

CHERRY RED RECORDS
PRESENTS



Beau

**THE WAY
IT WAS**

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

Recorded and produced by Beau at TM Studio, Hertfordshire, England

Tracks 3, 9 – 16th September 2010

Tracks 1, 13 – 17th September 2010

Tracks 5, 6, 11, 12, 15 – 18th September 2010

Tracks 4, 8, 10, 14 – 28th September 2010

Tracks 2, 7 – 14th November 2010

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Cover photo by Sandra Midgley

Special thanks to Tim Stillwell and Terry Chapman

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

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1 The Way It Was (4.04)

All walks of life throw up special people – the super-talented, super-driven ones who fly so much higher than the rest of us. But so often, the intense flame of success can burn too brightly. Not all will survive. “The Way It Was” tells of one who’ll probably make it through; but at a cost...

When I was young, I hid from the sun.
Every day it rose, every day I froze
In the frosty light, and a burning white it was.
And the clothes I wore were nothing more
Than the clothes I wore on the day before,
On another day, but that was the way it was.

I watched the seasons fly like a lullaby
That keeps you drowsy ’til the day you die
But still it thundered, and a cloudy sky it was.
So I wore a frown, kept my head down
Both awake and in bed and if somebody said
“Was that a flash in the sky?” then I would say “Aye, it was!”

And then the monsoons came, I found a new name
And I learned to advance by the seat of my pants
And those that I passed were staggered how fast it was.
And I ran for miles past the trudging hordes
On an endless road over splintered boards
That slowed their feet but showed me how neat it was.

And maybe one day, one day I’ll burst
Through the roadway’s end with a raging thirst
And a neon sign will show me how first it was.
And all that’s left that’s left alive
Will land at the end of a long low dive
With a final bow, an echo of how it was –

The way it was...

2 Cry For The Priest (3.07)

Father Jerzy Popiełuszko was a widely-known and respected Roman Catholic priest in early-'80s Poland. In 1984 this implacable anti-Communist, Solidarność supporter, and general thorn in the side of the State was murdered by agents of the Security Service of the Ministry of Internal Affairs (Służba Bezpieczeństwa). He was just thirty-seven years of age.

When his body was recovered from the Vistula Reservoir on 30th October that year, the national outcry was followed by a huge public funeral. A quarter of a century later, Popiełuszko and his sacrifice have still not been forgotten.

Jerzy Popiełuszko was beatified in Warsaw on 6th June 2010.

With pine and panatela hanging heavy in the air,
The orders come obliquely from the shadows of the chair;

And to all those who complain that his justice is unfair
He blinks his eyes
And someone dies.
But he's happy now, at least.
He prays not for religion, but he cries for the priest.

His sword, his sable spirit, they manoeuvre high above
The night the servant is punishing the dove.
And to all those who remain to soak up all his love,
He looks so good
As he drinks the blood
That they offer at the feast.
Then he prays, not for religion, but he cries for the priest.

Hanging in between the abstainer and the drunk,
From high upon the hill into the depths he has sunk.
His cast and his Company have bundled up the trunk
And quickly found
Some higher ground
'Til the rain and the thunder have ceased.
They pray not for religion but they cry for the priest.

It's a bitter smoke that rises where only anger burns.
No judgements are suspended, no matter who adjourns.
And who will feign amazement when in triumph he returns,
A mere device,
A sacrifice
To lay before the beast
With a prayer, not for religion, but a cry for the priest.

3 The Citadel Is Free (2.45)

... is a simple tale of betrayal and skulduggery from medieval times.

The changes from the Minster's spires
Draw soldiers in from encampment fires
To hear the tiding each desires;
"The citadel is free!"

By the light of every soldier's torch
The proclamation from the porch
Gives each his reason for debauch.
The citadel is free.

The streets within the fortress throng.
The air is filled with soldiers' song –
Laments from where their hearts belong.
The citadel is free.

The taverns there to take their gold
Until the wine and ale is sold,

Until the sun relieves the cold,
The citadel is free.

At early light the fortress gate
Is trundled open to await
The column to relieve its fate –
The citadel is free.

But then, without a word or prayer
The garrison becomes aware
The enemy is standing there...
The citadel is free.

Their horses on the street obey
And crush the skulls where still they lay
And with a final short affray,
The citadel is free.

