

WIN OR LOSE

ANALOG PEARLS VOL. 6



ALLAN TAYLOR

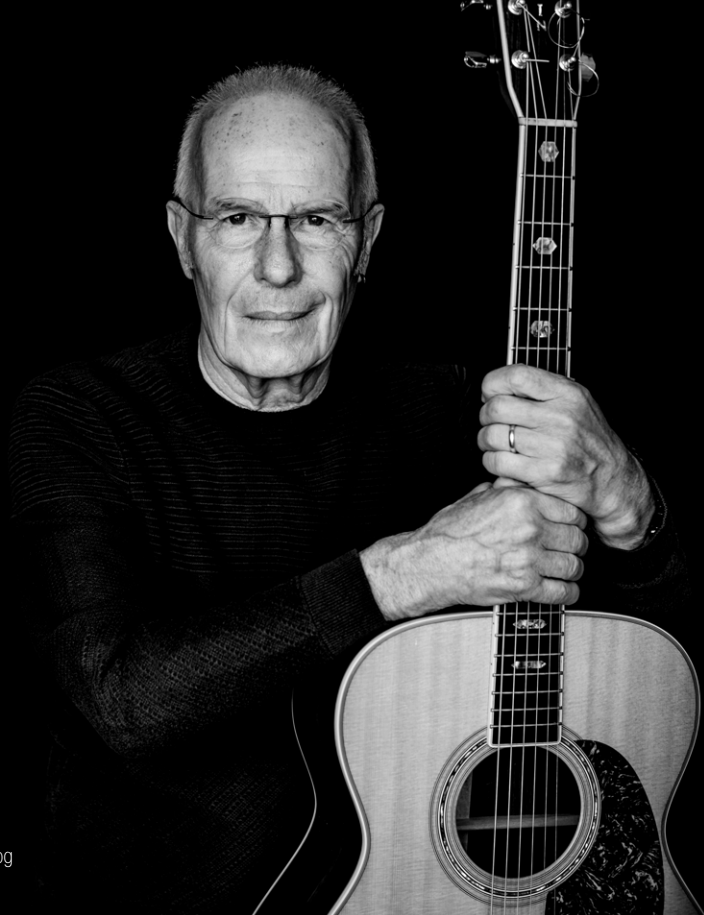


Photo: Morton Fog

The idea to re-release *Win or Lose* on Stockfisch Records came from Günter Pauler after I had sent him the original master-tape that I had found amongst my archive material. I thought he might be interested, mainly because the original quality of recording was so good. Furthermore, it fell within the parameters of quality that Stockfisch demand from all of their recordings, so we decided to go ahead with the idea, releasing it on the "Analog Pearls" series on vinyl and SACD.

How the original recording came to be;

In the early 80's the standard of vinyl for LPs was bad, as most vinyl was re-cycled which meant it had inherent noise. I decided that the only way to make sure the recordings and pressings were of the quality I wanted was to form my own company, and "go it alone". I had compromised enough, and I decided that I would strive for perfection at every stage of producing an album. I chose the best studio in the north of England, the best cutting studio in Britain and the best pressing plant. When I contacted Nimbus about pressing my album, they said that they would only press records of Classical Music, to which I replied, I would pay whatever their price was. Consequently, my album was the first non-classical record to be pressed by Nimbus.

We recorded and mixed the album from 7th to 13th of September 1984. Most of the recording was "live", with only the harmony vocals over-dubbed (apart from a few keyboard overdubs).

It is almost forty years since that original recording, and although much has changed as regards recording techniques and equipment, I hope the songs have stood the test of time, and you, the listener, will enjoy the result.

Allan Taylor, 2020

Many thanks to the following:

Wendy, for her unfailing support for my various projects. She has her feet on the ground, and I have my head in the clouds, and somehow, we meet in the middle.

The whole Stockfisch team; Günter, Evelyn, Inés, Hans-Jörg, Hendrik, Emre. Thanks for your enthusiasm, professionalism and expertise in everything you do.

Val Monteith-Towler who helps with the on-line side of my music (website and Facebook), and generally keeps things going smoothly.

I would like to mention the considerable help I had with the recording from Mike Silver; not only is he a good song-writer and guitarist but he is also a superb harmony vocalist, as well as always giving me valuable advice if I couldn't make a

decision about a certain aspect of the recording. Thanks Mike.

Martin Guitars (the guitar I used on the recording was a Martin D18).

Hiscox Cases. Thanks Brynn – you've always been a great help.

