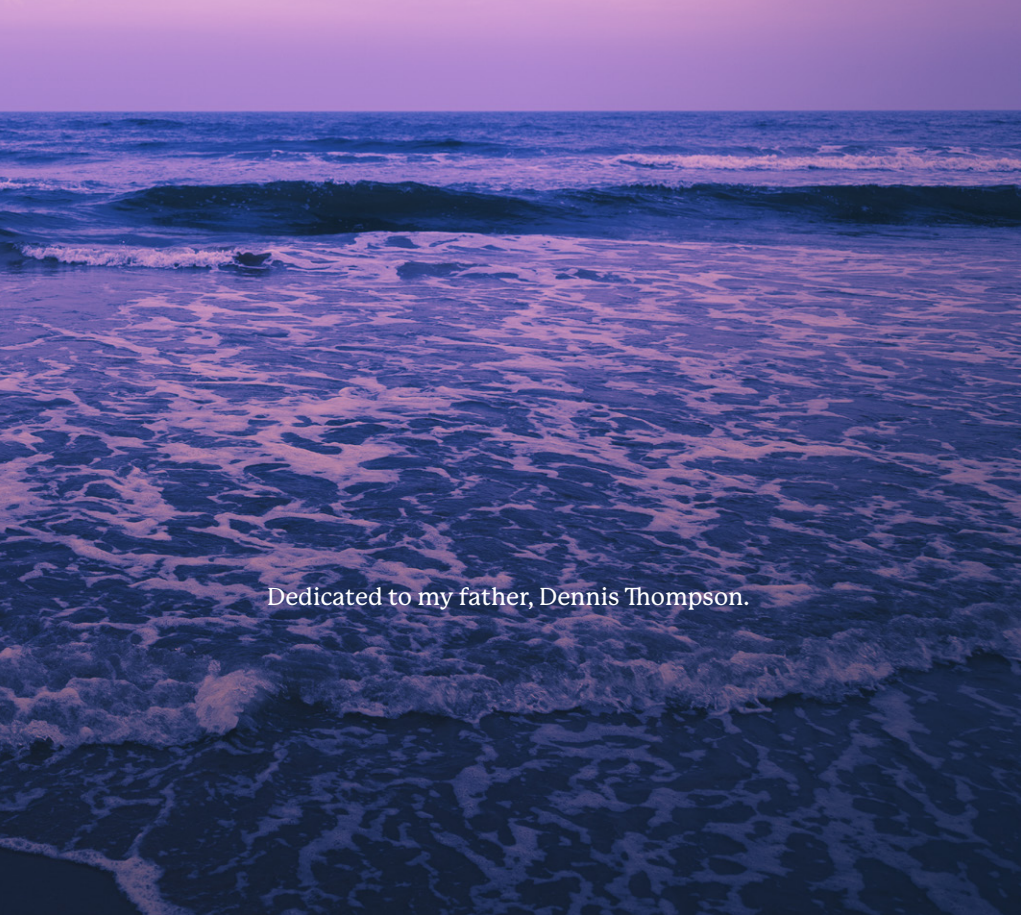


Steve Folk Departure





A photograph of ocean waves with a purple tint. The waves are breaking, creating white foam. The sky is a solid purple color.

Dedicated to my father, Dennis Thompson.

1. Amnesia

The purple carpet in the lounge,
The uncut grass between the front door and the town,
The badly decorated room,
That held nothing but a bucket and a broken broom,
The old graveyard at the back,
The black and white unfriendly cat,
That seemed to hang around for years,
With all his other mangy peers.

And you can take all my things but don't take my mind,
You can break all my limbs but leave my brain behind,
The thought of losing all my thoughts and all the things that I've been taught,
Has left a bad taste in my mouth,
And a hole inside my heart.

The day I first took to the stage,
Or the day I first got paid,
For bagging bread in the seaside town,
Where I grew up,
The way we drank ourselves to sleep,
In the middle of the week,
These are the memories I keep,
Like it or not.

The smell of potent homemade wine,
Which she would make all of the time,
In the old guest house by the silver birch
and the Catholic Church which seemed forever shut.

And you can take all my things but don't take my mind,
You can break all my limbs but leave my brain behind,
The thought of losing all my thoughts and all the things that I've been taught,
Has left a bad taste in my mouth,
And a hole inside my heart.

But I can't seem to find you,
No I can't seem to find you in there,
I can't seem to find you in the corners of my mind.
No I can't seem to find you,
No I can't seem to find you in there,
I can't seem to find you in the corners of my mind,

And that's left a bad taste in my mouth,
And a hole inside my heart.

