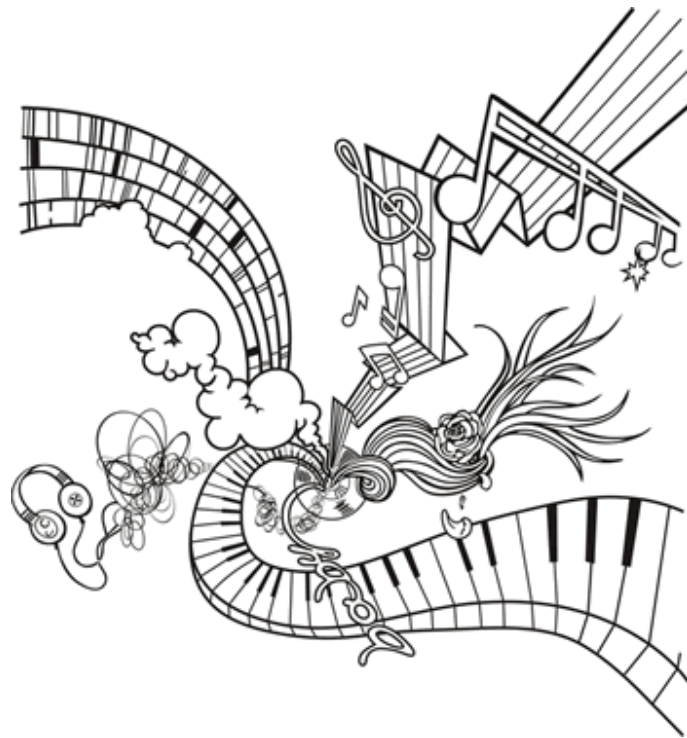


Anthology of Stuart Munro

Stuart Munro



Presented by

My poetic side 

About the author

Stuart Munro

Scottish Poet and Songwriter Guitarist Pianist

summary

Birds of Love

Old Steam

Slavery

Otherside of the track

Night in Waterloo

Garden of Joy

Survive

Wild and Tame

Lovers Clock

Garden Shed

Love is all. I own

Old Tramp Rag

Canal Barges

Sparkling Sky Fields

Where this Gypsy will go

Riverbird Echoes

Wide Eyed Lady

Walking round the town

Day by Day

Balcony man

Sylvia Plath

Englishman

A Butterfly is Rescued

On a Poets Walk

On the Road to my village in spring

I sleep under canvass by a burrow at night

Poet Moon

Mottisfont

Cloud Watch

Flying in my Micro Light

SunZoo Park

Within

Riding Horses

David's Garden

Damerham Riverside

Hambledon Hill

Dominika Daily

Edinburgh

When a Hug is a Wordless Drug

Under my Nose

Got to Get Back To Whats Right

Balcony Man

Island of Skye Song

The World Feeds Religion more than Poverty

Keeping Love

Mindset

Something , Everything

Beautiful Morning

A Guitar Garden

Below your Trees

Dining by Candlelight

CV2 CAR

My life is in your hands

Wings of Light

Peaceful times in my life

Cold nights

How this world could be (with chords)

With Words like the Sun

Nature won't hurt you

Your Loves like a Road

When your Heads in a Field Of Emotion

It Suits My Nature

I Hope This Song Makes You Happy

Garden Shed

Dustbins

I Don't want to listen to you

Sunshine and Sorrow

Old Strings

Rex Lloyd Owen

A love that never knows

Love is always around you

Layabouts Lament

It's Gone Christmas

When I was a Sixties Boy

Magic Carpet

You can change your life

Riding Horses

Sing a song for Christmas

Indian Colours

Is there any deceased psychiatrists up in heaven

Wonderful Day

I Wrote a Poem

One life , Live it (from a sticker on a Land Rover)

What are we ? Why are we here ?

Birds of Love

who gave the birds voices
who gave them their songs
who gave them the trees
for them to sit on
from early morning
to the end of the day
they sing songs for Jesus
to brighten his day

song on , sing on ,
with your love and peace
all of God's birds of love
keep singing on to me
sing on , sing on ,
the birds in the trees
sing on

who gave them their wings
who gave them their sky
who gave them their clouds
for them to fly by
from early morning
to the end of the day
they're flying for Jesus
to brighten his day

Old Steam

an old steam train , puffing away it's song
rivet steel round heat ,on the old rails it's gone
the red faced stoker ,shovels in embedded spade
and the driver measures the steam
and how many miles he's made

and it's old steam , old train ,I can remember that far back
in my mind ,the trains are still living
as I walk along this old track
and it's old steam ,old train, past old stations and signal box
in my mind ,I see the porter at the station
as the next train ,stops by

an old steam train ,and a railways that's been
rusty old rails meet ,under brick arches ,long and dim
the small boys ,taking engine numbers
as the big engine goes , underneath
on its way to a destination
leaving its memories in peace

an old steam train in an old steam yard
looking lost and rusty now
not like when it was
the western star

Slavery

whats it like to feel freedom
whats it like to feel free
free from the bonds of evil
from the chains of slavery

we take life for granted
living like we do
we don't know the broken hearted
slavery we never knew

I'm lucky to be a free man
no bond or owner of my soul
too to be able to do what I do
not in a capture hold

to be captured because of your colour
to be worked to death at their will
no medicine if your ill
no help to ever heal

Otherside of the track

Hanging round in a railway station
trying to get some more information
about that girl the otherside of the track

wonder where's her destination
want to get some more information
about that girl the otherside of the track

I'll miss her when she goes
I don't even know her name
I'll miss her wherever she goes
maybe she will feel the same

asked a porter "who's that girl ?
He said "it's a mystery ",I can't tell ",
i dont know that girl the otherside of the track

the trains on time I'm ready to go
my tickets bought off to Tisbury I go
I'm in love with that girl
the otherside of the tracks

Night in Waterloo

On London Street on a rainy night
hot chestnuts fry under an old gas light
people trying to get something to eat
but in Waterloo no one sleeps
and a night in Waterloo to catch a train with you
we'll see the people doing what they have to do

noisy trains in a windy station
a passenger says goodbye to a loving relation
people leaving work walk their ways
trying to get back to better days
and a night in Waterloo to catch a train with you
we'll see the people doing what they have to do

