

Manning – Anser's Tree



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For further information visit www.guymanning.com

The Songs

Track	Title	Duration
1	Margaret Montgomery (1581 - ???)	07:13
2	Jack Roberts (1699 – 1749)	06:39
3	William Barras (1803 – 1835)	14:15
4	Diana Horden (1900 – 1922)	07:47
5	Joshua Logan (1990 – 2048)	07:58
6	Prof. Adam Logan (2001 – 2094)	11:59
7	Dr. Jonathan Anser (2089 -)	07:07

The Players

- * Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals
- * David Million: Electric Guitar
- * Laura Fowles: Sax and Vocals
- * Steve Dundon (Courtesy of Molly Bloom): Flute
- * Andy Tillison (Courtesy of The Tangent and PO90): Keyboards
- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Ed Unitsky: Cover Artist Copyright

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Margaret Montgomery (1581-?)

Verse 1

Ice formed valley protects from the eyes of all strangers
that wander the hills
the wind from the North rushes down to the tarn side and
tumbles on heather over spills

Chorus

Margaret Montgomery cares for her children,
Warding all evil away,
Fearlessly solo, she acts with true purpose
and draws on the lines of the ley

Verse 2

1605 and the news travels swiftly
Changes of bloodline and kings
The people stood nervously, lulled in the moment
of calm that rides warmonger wings

Chorus

But Margaret Montgomery cares for her children
Warding all evil away
She cares nothing for politics, gunpowder, treason
and draws on the lines of the ley

Middle 8

So beware,
You travellers,
Who march to this place,
Strange forces habit here,
it will end with your ruin
So Beware!

Verse 3

A black blooded night when the soldiers did come
To tear her sanctuary down
No one alive, no one survived, no one made any sound

Chorus

Margaret Montgomery cares for her children
Warding all evil away
And this place is a warning of a woman with calling
who draws on the lines of the ley

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Jack Roberts (1699-1749)

Verse 1

Not a cloud in the sky
Up here on lonely mountain
Is that a tear in my eye?
Caught out by a memory
And every time I feel the wind....

Verse 2

No passers by
Up here on lonely mountain
Silence is the king of the hill
Lost in my own condition
And every time I watch the trees...

Chorus

There's no comfort in the hermit life
Cut off from the warmth of being
I thought it could have been paradise
But I was fooling myself
'Cos every time I hear your name....

Verse 3

Such a terrible climb
Up the face of lonely mountain
Ravaged by the passing of time
No mirror will record it
And every time I close my eyes....

Chorus

There's no comfort in the hermit life
Cut off from the warmth of beings
I thought it could have been paradise
But I was only fooling myself.....

William Barras (1803 -1835) (Part 1)

Part 1. The Working Life

Down from the sunlight, boys,
Swinging in a cage
Life underground,
Mirrors the black face mole
bathed in shadow light

Beat the drum boys!
Dust and misery
for a farthing at Wallsend colliery

Out in the morning, we'll be far, far away
from lamps in the burrows
to clear blue overhead...with our families

So beat the drum boys!
Black coal takers
One more round and we'll make it home again...over the hills

Down in the tunnels where devils may lie
There's no one to turn to, my 'marra' and I
Counting our pieces like hand crafted gold
Hearing our hearts like the hammers of old
Strike! Strike! Strike! upon the seam
Strike! Strike! and try not hit a beam

Couched like some victims and forcing our way
up through the mixture of iron and clay under toe...

Then in a second, a moment of cold
an instant of silence has taken control of my soul
of my soul...under the hills

So beat the drum boys! Black coal takers
There's no more time for memory makers here...

Part 2. The Cave-in (Instrumental)

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William Barras (1803 -1835) Part 2

Part 3. Auld Nick & Co.

There's nothing moving
And I can't feel my legs
I hear someone breathing
and there's a Davy by my head
Is anyone else alive down here?
Help is on its way, never fear boys...

Minutes passing slowly
In the damp and the black
There's no more moving,
from the wall at the back
will they get to the shaft base in time?
Ponies and dead bodies in the gloom and grime

Imagine myself in the noon day sun
or standing in the summers' rain
will I ever be home again?
I'm locked beneath a frame
I'll run wild through the trees and the hay
and wash in the Northern Seas
If God is on our side this time
He'll never let Auld Nick take me away

There's no one coming...to set us free
we're all alone now, just Jack and Me

Imagine myself in the Noon day sun
or standing in the summers' rain
will I ever be home again?
I'm locked beneath a frame
I'll run wild through the trees and the hay
and wash in the Northern Seas
If God is on our side this time
He'll never let Auld Nick take me away

Part 4. The Working After-Life

Down in the tunnels where devils may lie
There's only the ghosts of my 'marra' and I
Guarding the pieces like hand crafted gold
Echoes of axes like hammers of old
Strike! Strike! Strike! upon the seam
Strike! Strike! and try not hit a beam

The pit mouth was sealed and the town moved away
Leaving the mixture of iron and clay far below....under the hills

