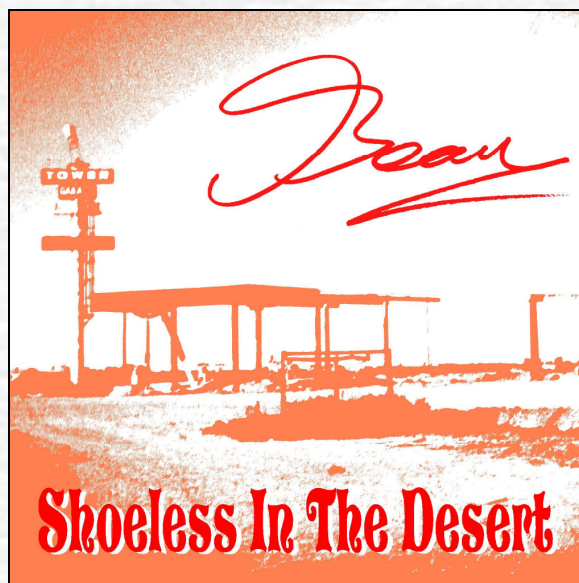


**CHERRY RED RECORDS**  
**PRESENTS**



*– 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 (Copyright Control)

The guitar throughout is my 1967 Harmony H-1270 twelve-string

Cover photo by Sandra Midgley

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## **1 Storm In The Eye Of God (3.55)**

*The UK, the USA, all prosperous western lands have long been magnets for incomers. "Storm In The Eye Of God" is a tale of those who bring them, those who wish to come and those who've already arrived.*

The sailorman who knew the truth  
Below the shingle, sand and weed,  
Battened down the memories  
Of the Motor Vessel "*Cruel Deed*".  
The purple veins across his cheeks  
Ran scarlet in the sunset's pyre;  
He heard the bosun tell the crew  
"There are no pictures in the fire,  
There's only a storm in the eye of God –  
Only a storm in the eye of God."

The Eskimo had settled down  
To sleep away the endless years;  
His rifle and his crucifix  
He tied and tethered to his fears.  
Without the sun, his unicorn  
Had perished in the frozen mire.

He'd learned the hunter's homily  
"There are no pictures in the fire,  
There's only a storm in the eye of God –  
Only a storm in the eye of God."

The peasant squatted in the mud  
Upon the ground that he had ploughed,  
His lifted eyes and leather lines  
Appeasing every gathered cloud.  
His spirit, ash to history's flame,  
Went wheezing through the creeping briar.  
The sun bled through the thorns and said  
"There are no pictures in the fire,  
There's only a storm in the eye of God –  
Only a storm in the eye of God."

As the ones and twos became a flood,  
So we became discourteous.  
The peasants and the sailors and  
The hunters and the rest of us  
Took aim as they approached the flame  
And shot away their leading tyre.  
There may be comfort in their dreams;  
There are no pictures in the fire –  
There's only a storm in the eye of God –  
Only a storm in the eye of God.

## 2 Uncle Joe (3.33)

*My father once told me, "Son, never take credit for being lucky!" I guess we've all run across people who seem to have missed out on that piece of advice.*

Uncle Joe crossed the northern river.  
Uncle Joe had searched for silver.  
He had tried, and he had failed.  
Time and again had he been jailed.  
God bless Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe was at the end of the line.  
He would never own a silver mine  
So he got down on his bended knees,  
Looked up to Heaven and he said "Please,  
Will God bless Uncle Joe?"

Then he went to the river and he dipped his pan  
And lo and behold, the river ran  
With riches that remain untold.  
Uncle Joe shouted "I struck gold!"  
And God blessed Uncle Joe.

One minute he was a poor man  
And then he looked into his pan.  
He saw his future clear and bright.  
He celebrated hard that night.  
God blessed Uncle Joe.

Now Uncle Joe, he wanted more –  
He bought a departmental store.  
He bought a railway company.  
He wanted all the world to see  
How God blessed Uncle Joe.

And when he died, the people said  
That Uncle Joe had lost his head,  
And no-one mourned on his funeral day  
That Uncle Joe had passed away.  
And God blessed Uncle Joe.