The Bishop's door at midnight groans.
He picks a way amongst the stones,
The silver pieces and the bones.
The citadel is free...

4 Today Began A Thousand Years Ago (3.50)

A song of past, present and future – each as unfathomable as the other.

I remember when the long ships sailed across the eastern sound
Toward the western skyline where the greenest hills are found.
And I remember when they stormed the cliffs along our jagged coasts
And the sentries in the villages who huddled at their posts
And didn't seem to know which way to go
Because today began a thousand years ago,
Today began a thousand years ago.

And I remember when King Richard rode out on the great crusade.
I saw his armour shining and I watched his glory fade.
And I saluted good King John, whose greatest ever deed
Was signing Magna Carta for us all at Runnymede,
A light of freedom shining from below.
Today began a thousand years ago,
Today began a thousand years ago.

I remember how the lights went down when someone lit the fuse;
The salad days; the slow malaise of the 20th Century blues.
The nightingales still sang and there was music in the air,
The clouds were gathering once again high over Berkeley Square,
And once again our young men had to go –
Today began a thousand years ago,
Today began a thousand years ago.

Now the stones will tell their stories when the moss is peeled away.
The sun will shine as brightly when tomorrow is today.
And history will delight them with its mix of truth and lies –
The world will never let the future in on its disguise –
But the flowers on the heath will always grow
Because today began a thousand years ago,
Today began a thousand years ago.

5 The Rabbi At The Gates Of Prague (3.35)

I don't know where or when I first heard this fable. But I guess it was that old law of unintended consequences, of good coming out of the soldier's institutionalized anti-Semitism, that really appealed.

The age-old Rabbi dreamed his dream
Throughout the night of troubled sleep
Of gold and silver buried deep
Inside the clay outside the keep
And under the pillars of the gates of Prague,
Under the pillars of the gates of Prague.

Across a barren land he came
Through frontiers that were cold and chill,
Until he saw upon a hill
A soldier trained to maim and kill
Guarding the pillars of the gates of Prague,
Guarding the pillars of the gates of Prague.

It took a lifetime to explain
The wherefore of his journey west,
But nothing moved the iron breast
And laughter echoed from the jest
Between the pillars of the gates of Prague,
Between the pillars of the gates of Prague.

“Such faith in you, you foolish Jew!
Are you,” he asked in disbelief,
“A fool or but a common thief?
There is no gold or silver leaf
Beneath the pillars of the gates of Prague,
Beneath the pillars of the gates of Prague.

“I dreamed a dream,” he mocked the sage,
“Of some old Rabbi from the East
Who found a royal crown at least
Beneath his door before a feast.”
So scoffed the soldier at the gates of Prague,
So scoffed the soldier at the gates of Prague.

The old man turned against the cold
To face the barren waste ahead,

Yet faster came his weary tread
When thinking what that soldier said
Beside the pillars of the gates of Prague,
Beside the pillars of the gates of Prague.

Upon the day of Yom Kippur,
The Rabbi dug deep in the ground;
And there beneath his door, he found
The diadem that David crowned.
And a light still burns above the gates of Prague,
Burns for the Rabbi at the gates of Prague...

A light still burns above the gates of Prague,
Burns for the Rabbi at the gates of Prague...

6 Castle Song (2.11)

We build walls; high walls. We don't want to see; we don't want to hear. It is, has always been, and I guess will always be a consequence of affluence. I notice all this in myself. Only when things go quiet can we be at peace. Shhh...

Who are you, waiting,
Waiting at the gates of my city?
Who are you, waiting?
Blood streams from the nails on your fingers.

Who are you, pleading,
Pleading into the walls unyielding?
Who are you, scratching
At the mortar, splashed and crimson?

And you are on the outside
And I am on the inside and
And I won't let you in!
Yes, you are on the outside
And I am on the inside and
And I won't let you in!

Who are you people
In the damp of the misty morning?
Who are you people
Who disturb my hours of sleeping?

Who are you children
On your fathers' shoulders yawning?
Who are you children,
You who rise above the clamour?

And you are on the outside
And I am on the inside and
And I won't let you in!

Yes, you are on the outside
And I am on the inside and
And I won't let you in!

Where are you hiding
As I rise this lonely morning?
Why are you silent
When I gaze from my chamber window?

