

Manning

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One Small Step... {10th Anniversary Edition}
Press Pack and Song Lyrics

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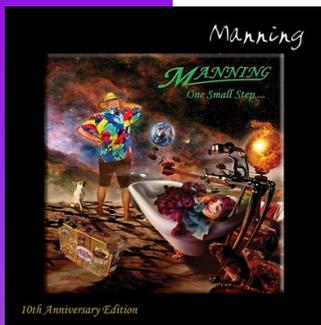
All songs written by Guy Manning

The Players

- * Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals
- * Gareth Harwood: Electric Guitar
- * Laura Fowles: Sax and Vocals
- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Martin Orford (Courtesy of IQ): Flute
- * Rick Ashton: Bass
- * Neil Harris: Piano
- * John Tipping: Drums
- * Ed Unitsky: Copyright Cover Art

Song Titles

- 1 In Swingtime 04:30
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- 4 The Mexico Line 07:03
- 5 One Small Step... (Parts I-VIII)
 - I. Star Gazing 04:34 II. For Example 03:03 III. At the End of My Rope 02:04 IV. Man of God 02:36 V. Blink of an Eye 04:56 VI. God of Man 02:30 VII. Black & Blue 07:26 VIII. Upon Returning 03:286
- 6 In Swingtime (1999) [Bonus]



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In Swingtime

Seems like all the World is standing still and so I move – In Swingtime.
Reaching out at all the scattered words,
that pushed me aside – In Swingtime

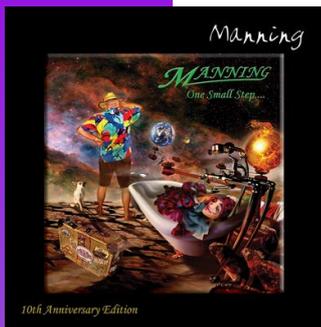
I can grab it, I can hold it in my hands
Reaching out just to touch one small piece of Swingtime

I lost direction a long, long, time ago, it fell away - In Swingtime
So now I don't know which way to go,
I fall to my knees – In Swingtime

I can grab it, I can hold it in my hands
Reaching out just to touch one small piece of Swingtime

So now I'm racing forward to my end
There's no control – In Swingtime.
And never time to make amends
When you're living, living in Swingtime

I can grab it, I can hold it in my hands
Reaching out just to touch one small piece of Swingtime



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Night Voices

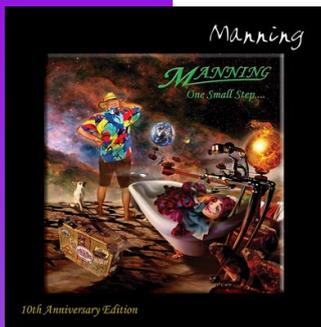
As the children lay sleeping, I awoke from a dream at its height,
All that slumber had left me, was a feeling of wonder in the night
Where my journey had led me, well I guess I'll never know,
But the moments were real and my senses could feel
Every tear, every hope in my soul

Oh, voices of the night, the voices of the night are singing sweetly,
Oh, voices of the night, the voices of the night, so completely.

Though the moon shone so brightly in the sky, still I felt no cold,
Just the pull of my heart as I made for the wood,
The fields of wheat marked the places I'd stood.
In the clearing in the mist there's a bridge that rises up,
And crosses the ever flowing stream,
And my hands skimmed the ivy and freshly clinging dew,
as I drew to the centre of the dream.

Someone had called me through the veils of the years
Lost in this moment of magic moonlight
There she stood as lovely as every single memory rolled into one,
We first stood, holding hands looking deep inside
No words were spoken or undone.
"Why did you leave?" I cried,
"I've filled the empty waiting, with simply wasting away".
She said, "I was done, now I've gone, you must turn and walk away
But we shall meet again before too long"

Someone had called me through the veils of the years
Lost in this moment of magic moonlight



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No Hiding Place

Fallen through the cracks of human kindness
Lost and forgotten and on your own
How can we live with the daily disgrace?
Born into pain we leave nothing to waste, no sign of light at all

