



# Manning

## **Manning The Ragged Curtain Press Pack and Song Lyrics**

CYCLOPS - Catalogue Number CYCL115

Mechanical Release : October 2002

Electronic Release : February 2011

Available through Festival Music, 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
- \* Laura Fowles: Sax and Vocals
- \* Gareth Harwood: Electric guitar
- \* Rick Ashton: Bass
- \* Jonathan MacDonald Binns: Drums
- \* Angela Gordon (Courtesy of Mostly Autumn): Flute
- \* Andy Tillison (Courtesy of The Tangent and PO90): Keyboards
- \* Neil Harris: Keyboards

## **Song Titles**

- 1 A Ripple from 'Ragged Curtains' 00:40
- 2 The Marriage of Heaven & Hell
  - a) Tightrope 10:40
  - b) A Place To Hide 04:56
  - c) Where Do All the Madmen Go? 06:32
  - d) Stronger 05:33
  - e) What Is It Worth? 06:06
- 3 The Weaver of Dreams 07:37
- 4 Ragged Curtains 25:55
  - a) Flow
  - b) Sea
  - c) Waves
  - d) Stone
  - e) Tides
  - f) Sand
  - g) Undertow
  - h) Ebb



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## The Tightrope

Walking the tightrope, feel the concentration  
Walking the tightrope and the feeling is good  
Walking the tightrope, feel the eddies swaying  
Walking the tightrope, the going is strong

But it looks like rain, pouring through my skin  
And it looks like rain, trying to get in when you are  
Walking the tightrope, feel the cord around you fray  
And I look down to the river

Walking the tightrope, feel the muscles calling  
Hear the people as they urge you on  
Walking the tightrope, feel the balance shifting  
Walking the tightrope, the feeling is strong

But it looks like rain, pouring through my skin  
And it looks like rain, trying to get in when you are  
Walking the tightrope, feel the cord around you fray  
And I look down to the river

Walking the tightrope, only seconds waiting  
Hear the muscles cry you must go on  
Walking the tightrope, and the music's playing  
The soul is singing, rejoice in song

But it looks like rain, pouring through my skin  
And it looks like rain, trying to get in when you are  
Walking the tightrope, feel the cord around you fray  
And I look down to the river



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## A Place To Hide

There are times when we all feel alone  
Needing the comfort, needing the love  
and there are times when we just hide away  
We all need a shelter from the storm

People, like crazy cars, oh, nobody knows where they're going  
They never take the time to look out of the window  
and in the distance is a place that they need to get to oh so bad  
and a place they struggle just to leave behind

I'm never ever going to find another place to hide, from you  
because you're everything, everything I ever needed  
I'm never ever going to find another place to hide, from you  
because you're everything...



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## Where Do All The Madmen Go?

There's water, the water of mixed emotions  
And I can't think straight, I need to get free  
Will I see it clearly, focus it tomorrow?  
Or will I wander till it carries me home

Where do all the madmen go?  
There's no lies, in crazy eyes  
That hold me closer  
Where do all the madmen go?  
I'll follow the voice till it brings me home

And there's a certain tide that ebbs and flows and keeps the waters  
sweet and alive  
Running hot, running cool,  
we dance around to the pull of the Moon

Where do all the madmen go?  
There's no lies, in crazy eyes  
That hold me closer  
Where do all the madmen go?  
I'll follow the voice till it brings me home

Oh...Wake Up! There's something wrong here  
as the cage door slams around that sweet freedom  
I've lost all the love...I'm left with the hate  
So I'm fading away into a land of dreams  
And that's where all the madmen go!  
All lies in crazy eyes  
That hold me closer

That's where do all the madmen go!  
Now I'll follow my voice till it takes me home again  
I'm coming home...



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## Stronger

Lift up your pretty head, smile. loneliness' can only hurt for a while  
Take a look at the way we are, although we talk we don't get very far

Do you remember the early days?  
Searching for meanings in all that we'd say  
Pointing at a furthest star, wishing to stay, the way that we are

But I must be stronger, stronger in me.  
Don't hold back when you need to be free,  
I must be stronger, stronger in me  
Because all that we feel, is so unreal, you've got to keep moving

Face the music and call the tune, we once played, but we played too soon  
Posing for the tiny screen, squeezing a laugh into every photograph

But I must be stronger, stronger in me.  
Don't hold back when you need to be free,  
I must be stronger, stronger in me  
Because all that we feel, is so unreal, you've got to keep moving

Laughing, Loving, Feeling...

How did we get so far?  
We cannot be blamed for what we are or the way we feel  
Those hidden faces we cannot reveal

But I must be stronger, stronger in me.  
Don't hold back if you need to get free,  
I must be stronger, stronger in me  
Because all that we feel, is so unreal, you've got to keep moving



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## What Is It Worth?

Every day, a life is over and another begun  
But we never get much wiser  
and tell me where do we belong?  
With pressure comes decisions  
with decisions comes all the doubt  
with so many doubts and ways to our hearts  
How can we be certain of what it's all about?

What is it worth?  
When you feel like laughing  
What is it worth?  
When you need to cry  
What is it worth?  
Not to feel any pain  
So tell me what it's worth  
And are we all the same?

