

A full-page photograph of an older man, Allan Taylor, standing in a doorway. He is wearing a black leather bomber jacket over a dark turtleneck and blue jeans. He is looking off to the right with a thoughtful expression. The background is a warm, dimly lit interior.

ALLAN TAYLOR
THE ROAD WELL TRAVELLED



1. The Last Train

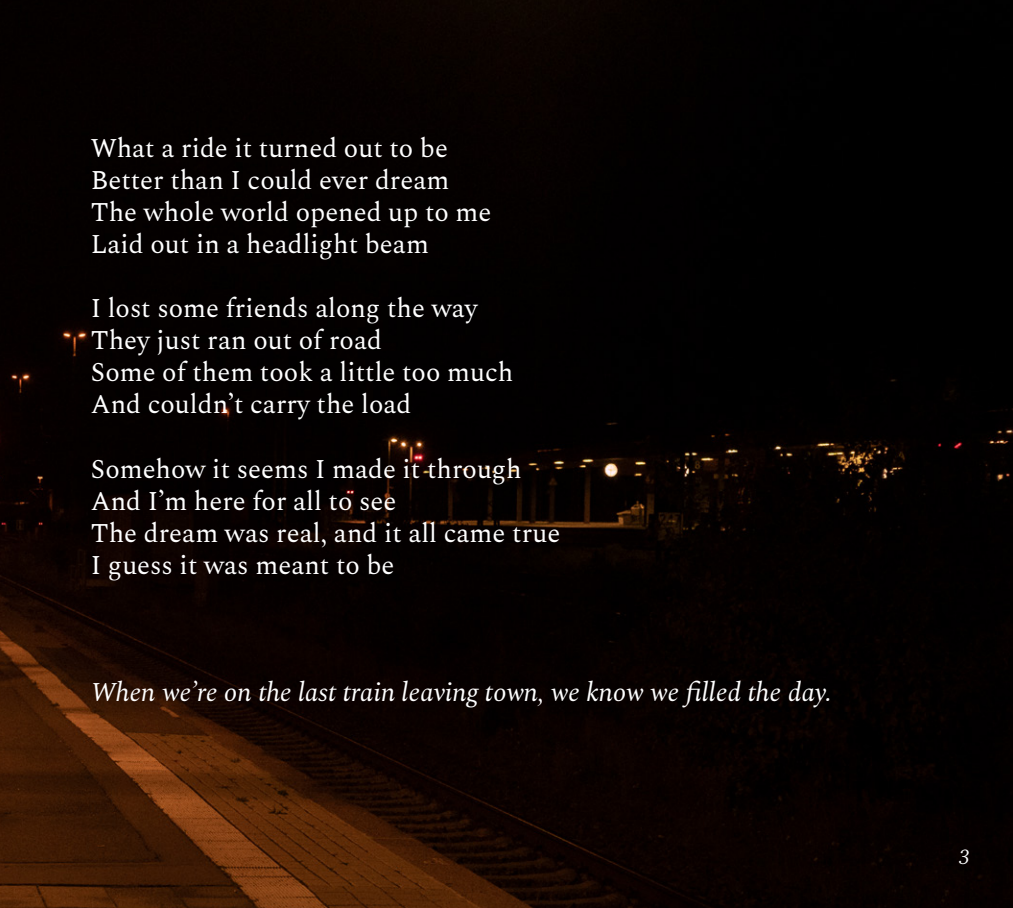
It all looks so familiar now
I know it all too well
It gets to be that you feel at home
In a motorway hotel

More of the same was good enough
I never needed more
Cause everything that came along
Was better than I'd had before

CHORUS

I'm taking the road just one more time
And I've laid my money down
I've got my ticket and the ride is mine
The last train is leaving town
I'm on the last train is leaving town

I'm not complaining I made my choice
There's no-one else to blame
It all hung on the roll of a dice
That's why I got in the game



What a ride it turned out to be
Better than I could ever dream
The whole world opened up to me
Laid out in a headlight beam

I lost some friends along the way
They just ran out of road
Some of them took a little too much
And couldn't carry the load

Somehow it seems I made it through
And I'm here for all to see
The dream was real, and it all came true
I guess it was meant to be

When we're on the last train leaving town, we know we filled the day.

