

Customer  
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Job Title

Page Nos. 12 & 1

COLOURS  
CYAN  
MAGENTA  
YELLOW  
BLACK

# STRANGER COMES TO TOWN STEVE HARLEY

FAITH & VIRTUE  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY  
FOR SALE. BABY SHOES. NEVER WORN.  
STRANGER COMES TO TOWN  
THIS OLD MAN  
TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END  
NO BLEEDING HEARTS  
BLINDED WITH TEARS  
BEFORE THEY CRASH THE UNIVERSE  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW

[www.steveharley.com](http://www.steveharley.com)

Tour Dates, News & Steve's Diary

Recorded & Re-mixed at  
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Spoooner Row, Norfolk, England  
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# STRANGER COMES TO TOWN STEVE HARLEY



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## Faith & Virtue

WE LIVE ON CARTOONS & FRIDAYS  
WE TRAVEL WISHING ON THE MOON  
WE BREATHE ON TIPTOES AND MY WAYS  
WE GET OUR LEGACIES TOO SOON  
WE COULD DINE OUT ON SUNDAY  
OR WE COULD SWIM IN ACID RAIN  
WHERE DID WE GO?  
HOW DID WE LEARN THAT TRADE?  
NO PEACE OF MIND, NO HOME  
NO FAITH OR VIRTUE

WE LIVE ON SAFE REGULATION  
NO SENSE OF CHAOS IN THE DANCE  
NO GRANDIOSE CONVERSATION  
NO SENSE OF WASTING ANY CHANCE  
WE COULD DINE OUT ON SUNDAY  
OR WE COULD SWIM IN ACID RAIN  
WHERE DID WE GO?  
HOW DID WE LEARN THAT TRADE?  
NO PEACE OF MIND, NO HOME  
NO FAITH OR VIRTUE

WE SHOULD RISE IN THE MORNING  
LIKE BEING CARRIED THROUGH  
THE RANKS  
WE WEAR THE SKIN WE WERE BORN IN  
BELIEVING MESSAGES OF THANKS  
WE COULD DINE OUT ON SUNDAY  
OR WE COULD SWIM IN ACID RAIN  
WHERE DID WE GO?  
HOW DID WE LEARN THAT TRADE?  
NO PEACE OF MIND, NO HOME  
NO FAITH OR VIRTUE

Acoustic guitar Steve Harley  
Violin, Viola & Electric Guitar Barry Wickens  
Keyboards & Percussion James Lascelles  
Drums Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson  
Backing Vocals Katie Brine, Robbie Gladwell  
& Barry Wickens

Words Steve Harley  
Music Steve Harley & Barry Wickens  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

## 2,000 Years From Now

HE WAKES, THE CELEBRATING IS DONE,  
BUT STILL HE SILENTLY SCREAMS  
ALONE, ALONE, LOST ON SILENT STREET  
HE SITS, MOTIONLESS, IN HIS CORNER,  
HEAD IN HANDS, DISBELIEVING  
THE SHAME, THE SHAME,  
A COST HE CANNOT MEET  
AND SO, NOBODY TAKES HIS SIDE  
NO, NOBODY SAVES HIS LIFE  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY TELL?  
MANKIND, DISGRACED AND LOST IN HELL  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY SHOW?  
MANKIND DESTROYED ITSELF, OH NO!

THE GUN, SHOOTING-STICK AND THE  
COLLAR FOG THE EYE OF HIS DREAMS  
ALONE, ALONE, NOTHING'S WHAT IT SEEMS  
AND NO, NOBODY TAKES HIS SIDE  
AND NO, NOBODY SAVES HIS LIFE  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY TELL?  
MANKIND, DISGRACED AND LOST IN HELL  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY SHOW?  
MANKIND DESTROYED ITSELF, OH NO!

HE RUNS, BREAKING OUT OF HIS COVER,  
SHAKING FREE OF HIS CHAINS  
HE CRAWLS, HE FALLS, MOTIONLESS AGAIN  
AND SO, NOBODY TAKES HIS SIDE  
AND NO, NOBODY SAVES HIS LIFE  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY TELL?  
MANKIND, DISGRACED AND LOST IN HELL  
2,000 YEARS FROM NOW,  
WHAT'LL THE HISTORY SHOW?  
MANKIND DESTROYED ITSELF, OH NO!

