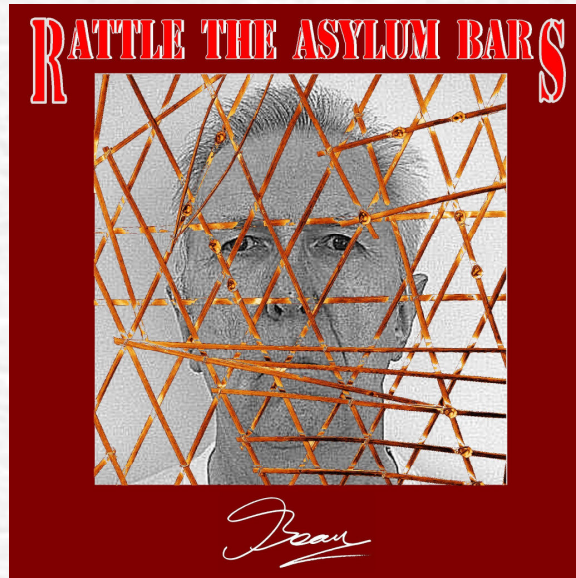


**CHERRY RED RECORDS**  
**PRESENTS**



*– downloadable from Amazon, iTunes and all your favourite distribution services.*

Recorded and produced by Beau at  
TM Studios, Norfolk, UK

All songs written by C J T Midgley (Published by Cherry Red Songs)

**Trevor Midgley web:**

<http://beausrecordings.blogspot.com>  
<https://www.facebook.com/12StringBeau>  
<http://www.trevormidgley.com>  
<http://www.facebook.com/TrevMid>

## **1 Road To Valhalla (2.27)**

*A few years ago – well, quite a few actually – early humankind joined the battle to survive and climbed out of East Africa's Great Rift Valley. That was when life started getting a bit more complicated. The ascent of man (and woman) continues...*

The first thing I saw that I hadn't before  
Was a pathway up into the hill;  
A thin string of white running into the light –  
Oh, I can remember it still –  
And there were a few, at least one or two,  
Already out there on the track.  
Woman or man, nobody ran,  
Nobody ever looked back...

I tagged on behind; we were all of a kind –  
At least, well, we were at the start.  
But day followed day, more joined the fray.  
With so many more taking part,  
The path became wider. Any outsider  
Was viewed with a clear distaste.  
Maybe it was, or even because  
Of, a fear of being displaced?

Somehow the climb and the passage of time  
Widened the treacherous road.  
Memories burned, as slowly we learned  
That people like talking in code.  
We found how our music could sooth or inflame  
From songs we sang round the fire.  
We didn't know Bach, we didn't know Blues,  
We didn't know who ran the choir.

However esteemed, the steeper it seemed –  
The boulevard into the sky.  
And I had to smile at the rank and the file  
And the solitary wandering guy –  
The first of the pack to take to the track,  
Who'd shown us the meaning of valour;  
Who, seizing the day in so subtle a way,  
Opened the road to Valhalla.

## 2 The Rose (4.50)

*In 2000, a young student called Rachel Whitear was found dead on the floor of her digs in the English seaside town of Exmouth. The needle was still in her arm. To warn others against the danger of drugs, her parents bravely allowed the image of the scene to be published. "The Rose" is told from the viewpoint of a medic attending such an event; one who's weary of being called to these incidents but knows there'll be many more.*

*Though the Rachel Whitear story is now history, the song is new. Some things leave a lasting impression.*

Was this a never-ending day?  
The light began its shadow play  
As down the hallway nothing stirred.  
He swore, and then without a word  
The street light flickered to expose  
The barbed wire wrapped around the rose.

There always will be reasons why  
And maybe, in the by and by,  
All of this will make some sense  
But meanwhile, in the present tense  
It's always hard to juxtapose  
The barbed wire wrapped around the rose.

He guessed that maybe she would be  
Say, twenty-two or twenty-three?  
Of course, he'd seen it all before;  
Another casualty of war.  
It's more like poetry than prose,  
This barbed wire wrapped around the rose.

They'll say she never had a chance;  
Another case of happenstance;  
Another one accounted for,  
All doubled-up upon the floor.  
It wasn't anything she chose,  
This barbed wire wrapped around the rose.

