

Lyrics for the album **Momentum** by Paul Metsers

**STILL TRYING (2:23)**

Paul: Appalachian dulcimer, Mick Doonan: Uilleann pipes

A short instrumental which has words and I'm still trying to think of them.

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### **WALLS (4:31)**

There's a strange momentum  
In the wheels of history  
Racking all your brains  
Confusing your inventory  
It sends you running wild  
Blinding duty calls  
You fill your dying days  
Building higher walls

Pity the powerful  
Their walls are built so high  
They cannot come back over them  
Or see the reason why  
Pity their ambition  
Their dreams have lived in vain  
The courage of conviction  
Like the lamb is quickly slain

chorus:

Come down, come down  
Out of your fortresses  
You're up so high but believe me  
There's no alarm  
Take down your guard  
Roll back your armoury  
Forget your fear  
Who means you harm?

Into the future  
There flows a river  
Our ship will sail  
On it forever  
The higher are our walls  
The more we weigh it down  
The lower it would sink  
The sooner we would drown

Paul: vocals and guitar (DADGAD), Allan Taylor: harmony vocals and guitar

An anti-arms race song aimed at the politician whose career prospects often conflict with his/her responsibility to make this world a better place to live in ... and so often he/she's getting old as well.

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### **SOME DAY (2:45)**

Now I know I get it wrong  
Much more than you deserve  
And I try to make amends  
But so seldom find the nerve  
And by then I'm running headlong  
Too fast to take the curve  
But I know I'll get it right some day

chorus:

Some day, some day, some day, some day  
But I know I'll get it right some day

To lay the blame is easy  
When it's at another door  
Just one or two excuses  
Becoming three or four  
It gets harder to return  
To where I was before  
And I'll find out where I'm going to some day

There's some will say I'm foolish  
To try to make it pay  
That I've set my sights on mountains  
That will crumble into clay  
But the dream will not lie easy  
Till the night is chased away  
And I'll work out what it means some day

A few will flirt with fortune  
And some will follow fame  
There's no changing what's to come  
It'll happen just the same  
And I'm just another player  
To the dealer and the game  
But I'll play it right for you some day

Paul: vocal and guitar, Chris and Joe While: harmony vocals; Joe: piano

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### **WHERE THE BLAME BELONGS (4:01)**

Out in some galaxy  
Some dark and diamond sea  
Beyond this gravity  
A rich tableau  
Christ came, or so they say  
Some swear he's here to stay  
They ride the rails 'til judgement day  
While me - I just don't know

And some to mortal risk inclined  
Chains of silence to unbind  
Their faith will fail if ever blind  
To wage a holy war  
Who seeks the anguish and the strife?  
Who seeks to tear the limb from life?  
Who seeks the roads with soldiers rife?  
So often seen before

Now the calm is o'er the bay  
You have to watch just what you say  
The sound will carry far away  
The stillness is the lure  
But when the lonely voice is lost  
When the greater good is crossed  
When the cause exceeds the cost  
You cannot be so sure

Come then, you gods, yes, Christ also  
Who deal each other constant blows  
Down the street your lifeblood flows  
You cannot be so strong  
Upon your altars, high and grand  
Sacrifice your hidden hand  
And say, for once, just where you stand  
And where the blame belongs

Paul: vocals and guitars, Matt Clifford:piano & synthesizer

I find it inconsistent, to say the least, that the Church – especially the Christian Church – so quick to arbitrate upon our personal lives, is loath to get off the fence when it comes to violations of human rights and many other sensitive public issues. This was written with the situations in Poland and Northern Ireland in particular in mind.

