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Tall Stories For Small Children {10th Anniversary Edition} Press Pack & Song Lyrics

Festival Music (F2) - Catalogue Number 201004A

Mechanical Release : April 2010

Electronic Release : November 2009

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

All songs written by Guy Manning except 'White Waters' (Manning /Barrett)

The Players

Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals

* Andy Tillison (Courtesy of the Tangent and PO90): Keyboards

* Jonathan Barrett: Bass

* Pav Chana: percussion

* Jon Burr: Harmonica

* Simon Baskind: drums

Song Titles

1 The Last Psalm 14:07

2 The Voyager 05:22

3 White Waters 05:46

4 The Candyman 7:07

5 The Fall & Rise of Abel Mann?

a) Grand Fanfare 02:02

b) Waiting on a Ledge 04:42

c) Grand Fanfare (Revisited) 00:43

d) Post Mortem - i] Three Score Years and 10 02:18 ii] In My Life 05:06

6 Castaways 04:25

7 Holy Ireland

a) The Land 02:40

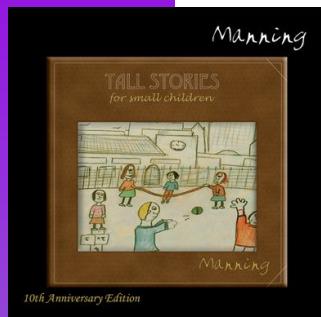
b) A Soldiers Story 03:11

c) The Widows Tale 04:42

d) Priests' Song 04:01

e) The Land (Reprise) 02:58

8* The Willow & The Pine [Bonus]



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Foreword

This was the first album that I was able to release professionally. Malcolm Parker at CYCLOPS Records decided to take the chance on me after having signed Andy Tillison's Parallel Or Ninety Degrees (...in which I played some part).

By all accounts, your debut album should be full of your best material as you have been building up to it with all your choice songs over the preceding years! I felt I had a well balanced set of material but Malcolm felt it needed more 'EPICS'! To compromise, some original tracks came off and other new 'Works In Progress' were completed and added into the final mix.

My children Rosie, Joshua and Nathaniel were roped in to provide the artwork, which was based around a leather bound storybook concept.

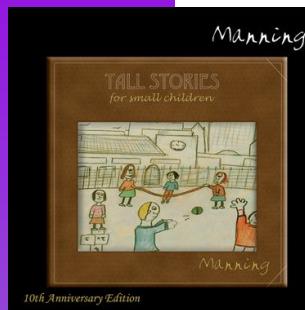
The album included some quite personal introspective pieces such as 'Castaways' and 'The Candyman', and the more grandiose suites 'Holy Ireland', 'The Fall And Rise Of Abel Mann?' and 'The Last Psalm'.

'Holy Ireland' has recently been revised in the 2010 live set, due to the return of the 'troubles', which I hoped had long gone. However, the song applies equally well to all institutionalised religious zealots, their victims and aftermath.

'In My Life' has always proven a trusty end of the night ("...Thank you Wembley and Goodnight!...") number.

It is indeed a milestone for any artist when their first outpourings finally go public. I am still very proud of what we achieved in 1999 when the recording environment for home based studios was still quite primitive.

The bonus track presented here was one of the tracks taken off the planned release. A small acoustic ballad, dedicated to Tulls' "Ian and the boys"!



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The Last Psalm

Is it only morning? steam from my eyes!
Wake, awake, cathedral bells cry
No more panic, our blood is boiled
Toy planes, toy tanks, toy town destroyed

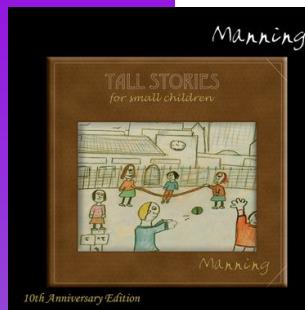
Lead me to lay me down
(I want to hurt somebody)
Scattered seed on stony ground,
(Please! Anybody?)

Where were you when the Kennedy's went? Do you remember?
Where were you when Lennon fell alone?
Where were you when Ghandi left his children?
And tell me where you were, when the World died!

Lead me to lay me down (I want to hurt somebody)
Scattered seed on stony ground (Please! Anybody?)
Look in a window, and what do you see?
A poor reflection staring back at me
And I, feel the cold, water, water, dark, dark water

Where do we go? No land for a surface and water below
And I fear the slide
Under water, water, dark, dark water and for sailors on the Sea
follow a light to stranger shore
on sorrows' fanciful wings we fly, back home
Clashing in the heavens and bursting through the clouds,
comes Life, comes Life, again ..

