



Ian Smith
LAST CALL





1. WHEN IT SNOWS IN NEW YORK CITY

music/lyrics: Conor Bowman [copyright control]

On the Staten Island Ferry there's a man who plays guitar
Got a pick made from a dog tag, got a broken purple heart
Had two friends at ground zero, but they never made it home
Got a doorway out in Brooklyn, now he sleeps there alone

And Times Square, it ain't square at all, ain't no King in Queens
When Lennon died, I cried and tried to save him in my dreams
Macy's Bagels, Yellow Cabs, all I really want to say
Is when it snows in New York City, it's still much warmer than L.A.

Central Park in summer, dad and daughter holding hands
He only sees her twice a month, she's five but understands
And sometimes when it's raining, they take shelter at the zoo
Eat strawberry ice creams and whisper "I love you"

I suppose New York is a city of small villages where you can walk in different neighbourhoods. In L.A. you need a car.

Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Wolfgang Roggenkamp:
hammond b-3 / Beo Brockhausen: soprano sax / Hans-Jörg Maucksch:
fretless bass

2. RESTLESS HEART music/lyrics: Ian Smith

You came running to my door
Just to tell me 'bout your new car
And you were so excited that your love came shining through
But this restless heart of mine was slipping away from you

You kept telling I was movin' too fast
And I kept wondering how long things would last
And babe, that's been the difference
Even though our love was true
It's just that this restless heart of mine
Was slipping away from you

If I could turn back the pages of this story
Just to have you here again
Find some way of sayin' that I'm sorry
Find some way that I can mend
This restless heart of mine
This restless heart of mine

Well I keep pretending everything's alright
But the heartaches come back each night
And I find myself wishing
That I could get this message through
And tell you that this restless heart of mine belongs to you!



Ian with Jens Kommnick

This was written in about 20 minutes on a cosy winter evening in my kitchen. Sometimes songs just come easily and quickly — this was one of them!

Ian Smith: vocal, guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Ian Melrose: manzanita weissenborn guitar / Wolfgang Roggenkamp: hammond b-3 / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

