

## Lyrics and notes for the album **Lines of Lingerin** by Paul Metsers

### NOW IS THE TIME

Now is the time, now is the time  
Fight for the only right solution  
Clean all the air, make the land fair  
Rid all the rivers of all pollution

Out of chimneys it pours  
It billows and soars  
Black as a funeral pall  
And the wind does her best  
But we give her no rest  
And soon it may poison us all

And deep in the mountains  
The spring's a clear fountain  
As down to the lowland it runs  
But fast as it flows  
It becomes thick and slow  
And soon it may poison our sons

In the sky, in the street  
All our engines are fleet  
And we build them more powerful still  
As with more and more sound  
We ourselves do surround  
And the songbird now lives in the hills

All our waste and debris  
We scatter it free  
On our loving but suffering land  
We destroy our defences  
And we weaken our senses  
Brother, sister, we must make a stand

PAUL: vocal and guitar

A song for the environment, written back in the late 1960's when I still lived in New Zealand/Aotearoa. I wish the words were no longer relevant.

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### SECONDHAND DREAMS

I lay wounded  
You recovering,  
Fighting to hold back the tear in my eye  
You needing comfort,  
Me needing mothering  
As a wintery drizzle was passing us by

I tried to sell  
Some of my secondhand dreams  
But they faded as night became day  
'twas easy to tell  
They were not what they seemed  
Better to give them away

The morning was soft  
Growing and glistening  
With a feeling of rhythm that would not be stilled  
You turned away  
You knew I was listening  
For the catch in your breath, for a need to be filled

The familiar faces  
Came crowding, confusing  
In a constantly turning and tumbling array  
Hands held hidden  
Dark eyes accusing  
Hard is the hunter's heart for his prey

But the day turns to night  
And the night hides the lover  
With the cycle of seasons, a camouflage cast  
And the road to our refuge  
Grows hidden and covered  
In the cool of the evening, together at last

PAUL: vocal and guitar (DGDGBD)

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### WILD BIRD

Wild bird, wild bird  
Be on your way, fly on  
Chances are just like dreams  
If you don't hold them they are gone  
Wild bird, oh wild bird  
If it's loneliness you fear  
Make believe I am flying with you  
A zephyr in the air

There is a season, turn, turn  
There is a lesson, learn, learn  
There is a longing, yearn, yearn  
For a homecoming, a return

Wild bird, wild bird  
The snare was ages old  
And you felt yourself imprisoned  
Even though the cage was gold  
Wild bird, oh wild bird  
Sometimes I heard you call  
But you could not hear my answer  
You knew me not at all

Wild bird, wild bird  
I was helpless when you fell  
For silver songs that trapped you  
In a hollow-hearted spell  
Wild bird, oh wild bird  
If I had tried to set you free  
I surely would have failed you  
Only you could turn the key

Wild bird, wild bird  
Nature's daughter - you are one  
But to tame a child of freedom  
Is a thing that can't be done  
Wild bird, oh wild bird  
Sing you now your song  
And I will sing it with you  
For I've known it all along

PAUL: vocal and guitar (DADGBE)

Another song written many years ago, for a friend beguiled by fine words into believing she had found her soulmate.

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### THE SCARECROW

The sun is high in a threadbare sky  
The scarecrow watches with a baleful eye  
As in the puddles all the sparrows bathe  
And the wind sweeps a restless swathe

I stoop to loosen now the wayward weed  
That chose this soil, and must now accede  
It falls aside and is left behind  
It was not of the proper kind

The air grows thin, and the night grows cold  
Too much is hidden that will not unfold  
My limbs are heavy and my breath is deep  
The vows I made in dreams I keep

The light now waxes, as before it waned  
Morning brings me to my window pane  
I thought he smiled o'er my garden gate  
The scarecrow suffers but a simple fate

PAUL: vocal and guitar (DADGAD)

There's something a bit disturbing about scarecrows - it's hard to imagine they're not alive. (Maybe they are!)

