

Never too Late

Poor boy's bought himself a one-way trip
Looking to give a bad feeling the slip
Empty horizon and singing wheels
You don't need a degree
To know how he feels
You don't need a degree to know

She's looking around her head filled with doubt
Is there an answer, another way out?
She's tired of picking up the pieces
Each time he falls apart
He's drifting out to sea with his pride and her heart
Drifting out to sea on his pride

Now their eyes are opening wide
Gonna see what happens
When a little time's gone by
It's never too soon to ask yourself why
Never too late to say it's not too late to try

You'd better put an ocean between them
And this merry-go-round
A quiet time, a bit of space to cool down
Add a little timely revision
Not too much to learn
Maybe not all of those bridges were burned

Six string guitar:
Key: Bb
Capo: 3rd fret

Not for You

This bird has flown
She's gone to try her wings
So soft and clear she sings
Don't say you didn't know
This bird has flown
This is that time
One foot on the winding road
Shoes are tied in walking bows
It's not for you to mind
This is that time

If you think it through
There's nothing very much to say
She wouldn't hear it anyway
She's just the same as you
If you think it through

Some day she may return
But only time will tell
And you may have to wait a long long while
If she comes back you need to know
She will not fly into your arms
Like she did as a child

She's in full bloom
Colours brighter than the sun
She's found her only one
It's not for you to choose
She's in full bloom

This bird has flown
This is that time
If you think it through
She's in full bloom

Six string guitar:

Key: A

Partial: capo 2nd fret on 4th, 3rd & 2nd strings.

Paradise Lost

Takes you by surprise these feelings coming on
It's all pouring down on you like a hard rain falling
Paradise gets washed away before there's time to mourn
What happened to that thing you hoped to find?
What you've got just ain't what you had in mind

Paradise lost, Paradise tamed
Everybody's looking around to find
Somebody else to blame
Paradise now, Paradise then
When it's gone it's gone for good
Won't be back again

You can wander round the market
But not much is really cheap
Watches tee-shirts sunglasses
In the shops and on the beach
Paradise wakes up too late
Starts rolling up its sleeves
Winds up in a corner dumb and blind
Funny how nobody seems to mind

Paradise lost...

The tuxedo is perfection you can see your face in his shoes
Though he's dressed for the occasion the head waiter's go the blues
Paradise rolled off the edge of nothing left to lose
Said look before you leap but dear friends of mine paradise,
Was moving much too quick to see the sign

Paradise lost...

Tenor Guitar: Key D

Jack Dances

He looks like some kind of tired ghost
Moving too close to the singer's microphone
Asking the ladies to join him there
Everybody watching to see who dares

Jack will dance to every song
Slow or fast short and long
He's got his own rhythm and he don't mind
Jack's not thinking about keeping time

He'd better watch his step out on the floor
Better not forget he's been in trouble before
Cannot find a way to keep his hands to himself
Got busted for that and being drunk as well

Jack will dance...

Here she comes, she's pretty and slight
Her hands like birds caught in the light
He pulls her close as he tries the line
Get back Jack, no luck this time
The boyfriend's smiling at them moving slow
Jack's got his hands where they both show
Maybe the boyfriend's too afraid to say
That he might turn out like Jack some day

Jack will dance...

Six string guitar:

Key: C#

Capo: 3rd fret,

Partial capo: 5th fret on 4th, 3rd & 2nd strings

High Above the Moon

Sometimes I wish that you would say
The words to take my breath away
And leave me floating on a cloud
High above the moon
And though your smile is all I need
It's one that I don't often see and
Who knows why you keep it out of view

Big trouble in this heart of mine
Just when things should be sublime
I feel my spirit sink so low
I cannot find the sky
Suddenly there's something wrong
I'm feeling like I don't belong
And a child could read the distance in your eyes

I won't pretend I'm someone else
Make believe that I'm somebody who
Can turn the page on who I was
Never stop to count that cost
Pay no mind to the line I crossed
Never wonder why I feel so lost and lonely
Since I fell in love with you

My tomorrows were all meant for you
Their morning shining from the blue
But forever turned out way too long
To wait for you to learn
If you'd said make love make the most
I would have always held you close
But now we've gone by the point of no return

I won't pretend...

Six string guitar:
Key F (DADGAD)

The 7th Son

One day a weary traveller I met at eventide
Walking at a steady pace coming from St Ives
As he came up he wished me well and made to go his way
When unexpectedly he turned to me to pass the time of day

He said I've travelled so many places I could never count them all
Some were different some were better than some others I recall
Some were best forgotten from the moment I arrived
One of them was that place, I've never liked St Ives

Chorus:

Oh no, he didn't like St Ives
He swore that if he stayed too long he'd never get away alive
Oh no, he didn't like St Ives, he didn't like St Ives

And when I asked him to tell me what exactly that it was
That got up his nose about this town the why the how the because
He said can you keep a secret I said yes but I lied
Then he told me he was the 7th son of the man with seven wives

Oh no...

