



Album Title: Further Off The Record

Artist: David A. Harley

Label: Distrokid

Catalogue # 3356591 Records DK

Website: <https://whealalice.com/>

Downloads:

<https://distrokid.com/hyperfollow/davidharley/further-off-the-record>

You might call 'Further Off The Record' my Greatest Hits album, if I'd ever *had* any hits. However, these are all songs that have attracted airplay in the UK and/or US, been requested at live events, or had significant numbers of plays where streamed or available in various video and audio formats. And anyway, I like 'em!

Only available digitally, from the usual places – see <https://distrokid.com/hyperfollow/davidharley/further-off-the-record>. An earlier version with fewer tracks is available from Bandcamp: <https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/strictly-off-the-record>

All lyrics by David A. Harley; all music also by David A. Harley except for 'Here Tomorrow', for which the music was written by Don MacLeod. All tracks recorded at Wheal Alice Music except where noted below. All vocals and instruments (guitars, keyboards, bouzouki, banjo, mountain dulcimer) by David A. Harley except where noted below.

'Carpentry II' is an instrumental version of my setting of 'The Carpenter's Son' by A.E. Housman. The lyric to 'Thomas Anderson' was based on a 1970s article by the late Ron Nurse for Shrewsbury Folk Club magazine. 'Long Stand' and 'Hands of the Craftsman' were written for the 1981 revue 'Nice...if you can get it'. Tracks 1, 2 and 20 were recorded at Hallmark, W1 tracks 5, 10 and 18 at Centre Sound in Camden Town. All in the early 80s.

1. Heatwave in the City (London 1983) - Piano by James Bolam. No, not that James Bolam.
2. One Step Away (From the Blues). 2nd acoustic guitar by Don MacLeod, and acoustic 12-string guitar by Bob Theil.
3. Let Me Lie Easy
4. Carpentry II
5. Ten Percent Blues
6. How to say Goodbye
7. Same Old Same Old
8. Thomas Anderson
9. Paper City
10. Long Stand
11. Diane (Going Out)
12. Wrekin (The Marches Line)
13. Song of Chivalry
14. Cornish Ghosts
15. Coasting
16. Two is a Silence
17. Sea Fret
18. Hands of the Craftsman
19. Her Own Way Down
20. Here Tomorrow - Acoustic guitar and piano: Don MacLeod. Percussion: Richard Davy. Additional vocals by Lyn (Anna) Thompson.

Particular thanks to Don MacLeod, Bob Theil, Ian Semple and Andi Lee for years of help and encouragement.

Tears of Morning (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/tears-of-morning-2>)

View from the Top (ftg. Don MacLeod): <https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/view-from-the-top>

Hands of the Craftsman (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/hands-of-the-craftsman>)

The Game of London (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/the-game-of-london>)

Ten Percent Blues (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/ten-percent-blues>)

Cold Iron (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/cold-iron>)

Kitsch and Canoodle (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/kitsch-and-canoodle>)

Upcountry (<https://davidaharley.bandcamp.com/album/upcountry>)

'Heatwave In The City' wasn't based on any particular incident, though it was written sometime between the Brixton and Broadwater Farm riots of the early 1980s. It was more an attempt to capture the paranoia that ruled in London at that time. Guitars and vocals are me. The banjo was a 5-string belonging to the studio, but I played it with a flat pick to get more of a tenor banjo tremolo effect. There are actually three versions of the lyric: the words given below are the way I sing it now. Like 'One Step Away' and 'Here Tomorrow' it was recorded for an album with Don MacLeod, Bob Theil, Bob Cairns and Pat Orchard that unfortunately was never released.

The first version of 'Let Me Lie Easy' vanished during the breakup with an ex-girlfriend. The second vanished during my first marriage. (That wife hated it, so I don't suppose she stole it.) This is version number three – of the lyric, that is, though I am on my third (and longest-lasting) marriage. I have an ex-rated musical career.

