

## Lyrics for the album **Pacific Pilgrim** by Paul Metsers

### **AOTEAROA 3**

How are you, my brother, shouldering your place  
There's a thousand ancient reasons for the struggle that you face  
Looking to the coastline and the sails bearing down  
They stumbled on your paradise and claimed it for their Crown

And how are you, my sister, your race is not my own  
But your father is my father and your bone is thus my bone  
And in all this confusion many footprints on our strand  
We're looking for some answers in the driftwood of our plans

And how are you my mother, glancing to the side  
Your heart is soft, your love is clear, your compassion it is wide  
You've the instinct of your gender to build and not to break  
You know the way, with gentle signs to ease this burning ache

And how are you, my father, my sorrow must you share  
For muskets, and for cutlasses and easy words lie bare  
This body still is bleeding beneath the crossing stars  
Pull the blankets from the wounds and see them as they are

And so, to you, my country with your blue and cloudy dome  
I came so far, so long ago and still must call you home  
I lay me on your forest I lay me on your sand  
I lay me on my brother for this was first his land

I did not write this poem, it just came rolling out  
From lovely lakes and mountains from freedom and from doubt  
I'll never be a patriot, I'll play no patriot's game  
But, Aotearoa, I love you just the same

'Aotearoa' is the Maori name for New Zealand, and a much more apt one at that. It means 'land of the long, white cloud'. The white man, to his shame, has a history of, when coming across new lands, arbitrarily taking possession and control of them, imposing his own culture upon the original inhabitants. This has inevitably resulted in bloodshed, strife and resentment among the peoples of such countries, whose resources have been plundered and whose cultures and human rights have been ruthlessly strangled in the process. Although Aotearoa would seem to have suffered less from this than many other lands, nevertheless it bears the scars of white domination. It is only in recent years that the efforts to make the culture of the Maori people a part of everyday life for all new Zealanders have borne fruit. There are two other songs I know of with the title 'Aotearoa'. This song was written partly as an acknowledgment of shame and partly as a gesture of affection for a beautiful land, which I cannot help but regard as my home.

Paul: guitar (EEBEBE) and vocal; Matt Clifford: synthesisers

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### **HOW SOON, HOW LONG?**

Man, what is your plan?  
You carry on in gay abandon  
Is that the moon I saw you land on?  
Are those your children in the dust?  
There, up in the air  
Your silver birds of aluminium  
Proclaim your rule of this dominion  
This spinning globe is in your trust

Child before my fire  
I am the parent and the teacher  
I am disturbed about the future  
Where will you anchor your belief?  
One day, and then one more  
That's how it seems to be these days  
How soon to leave, how long to stay  
Long distance plans may come to grief

So close the door upon your fights  
You'll never make it on your own  
Take it easy with the ones you love  
For the way to peace begins at home

In Geneva they sit around  
With busy pens and calculators  
They're highly paid negotiators  
When it comes to bombs they know the score  
Like Punch and Judy, they dance on strings  
In the garden of words they are the weeders  
While, back at home, their smiling leaders  
Spend the millions building more

About the hypocrisy of talking about disarmament on the one hand while building  
and increasing nuclear weapons on the other.

Paul: Appalachian dulcimer and vocal; Howard lees: backing and lead guitars; Gilly Darbey:  
harmony vocals

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### **NEED FOR WINGS**

Hey, where are you?  
Smile on me, oh smile on me  
I can see you  
Easily, so easily  
Deep inside  
Aching bones and danger zones  
Come and hide  
All alone to busy tones

But I've got this crazy need for wings  
I've got this crazy need for wings  
Right on the rim the fledgling clings  
I've got this crazy need for wings

Stealing home  
Never hark the dogs that bark  
Stealing home  
Rise the lark the dawn to spark  
Close the door  
Child asleep, the dreamer deep  
Close the door  
However steep love will keep

Come the day  
Turn the key, forever thee  
I must away  
For what must be is what must be  
Hey, where are you?  
Smile on me, oh smile on me  
I can see you  
Easily, so easily

Paul: guitar (EADGCC) and vocals; Andrew Cronshaw: electric zither; Keith Donnelly and Gilly Darbey: harmony and backing vocals

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### **THE JOURNEY**

Behind the helm the captain's standing  
He sends his ship to unseen shores  
He knows full well that if she's grounded  
His gallant craft will sail no more

