



# Manning

**Manning**  
**A Matter of Life and Death (The Journal of Abel Mann)**  
**Press Pack and Song Lyrics**

Prog Rock Records - Catalogue Number PRR138

Mechanical Release : October 2004

Electronic Release : tba

Available through : tba

All songs written by Guy Manning

## **The Players**

- \* Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals
- \* Laura Fowles: Sax and Vocals
- \* Andy Tillison (Courtesy of The Tangent and PO90): Keyboards
- \* Gareth Harwood: Electric Guitar
- \* Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- \* Tim Moon: Cello
- \* Rick Ashton: Bass
- \* Neil Harris: Piano, Melodica & Percussion
- \* Ed Unitsky: Copyright Cover Art

## **Song Titles**

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## The Dream

Following a hope, a dream, the way seems so unclear  
Learn a little as you make the longest journey  
Feeling, searching reaching out with all your heart  
Hoping for a final place to rest

A long time has passed since I stood at the galleon wheel  
With a vision of the days that were to come  
And the harbour lights were left only as a remembered glow  
And my soul with a torch aflame before me

Memories of the darkest shadows pull at the dream  
Clouds from one thousand doubting days  
The hand the struggles upwards through the desert floor  
To fight the sand the bleeds it

Chorus  
I'm following the Northern star...going home again...

Far beyond horizons  
To a sun that never sets  
I'll turn the old wheel slowly and head back from the West  
I'm leaving on the morning  
On a silent mirror Sea  
Following the current that leads me to my dream

Rely upon the instincts of a 'well trod' path  
Where every footfall is an echo of one before  
Never looking backwards at the graven place  
Searching for a final place to rest

A long time has passed since I stood at the galleon wheel  
With a vision of the days that were to come  
And the harbour lights were left only as a remembered glow  
And my soul with a torch aflame before me  
And I'm following the Northern Star...on my way home



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## **Nobody's fool**

Sealed within an icy heart, the thoughts he'd never share  
Written in a hasty script and crossed without a care  
Nothing will make him blue  
Nothing makes him blue  
No nothing makes him blue  
He locked his life away  
Frozen for another days bloom  
He's nobody's fool

Caught within a callous smile and mixed with a casual stare  
Heart and soul were parted fast and never made a pair  
But nothing will make him blue  
Nothing makes him blue  
No nothing makes him blue  
He locked his life away  
Frozen for another days bloom  
And he's nobody's fool

But what use is life? This life as a 'lost in between'?  
Never feeling a moment of love, another's hand  
You're another heart alone.....

You leave this life as you have lived it  
Full or empty glass  
So make some time to heed the warnings  
Make the moments last  
And nothing will make you blue  
Nothing will make you blue  
So nothing will make you blue  
Don't lock your life away  
Waiting for another days bloom  
Be somebody's fool



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## The River Of Time

Drifting down the river of Time  
Colliding, arising  
Kaleidoscope of colour in the sublime  
Churning, returning  
A hand that cuts the water like a knife  
Slicing, enticing  
Staring through the ripples and the tide  
Dancing, enhancing my sight

Falling through the memories of Life  
Holding onto images  
It feeds on emotion  
Demands our devotion  
And sucks all our innocence dry

Underneath the current it waits  
Smiling, beguiling  
Visions of my story in its wake  
Recalling, enthralling  
Pressed out on a pin board  
With a skewer to the Past  
It points to all the people and the days that could not last  
And every single 'photo' that is hung up there to see  
Reminds me of my losses, the costs of my victories

And I'm out of time  
Standing on this window side  
I draw the line  
The only way is down, down, down  
It feeds on emotion  
Demands our devotion  
And sucks all our innocence dry



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## Omens

There are ravens on the west wind  
And a black dog at my door  
Cracks in my mirror  
Shadows crawl on the floor

With some salt on my shoulder  
The black cat makes a run  
But I've got no four-leaf clovers  
And there goes the Sun

I'm down on my luck again  
Feeling my way through the signs  
You sow and you reap  
I can't get to sleep

Holding my worries inside  
Under a ladder  
Marked with a silver thirteen  
I stepped on the cracks there  
And got lost in between

There's no time for fingers and no time for toes  
When you've crossed all you've got  
And you twist like a knot that is  
Dancing to dangers unseen

Crossing the river  
Make for the pastures ashore  
There's no need to worry anymore  
Time for the Keeper  
To turn up and show me the door  
If I stick to the track  
There's no turning back  
And I will be with you once more