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### ACTORS

The actor steps out on the stage  
A different name, a different age  
And though he's sure he's fooled us all  
He always fears the curtain fall  
Like the spider spins his lair  
We too build castles in the air  
Then inside them hide away  
Hoping for a cloudy day

Only those with fortunes huge  
Can pay the price of subterfuge  
Paupers - yes - but in the end  
Happy those who don't pretend  
From the woman's womb we're thrust  
Into the game, and play we must  
Read the rules and don the mask  
Choose the costume, learn the task

Many's the glass that's gaily quaffed  
Near a place forgotten oft  
The mirror hung behind the bar  
That shows us as we really are  
The actor steps out on the stage  
Another name, a different age  
And though he's sure he's fooled us all  
He always fears the curtain fall

PAUL: vocal and guitar (EADGBC)

Inspired by the quote "All the world's a stage...."

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### CHILDREN OF THE SUN

Into time they wake  
Into time they march  
The children of the sun  
And their thirst is slaked  
But their throats are parched  
And so their race is run

As the feather rests  
Upon the ledge  
Its landing makes no sound  
The wind is turning west  
To the water's edge  
To weigh the feather down

So they turn their eyes  
Toward the light  
The easier to see  
And, with sorry sighs  
They concede their plight  
And they doubt their destiny

In circles then  
And dances gay  
They try the light to bend  
And turn again  
From wasted days  
And wasted time they defend

Now the smiling eyes  
Are beckoning  
I might as well obey  
And, penny-wise  
Comes the reckoning  
The sun will burn away

PAUL: vocal and guitar (DADGAD)

It's a sobering thought that our sun will, on some distant day, burn up, leaving Earth uninhabitable - if we don't achieve that ourselves of course!

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### THE PRICE YOU PAY

If you have a heart, don't you wear it on your sleeve  
That's the threadbare part- catch, and tear, and grieve  
One, to break the silence; two, for wrong and right  
Me to send it spinning, you to make it right

The price you pay for love  
You steal away for love  
Or, if you stay for love  
The price you pay

I have always tasted, you are seldom still  
Hope is often wasted at the window sill  
Don't depend on questions; I won't resort to lies  
Stay out in the open with the worldly-wise

You're talking in your sleep, but still your lips are sealed  
For sake of love you keep your new address concealed  
The violet light is fading, day is breaking blue  
Deep to shallow wading, is it really you?

Days and nights careening, passing candles in a chain  
There's never any weaning from these growing pains  
As you read the fable to the birdwing child  
The empty place at table is the heart grown wild

PAUL: vocal and guitar (DADGAD)

## Lyrics and notes for the album **Lines of Lingerin** by Paul Metsers

### EVERY MOTHER'S SON (Paul Metsers)

These days they seem to happen more- the things I can't explain  
They lie in wait behind the door, for losing or for gain  
For on the tiny second the years will always rest  
And it's when the stranger beckons that the telling-tale is best

Your eyes were on the road  
Every mother's son  
Your mind was on the distance  
What have you begun?

Of course there was no knowing that they would coincide-  
The road that you were going, with the road that I did ride  
Although I stopped and made a space, I've never found the clue  
It's so seldom you can trace why you don't or why you do

So as the miles rolled under, and your story did unfold  
How you'd begun to wonder - how your early life was cold  
How they told you that your father was a stranger who had died  
How you'd never known your mother, but now you burned to know inside

So you started with a name and an out-of-date address  
Asking over and again, putting your reasons to the test  
And the pieces, all so scattered, painstaking seek and find  
The more you knew the more it mattered, the more it preyed upon your mind

And now I meet you on the brink of the answer to so much  
As you go to find the link in a chain you fear to touch  
But if your life is not too ordered, and if both of you can bend  
Then you both will be rewarded, and I wish you well, my friend

PAUL: vocal and guitar (EADGBC)

Travelling between gigs in northeast England and the south one day, I picked up a young hitchhiker and his dog. This song is the true story of the journey he was on. The even stranger thing is that a couple of years later, when touring again in the northeast, I played this song. Afterwards, someone came and spoke to me, who knew this hitchhiker - and his dog! - and told me that our hero had met his mum at last and that they had hit it off as soon as they met. Truth is stranger than fiction - I'm always amazed how true that is!

