

*Cloud Lining*



*Endu Kenny*

*2001*



### **SORRY LITTLE MAN**

It's a sorry little man that can't say sorry  
But sorry little men they come and go  
"Sincere regret" is the best he's managed yet  
Sorry's not a word he wants to know  
It's the strangest thing  
It's so absurd  
And what I can't understand  
Is how in heaven can a five-letter-word  
Be too big for a five-foot man

One word can send a million marching  
One word can make us walk as one  
One voice sings out from a sea of hands  
It's time that we begun

You can say I've got an armband view of history  
You can say I'm just a blow-in from the north  
But I'd rather wear an armband than a blindfold any day  
And there's a million like me striding forth  
And we're walking in the same direction  
While that sorry little man he walks alone  
And even if it takes more than one election  
To the sorry little men we'll make it known

### **EASTER ISLAND**

I want to go to Easter Island  
Far away as I can get  
Don't want to talk to anyone just yet  
I want to look out on the ocean  
Like some figure carved in stone  
Sometimes I just want to be on my own

I want to go to Easter Island  
Far across the sea  
As far from land as any man can be  
And there in silent sentinel  
I'll stare out on the foam  
Sometimes I just want to be on my own

Put me on a cliff top  
Where the ocean turns to gold  
To greet the South Pacific morning sun  
Let me see it one time before I grow too old  
Let me see it once before I'm done

'Cause I want to go to Easter Island  
Far across the sea  
Morning time was never meant for me  
I want to look out on the ocean  
Like some figure carved in stone  
Sometimes I just want to be on my own.

### **AL SAUNDERS' GARAGE**

The first thing you notice as you step in the yard  
Is the smile on the face of the man with the spanner  
A smile that could soften the sturdiest metal  
And break down the wall between man and machine  
And Al was the doctor who patched up the scars  
On the rusty old tinpots that doubled as cars  
And just when you'd think that your battle was lost  
He'd fix the impossible at half the cost

That was Al Saunders' garage  
Al Saunders' garage  
Al Saunders' garage  
In the heart of Hurstbridge town

The place hasn't changed much in forty-odd years  
Same puddles of grease and the swilling of beers  
And the calendar girls in their faded brassieres  
In a battered old shed where a billy of tea always boiled  
Amongst ancient oils  
And the Pughs and the Tuckers, the Skippers the Douglasses  
Struggling musicians in wrap-around sunglasses  
Truckies and brickies and derros and hippies  
They all made their way through mountains of debris to...

Al had a genuine love for the motor  
Whatever condition it didn't much matter  
He'd check out the damage with an air of concern  
Saying "Son, the old girl's looking weary  
She ain't got too many more miles to burn  
But the outside don't matter  
It's what comes from within  
There's a beautiful heart in an old piece of tin  
And the metal's as smooth as a woman's bare skin"  
There's a lot you can learn if you're paying attention at...

Well Al passed away without any fuss as he mended the diff  
On an old F J Holden  
And like that old Trojan he was tough 'til the end  
'Til his brakes finally failed him  
On one of life's cruel hairpin bends  
No goodbye to his friends  
But in Al's sudden passing there's reason for joy  
For the good in the man has passed down to the boy  
And Ricky now stands in his father's old place  
With the same blue eyes and the same smiling face  
And the locals they all have a story to tell  
Of the way Alan served them and served them so well  
And his memory lives on in that battered old shed  
That shines like a beacon through the fog of suburbia...



## LAST NIGHT AT THE LONGFORD

We got here a little early, crowd was looking thin  
One by one, two by two, they slowly drifted in  
Up the stairs and round the corner  
Bought their ticket, been to shop  
Purchased boysenberry choc-top  
With a jaffa on the top

There's a guy here with a camera  
There's a journo from The Age  
Read the book  
Seen the movie  
Time to turn the final page  
A few words, a few tears  
Then dim the lights as planned  
Enrico Morrocone strike up the band

There's a curtain blowing in the breeze  
This print is like a snowstorm on the calmest of seas  
But nobody minds, nobody minds  
'Cause it's One Last Time  
It's the last night at The Longford tonight  
It's the last night at The Longford tonight

I don't go out late I don't care to go  
I'm home about eight just me and my video  
There used to be a picture hall  
Now there's just a shopping mall  
No time for a curtain call  
Goodnight.  
It's the last night at the Longford tonight.