The Busling..city in the night reflects
Lights go and off in the capital net
people sleeping under arches so very cold
while the rich leave the clubs looking for a pot of gold
and a night in Waterloo to catch a train with you
we'll see the people doing what they have to do

years have gone left stains on the walls
happiness you can hear from the odd drunk fools
paperboy shouts under the theatre light board
somebody's dead !!!!!,his time been called
and a night in Waterloo to catch a train with you
we 'll see the people doing what they have to do

Garden of Joy

I'm sitting in my Garden Of Joy
and all my flowers are my toys
a Gardner who love the rain and sun
i sometimes wonder how the world begun
and I wonder how from a seed
a flower sprung

I'm sitting in my Garden Of Joy
live been sitting here since I was a boy
butterflies flutter by my old privet hedge
my small dog Fred barks as they fly overhead
and a garden creates all love
in your heart

and Adam and Eve went and found that tree
and Eve went and picked that apple
and a serpent appeared and whispered in Eves ear
and that's how the first sin happened

I'm sitting in my Garden Of Joy
on a rusty bench by a blue rotting shed
and if your wondering what's inside my head
it's just this beauty I take to my bed
and all life began
in a garden

Survive

we are all in this together
we are fighting to survive
for all our families and children
we are fighting to survive

we are looking in all directions
for any kind of help
you and me just pray
that it saves our health

we know we can't live forever
we all wish we could
we are all looking for deliverance
from the bad to the good

we all can look for mercy
some feel bad at what they've done
but at the crucial times
we must stay as one

Wild and Tame

I see the eager rain
dancing on my window pane
you in my cool eyes again
looking wild and tame

dropping coins in the wishing well
we met under the roped church bells
in the ache of years ago
on the monastery Tuck End Row

pottery your hands of life
working by my old bee hive
hidden by the spokes of green
a summer wild machine

in the crushed drops of vivid light
the scuba dive at night
in the torpid waves of spright
Incompass the sight

On the rusty rails the train
rattling by a sewer drain
tip toed down a memorable lane
by the wheat the corn and the grain

The face of the ruin of the sun
tackling words on a silken tongue
not defeated and asking questions
your laugh and quick inventions

we fell into each other's arms
like empty brain box beds
jumping on legs we danced

got close made a sweet advance

logs under buttered toast

the fire like a diamond roast

in to steal harboured wine

laying on the sweating straw of time

Lovers Clock

when love marches into time
parking in my mind
waiting ,minutes , seconds , hours of time

I don't know why I'm so impatient
maybe it's just the invitation of our relations.

I've got a wrist strap
i've Got the lot
waiting for my love ,never stops

as each clock ticks
it all seems to fit
loves a waiting game , on the wrist

Garden Shed

I dream inside my garden Shed
amongst the tools and the pitted bench
the sun shines through the telltale cracks
the door creaks too it's broken latch

I look at the reflective spiders web
The mildew glistens on the painted red
the lawnmowers rusted voice
as I push it out to life

the years have warped the optimistic wood
sawing off the bad words and nailing the good
dovetailed the past when a carpenter occurs
in the vice , the vices stirred

I ask no more than this
but to be left in rustic peace
a sheds a sacred place
for a man may lose no grace

Love is all. I own

Love is all I own
wherever I roam
even through
the years of tears
and whatever
fate appears
love is All I own

love is all I own
with love I've grown
the love I've withheld
and the love
I have sown
love is all I own

Old Tramp Rag

You maybe safe tonight
by the warm fire and glowing light
but spare a thought for those not known
out on the streets with no home
old tramp rag ,home in a bag
the tramps on the road to oblivion
old tramp rag , Gods a street lamp
the tramps hungry ,and no ones giving

Your snug and warm in your beds
with a nice pillow behind your heads
thank God you can rest your legs
no crawling round the city to beg
Old tramp rag ,home in a bag
the tramps on the road to oblivion
old tramp rag ,Gods a street lamp
the tramps hungry ,and no ones giving

when you put on your warm overcoat
think of the tramp getting soaked
think of how lucky you are
as you drive your limousine car
old tramp rag , home in a bag
the tramps on the road to oblivion
old tramp rag , Gods a street lamp
the tramps hungry ,and no ones giving

Canal Barges

canal barges in the rain
a long time coming
it's summer again
a fisherman wriggles
to free his line
disturbing the stillness
water is time

I'm slowly going to each lock
to find love again
the canal has no clock

she left no message
when she left that day
took the green barge
Didn't want to stay
frozen eyeball, words so numb
winters gone ,
cant replace the sun

shire horses pulling
Your barge away
you took the parrot
what could it say
still got the racehorse
i ride now I'm alone
it's now my only friend
in a stable at home

Sparkling Sky Fields

There goes the summer
and there comes the rain
washing my love away
I remember your face
through the window of the cottage
smiling in a summers day
Sparkling Sky Fields ,caught in the rays of the sun
Sparkling Sky Fields ,they were the heart of our love

we danced through the corn
of the sparkling Sky Fields
as a red deer ran just behind
and you know when your in love
you know in your mind
it's a pleasant and happy time
Sparkling Sky Fields , caught in the rays of the sun
Sparkling Sky Fields , they were the heart of our love

we sang songs
on my five string acoustic
round the bonfire at night
our dog barked
as we sang our wishes
then disappeared
out of site
Sparkling Sky Fields ,caught in the rays of the sun
Sparkling Sky Fields ,they were the heart of our love

my camera
became my eyes
as you lay by my side
warm ,calm and serene
you told me

a love poem

i'd Never heard

and that one line

stayed in my mind

Sparkling Sky Fields ,caught in the rays of the sun

Sparkling Sky Fields ,they were the heart of our love

Where this Gypsy will go

I love you and I want to know
you tell me stories like a river flows
I'm a gypsy and this travelling won't last
I need a woman to bury my past

is love going to last ?
don't bury me in the past
and i want to know
where this Gypsy will go

all I have is my Gypsy caravan
by the yellow gorse and my boiling pan
saw your face , it was like a lucky charm
now my life lays , where it's calm

my horses rattle on the country road
a Gypsy marriage , where the bluebells grow
don't forsake me , I'll know your be there
we're getting married by the Gypsy fair

