greet us,
There's thin light in the hall,
The days are filled with Autumn mist,
The chase of one last ball.

For now we'll rise and stumble off,
Through failing breeze and corn,
To dwell upon our younger days,
And blossom on the thorn,
Oyster catchers, turning tides,
Too soon it's time to fly,
To where you'll chase the squirrels,
In the sky.

KDF 904

She was built in the summer of 49,
Brunswick Green on the Oxford Line,
Old tan leather and the walnut shined,
Never quite got us to school on time.

Crawled to a halt on Charlton Hill,
Couldn't get going on Portland Bill,
Sitting in the back with Nick and Hill,
Overheated twice, by Ollerton Mill.

KDF 904, Cousin trapped my fingers,
In the offside door,
KDF 904, She could make 52,
With a pedal to the floor.

Mist on the windows, moss on the chrome,
Wipers both ticking like a metronome,
Hand cranked starts on a winter's day,
Roof-racked summers took us away.

KDF 904, Chelt Walk Park,
And the old see-saw,
KDF 904, Paraffin stoves,
On a damp Dartmoor.

One dark day, she coughed her last,
Fosseway failure unsurpassed,
Austin's standard flew half mast,
Sunday runs, consigned to the past.

KDF 904, Hardknot Pass,
And a Somerset Tor,
KDF 904, Callow End picnics,
Burnham shore

Never Let Me Go

Look at the leaves, they
Shimmer above us,
Excited by midsummer's breeze,
Do they know that,
The weight's lifting from us,
It's lighter than light,
In the trees.

It's a whirl, It's a swirl, It's a promise,
Unbroken, we sink to our knees,
The feel of your skin,
And my fingers,
Trace patterns,
Then settle with ease.

Never let me go.
Never let me go.
Never let me go

Your spirit, it dances within me,
A beacon of calm at its core,
You came and you saw,
And you filled me,
Without you, I'd fall,
Through the floor.

No wrongs, just rights
And these feelings,
The tokens that only we know,
When I'm alone in the winter,
I'll be writing your name,
In the snow.

Never let me go.
Never let me go.
Never let me go.

At Farmcote

Above the clouds at Farmcote,
The sheep are in their fold,
Lips are kissed,
By Autumn mist,
The leaves have turned to gold.

The gentle breeze at Farmcote,
Stirs not the sleeping souls,
Men who tilled,
These Cotswold hills,
Content beneath its folds.

No hand to sound the church bell,
No witness to this day,
No tenor's voice,
To bless our choice,
So gently, slip away.

The oaks are bare at Farmcote,
Now touched by winter's chill,
The buzzards high,
In thin blue sky,
Below, the time stands still.

When I return to Farmcote,
I'll turn and find you there,
Deep spangled eyes,
So free from ties,
And sunlight through dark hair.

No hand to sound the church bell,
No witness to this day,
No tenor's voice,
To bless our choice,
So gently, slip away.

Then lay me down at Farmcote,
My true love standing by,
So she can see,
What I would be,
If we had learned to fly.

Shoulder

You carry me on your shoulder,
Under and over soft skin,
I can't touch as I grow older,
The memories locked within,
Of a time when we were bolder,
But now the rain's got in.

I found you in each sunrise,
At the end of every day,
Now caught in fading twilight,
The toys all packed away,
I knock but I can't raise you,
You won't come out to play.

The stars will always shine so true,
Their light forever blue,
They look down on the life we led,
When that was me and you.

There are clowns within the curtains,
And a church held by a frame,
Books with pages turned down,
By a man who had no name,
An owl beside your pillow,
For wise words are to blame.

The stars will always shine so true,
Their light forever blue,
They look down on the life we led,
When that was me and you.

And as we stand on different shores,
To wash away our fears,
The lakes grow deeper with our thoughts,
Of tender, special years.

The Church Is Coming Down The Road

The still night caught in Summer trees,
And nightingales on Acomb's breeze,
Grazed and scratched, we skinned our knees,
In mowing grass a gentle sneeze,
Round by round, the children's code,
The church is coming,
Down the road

Coats for goalposts, don't be lates,
The creosote on garden gates,
Nature walks and whitsun fetes,
The witches hat and roller skates,
Front room winters, fires glowed,
The church is coming,
Down the road.

The distant peals that end the day
Boys and girls come in from play
Curtains closed and tucked up tight
Watched over till the morning light

The faded laughter of those days,
Snapshots from the infant plays,
Angels, Jesus, Christian ways,
Linger in the pale sun's rays,
The hedges trimmed, the borders hoed,
The church is coming,
Down the road.

We rode our trikes to East End Stores,
Silvine notebooks, open doors,
Baking flour on Lino floors,
Spring tides brought the Severn Bores,
Ripples reached to Lower Lode,
The church is coming,
Down the Road.

Bonfires burn and apples fall,
Tractors hum and owls call,
Harvest home, and Jack Frost's here,
Bells ring in another year.

And now the town has reached our hills,
We'll feel the touch of winter's chills,
And wrap up warm against the ills,
The gathered clouds of days
Fulfilled,
When sleep will lighten up the load,
The church is coming,
Down the road.

We May Not Pass

We may not pass this way again,
Beneath Black Mountains' sky,
Where wagtails skipped beside the Usk,
One summer, long and dry,
To sit and watch the twilight fade,
The windows open wide,
Be calm beneath the larch and oak,
And hold you by my side.