Why are you hiding?
Did you die as I lay sleeping?
All of you people,
Thank you for your gift;
Now let me rest!

7 Where Is Your Gun, My Son? (2.40)

Such was the fear and fervour in Josef Stalin's Soviet Union, it wasn't unknown for family members to denounce as counter-revolutionaries even close relatives. Those thought to hold anti-Soviet views were almost certain to be sentenced to many years in the forced-labour camps of the Gulag.

There is a story from the early 1930s of a peasant's son who denounced his mother and father to the authorities. The boy grew up and prospered within the Party machine, eventually becoming a Commissar near the city of Molotov in the Permskaya Oblast. Then one day, he too was denounced...

And I knew you when you were young and waving wildly from the train,
Shouting loud your long farewell should you not return again.
And true, you never did come home and Mama said you'd never dare.
I didn't know you were alive and now I see you standing there.

It takes so much to kill a man, especially a man like you.
You'd never be the one to die unless you had a reason to.
And here we two are both the same; but bitterness is creeping in.
I couldn't let that happen now, it wouldn't do to let you win.

You're older now but looking well, better now than you deserve.
Whatever was it brought you here behind the wire of our reserve?
I tell you, here the winter's cold, but colder still for those like me.
It's useless trying to get away when there are wolves among the trees.

Your back's a straighter one than mine – I've lived this way for thirty years.
Your Mama wept so early on, she couldn't see the sky for tears.
But finally the tears ran dry and then we both forgot your name –
Until you came in through that door and I can see you once again.

And now the circle is complete, you join the ranks that you betrayed.
The early years are always bad and those are ones you won't evade,
For those who live remember well the ones who wore the crimson star
When you believed you were like them, and then they found out what you are...

Where is your gun, my son, where is your gun?
Where is your gun, my son, where is your gun?
Where is your gun, my son, where is your gun?

8 Kiss Me With Your Eyes (3.27)

This unusual little love song – unusual for me, that is – was written as part of the score for Warhol: The Musical, a collaborative venture from 2000 between Steve Clayton and myself.

In the show, its main performance is shared between Warhol, Brigid Polk and Edie Sedgwick and comes towards the end of Act Two when Andy is dying. Here, it's just sung by me!

Wake me when you go, the way that lovers do.
Leave an open door for shadows to slip through,
For time is slipping by,
The days of you and I.
Don't you realize?
Kiss me with your eyes.

Hold me when I'm cold, and when I'm lost in pain.
Come into my life in sunshine, leave in rain.
And catch me if I fall,
As I shall, but overall
Never compromise.
Kiss me with your eyes.

Who makes emotion drown in tears?
Who made this ocean of endless fears?

Was it all a joke, a joke that went too far?
Did it need a face, or a soul to bear the scar?
If I reach out in my dreams
You are gone; it always seems
There are no goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.

Don't give me goodbyes.
Kiss me with your eyes.

9 Web Of Tangled Reason (2.35)

If there's anything worse than being trapped in an impossible situation, it's the certain knowledge that you can't break away. When this goes on for years and years, it can do things to your mind...

Through the web of tangled reason
The voices seem to cry,
"What point is there in living
If you have to live a lie?"
There's nowhere in this prison
That anyone can hide;

No doors or walls or windows
But I am walled inside...

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalks below
And the gutters are full.

And we work and work for money
'Til everyone is tired,
Then someone runs out of ideas
And everyone gets fired.
And when you lose the feeling
From your fingers and your toes,
Then I'll be the one to tell you,
"That's the way the feeling goes..."

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalks below
And the gutters are full.

So here's to the vultures
Who celebrate decay;
The downcast, the downhearted,
They're in everybody's way.
So please forgive this moment
That shines a light upon
The web of tangled reason
That keeps us keeping on...

And the dreams of the night come bursting through my skull,
And tears overflow on the sidewalks below
And the gutters are full.

10 The Albatross & The Whale (2.13)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge's The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner was the kicking-off point for this song. You'll be pleased to know TA&TW isn't as long as the Coleridge epic!

Set in rather more modern times, it's not the death of the Albatross but the reason behind it that's so significant. I wonder if our Mariner will also feel condemned to wander the earth, forever retelling his tale? Somehow I doubt it.