Riverbird Echoes

Riverbird Echoes in the rain
resting in the peace of the trees
whenever I want to get away
and get freedom to escape the day

Red sunset no evidence of time
riverbank puts beauty in my mind
see the hovering dragonfly
fisherman with. A fish on his line

riverbird echoes in the rain
sun shines through the trees
fox recovering in the breeze
the music of the birds brings peace

hear the ripples of the water
a barge has made its stay
a coot is floating back this way
watch it's reflection sway

you can find the gentler things of life
nature heals your troubled mind
as I hear this riverbird song
love is here all the time

Wide Eyed Lady

Dancing ,walking , sleeping in the Grey moonlight
Ireland's history slowly keeps
wide eyed lady like a street waif ghost
haunting me in my old sleep
old rocks tick like clocks in the sun
green lands on remote coasts weep

Wide Eyed Lady ,where have you gone ?
Wide Eyed Lady , now all I have is this song

Hear some Irish music ,that old fiddle speaks
they're dancing down in Merrion Square
walking through Dublin in the night
has anybody got any beer

smiling , laughing , crying , the times we had
down along Baggot street
see the Colleen with long blonde hair
by the Liffey bank washing her feet

Wide eyed lady , where have you gone ?
Wide eyed lady , now all I have is this song

Laughing ,shouting , fighting ,
on the backstreets of life
nostalgia is cobbled with time
kneeling , praying , saying ,
in church Sunday
that Guinness is more Holier than wine

Busker on the corner
with hungry eyes
his children cry for life's bread

he gets up and plays a Dublin song
a voice comes out of his head in

Wide eyed Lady , where have you gone ?
Wide eyed Lady , now all I've got is this song

Walking round the town

walking round the town on a Sunday afternoon
walking round the town with nothing else to do
now , all I've got is this memory of you
walking round the town with me

walking round the town
remembering the places that we knew
Redcotts Lane , the park and avenue
now , all I've got is this picture of you
walking round the town with me

waking up my memories , by an avenue of trees
just by the cemetery , we'd sit in my old Capri
where you first kissed me , but we got home for tea in time

sitting in a sleazy little snack bar up in town
remembering the time , my trousers fell down
we used to drink black coffees , until it closed
then you would , walking round the town with me

Day by Day

Day by Day , we get up and we go to work
people pass by each day , and we don't know , how they hurt
day by day , we live our own way
day by day , we live on , what we say

we live behind a mask , that shows we're doing fine
we all wear a watch , that shows we're all losing time
day by day , we live our own ways
day by day , we live on what we say

you don't need religion, it's all in your mind
Your spirits , a vision , of what , you've learnt in time
day by day , we live our own way
day by day , we live on what we say

when we 're young , we have nothing , to worry about
but when we're old , we are , all burdened down
day by day , we live our own way
day by day , we live on what we say

Balcony man

An old man sits on his Balcony
looking out on you and me
sitting there with his bonsai tree
looking like there's a world to see

you don't know , he fought in a war
you don't know ,the number on his door
you don't know ,he won the V.C.
you don't know , he fought for you and me

he's up there in his block of flats
in his holed cardy.and his old flat cap
wonder what's going through his head
does he take his war to bed

you don't know , he fought in a war
you don't know , the number on his door
You don't know , he won the V.C
You don't know, he fought for you and me

he watches me feeding the ducks
by the roadworks and workman's hut
he's watching people walking by
not knowing whether to laugh or cry

you don't know ,he fought in a war
you don't know , the number on his door
you don't know , he won the V.C
you don't know , he fought for you and me

Sylvia Plath

Sylvia Plath
was my favourite poetess
still so beautiful
up to her Death

Beautiful poems
stored in her mind
even in her grave
they are inside

Poems can hide you
if your unhappy inside
you can write
but your sight
isn't always right

She took her life
before the poem
that night
no stars shone
from her ceiling
her pen had no light

why did she do it ?
poems are life
the words ran
from the pen
and the mind

Englishman

waking to life ,you find your not free
just old bills ,for memories
the flat is cold , the windows are iced
you share your food ,with a number of mice
the supermarkets ,is my only life
everybody smiles ,but nobody's nice

waking to life ,it's the hard facts
a few English pounds , in a dirty old Mac
you might get mugged , if you hang around
don't go out at night ,it's a violent town
there's no police , just hoodies on the corner
the governments paying them , for social slaughter

now you have a Mosque , and I've got a church
but when your English ,your faiths in the dirt
you have a Mullah , and I've got a vicar
but no one gives a toss, all religions Bicar

A Butterfly is Rescued

A Butterfly is Rescued
from a window inside
with a glass and paper
it's been given Life

it Flies away , so gently
Happy it didn't Die
it will give pleasure too many
why it still has time

A Butterfly is Rescued
its Beauty was nearly lost
and like so many people
their Beauty brings a cost

A Butterfly is Rescued
from hitting a window pane
it wasn't much too many
but that in life's the Game

On a Poets Walk

I'm on a Poets Walk
where trees talk
and flowers sing
on gravelled roads
that carry thought
and in the undergrowth
snowdrops cling
I hear a shotgun
of a Toff firing
ridding his bitterness
by wild animal killing
i see the ivy
twisting round a tree
a bit like what
the Devil does to me

On the Road to my village in spring

on the road to my village in spring
where Donkeys graze and sheepdogs growl
and daffodils burst out in a yellow spin.
the old red headed cockerel tells off the fowl

up the old Tokes road past the Dibbens home
if Heaven was built, on a slanted pitted tarmac road
past a galvanised farm roof ,where penned calf's grow
over a small Edwardian bridge ,in clear stream ,do. toads glow ?

meet a teacher styled women with a jolly Russel pup dog
Swop directions in country discussions in a quick verbal clog
then I carried on my legs seemed to fall in a seven mile ache
With This Spring morning break ,but no spring left ,where I take