Deep below the engines are pounding  
I feel their power beneath my feet  
They cut and churn the deep green water  
I rest my heart upon their beat

Upon the deck there stands a stranger  
To whom nobody waved goodbye  
To pastures new he now is going  
The fields he leaves are behind his eyes

Down below there cried a baby  
Its mother takes it to her breast  
And soon its brow is clear and even  
Against the one who loves it best

Upon his ship depends the captain  
Upon the wind depends the storm  
Upon tomorrow waits the stranger  
As on the sea we all are borne

Upon her steel depends the vessel  
As her bow the wave divides  
Upon the waves there rocks a baby  
My dreams are come – the water's wide  
My dreams are come – the water's wide

Paul: mandocello and vocal; Andy Irvine: mandola

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### **NO CRUSADERS**

In the hallways of power, every day, every hour  
In the company suites high over the streets  
Every stroke of the pen and we're losing again  
When will we rise?  
One rule for the rich and one for the rest  
While we're standing in line they feather their nest  
And they look down and tell you they know what is best  
When will we rise?

In the streets of the Cape, there's no hope of escape  
There's no trial – no jury, just explosions of fury  
Here the agony pleas to the lands of the free  
When will we rise?  
But we're no crusaders and there's money at stake  
Which our banks and our traders steadily make  
While the backs of the blacks for freedom will break  
When will we rise?

When will we make a stand –  
When will we lend a hand –  
When will we rise?

So it comes right back down to this country, this town  
To this neck of the woods, to this Klan and these hoods  
To me and to you and to what we must do  
When will we rise?  
And shake off the chains that apathy bind  
We will reap what we sow if we sow what we find  
And hold out together for the good of mankind  
When will we rise?

In the hallways of power, every day, every hour  
In the company suites high over the streets  
Every stroke of the pen and we're losing again  
When will we rise?  
But we're no crusaders and there's money at stake  
Which our banks and our traders steadily make  
While the backs of the blacks for freedom will break  
When will we rise?

When will we make a stand –  
When will we lend a hand –  
When will we rise?

Even after visits and appeals by black civil rights leaders, Britain continues to refuse to impose financial and trade sanctions upon the government of South Africa – surely one of the

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most effective peaceful ways of applying pressure upon that regime to do more than just pay lip-service to the abolition of the cruel apartheid system.

Paul: guitar and lead and harmony vocals; Howard: backing and lead guitars; Matt: synthesisers

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### **WINTER AFTERNOON**

Yonder comes a train  
Yonder comes a train  
Makes you feel the pain, the breaking of a chain  
Yonder comes a train  
Halting with a hiss  
Halting with a hiss  
Give her one more kiss, say goodbye to bliss  
Brings you back to this

Winter afternoon  
Winter afternoon  
Old threequarter moon, maybe it's a boon  
That night is coming soon  
Listening to the beat  
Listening to the beat  
No matter who you meet, in a bar or in the street  
They're all listening to the beat

When will you realise?  
Every time you leave  
It's another goodbye  
You know you should  
Get behind your shelter  
And try to stay dry  
Lock your heart away  
Turn the other way  
Or she'll see it all in your eyes

Dreaming to the hum  
Dreaming to the hum  
All your feelings numb, that's the rule of thumb  
The wheeling, rolling drum  
Never even there  
Never even there  
Receding in despair, into platform air  
Was she never even there?

Parting and leaving at railway stations has always been an emotional and evocative experience.

Paul: dulcimer and vocal; Andy: harmonica; Matt: synthesisers; Keith and Gilly: backing vocals

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### **TO PAMPLONA**

The flames are to the barkwood  
Kindling hopes and dreams  
Flattering and tempting her  
To steal away on dreams  
So lovely in the low light  
Corina on her knees  
And, in her eyes, the sunsets  
Of the distant Pyrenees

What pulled her to Pamplona  
Upon the high plateau-  
I was too worn, and northern-born  
Too cool of blood to know  
There never was a lady  
Could hold me more than she  
And so, to gain the heart of Spain  
I readily agreed

The people watch their hero  
A fever in their eyes  
And in the hot arena  
They await the bull's demise  
I don't know what's come over me  
I cannot join the chorus  
It feeds upon the mortal pain  
Of proud and handsome Taurus

What bitter frost when love is lost  
For stars were in her gaze  
Now frozen fear, then crazy cheer  
Enslave her with amaze  
If lose I could then lose I would  
The one I so adored  
So lost I then to he who stood  
To horn with cape and sword

Loosely based upon Hemingway's 'Fiesta', the song starts with the woman dreaming about travelling to Spain in front of her fire in England. Eventually she and her man go to the town of Pamplona where they encounter the annual custom of the 'Running of the Bulls' through the streets of the town at sunrise. During later visits to the bullring, she falls in love with the matador. For the purposes of the song, I have identified with her erstwhile lover and also expressed my dislike of the barbaric practice of tormenting and killing animals for entertainment.

