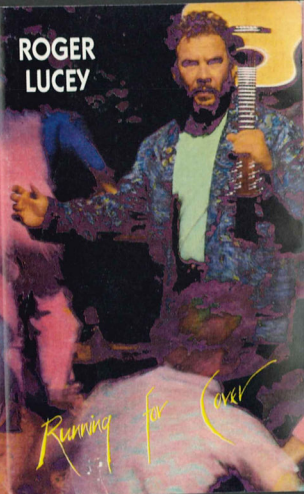


ROGER LUCEY



ROGER LUCEY Running for Cover

Running for Cover

Produced by David Marks & Dan Chiorboli except * produced by David Marks, Dan Chiorboli & Ken E Henson
Engineer : David Marks
Recorded & mixed at Third Ear / Tusk Studio A in Durban, South Africa, between October and December 1990

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SIDE 1

NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM* 5.30

There's a man who is now free where He hasn't been for years Locked up by A nation's darkest fears And while the symptom's been corrected There are millions unfulfilled You can chain away the body But the spirit won't be stilled

CHORUS
No easy walk to Freedom
No easy way to carry the load
No easy walk to Freedom
No easy way to the end of the road

There are lives on the line
There are kids in the field
There's more than one war
That's for certain
But the way to the end is a way that can bend, the mind
But it's a stone's throw To the end of the day

CHORUS
Now there's Mothers and Fathers
And children to raise
In a land for the living
In so many ways
And never again
By the powers that might be
Must we be led blindfolded

Through a land that should be free

CHORUS
Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar;
Ken E Henson - Acoustic twelve string guitar; Roland D50 Synthesizer, Acoustic Maskanda Guitar.
Dan Chiorboli - African soul drum; Tom-toms; Tabla; Cabasa; Snare drum
Sipho Mchunu - Electric maskanda guitar
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mboothwe - Additional Vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals
Shelley Hind - Additional Vocals

NOT ENOUGH SOUL* 2.45

Not enough soul
In this old gold town
Too many reasons
To get yourself right down
Too many seasons
Of discontent
Make you want to run away
Not enough soul
In this old gold town.

Too many rivers
But most of them run dry
It gives me the shivers
Makes me want to lie down and cry
Then you walk in the city
Looking for food
For your heart and your soul
Not enough soul
In this old gold town.

Then you walk in the night spots
Songs that you hear
Are all about nothing
Cute clothes and neat hair
Blind man on the corner
Sings rhythm and blues
But he's paid his dues.
The soul's on the streets
In this old gold town.

Not enough soul
In this old gold town
Too many reasons
To get yourself right down
Too many seasons
Of discontent
Make you want to curl up and die
Not enough soul
In this old gold town.

CHORUS
Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mboothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals
Lorenzo Marx - Harmonica

A MOMENT IN TIME* 3.46

I used to live for the moment
Now I don't have the time
I used to move in the fast lane
I got stuck in the slime
So you said move over
I'll drive for a while
And the next thing I notice
I'm liking your style.

CHORUS

Now I'm just a slow man
And moments have passed me in my time
And I look back in wonder and wonder at times passed me by
And I'm just a slow man
And people have passed me in my time
But if ever the time was right for the moment
Now is that moment in time.

I've been driven to drinking
I'm the first to agree
And I can be stubborn
But only to a degree
And you drive me to madness
I need help from above
As you drive me to heaven
And you drive me to love.

CHORUS
Now I'm stuck in no-man's land
I'm lost in the dark
Like a drunk with no story
Like a dog with no bark.
So please strike a light now
Please call out my name
And if I can find you
I'll love you again.

CHORUS
Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Ken E Henson - Acoustic six and twelve string guitars; String arrangement on Roland D50 synthesizer
Dan Chiorboli - Tambourine; Snare drum
Dave "Plod" Tarr - Electric five string violin

Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mboothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals

PICTURES OF PAIN* 3.57

Pictures of pain in a frame without purpose
The name of the game in a cynical service
Pictures of death and destruction's good business
Understanding the story is not always part of the process.
The right to find out is everyone's privilege
Though freedom of thought is not part of our heritage
And the merchants of images like the merchants of anything
Sometimes hide a side to the story they're telling.