Steve Folk	vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose	guitar
Hans-Jörg Maucksch	fretless bass

2. Immortal

I am immortal,
I have lived here for more years than you can count to,
And I've seen every corner of this god damn earth,
What makes it worse?

I've lost loved ones,
I've lost so many people to the cancer,
I've had my children die on me in awful ways,
Too many days.

I'm over the days,
I'm over the sun,
I'm over the trees they never change,
Oh I am done,
I'm over the moon,
I'm over the gun, warm gun,
But I'll never get over you my love.

I've been in wars,
I've been in more wars than you have ever heard of,
Every book that you have read about the past,
That is my life.

I know your language,
I know every town and every major city,
And I've seen devolution wrongly sold as progress
Over the years.

I'm over the years,
I'm over the sun,
I'm over the trees they never change,
Oh I am done,
I'm over the moon,
I'm over the gun, warm gun,
Will I ever get over you my love.

I've seen the moments,
I've walked tall across the bridge with fearless humans,
And I've thrown many stones at those who have oppressed us.
We never win.

I am an athlete,
I can run like no one else who's ever tried to,
And I have swam across the English Channel,
Like 16 times.

Steve Folk	vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose	guitar, dobro
Hans-Jörg Maucksch	fretless bass





Ian Melrose

3. Farewell

Finger picking beauty comes easily to me,
And I will throw these words as far as I can see,
I will drive them like a jaguar in semi-hot pursuit,
In the hope that they'll be honoured and agreed.

I'm going to take my love away from this hard old English land,
To a country where they don't know my shoes,
I'm going to drench them in the poetry so previously undone,
I'm gonna sing my brand of lost in London blues.

And I'll wait for the call,
We were blithering English fools,
You're the voice, you're the new light,
You're the candy coated Wainwright.

You're the bridge, the troubled waters,
You can marry all our daughters,
You were lost but now you're found,
You can have 1 million pounds.

But you already had your chance when I exposed my every nook,
You had a backstage pass to every part of me,
But I suppose my honest tendencies had ruined the mystique,
Now I'm an old and forgotten withered tree...

But my fruit has flavour,
You could've done yourself a favour,
Put your trust in your ears,
And alleviate your fears.

You could've held me like a trophy,
Been my groupy or my roady,
Oh put your faith in me,
Like a cup of English tea.

I love the way this country looks,
That English racing green,
Its cities with diversity and heart,
But what I do, or what I don't,
Don't seem to float your tiny boat,
So with one ounce of regret,
I must depart.

Steve Folk
Ian Melrose
Hans-Jörg Maucksch

vocals, guitar
guitar, low whistle
fretless bass

4. Chase My Dancing Heart

Chase my dancing heart,
Down the hallway,
Chase my dancing heart,

I'm in a loop, I'm in my element,
I'm like a little elephant,
That's found that he can fly,
With his big grey ugly ears,

I'm more than just a little high,
I'm positively on cloud nine,
Although it's taken nearly almost 47 years.

So chase my dancing heart,
Down the hallway,
Chase my dancing heart,

Even though I sometimes find,
A constant need to leave behind,
All the nasty things that lay beneath me.
I have a bag in which I keep,
A list of all the things I seek,
Though most of those are pretty bloody ugly.

So chase my dancing heart,
Down the hallway,
Chase my dancing heart.

I chose a path and I'll stick by it,
Through thick and thin I'll stick by it,
A sort of marriage to the orchestration,
I have a real respect,
Like Dali had for all his pets,
And this is what will keep me flying high above the rest.

So chase my dancing heart,
Down the hallway,
Chase my dancing heart.

Feeling down I must admit
It's almost like the clouds once lit
Have extinguished the bluish glow
Which once kept them up there

Steve Folk	vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose	guitar
Ulla van Daelen	concert harp
John Heinrich	pedal steel guitar
Lea Morris	backing vocals
Hans-Jörg Maucksch	fretless bass

5. My Wife, the River

I'll journey away to the south bank again,
With a previous, presumptuous reply,
I've seen it all before,
I've opened every single door
And uncovered every ticketed disguise.

And though the monotone street isn't sweet or complete,
It leads to something that doesn't quite comply,
To the rules of the road,
With its burden and its load,
It lifts my spirits in continuous surprise.

And there's always something new when I cast my eye on you,
Oh this river is as random as the sky,
And when the god light shines on through,
I'll book any kind of view and we'll watch her change into the lady of the night.

And from our restaurant seat eating anything but meat,
We'll laugh our way into another hour,
And I'll look deeply into you,
And you'll return it as you do,
And we'll discuss this river's unforgiving power.