Acoustic Guitar, Violin & Viola Barry Wickens  
Acoustic 12-string & Electric Guitar  
Robbie Gladwell

Hammond Organ & Synthesiser Strings  
James Lascelles

Drums & Percussion Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson

Backing Vocals Katie Brine, Robbie Gladwell  
& Barry Wickens

Choir Sam Hewitson, Joe Dobson,  
Marcus Greenwood, Grace Nickalls,  
Maya Hodgson, Maisie Colquhoun  
from Spooner Row Primary School

Words Steve Harley  
Music Steve Harley & Robbie Gladwell  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

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## Before They Crash The Universe

THEY CAME TO MY TOWN,  
THEY CAME WITH ATTITUDES ON FIRE,  
THEY PUT THEIR ARMS DOWN,  
THIS WAS THE GUN FOR HIRE  
LOST IN THIS MOMENT,  
LOST IN THIS UNFAMILIAR PLACE,  
I COUNTED NO MEN,  
I COULDN'T FIND A FACE  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH OFF THE DEAD NIGHT  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH ON THE WHITE LIGHT -  
BEFORE THEY CRASH THE UNIVERSE

HUNG-UP AND DRIED OUT,  
LEFT IN THIS ELEMENTAL STATE  
SHOOK UP AND CRIED OUT  
- THIS IS AN AWFUL FATE  
AND IN THAT MOMENT, THERE IN THAT  
HARD, TORRENTIAL RAIN  
WE CRIED FOR NO MAN,  
INSPIRED TO LIVE AGAIN  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH OFF THE DEAD NIGHT  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH ON THE WHITE LIGHT -  
BEFORE THEY CRASH THE UNIVERSE

THEY CAME TO THIS TOWN,  
THEY CAME TO TAX OUR DREAMS AWAY  
AND ON THE WAY DOWN,  
WE PUSHED THEIR JAB AWAY  
WE HELD THIS MOMENT,  
SUSPENDED IN THIS PERFECT STATE  
WE CRIED FOR NO MAN,  
WE CARVED IN STONE THE DATE  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH OFF THE DEAD NIGHT  
THIS IS THE TIME, THIS IS THE DAY  
WE SWITCH ON THE WHITE LIGHT -  
BEFORE THEY CRASH THE UNIVERSE

Acoustic Guitar Steve Harley  
Electric Guitar Barry Wickens  
Piano, Hammond Organ  
& Mini-Moog Synthesiser James Lascelles  
Drums Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson

Words & Music Steve Harley  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

## Take The Men & The Horses Away

LONG BURNING SUN  
HARD BATTLE DONE  
THEY'RE THE BLIND WHO SEE  
TELL ME, WHO LEADS THE CAVALRY?  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY, AWAY  
  
COLD DISTANT LAND  
BLOOD IN THE SAND  
WITH THE LADS AWAY  
TELL ME, WHERE DO THE CHILDREN PLAY?  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY, AWAY

. . . WITH THE LADS AWAY  
TELL ME, HOW DO THE CHILDREN PLAY?  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY, AWAY  
  
SHEET IRON SKY NIGHTS  
SHELL BLASTED LIGHTS  
DESOLATION CRIES  
TELL ME, WHO'S GOT THE LYING EYES?  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY  
TAKE THE MEN & THE HORSES AWAY, AWAY

Electric Guitar Barry Wickens  
Mini-Moog Synthesiser, Hammond Organ  
James Lascelles  
Drums Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson  
Backing Vocals Katie Brine, Robbie Gladwell  
& Barry Wickens

Words Steve Harley  
Music Steve Harley, Barry Wickens,  
James Lascelles, Lincoln Anderson, Stuart Elliott  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

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## For Sale. Baby Shoes. Never Worn.

