



# THE DEAD MAN'S WALTZ



# UNION STREET

THE HOSTELS AND CHURCHES ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY DIFFERENT THE PRESS AND THE POSTERS ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY NEW THE MAN AT THE STATION IS CALLING OUT NAMES IF YOU'RE FAST HE MIGHT CALL YOU. THESE LIGHTS YOU WILL SEE WHEN YOUR EYES GET USED TO THE DARKNESS HEATHER AND HALOGEN LIKE CIGARETTES IN THE NIGHT ON THE CORNER OF ARGYLE AND UNION STREET I WILL HIDE MY FACE FROM SIGHT. EACH NIGHT, THOUGH THERE'S A WALL BETWEEN US WE SHARE A LITTLE WORLD AS DREAMERS. THE CARS AND THE BUSES ARE ROLLING IN UNDER MY WINDOW I DRAW ALL THE CURTAINS AND PRETEND THAT I LIVE BY THE SEA WHILE THE RADIO TELLS OF THE COLD ENGLISH BELLS THAT THEY TOLL BUT NOT FOR ME. OH, I CAN HEAR THE CRICKETS TYPE MY NAME UPON THAT TELEGRAM AGAIN YOU'D THINK THE ORDNANCE I DROPPED WOULD HAVE DONE FOR THE LOT BUT SOMEBODY CARRIED THE WHOLE DIRTY VALLEY AWAY.

# FALLOW FIELDS

WAKE ME IN THE SPRINGTIME ON FALLOW FIELDS BURN UP OUR BRIDGES PAINT ME AGAIN WITH WOUNDS AS MY WITNESS AND FLESH AS MY SHIELD MY DEAR... THEY DRANK TO OUR COURAGE THEN TURNED ON THEMSELVES STONED ME WITH MADNESS AND SILENCED THE BELLS THEIR WARS ARE STILL RAGING ON THE MIDDLE STAIR MY DEAR... MAN THE HARVEST THERE'S THIEVES IN THE MARKET TONIGHT PART THE SEAS AND HAVE FAITH WITHOUT REASON SAYS ! TAKE FLIGHT... PULL BACK THE CURTAINS THE MARKSMEN IS BLIND ROLL OUT THE SEASONS SHARPEN THE SCYTHE SCATTER MY ASHES TRUST IN THE WIND MY DEAR..

# THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE BUTCHER'S WIFE HER EYES WERE AS DARK AS THIS WORLD COULD CONTRIVE AND HER HAIR CAME DOWN IN A COIL THE COLOUR OF BLOOD AND THE COLOUR OF OIL. NOW THE BUTCHER WAS TOUGH AND THE BUTCHER WAS MEAN HE STOOD IN THE DARK ON THE VILLAGE GREEN HE TORE OUT HER HEART AND HE TORE OUT MY SPLEEN AND IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS WE FELL SHE WENT UP TO HEAVEN AND I WENT DOWN TO HELL. NOW IN HELL IT WAS DARK AND IN HELL IT WAS GOLD I WAS BURIED AT HOME AND MY HOME IT WAS SOLD AND A THOUSAND TONNES OF CEMENT DID UNFOLD AND FALL UPON MY BONES AND I LIE THERE STILL AND

I  
LIE  
THERE  
ALONE.

## EMMELINE

BERLIN'S GUNS STRAFED THE NIGHT SKY THROUGH THE FLASH OF THE FLAK HER FACE AND HER BLUE EYES GLOWED AS THEY HAD WHEN I FIRST MET HER BEFORE THIS WAR BEGAN ON THE BANKS OF LAKE CONSTANCE IN THE SUMMER OF THIRTY NINE IN NAVY BLUES AS I BOARDED THE LAST TRAIN TO BREST INTO THE PALM OF MY SWEETHEART A GOLD RING I PRESSED EMMELINE MY SWEET EMMELINE THIS VOW I SHALL NEVER SURRENDER MY HEART TO THE SEA BUT IF I SHOULD SINK TO THE OCEAN FLOOR I WILL STILL WALK TO THE NEAREST SHORE TO YOU EMMELINE MY SWEET EMMELINE TO KISS BY LAKE CONSTANCE FAR FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA BY THE LIGHT OF THE SICKLE MOON A LONE WOLF CREPT TO SPY ON THE CONVOY THEN STEAL HER DESCENT INTO BISCAY THE BOMBERS BOWL WITHOUT END ON THE TRACK'S BLACK VEIN THE HUNTER WAS