But there's always something new when I cast my eye on you,
Oh this river takes a different kind of ilk,
And as the river loses blue and your skin has changed its hue,
Well it's still as shiny and as delicate as silk.

And it is and always will,
Be the reason to keep our bodies still,
In old grey London Town,
Oh the river wears the crown,
What a winner,
What a thrill,

So let's zig and zag our way,
Over bridges in a day and rate them in the order of the best,
Judging points of view,
Diversity and truth,
Stature, lovability and zest.

And as the sunlight fades on our silver centre stage,
We'll take another look before we go,
So reluctantly we leave,
With our hearts still on our sleeves,
But I'll always see the river Thames in you,

Oh Poseidon gave his trident to you.

Steve Folk
Justin Ciuche
Ulla van Daelen
Hans-Jörg Maucksch

vocals, guitar
violin
concert harp
fretless bass

6. No Net Curtains in New York

Are there no net curtains in New York?
Lip reading superseding early morning walks,
Bathrobed married ladies, arguments and gravy pouring
Window style TV, the only place to see
New York

Are there no net curtains in New York?
Soap opera view, cliffhanging truths and life affirming talks,
Domestic trials seen and heard, exchange of first time honest words,
Young couples would agree, the only way to see
New York

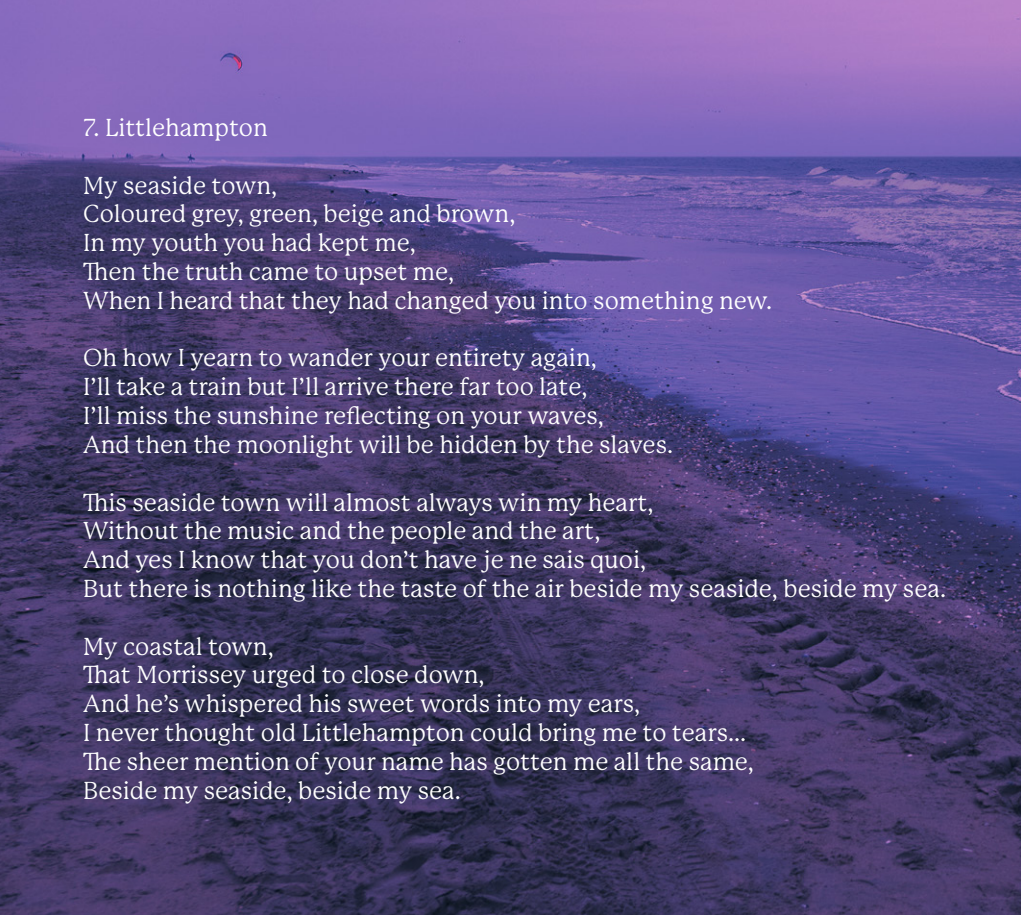
Central Park can kiss my but you ain't seen nothing yet.
Remove yourself from tourist traps,
Drop your guard, destroy your maps,
Follow someone else's nose, walk till you can't feel your toes
The only place to be, the only way to see
New York