Now I don't know if Joe made a will  
But if he ever did, it's hidden still.  
In a golden coffin he does lie.

The river is running dry.  
God bless Uncle Joe.

### 3 The Oyster & The Pearl (4.07)

*... about relationships that can't be broken. Often unequal, always intense...*

Talking of the avalanche will surely bring it down  
Like a cloak of night descending over winter's glittering gown,  
And around the mountain crevices we see the spectres whirl  
Trying to break the embrace of the Oyster and the Pearl.  
Out there in the storm where the cracking thunder peals,  
The flashlight finds the darkness in the doorway and reveals  
A half-frozen hourglass that once has been a girl;  
A casual acquaintance of the Oyster and the Pearl...

When the history committee meets to draft its treasury  
Of fables upon which we all have chosen to agree,  
Anaesthetised by order of the platitudes they hurl,  
They'll mean absolutely nothing to the Oyster and the Pearl.  
The joker will be angry in the debris of the pack;  
The scientist and his wildcard will be shuffled to the back.  
They'll reduce his double helix to a sagging crinkled curl.  
Nobody gets the picture but the Oyster and the Pearl...

And who is being compromised in every kind of way?  
Whose noble reputation has all but drained away?  
And who has been deserted for another working girl –  
The innocent, the guilty, or the Oyster and the Pearl?  
Stood by their Bugatti on the blistered, burning feet,  
They are shoeless in the desert, they're drowning in the heat;  
And a Campari parasol begins to unfurl.  
It never throws a shadow on the Oyster and the Pearl...

### 4 Don't Let Them Take You Away (2.58)

*Now I have to be honest. I've never really understood why so few songs are written about duodenal ulcers, hypertension and heart attacks. Anyway, on the principle that prevention's always better than a cure...*

Take your time, do not hurry.  
Life may pass you by, but worry  
Will only give you ulcers  
In your duodenum.  
If you find your heart is beating  
Faster and you're overeating,  
Take your time and take it easy –  
Don't let them take you away.

Don't let them take you away.  
Don't let them take you away.  
Not even for an hour,  
Not even for a day...

Take your time, try relaxing.  
End your endless over-taxing  
And try to look upon the bright side  
Of your hypertension.  
If your veins are growing harder,  
It's the cholesterol in your larder!  
Take your time and take it easy –  
Don't let them take you away.

Don't let them take you away.  
Don't let them take you away.  
Not even for an hour,  
Not even for a day...

Take your time, do some thinking.

Are the lights around you blinking?  
Are they murmuring your name  
Or is a radio playing?  
Whilst the monitor is beeping  
There is no one grimly reaping.  
Better say you're only sleeping!  
Don't let them take you away.

Don't let them take you away.  
Don't let them take you away.  
Not even for an hour,  
Not even for a day...

Take your time, face reality.  
Do you need this hospitality?  
Take your cocktails in Park Lane,  
Or in the cardiac unit.  
Either way, there'll be a chill of ice  
With a modicum of good advice  
To take your time and take it easy.  
Don't let them take you away.

Don't let them take you away.  
Don't let them take you away.  
Not even for an hour,  
Not even for a day...

Don't let them take you away.  
Don't let them take you away.  
Not even for an hour,  
Not even for a day...

## 5 Masquerade (2.12)

*There are literally hundreds of songs called "Masquerade". I'd like to think this is one of the prettier ones!*

The masks are worn on summer nights  
When the young are dancing.  
The masks are worn on summer nights  
When the dance is young –  
When the dance is young.

Behind her mask a princess dreams  
Of some other music.  
Behind her mask a princess dreams  
Of some other song –  
Of some other song...

Where the street musician's music played  
In the swirling night, and the sound he made  
Could linger still, so slow to fade  
From the dancing, prancing Masquerade  
To the streets where no one seeks to ask  
To see behind...

The masks which hide a thousand eyes  
From others prying;  
The masks which hide a thousand eyes  
And all their tears –  
And all their tears...

And the street musician's music played  
In the swirling night, and the sound he made  
Could linger still, so slow to fade  
From the dancing, prancing Masquerade  
To the streets where no one seeks to ask  
To see behind the masks...