2. A Giant Red Balloon

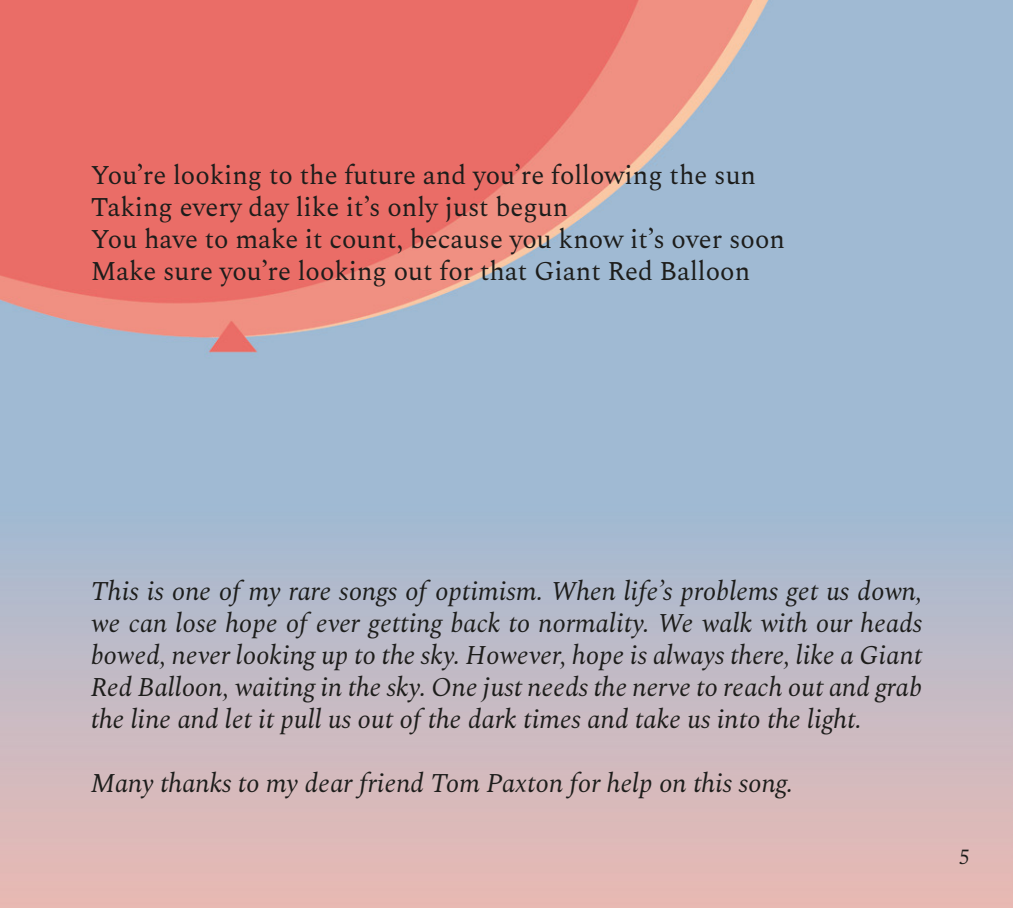
When trouble comes a-calling, knocking at your door
It all looks so familiar, you've seen it all before
Somehow you always made it through, just keep it all in mind
You know it always passes by, you can leave it all behind

Play the hand you're given, don't give them any slack
'Cause every time you lose your nerve it's harder getting back
Forget the ones who hurt you, and those who knocked you down
Everybody pays the price when it all gets turned around

CHORUS

There's a new day a-dawning,
And it's coming for you soon
You're going to look down on that city
From a giant red balloon

Look at all those people they've got their feet down on the ground
They took their souls and left them in the local lost and found
One by one they took their dreams and hung them out to dry
And stood there on the corner and just watched them passing by



You're looking to the future and you're following the sun
Taking every day like it's only just begun
You have to make it count, because you know it's over soon
Make sure you're looking out for that Giant Red Balloon

This is one of my rare songs of optimism. When life's problems get us down, we can lose hope of ever getting back to normality. We walk with our heads bowed, never looking up to the sky. However, hope is always there, like a Giant Red Balloon, waiting in the sky. One just needs the nerve to reach out and grab the line and let it pull us out of the dark times and take us into the light.

