

## **JOEL'S SONG**

There is an inside drum  
Rocking my head and feet  
And when I hear it come  
I can't resist the beat  
Play me that song again  
Late in the afternoon  
The one with the leaving train  
Under a winter's moon

*Canna nanna ta, canna nanna ta-a*  
*Canna nanna ta, canna nanna ta*

I love the telephone  
Sometimes it says my name  
The busy and dial tone  
The fingers-and-numbers game  
Only by chance, it seems  
I steal a glance at you  
Love in a torchlight beam  
Flits in and out of view

Take me to strangers' places  
I've never seen before  
Show me the open spaces  
Show me the freedom door  
Changing the life you planned  
Sailing the secret sea  
When I don't understand  
Don't be too hard on me

Seems like I lose, although  
I'm only beginning  
Living in vertigo  
Everything spinning  
Up in my cosy room  
I can run out of speed  
Deep in the friendly gloom  
There is the peace I need

**Paul:** guitar (DADGAD); **Jim Sutherland:** percussion; **Matt Clifford:** keyboards; **Chris While and Paul:** harmony vocals; **Stu Luckley:** bass

About my four and a half year old son who is autistic .  
Autism is a fairly rare disorder severely affecting the ability of the individual to relate to his/her environment and the people in it. Many autistic children have great difficulty communicating - even within their own families, and only specialised forms of intensive teaching and therapy seem to be helping this mysterious problem. There is good

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reason to suspect that many autistic people have considerable potential, indeed some have become well known for possessing amazing abilities.

It is an indictment on the powers that be and on those that support them that the National Autistic Society and thousands of other voluntary groups helping disadvantaged people are expected to depend upon charity to survive and carry out research, while nuclear arsenals and the phenomenally costly and potentially lethal nuclear power development programmes receive the nation's sorely needed resources, regardless. We live in a time when paranoia and greed determine these priorities and apathy allows them to persist.

Joel responds strongly to music and often rocks and chants when he hears it. The chorus to this song is one of his chants and I have tried to imagine his feelings in writing the verses from his point of view.

## **I.O.U.**

Have you still got those pages  
From friends of days gone by?  
Their words, in paper cages  
Came winging through the sky  
Or did you make some bargain  
That one day you would rue?  
Like the hasty note the gambler wrote-  
The loser's I.O.U.

It seems the days are speeding  
The time it strips the bone  
The snow it falls beside the wall  
And follows winter's moan  
And through the crystal window  
The ever-changing hue  
The years decline, the debt is mine  
How will I pay my due?

*I.O.U. for mystery*  
*I.O.U. for colour*  
*I.O.U. for children*  
*Born in love and labour*  
*And I.O.U. for letting go*  
*When parting needs must sever*  
*And I.O.U. for holding on*  
*I.O.U. forever*

They say no-one's an island  
That each on some depends  
But lonely hearts and silence  
Make such bitter friends  
For to have your own true lover  
Is to live in fortune's glow  
But try as you may, you'll never pay  
Your lover what you owe

**Paul:** mandocello, Appalachian dulcimer and vocal

## THE FAST LANE DOWN

It's a vicious circle - no work, no pay  
You're just a social number, you can play all day  
Your hopes and your dreams for a wage of your own  
They're every bit as distant as the Queen on her throne  
You've got your street directions  
And you ask around  
I know what you're doin'  
I know where you're bound  
    You're looking for the fast lane  
    That leads you to the last pain  
    You're looking for the fast, fast lane down

Smiling at the camera - they're heroes on the screen  
They always know someone who's been exactly where you've been  
So you march the march but the doors are barred  
You knock until you bleed but their hearts are hard  
The bomb builders are welcome  
But UB40's are banned  
Then someone stumbles on the truth  
You find they've got no plan  
    To save you from the fast lane  
    That brings you to the last pain  
    To save you from the fast, fast lane down

So you go to see the dealer - he's not hard to find  
He'll be glad you came; he's in the selfsame bind  
He's a city spinner, he's a catwalk cruiser  
He's a daydream winner, he's a certain loser  
Says the deal is pure  
For everyone who pays  
But he shuns the light  
Like he avoids your gaze  
    He's already on the fast lane  
    He's close to the last pain  
    He's already on the fast, fast lane down

See the lips are moving; tell you what they say  
"You watched your chances waste away"  
"Your father didn't love you; mother was naïve"  
"You had all the information, you would not believe"  
"Your lovers all were fickle"  
"Your comrades moved away"  
But it really was the breaking  
From the endless grey  
    That set you on the fast lane  
    And brought you to the last pain  
    That set you on the fast, fast lane down  
    You're looking for the fast lane  
    That brings you to the last pain  
    You're looking for the fast, fast lane down

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**Paul:** guitar (DGDGBD) and vocal; **Rory McLeod:** harmonica; **Matt:** 'Strat' keyboards;  
**Chris and Paul:** harmony vocals

I know that the reasons young people resort to drug abuse are many and complex but I am certain disillusionment must be one of them.