'Carpentry' is an instrumental version of my setting of Housman's 'The Carpenter's Son'. The sung version can be found on [Tears of Morning](#), and includes the final section of this version. You can find the words here: <https://allpoetry.com/The-Carpenter%27s-Son>

'10% blues is a studio version from the 1980s. A farewell of sorts to my brief career as a full-time musician in the 1970s, which was even less glamorous than this song might suggest.

The first verse of 'How To Say Goodbye' is a recollection of the second time I took my daughter to nursery, and the first time I left her there on her own. When it was time I had to go, she burst into tears and I felt like a criminal for the rest of the day. She's now in her 30s, so we're both pretty much over it.

'Thomas Anderson is based on a 1970s article by the late Ron Nurse for the Shrewsbury Folk Club magazine. Extensive notes, including Ron's article, at <https://whealalice.com/2016/06/12/thomas-anderson/>.

'Paper City' is a cheerful ditty about the collapse of capitalism. One of the few songs of mine to have been done with a full-ish band (the legendary Flying Piglets). And yes, I know that BT doesn't support the telex service any more. This _ was _ written in the 80s!

One of a number of songs and poems written around 1981 for the revue 'Nice (if you can get it)', directed by Margaret Ford. It's starting point is the practice of 'hazing' apprentices by sending them off on impossible errands, also known in the USA as a 'snipe hunt'. And yes, it was written several decades before Sting's 'Last Ship' album... More background info at <https://whealalice.com/2019/08/27/long-stand-remastered/>

I spent much of my working life working for the NHS. My early brushes with psychiatric and special needs nursing left a deep impression, as much of my non-musical writing shows, and proved decisively that I wasn't well-suited to nursing, at any rate while entangled in a particularly challenging relationship. Later on I worked as an administrator, and even later as an IT security manager. All had their frustrations, but were less damaging to my equilibrium. But '~Diane' isn't about me.

'Wrekin' is about the 'myth and history' of the section of the Welsh Marches Line, with which I became very well acquainted over the years and was mostly written on a train between Shrewsbury and Newport when I was frequently commuting between Shropshire and Cornwall to visit my frail 94-year-old mother, who died a few months after, so it has particular resonance for me. Background info: <https://whealalice.com/2020/03/23/wrekin-the-marches-line-remastered/>

'Song of Chivalry' was originally published as a poem in *Vertical Images 2*, 1987. I waited 30+ years for the melody to turn up. And yes, it's unlikely that M'Lord fought both at Crécy (1346) and Agincourt (1415). While the Black Death subsided in England from about 1350, outbreaks continued beyond the first half of the 15th century. I'm not sure how likely it was that M'Lord slept on silk sheets, either, but it's a metaphor, not a history lesson...

'Cornish Ghosts' is a song which has been nagging at me for several years, since we first knew that we were moving to West Penwith. Background info: <https://whealalice.com/2020/06/22/cornish-ghosts-revisited/>

'Two is a silence' - one guitar, two bouzoukis and an eternal triangle.

'Hands of the Craftsman' was written for the same revue as 'Long Stand'. I was, myself, a wood machinist. By 1986 I was in the first stages of becoming an IT professional. I guess I proved my own point...

Heatwave in the City (Harley) – from ['The Game Of London'](#)

There's a heatwave in the city and the day drags on forever
The tarmac burns through patent leather, Clear through to the sole
Ice tumbles through glass as the temperature soars
And the dayshift leaves the nightshift to take over for a while
The city sings at midnight to the well-fed and the civilized
While waiters mop their faces in the kitchen, out of sight
Small change pours in torrents over counters in the bistros
And the moon hangs red and sullen in the dustbowl of the sky

The city is on heat, bare-legged girls in summer dresses
Dodge the lechery of workmen laying cable through the day
But the night turns on the body to sweet pornography
Passions feed on darkness and the body mutes the mind
The city squeals at midnight in its pain and ecstasy
The life-force surges through the veins and soaks the sheets
The couples claw and couple and feed upon each other
And still the hunger rages through the streets