Fair winds have brought the Spring too soon,
And scattered through the mind,
The blossom heavy on the pear,
Uncharted ways to find,
Steep streets lead now to other lands,
But those we shall not climb,
We reached our summit long ago,
The road is left behind.

We may not pass this way again,
Until the darkness falls,
And as I go to rest at last,
That summer, I'll recall,
The days when we could wander free,
Forever held in time,
Beside that river far away,
And when I called you mine.

Let the Little Birds Go

Grapes and bits of cheese,
On a blanket on the grass,
Fighting back the tears,
When you drop them off at class,
Dances, parties, dates,
They pass you in a flash,
Better check your pockets,
You could be out of cash.

But sometimes,
You have to let, the little birds go,
They fly high,
To lands that, you'll never know,
Before you know,
You've let the little birds go.

You hide in Clutter's Cave,
And you do the giant's laugh,
To find you've scared another kid,
Who's running down the path,
Walks and talks, summer days,
Then you do the math,
Your wearing comfy shoes,
And there's handles on the bath.

And sometimes,
You have to let, the little birds go,
A blind eye,
To facts of life, that you know,
And then you know,
You've let the little birds go.

You buy another coffee,
And you're staring at your phone,
There's baggage in the hall,
And you'll soon be driving home,
In the air, to who knows where,
Your time is now your own,
Thinking of the early days,
And how the time has flown.

The Excellence Of Being

It's the excellence of being,
That keeps us hanging on,
The brightness every morning,
The words of each new song,
The spark that lights the candle,
Will carry us along,
Through every night a reason,
For every right, a wrong.

And in the hours of darkness,
When heavy bears the crown,
Sleep will be the healer,
In times we're feeling down,
Each dawn will lift us higher,
Awake, the dormant clown,
Draw laughter from the wrinkles,
Bring cheer to every frown.

It's the excellence of being,
In everywhere we go,
From footprints lost on beaches,
To angels left in snow,
Grief's the price we pay for love,
But life is all we know,
Accept its grace and beauty,
Find peace in afterglow.

Every little step we take,
Will gently ease us through,
Walk steady on the highway,
Towards the softest blue,
Move boldly from the shadows,
These hands will guide you too,
A gentle hold on reason,
Still reaching out to you.

Finding Hilcot

It's been many years,
Since we searched in the brook,
By the watercress beds,
And the sweet columbine,
High in those hills,
Under deep summer skies,
On Sundays in May,
When the weather was kind.

Unless we remember,
And lest we forget,
We haven't recovered,
The best of times yet.

A leap year's ahead and,
The light years behind,
We wind down the lanes,
There is Hilcot to find,
Lips have grown dry,
From the late vintage wine,
Set sail for the journey,
With fresh winds behind.

Unless we remember....

The furniture sits,
In a new corner lit,
By a fresh light that comes,
From an angle in which,
The fabric of life,
Can unravel and stitch,
To pull lives together,
Then weave and enrich.

(Instrumental chorus)

The days they grow shorter,
As memories fade,
The trumpets don't sound,
We will have no parade,
But the feelings remain,
From the best of those days,
Cast deep in our childhood,
And never erased.

Unless we remember....

Balcarras Road

For all the distance covered,
And ones lost on the way,
In February's cupboard,
We store the light of day,
The trees still spread above us,
Yet nothing stays the same,
Forgotten lives uncovered,
New meanings to old names.

There used to be a sweetshop,
And bicycles to buy,
Pavements chalked for hopscotch,
Clean sheets against the sky,
Cut flowers for a schoolday
When boys were paired with girls,
I wore my first long trousers,
And you had honeyed curls.

Now hand in hand we wander,
Our backs against the tide,
A quiet sense of being,
Content to share the ride,
The bonfires in the meadow,
No longer light the skies,
But all the Autumn colour,
Still sparkles in our eyes.

Half a century passed now,
Those days are laid to rest,
A sense of still belonging,
To where the times were best,
We travel many journeys,
And bear life's lively load,
The twilight now it draws us,
Along Balcarras Road.

Everybody Wants To Play The Blues

Everybody wants to play the blues,
Huw Edwards when he's reading out the news,
But New Orleans is calling,
And you know the reason why,
It's nicer than Bridgend,
And the boogie lifts him high,
Yes everybody wants,
Everybody wants,
Everybody wants, to play the blues.

The scouts have gone a-camping,
All's quiet in the tents,
But the rhythm in the sleeping bags,
Is getting quite intense.

Everybody wants to toast the blues,
From the cocktail dressy glass to craft ale booze,
From prohibition's haze,
To drunken student days,
A cup of kindness raised,
To the twelve bars that we praise,
Yes everybody wants,
Everybody wants,
Everybody wants, to play the blues.

And over at the Convent,
The sisters called to prayer,
Yet something stirs the wimples,
Which will curl the straightest hairs.

Everybody wants to play the blues,
In Tibet, the Dalai Lama has a ruse,
As the prayer wheels click and clatter,
And their ribbons catch the wind,
He sings a scat with Ella,
Bless him, Buddha, he has sinned,
Yes everybody wants,
Everybody wants,
Everybody wants, to sing the blues.