HUNTED FROM PROVIDENCE THERE IN THE COURSE OF THAT BATTLE DID THEY SEAL OUR DEFEAT AS THE BOMBS DROVE US DEEPER TOMMY SHARPENED HIS TEETH AS THEIR LAST TORPEDO TORE THROUGH OUR SHELL WE PLUNGED TO THE BOTTOM I THE KAPITAEN SANG TO THEE IF I SHOULD SINK TO THE OCEAN FLOOR I WILL STILL WALK TO THE NEAREST SHORE TO YOU EMMELINE MY SWEET EMMELINE TO KISS BY LAKE CONSTANCE FAR FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA WHILE INTO THE DARKNESS THE DOOMED WOLF WAS SWEEPED DOWN IN THE BUNKER POOR EMMELINE WEPT AND AS BERLIN WAS BURNING HER TEARS TURNED TO FIRE AND A GOLD RING WAS BURIED IN THE RUBBLE OF MAY FORTY FIVE IF I SHOULD SINK TO THE OCEAN FLOOR I WILL STILL WALK TO THE NEAREST SHORE TO YOU EMMELINE MY SWEET EMMELINE TO PASS BY LAKE CONSTANCE AND LAY IN THE RUBBLE WITH THEE SO I WALK THROUGH THE SILENCE I WALK THROUGH THE SHALE I WALK FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THIS WAR TORN TALE TO YOUR GRAVE EMMELINE TO YOUR GRAVE EMMELINE TO PASS BY LAKE CONSTANCE AND LAY IN THE RUBBLE WITH THEE







1904

## CRY ON ME

THOUGH I SEE THE WORLD  
THROUGH ANOTHER'S EYES  
IT'S STILL MY EYES YOU  
SEE THOUGH YOU WALK LIKE  
RAIN YOU TALK LIKE ICE AND  
YOU'LL NEVER CRY ON ME  
I WOULD START IT THERE  
ON SOME DISTRICT BLUFF  
IN WINTER'S YELLOW CLAW  
WOULD IT PIERCE YOUR  
WILL AND REMAKE YOUR  
HEART TEARS BEYOND THE  
LAW THEN WILL CRY ON ME  
I WOULD END MY TALE IF  
I HELD THE PEN IN SOME  
PALE AND FOREIGN ROOM  
I WOULD CLOSE THE BOOK  
I WOULD MARK NO PAGE  
WHEN MEADOW ORCHIDS  
BLOOM YOU WILL CRY ON  
ME

LIE DOWN HERE MAMA TAKE YOUR  
FEET OFF THE FLOOR AND TELL ME  
A STORY FROM 1904 IT DON'T NEED  
NO HAPPY ENDING IT DON'T NEED  
TO BE TRUE AND IT DON'T NEED A  
LESSON IN A SENTENCE OR TWO JUST  
KEEP MY ATTENTION FROM SWEEPING  
THE FLOOR AND TELL ME A STORY  
FROM 1904. COME IN HERE BROTHER  
AND SHOW ME YOUR WOUNDS OUR  
MOTHER IS REELING AND TALKING  
IN TONGUES THEY FOUGHT FOR  
MADNESS AND WE FOUGHT FOR  
GOLD AND THAT WAR WILL BE RAGING  
WHEN OUR CHILDREN GROW OLD  
THAT THE BUDDHA MIGHT LEAD YOU  
FROM CASKET TO SPORE I MIGHT  
HAVE BELIEVED YOU IN 1904 HURRY  
MY SISTER I'M HERE BY THE TREE  
THE MOB HAS GOTTEN ANGRY AND  
THEIR LOOKING AT ME OUR PARENTS  
ARE TRYING TO COME TO OUR AID  
BUT WE'LL ONLY DIE ORPHANS IF  
THEY KEEP ON THAT WAY SO HOLD  
ME AND TELL ME THE LIES I YEARN  
FOR THAT ALL THIS WAS DETERMINED  
IN 1904 WAIT FOR ME FATHER AND  
YOU CAN THINK FOR ME TOO JUST  
BECAUSE YOUR DELUDED THAT  
DON'T MAKE IT UNTRUE GIVE ME  
THE SIGNAL AND I'LL BE BY YOUR  
SIDE WHEN YOUR CROUCHED IN THE  
BUNKER IN YOUR SUIT AND YOUR  
TIE AND SHOULD I FIND THOSE  
GARMENTS FOLDED UP ON THE SHORE  
I'LL PRETEND THAT YOUR LIVING  
IN 1904