I saw a refugee from Galway with a faceful of stubble
Singing sentimental songs in the underground today
He's going back to Mother Ireland and the Mountains of Mourne
And he only needs a bob or two to help him on his way
The city whimpers at midnight in its apathy and squalor
From a bench on the Embankment, from a derry in Barnes
From a squat in Deptford, from the winos and the junkies
From the homeless and the helpless, the hopeless and the lost

A refugee from Calvary is preaching anarchy and anger
Through his multi-megawatt PA
And when the concert's over he packs his guitars and prophecies
And goes back to his hotel to drink the night into the day
But out there in the streets the word is out all over
The heat are out for action in New Cross and Ladbroke Grove
The temperature is dropping but the tempers are at flashpoint
And no-one lingers on street corners if they're walking home alone

The city screams at midnight in the agony of anger
The rocksteady revolution pays its homage to its dead
Where dreadlocks meet deadlock the shock tears up the flagstones
And on their righteous anger the riot squads are fed
The Klan charts fiery crosses cloistered in an upstairs room
The architects of reaction spin their bitter webs
Black and white scrawl their frustrations in blood across the charge sheets
And no-one dares explain the chaos in their heads

The city burns at midnight and the blood runs down the sewers
In the ghettoes and the side-streets where the patriots have been
Squad cars and an ambulance cut through the aftermath
And tomorrow's front pages unfurl to set the scene

One Step Away (From the Blues) [Harley] – from ['View From The Top'](#)

He never wanted her love, just a piece of her time
A loving night now and then, and no loving lies
Just a tender glance from distant eyes
But he learned too late to recognize
That he was far, far away – he'd missed the alarm
Drowning far, far away in other arms
He hadn't noticed her changing till daylight broke him the news
Far, far away, one step away from the blues

He never wanted to stray far away from himself
He never thought he'd rely on anyone else
For a light in the window, a knock on the door
Somewhere to keep warm when the nights turned cold
But she was far, far away when the blizzard set in
The door stood silent and locked, and he was soaked to the skin
He hadn't noticed her changing till she left him with nothing to lose
Far, far away, one step away from the blues

He only wanted to give a small part of himself
But she took his heart then found someone else
She never thought he'd give her more than a thought or two
When she packed a few bags and cut herself loose
And went far, far away in search of herself
Never thinking to leave her new address
Neither of them knew he was changing
Till he woke up with nothing to lose
Far, far away
Far, far away
Far, far away
One step away from the blues...

Let Me Lie Easy [Harley] from [Kitsch and Canoodle](#)

I don't want to hear that the show must go on / I know that the world keeps on turning
But how can you ask me to rise with the lark / With this pain in my heart still burning?

*Let me lie easy, let me lie late / Let me lie low, let the world wait
Let me lie easy, let me lie late / Please let me sleep till it's over*

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn / The dogs call in vain for their master
Just give me a while to untangle my threads / And Little Boy Blue will come after

The summer's near gone and the year's on the wane / The harvest stands ripened and wasting
Just give me an hour to unscramble my head / And I promise I'll not keep you waiting

Carpentry II (instrumental) [Harley] – original (sung) version on ['Tears of Morning'](#)

Ten Percent Blues [Harley] from ['Ten Percent Blues'](#)

Got a seat facing the engine / So I don't have to face where I've been
Luggage on the rack, no reason to look back / At all my wrecked and reckless gypsy dreams
No more bright lights, no more white lines / Or crashing in the back of the van
No more hustling small-time gigs / I guess time has beaten the band

*No more deadlines, no more breadlines / Mr 10%, you're on your own
No more fine print, no more backstage blues / This rolling stone is rolling home*

Got a ticket to take me to tomorrow / It can't be worse than today
So driver, take me home and don't spare the horsepower / I'm on a ten year holiday
No more missed chances and chickens*t advances / Cold chips in the back of the van
No more blown tires and fuses, no more broken promises / Time has beaten the band

No more spotlights, no more ups and downers / Absolutely no stage fright
No more superstar fantasies / From today I'm strictly 9-5
No more infighting, no more moonlighting / No more one-night stands
All along while the band was beating time / I guess time was beating the band

