

Lyrics for the album **In The Hurricane's Eye** by Paul Metsers

FACES OF LOVE

They seek you in flowers and diamonds and steel
They search on the distant moon
They hope to find you in glory and blood
I hope they find you soon
Through twisted trees the daylight is losing
My clothes are bloody and torn
I've travelled in circles, while under the leaves
Was your footpath, familiar and worn

I've seen you, cower in corners and cupboards
And on shelves watched you gather the dust
And sometimes they find you, and shine like the silver
And sometimes they lose you to rust
There have been times when I've thought you cruel
To tear the man and the woman apart
To vanish the vows and to plunder the plans
Of the building you helped them to start

You're so good at mirages and clever illusions
And often so easy to feel
And the lads and the lasses, in the lights of shop windows,
Look, and believe you are real
I've seen you lingering, longing to stay
And watched you hanging 'round doors
Then slowly, solemnly, slipping away
Leaving your tears on the floor

It's seldom you take off your mystical gown
But I've caught a glimpse of you then
Watching the breathing of many's the child
Or leading the lamb from the pen
You are the knight without any armour
The white, the red and the gold
Who often is wounded, but never is killed
Who often is silent, but never is stilled
Who may be invited, but never be willed
Who offers the hand to hold

About the myriad roles of this most common of emotions.
Paul: guitar (DADGCD) and vocal; Johnny Coppin: electric piano

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GOOD INTENTIONS

It's one day we'll go sailing
Oh you, my love, and I
We'll take us down to the water
Where fair the waters lie

And then, with good intentions
We'll try our debts to pay
But the sun will swing the seasons
And ever win the day

Then one day we'll go climbing
Come closer to the stars
And hope that those in spaceships
Will leave them as they are

And one day we'll start building
We'll use what comes to hand
We'll join what comes together
And bind what needs a band

We often run out of time to carry out the plans we've made.

Paul: lead vocal; Joe While: piano; Chris and Joe While: harmony vocals.

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NO QUARTER

No rest for the wicked
No wind for the archer
No horse for the junkie
No pay for the marchers
Long days for the Eskimo
But eight months of darkness
No quarter given
Every one taken in return

No path to the lighthouse
No mail for the keeper
No light for the miner
No tracks on the sleepers
Cold mist in the hollow
Raindrops on the creepers
No quarter given
Every one taken in return

Old crumbs on the table
Old oil on the river
Old horse in the stable
He won't last for ever
Hold onto the bridle
It's now or never
No quarter given
Every one taken in return

Christine was hooker
Removed her garters to applause
Such a good looker
She made men martyrs to the cause
Driftin' in like snowflakes
But pourin' out through the cracks underneath the door
No quarter given
Every one taken in return

Some take to the alleys
Try to trick the wary into the fold
But only the Sallies
Keep on smilin' in spite of the cold
New cure for cancer
You can't afford to believe everything you're told
No quarter given
Every one taken in return

Sometimes it seems as though the only road is the hard one.
Paul: mandocello and vocal; Mick Doonan: Uilleann pipes;
Chris and Joe: harmony vocals; Matt Clifford: piano and synthesiser

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RIVERSONG

Flow river, slow river
Lifegiver, long liver
Flow river, slow river
Carry me home

Up in the steep ridges
Far from the big bridges
White felt of snow melt
And you're on your way

Down from the treeline
At the end of the incline
In the dam you will drown but it only slows you down
And they have to let you go

Fishermen may steal your treasure
Boatmen your deep may measure
And with wistful sighs, gaze in your eyes
As you show them themselves

You are a hand with many fingers
That seldom ever lingers
But you rest your head as you slowly spread
On the bed of the surly sea

Rivers, the lifeblood of the land, are to be treasured and preserved.
This song is about New Zealand's largest, the mighty Waikato.
Snowfed in its upper reaches, it courses via lakes, rapids and dams, to the rich basin which
bears its name and out into the Tasman sea.

Paul: guitar and vocal; Chris and Joe: harmony vocals; Matt: piano and synthesiser

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NIMBUS

There are many mountains in many lands
Survivors all of time's campaigns
Kings and queens when the earth began
O'er forest, lake and vale they reign
Also then the marks of man
The spires and the pyramids, standing proud
The highways stretch and the bridges span
But they're under the shadow of the mushroom cloud
They're under the shadow of the mushroom cloud

Out of this atom of the universe
Comes the sound of a hundred tongues
Their music is merry but their words are terse
They are gulping in the air of each other's lungs
And the builders bend their backs to the rulers' ruse
They're caught between the going and the coming from
The sun is on the hills but there's no time for the views
They're numbed in the nimbus of the neutron bomb
They're numbed in the nimbus of the neutron bomb

In concrete mazes, running wild
Looking for the light that will fill the void
Born to be loved but by the world beguiled
Run the refugees of hope destroyed
Manhood, womanhood, parenthood then
May one day our children see
But what of this is left for them
Must today the question be
Must today the question be.....

An anti-nuclear arms song, culminating with the disillusionment young people must feel when they consider a future bristling with weapons of unimaginable destruction. This song is dedicated to these adults of tomorrow, partly out of affection and partly as some form of reparation – and in particular to Ashley and Hannah, Barnaby and Jenny, Danny and Kellie, Elizabeth and Jessica, Helen and Joseph, Jamie and Robbie, Johnathan and Sarah, and Monica, Joel and Tom.