Lead me to lay me down (I want to hurt somebody)
Scattered seed on stony ground (Please! Anybody?)



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The Voyager

The white lines of the motorway, straight narrow guiding signs
Funnel with authority, they're the totem of our times
Placards with their morals, along the avenues of escape
Regulate the voyagers who blindly participate

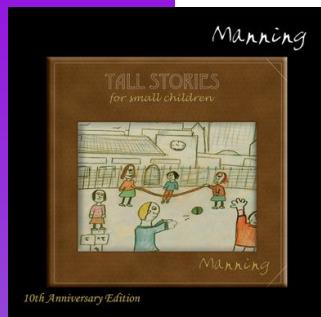
I am a victim of travel, the byways my domain
I fling my door wide open and yet I return again
This roadway runs my life, and it pulls me to my feet,
begs, pleads and promises, but offers no release

These machines in line for hours, like links in a consumer chain
Each unit is independent of the sprawling cattle lanes
My stomach knots about and my anger starts to wake,
To be a frozen Adam on a Godless winding snake

We leave our homes and are moulded by the Order of the Route
Bullets in a tarmac rifle, we wait for it to shoot
We cross this changing land and we motor through its space
You, me and the carnival troupe all firmly locked in our place

These veins of industry pump their blood
and the transport lumbers on
A wake of noise and diesel fumes in a tuneless traffic hum
These white lines so straight and narrow,
they march the endless miles
Against a uniform grey, with no hint of a smile

I am a victim of travel, the byways my domain,
I fling my door wide open and I'm pulled along again
Placards with their morals along the avenues of escape
Regulate the voyagers, who blindly participate



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The Candyman

Will we walk this way again or lie and fill our empty markers?
Carving names on Oaks, to watch them grow out of sight, alone
Watching in a World that spins only for us, we master Time and carry on.
Believing as we march that there will be some signs along the way

Hand in hand we find ourselves spinning in Life's dance
You never look me in the eye, the touch is firm enough - we promenade
By that feel alone we haul ourselves over hills that stand before us,
Taking care to leave our prints there, for all to see

So where did the Candyman go? Seems only yesterday, I was walking down the road
towards some goal. Where did the Candyman go?
Holding out the sweet things, he turns around and disappears

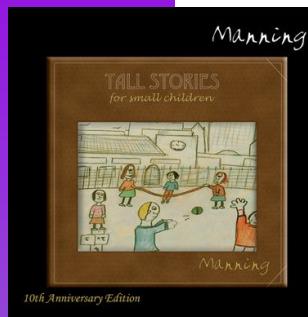
Should I chart some Lost Horizon? Should I place a footstep on the Moon?
To scream and shout and make a noise, so someone will remember me
Oh to climb Everest! to swim an Ocean! to be the man who plays the guitar
Having a sense of History, I need it all to be real

And I've spent half my life in books and learnt from them that life is sweet
But I've looked up and lost my place, forgotten who I was going to be
Must we always learn the hard way? building LEGO towers in the sky
We place each tile so carefully, until the box lies empty

So where did the Candyman go? Seems only yesterday, I was walking down the road
towards some goal. Where did the Candyman go?
Holding out the sweet things, he turns around and disappears

But Stop! Look at my children, playing the games I started, but bending all the rules
Making their own World, their own way, their own markers on the maps
Will they learn faster than I? Will they even want to try?
We cannot live our dreams out through them
But hope they learn to dream in their own time

So I ... I become the Candyman
Seems only yesterday I was walking down the road towards some goal
I become the Candyman - with sweets for my children,
To watch over all their dreaming, while I may...



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The Fall & Rise Of Abel Mann?

Grand Fanfare

Watch the rain, washing my old shoes clean, are you saving my soul?
Climb aboard the old 'one-way' ride tonight, I'm glad to have you
inside of me
To believe I could keep it all inside,
Did I believe I could keep all that hope alive?
Down, Down, Down - Never believing in myself
Low, Low, Low - The whole World's falling apart
Down, Down, Down - So when did I really start to doubt?
Low, Low, Low - ...the truth in my heart
Bring on the orchestra, play me the grand fanfare
Help me bring an end to this sad affair

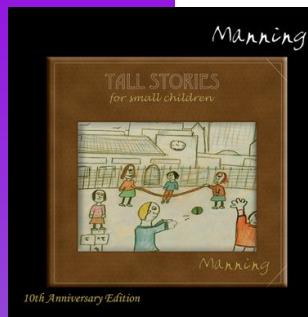
Waiting On A Ledge

Can you see me? Can you hold me? Hold me tightly, don't let me fall
Slipping through your fingers like waxwork figurine
I'm relaxing, I'm releasing from the threadbare scene
Waiting on a ledge with nothing left to say, 'so long everybody, I've got
to get away' It's like a jungle, just like a jungle