I sleep under canvass by a burrow at night

i sleep under canvass by a burrow at night
the fire slims to cinders in the drips of moonlight
I hear the wild life chatting , creaking breeze through dark trees
my heads on the chill of a pillow ,in intermittent wakes , dreams leave

get up , flop outside , foxes and badgers ,snout and roam
a small hole in the hurt ground , maybe moles made a home
i hear rooks ugly abrupt voices , sweet tones of hooting owl
I'm alone near the groan of, a slow shadow of a hooveing cow

not a souls foot has trodden nearby , as daylight squeezes night sky
damp weeps over my body ,and shivers the warmth in my mind
I relight the fire ,see sheep through the barbed wire ,as I spark
lonely green moss, pretty's a gaunt wall, as I'm up with the lark

Poet Moon

Amongst the Flowers of love
in the heart of the garden
in the still wind
of its perfumed scene

in the dreaming heaven
of 3D glasses
on its Rhombus of green
under the poet moon

beneath the lyrical stars
in strange June moonlight
waits summer seeds
in the biting gnat night

by the broad and reflective
winding summer river flows
topiary time in ornamental chairs

Mottisfont

Shadows sleep on the pillow lake
a choir of ghosts sing on the wind
The green dilapidated garden arch
a gravestone with marble wings

Mottisfont ,all those brilliant summer in my dreams
Mottisfont ,you can look but no one ever sees

A day of Kismet dreams
those white hawthorn flowers
my eyes wander over natures oeuvre
a heathen with many menial hours

Mottisfont ,all those brilliant summers in my dreams
Mottisfont , you can look but no one ever sees

the impromptu tea
in flamingo pink cups
dressed in that chintz cloth
your kinesiology

Mottisfont , all those brilliant colours in my dreams
Mottisfont , you can look but no one ever sees

Cloud Watch

Cloud Watch

the clouds have no time
but my eyes obey
every second in my mind

cloud watch

the clouds are so free
the white or the black
that sends the rain so free

cloud watch

they come and disappear
in the skies heart
they float through no fear

cloud watch

they enter my eyes
calm my soul
from the pain and lies

Flying in my Micro Light

Flying in my Micro Light
using a cloud as a sail
Flying in my Micro Light
see the green Majestic view

The Birds are my friends
The Sun gives us Love
The Trees below
watch us grow
and the seas blue waves
hit the Golden Sands
And the Rocks

SunZoo Park

We're so happy
in Sunzoo Park
the trees in the sun
the stars in the Dark

We're so happy
in Sunzoo Park
under the moon
by the sea
on the grass
with the Bees

Sunzoo Park
is in the dark
lights shine
on the lake
Mrs .Brown
has gone on Down
to give her life
a break

Within

I love Looking at Rainbows
the colours kind of spin
now I've got all those colours , within

I love the feel of the sun
the sun rays on my skin
never get enough sunshine ,within

nothing looks better than you
rainbows ,sun, butterflies and moon
nothing can ever startle me that way
within , it will stay

I love to look at the sky
its blue shades above ,coming in
cant get enough of the blue sky , within

I love looking at butterflies
colours sailing on a summer wind
can't get enough of those butterflies ,within

nothing looks nicer than you
even heaven with an earthly view
nothing could surprise me that way ,within , any day

I love to look at the moon
the man in the moon smiling
cant get enough of the moon ,within

Riding Horses

Riding Horses
beautiful horses
along country lanes

riding horses
over fences and on courses
there's no better gain

chorus
Riding Horses , stallions and mares
Riding Horses , at horse shows and fairs

riding horses
shires and pairs
takes away your cares

riding horses
saddles under torsos
in hard hat and in jodhpurs

chorus
Riding Horses ,royalty endorses
Riding Horses , little jockeys , betting forces

David's Garden

Sunshine in the garden
sunflower tea
in David's Garden
the minds so free

Marlborough friends arriving
feel the summer breeze
rusty wind chimes rattle
the buzzing honey bees

chorus
there's no other place I want to be
there's no other place I want to see

a pottery woman's smiling
there's a spider inside her guitar
an apple falls from a tree
the eatings in the stars

Old Sarum ,visitors
watching a rainbow
they've just been to India
ones fed a Sacred cow

chorus
there's no other place I want to be
there's no other place I want to see

Anji, sits in the sunshine
she's painting a Sacred tree
Davids meditating
in the healing rooms symmetry

a kaleidoscope of flowers
adorn the Rhombus lawn
cinnamon cakes are baking
it's a lake before the storm

chorus

there's no other place I want to be
there's no other place I want to see

Damerham Riverside

Damerham Riverside

been my love , been my pride
it's the place , we used to ride
horses on sunday

in our Old Schoolhouse
where the flowers
faced south
we lived hand in mouth
but we were happy then

chorus
and I want to find a way
to make you stay

Damerham Riverside
a garden without time
a lovely summer
rolls round my mind

a garden table
and teapot
as I look at the hills across
a curious bird
lands on our table top

chorus
and I want to find a way
to make you stay

Hambleton Hill

I've got myself a Lover
she's come floating on the breeze
on a magic carpet
from lovely Glastonbury

chorus
and im a rustic lover
with my tent I'm free
my girl and I love each other
as far as Hambleton can see

i was sitting
in a Hollowed out oak tree
on Hambleton Hill
didn't expect nothing like this
it's like a Magic Pill

and as we walk together
Across old Melbury
watch the planes flying over
Over Compton Airfield trees

Dominika Daily

Dominika Daily

i see her over her gravy
her friendly dinners will save me
when my stomach betrays me

Dominika Daily

my mouths in a charity nest
I'm homeless cold and wet
on streets that always forget

chorus

when she sees me in the unhired cold
she's a visionary heart of gold
my broken words never fail me
about Dominika Daily

Dominika Daily

in clicking boots ,salvations claimed me
I wouldn't lose her if you paid me
and her humour drives me crazy

Dominika Daily

brings her compassion to save me
on begging stretch eyed streets
the only friendly voice I've heard
is Dominika Daily

Edinburgh

as the city sleeps in its morning dust
and I walk the streets of bother and fuss
and I follow my feet wherever they go
from my heartbeat is Scottish love

Chorus

Edinburgh , is where I live
Edinburgh ,a beautiful Bonnie gift
Edinburgh , in my eyes a tartan sky
Edinburgh , Born and so I'll die

