**All Gone South**

A song of three parts all on the theme of things ‘going south’ - both literally and metaphorically. The first verse is about a fellow musician, Dave, who moved to France and every year headed south to winter in Spain - he was the first inspiration for the song which Jim wrote on a small, slightly wonky guitar hand made by Dave. The second verse is a lament about the English ‘north/south divide’, manufacturing having taken a back seat to financial services. The final verse is about the perceived hypocrisy of some well-known Brexit supporters who retain property in Europe!

Many times we’ve seen the rocky coast of Spain

December Sun shines warm

Sussex by the sea is always home to me

But I won’t miss winter storms

So we’ll sell this place and to south will face

We’ll make for warmer lands

A new life we’ll find, leave the rain behind

No more frozen hands

And we’ll all go south

We’ll all go south

Head for warmer lands, no more frozen hands

We’ll all go south today

Many tales are told of things that we have sold

For better or for worse

Shareholders all – markets rise and fall

But there is little in my purse

Sell those factories – sail financial seas

We hardly make a thing

No production lines but we’re just doing fine

We’ll make those cash tills sing

And it’s all gone south

It’s all gone south

We hardly make a thing, but we’ll make those cash tills sing

It’s all gone south today

It breaks my heart to know we have to part

Adieu, auf wiedersehen

Exaggerated cries came from every side

And now we feel the pain

One who helped that cause has left these northern shores

France to call his home

But it’s plain to me this rank hypocrisy

By many has been shown

And they’ve all gone south

They’ve all gone south

Adieu, auf wiedersehen

You won’t see them again

‘Cos they’ve all gone south today

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**Cuckmere**

Sparkling twelve string guitar overlaid with mellow yet soaring clarinet and delicate vocal harmonies. Originally written by Jim for a previous band he played with, The Dawgs, the lyrics have changed from a country style death-row song, to become a sentimental song about the nature and landscape of Josie and Jim’s beloved Cuckmere Valley. (Interestingly, the chorus is unchanged from the original ‘death row’ version)

Sun setting gold on forget me not blue

Blossom blush pink when I say I love you

The flowers of spring dance all around

To the blackbirds joyful song

Green shoots and buds Neath the sun’s gentle rays

A promise of life and happier days

My sweet home valley

With the river that flows

Through the mountains over yonder

To the trees that grow

The sweetest of blossom

The best that you’ll see

Blossom for you and for me

Hand in hand as we lay under the sky

Dragonflies dart and skylarks so high

Swallows and housemartins sail overhead

As the bees in the cowslips do lie

Butterflies dance over the downs sleeping form

Searching for nectar in the wild orchid bloom

My sweet home valley...

The gossamer wishes of dandelion seeds

Float cross the Weald on the warm Mayday breeze

The cuckoos first call heralds the spring

As sweet mother nature awakes

Bluebell and primrose, nettle and thorn

Robin and wood pigeon welcome the Dawn

My sweet home valley…l

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**Found Drowned / A Perfect Place**

Both heartfelt laments, *Found Drowned* is an a capella duet, inspired by a painting of the same name by Frederick Watts. The term ‘Found drowned’ was used on death certificates in Victorian times for those who had taken their own life so they could have a christian burial. It is used here as a metaphor for the feelings held at the time by many after the result of the Brexit vote. *A Perfect Place* is a hauntingly melodic instrumental piece on guitar and clarinet - originally recorded with lyrics as *A Perfect Place To Hang* on Milton Hide’s debut EP, *Little Fish* (2018).

Will it be said we were found drowned

Cast out upon a lonely shore

Will it be said we were found drowned

On a wave of lies a voice said leave

Though truth be told there’s no reprieve

Will it be said we were found drowned

With disbelief the words we spoke

With heavy hearts the ties we broke

Will it be said we were found drowned

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**The Ballad Of Gabriel Oak**

Relates the story of *Far From The Madding Crowd* (Thomas Hardy) centring on the book’s hero, Gabriel Oak. The chorus line ‘…when I look up it’s you I’ll see. When you look up it’s there I’ll be’ is borrowed from a well known phrase in the book. The tune was composed on a mandolin Jim bought from the estate of local amateur luthier, Ronnie Moore. The instrument was one of hundreds of unfinished instruments Ronnie created from wood reclaimed from his job as caretaker at the old Hellingly mental hospital.

