

Only Half Over by Martin Flett

Lyrics

Never Too Old

They say that youth is wasted on the young
Like a fairground ride we're too afraid to try.
Now the fairground has been torn into the ground
And the grass is growing all around.

Life starts at forty, but starts to what...? They never say.
Is it only the young who get the chance to play?
It seems every day is a step away from the best days of our lives.
We never knew them at the time.

Time can be lost and it can never be found.
These hours only come once around.
You never know what tomorrow will bring, or if that bell will be tolling.
You're never too old to begin again.

Memory can be a cruel, cruel thing
Remembering all we can as the tide rolls in.
But with rosy nostalgia comes a neuralgia at how things used to be
We know the pain of how we are.



No Such Thing

The wrong side of the bed looked friendly today
Turning over to an old leaf 'cause the new one's just the same
Stumble down hallways through the mess that we made
On all the evenings filled with promises we all knew we'd break.

And I swear this is the last time that I'll say that it's the last time.
Yeah I swear this is the last time I'll say I'm doing fine.

It's just another morning, just another day
As just another night slowly fades away
I'm just another person, with just another thing to say
This is just another song, about just another day.

Take a little time out, have another cup of tea
While going through the motions of that old familiar routine
Staring down the window of opportunity
This broken record's on repeat on my MP3.



Smoke and Wine (Cover of Flight Brigade)



Calling you up long distance on the phone
Hoping that gulf between us hasn't grown
I wish you'd told me I would do alright
'Cause my confidence up and left me overnight.

Even though it's a long, long way from Hollywood
At least it's a start.
And you can end up places you never thought you could
If you make a start. So, just make a start.

Every mile that turns on the display
Gives me the sense that we are worlds away.
I'm with this girl who loves her smoke and wine
She seems to think I'm gonna be just fine.

Nothing's Wrong

Originally written about the Church, questioning its priorities. But it applies to us all equally...

Can't you spare a little change?
Asks a man out in the rain.
He's been moved along again
There's no compassion here today.

Left alone with a coffee cup
From another Starbucks.
No one sees the tears fall down.
No one cares in this ghost town.

What do we have to say? What is it going to take?

How long will we turn away? How much time are we going to waste
Lost in our disgrace?
How long will we carry on singing the same old songs
Pretending nothing's wrong?

He left his country, all alone.
The only home he'd ever known.
There's too much killing on the streets
And no one's seen his family for weeks.

We're screened by our TV sets from hunger and violence.
How easily we forget all those less fortunate.



Here We Are (2014)

*Before my wife and I got together, there was a time it looked as though we would never happen.
The original of this song was about that ending.
When we did get together, the song needed updating...*



And so, here we are now
And the water under our bridge has not run out.
We have our time, and we run for miles and miles
The sun has never shone so bright.

We dance on our own stage, and we write songs on our own page
We create love that only we can make.
Whatever's written in the stars, there's a future and it is ours
Here we are, here we are.

Here we are, and what happens now?
We spoke of hope, of finding out, of making it all up somehow.
Yeah, who knew what we would be?
Some other summer's breeze carried you to me.

And they say that all good things must come to an end.
'Nothing lasts forever, you're a fool to pretend.'
But we keep each other safe from harm, and I'd go right back to the start
Because I never felt so close as lying in your arms.

Why don't we?

Moments like this rarely come round
And sometimes darkness finds us just when we think we can't be found.

This life is fleeting, just one second's chance
And this heart is passion-seeking something in the distance.

So why don't you come along, enjoy the view?

There's a new sun rising on a brighter day
And we have come so far now and seen so much along the way
And I don't know just what we'll find
Maybe something new, maybe something undefined.

So why don't you come along, enjoy the ride?

And I believe things can change
And I feel something strange going on
If we only dream, if we only try
So why don't you, why don't you and I? Oh why, oh why?

Each of us is given time, and every hour another line
And in the pages of my scrapbook I wanna say I gave it all I could.

So why don't you come along, take another look?

All those hopes all those ideals.
Ambitions laid to rest in pieces while we sleep.
We can keep running or we can hide.
We can choose to live, or we can choose to let life die.





Closed Doors (2014)

Breaking down or pushing through.
Turning round is all you can do.