See the rough sleepers ,forcing their eyes awake
below the Scottish sun , the morning daybreak
the crowds of people , their heads turn to the skies
in their days of life ,things going through their roving eyes

each day as they live their city life
Edinburgh has become Scottish pride
the castle sleeps with its elegant view
history captured in its graceful time

the piper plays his bagpipe tunes
his music haunts the Edinburgh tattoo
respect to all the military men
who fought in wars ,and gave their lives for you

When a Hug is a Wordless Drug

when words don't work ,and your feeling the hurt
and all you can do is give a shrug
and the red mist has steam coming out
of your raging eyeballs and throbbing ear lugs
always remember, when your carpet becomes a rug
that a hug is a Wordless Drug

when your feelings are burnt , and tears hit the dirt
and your feelings are about to erupt
and you've smashed every plate ,saucer and cup
and the police have arrived and locked you up in handcuffs
Always remember , when your house becomes a hut
that a hug is a Wordless Drug

you can wear yourself out ,with worn out talk
when forgiveness can't be bought
when your feeling less proud ,after the shouts
arguing round , roundabouts ,
and you can get rid of the insects , but you've still got the bugs
then you'll , a Hug is a Wordless Drug

when pain can't disperse , and your lost for a tender verse
and your tongue is glued , to some hurtful words
and it feels like a coffin won't fit the hearse
and your tarmac road , becomes some boggy mud
always remember , as you slam the door with a big thud
that a hug is a Wordless Drug

Under my Nose

I was looking for something ,in my life
it was not something I chose , but it arose
it was right under my nose
It was right under my nose

my head was in a maze , everyday
it was not a simple show , but there you go
it was right under my nose
lit was right under my nose

chorus
things that are already there
hidden from my ignorant view
they could be up my Derry air
if I only knew

I had my blindfold on , but I didn't see before it shone
but like a flying crow , know how's the wind blows
It was right under my nose
it was right under my nose

Got to Get Back To Whats Right

Blind lonely days
losing our way
got to get back to what's right

lost on a road
nowhere to go
got to get back to what's right

chorus
We've got to find a way
we've got to have a say
you just can't run away
to save the World today

missing the good
wishing we should
got to get back to what's right

lost in a mist
in the darkness we live
got to get back to what's right

chorus
we've got to find a way
we've got to have a say
you just can't run away
to save the world today

children are crying
people are dying
got to got to get back to what's right

Black or White

we all need the light
got to get back to what's right

chorus

we've got to find a way
we've got to have a say
you just can't run away
to save the world today

Balcony Man

An old man sits on his Balcony
looking out on you and me
sitting there with his Bonzai tree
looking like there's a world to see

you don't know he fought in a war
you don't know the number in his door
you don't know he won the VC
you don't know he fought for you and me

he's up there in his block of flats
in his old cardy. And his old flat cap
wonder what's going through his head
does he take his war to bed

he watches me feeding the ducks
by the roadworks and the workman's hut
he's watching people walking by
not knowing whether to laugh or cry

Island of Skye Song

I'm on the island of Skye
where you never want to say goodbye
I'm on the island of Skye
where all Scottish hearts do lay

chorus
and with your wings , fly above
Looking down , on what you love
imagine your a flying bird
taking in with your eyes
Beautiful Skye

where the cows warmly graze
as the chilly morning stays
upon the Fields misty haze
and the young lambs freely run

see the farmer walk from his Lewis cottage
as his wife hastily says goodbye
and the clouds are lifting and life giving
as the farmer stacks his baked hay

and the farmers dogs are in the river
as we peep at a glimpse of sun
and the birds sing in high yonder tree
As you sing with your violin perfectly strung

The World Feeds Religion more than Poverty

The World feeds Religion more than poverty

Keeping Love

We are all born Babies
full of love
then the rest of our lives
we fight to keep it

Mindset

we live in a mindset
of who we are
and get disappointed
when we get gauged
differently

Something , Everything

Everything looks like something
but something doesn't always look
like everything

Beautiful Morning

And its such a Beautiful Morning
sun shines across the shore
I open my windows
and then adjust my door

And it's such a Beautiful Morning
see the birds fly into the clouds
hear the sea waves crash below the sunrise
and I'm living now
it's such a Beautiful morning
walk across the unblemished sands
then on the stony pathway to golden fields
Gods left this world in my hands

A Guitar Garden

a guitar garden
its fretboard is the earth
it's strings are the seeds
it's flowers are the notes
it's tunes bring tearful rain
it's sun of fun upon a strum
we fingerpick the flowers , veg ,and fruit
heavens guitar garden
plays it's roots

Below your Trees

Buttercups
below your trees
we cuddle up
warm summer breeze

downs and ups
but that is life
look across life's lake
with nostalgic eyes

chorus
The summer air
blows away old brown leaves
our love affair
within torn years breathes

We hold our warm cups
drink life's pleasant tea
upon this moments grass
just you and me

buttercups
so yellow and profound
we lay in peace
upon Gods ground

Dining by Candlelight

it's been a calm and tender night
under beautiful moonlight
I see the stars following us , up above
with your song in the air , caressing us
as we're Dining by Candlelight

Hear the orchestra play so soft
the clarinet then the brass
and my love is among my words
just as your head beautifully turns
as we're Dining by Candlelight

chorus

i take your hand for a Dance
your warm as we face
on the ballroom floor in a trance
all night I want to ask
????????????????-

Back to the table you sit with grace
dressed in sequins and lace
i take my diamond ring out of its case
your delicate hand I finger chase
as we're Dining by Candlelight

CV2 CAR

Lavender plays her guitar
by a sunflower field
in her CV2 Car , waiting till
the sun falls asleep
and her pale blue eyes
can float round the stars

lavender , paints under the moon
of a dreaming spiral lagoon
with a fish in a jar , and a magic potion pill
the moon falls asleep
then the red morning sky
wakes up summers white clouds

living with a paintbrush , in a CV2 Car
your peace filled mind ,and a Lavender guitar
life can ask you , all answers within
but just show your dreams ,and then humbly begin

Lavender greets the new day ,with chilled mint tea
The smell of harvested hay , country lays Still
it for chirping tree birds , with the sun on their wings
makes her think , of all sorts of things