Many thanks to my dear friend Tom Paxton for help on this song.

3. The Joker's Hand

JACOB

I came through from Denmark
On the road to who knows where
With a cheap guitar, and crazy dreams
I didn't have a care
I'd busk my way across Europe
Maybe sing in the street cafés
I'd sleep anywhere I could lay my head
And move on through the days

ALLAN

From the downtown bars of Brussels
To the red lights of Amsterdam
I sold my soul to late-night drinkers
And no-one gave a damn
I sang in the Bordellos
And the loving came for free
Times were tough, but I toughed it out
And the girls took pity on me

CHORUS

The road is straight the road is true
It will break you if it can
Don't try to understand
Fate can play the Joker's hand

JACOB

I landed up in Hamburg
Somewhere on the Reeperbahn
I went into a bar to check it out
And that's when I met the man
He was singing from the corner
And playing an old guitar
That's when I started thinking
What's he doing in this lousy bar





Allan and Jacob

ALLAN

Come on, take a load off Son
Sit with me awhile
I can see it in your tired eyes
You've been travelling many a mile
Stay away from these low-life bars
It's not where you want to be
You can't get back when you get this low
I'll give you that for free

JACOB

I left him sitting in the bar
And I found a place to stay
I guess I learnt a lesson
From what he had to say
And sometimes when I think of him
His voice comes ringing through
And everything he said to me
Turned out to be true

The **Joker**, Fool or Jester is a mysterious figure. He is found in the Tarot, where his number is zero, and symbolizes all the endings and beginnings that make up the intricate journey of life.

This song was co-written with Jacob Dinesen (www.jacobdinesen.com). I've known Jacob since he was twelve years old. I've watched him develop into a fine songwriter, musician and performer over the years since, and I feel privileged to have played a part in his life. We have shared the stage many times, singing his songs and my songs.

When Jacob asked me to write a song that we could sing together, it wasn't so difficult; I just had to remember what it was like when I was a young man, looking for adventure, and travelling through Europe playing guitar and singing in cafés and bars, and sleeping wherever anyone would let me, on a couch, on the floor, or wherever. And seeing some of the older guys, singing in bars, just trying to make some money to get through the next day taught me many lessons, not just what to do, but also, what not to do. These experiences I passed on to Jacob. We recorded this song on Jacob's album (*The Joker's Hand* – released late 2021) and I'm really thrilled to share the song with Jacob on this CD. Thanks Jacob.