Missed chances and failed romances.
Shards of glass from windows walked past.

And you followed the wrong signs at all the wrong times.

Did this keep me from something? Should I plan something more?
Is the path that I'm on just another detour, or what I'm living for?
We reach a labyrinth's purpose by walking in circles, though the end is unsure
Reasons why and secrets lie behind closed doors.

Walking away, looking over your shoulder.
Risks that you take, now another year older.

So many questions and supposed suggestions.
Contrived connections with confused conjecture.

This World

I overslept and the train's overdue.
The TV news shows a world not so new.
There's a child's weary cry, echoed in her mother's eyes
While this overcrowded carriage sighs.

Winter blues, and a "touch of the 'flu".
Got to keep on going, got to push through.
Pandora's Box is overflowing, while politicians keep on saying
There's a day on the horizon, though the sun is never rising.

This world may be cold and leave me callous and old,
I get so tired of the fight.
But for this man, all alone, you're an ally in this mind's war zone
You lighten the dark night, and you bring me home.

Try to get away and find a little respite
But we're stuck in traffic at an endless red light.
To-do lists: they mount up, no end is in sight.
This world is torn apart, it takes a better one than I.

This world may be hard and leave me cynical and scarred,
I get so tired of the fight.
But for this man, all alone, you're an ally in this mind's war zone
You lighten the dark night, and you bring me home.

You bring me home.
In this world, you are my home.



Struggle (2013)

A rewrite of an old song of mine. It needed bringing up to date, recognising I've changed.

This version looks at how, sometimes, people have reached the end of their capacity to cope.

We might be the only ones they can talk to, maybe even talk them out of something.

*Or, we might be the person struggling. Either way, know that many of us feel the same:
life can be hard, but that's not all there is to it...*

I don't know what's going on
Through the tears I can see you've been hurting for so long.
Nothing really matters anymore
You've given everything just to feel secure.

Can we find a way to make it through
All those dreams that lie broken in two?
Tried so hard to understand
What happened to everything you planned?

And you struggle through this life alone
Never making sense of it all.
It seems there's no way out, no answers.
Don't know how to face anymore.

The things you hope in always fade away.
Doesn't anyone ever mean what they say?
Losing faith, you feel you can't go on
Trying to find somewhere to belong

You've searched this world, disappointed so many times
Weary and wondering why.
You know there could be something in this life.
Always another chance to try.

Turning now to look me in the eye.
Maybe it's your fear? Maybe it's your pride?
I don't know if I can get to you
You never know what you could do.



High and Dry (2015)

*From the album, 'Love?' this one has a minor lyrical adjustment:
a misheard lyric which I decided was actually better...*

I guess I have to write from the heart or it's not worth a damn at all.
Sometimes all we have is this broken-art after taking the fall.

I wish I could tell you everything was okay, but the words would all fall flat.
I wish I could promise you a better day, but no one can know that.

Down and drowning, high and dry.
Falling on our own again from somewhere on cloud nine.
Late and lonely, waiting only for another try
Now we've landed high and dry.



Hope is where the heart is, but I lies shattered, torn apart.
Home is where a start is, if we can find it in the dark.

Climbing together to some unknown heights
Now left alone in the night.
This plateau's too great to see over
But we won't find tomorrow looking over our shoulder.

Down and drowning, high and dry.
Falling on our own again from somewhere on cloud nine.
Late and lonely, but if we keep waiting only we might find
We've landed high and...

Horizon

Is it raining
And are Autumn leaves falling?
Tides are turning, seasons changing
but still this heart is breaking.

And love will come, and love will go
But we remain in faith and hope
Contemplating, rearranging
Life evanescing in waiting.

How can it be that we're still here, so far from home?
We're clouded by fear and there's so much we'll never know.
But we will go on believing in the morning sun.
This night will break and daylight waits on another horizon.

We abide, breathing in time
With memories of a fragile mind.
Precious moments, carried over
An unknown ocean.



Tomorrow (You Never Know)

Every love I've ever known was out of my league
And every wish I've ever missed was all that I'd need; you were all I'd need.

And time can bring you down. A man's home can be the loneliest place around.
And time can bring you down. A man's heart is the loneliest place I've found.