Paul: guitar (DGDGBD) and vocal; Howard: backing and lead guitars

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### **WARRIORS OF THE RAINBOW**

Look upon the lovely hills, you warriors of the rainbow  
See the seedling striving through frost and wind and rain  
Think upon the icy Poles that feed the wild, wild oceans  
Then turn around and tell me the struggle is in vain  
Then turn around and tell me the struggle is in vain  
Once, upon a misty dawn of slow and magic motion  
Of strange and blind beginnings, before memories began  
Through fire and ice, and split and splice, grew there many beings  
And the last was heir and ruler, and by name was known as Man  
And the last was heir and ruler, and by name was known as Man

So, girded with his skins, he roamed the plains and ranges  
And reaped from land and water, according to his need  
But, though belly-fed and warm, ceaseless was his hunger  
And discontent with plenty was the birthmark of his breed  
Oh, discontent with plenty was the birthmark of his breed  
And so began the plunder of the deep and ancient woodlands  
From Capricorn to Cancer, in the forests of the rain  
And so began the bitter quest - the marking of the borders  
And blood, and lies, and trinkets paid for pieces of terrain  
Oh, blood and lies and trinkets paid for pieces of terrain

Who ruins the rain and the rivers - who hunts the whale for perfume?  
Who possesses land beyond his need, then wheels and deals for more?  
Their reins are now on fire - they sow their own destruction  
And they ride their plastic chariots on the shoulders of the poor  
Oh, they ride their plastic chariots on the shoulders of the poor  
So take heed, you leaders, we are greater far in number  
We made you and we're watching, we will know your every move  
Use you now your money to replenish what's been squandered  
That your debts are overdue, there is no more need to prove  
That your debts are overdue, there is no more need to prove

From a Greenpeace leaflet: 'When the Earth is sick and the animals have disappeared, there will come a tribe of peoples from all cultures who believe in deeds, not words, and who will restore the Earth to its former beauty. This tribe will be called "Warriors of the Rainbow". I think this comes from American Indian legend. Roll on, Greenpeace, roll on!

Paul: mandocello and vocal; Matt: synthesisers; Andy: harmonica

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### **DEEP IN THE NIGHT**

Deep in the night- problems come round  
They can confuse, they can confound me  
Into an ocean of broken wings  
That threaten soon to surround me

But then I turn, and you are there  
Your sleeping body, your gentle hair  
Some thank their god, some blame it on fate  
But I thank the two winding roads  
Coming to this gate  
I thank the two winding roads  
Coming to this gate

Just yesterday I was climbing a hill  
And the day was a darling, the air sweet and still  
Then, upon thunder, the wind rose up strong  
And all of a sudden everything was wrong

When you are young you live for tomorrow  
When you're mature you work for today  
Then, when you're old, living on borrowed  
Looking back over your shoulder to yesterday

Paul: guitar (CGCGCC) and vocal; Matt: piano and synthesiser; Vic Collins: pedal steel guitar

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### **SLOWIN' DOWN**

Sam – come and join the clan  
gathered round the man  
in the middle  
He's a clown – he puts his ego down  
then asks you with a frown  
if you know the riddle

Oh blue – slip into the blue  
never leave a clue  
where you're going  
Behind – leave it all behind  
find your peace of mind  
and you're slowin' down

Stare – rubies are so rare  
they're just waiting there  
for the asking

Spin the silver web of sin  
the priest will wear a grin  
at the unmasking

Stars were playing in the bars  
gazing at your scars  
leaving you so open  
And fans were crowded round the band  
hearts all in their hands  
almost broken

War, they talk about the war  
perhaps they'd like some more  
bloody stories

Tonight – hold your lover tight  
you may not see the light  
of morning glory

'The blue' in this song is the wide blue yonder, for me always the sparkling Pacific Ocean.  
What's yours?

Paul: mandocello and vocal; Matt: synthesisers; Keith and Gilly: harmony vocals