How to say Goodbye [Harley] – [single version](#)

Took you down to the High Road / Where I'd taken you once before
Kissed you and left you crying / There behind the nursery door

*From the day our children are born / Until the day we die
We keep on learning to let go / And how to say goodbye*

Took you down to the station / Waited with you for a train
A kiss and a wave from the platform / Saw you homeward bound again

Took you in from the car / Walked you down the aisle
Kissed you goodbye at the reception / Once more you left me, with a smile

Walk me down to the station / Time that I went home again
Blow me a kiss from the platform to warm / An old man's heart on the train

Same Old Same Old [Harley] – from ['The Game Of London'](#)

The burglar bells chimed midnight / The sky was pouring down
My feet froze to the catwalk / But my head was homeward-bound
Same old blues / Same old back-street blues

My head is stuffed with nicotine / My throat is full of sand
My bloodstream is pure gin / I can't remember how to stand
Same old blues / Same old inner-city blues

The all-night bus is AWOL / I can't get to my bed
There's a tangle in my fingers / And a jangle in my head
Same old blues / Same old long-gone midnight blues

Thomas Anderson [Harley, based on an article by Ron Nurse] – from ['Tears of Morning'](#)

We are but images of stone / Do us no harm / We can do none
St. Crispin and St. Crispian are we / On the arch of the Shoemaker's arbour

High above the river on Kingsland we stood / On the gate to the hall of the shoemakers' guild
Where the bakers, the tailors, the butchers, the smiths / And the saddlers too their guild arbours built.
Each year in procession the guilds gave a show / And marched through the town to the sound of the drum:
Then it's back to Kingsland to feast and carouse / And enjoy the great day the guild members come.

We are but images of stone / Do us no harm / We can do none
St. Crispin and St. Crispian are we / On the arch of the Shoemaker's arbour

On the 10th of June 1752 / In a house called The Crown that stood on Pride Hill
John Richards' workmen received a week's pay / And there they stayed and drank their fill.
When a Redcoat patrol chanced to pass by / The men mocked and reviled them singing Jacobite songs
And who struck the first blow no-one was sure / But a bloody riot soon raged through the town.

The authorities trembled with passion and fear / When news of this Jacobite outburst was known
For the House of Hanover had won few hearts / And the Stuarts still plotted to win back the throne.
And so that same year, one raw day in December, / The rebellious townfolk of Salop looked on
While below the old arch of the Shoemaker's Arbour / They made an example of Tom Anderson

Who was once spared by death on the field of Culloden / Then joined the dragoons but deserted, they say,
Only to die on the banks of the Severn / By firing squad on a cold Winter's day.
When the black velvet suit was stripped from his body / The Chevalier's colours were beneath it, it's said,
Received from the hands of Bonny Prince Charlie / Whose cause like young Thomas is broken and dead.

For it's 200 years since Bonny Prince Charlie / Died drunk and embittered, an old man in Rome
While a century ago in the flowers of the Dingle / The old arbour gateway found a new home.
Now who's to remember the Shoemakers' Guild / Or the Jacobite rebels who fought for a throne?
And who's left to grieve for Tom Anderson / But these two hearts of stone?

We are but images of stone / Do us no harm / We can do none
St. Crispin and St. Crispian are we / On the arch of the Shoemaker's Arbour

Paper City [Harley] from ['Cold Iron'](#)

I woke up with my mind's eye facing your direction:/ I looked hard and I saw you needed help.
You're choking on paper and tape and legislation,/ But you can't produce one thing to help yourself.

*Paper city at the heart of a paper empire: You've got strings to pull, you've got wires all over the earth.
Sky-climbing parasite, concrete and paper jungle, You've got money to burn, but I know you'd rather freeze to death.*

You've got stacks of stocks and shares and bonds: / You've got telephone and telex, databank and dateline too.
But you can't produce as much as one lead pencil, / Or a bar of soap, or a rubber band to pull you through.