The sun was bright the air was still

A wagon stops on Norcom Hill

Gabriel Oak he hides with care

Watched the girl make good her hair

He’d never seen someone so fair

He couldn’t get her from his head

Vowed one day they would be wed

Bathsheba please marry me

Gabriel Oak that cannot be

My wedding gown you’ll never see

Bathsheba Everdene

When I look up it’s you I’ll see

When you look up it’s there I’ll be

Then there came a fateful day

Disaster came young Gabriel’s way

Upon the hill there was a cliff

His flock were driven to their death

His clothes were all that he had left

No work was there to be found

He found himself Westberry bound

Gabriel Oak he spied a flame

Helped them with the fire to tame

Bathsheba did look the same

Bathsheba Everdene…

Gabriel took a Shepherd’s life

Swore he’d never find a wife

Then comes Boldwood True and straight

Wants to wed before too late

Bathsheba she makes him wait

And when a regiment rides by

A sergeant takes Bathsheba’s eye

He looked so brave upon his horse

But Sergeant Troy his heart proves false

Stole the silver from her purse

Bathsheba Everdene…

The sergeant loved another fair

For Bathsheba he didn’t care

When Fanny took eternal sleep

Troy from dawn to dusk did weep

Then threw himself into the deep

On Christmas Eve Boldwood planned

To ask for Bathsheba’s hand

But as soon as it was said

Troy returned back from the dead

Boldwood shoots him in the head

Bathsheba Everdene…

Gabriel Oak did win the day

A patient game that’s Gabriel’s way

They married in the springtime sun

Bathsheba her heart he’d won

And now Gabriel’s tale is done

Bathsheba Everdene…

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**A Little Bit Alike**

With a guitar riff based on a traditional cajun tune, this call and return duet with single guitar is about how the differences between us make life good. The band perform this as both a gentle sentimental song and an up tempo rocking song - they recorded the slow version for the album in a single live take.

Take your time, make up your mind

Well a little bit of nothing ain't much at all

I'm pretty small, you're mighty tall

I'll come running when I hear you call

You like your pictures, I like em witcha

I like it when you tell me what you can see

Dance a two step, I know that you step

Better when you dance, when you dance with me

You got me grinning like mad mad man, I don't even know the time of day

You got me dancing like a puppet on a string

That's how I like it wouldn't want it any other way

You take me places I don't want to go

I'll tell you things that you don't want to know

You take me high when I wanna stay low

Really shouldn't work but I guess it does

A little bit alike but a whole lotta love

You want it fast, I keep it slow

I wanted less but you give more

I like it hot, you keep it cool

We got no money but we sure ain't poor

I'll walk ten miles to see you smile

I'll make you happy when you wanna cry

The sun ain't shining, silver lining

To make me happy well you don't need to try

Make you angry as a hornet’s nest,

drive me crazy when you take all night

Every day you put me to the test

When you're wrong well you're alright

We've know each other for a long long time

I sure look older, you still look fine

You turn my water into red, red wine

We fit together like a hand in a glove

A little bit alike but a whole lotta love

Ying and yang ain't got nothing on us,

we're more like a chalk and cheese

We go together like a bat and a ball

But we ain't no pod full of peas

You wanna walk there I'll take the car

I'll take my brushes, you take your guitar

You really know how to set me on fire

A little bit too much but not quite enough

A little bit alike but a whole lotta love

Really shouldn't work but I guess it does

A little bit alike but a whole lotta love

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**Widow’s Revenge**

The tale of a woman wrongly accused of being a witch who returns to wreak her revenge, this atmospheric and dark track features layers of vocals, rhythmic and melodic guitar as well as double bass, clarinet and cajon. The song gradually builds from a gentle, melancholic start to a frenzied pagan dance. *Widow’s Revenge* is a follow up to Milton Hide’s murder ballad, *Monkyn Pyn* which featured on their debut EP, *Little Fish* (2018).

I lived alone, a widow old, no partner by my side

I had to start my life anew the day My true love died

The pain within my heart subsided as the years went by

Then Monkyn Pyn appeared one day and killed me with a lie

Those I counted as my friends you followed him like sheep

Taken in by Monkyn Pyn, you dragged me to the keep

A brainless mob, you called Me witch and put me to the fire

Without a thought for the one murdered by the liar

I wish you burn in the fiery pit of hell you devil’s spawn

I’ll make rue the very day that ever you were born

Your lying cheating scheming brain I’ll drive out from your head

And your twisted tortured soul will suffer long after you’re dead.

All of you who watched me burn, your hearts were filled with hate

Now by the power of hades flames you’ll suffer the same fate

As Monkyn Pyn who killed that girl and threw her in a well

Your final days upon this Earth I’ll make a living hell

I wish you burn in the fiery pit of hell you devil’s spawn…

My heart was pure but you blackened it in your fires of revenge

The devil crept into my soul and my death will be avenged

When darkness falls, you close your eyes, I’ll creep inside your dreams

Alone you’ll suffer nightmares, And none shall hear your screams

The moonlit night will hold no joy, its beauty marred with dread

The starry skies will fill with eyeless stares of the living dead

I wish you burn in the fiery pit of hell you devil’s spawn…

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**Anning’s Fossil Depot**

A beautiful string arrangement by Simon Yapp weaves amongst the delicate guitar and vocals of this track. Originally composed on piano, the riff in this short melodic song gives a gentle nod to the *Fossils* of Camille Saint Seans’ *Carnival Of The Animals*. Mary Anning was an 18th century palaeontologist who lived in Lyme Regis. Her contribution to science has only been fully recognised in relatively recent years.