We rush into pleasures...  
It all ends in tears,  
Days are never ending and we're pretending  
that we'll never forget  
With childhood, comes the 'want to change the World'  
With the changes, the hardening heart  
With hardness, comes all the silences  
And the refusal to admit, that we could ever be wrong

What is it worth?  
When you feel like laughing  
What is it worth?  
When you need to cry  
What is it worth?  
Not to feel any pain  
So tell me what it's worth  
And are we all the same?



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## **The Weaver Of Dreams**

The Weaver at the City gates  
Places the wool inside her foldings  
Across the bridge at a spiders pace  
Eyes cast down at the moonlit skylines

Can she make a dream at midnight?  
See the shapes of lives unfolding?  
Caught in motion, her fingers flying  
She casts the cloth and works the line

Made from the aspects of all of our lives  
A song from understanding  
The warp and weft lay moment by moment  
Reveals the truth in a single twine

She sees the old men lay their heads  
Young lovers, deeply sigh  
The tapestry fades at the binding edge  
And still the shuttle flies

In the wake of dreams at midnight  
Colours blur with lives colliding  
Unrelenting, her hands move on  
To cast the cloth and work the line  
Made from the aspects of all of our lives  
A song from understanding  
The warp and weft lay moment by moment  
Reveals the tale in a single twine



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## Ragged Curtains

### i) Flow

Blue, blue oceans ride on seraphim winds  
And stroke the shorelines with just the briefest of touches  
Always moving in sensual waves  
That cling to the Earth with the passing phases  
Each touch takes a little land  
And draws the line between the Sea and Sand

A moments grip, a fleeting embrace  
Does the water feel the surge of energy?  
Coral and stone, breathless and awake  
Upon the kiss between the Sea and Sand  
Always moving in sensual waves  
That cling to the Earth with the passing phases  
Each touch takes a little land  
And draws the line between the Sea and Sand

But the northern brothers are frozen in an endless wasteland  
White shards of crystal, slice in the dark  
Lakes that crack and splinter in solitude  
Kept alive in the midnight sun  
Bleak and powerful, lost and alone  
They have no interest in Sea and Stone

### ii) Sea

Watch out below, something's moving!  
Stirring in the deepest deep and waiting far below  
Slowly rising, ripples from the sea floor  
Conceal the shape and presence in the shadows  
You better watch out!



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## **Ragged Curtains (Contd.)**

The fishermen feel it, long before it shows  
A taste of the brine, lick dry the flashing foam  
A pull on the rope, and they hope they will get lucky  
A moment of poise and seconds in which to pray  
You better watch out!

### **iii) Stone**

Pulled into the bleaching sunlight and raised in menace, locked inside  
The monument to mortal weakness keeps away the rising tide  
Turrets silhouette the skyline, the black on grey of hallowed ground  
Casting fingers upon the coastline, reaching out without a sound  
Battlements of tempered granite, coastal rock and fettered pain  
Keystones hung in pensive anger join the archways, take the strain  
As silence searches all the corners to tempt the shadows in the Keep  
And break the scorching barren slumber, wake the watchers from  
their sleep

It's written in the stone

Stood amongst the wake of Towers, echoes from the ages past  
The fortress on the cliffs remembers every inbound galleon mast  
And into history, on to ruin, the gates of morning stand impressed  
The ghost of lodgers now vacated, ever faithful, never rest



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## Ragged Curtains (Contd.)

### iv) Tides

Ebb and flow, Out and In, Loco-emotion  
With sweet devotion, Lunar maker, Coastal rain  
The ragged curtain, Set in motion, set in motion  
Like the breath of the Ocean

### v) Sand

Through falling grains, we watch the world  
And measure each and every moment  
In simple flows within the stream  
of Moons that wax and wane

By stealing time we make a sense  
Of all the wonders, now revealing  
and mark the dying passages  
with indifference and disdain

How many handfuls will we gain?  
Before the glass is drained away  
Markings drawn upon the sand  
Are gone before the break of day

Through falling grains, we watch the world  
And measure each and every moment  
In simple flows within the stream  
of Moons that wax and wane

How many handfuls will we gain? (Falling down in silent slumber)  
Before the glass is drained away (Counting down in finite numbers)  
Markings drawn upon the sand (Left alone to watch in wonder)  
Are gone before the break of day (Farewell, farewell..)



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## **Ragged Curtains (Contd.)**

### **vi) Ebb**

Blue, blue oceans ride on seraphim winds  
And stroke the shorelines with just the briefest of touches  
Always moving in sensual waves  
We cling to the Earth with the passing phases  
And each touch of a lovers hand  
Binds the World within a grain of sand

A moments grip, a fleeting embrace  
We are born within a surge of energy  
Muscle and bone, breathless and awake  
Cry for life like the sea on land

Always moving in sensual waves  
We cling to the Earth with the passing phases  
In this life, we walk the path alone  
Always overlooked by Sea and Stone

But the northern brothers are frozen in an endless wasteland  
White shards of crystal, slice in the dark  
Lakes that crack and splinter in solitude  
Kept alive in the midnight sun  
Bleak and powerful, lost and alone  
They have no interest in the Sea and Stone