CHORUS
But what of the cost?
And what of the people?
The hearts that are numbed by the violence?
Is it these that we trust
To relay the truth?
Would it not be better in silence?
The heart of the matter can remain unimportant

While collectors like hunters gather their trophies
'Cos a front page in Time can make you immortal

And they don't give a damn for the people or country they live in.

CHORUS
Pictures of pain in a frame without purpose
The name of the game in a cynical service
Pictures of death and destruction's good business
Understanding the story is not always part of the process.

Newsman you walk through the valley of evil
The wastes of humanity with so much to tell
But what's told is a simplistic piece of the puzzle
Because pain and destruction is easy to sell.

CHORUS
Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Ken E Henson - Electric Guitar
Dan Chiorboli - Meini congitas; Sampled effects
Dave "Plod" Tarr - Electric five string violin
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mboothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocal

CAPE OF STORMS* 5.36

There's a cruel wind that blows along the flat lands
And mothers keep their doors locked
But still they feel the storm.

As the boys outside the fish and chips
Are meaner
Than the boys behind the liquor store
With a drop to keep them warm.

CHORUS 1
And the bleakness bites the hardest
At the homeless.
And the homeless walk the streets
With nothing left to lose.
And when the streets become a battlefield
In a battle all must lose
Then you know that there's a cold front
Out on the Cape of Storms

And your passport is the tatoo
That you're wearing.
It's the seal upon your fate
It's the killer of your dreams.
And when the night comes crashing through the greyness,
You steel against

the freezing
And you switch off to the screams.

CHORUS 2
And the coldness bites the hardest
At the hungry.
And the angry bite the ones
Who just don't care a damn.

And if the knives are out tonight
On your street -
You know that there's a cold front
Out on the Cape of Storms

Lovers walk the beaches
And the mountains.
Postcard conversations
In a sunset hardly real
While back out on the flats
The world's survival.
But today's survivors stand prepared
For when their luck runs dry.

CHORUS 1
And the bleakness bites the hardest
At the homeless.
And the homeless walk the streets
With nothing left to lose.
And when the streets become a battlefield
In a battle all must lose
Then you know that there's a cold front
Out on the Cape of Storms

Now sometimes men in power are mistaken
And they follow plans that fail
And yet who pays the price?
Mistakes of ideology run rampant
While the man out on the bottom rung
Is the victim of this vice.

SIDE 1
No Easy Walk to Freedom*
Not Enough Soul
A Moment in Time*
Pictures of Pain
Cape of Storms

SIDE 2
Telephone Danny
It Takes a Man to Cry
Long Way To Cairo
The Line

CHORUS 2

And the coldness bites
the hardest
At the hungry
And the angry bite the ones
That just don't give a damn
But in the face of this reality
Some ones got to pay
To restore the
human dignity

Redress man-made poverty
Turn away from apathy
And madness on the Cape
of Storms.

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic
six string guitar*
Ken E Henson - Electric guitar;
*Roland D50 synthesizer; Bass
synthesizer*

*Dan Chiorboli - Drums; African
Soul drum; Chinese cymbals;*
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
*Queen Mbothwe - Additional
vocals*
*Vika Mthiwane - Additional
vocals*

SIDE 2**TELEPHONE* 4.15**

Telephone, always on
the telephone
Talking on a fine line
Never getting any closer
to home.
This way that way got me in
a way I can't recover,
Should I play dead
Until it's all over?

Talk about love

Might as well talk about war,
Talk about tomorrow
Talk about how good it
was before.
Talk about anything, but how
we going to
Get around to talk about now
How we gonna find a way
What is on the line?