I WAS THE LOVE OF ANOTHER I  
WAS THE SONG ON A STARLIT  
STAGE OLD MAN I WALKED THE  
CARPET HE BOUGHT HER AND  
LEFT A MARK SO THAT HE COULD  
STARE OLD MAN AND TAUGHT  
THE DAYS NOT TO LINGER  
FOR ONLY DAYS HELP US CARRY  
ON I TOOK THE LIFE OF THE TAMER  
I HELD HIM DOWN WITH THE  
CARNY'S BLADE OLD MAN  
AND RODE THE BEAST OUT OF  
LONDON SLAUGHTERED IT THERE  
BELOW WHITE HORSE HILL OLD  
MAN AND WASHED MY HANDS ON  
THE WINTER FOR ONLY WINTER  
CAN TAKE THE BLAME I TRAVELLED  
ON WITH THE SEASONS I CUT  
MY HAIR ON THE SAME DARK  
KNIFE OLD MAN AND WED A DAUGHTER  
OF ATHENS CARRIED HER CARPET  
SO SHE COULD SLEEP OLD MAN  
AND TOOK HER HOME TO HER  
BROTHER SHE SAW REVENGE  
BELOW WHITE HORSE HILL

**OLD MAN**

**SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS**

LAST NIGHT ON THE TRAIN I  
HEARD AN OLD MAN SAY A  
DIRTY WORD HE WAS DRAWING  
ON HIS CIGARETTE AT LAST A  
HAPPY MAN I GUESS HE WAS  
SITTING ALL ALONE HEAVEN  
KNOWS HOW FAR FROM HOME  
AND HIS FUNNY LOOKS AND HIS  
OLD FASHIONED STYLE  
REMINDED ME OF MINE A WHILE  
LAST NIGHT ON THE TRAIN I  
HEARD CHARLES THE FIRST  
AND CHARLES THE THIRD THEY  
WERE TALKING FROM BEHIND  
THEIR HANDS ABOUT HOW  
BEST TO RULE THE LAND SAID  
CHARLES THE FIRST TO CHARLES  
THE THIRD I WONDER WHO HAS  
OVERHEARD SAID CHARLES THE  
THIRD TO CHARLES THE FIRST  
IN HEARING LET THE MAN BE  
CURSED LAST NIGHT ON THE  
TRAIN I SAW TWO CITIES WED  
IN COMMON LAW THOUGH I  
COULD SEE AN OPEN FIELD THESE  
WINDOWS WERE AS GOOD AS  
SEALED EACH NIGHT FROM THE  
TRAIN I'VE SEEN THAT IN THE  
PARKS AND ON THE GREENS  
ALTHOUGH THE SUMMER SUN  
IS OUT ONLY SWINGS AND  
ROUNDABOUTS EMPTY SWINGS  
AND ROUNDABOUTS

**THIS ALBUM WAS WRITTEN  
AND PERFORMED BY  
THE DEAD MAN'S WALTZ**

**HECTOR MACINNES  
LEIGHTON JONES  
MAGNUS GRAHAM  
DAVID MACLEOD**

**AIDED AND ABETTED BY  
MICK COOKE - TRUMPET**

**THE VOICE IN 'THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT'  
IS AN UNKNOWN BROADCASTER,  
THE VOICE IN 'THE TEA TRAVELLER'  
IS THAT OF JETTA FRASER, ISLE OF SKYE**