Additional thanks (1984):

Nick, Julie, Chris and Joe at Studio 2

Chris, Nigel, Marie at Strawberry Studio

Richard Scott, Recording Engineer

Brian Cleasby, Photographer

The Musicians: Mike Silver, Richie Close, Peter Glennon, Mike Timoney

All at Breton Hall, especially: Dave Bromley, Dave Lambert, Daphne Bird

Eugene Busfield, Gabrielle, Debbie and Kathy, The Coconut Grove

1. CHOOSE YOUR TIME

If you think about leaving
Do it quietly in the night
So when I wake in the morning
I'll find some comfort in sunlight.

Cho:
Leave as quietly as you came
Gracefully, choose your time.

You were quiet all evening
Just watching the fire glow
You looked as if you were dreaming
And thinking maybe it's time to go.

So if it's time for the going
You don't have to tell me why
What's the point when I'm knowing
It's too late for the long goodbye.

2. CRAZY AMSTERDAM (For Colin Scot)

It was over a year since we last met
But friends like that you don't forget
'Cause we go back a long way yet
And it's always just the same
We start talking about old times
I'm O.K. and you're doing fine
Then we open our first bottle of wine
Here we go again.

Cho:
And I'm thinking of you still
'Cause the times we had were real
Maybe we can do it again
In crazy Amsterdam.

Oh, Scotty you're a terrible man
How you do it I don't understand
A kind of rambling, gambling desperate Dan
And it's always one drink more.

One more smoke and one more drink
You always get me so I just can't think
And I feel such a fool when I fall down drunk
And I'm crawling on the floor.

So sing it Scotty one more time
Shout out the chords and I'll be fine
You sing the song I'll sing the harmony line
And take me back to when
Your Rock and Roll medleys
Keep on going around
Old Chuck Berry and "The Promised Land"
'Til the people start singing
And jumping around
Here we go again.

3. PIAF (For Edith Piaf)

As the night hangs cold on the city
Listen awhile and you'll hear
Somewhere a sparrow is singing
But she sings with a smile and a tear.

Her voice is not sweet like the linnet
It's not clear or pure like the lark
But it's a song of life and like the edge of a knife
It will cut you through to the heart.

Cho:
Dansez dansez mes amis
Dansez toute la nuit
Ma chanson vit quand vous dansez pour moi
Alors dansez dansez pour moi

Sing on sweet Piaf we're listening
Sing on as strong as before
Sing it anew and we'll dance for you
Sing on Piaf, encore.

4. ANGELINA'S CANTINA (For Bob Clark)

Every night in the Cantina I watch you from afar
As you're joking with those late-night drinkers and leaning on the bar
But underneath your smiling face there's a sadness I can see
And I can tell 'cause I know you well you're lonely just like me.

Cho:

Oh, Angelina your Cantina is where I want to be
Oh, Angelina your Cantina is home sweet home to me.

Well I've heard all of those stories you know how stories get around
About that lonely travelling man who was passing through the town
How he stole your heart and left you, how he said he would return
But a travelling man will never settle down he just keeps on moving on.

So I'll sit way back in the corner, I'm trying to get the nerve
And if you slap my face throw me out of the place it's only what I deserve
'Cause your travelling man's come back again, it's a dream that's coming true
I've been following a star too long by far and it's brought me home to you.

5. WIN OR LOSE

There's a bar in Brussels and it looks the same
As a bar in Paris with a different name
It reminds me of a bar in Amsterdam
And they all look the same.

And there's always a Joe behind the bar
Who'll take your money and pass the jar
He's no great friend but it's better by far
Than drinking on your own.

Cho:

Win or lose what's it matter to you
Everybody's doing what they have to do
And like it or not you're part of it too
And you're a long way from home.

And the joker who plays at being everybody's friend
Says he knew you sometime way back when
So you buy him a drink and he'll try it again
And you'll see him every night.

And way back in the corner there's a lonely guy
Says he's dying for sure, he's living a lie
Maybe tomorrow he'll give it another try
But he's got to make it through the night.

And the lady who stops and gives you a smile
Says she likes your music says she likes your style
Maybe she'll let you stay awhile
And pass the night away.

But there's always a morning after the night
When your eyes won't open and your throat is tight
When everything's wrong and nothing's right
And you don't know what to say.

6. SYRACUSE AND ALBANY

My love she dreams of mountains and the forests of New York
And listens for that midnight train as it echoes in the dark
Of Syracuse and Albany and the house at Lake Champlain
My love she dreams of all of this and going home again.