But hell, it was a long, long day.  
'Bout time to put this one away.  
Philosophy's all very well  
But not for this young mademoiselle.  
The cause of death? He'd diagnose  
The barbed wire wrapped around the rose.

## 3 Moral Clarity (2.47)

*Once, whilst wandering the corridors in the Houses of Parliament, I ran across the Reverend Ian Paisley; though in truth, I could hear him well before he came into view! If "Moral Clarity" takes inspiration from anyone in real life, it would have to be the late Dr Paisley. Oh, and Tony Blair of course; but that goes without saying...*

I well remember seeing a man who knew that he was right.  
He thundered how he had been blessed with twenty-twenty sight.  
A manic gleam was in his eye – I knew instinctively  
He was intoxicated with moral clarity.  
With moral clarity,  
With moral clarity,  
He was intoxicated with moral clarity.

He motioned me aside and shouted, “Doctor, I am proud  
To be so damn’ convincing and so staggeringly loud!”  
I told him as he referenced some minor deity,  
“I think we have an awful case of moral clarity!  
Of moral clarity,  
Of moral clarity  
I think we have an awful case of moral clarity!”

I said outright I thought he might unfortunately explode.  
I took him out so he could shout from the far side of the road.  
Such was the din that I called in the Army’s UXB,  
Who didn’t feel that they could deal with moral clarity.  
With moral clarity,  
With moral clarity  
They didn’t feel that they could deal with moral clarity.

I knew he was convinced, and as he bellowed his beliefs  
I really was concerned about the status of his briefs!  
It seemed he wanted everyone, including even me,  
To recognise the virtue of his moral clarity.  
His moral clarity,  
His moral clarity,  
To recognise the virtue of his moral clarity.

I gave him this advice; I said, “Whichever way you lurch,  
To left or even right, it must be Parliament or Church.”  
You’ll know his name as he became an eminent MP.  
We live in hope that they can cope with moral clarity.  
With moral clarity,  
With moral clarity,  
We live in hope that they can cope with moral clarity.

With moral clarity,  
With moral clarity,  
We live in hope that they can cope with moral clarity.

## 4 People Like Me (3.19)

*...is a song about the “echo chamber”; and it didn’t begin with social media!*

I’ve never quite followed why arguments rage;  
They seem to spread wide across every page  
From freedom of speech to the age of consent.  
I’m sure all discussion is really well meant,  
But surely it’s plain as a pikestaff to see  
That right-thinking people will always agree,  
When right-thinking people are people like me?

I’ve read of the many who never will flinch  
In taking a yard when they’re offered an inch;  
The ones who will preach about “sparing the rod”  
And argue about the existence of God.  
But surely we don’t have to post a decree  
In England, where right-thinking people agree;  
Where right-thinking people are people like me?

As I understand it, there’s been an exchange  
On the subject of climate and possible change;  
All of our media prophets and scribes  
Dispatching intelligence out to the tribes.  
You do not require a Master’s degree  
When right-thinking people are people who see  
That right-thinking people are people like me.

So put it behind you, the trouble, the strife.  
You're frightening the horses, upsetting the wife  
With your drugs and your drifters and is there no end?  
You'll soon be supporting the right to offend!  
So, join me outside, we're in the marquee.  
You may be surprised at the people you'll see;  
They're right-thinking people. They're people like me...

## 5 The Angry Preacher (4.21)

*Philanthropy's always been a great part of the American way of life; much more so than in Europe. From Carnegie and Rockefeller up to and beyond Getty and Gates, philanthropists have been there endowing, bequeathing and bestowing. They've been honoured and admired. Strangely though, they've never been loved...*

"The journey started years ago in the goldfields of the East,"  
Began the angry preacher when he buried the deceased.  
"His was a road without foundations that was built on moving sands,  
And all that he relied on were those sinews in his hands.  
From every pit he always pulled his head above the rim  
When many were assured this would be the death of him.

"Someone said he learned his trade exploring in Brazil –  
Or was it Argentina? – where the fever made him ill.  
It was there he wrote his story down, but only for a bet  
And National Geographic took his cheapjack novelette.  
And some cried out in wonder as he went out on a limb,  
But most thought his dexterity was to be the death of him.