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THE TIME OF YOUR ARRIVAL

There is a time for sailing close to the wind  
To take the tarot turn  
There is a time to light the flame within  
And to feel your fingers burn  
There is a time to slow the racing heart  
And a time to make the nest  
But the time of your arrival  
Is the time I love the best

There is a time to ask the question  
And a time the light will hide  
And there's a time to look behind you  
For it's there the reasons hide  
There is a time to know I'm failing  
And a time to cease the quest  
But the time of your arrival  
Is the time I love the best

There is a time to wrap it all in one look  
And a time to make it plain  
To reach across the wildest part  
And to take the gentle strain  
There is a time to flee the floodlight  
And to find a place of rest  
But the time of your arrival  
Is the time I love the best

There is a time when the only telling words  
Come pouring from the pen  
Bound in lines of lingerin  
Time and time again  
It's a matter of survival  
That only time can test  
But the time of your arrival  
Is the time I love the best

PAUL: vocal and Appalachian dulcimer

## Lyrics and notes for the album **Lines of Lingerin** by Paul Metsers

### DUBLIN TO DERRY

Take in your hand the helm of the ferry  
The slip of the tongue the first alibi  
Follow the man from Dublin to Derry  
As hope it is hung on an eye for an eye

From the peat mist and mud from the struggle and the famine  
A legacy leaving a cloak of revenge  
Like the course of the blood or the leap of the salmon  
The urge to get even's as old as the henge

Oh, Ireland of old  
Your tale is never truly told  
The tears of time will soon unfold  
A brave new part  
And then, in spite of the force of war  
The tide will turn upon your shore  
The pipes are playing at the door  
Straight from the heart

The marchers have taunted the watchdogs they wait  
The preachers malignly pronounce from above  
Young hearts become haunted and hollow with hate  
When will they finally come round to love?

The masters are stars the minions are still-  
Woman or man- pushing you deep  
Exploding in cars and shooting to kill  
They don't give a damn if you lose or you weep

PAUL: vocal and mandocello

I love the land, people and spirit of Ireland, and Irish music more than any. This song looks at 'the troubles' and the poorly appreciated history that preceded them, and expresses my hope for true reconciliation and peace in a united Ireland.

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### WHAT WILL YOU WEAR TO THE REVOLUTION?

What will you wear to the revolution?  
What will you do when the chips are down?  
Will you wear red, to avoid confusion?  
Will you wear red when you come to town?  
No, I won't wear red, but I'll be with you  
To join the river of human flood  
Too much red has been shed already  
And red is anger, and red is blood

Oh, oh, oh, oh..

Then what will you wear to the revolution?  
What will you do when the chips are down?  
Will you wear blue, and give absolution?  
Will you wear blue when you come to town?  
No, I won't wear blue, but I'll be with you  
Blue is for power, and cold, and fear  
And blue is for right, and blue is for might  
Ah, but into the blue they will disappear

Then what will you wear to the revolution?  
What will you do when the chips are down?  
Will you wear black in retribution?  
Will you wear black when you come to town?  
No, I won't wear black, but I'll be with you  
Black was for mourning my one-time friend  
And if you wear black, you're always in darkness  
You'd never come back, for black is the end

So, what will you wear to the revolution?  
What will you do when the chips are down?  
Will you wear white- is that your solution?  
Will you wear white when you come to town?  
Yes, I will wear white, and I'll be with you  
For white is a mixture of every hue  
It's easily stained, but it cannot be blamed  
For white is the light and it shines on you

PAUL: vocal and Appalachian dulcimer

Written in the 1980's but I fear our world is more divided than ever these days.

