

TINPOTS

Walk backwards on the beach





walk backwards on the beach
different light
fragments
this is life
darkness still has the edge
someone else delivers it
the same things
dark road
chair
leave this town

all songs written and produced by philip davis
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Walk backwards on the beach

the howling wind calls
through the party voices
sand carves while kite ropes ring
walk backwards on the beach

let the air shut your mind
to the chattering voices you find
everything races but stand so still
and walk backwards on the beach

solid ground

the taxi rank purrs
with the never ending engines
they look ahead but cannot feel
walk backwards on the beach

solid ground



philip davis - guitars, vocals
nicki devon - violins

Different light

the world is coloured by a different light
there is no dimming of the switch
there is no warning at all
but when i look at the scene this morning
the world is coloured by a different light

the world is coloured by a different light
the laws of physics are the same
all the forces are the same
but as the leaves twitch on the branches
the world is coloured by a different light

the world is coloured by a different light
the sounds still reach my ears
and i can hear the stillness
but these are simply a wash over evrything
as the world is coloured by a different light

the world is coloured by a different light
a sudden blinding flash
it floods my eyes like a blizzard
everything has changed again
when the world is coloured by a different light



philip davis - guitars, vocals, cajon
jon greening - keys, backing vocals
dave fulwood - trumpets
becky found - backing vocals
jaime greening - backing vocals

Fragments



the cloud bursts above my head
the rain falls down
the tiny rivulets take flight
and the rain falls down
all about is chaos
with a few familiar routes
i hold my head and close my eyes and search for sanity
when i move i end up in the middle of nowhere
with fragments in front of me

when i lie down a stillness comes
just wait for the ring
contact can be made anywhere
just wait for the ring
all about is madness
with the odd familiar voice
i close my eyes and shut my ears and search for clarity
when i think i end up floating there
with fragments in front of me
just fragments in front of me

philip davis - guitars, vocals
jon greening - keys

This is life

all about things are growing
sometimes up sometimes out
voices pour like it's raining
shake all your visions around

waking up to the meeting
thinking back to the past
all too often they're fleeting
the things that make us all laugh

push your thoughts out to someone
pull away don't get so close
just listen to the beat of their drum
and the blues don't seem so grandiose

sat down quietly in the corner
with all this chaos and strife
the noise subsides and all the dust settles
open your eyes this is life



philip davis - guitars, vocals, percussion
jon greening - keys
nicki devon - violins

The dark still has the edge

the water is sparkling and the blueness is widening

but the dark still has the edge

when the silence is golden and the words are unspoken

the dark still has the edge

when the news is all good, everything goes as it should

the dark still has the edge

all the ringing has stopped, your feet are firmly in the blocks

but the dark still has the edge

your lover is wonderful, patient and colourful

but the dark still has the edge

the cup is overflowing, everyones face seems to be glowing

but the dark still has the edge

smiles are abounding, confusion's been sent packing

but the dark still has the edge

when thoughts are pouring, possibilities are soaring

the dark still has the edge

in the morning light all the world seems so bright

but the dark still has the edge

when the notes are ringing, a dawn chorus is singing

the dark still has the edge





The dark still has the edge

the engines are purring, all lifes cogs are whirring
but the dark still has the edge
keep your eyes open
even when nothing is broken
'cos the dark still has the edge

philip davis - guitars, vocals, cajon

jon greening - keys

nicki devon - violins

chris petter - t chest bass, trombones

dave fulwood - trumpets

Someone else delivers it

night time comes in slowly
the lights outside they're mine
gazing at the flat screen
for company that shines
always that longing, a dreaming of life
someone else delivers it

the streets are sealed and covered
no rain will fall in here
the seats and ground are spotless
there's nothing at all to fear
always that longing, a dreaming of life
but someone else delivers it

the sky is paint above us
the stars they never move
evrything is perfect
a constant happy mood
always that longing, belief that's all around
someone else delivers it

philip davis - guitars, vocals
jon greening - keys

recorded live in jon's studio,
wales

walking in this dreamscape
nothing is for real
no sound of softly speaking
nothing here is real



The same things

it's never easy when flicking back
through all the pages
just kicking back
look at pictures
they always smile
a flashing lightbulb ponders
all the trials

i need the same things as you
it may not be easy but it's true

in the darkness of my darkest dreams
there's always lightening flashing
or so it seems
where's the light from? - too blind to see
but in the glorious morning
let those feelings free

words are laid down
a sculptured thought
just of that moment
so easily caught...



philip davis - guitars, vocals, ukulele,
bass, cajon, harmonica
becky found - backing vocals

Dark road

the lights twinkle on the dark road
the damp sky shines on the dark road
don't ask me what i'm thinking about
in the quiet of the engine hum

the radio rumbles on the dark road
the clouds hang still on the dark road
don't ask me what i'm dreaming about
in the quiet of the tyres hum

the eyes sting on the dark road
a flash of light on the dark road
don't disturb me
i'm drifting away
with the quiet of the engine hum

philip davis - guitar, vocal





Chair

Give me! give me a chair
set me down on the cushion and release the tension there
11 degrees and we slip into dreamland

Give me! give me a chair
let the pain drift away and live without a care
saddle seat cushion - slip into dreamland

Give me! give me a chair
soft smooth velvet stroke away the sour air
rolling like a bottle top in the ocean

Give me! give me a chair...

philip davis - guitars, vocals, cajon, percussion

jon greening - keys

nicki devon - violins

jaime greening - backing vocals

becky found - backing vocals

Leave this town

I can't seem to get comfortable
wherever i look there's a knot or a hole
the sun is out but the shadows are down
need to pack up my things and leave this town

walk the streets in the twilight hours
with oil and piss mixing with the showers
the smiles are flying but there's no-one around
need to pack up my worries and leave this town

melancholy seems to laugh at me
wherever i look she shouts back - you'll see
the sun is still yellow and the earth is still brown
need to get going and leave this town

i kick the door and i smash the walls
pieces of paint fall down to the floor
the sweat drips off my worried frowns
yes i need to get out and leave this town



philip davis - guitar, vocal



for more information about recordings etc