"Many said he never ran, but he covered miles of street.  
His city winter overcoat dragged a heavy round his feet,  
And the rat inside his pocket he had brought up to believe  
That you never show your heart unless you wear it on your sleeve.  
And his life was but a uniform and chosen as a whim,  
And surely self-indulgence was to be the death of him?"

"When the ruin was rebuilt to the developer's desire  
And later on the crowds had gone and the building was on fire  
He was broken, but unbending in his widely known belief  
That where you find a jewel, you will always find a thief.  
He took his cup and he purposefully filled it to the brim,  
And neither guilt nor innocence would be the death of him."

The wake ran out as quickly as the Guinness and Vermouth.  
His epitaph began "*A Coward Hides Behind The Truth...*"  
But no one could remember how the rest of it had gone,  
So in the chilly evening it was this he rested on.  
It was winter on the goldfields, and the light was now too dim  
To notice what deceit or rot had been the death of him.

## 6 Bugs Moran (2.41)

*Prohibition – the nationwide ban on the sale and production of alcohol – was in force throughout the United States from 1920 to 1933. Amongst other things, prohibition was intended to reduce crime. It didn't quite work out that way.*

As the cold and wet Chicago night  
Was a hiding from the law  
And every cop that turned his head  
Forgot the sights he saw,  
The Buick splashed the sidewalk  
With more menace than before...

It was Valentine's Day, '29  
In Chicago, Illinois.  
Capone spoke soft and quiet  
To the South Side Italian boys.  
"Go take a ride down North Clark  
And make us a little noise."

And they are coming...

The Buick and the Cadillac  
And the beat-up black sedan  
Whispering on a deserted street  
Of whisky stills and of cold concrete  
And it goes unsaid,  
Of the shower of lead  
For Bugs Moran.

With the brims of their felt hats turned down  
And their collars to the rain;  
The knife that took the lookout's life  
As through the gates they came;  
And still the whisky bubbles  
From adulterated grain...

How many men will lie down  
With their faces in the mud?  
How many men will turn and fight  
As if they really could?  
How many men will see the rain  
Mix the whisky with the blood?  
And they are coming...

The Buick and the Cadillac  
And the beat-up black sedan  
Whispering on a deserted street  
Of whisky stills and of cold concrete  
And it goes unsaid,  
Of the shower of lead  
For Bugs Moran.

And the irony was Bugs himself  
Avoiding all this heat,  
There in Krauss's coffee house  
And trying to stay discreet;  
Watching as the Massacre  
Took place across the street,  
And they are coming...

The Buick and the Cadillac  
And the beat-up black sedan  
Whispering on a deserted street  
Of whisky stills and of cold concrete,  
But the one who'd fled  
Who wasn't dead...  
Was Bugs Moran.

## 7 The Apathy Party (2.34)

*If too many people develop a taste for the vote – especially I might say, amongst the young – there's no telling what dreadful demons could be unleashed. "The Apathy Party" is my humble effort to keep a foot on the electoral pulse.*

I came into politics, heaven knows why.  
I suppose I knew something was going awry.  
I'm really not one to stand up to be heard;  
In fact, to be honest, I would have preferred  
To sit on my sofa, to pull down the blind,  
But sometimes you cannot remain unaligned.  
It's almost embarrassing here to confess  
The Apathy Party is such a success.

The slogan that all of the Party preferred,  
*"The less that you shout, then the more you'll be heard!"*  
Was lampooned by most of the popular press.  
The truth is that most of us couldn't care less.  
We watched as the combatants took up the fight,  
From the lunatic left to the swivel-eyed right;  
And there without strategy, tactic or plan,  
The march of our Apathy Party began.

Whilst most other parties take positive stands,  
The Apathy Party will sit on its hands.  
I think we can say that we have to conclude  
We simply latched on to the popular mood.  
Our greatest success is of course – and I quote –  
“Sixty percent never bother to vote!”  
If you weren’t so dogged and didn’t persist,  
The Apathy Party could never exist!

So thank you again, and for coming today.  
There aren’t many here; that’s the Apathy way!  
Try to confront without being forthright  
The critics who say that we’re policy-light.  
It really not true, and indeed it’s unjust –  
The Apathy Party is a byword for trust! –  
And that’s why so many respond to our call  
To sit on the fence and say “Bugger them all!”

