



Manning
Charlestown
Press Pack & Song Lyrics

Festival Music : 201010
Mechanical Release : October 2010
Electronic Release : October 2010

Available through Festival Music, the Band Website plus via itunes, Amazon and through all good record shops.

All songs written by Guy Manning.

The players

* Guy Manning: Acoustic 6,12 and Classical Guitars, Electric Guitars, Keyboards, Bass, Bouzouki, Mandolin, FX, Percussion and Lead / Backing Vocals

The Regular Band Contributors

- * Dave Albone: Drums and Percussion
- * Chris Catling: Electric Guitars and Backing Vocals
- * Kev Currie: Electric Guitars and Backing Vocals
- * Steve Dundon: Flute
- * Kris Hudson-Lee: Basses
- * Julie King: Backing Vocals

Guest Musician Contributors

- * Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
- * Kathy Hampson: Cello
- * Alison Diamond: Soprano and Tenor Sax

Song Titles

- 1 Charlestown 35:10
- 2 Caliban and Ariel 02:58
- 3 The Man in the Mirror 06:26
- 4 Clocks 04:28
- 5 T.I.C. 05:15
- 6 Finale 07:18



Manning

Charlestown

{Intro}

{Starting Out}

The lights from the harbour, a rolling carpet on the tide
and taut lines from the mast head can start to realign.
There's no feeling that words can describe for the rising emotions
that flow from the ones who survived

We set out for Bristol town on a late Monday in July
With calm sailing weather and horizons to rely on
Weighed the anchor, stowed the Clay,
Sank into the water and felt the groan of wood in
the wake of briny spray

{At Sea - Outbound}

{The Sailors Home}

With even breaths a-spacing, we can watch the bowlines tracing in
the foam that marks the cut lines on the Sea
The Captain's contemplating all the money we'll be making
When the cargos laid to rest on Bristol quay

Its hands upon the decking when the rigging needs a-checking and
wind is blowing westward in the sails
The point of no returning meets the point of easy earning
but the forecast is for heavy rain and gale

All alone on the Sailors home
keep an eye on the distant star
All alone in the churning waves
with a turning of the wheel



Manning

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Charlestown (contd.)

But the WATERWITCH is sturdy so she'll make it through our
journey and see us safely back to homeland shores
where the Leat up in the hills will concentrate the morning spills and
push the water downwards from the moors

All alone on the Sailors home keep an eye on the distant star
All alone in the churning waves with a turning of the wheel

Come Home to me, Come Home to me, I'll wait in the rising Sun
Come Home to me. Come Home to me, Your final tale is undone

{Passed the Wreckers}

All along the rocky edges,
shadows on the cliff side
and we see their shielded flames
Fuelled by ruin and circumstance,
Wreckers are out there again
Staying close to the shorelines, waiting...
for a moment of chance
The WATERWITCH and its stalker hunters
start the evenings dance

The Captain grabs the spinning wheel
and waiting for the strain
oh, he pulls against the tide
Turns the boat within the water
the casting ropes are getting shorter
as he guides this rocky ride
We men aboard feel braced and steady
grimly working, we are ready
and locked inside this race



Manning

Charlestown (contd.)

Only echoed seagulls calling
In the wake of early morning
we try to break out from this place

Safe ashore in their mothers arms, our children lie asleep
far from harm and the crashing waves of souls consigned to the deep

Tie the barrels, stow the flag lines
Watchful for the breaker outlines, can we get free?
Pray for life and open sea
No darken currents wait for me, over the side
I'll be home again and grateful
When the town throws its Welcome and the Winter Season comes
This shipping life is short and brutal, crossings hard, pay is frugal
but its my way of life!

{Before the Storm}

{Maelstrom}

{Afloat}

{Becalmed}



Manning

Charlestown (contd.)

Gliding north on a black mirrored Sea
There were thirty men aboard, now all but three
Clinging to the shards where the mast should proudly be
caught up sail and rope - a floating marquee

We wait for the Wind but it has slipped away
At last my dry lips move and I start to pray
Oh Lord how can this be?
So close to shore and final rest
Body and mind take the final hopeless test

{Out of our hands}

{The Tidal Bore}

Overhead, hanging in the cloud,
the guardian of the night shines down
And I've never seen it look so grand, it's kissing the ground
Tracing the smile upon its face, I feel a surge below the line
And the mizzen stirs, serene transfers into a rising tide

The bore that lifts the prow
Gathers speed away towards the shore
and the lights from the harbour houses
wait in silent applause
Just above the waves, gulls fly close to guide us in
their word on the wind purges all our sins

{Outro}

Coming Home
Come Home to me
Come Home to me



Manning

Caliban and Ariel

Dusty footprints near the water
Moonlight droplets caught in light,
upon a moving shore
Shifting grains beneath their feet,
blurring lines where edges meet
Caliban & Ariel are dancing in the sand

The beast awoken reveals his palms
takes his partner by the hand,
into a merry spin
Wistful creature of the air
All seeing along the lines of Time
Caliban & Ariel are dancing in the sand

Opposing and converging into daybreak
the smoke embossed,
the Mirror lost
Together for the briefest of moments
Caliban & Ariel were dancing in the sand



Manning

The Man in the Mirror

He lived in a sheltered humble home
Where the hillside meets the sky
Far from the gaze of prying folk
And the comments about his size
Dwelt alone amongst the clouds
The rain and the sighing breeze
And called himself a gentle man
And so did as he pleased

But when the Winter and the famine came
And he'd saved all the food he'd need
The towns folk looked on cowardly,
their hearts so full of greed
Why should that towering giant frame
Eat all that harvest grain
They rallied their cruelty, their fearfulness,
bloated by envy and shame

But the man in the mirror
With the smiling face
Watches their World go by
Their World go by
The man in the mirror
With the tragic face
Never said Goodbye
Never said Goodbye

Sometimes good comes out of bad
in the way that stories go
But not in the case of this goodly soul
Who was hounded and forced to go



Manning

T.I.C.

I need a defence to your sweet, sweet talk
You hit and run and I'm always the fool
My wounds, my wounds,
my wounds may never heal
So take me into your consideration

I know what you're thinking
I see where you go
You know what I'm feeling
You're never alone...

Pleading confused is no excuse, no, no
Your appeals will all be turned down
Day after day
You've got nothing to say that I'll hear now
But take me into your consideration

I know what you're thinking
I see where you go
You know what I'm feeling
You're never alone