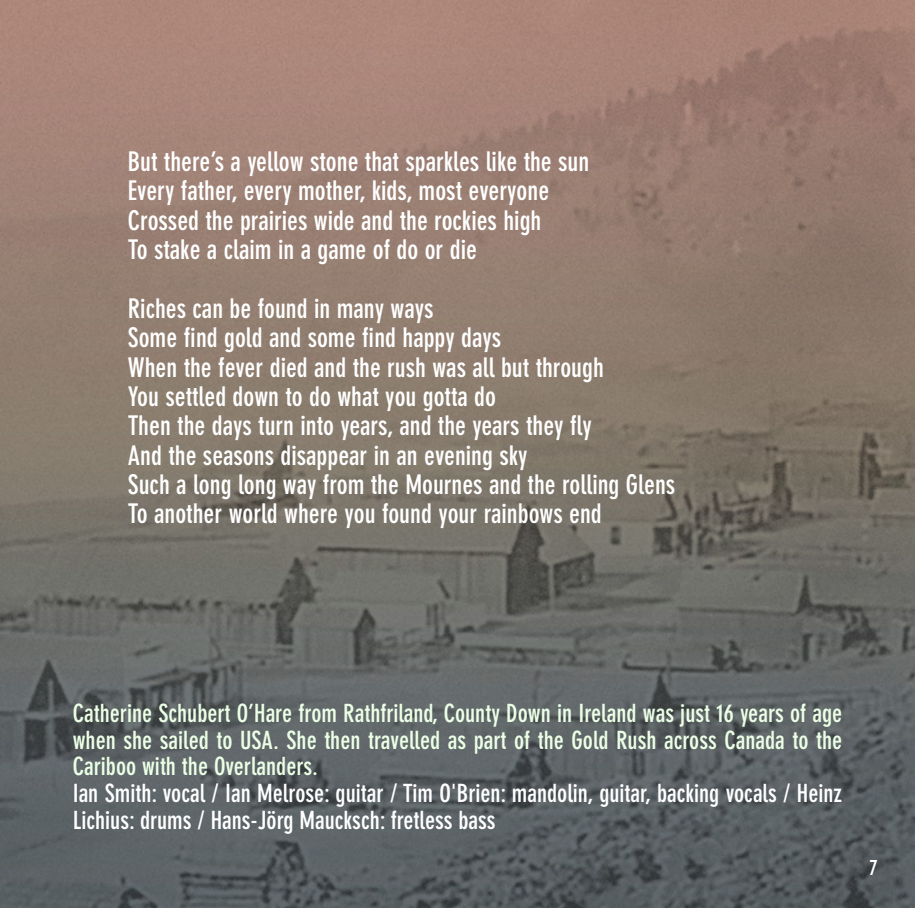
3. LADY OVERLANDER

music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Jody Gallagher

When you're 16 years of age and the hunger burns
And it takes too long for the wheel of life to turn
When you need to spread your wings and learn to fly
Leave the mountains and your family behind
Catherine left her home and all she loved
With nothing but her faith in the Lord above
Then she found herself standing on a foreign shore
Wondering just what life would hold in store

Overland to find a new frontier
Never seen a woman like you here
Wagon trains, horses and canoes
To a land the Indians call the Cariboo

Everybody needs someone who's strong and true
Pretty soon you found him and he found you
With working hands he made your world secure
And together you built a love that would endure



But there's a yellow stone that sparkles like the sun
Every father, every mother, kids, most everyone
Crossed the prairies wide and the rockies high
To stake a claim in a game of do or die

Riches can be found in many ways
Some find gold and some find happy days
When the fever died and the rush was all but through
You settled down to do what you gotta do
Then the days turn into years, and the years they fly
And the seasons disappear in an evening sky
Such a long long way from the Mournes and the rolling Glens
To another world where you found your rainbows end

Catherine Schubert O'Hare from Rathfriland, County Down in Ireland was just 16 years of age when she sailed to USA. She then travelled as part of the Gold Rush across Canada to the Cariboo with the Overlanders.

Ian Smith: vocal / Ian Melrose: guitar / Tim O'Brien: mandolin, guitar, backing vocals / Heinz Lichius: drums / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

4. LAST CALL music/lyrics: Ian Smith

We watch it on our TV screens and we sit and wonder why
About the hole in the ozone layer, rain forests all goin' dry
And somewhere down in Africa, I can hardly believe my eyes
Oh, they're all some mother's children
Oh, it's enough to make you cry

We're all on a Last Call in this free world
We're running out of time
We've got one more chance to clean it up
We better get it right this time

We read about a new disaster the critics all criticise
They fill their rooms full of analysts, all they do is sit and analyse
And each and every politician can only sit and politicise
I wish they'd get a realist just to make them all realise

That we're all on a Last Call in this free world
We're running out of time
We've got one more chance to clean it up
We better get it right this time
We better get it right this time

The damage to our environment just keeps repeating itself year by year. We have to do something so future generations have somewhere safe and healthy to live.

Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Beo Brockhausen: soprano sax /
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

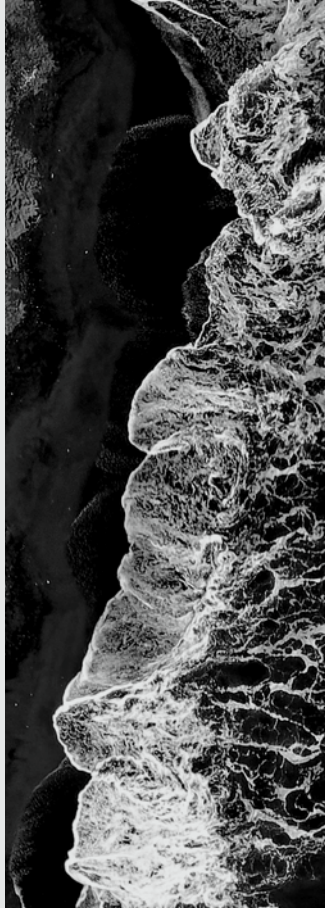


5. THE COME AND GO music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Tim Daly

Give me back my inside story
Give me back my days of glory
Give me back my hard won souvenirs
Give me back my first impression
Give me back my last confession
Give me back my lost and unshed tears

Oh, there's no need to go to pieces
There's no need to need to know
You're wastin' time by changing places
'Cause this is just the come and go
This is just the come and go
Welcome to the come and go

Once the girl had told her tale
About the hammer and the nail
About the way that she could turn back time
She smiled out loud and said to me
No need to go so peacefully
Lovin' life is never such a crime





Oh, there's no need to go to pieces
There's no need to need to know
You're wastin' time by changing places

Slowly like a tidal wave
The master turned into the slave
The student and the teacher changed around
It took some time but now I see
The buried truth in history
You have to fly to leave the Goddamn ground

Give me back my inside story
Give me back my days of glory
Give me back my hard won souvenirs