## 6 Theatre Song (3.11)

*“All the world’s a stage and all the men and women merely players,” says Jaques in ‘As You Like It’. Here – in the surreal way life sometimes presents itself – our storyteller is cast in the roles of both actor and spectator in the unfolding drama of a failing relationship.*

I watched the protagonists stumble across  
The field of bright diamonds and hills of white moss.  
They came to the chapel, uniting as one  
On the shadowy mountain they’d lighted upon.  
But all their temptations were listed and learned  
When you kissed the light and your lips slowly burned;  
When you swore the sky had dissolved, and the rain  
Had run down your cape to your silver-handled cane.

Who cracked this world on the edge of his cup?  
Who split it asunder and opened it up?  
Whose silence is simply a stain of conceit  
That carries him constantly, high and elite?  
All right, so you stand with your head in the smoke,  
Supported like destiny, hungry and broke.  
It’s what you expect and it’s what you deserve  
From all of your servants and those you’re called to serve.

Remember the tallow you burned in the night  
That only attracted a moth to the light?  
And the strength from your muscles that ebbed by the hour  
That sank in the mud of abuse of their power?  
Well, something was left by the stump of the tree  
You blasted by lightning; a shadow of me.  
The script had been changed; the comedy too –  
The scenery was altered; the tragedy was you.

Now colour your picture where the numbers dictate;  
Keep an eye to the future that settles your fate.  
See you fill in the spaces between every shred  
Of remaining ideas on which you have been fed.  
But don’t plead for bandage to cover the hint  
Of the trace of your life that you smeared on the lint,  
For you know as you stand centre-stage in the light  
That again you will travel this path tomorrow night.

## 7 The Deacon’s Revenge (3.33)

*Revenge for what, you might ask? This Gothic song has more questions than answers...*

All the while the lantern burns,  
Shining like a beacon,  
Hanging on the chapel wall,  
Guarded by the Deacon.  
Down along the dusty road  
The stagecoach is expected.  
With a load of gold and silver plate,  
Nothing is neglected...

With the grinding wheels and rattling chains  
The stagecoach is arriving,  
The leather soaking up the horses’  
Sweat of hours driving.  
Through the gate the Coachman wheels  
To halt below the lamplight  
To hand the plate in to the church  
Upon the stroke of midnight.

The Deacon takes the brassbound chest  
And stands it in the entrance,  
And bids the Coachman fast away,  
Refusing all assistance.  
And when the lamps upon the coach  
Have faded to a flicker,

The Deacon leads his saddled horse  
From where it has been tethered.

Upon its back the chest is tied  
As minutes tick past midnight.  
The Deacon climbs up on the mare  
And, smothering the lamplight,  
The chapel door he leaves ajar –  
The wind begins it banging.  
And from the chapel gallery  
The Minister is hanging...

## 8 Tree Of Life (4.40)

*I remember sometime in the nineties first hearing of atrocities by child soldiers of the Lord's Resistance Army in Uganda. Not long after, it was reported young kids in the British Midlands were also carrying (and using) guns.*

*In a world calculated to make cynics of us all 'Tree Of Life' is actually an optimistic piece; but it goes through hell to get there. And if the melody seems vaguely familiar, it's a variation on the main theme from 'Finlandia' by Jean Sibelius.*

Far beyond the field of memory, far beyond the questing mind,  
Hiding in the tree of life and rising through the roots of time,  
Here is history's anger dying; here the great utopian dreams  
Cry for their abandoned homeland tears for loveless, lost regimes...  
Tears for loveless, lost regimes.

Here an ancient Chinese writer scribbles on his coloured slate,  
Charting every misdemeanour carefully by time and date;  
Here each child is playing with nothing more than sunlight from the sun,  
Cradling his Kalashnikov and polishing his Gatling gun...  
Polishing his Gatling gun.

Far beyond the worthless counting, far beyond those coloured beads,  
All across a poisoned land of consequences and misdeeds,  
Friends will sit and tell their tales to anyone who wants to hear  
Of puppetry and power and the rattle of the musketeer...  
The rattle of the musketeer.

So here's where I'll find my galaxy of bright and shining stars,  
Flashing to celestial trumpets backed by a thousand steel guitars.  
Here's where the ghostly angels play their games of solitaire  
At ten below, and now you know you really are too cold to care...  
You really are too cold to care.