Words by Allan Taylor, music by Jacob Dinesen



4. A Way Back Home

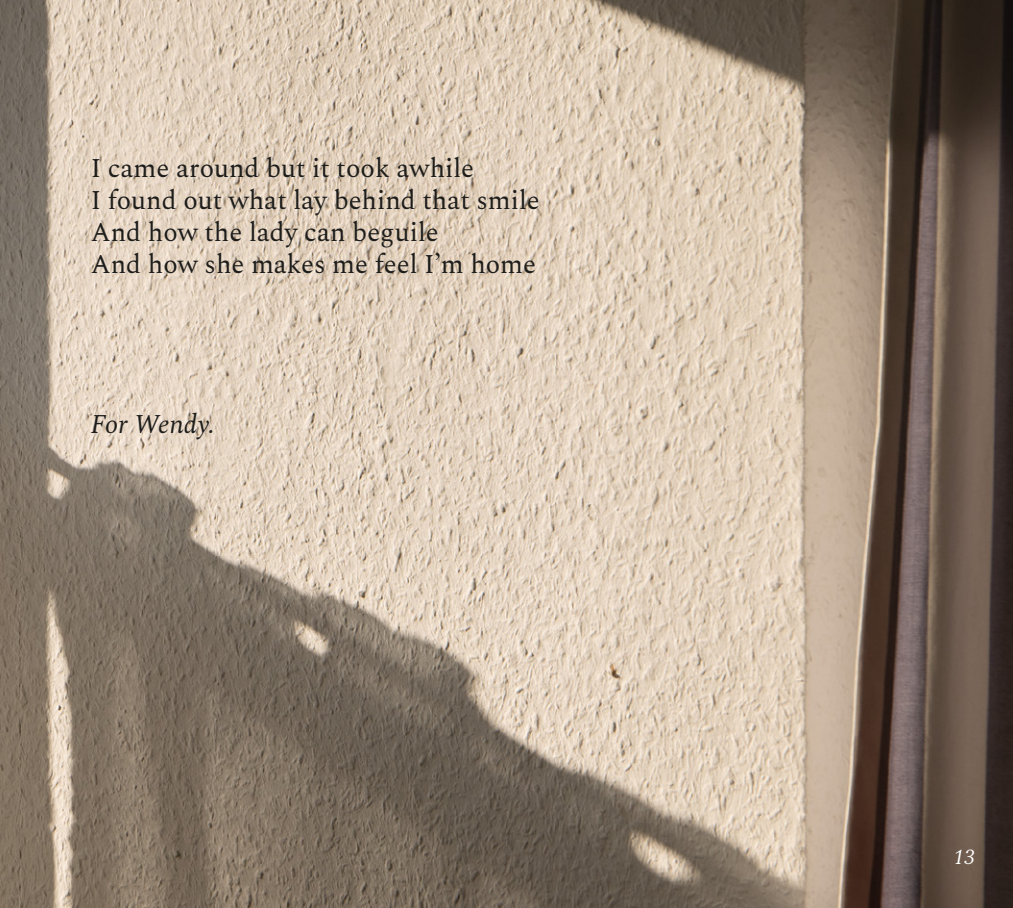
That was me and that was you
We didn't know what we had to do
But somehow, we made it through
And we found our way back home

You took a chance when you chose me
I was on the road and I was living free
I didn't know where I wanted to be
Until you took me home

CHORUS

It took a while to make it real
It's hard to show what you really feel
It ain't easy, you get a little scared
It's hard sometimes to drop your guard

I guess we're all much the same
We hold our cards real close when we get in the game
Sometimes we win and stake our claim
And we make our way back home



I came around but it took awhile
I found out what lay behind that smile
And how the lady can beguile
And how she makes me feel I'm home

For Wendy.

5. Just the Way It Goes

Sometimes I lose attention
And get these moments of reflection
And I'm thinking way too deep to carry on
It drives me to distraction
And that dangerous attraction
To sing another melancholy song

There were so many complications
And all my expectations
Were crushed upon that cold and rocky shore
When I landed I was broken
And love was just a token
To make up for what I'd lost before

I took a solitary road
With no-one to share the load
I was always on the outside looking in
But that's the road I chose
And as everybody knows
When run alone you're always gonna win

Now those days are finally over
And I don't want to blow my cover
But I'm leaving all that crazy stuff behind
Life is for the living
And I'm not about to give in
I have no need to feel that way inclined

As for the melancholy song
Why don't we all just sing along
And levity will surely raise a smile
There's nothing in the making
Of a serious undertaking
That guarantees it's always worth your while

Just to let you know I'm fine
And I thank you for your time
And for listening to my poetry and prose
I've lost the innocence of youth
And now I finally see the truth
That in the end that's just the way it goes

I finally got around to knowing
What everybody knows
That in the end that's just the way it goes
In the end, that's just the way it goes

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured and far away.