CHORUS

And it all comes down,
On the spur of the moment,
And it's all got to do with time.
Years can be undone on the
spur of the moment
But Love can only be undone
with time.

Walk alone, guess I'll have to
walk alone.
Irresponsibility means you
have to walk alone.
Time will tell if I'm gonna go to
hell or heaven,
All I want is time,
All you want is heaven.

Heaven only knows how I'm
gonna get it right.
How much longer can we carry
on the fight?
If only we could find a common
piece of ground
For us to work it out
Instead of trying to say what is
wrong or right.

CHORUS

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six
and twelve string guitars*
Ken E Henson - Acoustic slide guitar;
Electric guitar; Bass guitar

Dan Chiorboli - Drums;
Tambourine
Winnie Zondi - Additional Vocals
*Queen Mbothwe - Additional
Vocals*

*Vika Mthiwane - Additional
Vocals*

DANNY*3.48

Danny was a boy who lived
for bikes
His Suzi carried him
through the nights
Of endless boredom and
endless fights
In the small town that he
lived in.

Danny was one of many
just like him
Working in the mines and
you don't ask why
But sometimes Danny was
just a little different
When he got look in
his eye.

CHORUS

But the boys in the bar said
Danny's alright
Danny can drink and Danny
can fight
When he got that that look
in his eye
The boys said 'That's just
like him'.

Danny and the boys
stuck together
All for one and one together
They made a pretty sight in
their full black leather

In their corner of the bar.

But they couldn't work out
when things got tough
The look in Danny's eye when
the going got rough
It was a look that said I don't
give a stuff
And he'd stick him out with
a bottle.

CHORUS

Now every so often Danny'd
get quiet
And he'd take his bike and ride
into the night
And the boys said 'Danny's
just a little uptight'
But they'd seen that wild wild
look in his eye

One Friday night he met a girl
on the street
And Danny was swept right off
his feet
And every night after work
they'd meet
And the boys thought Danny'd
gone soft on them.

So Danny got married and he
sold his bike
But he'd still meet the boys on
a Saturday night
And he bought a little house
with his subsidy
And then he raised
his family.

CHORUS

But the boys in the bar said
Danny's alright
Danny still drinks and Danny

still fights
When he got that look in
his eye
The boys said that's just
like him.

The kids got older and they
went to school
And Danny's little wife
spent her days at
the pool
Danny battled on and never
said a word
About the way he felt
so empty.

One Saturday night he
came late from the bar
And he quietly carried the
kids to the car
He said 'You won't be going
too far'

As he fitted the hose to
the tailpipe.
CHORUS
And the boys in the bar said
Danny's alright
Danny could drink and
Danny could fight
When he got that look in
his eye

The boys said
And the boys in the bar said
Danny's alright
Danny could drink and
Danny could fight
When he got that look in
his eye

The boys said
That's just not like him.

Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six

string guitar; Bar room vocals
*Ken E Henson - Electric guitar; Bass
guitar; Accordion*
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; Afuche;
Pandeiro

IT TAKES A MAN**TO CRY*3.56**

I know I've felt the joys of life
I've walked some hard
roads too
And broken hearts don't mean
a thing
When your soul is broken too
Some men hide behind a smile
And some behind sweet talk
But I know when I'm
losing ground
When to turn my back
and walk.

CHORUS

It takes good sense to face up
It takes a fool to lie
It takes alot to see yourself
And it takes a man to cry.

You tell me that you love
me still
I've heard those
words before
When I walk into your life
You walk out of the door
I'm a stranger in your life
You think you know me well
But when you see the
real me

Then you find that you're
in hell.

CHORUS

Since before I was a boy
I learnt to be a man
That's the way you learn
to live
In this cruel and
twisted land
And cowboys learn how not
to cry
How to turn their back
on tears
But when I turned my back
on you
I ran from my own fears.