It's just not that easy, trying hard every day,
And after a while, well something's gotta give way
I'm floating, I'm floating on a cloud of caresses that lifts up my body
and soothes all the stresses, and when it's all over, and the tension
has snapped the days of my childhood come rippling back It's like a
jungle, just like a jungle

Grand Fanfare (Revisited)

Down, Down, Down - Never believing in myself
Low, Low, Low - The whole World's falling apart
Down, Down, Down - So when did I really start to doubt..?
Low, Low, Low - ...the truth in my heart
Bring on the orchestra, play me the grand fanfare
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The Fall & Rise Of Abel Mann? (Contd.)

Grand Fanfare (Revisited)

Down, Down, Down - Never believing in myself
Low, Low, Low - The whole World's falling apart
Down, Down, Down - So when did I really start to doubt?
Low, Low, Low - ...the truth in my heart
Bring on the orchestra, play me the grand fanfare
Help me bring an end to this sad affair

In My Life

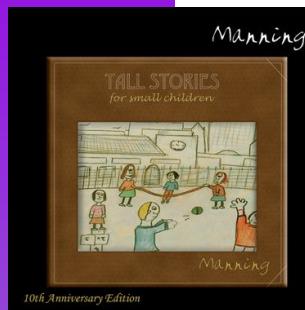
Call the Player forward, let him play his last card now
Let the Pipers pipe, let the Torch Men sing my songs
Wait at the Sinners Gate, for the drummers roll to begin
on the beating heart, on the soul within the skin

The tide is turning and we cling to the shore, Starfish on the Ocean Floor, in my life, was there nothing more?
A tower burning, setting light to the trees, Oh! what strange ideas are these? Inner Light, Inner Life, Forever

Naked, we come, and stripped to the bone we go
and on this journal page, I'll chance to write me down,
The crowd will see me through this, from here to gods knows where,
and my wit, (like my Ink), is still not dry

Cold, alone and breathless, the Master of 'going-wrong',
and the chance has come, to fill in a final balance
and with a sweeping of the pen, I count on myself again,
to underwrite all the empty lines I once borrowed

And what can we do but hate, a sign that comes much too late,
and a Vision that burns brightly for just one moment
and in that instant caught between, all the knowing and the unseen
I freeze....lost for all time...Down, down, down...Low, low, low



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Castaways

I am adrift on a sacred sea,
lost in the salt of heavy water

I can't explain all the contradictions,
all the pull and the push of a war torn tide
but in the moments when we hold each other
I can let it go, wash it all aside

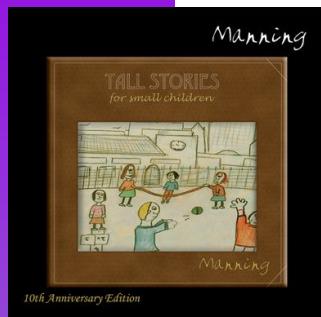
I am adrift on a sacred sea,
lost in the salt of heavy water

So much history, all left behind
Like a skin of bad decisions on the waterline
I've lost my way again, clinging to the dark,
searching through the skyline for the spark

A willing heart leads a willing mind,
when there's no turning from the shore
and if I need to set sail again,
there's a place I want to be, once more

Far away on some island,
stands the home of the Forgotten Man,
his fear of moving in the outside World,
leaves him sinking ... into the sand

I am adrift on a sacred sea,
lost in the salt of heavy water



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HOLY IRELAND

The Land

Far from Holy Ireland, stands a man with a gun
One hand holds religion, the other has none
When will it end, a country divided
There's murder in paradise, far from Holy Ireland

A Soldier Story

Dear God,
I don't know why I'm writing this all down.
I need to see it all clearly, an order to the page,
I can't reach the page, I don't want all of me to die!

So listen up, little God, there's nothing wrong, you know, in being afraid, but
I need to feel there's a purpose, some small part to play and an end some
day.

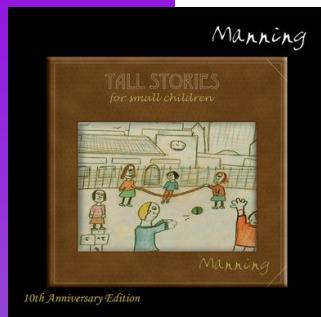
Every time I put the helmet on and feel the metal in my hands,
the serial number burns into my palms and tries to leave a mark...
and if I have to fire (dear God...)
I take the knocks, I feel the punch and there's a body on the floor.