The media twitch at the flash of a freemason's handshake: / Speeches are made and the punters gather round;
Paper politicians and faceless company men, / Taking the pulse of an ailing paper pound.

I bet you know just what you're worth on paper: When the market crumbles, what will that do to you?
A lot of cold people don't own the earth they lie in: / Will you be all right in your green-lined paper tomb?

Paper city at the heart of a bankrupt empire: / Your towers get higher as your assets hit new lows.
Nose-diving parasite, I wouldn't mind you dying, / But you'll take so many with you when you go.

Long Stand [Harley] – from ['Hands Of The Craftsman'](#)

The day I started work, the foreman said to me / "I've another job for you when you've finished brewing tea:
Go down to the stores and when you find old Stan / Tell him Harry sent you for a long stand."

I got a long stand all right: I stood an hour or more / Till Stan got tired of the joke and sent me back to the shop floor.
Well I didn't think it funny, but I laughed and held my peace, / Even when they sent me back for a tin of elbow grease.

Still I did my bit, till I was pensioned off in '69 / From apprentice to foreman, all down the production line.
Many's the lad I've sent myself when things were getting dull / For a can of striped paint or a pound of rubber nails.

But the joke they're playing now, I just don't think it's fair / Even when you get your ticket, the work just isn't there.
The safest job in England is handing out the dole: / For every man that gets a job they turn away a hundred more.

For now the work is scarce, again, the queues are building up. / The streets are full of lads and lasses looking out for jobs;
But when you've just left school, you hardly stand a chance / They're sending every lad in England for a long stand.

They say that if you've got the gumption you can do just as you please
They say you'll do all right with a bit of elbow grease;
But with a hundred out for every job, it's few that stand a chance / They're sending every lad in England for a long stand
They're sending every lass in England for a long, long stand

Diane (Going Out) [Harley] – from the album ['Cold Iron'](#)

So much of her life she's spent on wards like this
With panic locked behind her eyes and dressings on her wrists.

But last time I saw Diane, she was beating a long, long drop: / I like to think it's not only the scum that makes it to the top.

They feed her love in millivolts, and faith in plastic spoons /
Sometimes it all washes out, and she has to rush out of the room
Sometimes she hits out; mostly, she turns on herself
And in rage and desperation she seeks out the razor's edge

There's an old man in her mirror with his own tale to tell /
He has words like "communicate" and "socialize" to sell
He's promised her that she's learning how to crawl out of her shell
She says "He'll get my head together, on the next cool day in hell..."

Salvation comes expensive, by the litre or the gramme
But she holds on to her anger, if that's all that comes to hand
It's a sword that has two edges, but she's learning to survive
And when she's closest to dying, anger tells her that she's alive

Now she's going out again, to meet her life head on
Hanging with the world, as it might be by her thumbs
Most of what I'd like to say sounds trite, sounds absurd
But we've been lovers and we've been friends, and we've never needed those words

Next time I see Diane, she'll still be beating the drop
I wish I could be half the person she is, if only I had half the guts

Wrekin (The Marches Line) [Harley] from [Tears of Morning](#)

The Abbey watches my train crawling Southwards / Thoughts of Cadfael kneeling in his cell
All along the Marches line, myth and history / Prose and rhyme
But these are tales I won't be here to tell

*The hill is crouching like a cat at play / Its beacon flashing red across the plain
Once we were all friends around the Wrekin / But some will never pass this way again*

Lawley and Caradoc fill my window / Facing down the Long Mynd, lost in rain
But I'm weighed down with the creaks and groans / Of all the years I've known
And I don't think I'll walk these hills again

Stokesay dreams its humble glories / Stories that will never come again
Across the Shropshire hills / The rain is blowing still
But the Marcher Lords won't ride this way again

The royal ghosts of Catherine and Arthur / May walk the paths of Whitcliffe now and then
Housman's ashes grace / The Cathedral of the Marches
He will not walk Ludlow's streets again

The hill is crouching like a cat at play / Its beacon flashing red across the plain
Once we were all friends around the Wrekin / But some will never pass this way again
And I may never pass this way again

Song of Chivalry [Harley] First released on [Tears of Morning](#), though not in this version.