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### THE CROWS THEY CROW (Paul Metsers)

Driving with a friend of mine, some time ago  
We saw a cat run down on the road  
This furrowed him deeply, and me also  
And the crows they crowed  
And the crows they crowed  
In the tops of the trees, the crows they crowed

And I lived in the rain, and he in the wind  
And each in his humble abode  
On the rim of the wheel where hopes are pinned

And on the flat farms, he would run  
While his son with me on a bicycle rode  
Over grey fields, in the faltering sun

Up on the bank, the man by the turnstile  
Demanded the toll he was owed  
Or the journey was longer by many's the mile

And whenever I'm travelling, and often besides  
By canals that lazily flow  
I think of my friend, and the turning of the tide

PAUL: vocal and Appalachian dulcimer

When I first came to the United Kingdom I spent much time in the company of the gifted and hugely popular singer and musician, Nic Jones. Nic had paid me the compliment of including my song "Farewell to the Gold" on his new "Penguin Eggs" LP. Nic became a good friend and when I was ready to record my first album, he kindly offered to sing and play on it, a gesture I gladly accepted. Not long after the superb and acclaimed "Penguin Eggs" was released, Nic was very seriously injured in a road accident. This fundamentally changed his life and career. This song recalls the times I spent with Nic and Julia and their family, when they lived in East Anglia, where crows would sometimes add a somewhat sinister soundscape. "The man by the turnstile" is a metaphor for the often cruel twists of fate.

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### SONG FOR KERRY

Come here, Kerry  
Won't you tell me what's wrong  
You've been swimming in purple  
I've been away for so long  
I've got these mercury stars  
Making heavy demands  
But come here, Kerry  
I'm really still at your command

I promise I will listen  
Even if you fantasise  
Far too often I'm missing  
But you should realise  
That you're holding my heart  
Above a wayward wheel  
Every journey I start  
Seems such a dangerous deal

Oh Kerry, don't you run away  
You put all my intentions in such disarray  
That each time I'm leaving I forget to say  
Kerry, I really want to stay

What's that shaking-  
Is that a blue-eyed pearl?  
Is that a tear making way  
Down to the shoulder curl?  
Or is that moon too strong  
To walk according to plan?  
Before too long we'll go on down  
To our promised land

No need to tell you  
It's so hard, this growing  
Life will compel  
The winds of change to keep on blowing  
Their course may confound you  
But wherever you are, Kerry  
I'm still around you  
Doesn't make any difference how far

PAUL: vocal and guitar (EAbBEbE)

For my youngest daughter, Monica Kerry, a talented painter whose artwork graces the sleeve of this album. Mon used to get quite tearful when I had to go off on my musical travels.

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### THEY ALL WENT TO RIO

They all went to Rio to try to save the Earth  
To ask the burning question: what is it worth?  
They all went to Rio, chauffeured in limousines  
The streets of fear and hunger all swept clean

They all went to Rio to set the record straight  
To decide how to divide this planet's fate  
They all went to Rio to face the facts at last  
'Cause this ship that we're all sailing's sinking fast

And they grumbled of recession, and what it all might cost  
And markets that might suffer, and jobs that could be lost  
They all went to Rio and said the problem would be funds  
But there's always plenty there for tanks and guns

They all went to Rio to make a new exchange  
Global warming and pollution, climatic change  
They all went to Rio, under the Latin moon  
But would the men who play the pipers call the tune?

And they talked about tomorrow, how they would build a brand new track  
How once they'd started moving, there'd be no turning back  
They all went to Rio, but did they miss the train?  
And would they make the same mistakes again?