A February lime Bay scene

Stands a woman dressed in green

Mud stone cliffs steel grey skies

At her feet an ammonite

Mary Anning stands alone

Between the tides she gathers stones

Dissenting hammer blows reveal

Forbidden worlds shown to be real

Snake stones, devils fingers sold

Verteberries, Dorset’s gold

Knows much more than clever men

This science works was masculine

This world it used her so unkind

Others gloried for her finds

But Mary’s hammer chipped away

Knew she’d be proved right one day

Anning’s Fossil Depot shows

Forgotten worlds that no one knows

No one knew as well as she

That god creates imperfectly

Mary Anning stands alone

Between the tides she gathers stones

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**Sparkle Jar**

Inspired by the book *Fingers In The Sparkle Jar* by Chris Packham this track has the natural, gentle feel of *Tales of the Riverbank*. Dreamy twelve string guitar meanders around the vocal harmonies and clarinet. It tells the story of a boy totally absorbed in the ground level world of nature and trying to find his place in the world. *“…beautifully worded song”* Chris Packham

Butterfly

Cabbage White

Flying by

Do you know where you’re going to?

Whispering

On the wind

You’re a friend

Do you know where you’re going to?

On his hands and knees

Gathering bugs and bees - Alone

Flying ants

Know the hour

Take to wing

Do they know where they’re flying to?

Silver grey

Slow worm

Shed your skin

Do you know what you’re gonna be?

On his hands and knees

Gathering bugs and bees - Alone

Breeze upon his skin

Moonlight showing him

A world - apart

Analyse

Magnify

Wonder why

Do you know what you’re doing here?

Kestrel nest

Centipede

Rabbit hole

Do you know what you’re doing here?

On his hands and knees

Gathering bugs and bees - Alone

Breeze upon his skin

Moonlight showing him

A world - apart

Marble white

Spider waits

Camouflage

Does she know what she’s waiting for?

Minnow bright

Stickleback

Tiny lights

Got his fingers in the sparkle jar

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**Unsaid**

Unsaid was written after the sudden passing of a friend who had gifted Jim a twelve string guitar. With its heartrending soaring chorus and contemplative quiet moments, this is a very emotional song which is sometimes challenging for the band to sing through tears. Their friend left a young daughter without being able to say goodbye properly and this is Josie’s imagining of what he might have said to her - the mundane and the profound.

Molly my dear

I left before you heard it all

I held you in my arms

So much I wish we could have shared

Left unsaid

Kept it in

Left unsaid

I didn’t get to say

Your hair is looking nice that way

I hope you’re eating well

Have you thought about what comes next

Left unsaid

Kept it in

Left unsaid

And if you ever let the sun go down before you say goodbye

Have no regrets

Now I can’t be by your side

But I know you’ll be just fine. Be just fine

Never let it go unsaid

Never let it go unsaid

Instr

The one that you hold dear

Tell them what they mean to you

Kiss your love goodnight

They hold a place inside your heart

Don’t let it go unsaid

Speak your heart

Don’t let it go unsaid

And if you ever let the sun go down before you say goodbye

Have no regrets

Now I can’t be by your side

But I know you’ll be just fine. Be just fine

Molly my dear

I left before you heard it all

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**The Happiest Man On Earth**

A surprisingly upbeat song with a gentle country rock feel featuring additional bodrahn and electric guitar, *The Happiest Man On Earth* is a tribute to a book of the same name by Eddi Jaku. Auschwitz survivor, Eddi, was an inspirational speaker, having vowed to be the happiest man on earth as a mark of respect for all of those lost in the holocaust.

On the night of the broken glass

I lost my faithful friend

Freedom, dignity and faith in men

172338, burned into my skin

But I can’t hate as that just deepens the scars

My wounded heart was finally healed the day my son was born

I won’t forgive, and I can’t forget

But love you dear new friend

I vow that I’ll smile every day

Smile for the ones I lost

Happiness doesn’t fall from the sky

It’s in your hands alone

I’ll be the happiest man on earth

I tell my story to those that hear

So no-one will forget

We cannot change what happened in the past

Holding on to the hate and fear

Would mean that they have won

But I’ll turn hate round, face that fear with a smile

That evil roamed upon this earth

It cannot be denied

We can reverse and overcome

The darkest times with love

I vow that I’ll smile every day

Smile for the ones I lost

Happiness doesn’t fall from the sky

It’s in your hands alone

I’ll be the happiest man on earth

I’ll be the happiest man on earth

One day when my journey ends

I can talk to my dearest friends

From this page my love I’ll send to you all

My wounded heart was finally healed the day my son was born

I won’t forgive and I can’t forget

But love you dear new friend

So vow that you’ll smile every day

Smile for the ones you lose

Happiness doesn’t fall from the sky

It’s in your hands alone

I’ll be the happiest man on earth

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**The Holloway**

As title track, this is the only one written specifically for the album. A very short but emotive instrumental piece, slow clarinet flows through lilting guitar, guiding the listener along the dappled holloway. To walk along a holloway is to tread a well-worn, ancient path. Shafts of sunlight guide you through a tunnel of intertwined trees.

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