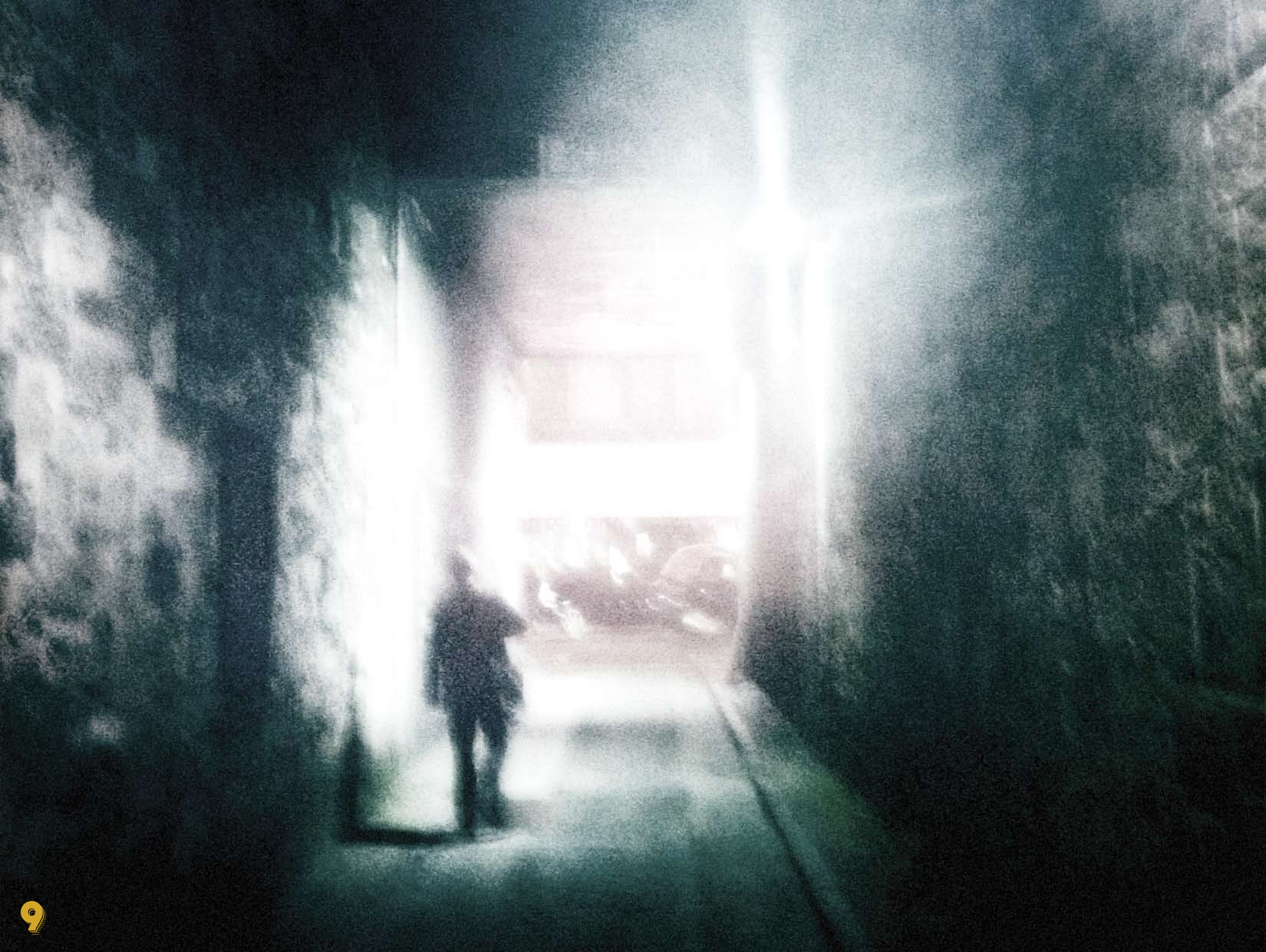
**PRODUCED BY THE DEAD MAN'S  
WALTZ AND COLIN MC GEOCH  
AT LA CHUNKY TOWERS, GLASGOW**

**RECORDED AT LA CHUNKY TOWERS,  
AN OISEAN, ORD, THE ISLE OF SKYE  
AND SOUTH LODGE, CRAIGMADDIE  
MIXED BY COLIN MC GEOCH  
MASTERED BY DENIS BLACKHAM  
AT SKYE MASTERING**