THEY RAN AWAY FOR TRUE LOVE,  
SAYING THEY KNEW LIFE WASN'T FAIR  
THOUGHT THEY'D BE TOGETHER  
FOR ALL TIMES  
THEY'D ALWAYS HAVE THIS TRUE LOVE,  
FOR THEY MADE EACH OTHER SWEAR  
TWO KIDS, THEY NEVER SAW THE SIGNS  
THEY SETTLED IN A NEW LIFE,  
AND THE BAIRN GREW SLOW INSIDE  
THEY SHOWED A DISREGARD  
AND LITTLE TIME  
THIS IS WHEN THE ALPHA  
AND THE OMEGA COLLIDE  
NO HOPE, NO CONSCIENCE, NO CRIME  
BUT IT CANNOT BE WHAT IT APPEARS TO BE,  
NOTHING LIVING LIES THAT STILL  
FOR SALE. BABY SHOES. NEVER WORN.  
IT'S A BITTER PILL

THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A TRUE LOVE,  
IT WAS FIRE-PROOF AND IMMUNE  
THEY NEVER SAW THE TRUTH,  
THAT THIS IS ALL  
AND WHEN THE SPELL WAS SHATTERED,  
WHEN THEY BROKE FROM THEIR COCOON  
TWO KIDS, THEY NEVER SAW THE FALL  
BUT IT CANNOT BE WHAT IT APPEARS TO BE,  
NOTHING LIVING LIES THAT STILL  
FOR SALE. BABY SHOES. NEVER WORN.  
IT'S A BITTER PILL

NOBODY TOLD THEM,  
NOBODY MADE THE CALL  
NOBODY CARED ENOUGH AT ALL  
NOBODY WARNED THEM,  
NOBODY SAW THE SIGNS  
TWO KIDS FROM BROKEN LINES

THIS IS WHEN THE ALPHA  
AND THE OMEGA COLLIDE  
NO HOPE, NO CONSCIENCE, NO CRIME  
BUT IT CANNOT BE WHAT IT APPEARS TO BE,  
NOTHING LIVING LIES THAT STILL  
FOR SALE. BABY SHOES. NEVER WORN.  
IT'S A BITTER PILL

Acoustic Guitar Steve Harley  
Piano, Percussion & Hammered Dulcimer  
James Lascelles  
Violin & Viola Barry Wickens  
Drums Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson  
Backing Vocal Katie Brine

Words & Music Steve Harley  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

## Blinded With Tears

SHE WAS LOOKING FOR THE MOON  
AND THE STARS COMBINED  
BUT SHE HAD NO HAND TO SHOW  
AND SHE WAS CLINGING TO  
THE WRECKAGE OF OTHER TIMES  
PLAYING ON HER RADIO  
THROUGH SIGHS AND WOUNDED GLANCES  
THROUGH WHISPERED HINTS  
OF FAILED ROMANCES  
SHE WAS SURE, IN HER HEART,  
SHE WAS BLINDED WITH TEARS

SHE WAS FLICKING THROUGH  
THE PAGES OF MAGAZINES  
AND ALL SHE FOUND WAS MISERY  
SHE WAS LOOKING FOR THE TRUTH  
IN THAT BED OF DREAMS  
WRECKING, LIKE SOME HISTORY  
INSIDE A WORLD OF GUILTY STAMMERS  
WHO ARE THE ANVILS,  
WHO THE HAMMERS?  
SHE WAS SURE, IN HER HEART,  
SHE WAS BLINDED WITH TEARS

SHE WAS LOOKING FOR  
THE MEANING OF DAYS TO COME  
FOREVER HURRYING,  
UP AND DOWN THE STREET  
SHE STOOD AT EVENING  
IN THE ROOM ALONE  
IN A CLOAK OF SILK AND STEEL,  
INSIDE, A BONE-DEEP UNDERSTANDING  
THROUGH WHISPERED HINTS  
OF FAILED ROMANCES  
SHE WAS SURE, IN HER HEART,  
SHE WAS BLINDED WITH TEARS

Acoustic Guitar Steve Harley  
Electric Guitar Barry Wickens  
Electric Guitar Robbie Gladwell  
Hammond Organ James Lascelles  
Drums Stuart Elliott  
Bass Lincoln Anderson  
Backing Vocals Katie Brine, Robbie Gladwell  
& Barry Wickens

Words Steve Harley  
Music Steve Harley & Jim Cregan  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS), Fairwood Music Ltd.

