

Crazy Dancing Days

Tuning Open C Strings (6-1) CGCGCE No Capo Key C

Dropped my first trip in the Lots Road, the colours rang, the music flowed
I felt a love of every kind, I can honestly say it blew my mind
I floated out in to the psychedelic night, London was ablaze with shimmering light

And the tumble of the coins, would give you the mystical lines
And the signs, of the stars would tell you
The pathways to take, what choices to make
Well the stuff we were into then, looking back, never ceases to amaze

Back in the crazy dancing days

Les Cousins, Soho was the place to be, for fiery young folkies just like me
The place would start at 7 o'clock, sometimes the queue was round the block
At 11 they'd close up and clean up and then, midnight it would start all over again

One night I played there, I went on at 3
Open D, A, G, acoustic mayhem, some young men
From Norway, in off the street, in their sleeping bags, fast asleep at my feet
And at dawn I walked home through the early morning warm summer haze

Back in the crazy dancing days

Now it's just a 60's theme for an ad
Or a Facebook page about the music we had
But for those of us who were there
With bell-bottom loons and flowers in our hair
It was a revolution, not a craze
Those crazy dancing days

I met a young man who'd run from home, a lady found him out on the street alone
Typical city, way people meet, they wound up living at her flat in Beaufort Street
When I met them they were happy, together it seemed, she was 60 something, he was 16

The Fleet Street papers, they tried to blacken her name
And shame, but those were the 60's, no hurt no blame
And nobody cared, about the wrongs or rights of what they did with their nights
That odd-matched pair of love-struck castaways

Back in the crazy dancing days

Cross The Water

Tuning Open C Strings(6-1) CGCGCE Capo 7 Key Gm7

Where are you coming from, where are you going to
Where are you coming from, where are you going to
Where are you coming from, where are you going to
Where are you coming from, where are you going to

Cross the water, looking for a new dawn
You know you're going to live and die, far from where you're born
You don't know where you're going to wind up, or in what state
But still you lay you're body down, on the wheel of fate

Where are you coming from, where are you going to...

Where you're going, there's people don't want you there
They say "Get back in your boat, and go back where
You came from in the first place, we don't like the look of your face
We're filling up here, and running out of space"

"All we're saying is, we've spent five hundred years,
Making our society how we want it, through a river of blood and tears
We're not getting into the blame thing, but you should go do the same thing
Why should we set you free, just because you want to come here"

Where are you coming from, where are you going to...

That's the headlines, we keep seeing
But I've got my view, and I'm not agreeing
There's another narrative here, one that doesn't propagate fear

Well the way I see it is, now the world's a very different place
Year upon year upon year, we're turning into a global human race
Now everybody's got a talent, it might be washing cars
Or saving somebody's life or making beautiful guitars

A country that doesn't get new blood, is going to fade away
And when we get old and we want our pension, well, it's them that's going to pay
I know everybody's got opinions, and very opposing views
But if they took such a risk to get here, now that's courage we could use

Where are you coming from, where are you going to...

Flow Through Me

Tuning Open C Strings (6-1) CGCGCE Capo 2 Key A

You don't have to wake me I'm gonna be up with the dawn
It's that kind of day it's feeling good to be born
I'm gonna thank god for every breath I take
The songs that I hear and the music I make

Flow through me, flow through me, flow through me, flow through me now

When I sit down to play, I make it all up as I go
Music is easy, it seems to have its own kind of flow
But getting the words, that's a whole different game
They've got to come from somewhere, right out of the frame

Flow through me, flow through me, flow through me, flow through me now

It was market day in a town in France
I stopped to look and just by chance
I walked into a bar and got myself a beer
There was lively conversation flowing round my ear

I didn't understand much of what was said
But it kept me company in my head
Just then a picture came to mind
Of the wheelchair protestors that had been in the the headlines
Interrupting Parliamentary question time

So I got out my phone and opened up text
Still don't believe what happened next
I wrote a whole damned verse from start to end
Not one mistake not one amend
It's like a hidden message that suddenly shows
And where it comes from nobody knows

Flow through me, flow through me, flow through me, flow through me now

You just never know when the enlightening bolt will strike
You can be doing anything anywhere you like
Then the door slams open from who knows where
And suddenly out of nothing it's all right there

Flow through me, flow through me, flow through me, flow through me now

Welcome to the end of the World (One More Time)

Tuning Open C Strings(6-1) CGCGCE Capo 7 Key Gm7

Welcome to the end of the world, one more time (x3)

Welcome to the end of the world, one more, one more, one more time

Now the Mayan Temple calendars said, by 2012 we'd all be dead
Or was it 10 or was it 9? It's a thousand years since they made the signs
Well it's come and gone and we're still here, goes to show what irrational fear
Can do for a so-called civilised mind, seek the devil you shall find

You should have heard them crying, the priests are prophesying
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
So welcome to the end of the world, one more time...