Henry David Thoreau, Walden



Nico Schneider

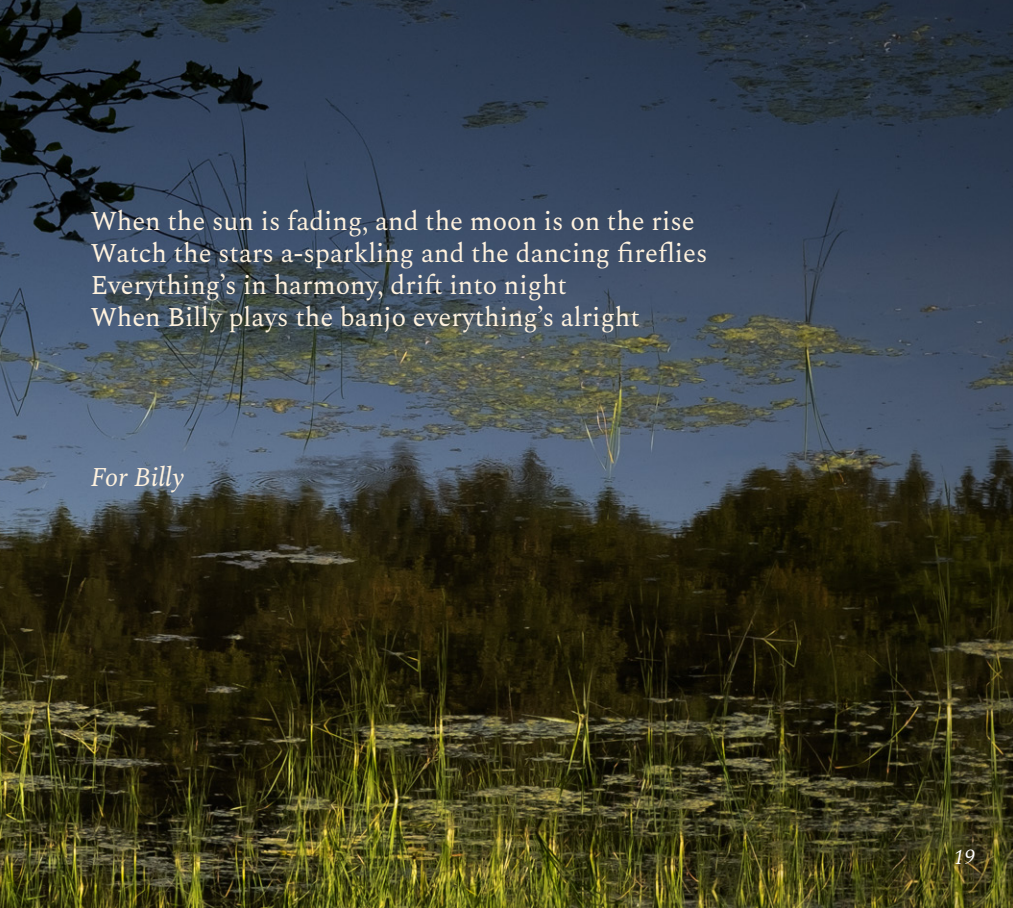
6. When Billy Plays the Banjo

The morning sun arises down along the Keys
Out across the Everglades among the Cypress trees
You can hear a banjo playing and it's carried on the wind
Like a long-distance phone call that you get from your old friend

CHORUS

Frailing on the banjo, picking out a tune
“Oh my Dixie Darling”, dance me ‘round the moon
Gather ‘round some dear friends let’s sing it through the night
When Billy plays the banjo everything’s alright

Sitting on the back porch by the side of the canal
Picking out a banjo tune, one you know so well
The mid-day sun is burning take it easy for awhile
Bringing back the memories will always raise a smile

A photograph of a pond with lily pads and reeds. The water is calm, reflecting the sky and the surrounding greenery. The lily pads are scattered across the surface, and some reeds are visible in the foreground and background. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and natural.

When the sun is fading, and the moon is on the rise
Watch the stars a-sparkling and the dancing fireflies
Everything's in harmony, drift into night
When Billy plays the banjo everything's alright

For Billy

An acoustic guitar with a light-colored wood body and a dark fretboard is leaning against a window. The window has green curtains tied back with gold-colored rings. The guitar is positioned diagonally across the frame, with its headstock pointing towards the top left and its body towards the bottom right. The background is slightly blurred, showing the interior of a vehicle or a room with a window.