Watching the albatross hovering there
With the breath of the wind on her wings,
Thinking that maybe she might still be sleeping,
Thinking of various things...

Watching the mighty arched back of the blue whale,
Wondering if she will sound.
Watching the bird looking down on the blue whale,
Wondering what I have found...

Do these two creatures, so different to me
Understand all of the ways of the sea?
Are they or not, I cannot tell,
Each understanding the other as well?

The harpoon bites deep in the back of the blue whale;
The albatross will be shot down
Whilst silently watching the death of the blue whale,
Circling slowly around.

For man must destroy what he can't understand,
So my Ancient Mariner's tale
Must end with the bird swooping silently down
To die in the sea with the whale...
To die in the sea with the whale...
To die in the sea with the whale.

11 The Titanic Tragedy (5.16)

April 14th 2012 will mark the centenary of the most famous sea disaster of the twentieth century. It occurred in the North Atlantic, and the story of the so-called "unsinkable" Titanic resonates to this day.

This is a reworked and re-recorded version of a song I wrote over thirty years ago. I appreciate it will be almost unrecognisable to those who heard me perform it live in the '70s, but I think this arrangement has a slightly higher chill factor.

On the 14th night of April in the year of 1912
The North Atlantic sun had slowly drowned.
The lookouts in the crows-nest discussed between themselves
The orders which on taking watch they found.
And as he rang the danger bell at 11:39
The lookout Frederick Fleet did surely think
This ship was the Titanic and her flag the White Star Line,
She's the ship that God himself could never sink –
The ship that God himself could never sink.

For an endless 30 seconds she bore down upon the ice
That lookout Fleet reported as he saw,
Gliding on a mirror sea so cold it could entice
An iceberg of a hundred feet or more.
And then, with only seconds left, her bow began to swing;
As ragtime played and soda drowned the scotch,
Titanic brushed the iceberg, as soft as anything
At 23 hours 40 by the watch –
At 23 hours 40 by the watch.

As Thomas Andrews was the man who built this mighty ship,
It was to him that Captain Smith did turn,
And as the great Titanic's bow did surely start to dip
In disbelief from Andrews he did learn

That though the blow the ice had dealt at first had seemed so light,
The water in the bow had come too high.
Now out there on the ocean on this lonely freezing night
He learned his last command was doomed to die –
He learned his last command was doomed to die.

So the passengers were summoned out by members of the crew,
Though many of them recognised their plight
For looking round for lifeboats they saw relatively few
To carry off so many in the night.
Now playing cards continued to be dealt, all as before,
Whilst the boats were launched and those who could did leave.
With scotch and soda flowing as the players asked for more
The widows in the boats began to grieve –
The widows in the boats began to grieve.

'Twas only two hours forty minutes from the iceberg to the end
This April night when fifteen hundred died.
The saved could only sit and watch their husbands and their friends
Slip slow below the early morning tide.
The orchestra still played amid cascading glass and plates;
A hymn tune, the survivors all agree.
The little boats now turned their bows to the United States;
The flotsam - the Titanic Tragedy –
The flotsam - the Titanic Tragedy.

12 The Part We Have To Play (3.29)

... is about power and theatricality and is, I guess, something of a muse on the life and times of President Ronald Reagan. It's not about the President directly; but even my using him as an inspiration is strange, seeing as how I profoundly disagreed with so many of the man's policies. That said, Ronald Reagan was a courageous and honourable human being; and even his political opponents couldn't take that away from him.

We joined the theatre company before we learned to speak
And swept the stage for a so-called wage, and seven days a week
The talented were hungry as they struggled to improve.
The talentless were quietly rehearsing every move
And we all knew the part we had to play,
We all knew the part we had to play.

The press reported sadly across a tear-stained page
Their ringing lies that eulogise the passing of the sage.
And the gathering of the great and good, the humble and the wise,
Will celebrate and seal an actor-managers demise.
And we all know the part we have to play,
We all know the part we have to play.

Beneath the wistful twilight in the cold and swirling cloud,
Where images are conjured and with magic are endowed,
The Grecians and the Avant-Gardes so violently crossed swords

'Til one arose as principal and Chairman of the Boards;
Then we all knew the part we had to play,
We all knew the part we had to play.

