



Manning

Manning
The Cure {10th Anniversary Edition}
Press Pack and Song Lyrics

Festival Music (F2) - Catalogue Number 201004B

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Available through Festival Music, via itunes, Amazon and through all good record shops.

All songs written by Guy Manning except 'Domicile'
(Manning/Tillison)

The Players

- Guy Manning: Guitars, Keyboards, Drums, Bass, Mandolin and Vocals
* Andy Tillison (Courtesy of the Tangent and PO90): Keyboards
* Jonathan Barrett: Bass
* Laura Fowles: Sax
* Ian 'Walter' Fairbairn: Fiddle
* Ian Tothill: Fiddle
* Simon Baskind: Drum Consultant
* Dan Lyons: Soundscapes

Song Titles

A Syndrome

1. Domicile 10:18

B Therapy

- 2 Real Life 03:59
- 3 A Strange Place 06:48
- 4 Whispers on the Wire 07:33
- 5 Songs of Faith 11:44
- 6 Falling 06:383

C Prognosis

- 7 The Cure 17:34
- 8 A Strange Place (Live) [Bonus]



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Domicile

Beyond the boundaries of the City walls
The landscape shudders as it waits
In trepidation of the tidal waves
That piles its pressures on the gates
It flows unchecked across Antarctica
And mingles with the Equatorial Seas
Nature cringes with its hands above its heads
To fend off the lightning blows it deals

The 'running man' so small and lost in these lands
Afraid of scale danger and change
Seeks safety in numbers, refuge in sabotage
Stocking pins in the heels of a giant to see what remains
And as the artificial light, pours onto the streets of our Ghost towns
Man fights his wars to keep them lit (...as beacons to his shit)
burns the deserts, with the philosophy of a Viking madman
And melts the ice to cover it

Domicile - Earth Dwellers Where do you run to now?

We wrote two minutes of the planets' life and discarded half the cast
In catalogues of extinction, Volumes of destruction
In this promised land - Worried that the good times might not last
Like Rome before the fall, civilisation...(sitting on the edge)
Eats, drinks and is merry, for tomorrow it dies
White moss prepares for its invasion of the acidic waters in the
stinking oceans and no one will record our cries
Outside the light is growing dim again, Temperature drops below the
line. Nothing moves in the haze of the boiling orange Sun

Evaporated Domicile



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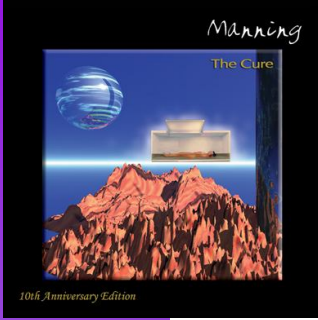
Real Life

Counting backwards, ten through one
As the faces look down
If I sit very still, then perhaps they'll come out to play
Isn't real life insane?
Isn't real life insane?
Isn't it?

Hold on to my breath and don't look away
If they see me they'll tell
I am always told that I'm good
It's a game
So I'll make some more land
and an Island of sand
Safe in here

I hear the shadows at night, watch them crawl into sight
Sounds and light, I make them all

Fly away Peter, Fly away Paul, before they lock you away
I can close both my eyes and imagine, it's a game
Isn't real life insane?
Isn't real life insane?
Isn't it?



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A Strange Place

Oh, forever changing
Like colours from blue to grey
Floating in an amber light that reflects some amber sky
In warm waves

Oh, what is this strange place?
Far from all the things I knew
Echoes of distant thunder mornings
Once so many, but now so few

Soft and comforting, the ripples brush my skin
Like a memory that hides a single tear
And on I go, and on I go from here, from here

Oh, what is this strange place?
Far from all the things I knew
Echoes of distant thunder mornings
Once so many, but now so few



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Whispers on the Wire

Click ClickLike A Radio and it's...
Click Clickwhen I'm tuning in tonight
Click ClickSurfing on the tide...and I
Click Clicknever felt as alive as tonight
Click ClickI'm like Joan of Arc...
Click ClickDancing in the flames, tonight
Click ClickPictures pounding in my brain
Click ClickCalling out many names, tonight

And what are the shadows?
And where are the shades?
And who are the voices?
Coming in waves...
...whispers on the wire...

Click Click....am I dreaming?
Click Click....Frozen awake
Click Click....Is that me calling?
Click Click....Trying to get through
.....Trying to get through
.....Trying to get through

I Push away the shadows
And pull back the shade
And feed on the voices
Coming in waves...
I am HERE.....



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Songs of Faith

Astronaut: The dream is over, time to put those wishes down
I'm all alone, here, don't believe in anything now
But I'm calling down the line, calling down the line, to you

So beautiful and frightening (just like Major Tom)
Wrapped in silence, I feel free and if I die with nobody listening, spin
the World round once, for me
Waiting at the end with no family or friends around me

Songs of Faith, that I once knew as a boy, seem to greet me here
What is this feeling, that I am not alone, I am not alone, anymore?
But where are you?

Patient: Click, Click...like a radio...and it's...
Click, Click, when I'm tuning in tonight
Surfing on the tide, I never heard it like tonight
I push away the shadows and pull back the shade
to feed on this one voice, coming in waves...and I am here...

Astronaut & Patient:
Songs of Faith, that I once knew as a boy, seem to greet me here
Oh, Can you hear me now?
What is this feeling, that I am not alone, I am not alone, anymore?
I am not alone, anymore

Patient: Can you hear me now?

Astronaut: I can hear you now!

Patient: Can you hear me?

Astronaut: I can hear you

Patient: Tuning In...I'm tuning In...

Astronaut: I'm tuning out..

Patient: Tuning In..

Astronaut: I'm tuning...OUT



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Falling

Calling...Calling
And you need me to be me, to be you

Falling...falling...
Like leaves you fall, there'll be nothing left at all

Remembering the inner flight so deep into my World
Blue horizons and onwards through the night
Light of Lights, guide your way, keep you from all harm
safely to the other side and back into my arms

But I'm learning (learning to be free)
Dreaming...reality
And I'll believe in you as long as you believe in me

Remembering the inner flight
so deep into my sorrow
visions dance before me and burst out into life
Light of Lights, guide my way, keep me from all harm
safely to the other side and back into your arms

Falling...falling...we are falling...



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The Cure

DAWN

Shine! Shine!

Straight line until the morning comes, time to leave this place alone
Found a life for you, found a life for me, oh, morning comes!

THE WONDER OF LIFE

The Moon will hide it's face once more
and the Sun will take it's place in the skies
Light cascades upon the Oceans
Earth shakes the sleep from it's eyes

Filled with the Wonder of Life
Thrilled by the Wonder of Life

Baby wakes it's sleeping mother, as birds fill the air with flight
plants life up their heads and they stretch out their souls
to capture, the beautiful light

Filled with the Wonder of Life
Thrilled by the Wonder of Life



The Cure (contd.)

HELLO, DR. STRANGE...

Doctor:

Not so fast my friend, that's not the ways it's written
You've had your chance to play 'the Creation Game'
Now the moment's come, for the delusions to be vented
Time to put those little toys away

Patient:

Locked away, safe from prying eyes
No one would believe me anyway
I'm locked away, in imagination
Caught between the flickers of a dream

Doctor:

If it's the struggle you feed on, then maybe I can help you
Let's place our favourite pieces on the board
I've waited and I've watched and I've hidden in your shadows
I'll break all you have made as my reward!

Patient:

Locked away, safe from prying eyes
No one would believe me anyway
I'm locked away, in imagination
Caught between the flickers of a dream
Goodbye...