7. I'm Going Home

CHORUS

I'm going home
I'm going home
My bags are packed and stored
It's time to climb on board
I'm going home

Kiss me goodbye
Kiss me goodbye
I know you're going to miss me
So take this chance and kiss me
Kiss me goodbye

Darling won't you think of me
Darling won't you think of me
You know I cannot stay
I must be on my way
Darling won't you think of me

Wipe that tear from your eye
Wipe that tear from your eye
I know you're going to grieve
But everybody has to leave
Wipe the tear from your eye

Hear my voice on the wind
Hear my voice on the wind
A haunting melody
Bringing memories of me
When you hear my voice on the wind

Hang my picture on your wall
Hang my picture on your wall
So someday you can say
He chanced upon my way
So hang my picture on your wall

My road has been hard and long
My road has been hard and long
I'll sing my travelling song
As the highway calls me on
My road has been hard and long

8. The Road Well Travelled

Pernod from Paris, peaches from Provence

Mangos from Montego Bay, where the swallowtails dance

Primitivo from Puglia, Melange from old Vienna

Gamal Dansk from Denmark and oranges from Sienna

I saw Fireflies spinning through a haze of marijuana

And sat with Old Companeros in Little Havana

I rode a spirited white horse in the Sierra Nevada

And I was drinking with Vlado in Ljubljana

In New York City I saw the Twin Towers fall

And in Germany I took a stone from the Berlin wall

In Washington I laid a flower for those killed in Vietnam

And I think I saw Vincent in old Amsterdam

I saw a million white crosses in the fields of Passchendaele
And in the bars of Brussels I raised a glass to Jacques Brel
In Venice I gave a ring to the girl of my heart
It was made of yellow and white gold and blue Tanzanite
Dubrovnik was sad and crippled with pain
Libertas Ragusa you will rise again
In Zagreb the old soldier by the Palace Hotel
With his few possessions he was trying to sell
In Prague we hoped for Spring again
But the dream was crushed when the tanks rolled in
In Leipzig the bell of freedom was rung
The regime was broken, the battle was won

I saw dolphins swim in the South China Seas
And was entranced by the beauty of the Balinese
And then to Hong Kong and the bars of Wan Chai
Where the Chinese lanterns float in the sky
The Caribbean islands are jewels in the sea
And like Sirens at night they called out to me
In Charlotte Amalie I sat in Sparky's Bar
Writing a song on my Martin Guitar
Kerouac's voice still rings in my mind
Get out on the road you don't know what you'll find
Take the road south down to old Mexico
And the Florida coast where the Flamingos go

North to New England to the coast of Maine
And then on to Canada from Lake Champlain
West to San Francisco with a flower in your hair
The city is full 'cause all the Hippies are there
These disparate images come to an end
When the reasons for going are hard to defend
Every new song sounds like another
And begins to remind you of a long-lost lover
You're running on empty, you're flying too high
And somehow life is passing you by
Hang on to the good times, let the rest go
Whatever you missed, you don't need to know

And what did you learn from these crazy times
Life is a poem of couplets and rhymes
Did you love well, was your love returned
Would it break your heart if your poems were burned
Was your aim true, did you hit the mark
Did you light the fire, did you make a spark
Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose
Sometimes you never get the chance to choose

CODA

I took the road, and come what may
I lived out the dream of young Ramble-away
Over the hill and far away
I lived out the dream of young Ramble-away

The great home of the soul is the open road.
D.H. Lawrence



Lutz Möller

Allan Taylor – voice and guitar
Jacob Dinesen – voice, guitar, baritone guitar
Lutz Möller – piano, keyboard
Nico Schneider – banjo
Lea Morris - harmony vocals
Beo Brockhausen – saxophone, mbira
Hans-Jörg Maucksch – electric bass

All songs written and composed by Allan Taylor, except:
The Joker's Hand – words Allan Taylor, music Jacob Dinesen
The Road Well Travelled – words Allan Taylor, music Lutz Möller
My Dixie Darling - written by AP Carter.