Are there no net curtains in New York?
Al Pacino's future lover looks through window as a hawk,
She had seen the violence on another cloudless day,
But hangers hang in empty drobes,
A smile erupts, she took her clothes,
Now lives a better life,
As someone else's wife,
The only way to see, the only place to be
New York





Steve Folk vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose aria contra-bass guitar
choir: Günter Stöfer with Anne, Andra, Claudia, Katja, Nicole, Wiebke and Bernd



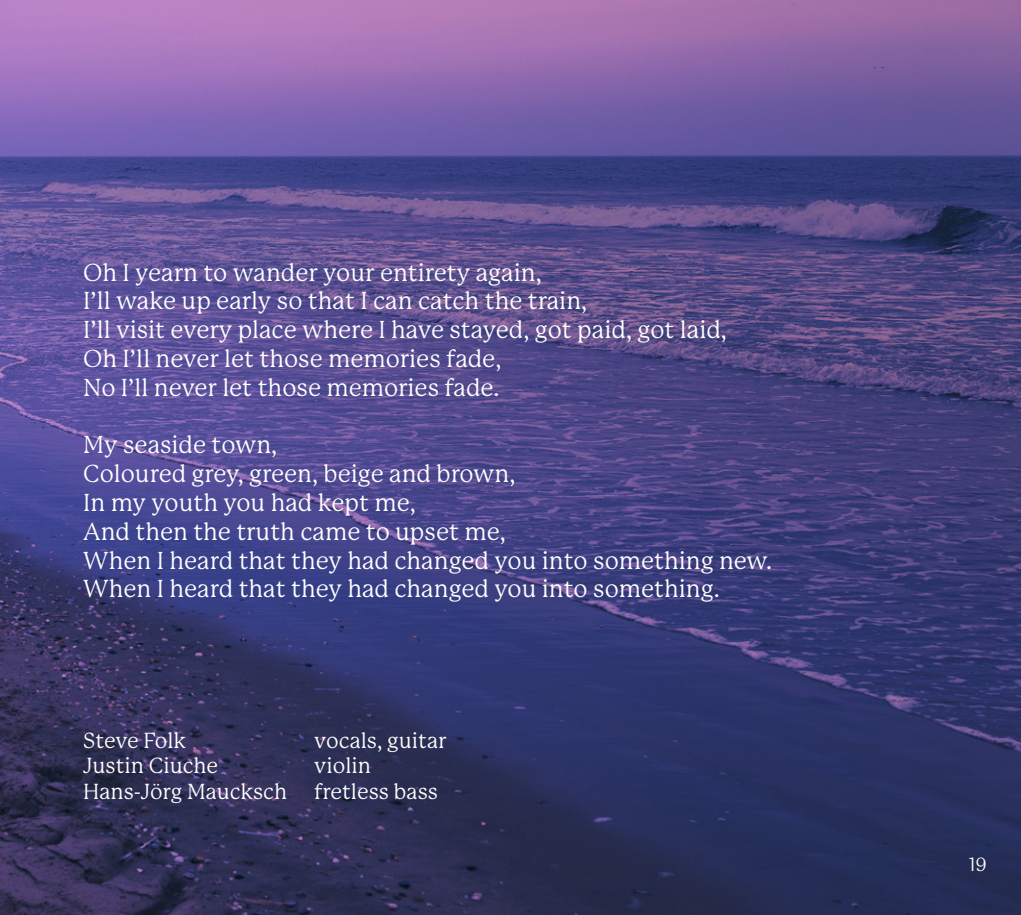
7. Littlehampton

My seaside town,
Coloured grey, green, beige and brown,
In my youth you had kept me,
Then the truth came to upset me,
When I heard that they had changed you into something new.

Oh how I yearn to wander your entirety again,
I'll take a train but I'll arrive there far too late,
I'll miss the sunshine reflecting on your waves,
And then the moonlight will be hidden by the slaves.

This seaside town will almost always win my heart,
Without the music and the people and the art,
And yes I know that you don't have je ne sais quoi,
But there is nothing like the taste of the air beside my seaside, beside my sea.

My coastal town,
That Morrissey urged to close down,
And he's whispered his sweet words into my ears,
I never thought old Littlehampton could bring me to tears...
The sheer mention of your name has gotten me all the same,
Beside my seaside, beside my sea.



Oh I yearn to wander your entirety again,
I'll wake up early so that I can catch the train,
I'll visit every place where I have stayed, got paid, got laid,
Oh I'll never let those memories fade,
No I'll never let those memories fade.