We walk the street too noisily, I wish we'd fade away or stayed away,
but I'm told we're doing good now and things could be much worse (what a
curse).

Please pray till it's over and wait for me alone.
Don't cry on my burnt bones, don't show my medals around...
and if a bullet finds me (dear God)... well it will seek to take my breath
and in that death, no will or testament.

Dear God,
I don't know why I'm writing this all down. I need to set it out again, and sign
it at the end.

And I only wish that I had somewhere left to send it to and a place to call
home and the memory of a girl and one last friend who stayed with me till
the end.



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HOLY IRELAND (Contd.)

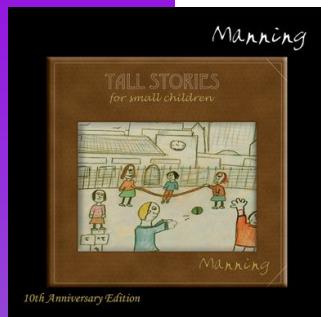
The Widows' Tale

I look at you children, and I start to cry
I look at your picture, and I start to cry
Tangled Lives, make believe you really want to know
Tangled Lives, Lie to me please and make the pain go
We can talk to our Gods
and plead and blame them for the things we do
And then we'll turn on ourselves and leave no part in tact to make
anew
And how many times must I wish myself broken in two?
And why can't I sleep and make all of those dreams come true?
Because, the dreams always bring me to you
I think of us now, and I start to cry
So many things to talk over, but there's no hurry anymore
Broken Lives, make believe you really want to know
Broken Lives, oh lie to me, please, and make the pain go
... I miss you so

Priest Song

Old Man of Cloth you raise the dead
and you urge the young to join that number.
Lay low the urban chattel pulling out the plums to make your spaces.
Pounding on the 'good book' like a punch bag on a string,
from the stage you gaze down on the Mass, a puppet on parade.

Plead the cause, turn the screw
The Sacrament remains brand new,
Until you feel the welcome hand of sleep upon your shoulder
Ask not the zealot for a favour, he'll rally like a Sergeant Major - "One
more time, Boys!"
He eyes the sheep so very humble, serves a slice
of papal crumble on a silver plate.



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HOLY IRELAND (Contd.)

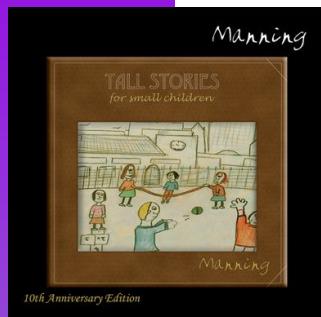
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HOLY IRELAND (Contd.)

Ask not the zealot for a favour, he'll rally like a Sergeant Major
"One more time, Boys!"

He eyes the sheep so very humble, serves a slice
of papal crumble on a silver plate.
Calling in a debt that a father's father made,
he drives the wedges home again, the father's sons will pay

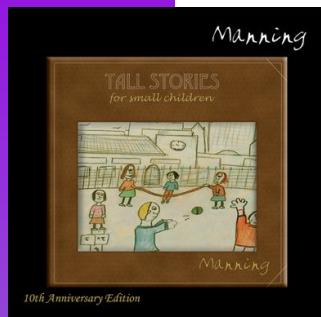
Plead the cause, turn the screw
The Sacrament remains brand new,
Until you feel the welcome hand of sleep upon your shoulder

Let's kiss the hand that breaks the bread and turns the wine to water,
Wrapped in a ski mask, he'll call the flock to slaughter,
A hand to mouth, a mouth to hand, a tremor rides across the land.
A self fulfilling battle in a long forgotten War,
A hand that's pulled away from the slowly closing door,
The grit that makes the pain in a festered open sore,
The God that once was righteous now is used as a whore

Plead the cause, turn the screw
The Sacrament remains brand new,
Until you feel the welcome hand of sleep upon your shoulder

The Land (Reprise)

When will it end, a country divided
There's murder in paradise,
So far from Holy Ireland



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The Willow and the Pine [Bonus]

Why so sad? My love
Said the Willow to the Pine
Are you longing for the Sprint? My love
For children yours and mine

Or is it just the wind?
Blowing cold to cry to the storm
Or is it that I'm close to you, close to you
But what can I do?

And when the Summer's gone
I hope you will remember me weeping here for you

Why so sad? My love
Said the Willow to the Pine
The Autumns will surely come again, My love
As all things do, dancing with time

And it that I'm old?
Dying too as the Seasons ebb & flow
Or is just the Sun
Setting still in deep shadow

And when the Winter's gone
I hope you will remember me weeping here for you