



Manning

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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