Now the 50's were a troubled time, nations in the firing line
Nuclear weapons east and west, while leaders snarled and beat their chest
So people went and dug holes in the ground, and that is where they'd be found
The day the sirens would have wailed, and mankind's future would have been severely
curtailed

And when the Russkies dropped the bomb, they'd survive and everybody else would be
gone
But they never seemed to pay any mind, of when they crawled out what they'd find
You should have heard them crying, the atmosphere's gonna be frying
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
So welcome to the end of the world, one more time...

So now they say it's end of days, we've entered a new extinction phase
We're sliding down the slippery slope, let's rob the young of all their hope
And using the politics of fear, they'll make sure their names all appear
In learned publications, and the doom-feeds of nations
And no, it's not a clever guess, see it's real, it's in the press
There's research grants to pay for, and everything to play for

You should hear them crying, the Biosphere is dying
Ahh ahh ahh ahh
So welcome to the end of the world, one more time ...

Haul it Up

Tuning Open B Strings(6-1) EABF#BE No Cap0 Key B

It's been a year since we cast up here
In the land of easy pleasure
We beached our souls on the sands of love
And we had it all in good measure

But we left home and security
And some left their women crying
To seek our fortune across the sea
Or die like men in the trying

So haul it up, haul it up, haul it up and let's make sail for the far horizon
Haul it up, haul it up, haul it up and let's make sail for the far horizon

Well wind and fortune drove us here
We heard the sirens calling
A gentle breeze and a life of ease
Into a velvet trap we were falling

But in brotherhood and blood we swore
To sail to the end of the world
And time and tide will wait no more
Let's get that sail unfurled

And haul it up, haul it up, haul it up and let's make sail for the far horizon

And now it's time to take our leave
And put the rising sun behind us
A silver wake on an endless sea
That is where you'll find us

For nothing comes to those who hide
No riches to your door
So let's haul anchor on the rising tide
And ride those winds once more

And haul it up, haul it up, haul it up and let's make sail for the far horizon

Sail With the Sun

Tuning Open B Strings(6-1) EABF#BE No Capo Key B

I'm going to run the mains'l down the mast
I'm going to make sure all the hatches are fast
I'm going to make sure the stays are tight as a drum
'Cos I know there's going to be stormy weather to come
I know there's going to be stormy weather to come

I'm going to stow the anchor, I'm going to clear the decks
I'm going to get myself ready, for what's coming next
I'm going to get a little bit of help from two fingers of rum
'Cos I know there's going to be stormy weather to come
I know there's going to be stormy weather to come

It's the same for me, it's the same for you
It's the same no matter what you think, no matter what you do
It's the same everywhere, It's the same for everyone
You can't always sail with the sun

I'm going to take the wheel, turn right into the wind
I'm going to get all my gear on and strap myself in
I'll know that it's near when the wires start to hum
Cos I know there's going to be stormy weather to come
I know there's going to be stormy weather to come

It's the same for me, it's the same for you
It's the same no matter what we think, no matter what we do
It's the same everywhere, It's the same for everyone
You can't always sail with the sun

I'm going to reef early, I'm going to reef deep
No part of survival, ever comes cheap
It's the trials of your life that make up the sum
And I know there's going to be stormy weather to come
I know there's going to be stormy weather to come
'Cos you can't always sail with the sun

Talking to the Dead (Again)

Tuning Open B Strings(6-1) EABF#BD# No Capo Key B

I had a dream of a man I knew, toured with him in '72
Up and down the country in my car
We laughed and joked, drank and toked, he was jazz and I was folk
Even then I knew that he'd go far

I was on the road just out of school, I thought he was the quintessence of cool

I dreamed he turned up at my door, dressed in the same clothes he wore
I threw my arms around him said, "It's so good to see you again"
Then I asked him how he was, but I knew that that was wrong because
I know he died in Spain
I've been talking to the dead, again

I was driving down a road in France, found myself, just by chance
Talking to my best friend of them all
A bit about this a bit about that, just inconsequential chat
Nothing really much as I recall

He was just the same as always was, never changing with the years because

I don't think that I'm crazy for you see
Some part of his soul lives on with me
And the memories left behind, remake the person in my mind
And I drove on through the rain
Talking to the dead, again

I'd be rich, if I had, money for the times I told my dad
"Sorry for all my youthful pride"
All the stupid things I did, all the feelings that I hid
The love I should have shown and kept inside

He's always there, a strong man in his prime, and he forgives me every time

Seems to me it's just one of those things we do
Like trying to weave the threads of life anew
They come to me they're always strong, there's never a sign of anything wrong
Their faces forever freed from pain
When I'm talking to the dead, again

When the New Man Comes to Power

Tuning Open B Strings(6-1) EABF#BD# Capo 3 Key D

No more pigging at the trough for you
The reckoning is overdue
No more pigging at the trough for you
When the new man comes to power

No more cheating on the public purse
you've had your fill you've done your worst
No more cheating on the public purse
When the new man comes to power

No more lying about what you did
No more lying about what you hid
No more lying about what you did
When the new man comes to power

There's a light on the horizon, one day it's going to be arriving
A new day a new hope, so get out there and give it your vote