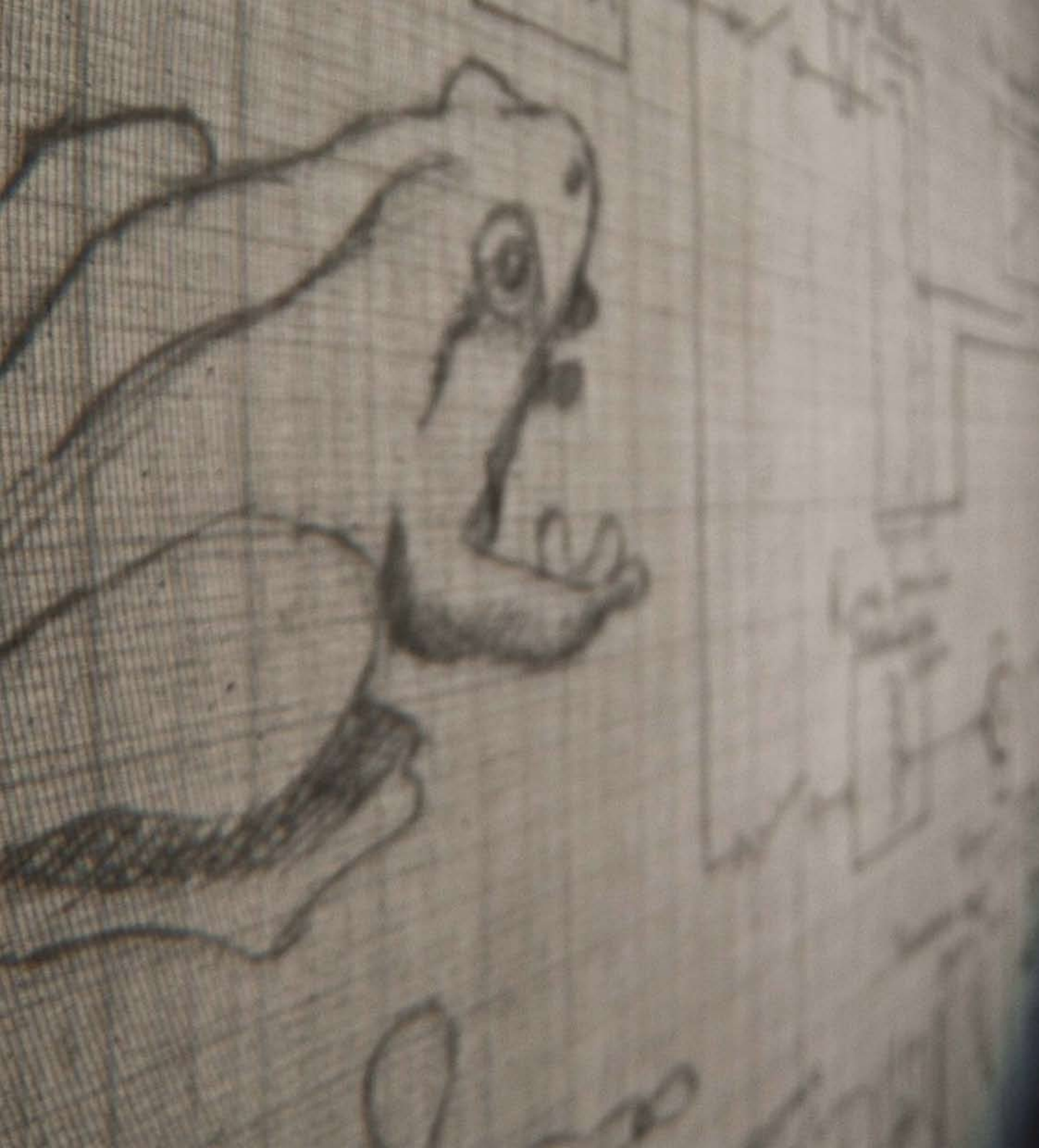
**COPYRIGHT 2011 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
GREAT NORTHWESTERN RECORDS  
GNRCD007**

**THANKS TO:  
RETCY, JOHNNY BARRINGTON,  
KIMBERLEY BRIGHT, PAUL CASSIDY  
FOR THEIR INCREDIBLE WORK  
HIGHLAND MUSIC BURSARIES  
ALL OF OUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS  
AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO MADE THIS**









**THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT  
UNION STREET  
FALLOW FIELDS  
THE BUTCHER'S WIFE  
EMMELINE  
CRY ON ME  
NINETEEN-O-FOUR  
OLD MAN  
THE TEA TRAVELLER  
SWINGS AND  
ROUNDAABOUTS**

**GREAT NORTHWESTERN  
RECORDS  
GNRCD007 © 2011**