## **THE EAGLE AND THE ISLANDERS**

Way out on the ocean, blue Pacific sea  
Lay some coral islands  
Once were free  
Gentle people lived there, by lagoon and restless palm  
Open hearts and easy smiles  
Knew no harm

No long distance liners ever came to call  
Once a year, a freighter  
If at all  
They never knew of Hitler, or the world at war outside  
Nagasaki, Hiroshima  
Or how many, many died

As always in a battle, only the leaders choose  
It's the innocent who suffer  
And who really lose  
And, for these lovely islands, misfortune cast the die  
As spoils of war they fell  
Under the Eagle's eye

But the Eagle was not contented with her victory hour  
She coveted, at any cost  
The greatest power  
So she built another weapon that was bigger than before  
Even though she had already  
Won the war

And to these hapless islands, the Eagle brought her bomb  
And she built an iron tower  
To explode it from  
And as the wind blew steady, and as the sea shone gold  
The sun it burst in unison  
A hundredfold

The frightened island people did not understand  
That they were all a part  
Of the Eagle's plan  
They saw the ashes falling and they thought that it was snow  
And they watched their children play  
Among its deadly glow

**Paul:** vocal and guitar

After the end of the 2nd World War, the Marshall Islands, a remote chain of coral atolls in the north-west Pacific, were part of the territory designated to be held in trust by the United States, presumably until the political climate in the area was considered to have stabilised. By 1954, the USA had developed the largest atomic bomb to date and had decided to use the northern part of this entrusted area as a test site.

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On the day set for the test, weather reports advised that the prevailing winds would carry fallout to the inhabited island of Rongelap, in the southern part of the Marshall chain. In spite of this, it was nevertheless decided to continue with the explosion. Meteorologists present at the time and interviewed later, were among the many who concluded that the Rongelap people were deliberately exposed to determine the effects of fallout on humans.

After the explosion, the ash of the molten coral from the test site rained down on Rongelap for three days and the islanders, who had received no prior warning, soon began to suffer the effects of radiation poisoning and burns. This lamentable state of affairs continued to plague the islanders and for the next thirty years they suffered on their ruined land while their parliamentary representative, Jeton Anjain, tried valiantly but unsuccessfully to elicit aid and compensation from the Americans, who generously built a supermarket on the island and sold the people tinned (uncontaminated) food.

Finally, Anjain turned to Greenpeace and it is a shaft of light in the dark tunnel of the ruthlessness of powerful governments that the last act of Greenpeace's flagship, the "Rainbow Warrior", before she was bombed in New Zealand by the French security service, was to transport these diseased and suffering islanders to a new home, the island of Mejato, some 120 miles away.

## **BRING IT TO BE**

After the lightning spree  
Follows the thunder  
After the poor go free  
See how they wonder

*Freedom grows in the heart  
Love is the key  
Step out and ply the part  
Bring it to be*

Just like the pendulum  
Swings to and fro  
Hark now, the troopers come, but  
Mark how they go, for

Under the darkest pall  
Tyrants will die, but  
Over the highest wall  
Swallows will fly, for

Wave to a thousand eyes  
Chained to the railing  
Words, words, words, and lies  
See how they're failing, but

Rise from that easy chair  
Turn from those problems  
Succour those in despair  
Burning in bedlam, for

*Freedom grows in the heart  
Love is the key  
Step out and ply the part  
Bring it to be*

**Paul:** dulcimers and vocal; **Matt:** keyboards; **Rory:** harmonica; **Chris and Paul:** harmony vocals; **Stu and Paul:** handclap

Dedicated to all those who find themselves in physical, mental or political bondage. The fourth verse refers to one of the protests during the early suffragette movement.

## **WINGLESS ANGEL**

Somehow slow to come to face  
I wished another time and place  
I had to catch your arm and let you know  
No sooner said, than we were leaning  
On single words of double meaning  
Lovers always found it safer so  
Lovers always found it safer so

By bush, and stream, and stony sand  
Open to the day we stand  
As the sun yellows yesterdays and youth  
Treasure time and cherish chance  
Lose the look to guess the glance  
Just a single one exchanged, to know the truth  
Just a single one exchanged, to know the truth

I never cease to think it strange  
How the heart the mind can change  
How the man, for all his brain, cannot say why  
How the senses, set in spin  
Afraid to lose the love he's in  
And like a clumsy, wingless angel, he tries to fly  
Like a clumsy, wingless angel, he tries to fly  
Like a clumsy, wingless angel, he tries to fly