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## No Bleeding Hearts

DON'T TELL ME I BELONG,  
I DON'T CARE WHERE THE KEYS ARE  
DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU LONG TO  
BRUSH MY HAIR WHERE THE BEES ARE  
YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE DARKEST NIGHT  
OR THE COLOUR OF THE NEGRO  
THE BEAUTY'S IN THE INNOCENCE BELOW

YOUR ADOLESCENT CHARMS  
FREE MY SOUL, FEED MY EGO  
AS YOU NAVIGATE THE CALM, SAND  
AND STORM, THAT GOES WHERE WE GO  
THE LEGACY OF OLD WIVES' TALES  
DIMINISHES REALITY  
OF MINOR PARTS PLAYED OUT  
ON BENDED KNEE  
NO PREACHERS, NO RELIGIOUS KEY  
NO BLEEDING HEARTS, NO REFUGEE, NO HOPE

DON'T TELL ME OF REGRETS,  
ALL IN ALL NO CONCESSION  
NO ONE CAN READ OUR HEADS,  
NO ONE CAN HEAR OUR CONFESSION  
WE CELEBRATE IN PLASTIC SHOES  
THE SEVENTIES ARE THROWAWAY  
IN MINOR KEYS AND DRUGS  
THAT STEAL THE DAY  
NO PREACHERS, NO RELIGIOUS KEY  
NO BLEEDING HEARTS, NO REFUGEE, NO HOPE

YOU THINK THAT YOU PERFORM  
BUT YOU PERFORM LIKE A STRAY DOG  
YOU SHELTER FROM THE STORM  
BY COUNTING TIME LIKE A MEAT HOG  
IT'S HARD TO SEE THE DARKEST NIGHT  
OR THE COLOUR OF THE NEGRO  
I WANNA SEE THE LIGHT BEFORE I GO  
NO PREACHERS, NO RELIGIOUS KEY  
NO BLEEDING HEARTS, NO REFUGEE, NO HOPE

Part 1  
**Acoustic Guitar** Steve Harley  
**Piano** Kerr Nice  
**Violin** Barry Wickens  
**Arpeggio Guitar parts** Robbie Gladwell

Part 2  
**Acoustic Guitar** Steve Harley  
**Piano** Kerr Nice  
**Electric Guitars** Barry Wickens  
**Mini-Moog Synthesiser** James Lascelles  
**Drums & Percussion** Stuart Elliott  
**Bass** Lincoln Anderson

**Words & Music** Steve Harley  
**Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)**

## Stranger Comes To Town

IT'S A LONG, DARK RIVER MY BOAT SAILS ON  
DOWN TO THE MURKY SEA  
WHERE A BEAM OF GOODNESS IN YOUR LIGHT  
SERVES TO COMFORT ME  
IT'S A DISTANT, MAGICAL LAND I SEEK,  
A DESPERATE REFUGEE,  
A REBEL WHO HAS LOST HIS WAY,  
BUT FOUND THE BURIED KEY  
SO IT'S ALRIGHT,  
LOVE WON'T LET YOU DOWN  
SAFE, ON A GOOD NIGHT,  
STRANGER COMES TO TOWN

IF YOU FIND HIM WEARING HIS OLD TIN HAT,  
BEWARE THE COMMON SAINT  
WHO COULD LEAD YOU DOWN A RECKLESS PATH  
TO WHERE THE GOOD GUYS AIN'T,  
WE COULD HOLD EACH OTHER IN COMMON PRAYER,  
OUR BABIES CLOSE AT HAND,  
OR WE COULD LIVE LIKE DRIFTERS,  
ROLLING ON TOWARDS THE PROMISED LAND  
SO IT'S ALRIGHT  
IF LOVE DON'T LET YOU DOWN  
SAFE, ON A GOOD NIGHT,  
STRANGER COMES TO TOWN

SIR, DON'T LET ME DOWN,  
PLEASE LET ME BREATHE  
GOD WON'T LET ME DOWN,  
HE KNOWS I WANNA PLEASE

I COULD CLOSE MY COMPASS  
AND SAIL ON FREE  
AND FIND THE MISSING MEN  
OR I COULD LOSE MY BEARINGS  
LIKE BEFORE  
AND LOSE MYSELF AGAIN,  
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR LOT  
IN A CROWDED WOOD  
WITH NO WAY THROUGH THE TREES  
AND THAT OLD, SWEET PROMISE  
OF SOMETHING GOOD  
PULLS YOU TO YOUR KNEES  
WELL, IT'S ALRIGHT,  
IF LOVE DON'T LET YOU DOWN  
SAFE, ON A GOOD NIGHT,  
STRANGER COMES TO TOWN