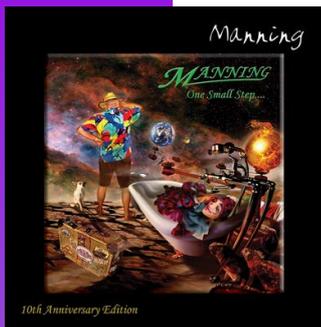
Where are the children locked inside us?
I'm sure they've only slipped away, my heart goes out to the TV screen
Frightened faces, a silent scream, no sign of hope at all

Hold On – when the night has come
Hold On – under a smoking gun
Hold On – to a friendly face
Hold On – in your hiding place

Turn with your dream and look inside you,
love is still alive and waiting there
It may be dark as you lie awake,
but with the morning comes a better day, no talk of worry at all

Hold On – to a single smile
Hold On – to the golden mile
Hold On – when a fist is raised
Hold On – to the games you played
Hold On – when there's no one to see you
Hold On – when there's no one to heal you
Hold On – to the distant chime
Hold On – you're strong, you're true and you'll beat it this time

Sing for all the children of tomorrow
Sing for all the children of today
Small faces swallow tears, in the room where no body hears them
No sign of rescue at all



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The Mexico Line

From my bedroom window,
a hollow Moon in a red, red sky
My throat is burning, eyes are wet but my lips are dry

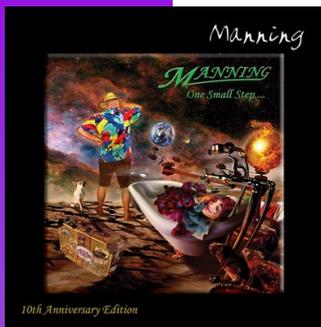
And I will always love you,
And I will always love you, from the Mexico line
Did you feel the breeze then?
As the seasons pass me by
Each rhyme has a reason as I write the word 'Goodbye'

And I will always love you,
And I will always love you, from the Mexico line
I thought we'd last forever
I'd though we'd stand the test of time
But just like the sand, it's forever,
Beaten by the tide

There'll be no returning
No parade marching in line
Far below the border...
...devils in the whipping wind are shouting my name
But you'll never hear it!

And I will always love you,
And I will always love you, from the Mexico line

There'll be no returning ... (repeat)



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One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII)

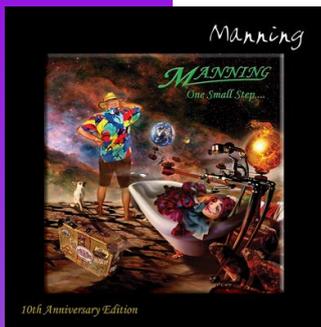
i) Star Gazing

Looking at the night sky shining, far away
I wonder whether we will ever get there some day?
Some day? (Some day).

When we took our footsteps on the Moon,
Were we there just in time or much too soon?
Too Soon? (Much too soon).

Are we all a part of some great Universal plan,
The great escape of the monkey into Man?
Into Man? (Into a man).

And if we are to make some journey into Space,
Should we not first learn to love the human race?
The human race? (The human race)



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One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII) (contd.)

ii) For Example...

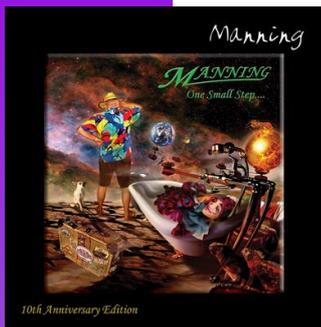
A prime example of the efforts of Man,
Took more than 40 years to make me who I am,
Less chance of changing now than making the grave
Born into hopefulness and ending up a slave to...

Money (makes the World go round),
Money (buys me things),
Money (for down payment from the wages of sin)
(The human race!)

Don't you cross my boundaries, stay just where you are
You might want my property, you might steal my car
And I will protect it with all that am,
The powerful motive of the consumer man
(The human race!)

I see what I want and what want, I take from you!
The doctrine in my ancient books tells me that I'm true,
Only following the words that I learned from youth
Where's the hate?
Stop the World it's getting much too late!

