



# Manning

**Manning**  
**Anser's Tree**  
**Press Pack & Song Lyrics**

Prog Rock Records : PRR270  
Mechanical Release : October 2006  
Electronic Release : March 2011

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: 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

### Song Titles

- 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



# Manning

## Margaret Montgomery (1581-?)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Manning

## Jack Roberts (1699-1749)

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....

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...

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 fooling myself  
'Cos every time I hear your name....

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....

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.....



# Manning

**William Barras (1803 -1835)**

**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 an 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...



# Manning

## **William Barras (1803 -1835) (Contd.)**

### **Part 2. The Cave-in (Instrumental)**

### **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



# Manning

## **William Barras (1803 -1835) (Contd.)**

### **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)

(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

"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, Down on, Down on Sparrow Lane

(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

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, Down on, Down on Sparrow Lane



# Manning

## Joshua Logan (1990-2048)

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

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?

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

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

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 of two...





# Manning

## Professor Adam Logan (2001 - 2094)

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

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

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

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

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....



www.guymanning.com

### **Dr. Jonathan Anser (2089 -?)**

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?

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

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