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My Dixie Darling – Peermusic Publishing.

Allan uses Martin guitars; D18, M38, OMJM.

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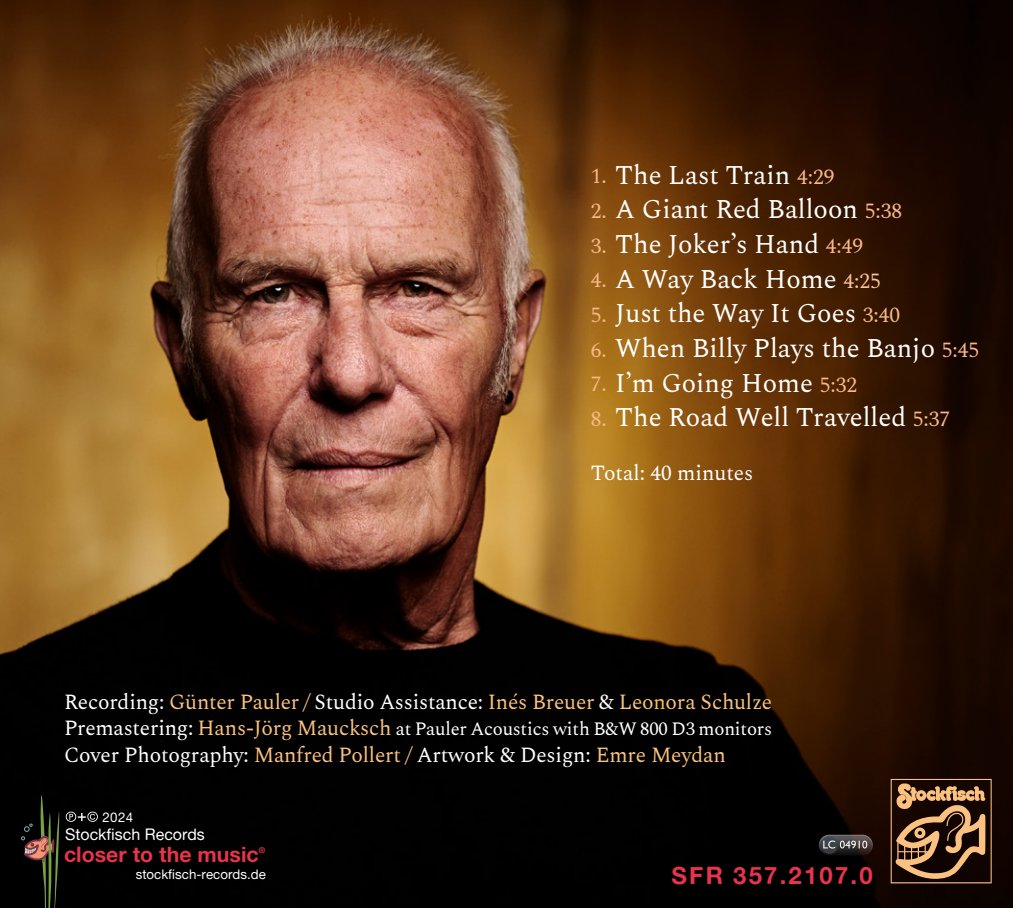
Brynn Hiscox

Thanks to my family for their support over the last five decades as I pursued my dream of travelling the world with my guitar.

Special thanks to Wendy for her continued support, love and encouragement.

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1. The Last Train
 2. A Giant Red Balloon
 3. The Joker's Hand
 4. A Way Back Home
 5. Just the Way It Goes
 6. When Billy Plays the Banjo
 7. I'm Going Home
 8. The Road Well Travelled





1. The Last Train 4:29
2. A Giant Red Balloon 5:38
3. The Joker's Hand 4:49
4. A Way Back Home 4:25
5. Just the Way It Goes 3:40
6. When Billy Plays the Banjo 5:45
7. I'm Going Home 5:32
8. The Road Well Travelled 5:37

Total: 40 minutes

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