Paul: guitar (CGDGCD) and vocal

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PEACE DESCENDS

Peace descends
Though its schedule is tight
When the tatters of day weaken and fray
And the wet street surrenders to night

Peace descends
Though it's just passing through
When I am here, and you are too

Peace descends
In the hurricane's eye
In arms that surround with hardly a sound
And never an alibi

Peace descends
And it's never too long
Till the lovers relax, and that seedy old saxophone
Burns up the final song

Peace descends
Too late to repent
When the banners are furled, and the last insult's hurled
And the winner can scowl at what's left of his world
And the storm in our hearts is spent

Every now and again, thank goodness.

Paul: Appalachian dulcimer and vocal; Mick: whistles; Matt: piano and synthesiser

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PEACE MUST COME

Many's the time I've heard the bells chime
Bring the people to pray on a sunny Sunday
Blessed the meek for the peace that they seek
Over and over again

Over again, oh - over again
Say it, pray it, over again
Over again, oh - over again
Peace must come

From way out in space, this Earth is our place
A pinpoint of light, whose dwellers still fight
Survivors shake hands, then make weapons and plans
To do battle all over again

Is it really so hard to lower the guard
And admit to the greed of more than we need?
The words on the wall are familiar to all
I've been reading them over again

Paul: guitar (EADGBC), dulcimer and vocal; Chris, Joe, Johnny and Paul: harmony vocals;
Matt: synthesiser (organ).

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IT'S YOU IN THE END

My father was never wealthy
My mother sometimes cried
She would see him wasting
No matter how he tried
I spent my boyhood
Gaining and losing friends
I had no way of knowing, baby
It would be you in the end

It doesn't seem so long ago
I stole my first kiss
And dark eyes and ruby lips
And into love's abyss
But I was such a wistful boy
And eager my youth to spend
I had no way of knowing, baby
It would be you in the end

And then I thought I'd worked it out
And stopped and settled down
I could look into the future
And know where I was bound
But always when you least expect
There's something around that bend
And never in my wildest dreaming
Did I see you in the end

I don't know how I came this far
I don't know where I'm flying
There isn't much that's certain
Except that soon as you're born you're dying
But fortune has been kind
Even though I've not much to defend
And nothing will ever get me down
Now, baby, there's you in the end

Paul: mandocello and vocals.

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THE SIMPLE LIFE

Every time I call you on the phone
And I run out of money
I wish I was a rich man
Then, when I get you home alone
And you say I'm your honey
I'm glad I'm who I am

Give me the simple life
It's not much to ask
From the working day
Under the blade of the knife
We bend to the task
And we labour away

Over on the other side
Through the fancy gate
The grass is greener
But we lost the ones that tried
They rue their fate
And they drown their dreams

Up in the big blue sky
There's a mountain to climb
Honey, won't you let me?
I just want to give it a try
It doesn't matter what I find
It'll keep me free

Lightning never strikes twice
Unless you're unlucky
Then, of course, you die
And the miner's work ain't nice
And his boots are mucky
But he looks you in the eye

The simple ways seem the best

Paul: dulcimer and vocal; Chris and Joe: harmony vocals; Joe: pianos; Matt: synthesisers

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THE BROWN BIRD

Maybe you woke today, radio-clock, and shave
To the humdrum shades of grey with which some days are paved
Or possibly your children rescued you from dreams
All around the table, if you're hungry, ask for more
Then the coats and toys and things you need, the slamming of the door
You're heading for the highway and the new sunbeams....

There you see the lazy motion and the freedom flying brings
And you envy her the views and her brown and feathered wings
And she's heading where she's going, she's horizon bound
But she flies a little carelessly and she flies a little low
And she pays no heed to the crazy speed at which the juggernauts do go
And she's sucked into the slipstream and it hurls her to the ground....

Like a life before the eyes, just before a crash
Time stretched out to show you all this in a flash
And as the bird lay in a daze her eyes were open wide
So you pulled into the side and you seized upon a chance
And you ran between the hissing wheels, you dashed the danger dance
And you scooped her in your arms - sanctuary provide....

Sometimes I get downhearted at the way we seem
To seldom look ahead and to hardly ever dream
At the way we're running blindly as fast as ever we can
And I do not know you now and I did not know you then
And yet I would embrace you, regard you as a friend
When I think of what you did it gives me faith in man

One sunny afternoon, on the M6 motorway, I saw a largish bird, apparently dazed, staggering about on the road some distance away. Suddenly a man who had stopped his car at the side ran out and, to the obvious delight of his family, gathered up the animal and carried it to safety.

Paul: guitar (DADGBE) and vocal

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ONE MORE TIME

I loved a Spanish lady
Who never could be mine
For she was early promised
To a lord, so rich and fine
She asked me to her wedding
I laughed and drank the wine
And I took the chance to see her dance
One more time

One more time, amigo
One more time
One more time, amigo
One more time
When the circle's broken
We are out of rhyme
Let's make amends and try again
One more time

And once I knew an old man
Whose years had made him wise
I know he saw much more than I
Though age had dimmed his eyes
His world was like the maypole
Spinning since his prime
And glorybound, he'd swing around
One more time

My days are always numbered
My treasures they are few
My purse is often empty
My shoes are seldom new
My land is only borrowed
My hills are there to climb
I long to see them, loved and free
One more time

Tonight there was a sunset
That painted up the sky
It was born in gold and scarlet
In violet to die
And I wished you here beside me
To share the scene sublime
And to tell you that I loved you
One more time

A reflective series of images and friendships.

Paul: dulcimer and vocal; Chris and Joe: harmony vocals; Matt: piano and synthesisers