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### **THE SARSEN STONE (4.41)**

I am the mason, in cold and hard  
Performs the cutter's task 'mid dust and shard  
From Preseli hills and Dyfed vale  
Hewn and measured to the Circle's scale

chorus:

And I may know, and you may not  
Although you muse over what's forgot  
You scratch your scalp and you bruise your bone  
To break the spell of the sarsen stone

I am the oarsman, who must float the stone  
Out of calm through waters tossed and blown  
To steer my craft to the distant shore  
And breast the river's rush with oaken oar

I am the digger, in sweated girth  
Strikes the graves from the silent earth  
So the giants, with their feet of stone  
May be buried by the foot alone

I am the carpenter, with seasoned eye  
Must build the rampart now, from ground to sky  
To bear the lintel through its pulling down  
And to lift it to its crushing crown

And I am last, who is also first  
I bring to being what my soul has nursed  
At my behest what is now begun  
Shall mark the rising of midsummer sun

Paul: all vocals and guitar (CGCGCC), Alan Tipple: Pan pipes

Of the makers of Stonehenge. The sarsens are the large stones of the outer circle. Within them lies a circle of the smaller blue stones which almost certainly came from south-west Wales and were probably transported by water as far as possible. The building of Stonehenge was commenced about four thousand years ago and a great many aspects of its planning and function still baffle us today.

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**DANCING SHOES (3:26)**

Hey, Corina  
Are you coming home?  
Hey, Corina  
Are you in some bar on your own?  
Hey, Corina  
Will you have to walk back home alone?  
Hey, Corina  
Are you coming home?

Hey, Corina  
Why did you take your dancing shoes?  
Hey, Corina  
I need suspicion like I need the blues  
Hey, Corina  
You ask me to forgive and I can't refuse  
Hey, Corina  
Why did you take your dancing shoes?

Hey, Corina  
The candle's burning low  
Hey, Corina  
The words are blurring and the ink won't flow  
Hey, Corina  
Come the dawn and I'll have to go  
Hey, Corina  
The candle's burning low

Hey, Corina  
I've just been listening to the news  
Hey, Corina  
That mob had nothing left to lose  
Hey, Corina  
They've found some bloody dancing shoes  
Hey, Corina  
Why did you take your dancing shoes?

Paul: vocal & duclimer, Matt: synthesizers

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### **HARD ON YOUR HEELS (4:31)**

You wake up from your slumber  
And the weeks of warm and dark  
Surrounded by her body  
Like the bud beneath the bark  
And you hate to break away  
You're so scared when it begins  
Your world is topsy-turvey  
And the walls are closing in

Chorus:

And you have to make your way  
I know just how it feels  
There's a million more behind you  
Coming hard on your heels

Now you think you've won your freedom  
And things can settle down  
The days are short & the nights are long  
And love is all around  
And you think you're on a winner  
You're so sure you've paid your dues  
But they hate you taking risks  
And so you get nothing but refused

Now it must be getting easy  
And it must come round to you  
'Cause the wheel is spinning crazy  
And you're way up in the queue  
But no good to count your chickens  
'Cause every time the cards are turned  
The only thing they show you  
Is there's so much more to learn

The world's so full of colour  
It's inviting you to roam  
The trees have all been shrinking  
Or maybe you have grown  
And you find someone to love you  
And you slip into the stream  
It's cool and strong around you  
And it bears you in its dream

Surely when you're taking  
You'll find you have to give  
You'll always cast a shadow  
For you need the light to live  
And you're terrified of leaving  
I can see it in your face

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But you cannot stay for ever  
For someone needs your place

-chorus-

One day you must make way  
As the twilight on you steals  
There's a million more behind you  
Coming hard on your heels

Paul: vocals and dulcimer, Allan Taylor: cittern, Chris and Joe: harmony vocals

What lies ahead at birth....