This icy wind from way up North will petrify whatever breathes.  
A blast that howls through every pore is stripping bare the summer leaves.  
The crippled branches crack and fall but finally, against the grain,  
Relentlessly the tree of life is rising through the acid rain.

The crippled branches crack and fall but finally, against the grain,  
Relentlessly this tree of life is rising through the acid rain.

## 9 This Is Your Dream (2.59)

*Too many years ago, I included a song called "Rain" on my first album for Dandelion Records. It explained the water cycle in what teachers later told me was a usefully simple chronology. I guess this song performs the same sort of service for dreams...*

On time and tide, adrift along a sunset-dark ravine,  
The things you've done throughout the day can once again be seen.  
As the gathering gloom of evening draws the daylight to its breast,  
You lay your head upon your pillow there to seek your rest,  
And flashing through your mind will come a pattern...  
This is your dream... this is your dream...

The highlights of your day are filtered through from way down deep  
In your subconscious mind. As you are overcome by sleep,

The world of fantasy within the framework of your brain  
Is given its night-time freedom and can go to work again,  
And flashing through your mind will come a pattern...  
This is your dream... this is your dream...

As the lifting veil of morning re-awakes the sleeping mind,  
Your body – now revitalised – leaves fantasy behind  
To gather more material by living through the day  
To go to sleep when evening comes to dream the night away,  
And flashing through your mind will come a pattern...  
This is your dream... this is your dream...

## 10 Guardians Of Their Own Truth (2.37)

*Way back in 1770, Baron D'Holbach wrote in 'The System of Nature', "If we go back to the beginning we shall find that ignorance and fear created the gods; that fancy, enthusiasm, or deceit adorned or disfigured them; that weakness worships them; that credulity preserves them, and that custom, respect and tyranny support them."*

*Smart guy, the Baron. He knew that when it comes to the great religions, reason and realism can never be allowed to trump dogma and superstition. There are just too many vested interests.*

*Keep that in mind next Friday at the mosque, Saturday at synagogue, or Sunday when the plate is passed at the Church of Jesus Christ The Entrepreneur...*

A gypsy with a heart of gold  
Has spent the winter sleeping cold,  
Knowing the trinkets that he sold  
Are lining out the pockets of the Guardians;  
And patient, nailed upon his bed,  
Abandoned, cold and left for dead  
Is grateful even to be fed  
A little from the hands of the  
Guardians of their own truth;  
Soldiers on their own roads;  
Players on their own stages;  
And Wonders of the World.

Before them all King Midas stood,  
His sandals soaked in gold and blood,  
Agreeing as indeed he should  
His wealth should see the plates of the Guardians.  
And all his wealth – the King's delight –  
Went disappearing in the night,  
The day he lost the will to fight  
And cast it in the palms of the  
Guardians of their own truth;  
Soldiers on their own roads;  
Players on their own stages;  
And Wonders of the World.

The tree is groaning even now,  
Left spinning still and wondering how  
The sap that climbs to every bough  
Is salted for the sake of the Guardians.  
But in the end when all is dry,  
Not only how but also why  
Is whispered with a gentle sigh,  
The dust blanketing the eye of the  
Guardians of their own truth;  
Soldiers on their own roads;  
Players on their own stages;  
And Wonders of the World.

...Guardians of their own truth.  
...Soldiers on their own roads.  
...Players on their own stages.  
...And Wonders of the World.

## 11 Behind The Eye Of The Mind (2.22)

*- is where we find that sixth sense that tells all living things when it's time to move on...*

Birds fly high over the forest,  
Over the leaves now tinged with brown.  
Birds fly high over the forest,  
Over the leaves now tinged with brown.  
Fly to the south where the sun still beckons,  
Fly to the south where the sun still beckons,  
Fly to the south where the sun still beckons  
From behind the eye of the mind.

Wings that lift them into the sunrise  
Up to the cold of the morning air –  
Wings that lift them into the sunrise  
Up to the cold of the morning air  
Carry the traveller over the mountain,  
Carry the traveller over the mountain,  
Carry the traveller over the mountain  
From behind the eye of the mind.