And now the wind is blowing in the tragedy of death.
The cardboard castle still maintains the story of Macbeth.
But all this, plus integrity, is swiftly broken down
When Duncan is a P.T. Barnum three-ring circus clown
Who knows not the part he has to play,
Who knows not the part he has to play.

The Great Eccentric learns the lines he knows he has to rail;
But ultimately starring in a very different tale,
He thanks you for your confidence, and for playing by the rules.
You cannot understand the funny feeling we were fools.
And we all know the part we have to play,
We all know the part we have to play.

13 At The End Of The Day (3.04)

I've always been intrigued by military euphemisms. "Slotted" is such a delightful way to describe a successful sniper hit; and "friendly fire" sounds positively benevolent! Then we have "They gave their lives..."

Combatants or non-combatants, very few who find themselves caught up in wars actually "give their lives". Millions have their lives ripped away, but somehow we still seem to find it necessary to ascribe a universally altruistic motive. "At The End Of The Day" is a Remembrance Day story about three men who never came home from the trenches of the First World War. They have a point to make.

We never feel anger, or even despair,
And they never know we are listening there.
Their words are like diesel, and lying congealed
Like blood on the cross on our old battlefield.
Oh listen, please listen. Can we have our say?
At the rise of the sun and the end of the day,
We sacrificed nothing; gave nothing away.

Old Ginger stood by me, 'til he lost his eyes –
When the gas hovers, half of the regiment dies –
And Albie got frightened and started to run;
The *coup de grâce* came from our own Captain's gun.
Oh listen, please listen. Can we have our say?
At the rise of the sun and the end of the day,
We sacrificed nothing; gave nothing away.

And some of you made it, like Willie John Moore –
A poor old man, there he still stands to be sure –
Alone with his memories, and Corporal Lee,
Remembering Ginger and Albie and me.
Oh listen, please listen. Can we have our say?

At the rise of the sun and the end of the day,
We sacrificed nothing; gave nothing away.

Now the crosses remain where the graves have been filled,
But none of us ever joined up to be killed.
We volunteered proudly and died in our hosts.
Now armies of ageless battalions of ghosts
Say listen, please listen. Can we have our say?
At the rise of the sun and the end of the day,
We sacrificed nothing; gave nothing away –

Oh listen, please listen. Can we have our say?
At the rise of the sun and the end of the day,
We sacrificed nothing; gave nothing away –

Gave nothing away –
At the end of the day.

14 Songs You Sing (2.18)

In one way, “Songs You Sing” is wholly introspective – me talking to me. But that’s too narrow.

People always interpret songs their own way. Sometimes they hear what they want to hear. Even the simplest of love songs is open to interpretation depending on who’s listening, where it’s being heard, under what circumstances. Trust me, there’s someone somewhere listening to the infamous “Birdy Song” as we speak and whispering tenderly, “Darling, they’re playing our tune...”

I listen to the songs you sing
And understand your every word,
Both written down and those unheard
That linger in your memory,
They’re always there to comfort me.
The peace that only words can bring,
I listen to the songs you sing.

I listen to your music play,
An ear you never can deceive.
Your quavers and your semibreves
Are played and heard a thousand times
In different ways by different minds
That ponder every word you say.
I listen to your music play.

The strings vibrate, the words resound,
The metronomes are keeping time
And analysing every line.
The ones who know, the ones who see
So far ahead in front of me;
So much is seen, so little found
As the strings vibrate, and the words resound.

I listen to the songs you sing
And understand your every word,
Both written down and those unheard
That linger in your memory,
They're always there to comfort me.
The peace that only words can bring,
I listen to the songs you sing.

15 Liberty (1.45)

“When the people fear their government, there is tyranny; when the government fears the people, there is liberty.” Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826)

America's got many things wrong over the years; but this is something they've got dead right.

There is a bird
On the horizon
Flying from the sea.
Some say unkindly
That it is blindly
Trying to follow me...

But I am on land, set in freedom and trust,
Resolving to stand to defeat the unjust.
In the fears of the night and the storms of the sea,
I am Liberty.

There is a bird
On the horizon
Flying from the sea.
Some say unkindly
That it is blindly
Trying to follow me...

But I am above and below and around,
Protecting the dove when the eagle has drowned;
And however tarnished my image might be,
I am Liberty.

There is a bird
On the horizon
Flying from the sea.
Some say unkindly
That it is blindly
Trying to follow me...