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## Silent Man

See the man with the beckoning hand  
And the endless presence of mind  
Pulls away all the things we love  
Leaves the righteous far behind

He's the man that can't be found  
And the man than makes no sound

Casts no shadows when he walks  
The light just fades away  
And all that left is the mortal cry  
And the last few minutes of day

He's the man that can't be found  
And the man than makes no sound

The long time journey  
Marks the end of play  
He steals the moments  
And pockets them away

Did you see him standing there?  
Lost in some shadowy grey  
Sometimes chances' vision's blind  
When people stand in the way

He's the man that can't be found  
And the man than makes no sound





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## Falling Down? Rising Up!

Too many days in the sun, planning all the things not done  
The shadows will accumulate and the moments tick away  
Wishing that I'd begun to find my North Meridian  
Sooner or later the diary pages are ripped without a shell

Green, green were the valleys and endless were the songs  
The gaps are all too frequent now and the pauses last too long  
See the light on the distant screen. march towards the West unseen  
While children play at growing up and innocence fades away

But not another sound!  
Or wake the sleeper softly bound  
The cliff tops call the waves to clash  
And the rainbow fears things cannot last  
The storm clouds gather the air grows still  
Locked within the daffodil  
A back beat count and the rain will come  
To wash the fears away

Falling Down – I won't last forever  
Falling Down – I'll have to go away

Oh! In the midst of Life  
I can't see where we're coming from and I can't see where we'll go  
Locked within a mortal cycle, fixed to ebb and flow  
Feel the moment, catch the wind and hold it in your hand  
For all the things you worry about are waves upon the sand  
Look up at the heavens and then point towards a star  
Then pull that body down to Earth and fix it where you are  
We dance around the fires when the night is deepest black  
Holding back the curtains and the ashes and the sack



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## Life's Disguises

There's so many of my dreams that could not be  
A handful of passion trapped in memory  
and a bucket load of pain which is plain to see  
No more, no more in me  
No more, no more from me

I've looked into the past and the ways between  
sorted fiction from the fact upon an inner scream  
and counted out my blessings, made a balance in the books  
But no more, no more of me  
No more, no more from me

Roll the days away  
Clean the spirit lost inside  
Just as the children play  
to wash the history aside  
Joyful in surprises, throw away your life's disguises

There's a journal with my name on and an empty chair  
And soon there'll be no record that I ever was there  
But I'm going on a journey and they'll let me sing  
Some more, there's more from me  
So much more, more to see

Roll the days away  
Clean the spirit lost inside  
Just as the children play  
to wash the history aside  
Joyful in surprises, throw away your life's disguises





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## Out Of My Life

Caught! locked within the confines of my mind  
Hold On! Cutting a hole in the sky  
Counting the clouds on my way to the Moon  
I'm riding the slipstream and brought to this room  
Too late - it's much too late

A desk now stands before me and the placemat has been set  
There's no escaping judgment and it hasn't started yet!  
The pen is in my fingers and the words flood in my head  
"So this is what it's like...when you're dead!"

Caught! locked within the writing on the page  
Carry On! Struggle through self pity and the rage  
Phrase upon phrase that tumble and fall  
Eating my sorrow to leave nothing at all  
But its' too late, it's all too late

Somehow in the strangeness and the folly of the task  
I leave the rotting carcass of my madness in the past  
The paper takes my weakness and crosses out the fear  
and I know that I am forgiven by the presence ever near

The tide is turning and we cling to the shore  
Starfish on the ocean floor  
In my life...was there nothing more?  
The tower burning setting light to the trees  
Oh, what strange ideas are these?  
In my life...was there nothing more?

Down Down Down  
Low Low Low  
Down Down Down  
Low Low Low



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## Midnight Sail

So ride, the midnight sail  
Leaving from the quayside in the rain  
Ride, the midnight sail  
Just once around your life and home again

You weighed all of your baggage  
and you've got your ticket, dear  
There's plenty of room for memories and everybody's here

Faces from the circus, pipe dreams stowed away  
And we're heading out from Karma Town across the Newborn Bay  
Chorus:

You think all you've forgotten  
Has somehow gone away  
But it's time to put things overboard  
They're not needed here today

Floating with the jetsam  
As your weightless shoulders fly  
And behind the screen we're washing clean  
To get you home 'n dry