Oh Rio - was it all just a media dance?  
Oh Rio - was it really the final chance?  
No time to mourn for Rio; no time to wait and see  
As always, it comes down to you and me

They all flew out of Rio, posed at the aerodrome  
To be seen by all those voters back at home  
They all flew out of Rio- they'd called each other's bluff  
But would the promises and speeches be enough?

And they left like happy children, high on magic dreams  
And they came back to their people, with well-intentioned schemes  
Would the plans they made at Rio see the light of day?  
Or would the rich still take their profits, come what may?

PAUL: vocal and mandocello

About the international environment and climate change conference held in Rio in June 1992, where media reports unwittingly highlighted the stark contrast between the luxury afforded the conference officials, and the poverty in the Rio slums. Politicians are still talking.....

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### WHAT IS WRONG

What is wrong is not that there's nothing to give  
What is wrong is no lack of a reason to live  
Money pours through the fingers like tea through the sieve  
What is wrong is down to the greed  
What is wrong is the parents and children who weep  
And that the poor and the sick their burdens must keep  
And the tramps wrapped in newspapers, trying to sleep  
What is wrong is down to the greed

What is wrong is not that there's no-one who cares  
What is wrong is not that there's nobody there  
But the more that you own, the less you may share  
What is wrong is down to the greed

What is wrong is the mountains of food held in store  
And selling the starving the weapons for war  
And the magnates and the moguls who are mining for more  
What is wrong is down to the greed  
What is wrong's not the worker who strikes for more pay  
Nor the the man with his hand out on Benefit Day  
But tax cuts so the fat cats can salt it away  
What is wrong is down to the greed

What is wrong is the choice between silence or the sack  
You take what you're given and you don't answer back  
What is wrong is the "I'm alright- bugger you, Jack!"  
What is wrong is down to the greed  
When they wanted your savings, did you gladly subscribe?  
Did you run in the rush of the share-hungry tribe?  
Did the Treasury man buy your vote with his bribe?  
What is wrong is down to the greed

PAUL : Vocal and guitar (DADGBE)

Greed, in this case!

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### RACE

What kind of race is it-  
Where all are equal at the start?  
Where the pounding of the heart  
And the murmuring of names  
Leads to fast and foolish games  
And the white-winged dove?  
The race for love

What kind of race is it-  
Won't spoil the child or spare the sword?  
Makes an idol - calls it 'Lord'?  
Does its bidding, burns its flame?  
Slays each other in its name  
With a holy rod?  
The race for God

What kind of race is it-  
Will gamble with the hearts of kin?  
Spurn them for a different skin?  
Make torpedoes of the sun  
Then boast how freedom has been won  
In a starving land?  
The race of man

What kind of race is it-  
That no-one ever ever wins?  
That's over and done when it begins?  
Starts with neither gun nor shout  
But in the glass is running out  
And soon will chime?  
The race with time

PAUL: vocal and mandocello

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### LEEWAY

Up in some northern belfry  
Over some echoing arch  
Smile, and make light, and show carefree  
As into the centre I march  
Everyone tells me it's this way  
But do they know any better than I?  
They always allow so much leeway  
For the curtain of doubt in their eyes

But I know where my hopes are going  
And I can see where my mind is at rest  
And I trust that my dreams, while showing,  
Will stand the time and the distance test  
For the swing of the arm is even  
And the hand on the heart is sweet  
And love is a constant leaving-  
A flurry of restless feet

You seek your destination  
And I'm still looking for mine  
We brought our bags to the self-same station  
We can travel the self-same line

Oh, but how truth is a fiction  
And how many blunders are made  
The surprise and the silence perfection  
Of the burglar who values his trade  
Like the sudden awareness of danger  
Like the flare that cuts through the night  
Your mirror shows you a stranger  
And you're frozen in blindness and light

You look up to the fat sails  
That've never been feathered or finned  
And you wish that when everything fails you  
You can depend on the wind  
I'm standing in the shadows  
Just beyond the pool of light  
And I know that as soon as I'm with you  
It'll all be alright

PAUL: vocal and guitar

## Lyrics and notes for the album **Lines of Lingerin** by Paul Metsers

### THERE ONCE WAS LOVE

Beside the platform the train pulls in  
A hundred wheels of completed spin  
Why does this heart have a sense of loss?  
Why is it always this pitch and toss?