When M'Lord returned / To his sheets of silk
And his gentle lady / Of musk and milk
The minstrels sang / In the gallery
Their songs of slaughter / And chivalry

The rafters roared / With laughter and boasting
Beakers were raised and drained / In toasting
The heroes of Crécy / And Azincourt
Or the madness / Of some holy war

The hawk is at rest / On the gauntlet once more
Savage of eye / And bloody of claw
Famine and fever / Are all the yield
Of the burnt-out barns / And wasted fields

The sun grins coldly / Through the trees
The children shiver / The widows grieve
And beg their bread / At the monastery door
Tell me then / Who won the war?

Cornish Ghosts [Harley] – from ['Upcountry'](#)

Close to where I stand on Trecrobben / Pilgrims walk St. Michael's Way
Few today reach Santiago / Most will cease their journey at the Bay
The Mount is rising from the distant water / Yet barely seems an arm's length away

Causley on the road to Marazion / Dreamed of one last summer in the Med
Sheets are dancing Morris in the wind / A buzzard slowly circles overhead
Engine houses march along the skyline A sea fret daubs the coast in brown and red

Beyond the darkening horizons / Beyond the hills to the West
Beyond Pendeen and Cape Cornwall / The Longships founder off Lands End
Sea nymphs and mermaids pluck the heartstrings / But the bells no longer ring in Lyonesse

Around me march the ghosts of long-dead armies / Recalled among these ancient stones
The engine house beyond the farm / Still offers shelter to the crows
I watch the sun sink slowly to the West / Back into the sea from whence it rose

Coasting [Harley] – from [The Game of London](#)

The nights pass slowly, but they pass: / The days are paper-thin.
Life goes on much as usual: / Some games I lose, some I win.
Sometimes I feel that I'm sleepwalking / Through the streets of this grey city,
But then, it's only been a month or two. / It's not the first time that I've coasted
Through the routine chores of living / And I'll make it this time too / After you...

Today I walked in sunlight though the wind blew cold / Through my coat:
I thought about the coming spring, and I swear somewhere / I felt a twinge of hope.
I don't expect to hear from you. I guess that's how it should be: / There's no point in chasing dreams that won't come true.
It's not the first time that I've coasted through the aftermath of loving / And I'll make it this time too / After you...

Sometimes I take a weekend walk by these muddy city shores / And old man river talks to me
But I can't quite understand: my feet stay locked to the dry land / So he drifts on with the seasons out to sea

The weeks pass slowly but they pass / And I drift from phase to phase.
I'm sick of wishing you were here to help me / Through these bleak and restless days.
Sometimes I think I'm waking into another nightmare, / But it passes, as these feelings often do.
It's not the first time I've been lonely, nor the first time I've been left, / And I'll make it this time too / After you...

Two is a Silence [Harley] – from [Kitsch and Canoodle](#)

Two isn't company, three is a crowd / Two is a silence, three is too loud
Two is a silence gets harder to break / But three always leaves one left over

Three into two isn't good for the head / It's no problem in math, but it's bad news in bed
And it's one for an ace and two for a pair / But three always leaves one left over

When we're alone somehow he's always there / You say it's the same when you two are the pair
So it's one for sorrow and two for joy / But three always leaves one left over

All the shouting is over and dead / Somehow there's nothing much else to be said
And it's one for the money and two for the show / But three always leaves one left over

Sea Fret [Harley] – from ['Tears Of Morning'](#)

Black cat in my path today / Black news chilled me to the marrow
Black cloud standing in my way / Two birds of prey and one for sorrow
A little chaos flown from my life / Too late to hope for one last summer

A sea fret hides the harbour / A cold wind blows off the sea
You lie somewhere I'll never find you / And no-one's lying next to me
And surely these are not the places / That we were meant to be