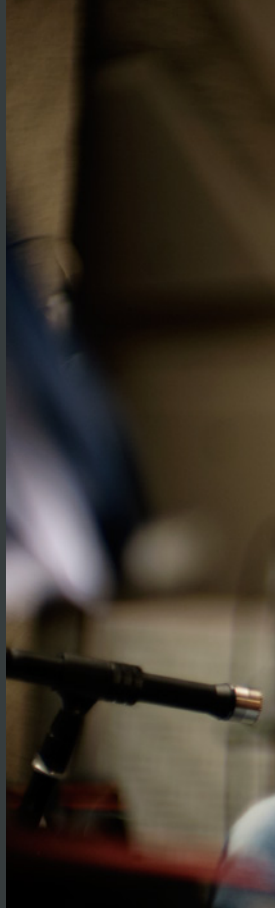
The Yin and Yang, the Positive and Negative, the Ebb and Flow, "The Come and Go"
Ian Smith: vocal, guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar, bouzouki / Ian Melrose: dobro / Manfred
Leuchter: accordion / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Heinz Lichius: drums / Hans-Jörg
Maucksch: fretless bass

6. MISSIN' TRAINS music/lyrics: Conor Bowman [copyright control]

Dropped out of each other's lives
Then out of the blue a memory arrives
Some things just don't get put away
Stepped out in the pouring rain
Same platform, different facing trains
Sometimes it's hard knowing what to say

And he says, I love your hair when it's wet
She said, I'm sorry 'bout your mum
And is your novel finished yet?
Oh you know, it's coming along
So I guess you're married now?
She smiled, said, I managed to resist
Now they're standin' in the rain
Wonderin' about the trains they missed

She's fast asleep in L.A.
He's fast awake ten thousand miles away
Both lost somewhere in between
And when they play her favourite song
Inside her head she hears him hum along
Sittin' on the same train, or so it seems





Jens Kommnick

Meant for each other, but life took them on separate journeys – it turned out OK in the end!
Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar, aria ac-75cb contra-bass guitar / Lucile
Chaubard: cello / Justin Ciuche: violin / Lea Morris: backing vocals





7. GUITAR DOODLE - 12/20

music: Ian Smith

Just messing around with some fingerpicking
and this is how it finally ended up.

Ian Smith: guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar /
Justin Ciuche: violin / Viorel Bindila: oboe
(oboe arrangement by Jens Kommnick) /
Hans-Jörg Maucksch : fretless bass

8. ARABICA BLUES music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Jody Gallagher

They say they got a whole lot of coffee growin' in Brazil
Pour it for me mama, keep it goin' till it spills
God he makes the sun shine down on every bean
All I gotta do is cover it in cream
They say they got a whole lot of coffee growin' in Brazil

It sure tastes good while I'm sittin' lookin' out in the rain
I prefer Americano, you can keep your cheap Champagne
Mocha, cappuccino, whatever one you choose
Anything to drive away the Arabica Blues
Sure tastes good while I'm sittin' lookin' out in the rain

Oh, I can see the whole world spinning in my coffee cup
Bitter or sweet, strong or weak, oh, you just gotta drink it up
Black or white, hard to get right, I just can't get enough
Lookin' at the whole world spinning in my coffee cup

They say all the good things in life are gonna take some time
This "instant" gratification. Huh! That's all just fine
Me! I'm happy to sit it out, add a little spice 'n stir it about
They say all the good things in life are gonna take some time

Written in my kitchen, having a cup of coffee on a rainy afternoon, talking about the world and some of its problems.

Ian Smith: vocals & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Tim O'Brien: mandolin / Manfred Leuchter: accordion / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Heinz Lichius: drums / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: upright bass



9. PABLO'S EYES music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Enda Cullen

Urchin barely scrapin' by
He surfs the cities' garbage waves
Life's never warm nor ever dry
Lives on his wits and what he saves
Soul, body underfed
Mother, father, brothers dead
A Guatemalan orphan cries
Tears through Pablo's eyes

He must leave the streets or die
The Guatemalan death squads say
Homeless with the hopeless hide
He prays he'll see another day
With cats and rats he shares a drain
Where solvent vapour dulls his brain
Only a tonely pile of lies
Life through Pablo's eyes

Thousands named forgotten
Are the only family Pablo knows
A tribe of gross offenders
Just vermin to the social cleansers

Casa Alianza
Refuge from the dark of night
Where wounds are healed and truths revealed
Life's deluge drawn into the light

Oasis in the midst of pain
Alianza fights a losing game
But tonight he's safe there just the same
Pablo, rest your eyes

With treasures found on many trips
Through the cities' garbage tips
His sun has set, but soon will rise
Greeting Pablo's eyes
Little Pablo's eyes

Tenga Cuidado Pablo



Saw a documentary on the plight of South American street kids; this is a stark take on their story!

