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things we used to say. You filled my life with happy song like the sunshine fills the day. The summers smiled and the flowers danced to the laughter as we played. But I guess the music had to stop, and the curtain had to fall. I guess you heard that wndering echo call.
I wish that I could feel the pulse of Freedom in your flight, or find another home where the darkness blends with light. My country's lying dangling on links of broken chain, I guess my life is pretty much the same.
(THINGS WE USED TO SAY. Rights reserved. © Third Ear Music. 1972.)

ALAN JEFFREY



I'm forced to be the witness but my mind protests, I'm resting on my conscience, there's a pain in my breast. The sands of time drift slowly, and all the prophets have died and there's a dust storm in my hour-glass that never will subside.

My mind it is divided and my heart's divided too, sometimes I wish to be away, and then I wish to be with you. Somewhere between the lost and found, I believe I lost my mind, riding on some shooting star to a place I've yet to find. Sometimes I see you naked, sometimes I see you plain, sometimes you are a picture that's fallen from it's frame, and though our minds are different I believe I love you still, don't you ever beg me to stay against my will. (FOR TIMES WHEN I'M DIVIDED. All Rights reserved Third Ear Music©. 1973.)

This Concert was produced by: Colin, Paul, Jon, Edi, Allan, Neil 'Mac' McCallum & David Marks.
THANKS: Dr. Randy Speer, Les Shill, Stan Domp, Jill Pollard.
SOUND: Don Williamson & David with 69 KEATS ROAD STUDIOS and Jurgen Zähringer.
LIGHTS: Neil 'Mac' McCallum.
FRONT OF HOUSE: Wives and Fellow travellers.

SAFMA — Third Ear Music

Presents

singer songwriter project :



with

**COLIN SHAMLEY
PAUL CLINGMAN
JON OAKLEY-SMITH
EDI NEDERLANDER
ALAN JEFFREY**

THIS EVENING'S PERFORMERS COME FROM VARIOUS AND VARIED PARTS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. THEY WILL BE PLAYING WITH A VARIED AND VARIOUS VARIETY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND WORDS. THE MUSIC AND THE WORDS ARE THEIR OWN WE HAVE BEEN ASKED NOT TO REVEAL THEIR BIRTH SIGNS, LUCKY NUMBERS OR THE COLOUR OF THEIR EYES, BECAUSE THEY HOPE YOU CAN HEAR FROM WHERE YOU'RE SITTING.

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'Someone' said that only the cries of the Alley Cats can accurately reflect what life in the city is all about. There are a lot of different cats in a lot of different alleys:

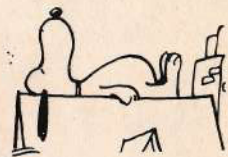
COLIN SHAWLEY



She got money, in her shoes, she got problems she can't use, she got telephones in every room she got radar station in the broom. Who's going to tell the people, who's going to turn them on who's going to tell the people about her?

This was a beautiful land, not so long ago. This was a beautiful land, not so long ago. She's got Troubles in her head, she got problems in her Bed. She's got Gold in her back yard. She got Policeman for personal guard. Who's going to tell the people. Who's going to turn them on. Who's going to tell the people 'bout her? This was a beautiful land, not so long ago. (SHE GOT MONEY. All rights reserved. © Third Ear Music. 1972.)

PAUL CLINGMAN



There's darkness on the sea at wintertime. Clouds to keep the sailor home and happy; You keep the sea a stranger to me. And I won't have to sail away. You don't have to be the Daylight sun on the rain when it's begun. You don't have to be the sparkling

river's run, you just have to be the one. There's cold upon the Christmas lights at years end, songs to keep the old from seeing snowing; you keep the candle in the early morning, I won't have to touch the wind. There's a wind upon the chimney and the fire's dying,

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embers in the grating are cold and crying; you live inside my thoughts not caring if the year is growing old. (SONG AT YEAR'S END. All rights reserved. © Third Ear Music 1972.)

JON OAKLEY-SWITH



I used to know a pirate Priestess who lived in a broken window, with a face like an ancient map of a foreign land and she showed me Tarot cards and photographs of the Moscow she used to know. She said an enemy of an enemy is a friend.

Me, I'm just a Singer and a travelling Illusionist, and I get scared of staying behind. I get hung-up on innocence and choice, and I change my mind, Oh, I hope you can forgive all the things I say? Sometimes I almost think, I think I almost love you, but sometimes I really want to hurt you bad....then I'm glad to see you go, and I'm sorry when you've gone, I don't mind if you can't find the time to understand. Sometimes I'm the only Seagull to arrive at an empty drive Inn, and sometimes I'm the pivot on a round-a-bout. Look out, I'm the enemy of the enemy of the man who has no friend.....When the tide comes in I'm a boat that can't get out. (The BOAT SONG. All rights reserved. © Third Ear Music. '73.)

EDI NEDERLANDER



When you're out upon the open road, and morning's kissed the sky, where the sun reflects her sparkle thru' the color of your eyes. When the rain begins to wash away the memory of my smile, rest yourself, if only for a while. Write me a letter when you're gone, I'll be writing just to hear from you each day please write me a letter when you're gone, to remind me of the