

3rd Ear Music Words

Songs by:

Roy Clarke & Alison Lowry
Colin Shamley
Jonathan Clegg & Sipho Mchunu
David Marks
Hal Orlandini & Ian Lawrence
Clem Tholet
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And more....

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CLEAR, COOL, CALM & STILL

David Marks 3rd Ear Music 1969

Have you seen Old Man Riley
Have you seen the Old Man
Have You seen the Old Man
Down at the river side?
I've not seen old Riley
I've not Seen Old Riley
Not seen Seen old Riley
Since the river died....

Roll River, roll along a new day's coming and it won't be long....
Through the land to the sea from the hills
You keep clear, you keep cool,
calm
and still

Have you seen the children
Have you seen the children
Have you seen the children
Down at the river side?
I've not seen the children
I've not seen the children
seen any children
since the river died....

Roll River, roll along a new day's coming and it won't be long....
You keep clear, you keep cool,
calm
and still....

(from an Idea by Philip De Bruyn)

SAY GOODBYE

Roy Clarke & Alison Lowry 3rd Ear Music 1780

Say goodbye
there's nothing left to do
but say goodbye
& when you think it through
was it worth it
would you do it
all again

Say goodbye
that's all you're waiting for
you gotta try
because you know for sure
that it's over
yes it's over
this time

You think nobody ever loved like this
you think its gonna last forever
but that magic feeling sometimes slips away
& you can't go on pretending to each other

Say goodbye
there's nothing left to do
but say goodbye
& when you think it through
was it worth it
would you do it
all again

(repeat to fade.)

DAY AFTER DAY ETC

David Marks 3rd Ear Music 1980

We dream for our children
(may) their lives be free
they brought out the light in you and me
(when) there was more to the world that the eye could see
Day after Day....(changing....)

Back to the sun
Born to slave
mourning breaks on another grave
the price on you soul is how you save
Day after Day....(boring....)

Give the man a match and watch him burn
taking sides on every turn
(growing) over-rated by the hour
searching for the recollection
Hang yourself up for protection
wasting all (our) energy on power
Day after Day/Power/Day after Day/Power/etc....

When the world is down
The gold gets high
the afternoon's fixing (1) reaches (2) aims for the sky
as the shares & the stocks & the shadows fly
Day after Day....

The moon couldn't care
the clouds won't mind
as the evening falls on the human kind
(who) prowl for their pleasure when the sun turns blind
Day after Day....

Give the man a match and watch him burn
taking sides on every turn
getting overrated by the hour
preparing for his/the resurrection
hang himself up for protection
wasting all this energy on power....
Day after Day/Powerdayafterdaypowerdayafterdaypower etc

SOLD OUT

David Marks 3rd Ear Music 1989

Never writes letters never rights wrongs never had much to say
Remembered by people in their songs so he kept in touch that way
Grew up here in city-deep and wherever there were mines
His family would move underground brought him up between the lines/lions

Polite-not too political-critical and quick
Slipping in and out of circles sliding in and out of cliques....

Like his breakfast serial heroes that the radio plays defend
He wouldn't have very much talent if the guerrillas were our friend
With the world upon our soldiers I'm out there shooting off my mouth
While he fights the east to keep the west and stop the north from
Coming south.

His peace with the world in pieces
In the truth to get a cross
A hit with his gun and Guitar selling records at a loss
Sold Out. Sold Out. Sold Out. Sold Out. No Change.

No one could really picture what he usually had in mind
Was he just acting stupid were we just playing unkind
With no method to his madness no direction to his daze
Spends a fortune on the future to stop drowning in the blaze.

He knows how people fall apart he knows it's lonely getting thru'
He just got sick and tired of dying because people paid him to
Sold Out .Money. Sold Out. Name. Sold Out. Profit. Sold Out. Game.

Now with whistlers in his dressing rooms & ghosts out up on stage
He's paid to get prompted from the wings as he flies into his page
Acting away his poverty 'til the royalty cheque arrives
Drinking and drowning for the pleasure of selling the bottles to survive.

We file his past and we frame his head to hang for the world to see
another tragic overdose at the bottom of column three....

Sold Out Making Money. Sold Out ^{MAKING} ~~Needed~~ A Name.
Sold Out ^{MAKING} Using A Prophet. Sold Out Playing The Game. No Change.

Sold out Sold out Sold out Sold out Sold out Sold out Sold out Sold out.

'DRY WINE'

David Kramer 3rd Ear Music 1980

I'm half asleep
I dream in the dark
I'm trusting the locks on the doors
And the dogs morning bark
Outside in the street
A drunkard stumbles and sings
And in the next door flat
A telephone rings and rings

But nothing disturbs
The suburbs quiet
Not the sirens
Or the new of the township riots
And knowing it all
Through the distance of headlines
I express my opinion
With a mouth full of dry wine

A lady with red fingernails
Is playing with her diamond
Gazing through the restaurant window
At the lights on Robben Island
Her Hair's cut in the latest style
And her eyes are painted blue
And she's probably thinking now
Where in the world
Could I find a better view

LUNGILE TABALAZA

Roger Lucy 3rd Ear Music 1978

Some men take the hard line
some take none at all
some just want their freedom
and they wind up behind prison walls
there are cop's on every corner
and they know what they don't like
and if you're it then you know
that the streets no place for you at night

Lungile Tabalaza was a young man only 20
lived in New Brighton Township just outside of Port Elizabeth
in a small house with his family
he lived through violations
went to school in Kwazakhele
with their Bantu education

The cops came Monday morning
and they took him on suspicion
of robbery and arson
the law makes no provisions
so they handed him to plainclothes
the special branch elite
and it really doesn't matter how strong you are
they've got ways to make you speak

whatever happened in that office
god and the cops will only know
cause the law has ways of keeping quiet
so that nothing at all will show
but at about 3 o' clock that same afternoon
Lungile fell 5 floors
lay dead below on the street outside
they quickly rushed his body behind closed doors.

Some say it was murder
some say suicide
But this is not the first time
That men have gone in there and died
from New York and from London
came angry cries and protests
and at his home the mourners came
to ask for eternal rest.

Some men take the hard line
and for that they get the rope
some men fall from windows
Others slip on bars of soap
whether innocent or guilty
Lungile died just the same
And in the halls of justice
the overseers just carry on with the game

And her husband asks the waiter
'Are these prawns from Mocambique'
And the waiter he just nods his head
And he smiles but he doesn't speak
And knowing it all
As I watched from the sidelines
My thoughts are my own
As I swallow my dry wine

An old lady in a seapoint flat
Lives with her dreams and dread
She can hear the disco music
As she lies in her bed
In the servants quarters
She can hear them laugh and sing
And in the next door flat
The telephone rings and rings

Perhaps I'm like a deaf man
Who had seen the lightning flash
or maybe I'm like just like the blind,
And I only hear it crash
But knowing it all
From the distance of headlines
I express my opinion
With a mouth full of dry wine
Full of dry wine
I'm that dry wine.