"Don't look back, look forward"  
That's what old Alfredo says  
Like this print of Paradiso  
You and I've seen better days  
Remember the first time  
How we knew that it was good  
And you said as we were leaving  
"You don't get this in Hollywood"

## NEW RELEASES

I've just become one of those terminally single people  
With nowhere else to go on a Saturday night  
I make a pilgrimage to rent myself a movie  
And I wondered if you'd meet me there tonight  
I'll let you rent that thing with Helena Bonham-Carter  
The one I fell asleep in front of just last week  
And I'll fast forward through how pirating's illegal  
I'll do anything if you'll come back to me tonight

Meet me at the door of the video store  
I'm getting sentimental in among the weekly rentals  
When I think of you and all we used to do together  
I might just fall to pieces in among the other New Releases  
Me and all the other New Releases

And I try to pull myself together in nostalgia  
Here among these rows of classic cinematic prose  
I'll be your Alfred Hitchcock you can be my Psycho  
Or I might live to be that Man Who Knew Too Much  
While that Gwyneth Paltrow always gets the one she wanted  
'Cause she's insipid and she's blonde  
And that Brad Pitt he always gets the leading lady  
'Cause he's athletic and his skin is clear  
And he's got a decent job!

So meet me at the door of the video store  
I'm the one who's going mental in among the weekly rentals  
When I think of you and all we used to do together  
I might just fall to pieces in among the other New Releases  
Me and all the other New Releases

I want to take you home I want to play you once and then  
rewind  
I don't want you for an overnight  
I want you all the time.  
I want to watch you all the time.

So meet me at the door of the video store  
I'm bitter and I'm twisted with a copy of Schindler's List  
When I think of you and all we used to do together

I might just fall to pieces in among the other New Releases  
Me and all the other New Releases.  
Me and all the other New Releases.  
Me and all the other New Releases.

## SO TO SPEAK

They're always going somewhere  
Home and away  
She's looking for an angle  
He's trying to make it pay  
Sometimes it's interstate  
Sometimes O.S.  
Where they'll be next year  
Is anybody's guess

She writes for the papers  
He sings his songs  
They know that airport road  
Better than anyone  
Sometimes it's a weekend  
Sometimes a week  
Home's a departure lounge  
So to speak

They call long distance  
He says "hello you"  
Long distance  
He says "I wish I was there with you"  
Long distance  
Though the line is sometimes weak  
They have something strong  
So to speak

She meets him at the airport  
Outside the carousel  
He sees her name on every bag  
And always forgets to tell her  
Sometimes they pull a cork  
Sometimes they sleep  
Mostly they just... well you know  
So to speak

No more long distance  
She says "Hello you  
It's good to see your face again  
I'm happy to be here with you"  
Long distance  
'Til they find what they seek  
They are always together  
So to speak.

## CLOUD LINING

Looking out my back door there's a redbrick wall  
Somebody whitewashed years ago  
It's underneath an avalanche of jasmine flower  
In the moonlight you might think that it was snow  
And looking out my front door there's a bluestone lane  
That flows with silver in the rain  
Some say it's just the moonlight playing tricks with my eyes  
But when it rains it's silver just the same

Maybe it's the cloud lining falling  
Maybe it's the fight between the darkness and the light  
Maybe it's the sound of my rain spirit calling  
When will we ever get it right  
And looking out these windows I see storm clouds ahead  
And I wonder how much we can take  
Home is not somewhere you live they tell me  
Home is something you make  
Looking out my front door there's a bluestone lane  
That flows with silver in the rain  
Some say it's just the moonlight playing tricks with my eyes  
But when it rains it's silver just the same...

## THE SMELL OF RAIN

Wet Tuesday in February  
I'm in England and I'm down  
Made a vow to myself this morning  
I'm going back to my hometown  
I'll take a blue train down London  
Take a blue line to Heathrow



And when I board my red-tailed saviour  
I won't be blue anymore I know  
You know I miss the smell of rain  
And the magpies here don't sing  
There's no use trying to explain  
I just miss the smell of rain

You've got to watch your step here in the morning  
Frost is lying heavy all around  
But when I touch the tarmac of Tullamarine  
I will kiss that sacred ground  
And I will take a tram down to the market  
Listen to the Band Who Knew Too Much  
And when I ask for a strong flat white  
They won't think I'm speaking Double-Dutch.