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### **SAY YOU WILL (3:42)**

Lady, when I'm with you  
I am on the silver water  
Gliding easy as a seagull in the wind  
Like the desert palomino  
I've no use for rein or halter  
But I need you more than all my kith and kin

Say you will, say you will  
Say you'll be there when I'm back from all my travels  
Say you will, say you will  
Say you'll be there when this winding road unravels

From the comfort of your fire  
I will have to make some distance  
As a dreamer of the ribbon and the line  
I am tempted to retire  
To the road of least resistance  
But fascinated by the thread in the design

Now the sun is at my elbow  
And waning is her light  
And the wind from off the ice, it burns the leaves  
And softer than the arrow  
The pigeon takes to flight  
As she's winging to her nest beneath the eaves

At the closing of the day  
If I chose to turn around  
I would only find the ghost of what I knew  
For now the season starts to fray  
And gladly homeward bound  
With the sleet behind the door, I'm back to you

Paul: vocals & guitars (normal & CGCGCE), Chris & Joe: harmony vocals

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### **THE BLISTERING AIR (3:39)**

Run like the galloping, tumbling leaves  
Run like the vanishing hare  
Run through the window of shattering ice  
Into the blistering air.....

Up on the bridge and over the water  
Down to the slippery sky  
Way past the faces of father and mother  
Straight at the sun, blinding by  
Dashing my coat on the dazzling meadow  
Hear how they shout of the cold  
In the crook of my elbow or under my arm  
I am younger while they do grow old

The murmuring masks, pale and guarded  
Urging the sweat and the shove  
All of them strange – lucky there's you here  
But what do you hide with your love?  
One I remember – that face I know –  
The clock on the wall making plans  
Don't tell me I'm wrong – I've seen it before  
And what do you hide with your hands?

I'll take the zigzag on the back of a pony  
You take the road going down  
Though you'll arrive at the railing before me  
It'll keep me from turning around  
And find me the watering well of my past  
And fill me my pail if you can  
And haul it all dripping both bitter and sweet  
And pour it all over the land

Paul: vocal & guitar

From the point of view of a friend of mine who experienced a period of mental illness, an affliction all too commonplace these days. The sufferer encounters upheaval, distortion, childbirth, suspicion and perhaps hope at the end of it all.

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### **PLAY IT ALL AGAIN (2:39)**

chorus:

Though you are a rake and a roving blade  
You're often in the limelight but sooner in the shade  
Everyone I know loves to hear you play  
When Lady Music holds you sway

So clearly I remember the very first time  
You began without a warning, you wasted not the rhyme  
Exciting with the power, as the chords began to climb  
Up a sweet and dizzy road

The carpenter will seek the grain and bring it into view  
The painter shows us faces we though we always knew  
You clothe the bones of melody and give them deeper hue  
That always seems your way

You've got the crazy rhythm, you've got the teasing tune  
You've got the searing sun, you've got the mystic moon  
You've got to get going but you've got to come back soon  
And play it all again

Paul: vocals & guitar (DADGAD), Allan Taylor: cittern, Chris & Joe: harmony vocals

A song about one of my favourite musicians. I wrote this song one evening at the Redcar Festival and sang it publicly the next day, a nerve-wracking experience I won't repeat.

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### **CRAZY TEARS (6:00)**

High on his lonely eyrie  
The eagle watches from a broken sky  
Down on the peaceful prairie  
The steel-spun wheels of man come flashing by  
The silence falls apart  
Struck to its very heart  
Oh, how loud, how loud we are

The muzzle darkly lowers  
The singer falls into a silent shade  
Upon the trigger finger  
Upon the gun hand chains are swiftly laid  
Then crazy tears did glisten  
Maybe now we'll listen  
Oh, how deaf, how deaf we are

Down in old Neptune's kingdom  
Fled the final father of the blue  
The chase was almost over  
And so, with bursting lungs, he blew  
Did then the gunner know  
This was the last to go?  
Oh, how slow, how slow we are

We send our stellar sailors  
To search and find for us another world  
They soar on ships of fire  
The night before their hungry eyes unfurled  
And yet their hearts will burn  
Ever more for their return  
Oh, how blind, how blind we are

Paul: vocals & guitar (EEBEBE), Matt: synthesizers, Chris & Joe: harmony vocals

Of our invasions upon the serenity of nature; of John Lennon who lived for peace yet died in violence; of the Blue Whale for which it will soon be too late; of the uniqueness of this home, called Earth.