My life is in your hands

my life is in your hands
and I'm doing nice handstands
and my life is in your hands
and I love you , I love you

what you say makes my day
you always make me feel ok
what you say makes my day
and I live , I live for you

chorus
you take my head out of life's vice
I never have to look round twice
sometimes I feel like an ostrich , head in the sand
hiding from the sins of man

together we can both grow
what I forget , your sure know
together we can both grow
and I need , I need you

all the years eating life together
both withstanding the weather
all the years eating life together
smiling , smiling over the gloom

Wings of Light

Wings of Light
come in sight
love just finds you
comes in mind

Angels in flight
so pure and white
heavenly presence
moonlit night

I see your love in the sky
it just makes me sigh
no Fear now when you die
no need to wonder why

you've been Heaven sent
feel your peace in my heart
please don't depart
this World needs you

Peaceful times in my life

Peaceful times in my life
peaceful times years ago
peaceful times in my life
peaceful times ,back then
with you

Remembering Rowlands Hill
all so peaceful ,Rustic and still
in the summerhouse and garden
playing guitars
and writing songs with you

Chorus
Those peaceful times
in my life
i wish I could
bring them back,
Those peaceful times
in my life
Wearing my
Hippy Bowler Hat

Peaceful times in my life
Peaceful times with that girl
Peaceful times , she hitched hiked to Spain
Things would never
be the same

Cold nights

cold nights , coming my way
cold nights , on Christmas Day
i can put the full heat on
but it will feel just as cold
now your gone

cold nights ,alone without you
cold nights , no Christmas for us two
I am wrapped , in my overcoat
sitting in a draft , with just a friend , called hope

chorus
I know I miss you , and all the times we had
I remember when I last kissed you
and Christmas made me glad

cold nights , in my empty home
cold nights ,cold as a stone
looking out at the snow outside
open presents , but no fun I find

How this world could be (with chords)

D (DF#A) E Diminished Db Gb Bb
 open your eyes and see
 Eminor E7
 how this world could be
 B D#minor6 F#7sus C#minor B
 you could make it , a happy place to be
 chorus
 E. B
 how this world could be
 E. B
 with a little help from you and me
 E B
 how this world could be
 B D#minor6 F#7sus C#minor B
 no politicians , spoiling our coun. Try
 ??????????????????-
 open your eyes and know
 where this world could go
 there's too much , neg ga Tiv vity.

open your eyes and build
 a spirit so fulfilled
 within your bodies
 bring Har mon ney.

With Words like the Sun

Reading words that can change your day
a beautiful poem or a comfortable essay
you can look and it makes you stay
with words like the sun

when your eyes are miserable , visibly frayed
open an old dusty poem book , you tucked away
then you look and it makes your day
with words like the sun

when your tortured ears are aching with doubt words
go to your library by your imagined aviary of exotic birds
there your anxious eyes lift and gaze
with words like the sun

when your aged body aches with life's burnt out dreams
and nothing anymore is optimistically what it seems
feast your scattered views on a homely book , warm pages between
with words like the sun

Nature won't hurt you

Nature won't hurt you
it won't disturb your body used
it will only make you internally see
your captured soul that wants to be free

walk out in the magnetic quiet country
on a warm peaceful religious natured Sunday
just you your moving dragging week worn feet
upon the juttered. tracks your stepping dirty boots eat

see the sun dripped gold edged cluster corn fields
the eye lust views the slanted hills lovingly yield
the Slow chewing cud cows as the lazily creep and graze
the horses canter and gallop and momentary gaze

Your Loves like a Road

I don't mind what you never say
I don't mind what you never do
your a Free Spirit I could never Glue
and your Life flies without Wings too
You Sing me songs in the Dark

you write poetry across my heart
you make words burst with fire
you take me on clouds of instant desire

your loves like a Road
as I walk through your heart
your heartbeat I know
every second that you show

I just Love your inner peace
there's times I never want to leave
I want to save the air you breathe
I touch the love that won't ever cease

I loved it when I smuggled your island smile
the day we met we partied on the roof tiles
in your heart I could travel miles
never resting any tired while

When your Heads in a Field Of Emotion

when your heads in a field of Emotion
And your eyes are on a dance floor of chance
and sneak in a collaboration with tongue lotion
whizzing round in the idleness of stench of march

you clip in the depth and pull up your eyebrows
wiggle in the clefts of your pulled out cheeks
you snigger in the bigger and snort in the smaller
and look at the bottoms of snarling feet

you gob on the historic patterns like wet fixtures
enslaved with french cigarette ashtrays and taught fumes
you slip between slabs and ghetto grabs ,oscillating a bassoon
go leave , take your naked body ,with your crematorium smile

you can smell the onions ,but you can't make them cry , like you
get out of that bath ,with your toenails rotting , have you no values
you scuttle around waving a cucumber ,at gibberish imposters
why is your head at that angle ? Somersaulting over a rainbow

It Suits My Nature

It Suits my nature
it suits me to be kind
it suits my nature
and leave unfriendliness behind

I don't want to hear your words
wearing out my day
I don't want to see your face
making my life decay

it suits my niceness
it brings a smile to my face
so if you don't mind leaving
my humble place

it suits my kindness
giving to the poor
it suits my kindness
as I kindly show you the door

I Hope This Song Makes You Happy

I Hope this song makes you happy
makes you give money to charity
makes you smile brings happiness awhile
makes friends with clarity

I hope this world makes you happy
makes you hang on to gravity
keeps your feet firmly on the ground
as the world slowly turns Round

chorus

You know it's only time
before your feeling fine
you know it's only in your mind
and your mind makes you blind

i hope your life makes you happy
with perfect peace in reality
hope you wear love like your time
reject all darkness in your mind

Garden Shed

I Dream inside my Garden Shed
amongst the tools and pitted bench
the sun shines through
the tell tale cracks
the door creaks to
it's broken latch

I look at the reflective
spiders web
the mildew glistens
on the painted red
I Hear the lawnmowers
rusted voice
As I push it out
to life

chorus
and I ask no more than this
but to be left in rustic peace
a sheds a sacred place
for a man may lose no grace

the years have warped
my optimistic wood
i saw off and end bad words
And nail and join the good
I dovetail the corners of the past
When I as a carpenter occurs
My life In the vice
The vices stirred