## 8 The Hedgerows Of England (2.51)

*Still on the subject of voting intentions, it staggered me to discover that big lottery winners are the group of voters most likely to revise their political allegiance. In “The Hedgerows Of England”, a member of the Establishment welcomes a new Country Member with a few helpful hints.*

The hedgerows of England are symbolic signs  
And, carefully marking out boundary lines  
In hawthorn and blackthorn, they seek to enclose  
Our frozen estates; and as everyone knows,  
We all like to practice our favoured pursuits.  
We lower our drawbridges, pull up our boots  
And honour our promises not to fall short  
Oppressing the masses for profit and sport.  
Yes, profit and sport, profit and sport...  
Perhaps if you press me, I may try the port?

My lady of leisure takes tea on the lawn;  
Polite conversation, but cannot be drawn  
On capital punishment, murder or theft  
Or the WI moving far to the Left.  
Discussion then moves to the Reverend’s piles,  
Lacing it all with the faintest of smiles.  
The trick, when you know it, is not to be caught  
Oppressing the masses for profit and sport.  
Yes, profit and sport, profit and sport...  
I think we have time for a little more port?

The essence is never to mean what you say  
But still get across what you mean to convey,  
Duplicity oiling the wheels as they spin.  
Sincerity counts as the eighth deadly sin!  
We still tell the tale of the Peasants’ Revolt,  
The lesson providing a valuable jolt.  
We went to the barricades, oh how we fought,  
Oppressing the masses for profit and sport!  
For profit and sport, for profit and sport...  
I say, that’s really a beautiful port!

So don’t give a thought to the hue of your skin –  
A wonderful thing is a lottery win!  
If fate has dictated that you have been blessed,  
We welcome you in as a privileged guest.  
But if there is one little message, it’s this:  
We’re skilled at the courteous Glaswegian Kiss!  
Sometimes it’s natural, sometimes it’s taught,  
Oppressing the masses for profit and sport.  
For profit and sport, for profit and sport –  
Something to remember, so give it a thought.  
It’s right what they’re saying, you’re really our sort...  
By jingo, but that was a wonderful port!

## 9 The Hawk (5.09)

*An allegory...*

The bird on the mountain looked up at the sky.  
His mother had told him when learning to fly  
That there are some rules you should never ignore,  
Established in ornithological lore.  
“Keep it in mind that your mother knows best  
And, when you’re there at the edge of the nest,  
Remember, my son, when you give it a shot  
That take-off is optional, landing is not.”

He’d studied the code and he’d taken the test;  
He’d learned how the wind mainly blew from the west,  
But as you’d imagine – and ain’t it the truth? –  
Nothing can curb the bravado of youth.  
And that’s how it happened; this juvenile cock  
With sufficient testosterone to fuel the flock  
Tied himself up in a Gordian knot;  
Because take-off is optional, landing is not.

He launched himself out into infinite space,  
The wind in his feathers, the snow on his face.  
He hadn’t gone far before quickly it dawned –  
His mother had very specifically warned  
Of the danger and peril of ice on the wings,  
And of course of the consequent hazard it brings.  
He swiftly remembered that thing he forgot;  
Whilst take-off was optional, landing was not!

Initially, no one was really concerned  
But when they reported he hadn’t returned  
The Rescuers hurried down out of the peaks,  
Wearing those high-visibility beaks.  
The leader, the Hawk in the shades whispered, “Jeez!” –  
Looked up at the weather, looked up at the trees –  
“I guess we can see what a problem we got.  
Whilst take-off is optional, landing is not.”

It was two hours later the Hawk got a break  
And radioed in, “He’s come down on the lake.  
We’re needin’ some help here – he ain’t gonna shift!  
Call out the whirlybird and get us some lift!”  
They worked under floodlight to loosen his claws  
’Til suddenly there, to a round of applause,  
The Hawk shouted, “Now! Give it all that you got!”  
Take-off was optional, the landing was not.

They finally delivered him back to the nest,  
And that’s when the Hawk and the crew and the rest  
Told him of how they were truly concerned  
He’d seemed to forget all he ever had learned.  
“It’s all down to you to responsibly fly.  
You’re a Bald Eagle son! The King of the Sky!  
It’s not much to ask, but it counts for a lot  
That take-off is optional, and landing is not.