No more rich men paying no tax
Time for them to give it back
No more rich men paying no tax
When the new man comes to power

No more zero hours work
While the young struggle and the bankers smirk
No more zero hours work
When the new man comes to power

There's a light on the horizon, one day it's going to be arriving
A new day a new hope, so get out there and give it your vote

No more food banks on our streets
In a country rich beyond belief
No more food banks on our streets
When the new man comes to power

No more young men sent to die
In wars sold on a massive lie
No more young men sent to die
When the new man comes to power

King of the Ruined Castle

Normal Tuning Strings(6-1) EADGBE No Capo Key Em/G

You wanted to be the leader you wanted to be the king
So you got yourself a new hat and threw it in the ring
You got yourself a running mate with morals just like yours
That telling lies justifies, anything for the cause

Now look what you've done, look what you've done, look what you've done
You're the king of the ruined castle, king of the broken land
King of the ruined castle, king of the shifting sand
King of the ruined castle, king of the broken vow
King of the ruined castle, for what good it does you now

You've got some wealthy friends who wanted to see you put in power
And their media empire screamed you were the leader of the hour
They poured in the money, to get you to the top
And once they set it rolling it was never going to stop

Now look what you've done, look what you've done, look what you've done
You're the king of the ruined castle....

The thing about kingmakers is they never show their face
They hide in the shadows betting on the race
Being a puppet master, makes you no-ones fool
They know the way to win it is, divide and rule

Now look what you've done, look what you've won, look what you've done
You're the king of the ruined castle....

If the Young Don't March

Tuning Open G Strings(6-1) DGDGBD Capo 2 Key A

They're knocking on the doors of parliament
To show them what their laws have meant
To those without their wealth and power
Seize the moment seize the hour
They're prime time on the evening news
Maybe it will change some views
Of all those who are unaffected
Maybe change a mind or two, of those we have elected
And how will society raise it's voice if all we get is liar's choice

If the young don't march who will, if the young don't march who will
If the young don't march who will, if the young don't march who will

2005 in the USA, Dick Cheney signed the laws away
Giving America's sons and daughters
The right to clean air and water
So Halliburton's favourite son, made certain fracking's time had come
They said it would be a revolution
In energy production and there wouldn't be any pollution

So they fracked and drilled the coffers filled, and into the water table spilled
The poisons they were pumping
And the farmers and the land they were ruined, from what they were dumping
They spread out across the land there was no-one there to make a stand

And If the young don't march who will...

And now they want to bring it here, and those in power have made it clear
That if you're going to be one of the protesters
You're just a tree-hugging zealot, and you're going to damage the investors
And when it's time to make a choice, and local people raise their voice
To make a life-changing decision
You're going to be on the end of the millionaire's press club derision
And ripping into those who won't say 'yes', the talons of the right-wing press

If the young don't march who will...

Cover It Up

Tuning Open G Strings(6-1) DGDGBD No Capo Key G

There's some kind of link between the brain and the hands
And the desire to have what you see
It goes through the eyes, and is really no surprise
To a man of the world like me

When eyes alight with jackdaw sight
on an object of great desire
The little worm turns, like the mind never learns
You get burned if you put your hand in the fire

But if the eye don't see, hand don't get greedy
Cover it up, Cover it up, Cover it up
If the eye don't see, mind don't get needy
Cover it up, Cover it up, Cover it up

There's some kind of bridge from the eyes to the soul
That causes temptation to grow
There's some kind of synapse, that cause a mind lapse
In those who find it hard to say no

But if the eye don't see, hand don't get greedy...

Some things, you've got to tell your children
Some things you've got to tell them true
Some things, you've got to tell your children
This is what some people see and do
This is what some people see and do
This is what some people see and do
See and do, see and do, see and do, see and do

The use of detection, as some kind of protection
Is all very good as it stands
But the use of detention, as some kind of prevention
Is no cure for covetous hands

But if the eye don't see, hand don't get greedy...

Small Brass Box

Tuning Open G Strings(6-1) DGDGBD No Capo Key G

There's a small brass box, high up on the shelf
It sits there quietly by itself
Nobody ever bothers to look inside
Except me when I want to feel some pride

There's four medals my father won
In a war he didn't want to fight in but it had to be done
And sitting there beside them together once more
Is the wedding ring my mother wore

They got married in 1938
There were storm clouds gathering, they didn't want to wait
They were too poor for a diamond or any such thing
But he placed on her finger this tiny gold ring

How you measure value depends where you look
The power of money or a life-changing book
Cities and highways that spread across the land
Or this token of a lifetime I hold in my hand

They were together, for 74 years
There were days full of laughter, some nights full of tears
And when his time came, she fell to the floor
And eleven days later they were together once more

How you measure value depends where you look
The power of money or a life-changing book
Cities and highways, that cover the land
Or this token of a lifetime I hold in my hand

I paid the harbourmaster, for a bench by the sea
It's where I can go, when I just want to be
Alone with my thoughts as I look out at the bay
Where they joined with the ocean one bright sunny day