Ian Smith: vocals & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Lucile Chaubard: cello / Beo Brockhausen: jew's harp / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

10. RUNAWAY TRAIN music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Enda Cullen

Wall Street tripped, slipped and fell
Takin' me way down as well
Credit cards are shot to hell
Life's gone from good to grim
I'm way too tired to watch the news
Ain't much more left for me to lose
It's enough to make me sing the blues
This mess I'm in

BUT THIS TRAIN JUST KEEPS THUNDERING ALL TH

Ain't nobody drivin', no way to pull her back
She's swaying station to station, shiftin' all the blame
Oh Lord, take control of this runaway train

Factories run on life support, shops are shuttin' down
Families are losin' homes as this train hits their town
The bankers all say we share a boat
Let's bail 'em out, keep them afloat
But how come it's only working folk
That sink and never swim

Can you tell us where the rails'll end?
Warn us, who waits 'round the bend
Will we have bridges left to mend?



Written after the economic crash and watching the banks and big business greed get away with it all.

Ian Smith: vocals, guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar, bouzouki / Ian Melrose: manzanita
weissenborn guitar / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

11. SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD

music/lyrics: Walter Vinson/Lonnie Chatmon

Was in the spring
A sunny day
My sweetheart she left me
She went away

And now she's gone
But I'm not worried
Cause I'm sitting
On top of the world

She called me up
From El Paso
Said, come back, daddy
Oh, I need you so

But now she's gone
But I'm not worried
Cause I'm sitting
On top of the world

Well, look at my peaches
On my tree
Get out of my orchard
Let my peaches be





I based my version of this old country blues song on the playing of the great Doc Watson.
Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Manfred Leuchter: accordion / Wolfgang
Roggenkamp: hammond b-3 / Heinz Lichius: drums / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: upright bass

12. VOICE ON THE PHONE

music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Patrick Rydman/Fabula

It's a quirky old place, but the coffee is great
You can get what you want here, no matter how late
And I'm smiling inside like a king on my throne
In the corner café with your voice on the phone

There's a sun in the sky, there are leaves on the trees
There's a bright red Ferrari double parked in the street
There's a song in the air going right to my bones
But nothing compares to your voice on the phone

I hear your heartbeat over the line
I share your heartbeat, you're sharing mine
For all time

And if I would leave, maybe someday I must
In this unspoken promise I am putting my trust
That no matter how far, I am never alone
I'll always be hearing your voice on the phone

Written in a beautiful 3rd floor apartment while killing time before flying home from Reykjavik Airport, Iceland.

Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Justin Ciuche: violin / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass



13. KEADUE STRAND

music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Enda Cullen

You brought me here a younger man
A stranger to your land
Away from home, but ne'er alone
We walked on silver sand
You pointed out your people's place
With the fingers of your hand
Heard music whistle o'er the wind
In your arms on Keadue Strand

Mountains purple and grey
Won't call me away
Rivers silver and clear
Won't draw me from here
At a distance the islands look pretty enough
But on Keadue we fell in love
Oh, on Keadue we fell in love