Some will fall below their comrades  
Losing the height they must maintain,  
Some will fall below their comrades  
Losing the height they must maintain;  
Unavailing, and fighting and flailing,  
Unavailing, and fighting and flailing,  
Unavailing, and fighting and flailing  
From behind the eye of the mind.

In strength of wing, the first arrival  
Will light in the dust of his summer home –  
In strength of wing, the first arrival  
Will light in the dust of his summer home  
And many's the instinct that carries the migrant,  
Many's the instinct that carries the migrant,  
Many's the instinct that carries the migrant  
From behind the eye of the mind.

## 12 Music Mountain (3.37)

*... A Midsummer Night's Dream-type fantasy – think Puck, think Titania...*

Hanging from the slender silken threads  
Along the summer-scented dells  
Are tiny jingling bells  
That you hear as you venture near  
The Music Mountain.

The water chimes bewitching sounds  
Sail on a sympathetic tune  
Between the mountains and the moon  
As they play through the night and the day  
On Music Mountain.

And the sound manifests itself as a symphony,  
A mighty symphony,  
Flowing down the canyons,  
Through the misty clouds.  
And across the streams of melody  
The crashing cymbals crash,  
The crashing cymbals crash into eternity...

Listen to the singing in the trees;  
Listen to the ringing bells appeal  
With all that they reveal  
As chimes reflect the times  
On Music Mountain.



And the sound manifests itself as a symphony,  
A mighty symphony,  
Flowing down the canyons,  
Through the misty clouds.  
And across the streams of melody  
The crashing cymbals crash,  
The crashing cymbals crash into eternity...

Listen to the singing in the trees;  
Listen to the ringing bells appeal  
With all that they reveal  
As chimes reflect the times  
On Music Mountain.

### **13 America For Sale (2.58)**

*In 1925, President Calvin Coolidge opined, "The chief business of the American people is business". Eighty-three years later in 2008, Representative Louise Slaughter said, "The Bush Administration put an 'America for Sale' sign on the White House lawn from Day One". Somewhere in between, I came up with this song...*

They tell me there is nothing that can't be bought or sold.  
You learn that at your mother's knee when you are five years old;  
Nothing that you can't convert into a pot of gold.  
Somewhere on the trail  
You pass the sign, 'America For Sale'.

The way it goes, you strike a pose and everything you share  
And show in your portfolio – we call it grin and bare –  
But after art comes business, and with business, business flair.  
In Harvard and in Yale  
The signs all read 'America For Sale'.

Take a walk down any Main Street where the neon towers rise,  
Crackling out their images; some even call them lies.  
But money follows money – if you choose to advertise,  
You really cannot fail.  
Never, with America for sale.

The hookers out on Broadway and the ladies of Des Moines  
Offer up a platter of their tasty tenderloin.  
They'll give you heads or tails, and all you do is flip a coin  
To touch the Holy Grail:  
The business is 'America For Sale'.

You can see it in the movies, it comes as no surprise,  
As plain there in the makeup as it is MacDonald's fries.  
The very thing you love is the thing you most despise  
Coming at you through the mail  
In a package marked 'America For Sale'.

### **14 The Atheist Hymn (3.07)**

*Hopefully, even the great Charles Wesley wouldn't object to my pointing out there are two sides to every story...*

The words are inscribed as the stories are told.  
Engraved and defended, we bind them in gold.  
In fear of the fire  
And the poor sightless wraith,  
So myth becomes legend,  
Devotion – faith.

And so we explain what lies under the stone.  
Let Y be the question and X the unknown.  
Let light fall upon us  
And where there is none,  
The answer is all  
To the power of one.

And there with the flock as I listened and heard  
The learned ones strive to interpret the Word,  
I stood and relinquished  
The shackle of youth  
As I rose to greet  
The simple truth...

That faith is belief that is tempered with need.  
Yes, faith is belief that is tempered with need.  
And I have no faith,  
For I have no need,  
And so I am free  
To disbelieve.

Faith is belief that is tempered with need.  
Yes, faith is belief that is tempered with need.  
And I have no faith,  
For I have no need,  
And so I am free  
To disbelieve.