CHORUS

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six
string guitar;*
*Ken E Henson - Acoustic slide
guitar; Bass guitar; Electric
guitar*
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; Flexitones

LONG WAY TO CAIRO*4.22

Like the day becomes
the night
Like a flock of birds in flight
When you leave I know you
will return.

Sometimes a photograph
or two
Remind me of when you
Left and left a hole
That seemed impossible
to fill.

And like the dried out fields
after rain
Time and distance deal
with pain
And what once seemed
like forever

Was just a piece of
time's terrain.
CHORUS
It's a long way from where I am
to Cairo
And even though you write to
me and say
You say 'I will see you soon
I'm counting every single day',
It's still a long way from where I
am to Cairo.

Now the winter's here and
the boys
Play in the dry leaves in
the garden
And most nights its dark when I
get home.

And we sit around the fire
And the place you occupy,
Is in my heart, but it's
not broken
And the tears have run dry.

And like the wind that blows
away the storm
The tempest clears and leaves
no harm
And the pictures and
the memories
Are forever changing form.
CHORUS

Now each time you pass
through our lives
We realise that we've survived
A time that's brought us closer
to ourselves

And as you grow you grow
so fast

The less I hang onto
the past
The more we have, forever
In a world not made to last.

And like a deer that
escapes the hunter's gun
I too have been on the run
But the broken days
are over
And the whole days
have begun.

CHORUS

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six
string guitar*
Ken E Henson - Mandolin;
Acoustic guitar
*Dan Chiorboli - Nigerian talking
drum; congas; triangle*
*Dave "Plod" Tarr - Acoustic
violin*

THE LINE* 6.00

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six
string guitar;*
*Ken E Henson - Electric slide
guitar*
*Dan Chiorboli - Zulu ngungu
drum; Nigerian talking drum;*
Gong; Tambourine;
Sleigh bells
*Dave "Plod" Tarr - Electric five
string violin*
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
*Queen Mbothwe - Additional
vocals*
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals

So, part of the battle
Has only just begun
And part of the battle is over
And the warlords regroup

On all sides of the field
While the footsoldiers still run
for cover
And all of the speeches
Are all filled with glory
And victory and honour and
pride and the prize

But the poor man
still braces
Himself to the winter
Will he be forgotten when the
battle cries run dry?

When the rivers of rhetoric
finally run dry
When the promised intentions
are tested
Will corruption still be the
handmaiden of power?
Will the martyrs be lists of
lives wasted?

CHORUS

Is the fight now for freedom
Or is the fight for the fight
Who is the enemy as you fight
through the night
As you call on the faithful
The end is in sight
The line is the party's
For power and for might

So a part of the struggle
Has only just begun
And a part of the struggle
is over

There's a part of the struggle
No one dare defy
A part no one wants
to uncover.

Does the slogan you wear
On you shirt coincide
With the deep love you feel
for the people?

Or will time and the
human condition succeed
Like the starved man will
steal from the cripple?

Power turns a friend to
a stranger
A stranger don't care how
you feel
But feelings don't count
when you're facing
the throng
And they're closing in for
the kill.

CHORUS

Like sheep to the slaughter
They stand in a line
The line!
Now you stand on the
threshold
Of a path you can't see
You stand in a doorway

of darkness.

And the mad dogs that snap
At your heels endlessly
Now evil, now cruel,
now heartless.

You talk of peace,
They talk of carnage
We talk of trying to live
in between.

While talking so long and
so hard
With such feeling
The questions that burn still
remain quite unseen.

The question of where lies
the power
The question of who cuts
the cake.
On all sides the frightened are
driven to fury
How much more can
they take?

CHORUS

CHORUS

*Thanks to all my friends who
talked me out of silence
Especially Stan and Carlo
To Dan whose enthusiasm made
all the difference.
To Rachel, who refused my defeat
accepted my fear
and restored order with love and support
To my children
Amanda and Tay
and my other children
Joshua and Lerato
And to David Marks
The Rock to whom I return*

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