**Piano, Melodica & Synthesiser**  
James Lascelles  
**Violin & Viola** Barry Wickens  
**Hand Drums & Percussion**  
Stuart Elliott  
**Double-Bass** Lincoln Anderson

**Words & Music** Steve Harley  
**Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)**

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COLOURS  
CYAN  
MAGENTA  
YELLOW  
BLACK

## This Old Man

YOU GOTTA BE A DREAMER,  
TO UNLEASH THE INNER MAN  
AND ALWAYS HAVE A WAY  
TO BEAT THE GUESSING  
AND IF YOU COULDN'T SWIM,  
YOU HAD TO DO THE BEST YOU CAN  
THAT'S WHAT I TOOK TO BE HIS BLESSING  
AND THOUGH THE WATER  
MAY BE DEEP AND COLD  
HE ALWAYS PUSHES HARDER TO BE KIND  
YET ON THE MORNING AFTER,  
WHEN THINGS HAVE SETTLED DOWN

NO WORDS EXPRESS WHAT HE KNOWS  
NO PALETTE PAINTS HIS HAND  
NO ORDINARY HERO, THIS OLD MAN

WELCOME TO THE CARNIVORE  
WHO EATS HIS FELLOW MAN  
WELCOME TO THE LAND  
WE CALL BRITANNIA  
WHERE EVERYBODY NEEDS  
THE KINDA GUY THAT TAKES A STAND  
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE LIFE WITHOUT HIM,  
CAN YER?  
AND THOUGH THE WATER  
MAY BE DEEP AND COLD  
HE ALWAYS PUSHES HARDER TO BE KIND  
YET ON THE MORNING AFTER,  
WHEN THINGS HAVE SETTLED DOWN

NO WORDS EXPRESS WHAT HE KNOWS  
NO PALETTE PAINTS HIS HAND  
NO ORDINARY HERO, THIS OLD MAN

HE GOT A CERTAIN RHYTHM  
AND A SYMPATHETIC SMILE  
HE'S ALWAYS GOT A TALE OR TWO  
TO HOLD YER  
HE'LL BARRICADE THE ROADS  
WHEN THE OTHERS JUMP THE STILE  
HE'LL ALWAYS BE THE ONE,  
THE LOCAL SOLDIER  
AND THOUGH THE WATER  
MAY BE DEEP AND COLD  
HE ALWAYS PUSHES HARDER TO BE KIND  
YET ON THE MORNING AFTER,  
WHEN THINGS HAVE SETTLED DOWN

NO WORDS EXPRESS WHAT HE KNOWS  
NO PALETTE PAINTS HIS HAND  
NO ORDINARY HERO, THIS OLD MAN

Piano James Lascelles  
Violin Barry Wickens  
Hand Drums Stuart Elliott  
Double-Bass Lincoln Anderson

Words & Music Steve Harley  
Comeuppance Publishing (MCPS)

## True Love Will Find You In The End

TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END  
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO WAS YOUR FRIEND  
DON'T BE SAD, I KNOW YOU WILL  
BUT DON'T GIVE UP UNTIL  
TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END

THIS IS A PROMISE WITH A CATCH  
ONLY IF YOU'RE LOOKING CAN IT FIND YOU  
'CAUSE TRUE LOVE IS SEARCHING, TOO  
BUT HOW CAN IT RECOGNISE YOU  
UNLESS YOU STEP OUT INTO THE LIGHT, THE LIGHT  
DON'T BE SAD, I KNOW YOU WILL  
DON'T GIVE UP UNTIL  
TRUE LOVE FINDS YOU IN THE END

TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END  
TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END  
TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END

Acoustic Guitar Steve Harley  
3/4 size Acoustic Guitar, Violin & Backing Vocal Barry Wickens  
Piano, Melodica & Drums James Lascelles  
Bass Lincoln Anderson

Words & Music Daniel Johnston  
Eternal Yip Eye Music