Dustbins

Dustbins , with love letters of you
dustbins , recycling into new
dustbins , could tell you what has been
dustbins , what is known is never seen

what meant so much , is now out of touch
what meant so much , has recycled into dust

Dustbins with mementoes of you
dustbins , black bags into blue
dustbins , could say why you left me
dustbins , hold the old memories

Dustbins ,with old bits of the flat
dustbins , with what's left of the cat
dustbins ,with your old flower vase
dustbins , the past , no need to ask

I Don't want to listen to you

I Don't care what people say
I Don't care what they say each day
I don't mind , I don't mind , I don't mind

if they want to kill each other
turn their backs in their own brothers
I don't mind , I don't mind , I don't mind

bridge
I haven't got a lot of time in life
worrying about what you do
I don't want to listen to you
I haven't got a lot of time in life
I just want to see what's nice
I don't want to listen to you

Tittle Tattle , all you want
about what you've owned and lost
I don't mind , I don't mind , I don't mind

There's people dying every minute
and your worried about a speed limit
I don't mind , I don't mind , I don't mind

If you thought of the time lost
thinking how much it cost
you'd lose your mind , you'd lose your mind , you'd lose your mind

Sunshine and Sorrow

Sunshine and sorrow , still shines at an end
Maybe tomorrow , i'll Find a new friend
and I'm left with no lover , and there's no other
so I pretend

chorus
sunshine and sorrow , won't spoil my day
there will be a tomorrow , when love will stay

I'm walking alone now , on old cobbled streets
the only two friends I have , are my two left feet
I'm walking alone now , to my home
I'm discreet

I look up at the chimneys , I see the smoke rise
and like my ex lover , smoke gets in my eyes
I put up a smoke screen , so no one can see me
in my life

Old Strings

Old Strings , hold old memories
in our hearts and on guitars
and as guitar sounds
are still in the breeze
old strings are in
wire cemeteries

Old Strings , are strummed for years
breaking hearts
and bringing tears
old strings , you plucked and picked
till like some people's love
they are worn to bits

Old Strings , leave for new strings
to play fresher sounds
To our hearts within
old strings , now too old too ring
Leave the new strings
to return the love you sing

chorus
and love brings a rhythm ,to your heart
and strings make your hands obey
that make the strings make up , chords and notes
That tenderly say , you may have hope

Rex Lloyd Owen

D Bminor G A7

Rex Lloyd Owen , was an unknown poet

He never wrote much down

he had a beautiful mind , in cynical times

he never was one of the crowd

chorus

F#minor G Bm G A7

and music brings words from your soul ,,,,,,you don't usually hear

and why Death brings an end , to some lives , it's never really clear

Rex Lloyd Owen , was an unknown poet

he lived in Wimborne town

writing in corners with folk cafe performers

the world just got him down

Rex Lloyd Owen , was an unknown Poet

we wrote songs in that Rowland hill shed

far in the woods , where that old twelve string stood

writing words that were never read

Rex Lloyd Owen , was an unknown poet

the 1970s was our scene

we were never , well known songwriters

but maybe we could of been

A love that never knows

C/ GCE. B/GBD Bb/ GBbD A/GAE

Dont get lonely tonight , look at the years in your mind

A/ACF. Ab/AbBF. G/GCE

Leave those tears behind , my love

You can't turn back the tears , you can't bury your fears

you can't hide what's near , my love

chorus

D/GBbD. C#/GBbDb C/FAC. B/FBD

Theres a part of love , That goes

B/ FBE. Bb/GBbE. D/AbBF. E/GAE

Theres a part of love , That never knows

you might not see me again , I don't want to see the end

let's not pretend , My friend

But still love will be here , I will always hold you near

in my hearts lost years , my friend

Love is always around you

A C#minor
some people ,don't have no one

D Dminor
some people live with none

A D
love is always around you

A D Dm
love is always around you

Some people need love in life
some people need to be more kind
love is always around you
love is always around you

chorus

D Dminor A
I've seen never no one , like you , so full of love
I've never seen no one , like you , so full of love

some people , need a gentle hug
some people , just give a shrug
love is always around you
love is always around you

some people never think of love
some people just push and shove
love is always around you
love is always around you

some people are just gentle souls
Some people just fill in holes
love is always around you

Love is always around you

Layabouts Lament

A Bm A Bm

I shouldn't be doing this , leaving without a kiss
but why am I , playing darts instead
i shouldn't be doing this, am I taking the mick
I have been in bed all day , instead of work
chorus

D Dm A
why should I be doing this , To you
leaving you at home, With the cockatoo
you've been doing , The washing all day
and I've been out , Boozing and it's ok

I've been playing the guitar , Instead of cleaning the car
and I know the gardens, Full of weeds
i've been watching football, How you've kept your cool
when i've Been drinking , With all of my mates

I know you've been , shopping again
but I had to play , Pool at ten
at our local , Labour club

It?s Gone Christmas

It's gone Christmas
and i'm on my way home
its Gone Christmas
and I don't want to be alone

bridge
I want to be with my family
nice and warm , by the Christmas tree
opening presents , for my children to see
bring love , love ,love ,to me

it's gone Christmas
i'm Catching the train home
its gone Christmas
its quiet and I feel alone

bridge
Think of the sick children , in Hospital alone
and the soldiers , who can't come home
from the war zone
I'm lucky to be well
and free,free, free , to roam

it's Gone Christmas
and i'm nearly home
its gone Christmas
and im looking at the snow

It's Gone Christmas
thank God I'm still alive
lets all get peace
inside our minds ,
Thank God , i'm Still I'm still alive

When I was a Sixties Boy

G GDiminished F#Diminished

Remember John Sebastian , and his jugband blues
in Lovin Spoonful , he wrote all those tunes

C C#Diminished G

How back then , he gave us so much joy
Daydream , Summer in the city , that Jugband Hoi Polloi
i was just a pop loving ,record collecting Boy

C#Diminished C G

When i was a Sixties Boy

Remember the Mamas and Papas , and Old Mama Cass
she was a built , fun loving Lass