**Paul:** guitar and vocal; **Matt:** keyboard

## **UNCLE SAM**

From the guns of John Wayne  
And the Indian dead  
To cowboys solutions  
Are the bully-boys bred  
Now they sit at their desks  
And they're planning again  
They'll find somewhere to send you  
You're just numbers to them

chorus:

They are the guardians of freedom  
And democracy  
You can say what you want  
But you'd better agree  
They say they are strong -  
You can trust Uncle Sam  
But, except for his dollars  
He don't give a damn

Goodbye, children and lovers  
Farewell, twenties and teens  
Hello, ten-digit number  
Hello, meat for marines  
Pretty soon you are sailing  
Maybe flying instead  
To join the thousands and thousands  
And thousands of dead

Some were more lucky  
Escaped and returned  
Limping, or blinded  
Or third-degree burned  
Some even look normal  
Their scars deep inside  
But all of them victims  
Of the national pride

On wheels they are walking  
By spoon they are fed  
Tormented in dreams  
They remember the dead  
But for the men at their desks  
That game is forgot  
They're out on the golf course  
All their pawns left to rot

**Paul:** guitar (DADGAD) and vocal; **Stu:** bass; **Howard Lees:** lead guitar; **Matt:** keyboards;  
**Chris:** harmony vocal

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Although this song makes reference to a particular nation, many others, Britain included, are guilty of preaching freedom of expression and concern for the individual while showing callous disregard for their returned soldiers, intolerance of political systems different from their own and, in many cases, perpetrating the injustices and violence they accuse others of.

## **ROLLING HOME**

Shake another open hand  
Kiss the smile of a lovely friend, farewell  
Step into my old tin can and then I'm  
Rolling home  
Behind the light and through the haze  
Bodies swaying and the big eyes gaze  
All of them drift along in different ways and then go  
Rolling home

*chorus:*

*Rolling home, rolling home*

*Rolling home, rolling home*

Don't be surprised to find me in your head  
I'm good at dreams; you're easy led  
Think of me when you slip into your bed for I'll be  
Rolling home

All the dangers of the distance have me spellbound still  
They're waiting in the wings, they always will  
But whatever they may bring there's nothing like the thrill of finally  
Rolling home

**Paul:** guitar and vocal; **Chris and Paul:** harmony vocal;

**Rory:** harmonica; **Stu:** bass

## **THE PATHWAY OF LOVE**

The pathway of love, never runs smooth  
It's loaded with danger from the opening move  
From the pace of the pulse, the quickening beat  
From the forfeit of reason, the wings on the feet

Oh the distance is nothing, the day is the night  
Their reflections are only a trick of the light  
The flame in the heart, the glow on the face  
They are beckoning now, to the time and the place

*Oh my darling, oh my love  
Who can it be that you're thinking of?  
Ever will be the one  
Ever will be the one*

The leaves in the lane, they tumble and lift  
Somebody opens your fumbling gift  
But, sure as the sun discovers the flower  
Blindness is banished by magic and power

Promises waiting, too late to break through  
Wishes, if only they could come true  
Sometimes to come, but bitter to go  
Old as the drum, yet as new as the snow

It's high in the risk, but rich in reward  
You sacrifice easy, but can you afford  
To get hooked on the mix of pleasure and pain?  
Well now, go get your fix and you're flying again

**Paul:** guitar(EEBEBE); **Chris:** harmony vocal;  
**Howard:** second guitar

## **BEAT THE DRUM FOR FREEDOM**

Out on the wild flamingo shores  
Across the brown savannah  
To all the iron gates and doors  
Beneath the highest banner  
Through the caves of fear they come  
Over the gun-drunk borders  
Pulling to the deepest drum  
The drummer beats the orders

*Oh they do smile, who hold us sway  
Who pays the price if we heed them?  
So many more in chains today  
So beat the drum for freedom*

Their love it came so fast and free  
There could be no denial  
She honeymooned in the gallery  
For he stood in dock on trial  
The judge he left in his limousine  
She hid her tears from reporters  
The prisoner's lionheart was clean  
The jailer brought him water

And so the years have rolled and rolled  
The time is folding under  
The autumn storms prepare the cold  
The distant drum is thunder  
The bolt of light is still to come  
But the voices in the distance  
Are growing stronger, run by run  
Building his resistance

**Paul:** guitars (CGDGCD and CDGGAD) and vocal; **Jim:** percussion; **Matt:** keyboards

Nelson Mandela, whose continued imprisonment is in many ways symbolic of the struggle for freedom in South Africa, was convicted and imprisoned immediately following his marriage to his wife, Winnie. He has remained in prison because he refuses to denounce the use of violence against a regime which itself used every form of political repression, including the shooting of unarmed civilians, to prevent freedom of expression and genuine democracy from becoming a reality.

I am still convinced that the active support of people from other countries will help to set black South Africa free.