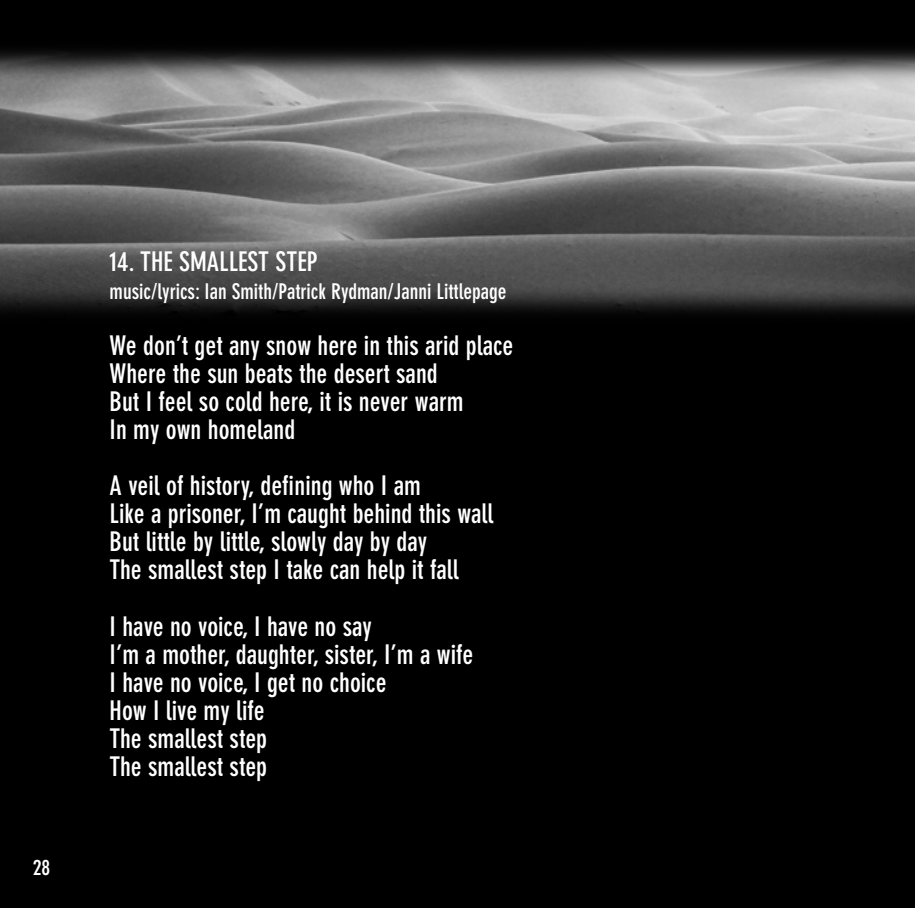
Amazed at how our family's grown
The years have melted by
Kids gone from home, now we're alone
In the blinkin' of an eye
You trace the lines across my face
With the fingers of your hand
There's music as we start again
Arm in arm on Keadue Strand

Let's quietly watch the tides return
Against the sky so red
Hold every tranquil moment close
When nothin' need be said
Forever lost in love with you
By my side you stand
This woman in love with me
Hand in hand on Keadue Strand



A snapshot of where I live with my wife Breda, where we watched our two sons Daniel and Matthew grow from small children to become the fine young men they've turned out to be.
Ian Smith: vocal & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass





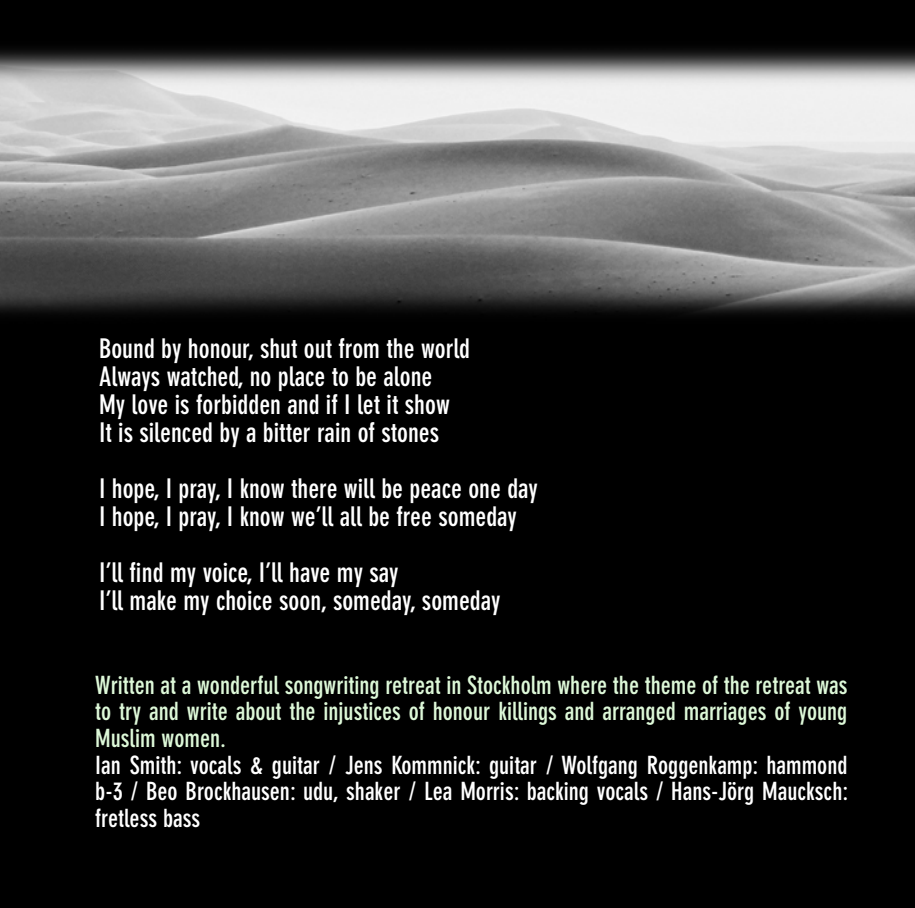
14. THE SMALLEST STEP

music/lyrics: Ian Smith/Patrick Rydman/Janni Littlepage

We don't get any snow here in this arid place
Where the sun beats the desert sand
But I feel so cold here, it is never warm
In my own homeland

A veil of history, defining who I am
Like a prisoner, I'm caught behind this wall
But little by little, slowly day by day
The smallest step I take can help it fall

I have no voice, I have no say
I'm a mother, daughter, sister, I'm a wife
I have no voice, I get no choice
How I live my life
The smallest step
The smallest step



Bound by honour, shut out from the world
Always watched, no place to be alone
My love is forbidden and if I let it show
It is silenced by a bitter rain of stones

I hope, I pray, I know there will be peace one day
I hope, I pray, I know we'll all be free someday

I'll find my voice, I'll have my say
I'll make my choice soon, someday, someday

Written at a wonderful songwriting retreat in Stockholm where the theme of the retreat was to try and write about the injustices of honour killings and arranged marriages of young Muslim women.

Ian Smith: vocals & guitar / Jens Kommnick: guitar / Wolfgang Roggenkamp: hammond b-3 / Beo Brockhausen: udu, shaker / Lea Morris: backing vocals / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass



Recorded & Produced by Günter Pauler

Pre-Mastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch

at Pauler Acoustics / Mastering Monitors: B&W 800 D3

Studio Assistance by Inés Breuer

Artwork & Design by Emre Meydan

Photography:

cover photos and p. 5,9,13,14,17,

19,23,25,30,32 by Emre Meydan

p. 27 by Ian Smith

THANKS!

To Günter Pauler and the amazing Stockfisch family: Inés, Emre, Hans-Jörg, Hendrik, Astrid, and Evelyn –if music be the food of love, your food helped us make even more “tasty music”.

My co/writers! When great songs finally get finished, there’s no feeling like it, and it’s always a worthwhile journey.

Conor Bowman for two great songs.

All the great musicians who played/sang on this album, for your generosity in letting me borrow your talent.

Jens Kommnick, whose ability to be so “sympatico” to my guitar playing is inspiring.

A special thanks to the genius that is Tim O’Brien (who could’ve said no, but said yes!)

Peter Kerlin, Arnd Buttgereit.

And! As always to Breda, Daniel and Matthew.

Ian Smith: vocals, guitar

Jens Kommnick: guitar, bouzouki, aria ac-75cb contra-bass guitar

Ian Melrose: guitar, manzanita weissenborn guitar, dobro

Lea Morris: backing vocals

Manfred Leuchter: accordion

Wolfgang Roggenkamp: hammond b-3

Lucile Chaubard: cello

Justin Ciuche: violin

Viorel Bindila: oboe

Heinz Lichius: drums

Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass, upright bass

Beo Brockhausen: soprano sax, jew's harp, udu

special guest:

Tim O'Brien: mandolin, guitar, backing vocals



LC 04910

Stockfish

SFR

357.4094.2

1. WHEN IT SNOWS IN N.Y. CITY 2:47
2. RESTLESS HEART 3:04
3. LADY OVERLANDER 4:24
4. LAST CALL 3:31
5. THE COME AND GO 4:14
6. MISSIN' TRAINS 3:28
7. GUITAR DOODLE - 12/20 3:44
8. ARABICA BLUES 3:25
9. PABLO'S EYES 3:49
10. RUNAWAY TRAIN 3:43
11. SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD 3:02
12. VOICE ON THE PHONE 3:33
13. KEADUE STRAND 3:41
14. THE SMALLEST STEP 4:03

TOTAL 50:37

Recorded & Produced by Günter Pauler
Pre-Mastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch
at Pauler Acoustics / Mastering Monitors: B&W 800 D3
Studio Assistance by Inés Breuer
Artwork & Design by Emre Meydan

©+© 2019

Stockfish Records

closer to the music®

stockfish-records.de