So beat the drum boys! Black coal takers
There's no more time for memory makers here



Diana Horden (1900-1922)

Verse 1 (Diana)

Walking down Main street with a frightened face in my head
"She was cruising for a bruising", that's what the other man said
Hiding away, in the shadows
Though it may take all the night
I have, I have my camera
I have the door way in plain sight

Verse 2 (Diana)

"She looked like an angel", the cab driver had claimed
But thirty minutes later they were trying to find someone to blame
She, she had left the door open
And in walked the killer, so cold
No one, no one heard her struggle
As she fought for survival till the end

- lost the right to life
- in the candle light
- he extinguished her flame
- then slipped away
- and left his prey
- Down on Sparrow Lane

Middle 8 (Killer)

I have walked this mind's eye
Leaving compassion behind me
Crossed the road to her front door
And managed the lock...so easily

Verse 3 (Killer)

Hanging out on Main street with a knife in my hand
"I'll catch him with a snapshot!", that's what the lady had planned
Hiding away, in the shadows
Though it may take all the night
I have, I have my alibi
I have her door in plain sight

- *lost the right to life*
- *in the flashbulb light*
- *when she entered my game*
- *then I slip away*
- *another day*
- *Down on Sparrow Lane*

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Joshua Logan (1990-2048)

Verse 1

Why does an apple fall down?
How long is “..we shall see..” ?
Why do the clouds look like faces in the sky
Can you please explain it to me?
I want to know right now!
How much does an elephant weigh?
So many questions that are buzzin’ in my head
That I can’t get around to my play

Verse 2

Tell me why my eyes are blue
How come we want to fight a War?
Can you really laugh your head off?
And does it roll around on the floor?
What is God & where is He?
Why does my mummy cry?
So many questions that are buzzin’ in my head
What makes the birdies fly?

Chorus

I am not a child anymore,
I am now a man
But I’ve still have some questions
that I just can’t understand

Verse 3

Why do I need to sleep?
And what makes the grass go brown?
Does everybody else know the answer to the puzzle of
how far is UP from DOWN?
Can I spin round and round....
'till I’m dizzy and I can’t stand still
So many questions that are buzzin’ in my head
That every day I’m walking uphill

Chorus

I am not a child anymore,
I am now a man
But I’ve still have some questions
That I just can’t understand

Verse 4

OK, here’s a big one..
Where do little babies come from?
There’s a lot of little babies about!
Why does my best friend have a little belly button
and I’ve got a ‘sticky out’?
Are my dreams really real?
And where do they go to?
So many questions that are buzzin’ in my head
I’m sure I’ve got another one or two...

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Professor Adam Logan (2001 - 2094)

Verse 1

Straight out of Cambridge and already in debt to the hilt
He wanted to light up the sky
Made a name in plastics with Cola hi-rollers
and left the tax man happy with a slice of the pie
He was cool, no ones' fool,
but the work that he did left him feeling so empty
Tried to deny it, tried to hide it,
but he worried about what he'd started at school

Chorus

I'm calling out to the World – I wanted to be your friend
And I'm calling out to the World – So sorry that it has to end

Verse 2

He tore through the notebooks and checked it again
Searching for anything, just a hint of a weakness
Column by column and then row by row
Surely some others had noted the signs
It was there in the charts
The ice flows were melting much faster than normal
Tried to deny it, tried to hide it
But he worried about what he'd finished at school

Chorus

I'm calling out to the World – I wanted to be your friend
And I'm calling out to the World – So sorry that it has to end

Verse 3

He went to the Ministry and waited by doors in the cold
Kept in the corridors 'till well after midnight
Shared with a small man, the proof of his cause
And was told to write a letter to the person in charge
No more time, he'd lost the plot!
So he broke into TV and shouted the odds
Could do no more, when he was through
His charts and his books were thrown out of the door

Chorus

I'm calling out to the World – I wanted to be your friend
And I'm calling out to the World – So sorry that it has to end

Verse 4

So I'm sitting by the telephone
Waiting for somebody to respond and make it all right...
Packed my case, I'm on my way
It started raining yesterday
and soon there'll be no places dry....

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Dr. Jonathan Anser (2089 -?)

Verse 1

Far below the last remaining hill, a figure searches endlessly
Sifting through the rubble for the answers to the questions
he has posed for years.

Am I all alone?

All alone in a sinking World

And did compacted clay once feel the touch of beings walking regally?

Verse 2

Footprints in the sand,

Footprints that's all I'm looking for,

Footprints in the sand

And a meaning to the riddle of the Universe that could be forged
by just one hand

I lie face down upon the earth beneath, touching head to toe

Listening to the movement of the Planet and its' atmosphere

The Grand Plateau

Chorus

Dance...

To a rhythm tapped out long ago

Dance..

And make the 'Puppet Master' sit up and say "Hello!"

Dance...

Just knock upon the door and enter friend

Dance... .

Until the end