California Dreaming , and Monday Monday
i always wanted ,their music , when it came my way
it just blew my mind , just wanted it to stay

When i was a Sixties Boy

Remember the Turtles , a happy little band
from SAN Francisco , the young hippy land
back then their songs , took me to wonderland

Happy Together , and the great Elouise
they made just want to , go out and kiss trees
when I was a Sixties Boy

Remember the Byrds , with Roger Mcguinn

Dave Crosby and Hickory Wind

back then their songs just jangled for me
Mr.Tambourine man , and the good old 5D
well , was you was it me

when I was a Sixties Boy

Magic Carpet

I've got myself a lover
she's coming floating
on the breeze
on a magic carpet
from lovely Glastonbury

I'm sitting in a hollowed
out oak tree
on Hambledon Hill
didn't expect
nothing like this
it's like a magic pill

chorus
and i'm the rustic lover
with my tent I'm free
my girl and I love each other
as far as Hambledon
we can see

and as we walk together
across old Melbury
watch the planes
flying over
Compton airfield trees

I've now got myself
a sunrise
it's coming through the trees
it's coming through my eyeballs
filling me up from my knees

You can change your life

I don't know if your love is true , but please be kind
and there you go , and I wasn't sown , it was your design
I don't even wake up , to see you there
I don't even find myself , without a care

chorus

But you can change your life
put what's wrong to right
But you can change your life
put love back in your mind

and if you say our relationship , is meaning less
is it because you are setting me , a different test
I know you've been saying it's all for the best
I know you've been praying , behind the fence

and if you come and see me , and not pretend
we might see something in our lives , that we have left
when I discovered your face , it turned with grace
we walked into fate , are you meant to stay ?

Riding Horses

Riding Horses ,beautiful horses
along country lanes
riding horses
over fences and on courses
there's a no better gain

chorus

Riding Horses ,stallions and mares
Riding Horses ,at horse shows and fairs
riding horses , royalty endorses
riding horses , little jockeys
betting forces

riding horses , Shires and pairs
takes away your cares
Riding horses ,saddles under torsos
In hard hat , and jodhpurs

Sing a song for Christmas

G7 C F minor C
Its Christmas time , and snow is on the ground

F minor C F minor G7
and it's the time , when Santa comes around

G7 C F minor C
so celebrate , this happy time

F minor C F minor G7
have a glass of wine , give presents to your children

Chorus

 C G7 C C G7 C
So sing a song for Christmas , ring those sleigh bells ring

C G7 C C G7 C
so sing a song for Christmas , and let all the world sing

G7 F minor C
so sing a song for Christmas , and make it merry

verse 2

lets go outside , and make a snowman
throw snowballs at each other , dance with one another
then inside , the festivities have begun
everyones opening their presents , with their Dad and Mum

verse 3

So let's drink , with lots of cheer
pass the beer , let's watch the telly
its Christmas Day , the dinners arrived
let's pull the crackers ,let's chat about our lives

Indian Colours

Take your mind through the Boundaries of reality
what you feel you don't always touch
overlook the small distractions within your eyes
what you see , you don't always see

over ride the commotion of sound through your eyes
what you know you don't always learn
put out the fire of dillusion and fear
what you live , you don't always know life

chorus

Indian Colours , direction of mothers
born through the pass of the spine
living through sleep , keeping the keep
giving the give , we reap where we leap

inside you could be a Guru , before a God
outside you could look, like you arrived before the spot
within without time , can't take control
you live under a world , over a hole

chorus

you can ask , but your tongue won't always say
you can see , but there won't be a day
you can leave ,but the place you won't ever know
you can't be here , before your there will show

Is there any deceased psychiatrists up in heaven

The worlds in a bad way
Jesus is depressed
is there any deceased Psychiatrists
up in heaven ?

Wonderful Day

You've got a space in the world
you've got a gap to be held
you've got a role to play
your can make a wonderful day
chorus

Your life can make a wonderful day
throw all those negative thoughts away
your life can make a wonderful day
you can make someone feel ok

You wake up in your bed
and you've been perfectly fed
and as you walk your day
your life can make a wonderful day

your life is in your head
Happy thoughts can be read
making plans to where you stay
your life can make a wonderful day

I Wrote a Poem

I wrote a Poem , my mind was really flowing
my words knew , where they were going
my pen was , really ,really ,flowing
that I wrote a poem

I wrote a Poem , it was about my girlfriend
how she left me , for my best freind
my shaking hand , eyes a weeping
i sat on , my bed end , looking at my leg end
and that's why I'm writing , a poem about a sad end
and that's why , I wrote a Poem

now i sit alone , in my room with just a toilet
I knew that girl , would go out and spoil it
I don't know , what she saw in his , spotty face
he was some ,sort of , psychiatrist case
and that's why , I wrote a poem

One life , Live it (from a sticker on a Land Rover)

I've spent too many years , worrying about that
worrying about this , and where it's at
I've spoken too much , and I've spoken too little
life sometimes , gets a little brittle
One Life , Live it , One Life , Live it
One Life , Live it , One Life , Live it

I've spent too many years , looking like they want
like a puppet , media , debutant
I've seen religion , what's its done for wars
I've seen politicians , forever closing doors
One Life , Live it , One Life , Live it
One Life , Live it , One Life , Live it

bridge
ive spent too many years , wasting my life
Wasting my life for what
I've spent too many years , wasting my life
it's the only life I've got

I've played too many tunes , on an old fiddle
you just end up , being piggy in the middle
you can live in tears , like a cold shower
or you can make the most , of every hour
One Life ,Live it ,One Life , Live it
One Life ,Live it , One Life ,Live it

What are we ? Why are we here ?

What are we ? Why are we here ?
born why ? It's not so clear
what are we ? Why are we here ?
our love Diminishes , each year

chorus

why do we see , terrible things ?
why are people , filled with sin ?
How can we live , with free will ?
we will always clash , forever , still

what am I , in everybody's eyes ?
what I say , I'm criticised ?
What I feel , well , who cares ?
What I know , they're , unaware

we live and die , and do our work
if we are lucky , it doesn't hurt
we are learning , to find our fate
some don't learn , and it's too late