He said they talk about my father not my brothers and me
We live our lives chained to rhyme slaves to a fantasy
I'm the youngest of my kin and my wives number five
They're all chasing me for alimony and there's nowhere left to hide

Oh no...

Well he walked right out of a riddle like a wraith out of the night
And left me standing in the road and was quickly out of sight
To be a 7th son is hard enough but I keep thinking of this
Here was a man who was the 7th son of a man who didn't exist

Oh no...

Six string guitar:

Key: F

Capo: 3rd fret DADGAD

Close to You

A friend of mine was looking at your picture
Said he has his grandfather's eyes
But she don't know you like your Mother knows you
Imagination's sometimes less than wise

Your destinations are so many
Mine are precious few
I hope at least one road I travel o
Will bring me close, bring me close to you

I see you got a good thing going with your Daddy
Every Mother's son needs one of those
And if you listen closely when he's talking
He will tell you everything he knows

Your destinations...

You know I'd like to say just how I feel about you
These things seem to need their place and time
And you and me we're really in no hurry
Your golden smile keeps shining in my mind

Your destinations...

Six string guitar:

Key A

Partial capo 2nd fret on 4th 3rd & 2nd strings

Together in the End

Babe I've got your number in the hall
You know, I hardly dare to call
Last time I got up the nerve
You kinda lost me in the curve
And there was nothing left but the writing on the wall

I guess you think I should be made of sterner stuff
Nobody wants to see a man whose all washed up
I'll give you the key to my heart
If you just give me a start
And I won't let you down if things get tough

You gotta find a way to let me in
Honey whatever it is you've got
Will never keep me safe from sin
I'd be so delighted just to get invited
And if we could get together in the end
As friends in the end
Baby if we could get together in the end

I know you'd like to keep your mystery intact
It means just as much to me and that's a fact
No I won't say a word
It'll be like I never heard
Cross my heart and hope to die
If I do that

You gotta find a way...

Sugar I recall the evening that we met
I remember it exactly how could I forget?
I'd seen your photographs
But that wasn't even half the story
And when we touched ooh lawdy
I could barely catch my breath
You gotta find a way...

Tenor guitar: Key A

Through the Window

Her day begins with the breakfast orders
His day with a cigarette
And the sweetened coffee that she makes for him
She's gone before he's out of bed
Across the street the all night cafe
Tired neon through the rain
She is there behind the counter
Knows all the regulars by name

Seems like he is always dreaming
Never both feet on the ground
Though he doesn't ever talk of leaving
She knows he is waiting...

He sees her clearly through the window
Smiling as she works the till
People waiting at their tables
Hands round warm drinks to beat the morning chill
Now she's calling out the numbers
Hands are raised and waved her way
She's laughing as she moves towards them
Leaves the plates and takes the trays.

His dream was of a mist arising
Swirling where the heather grows
Right through the granite of the mountain
On the wing an eagle...

Her day begins with the breakfast orders
His day with a cigarette

Tenor guitar: Key A

Shooters Hill

I am the son of an eldest son
In hard times he was made
Born on the Essex marshes
And a butcher by his trade
He raised me to obedience
He would not be gainsaid
Chastised with a hand as hard
As any of his blades

I grew up left handed
And when I went to school
They said take the pen in your right
hand
Or be cursed for a fool
There is no strength in my right hand
I begged to no avail
They took a piece of rope
And tied my left hand to my belt

When I told my Father
He would not take my side
He said you'll learn to write their way
Or I'll know the reason why
So I worked hard at my letters
Still my teachers were displeased
They said your writing makes no sense
And laid the rod on me

And the baker bakes his bread each
day
And loads it on this barrow
And I take the weight up Shooters Hill
And ponder my tomorrow
Will it always be the same
This hell of a mountain made of pain
Will there be life or forever amen
On Shooters Hill?

Seven years old and home from school
The hardest news to hear
My Father gave the word to me
I could only stand and stare
Slow my childhood slipped away
My heart could find no peace
And my Father kept his silence
Wrapped in loneliness and grief

Then one day I saw the one
Whose heart he's said was still
She was on the arm of a stranger
Where I worked on Shooters Hill
So hard the truth came down on me
Like a hammer on red-hot steel
The lie within that I'd believed
Near drove me under its heel

And the baker bakes...

Six string guitar:

Key: F minor.

Capo: 1st fret,

Partial Capo: 3rd fret on 5th 4th & 3rd strings.