I think of everything I've lost to those relationships, and counted costs.
I think of all those things I can't forget, and some of those that haven't happened yet.

And time can bring you down. A man's skin can be the loneliest place around.
And time can bring you down. A man's mind is the loneliest place I've found.

But we're still here



And you never know whether tomorrow might wipe away those tears
So keep on breathing, keep on believing
'Cause you never know just what tomorrow might bring.

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In the windows of a mind
Reflected in the sands of time
A mirror image in a desert-storm of hours:
Arid lands on a bed of flowers.

And life flies by.
Ten more years in the blink of an eye.
Trying to do all that you can
While expectation never turns out like the plan.

But I got a head-start on the past.
Experience and experiments learning: this too will pass.
And I'm starting to understand that I don't have to understand.
The present, past and the future are all hand-in-hand.
Here I am.

All those naïve teenage dreams:
Imaginary movie scenes.
Reality dawns in the mourning
Of another chapter in this story.

Long lost lovers
And let's not talk about the others.
The bullet holes are riddled.
The scars are left hidden.

If I could know the future

If I could know the future, would I like what's waiting there?
If I could know what's on your mind, would I want it all laid bare?

If I could have my time again, would I change it any way?
If I knew the reasons why, could it take away the pain?

Ever think that there's no easy way with what we do or what we say?
We choose a path and walk along never knowing which is right or wrong.

If the power was all mine, would I know just what to do?
If I had unending time, would my patience see me through?

You never thought that you'd be here.
You never thought it would be so.
You never thought that you'd be here.
You never thought and never know. You never know.



If all my dreams came true, what would get me through the night?
If I made up for my mistakes, would that make everything alright?

What makes you?

A silent night, a glorious day.
Rapturous joy, or quiet dismay.
The sound of the sea, the deserted land.
The love of another, a harsh reprimand.

A sunset sky, windswept sands.
Mountains high, or fertile lands.
Poetry read, or a story untold.
Fiery passion, and shoulders, cold

What makes you think? What makes you feel?
Is there a difference between what you dream and what's real?
Where do you hide? Who do you run to?
How do you decide? What makes you, you?

The lonely soul, a family man.
Completed works, and unfinished plans.
Deep discussions, simple ideas.
Courageous adventures, irrational fears.

If I were you, what would I do? If you were me, who would I be?
We try and we fail, our character shows. What we will be, God only knows.



Becoming Human

It was a simpler time, before reason before rhyme.
Everything is lighter through the eyes of a child.

When did you get so wise? Looking at apocalyptic skies
You fear the worst sometimes, and wonder if the sun will ever rise.

What have I become? Am I only human?
With everything I've done, after all, I'm only human.
What have I become? Just a mother's son?
All this experience... becoming human.

Is this all new ground, or adulthood dreams from the lost and found?
Are we just making the best from everything we've left behind?

Sometimes there seems to be no answers to the mystery
When you're clawing at your walls inside, and there's no light to find.

When you left your heart here, did you know it would be broken apart?
Did you know how this would feel?
Is this what it's all about? Through this breaking are we breaking out?
Are we becoming more than 'only human'?



Only Half Over

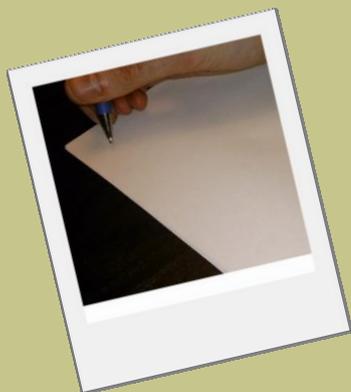
The clock strikes again.
Another hour spent waiting
Another cold, empty feeling
The world's caving.

It doesn't feel like home
Sitting alone.
No names, no one knows
And in the morning it shows.

When it's too late, there's nothing to say
And there's no one left to blame.
But the past is getting older
It will fade over your shoulder
And it's only half over.

Who knew it would end this way?
A dark night from a summer's day.
Now, the curtain starts to fall
And I just can't make the call.

There's too much to ignore
All this baggage, you're on the floor.
No, we can't change what's gone before
But the future's still yours.



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