Black, white, yellow or red, we sow the sacred ground with our dead,
True blue, Muslim, Jew - all the faithful victims are bred,
I'm only following the writing on the wall,
Overall, when did we become so pitifully small?



One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII) (contd.)

iii) At the end of my rope

And is this all that we can be?
What will it take to set us free?
Can we be called to testify?
Will we see it before we die?
Pull on the rope and let him swing
He's proved he just can't learn a thing
Wash down the guilty, clean the slate
The red reminder came too late
You can't have it all served up on a plate

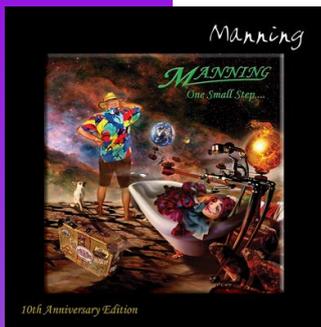
iv) Man Of God

And from the East they came,
And from the Southern plains,
All along the man made borders.
Bringing northern lights, to light up the scar filled night
They had no faith, just followed orders

Man of God, where are you now?
I'm calling through time and space

No man takes my island, the castaway said,
Those that tried died or fled. look into horizons,
Where colours are melting the snow,
We lost our path - got no where to go!

Man of God, where are you now?
I'm calling through time and space
And from the East they came
And from the Southern plains
With no faith, just following orders...tonight



One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII) (contd.)

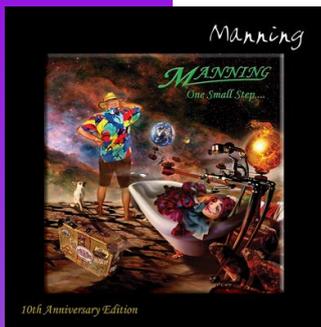
v) A blink of the eye

Clinging to the spinning ball
Lassoed to the Sun and the stars
One small floating miracle
Lost amongst the echoes and shards
Only here, only here for a moment

Far below the daily grind
The minerals are wrenched from the clay
And high above our tallest tower
The skin in the air fades away
Only here, only here for a moment
Only here, only here in the blink of an eye

Pouring all the waste and contempt
Into the earth, sky and sea
No point in conserving our strength,
as it ceases to be
Only here, only here for a moment

We're the neighbours from Hell!
So why should we be welcomed on our way?
Devouring our heritage
No merit as we live for today
But we're only here, only here for a moment
We're only here, only here in the blink of an eye



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One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII) (contd.)

vi) God Of Man

And from the Earth they came, leaving all remains
Traveled far the outer borders
No thought of Universal mistake in the tidal wake
All faith, still following orders

God of Man, here we come now
We're falling through time and space

On a wing and a prayer, looking for some space to share
Any signs of life, food or shelter
An Eden to start up anew, rebuild the black into blue
With some faith, no following orders

vii) Black and blue

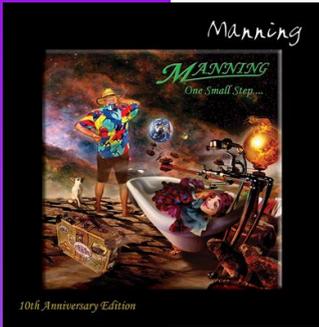
Cut through the atmosphere, cloud breaks and the air is clear
Can we fly? Oh watch me fly?

Blue turns into black, I feel the moment when I can't turn back
As we fly! Oh watch us fly! Soon, we'll be away from here
Locked upon a journey through the stratosphere

One small step from the ladder and the World has changed
Frozen in a second of time as it re-arranged...
...So we could fly And how we fly!

Out here in the Galaxy, there will be a place for you and me
One small step on an even bigger ladder
Shocked into looking forward and I can't look back
High above our worries as we break away
Carrying the precious code of our DNA,
before we die and we all must die

Short and sweet is the life of Man
Castaways and voyagers on a caravan



Manning

One Small Step...(Parts I-VIII) (contd.)

viii) Upon returning

Are we all a part of some great Universal plan?

The great escape of the monkey into Man?

Into Man? (Into a man!)

Looking at the night sky shining far away,

I wonder whether we will ever get back there some day?

Some day? (Some day?)