My seaside town,
Coloured grey, green, beige and brown,
In my youth you had kept me,
And then the truth came to upset me,
When I heard that they had changed you into something new.
When I heard that they had changed you into something.

Steve Folk	vocals, guitar
Justin Ciüche	violin
Hans-Jörg Maucksch	fretless bass





8. I Return

And so I return,
Back from the dead,
But it ain't the same,
Got no fingers, no brain,
I'm just a sad, cold spirit.

And is there any way that I can make it better,
Is there any way that I can come back whole,
If I talk to god the way that school had taught me,
Maybe I can make it back, body and soul,
Maybe I can make it back, body and soul.

I hear you praying for me,
And I'm trying to climb down the tree,
But the thorns and the mud
And this persistent flood,
Are keeping you away from me.

And I want you to hear my cry,
As I'm falling from way up high,
But when I hit the ground,
Don't make a single sound,
And the climb back up is hard on me...

And so I return,
Back to the grave,
But don't ponder on me,
You've got to set yourself free,
I'm just a sad cold spirit,

Don't ponder on me,
You've got to set yourself free,
I'm just a sad cold spirit.

And I want you to hear my cry...

Steve Folk vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose guitar
Hanna Carlson backing vocals
Hans-Jörg Maucksch fretless bass

9. Big River

If there ever was a god,
He'd be looking down on you,
And thinking who and what,
He ever gave earth to and he'd say this...

I tore myself apart,
Just so you could see,
You're not the only ones with fears,
Unreasonably unfair,

Big river,
Stop flowing now,
Is this some religious message about the state of who we are,
Big river,
A grey canal,
Is this some religious message about the state of now,

And yet you carry on,
Living like you do,
You're useless flesh and bone,
I'm gonna have to pull the plug on you,

I gave you everything you need,
And yet you choose to bleed,
And bleed others on the earth who are the same as you,

And those that hear this song,
Can choose to carry on, but it's ignorant to think it's you and only you,
And those of you who try,
Will live your life then die,
But I'll make sure I'll save a little space for you
And those with narrow heads,
Will die inside their beds,
And leave us with the chavs and rotten attitudes, thank you.

Steve Folk	vocals, guitar
Ian Melrose	guitar
Justin Ciuche	violin
Hans-Jörg Maucksch	fretless bass



10. Faith

Keep me safe,
Keep those around me safer,
I'll do anything you ask,
With my pedal to the metal,
I'll complete the given task.

Don't make it hard,
Rid me of my shyness,
Of my convoluted past,
Allow my soul to strengthen,
As soon as the clarity kicks in.

And change my biology,
Let this single thought decide,
Who I am now,
Hesitation denied,
Oh I can be your Number 1 Ally,
Just let me try...

So I'll begin,
Transforming my sin,
Ignoring western habits,
I'll give everything I have,
Just keep me safe,

Keep me safe,
Keep those around me safe,
Keep them safe,
Keep them safe,
Keep those around me safe,

Alas this isn't faith,
Alas this isn't faith,
Alas this isn't faith.

Steve Folk vocals, guitar

11. Still Sliding

He's still sliding down the banister,
Like he's only 6 years old,
He's still sliding down the banister,
Let the lunacy unfold.

Doesn't have a normal lifestyle,
His only love is his guitar,
He doesn't have a home like you do,
But he's happier by far.

He's still sliding down the banister,
In his own particular style,
And though his teeth are scattered all over the world,
He still wears a winning smile.

He doesn't need money or anything,
Just enough to get him to the next town,
He doesn't need money or anything,
Travelling on is all that he cares about.

You'd pay a million pounds to be him,
But he doesn't want the cash,
He's still sliding down the banister,
Can't you see,
He's just so happy doing that!

He doesn't need money or anything,
Just enough to get him to the next town,
He doesn't need money or anything,
Writing songs is all that he cares about.



Steve Folk
Jens Kommnick
Beo Brockhausen
Hans-Jörg Maucksch

vocals, guitar
bouzouki, guitar
saxophone, udu
fretless bass





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- 1 **Amnesia** 4:07
 - 2 **Immortal** 4:44
 - 3 **Farewell** 4:08
 - 4 **Chase My Dancing Heart** 4:15
 - 5 **My Wife, the River** 3:28
 - 6 **No Net Curtains in New York** 4:15
 - 7 **Littlehampton** 2:58
 - 8 **I Return** 2:38
 - 9 **Big River** 4:05
 - 10 **Faith** 2:24
 - 11 **Still Sliding** 3:05
- 40:34 Total

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