My love she dreams of springtime and the child is in her breast
And looks towards the summer as the swallow builds her nest
And oranges up from Florida bring the colour of the sun
My love she dreams of all of this and going home again.

She dreams of Indian summers and the golden hues of Fall
The crystal snows of winter when the wolf lets out his call
And snow geese down from Canada flying south to find the sun
My love she dreams of all of this and going home again.

7. GOLDEN ISLAND

Lately I've been thinking of our golden island
Where we drank that sweet dark rum and listened to that crazy steel band
How we'd dance all night in Frenchtown, swim all day and just laze around
Maybe we could go there once again.

It was good to leave the bad times far behind
Although I lost a little on the way I didn't really mind
'Cause what I lost was long overdue and it'd be nothing to losing you
Maybe we could go there once again.

Cho:
'Cause we were living just for the day
Instead of wishing our lives away
We didn't know where we were going
And we didn't care.

One more week of this winter and I'll go insane
I want to feel the sun on my skin instead of freezing rain
Let's follow the trade winds on down until we find the sun
Maybe we could go there once again.

8. THERE WAS A TIME

They sit and wait
Waiting for the light to fade away
Perhaps to rise another day
To sit and wait
Another month another year
And still be here
The same old place the same old chair
Every day is much the same
It only changes name
They sit and wait.

There was a time
When hope was in their hearts
And drove them on
There was a time to carry on
This was their time
For they were young and unafraid
And plans were made
Before the flowers came to fade

But those days have passed away
And they just look at you and say
There was a time.

Oh how they danced
They all remember clear
How they danced
They danced with ribbons in their hair
And how they sang
When wedding bells were rung
And sung again
For they were busy being young
And when they close their eyes it seems
They're still dancing in their dreams
How they danced.

9. NOW YOU KNOW

Sometimes I know I'm forgetful
Things roll on from day to day
Sometimes I don't bring you flowers
When I've been away.

Cho:
Sometimes I forget to tell you
I can't promise that I won't
If I forget to say I love you
It don't mean I don't.

Sometimes I know I get careless
Lose my temper and I get mad
And I forget to say I'm sorry
I know it makes you sad.

So now you know at last I've told you
Think on this when things go wrong
And when I take my time to hold you
Don't think you don't belong.

10. THE DOVE

I saw her in the morning
As she flew in on the wind
Sweeping down from the mountains
And out across the plain
Flying in my pure white dove
She landed in my hand
She was giving me a message
That I tried to understand.

Her voice was pure and simple
Though something sounded wrong
For my ears had grown accustomed
To a different kind of song
And as she brushed against my face
And looked my in the eye
She said "Follow me my traveller
I will teach you how to fly."

Fly on my precious bird of peace
And show me what you must
Show me all those promises
That crumbled into dust

I do not doubt your honesty
Your gentle heart is pure
But I weep for your innocence
And the pain you must endure.

And as we flew across the land
She slowly lost her flight
And the sun lay down in sympathy
And gave way to the night
But guided by a distant star
She found the strength to fly
And leaving me behind her
She vanished in the sky.

11. THE ROSE AND THE BRIAR

Beware the dream that turns to greed
When the flower rejects the seed
When the lover does not yearn
For the swallow's swift return.

Too late the lesson has been learned
The flowers withered, the letters burned
The fond embrace is just a breeze
Like the touch of falling leaves.

Cho:

Take this broken heart of mine
Throw it out like sour wine
Let it burn upon the fire
For you're the rose and I'm the briar.

And now the years are rolling on
And I think of what has gone
For what I gained I do not care
And what I lost I hold most dear.

Allan Taylor vocal and guitar
Mike Silver backing vocals and guitar
Pete Glennon electric and double bass
Richie Close piano, yamaha DX7, prophet 5
Mike Timoney accordion, yamaha DX7, wave 2.2 with waveterm

Recorded at Yellow 2 Studios, Stockport
Mixed digitally at Strawberry Studios, Stockport
Recording Engineer: Richard Scott
Art Direction and Design: James Brogden
Photography: Brian Cleasby
Produced by Allan Taylor

Original release:
Mastered and cut to copper (DMM) at Abbey Road Studios, London
Pressing at Nimbus, Wales
Released on T Records in 1984

This release:
Transferred from the original reel-to-reel tape
Premastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch
Design by Emre Meydan

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