Long ago you blew into my life / Like a friendly hurricane
Near misses, French kisses / Then you'd be gone again
Till later you'd drop by / And break my heart again

Sometimes I was sure I loved you / Sometimes I even think that you loved me
But there was always something else / Somewhere else you had to be
Always something in the way / Someone else you had to see

Though I always knew we'd drive each other crazy / My fevered heart still hoped someday
I'd find you waiting round the corner / For someone I hoped some day to be
Waiting there for someone / I never could quite be

Mist rolls up the mountain / A cold wind blows off the sea
There's no ledge for us to meet on / And no-one's lying next to me
And surely these are not the places / That we were meant to be

Hands of the Craftsman [Harley] from ['Hands of the Craftsman'](#)

Minutes ago as God measures time / Something manlike emerged from primordial slime:
Ever since, Mother Nature has been on the run / From a hand with four fingers and opposable thumb.
That hand learned to grip, then it learned to shape / Flint into a weapon, then a tool to shape,
To build and to kill, and around then it learned / To strike sparks to bring fire and lighten man's world.

*The hands of the craftsman have moulded our world / From the first stone axe to the first steam drill
To the harvester, laser, and silicon chip / But the hands of the craftsman are losing their grip.*

The years roll on swift with the birth of the wheel / Man learned to work bronze, then iron and steel:
The bow drill, the pole lathe, the compass, the lock / The lens, the sextant, the lantern, the clock,
Castings and mouldings, extrusions and pressings / The bandsaw, the dropforge, the milling machine.
The tools and the skills have changed through the centuries / The crafts and the knowledge, if seldom the dreams.

The builder could turn his hand to most trades / Masonry, joinery, plumbing and all.
The engineer trained on a score of machines / Now it's often just one – he's in luck if it's more.
Modularization's the name of the game / It means that they put you on just one machine,
One or two operations on just the one part / – It's efficient, but de-skilling's what it means.

One day we're skilled men, the next, operators / The next, no-one knows if we'll be there at all.
The art passes into the programmer's hands / Tomorrow, machines will service themselves...
The glazier, the bellfounder, printers and knappers / Dyers and weavers, some are already lost:
Prefabrication will see out the tiler / As the thatcher before him learned to his cost.

The paviour, the saddler, the cooper, the wheelwright / Fitters and grinders and turners and smiths,
We all take our turn in the pattern of process / And one by one, we're taking our leave

Her Own Way Down [Harley] – from [Kitsch and Canoodle](#)

She'll have to learn to make her own way down / Or learn to lean on someone else
Now her good man's not around / She'll have to learn to make her own way down

She'll have to make her own way in the dark / Though I tried so hard to warn her
I always missed my mark / She'll have to make her own way in the dark

I'll have to find my own path through the rain / I got by without her once
I guess I can again / I'll have to find my own path through the rain

I'm crying now, but not forever, wait and see / Though once we loved each other
And she was so good for me / Nothing lasts forever, wait and see

She'll have to learn to make her own way down / Or learn to lean on someone else
Now her good man's not around / She'll have to learn to make her own way down

Here Tomorrow (MacLeod-Harley) – from ['View From The Top'](#)

You don't have to talk, you know it's really not a case / Of finding words for filling in our time and space
I'll still be here tomorrow, if that's what you want too / Who else could take me where we've been? No-one else but you

The day was a river of darkness / Till you brightened up the night
And that's the best of good reasons / To come close and turn down the light

There's a lot to say, a lot I guess we should discuss / But surely later would be soon enough
I'll still be here tomorrow, if that's what you want too / Who else could take me where we've been? No-one else but you

It's not the time for true confessions / Lying here still aglow
With all your warmth and softness / God knows there's nowhere else I'd want to go

We could talk of time and changes, good trips and bad / And just for once time is on our side
But now's the time for loving and resting so close / And yesterday is dreams and nursery rhymes
I'll still be here tomorrow, if that's what you want too / Who else could take me where we've been? No-one else but you
Who else could take me where we've been? No-one else but you