“In this thing we call life, we’re not all the same –  
They call me ‘The Hawk’, but it’s only a name –  
But you, you got power up there in those wings.  
It means you can do many wonderful things.  
But listen, let’s say it, you’re still immature,  
So keep it in mind when you’re feeling unsure  
And cherish it, learn it, it’s all that you got:  
Take-off is optional, landing is not!

“Say it to me son – it counts for a lot:  
Take-off is optional, landing is not...”

## 10 The Ghost Train (3.56)

*A chiller for Halloween – more Brothers Grimm than Hans Christian Andersen, I'm afraid!*

On a cold winter night on a carpet of white,  
The lights of the fairground entrance.  
We see in the wind if we keep our eyes skinned  
Those flickering shadows that dance;  
And then there's the noise – that sublimest of joys –  
That always draws everyone in  
Out of the snow and into the glow.  
And so let this story begin...

When bathing in light, we often lose sight  
Of the cold and the darkness outside.  
And so it was here, when the old puppeteer  
Smiled as he called to the bride.  
“Forget all of this,” – he blew her a kiss  
As he pulled at her taffeta sleeve,  
“You need have no fear, but hurry my dear!  
The Ghost Train is waiting to leave.”

He took her by hand, and as he had planned,  
He bowed and he took her bouquet.  
She did not resist; she couldn't desist  
As swiftly he led her away  
Down a gossamer lane where time was a stain  
And even the light was defiled,  
To follow the fates. The Ghost Train awaits  
The innocent laugh of a child.

Her eyes opened wide as the fairy lights died  
The moment he bolted the door.  
The train pulled away without any delay  
As it had done those years before.  
And then came the wails, the clatter of rails  
Drowning the piercing screams.  
Fear and dread on the night of the dead;  
Nightmares replacing her dreams.

After twists, and the tacks of the tortuous tracks,  
The train began losing her speed.  
It's All Hallows Eve, and we have to believe  
That forces of evil succeed;  
And never forget a cold marionette  
In the arms of a cruel puppeteer  
Who, young once again, steps down from the train  
Carrying his bride of the year...

## 11 The Only Soldier To Turn Up For The War (6.29)

*I guess there are many reasons why a young person might become radicalised. This is just one of them...*

She was only a kid, and we can't understand  
How everything came to get so out of hand.  
One of a thousand across this fair land,  
Right up to the moment before  
She was the only soldier to turn up for the war.

She'd hardly been born before it began.  
Her Ma was on crack; she'd never known her old man.  
Somebody said he'd gone back to Sudan;  
Walked out on the infidel whore  
And the only soldier to turn up for the war.

So they took her away and they put her in care.  
Christ knows the things that were happening there.



On the run, she got done for not paying a fare  
And this time they bolted the door  
On the only soldier to turn up for the war.

At sixteen, and having the time of her life,  
She was up for assault with a cobbler's knife  
Which she'd stuck in the arm of a bartender's wife.  
The sailors had just come ashore  
For the only soldier to turn up for the war.

There weren't many substances she hadn't tried  
So, for better or worse, they put her inside;  
And that's where another small part of her died,  
A part she'd never restore,  
The only soldier to turn up for the war.

Then while in the prison, by fortune she met  
The best friends that she'd ever come across yet.  
She listened, and over the odd cigarette  
They told her a little bit more,  
The only soldier to turn up for the war.

An anger was kindled when she heard their vignette,  
And when she got out she managed to get  
To the murkier side of the dark internet –  
A place she hadn't before.  
The only soldier to turn up for the war.

It didn't take much to fill up her head.  
The videos proved what the prisoners said.  
She texted the number she'd kept in her head  
And waited a few hours more –  
The only soldier to turn up for the war.

So they came and they called and they took her in hand  
And sent her away to a far foreign land  
And she learned what the Prophet had promised and planned  
And what He was wanting her for,  
The only soldier to turn up for the war.

And she thought of her mother, that old junkie bitch,  
As she put on the coat with the miniature switch.  
This was her time. It was her moment which  
Would finally even a score  
For the only soldier to turn up for the war.

He smiled. He said this was her ultimate test.  
He said, "Go for the one in the Kevlar vest  
And then be at peace and for ever at rest."  
He got out and opened the door  
For the only soldier to turn up for the war.