#### ANGEL OF THE NORTH

Like that Angel of The North  
Your arms ever open wide  
When I'm driving down this motorway  
You are always by my side  
And you stand so tall  
Hard as steel  
Tempered in the wind and rain  
You're my Angel of The North  
I can't wait to see you again

Deep and dark as Tyne water  
Flowing through the night  
Bright as a rape field  
In the May morning light  
Soft as the breeze  
From butterflies' wings  
My northern angel sings

Looking out as I'm travelling south  
Never looking down  
You see things in black and white

Like those in your hometown  
Always watching over me  
As I seek that big blue sign  
My Angel of The Tyne.

#### SIGNATURE OF MAN

Below the waves are fields of grass in vivid emerald green  
And gardens of strange sea flowers other men have  
seldom seen  
From rocky ledge the seabed falls to plains of yellow sand  
Where divers leave no footprint  
No signature of man.

Falling backwards from the ladder heavy helmets sink below  
Spraying bubbles overhead to let the tender know  
His valve has been adjusted as his day's work he began  
And bags of shell rise up to tell the signature of man.

While daylight lasts he plies his trade along the ocean floor  
And no man follows in his wake though he knows they've  
been before  
For the graveyard of the warship and the peaceful  
merchantman  
Remind him of another time  
The signature of man.

And when the evening closes in  
He says a little prayer  
Tugs the lifeline. Closes up  
And rises on his air  
His trade counts no tomorrows  
Though he'll borrow all he can  
'Til he falls to fate or progress  
The signature of man.

#### MORNINGTOWN REVISITED

I undo the sheets at the end of my bed  
In another hotel room I lay down my head  
And I wait for the last train to take me away to the  
morning  
When I was a boy Judith Durham would sing  
And the rocking the rolling the riding would bring me  
To Morningtown station so far away  
Out along the bay

Now I am older the train's running late  
Stuck in a siding while passengers wait  
On a platform thinking of Morningtown  
So far away  
Sleepers lie silent there's rust on the rails  
The last little train has gone off to north Wales  
And I'm lying here thinking of Morningtown  
So far away

When I was a child I could count to a million  
And still there were too many sheep  
When you're playing all day and there's dragons to slay  
There is nothing can keep you from sleep  
But as you grow old all the stories you're told  
They just run round and round in your mind  
And that Morningtown train  
Gets harder and harder to find  
Yeah that Morningtown train  
Gets harder and harder to find

So I read for a while or I play with the dial on the radio  
Check out the mini-bar  
Watch all the in-house videos  
And I wait for the train whistle out on the bay  
As an apricot sky brings a brand new day  
I'm lying here thinking of Morningtown so far away

#### MRS O'BRIEN

Mrs O'Brien what on earth have you done  
What a terrible burden you've placed on your son  
The poor lad is mortified 'cause of his name  
And Mrs O'Brien you're wholly to blame  
You could have chose Michael or Patrick or Sean  
But you had to be different and now your boy's gone  
He's off to Australia for fortune and fame  
In the hope that the Aussies won't laugh at his name

Did you choose the name slowly  
Was the baptism holy  
Did the boy nearly drown as you lowered him down  
Was the baptismal sponge soft and porous  
And this is the end of the chorus

And Mrs O'Brien... How callous. How cruel  
All the terrible jibes he put up with in school  
The laughs, the sniggers in the assembly hall  
When they called out his name at the daily roll call  
Well I saw him in Sydney (the town not the man)  
And he said there's one thing he still can't understand  
So Mrs O'Brien tell him please what it means  
Please tell him the reason you called him...

*Cloud Lining* is the fourth album I've done with Lindsay and it began in September 1999 when we recorded some songs after a tour in the UK. Five new tracks were added in July/August this year. In between, I was as broke as a compound fracture.

Thanks to Hugh McDonald for the late nights and having better ears than little red riding hood's granny. Thanks to all the musicians who helped make these songs what they are. Thanks to Don for the campfires and Di for coaxing these songs away from them (it's only temporary guys). These songs are dedicated to the angel of the north.

All my albums are available from [angeltrain.com.au](http://angeltrain.com.au) or by writing to me at PO Box 5018, Carlton, Victoria 3053, Australia. You are allowed to buy them one at a time though. My email is [endakenny@hotmail.com](mailto:endakenny@hotmail.com)

enda scribbled, strummed and warbled

lindsay scraped

hugh slid and twiddled his knobs

ray moon plonked

sandy brady plucked

tony hargreaves squeezed

kavisha was kavisha.

pete howell left his signature on sorry so to speak

jamie johnston's mouse did the rest