

Roger Lucey

Running for Cover



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NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM

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

There's a man who is now free
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

NOT ENOUGH SOUL

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals
Phil Harber - Tenor sax
- Harmonica*

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.

A MOMENT IN TIME

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Kenny Henson - Acoustic six and twelve string guitars; String arrangement on Roland D50 synthesizer
Dan Chiorboli - Tambourine; Snare drum
Dave "Ploot" Tarr - Electric five string violin
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals*
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

PICTURES OF PAIN

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Kenny Henson - Electric Guitar
Dan Chiorboli - Melni congitas;
Sampled effects
Dave "Ploot" Tarr - Electric five string violin
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocal*

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 numbered
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 in 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 a destruction is
easy to sell.

CHORUS

CAPE OF STORMS

*Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar
Kenny Henson - Electric guitar;
Roland D50 synthesizer; Bass synthesizer
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; African Soul drum; Chinese cymbals;
Tambourine; Sleigh bells
Winnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothwe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals*

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 be-
come 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
tattoo
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
hardest
At the hungry.
And the angry bite the
Who just don't care if it
And if the knives are
tonight
On your street -
You know that there's a
front
Out on the Cape of Sto

Lovers walk the beach
And the mountains.
Postcard conversation
In a sunset hardly real
While back out on the f
The world's survival,
But today's survivors at
prepared

For when their luck runs
CHORUS 1

And the bleakness bite:
hardest
At the homeless.
And the homeless walk
streets
With nothing left to lose
And when the streets be-
come 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 merlin
power are mistaken.
And they follow plans that
fall
And yet who pays the

price?
mistakes of ideology run rampant
While the mah out on the bottom rung
the victim of this vice.
CHORUS 2
and the coldness bites the hardest
and the hungry 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
Address man-made poverty turn away from apathy and madness on the Cape of Storms.

ELEPHONE

Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six and twelve string guitars
Kenny Henson - Acoustic slide guitar; Electric guitar; Bass guitar
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; Tambourine
Finnie Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothe - Additional vocals
Vika Mthiwane - Additional vocals
elephone, always on the telephone
aiming on a fine line
never getting any closer to home.
his way that way got me in a way I can't recover,
would 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

DANNY

Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar; Bar room vocals
Kenny Henson - Electric guitar; Bass guitar; Accordion
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; Afuche; Tambourine

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 that 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 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 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 that look in his eye
The boys said
That's just not like him.

IT TAKES A MAN TO CRY

Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar;
Kenny Henson - Acoustic slide guitar; Bass guitar; Electric guitar
Dan Chiorboli - Drums; Flextones

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 it all 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

LONG WAY TO CAIRO

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

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

THE LINE

Roger Lucey - Vocal; Acoustic six string guitar;
Kenny Henson - Electric slide guitar
Dan Chiorboli - Zulu ngungu drum; Nigerian talking drum; Gong; Tambourine; Sleigh bells
Dave "Plod" Tarr - Electric five string violin
Winni Zondi - Additional vocals
Queen Mbothe - 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

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