## 12 Klara (5.33)

*For all the best reasons, during the Second World War demeaning tales proliferated about Adolph Hitler. One of the most famous was his rumoured testicular deficiency, celebrated the world over to the tune of "Colonel Bogey". Then there was the supposed premonition of his mother, Klara Hitler, prior to Adolph's birth. In the narrative, she was forewarned of what was to come and, it was said, she'd wished to terminate the pregnancy. Of course, that didn't happen and the rest is (literally) history.*

*But propaganda or not, the premonition anecdote does present a neat philosophical conundrum even today for moral absolutists and polemicists on both sides of the Pro-Life/Pro-Choice debate. In the face of certainty, what price one life against twenty million? Discuss...*

It started with a feeling, and then as if by fate  
The daydreams turned to fantasy and hardened into hate.  
It seemed the spirits were as one in reaching out to warn –  
An omen, a presentiment of something yet unborn.  
She saw the darkness fall upon a land engulfed in flame  
And there, above it all, she saw his name...

Oh Klara, oh Klara, where will you go?  
What is it you've seen, and what is it you know?  
Oh Klara, oh Klara, what will you do,  
And why is nobody ever listening to you?

"There will," the doctor contemplated, lowering his mask,  
"Be consequences on the street if I do as you ask."  
He washed his hands in alcohol and then removed his gown.  
"Remember, lieblich, I must go on living in this town!  
I sympathise, of course I do," he told her, "all the same,  
I'm sorry. But I didn't catch your name?"

Oh Klara, oh Klara, where will you go?  
What is it you've seen, and what is it you know?  
Oh Klara, oh Klara, what will you do,  
And why is nobody ever listening to you?

"Forgive me, but it has to be somebody else's call!"  
The smiling politician had his back against the wall.  
"I really have to think of how it plays out on the street..."  
The artful politician danced so lightly on his feet.  
"A time of joy and hope, my dear!" she heard the man exclaim.  
"I'm sorry, but I didn't catch your name?"

Oh Klara, oh Klara, where will you go?  
What is it you've seen, and what is it you know?  
Oh Klara, oh Klara, what will you do,  
And why is nobody ever listening to you?

And yes, the Virgin's tears flowed and incense swirled like smoke  
Until her eyes were blinded and she thought that she might choke.  
"I'm trying to save your mortal soul!" was all she ever heard,  
"There can be no discussion, and that's my final word!"  
He offered absolution; he gave eternal shame  
To history, to the future, to the name...

Oh Klara, oh Klara, where will you go?  
What is it you've seen, and what is it you know?  
Oh Klara, oh Klara, what will you do,  
And why did nobody ever listen to you?

## 13 Rattle The Asylum Bars (2.48)

*Most countries have their satirical magazines; Private Eye in the UK, Germany's Eulenspiegel and the French Le Canard Enchaîné being illustrious long-standing examples. But it was the attack on the Charlie Hebdo offices in Paris in 2015 that highlighted most instructively what can happen when a free pen encounters an avenging sword. It says much for the cause of press freedom – and in particular for Charlie Hebdo – that despite the carnage and twelve deaths, only one issue of the magazine was lost.*

We're liberal and unrefined  
And, should we ever feel inclined,  
We have a freedom to elect  
To neither bow or genuflect  
To anything or anyone.  
If it means a little poking fun,  
Then that's the way it must remain.  
A sacred cow that can't be slain  
Has never seen the light of day.

We cannot in our world exempt  
Anything at all from our contempt.  
To do so would be to betray  
And even squander it away,  
This liberty we value most.  
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Would fly a flag for our campaign!  
A sacred cow that can't be slain  
Has never seen the light of day.

A legacy that no one owns –  
The ravages of sticks and stones

Can never be allowed to cage  
The candid truth upon the page.  
Unpalatable it may be –  
Nobody here will disagree;  
But then it goes with the terrain.  
A sacred cow that can't be slain  
Has never seen the light of day.

It's something of a toxic waste,  
Decidedly a lapse of taste,  
To bring about an interlude  
Where sensibilities intrude.  
So, open any seeping scars;  
Come, rattle the asylum bars  
And take a moment to explain  
A sacred cow that can't be slain  
Has never seen the light of day.