Once the hero in a cloud of dust  
Now the boy needs the mother's trust  
You've reached for reasons, and you've pushed for time  
You're lost for words, and too weak to mime

There once was love  
Oh, but not for long  
Hand in glove  
Where they both belong  
Sweet conversation  
But much too late  
A bad combination  
Of the twists of fate

Those heavy silences on the phone  
Your aspirations seem to turn to stone  
You read your stars and you rack your brain  
You've lost her number to a wage of pain

So she goes, so she leaves  
Suitcase of clothes, one final heave  
The links and the couplings take the strain  
Empty tracks, and driving rain...

Just one more step and you cross the line  
You see the light and the dark combine  
She climbs the stairs, to a simple flame  
On the doorstep she lays the blame

PAUL: vocal and guitar

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### HARD TO LOVE

Sometimes the sun shines from your face  
And catches the light in your eyes  
And I'm stumbling around your myriad maze  
Mystified by your disguise

I've seen you down on some derelict line  
In the deep and the dark of despair  
If we took the same turn, maybe we could combine  
And whatever the load, we could share  
But you give out no signal- you don't leave a clue  
And as usual, I'm lost for to know what to do  
Won't you give me some token- a hand, or a glove  
Sometimes you're so hard to love

Sometimes you're so hard to love  
That's when my heart needs a shove  
And when you push me away  
You really need me to stay  
Sometimes you're so hard,  
So hard to love

This morning you came to sit by my side  
All your smiles and your laughter were plain  
Then, for some reason, you suddenly cried  
All my efforts of comfort in vain  
If you could find just one word or two  
I might solve the conundrum and find a way through  
Or send me a message by pigeon or dove  
Sometimes you're so hard to love

You keep me guessing, right on the ledge  
With just enough hope to go on  
Watching me teetering, over the edge  
Wave me goodbye and I'm gone  
When least expected, you hold me so hard  
For deep in the pack lurks the wildest card  
And it's never the one I've been thinking of  
Sometimes you're so hard to love

PAUL: vocal and Appalachian dulcimer

About my eldest son, Joel, who is autistic and has learning difficulties. Although he does not speak and can be very challenging, Joel has a charisma which has the effect of making everyone who knows him like him. He is a very special young man and I'm sure has taught me much more than he ever learned from me. We have at least one thing in common though - he loves music as much as I do.

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I AM THE LAND      Paul Metsers December 1988

I am brown, and I am golden  
To my crown are all beholden  
With my water am I mud  
Bearing rivers with my blood  
Only time can play my hand  
As the seasons caravan  
I am granite, I am sand  
I am the land

Within my womb the kick and stir  
Soon the scale, and quick the fur  
Fang to talon, beak to spur  
Upon my thigh  
With every breath the newborn spring  
Then, to my breast, to cleave and cling  
Despite their wilful wandering  
Far from the eye

I am the land, I am the earth  
To all who stand within my girth  
I am the land that gave them birth  
I am the land

So all in pattern, all in plan  
All in cycle, all in span  
All to match the mind of man  
And all in trust  
And so to web, and so to chain  
The link is made to stand the strain  
From clay to flesh, to clay again  
And so to dust

Alas, poor lion, mourn the tree  
Your dwindling pride would sheltered be  
As now on barren hills of scree  
You pick your way  
These fools who had you by the nape  
Shade their eyes, while bent on rape  
And then, from death would fain escape  
In vain they pray

PAUL: vocal and guitar (CGCGCC)

A song for mother earth - she will outlast the ravages of man.....