

THE Last
Ship



The Last Ship is the first album of entirely new songs I've released in almost a decade, and that's a long time in the life of a songwriter. In the interim, I was far from idle, immersing myself in the work of older and long-dead composers and constant touring, but I had very little to show in the way of new songs.

I began to wonder if I had lost the passion for writing that had sustained me for most of my life. Of course I've endured fallow periods before, and I would justify these periods to myself as the need to be on input at least some of the time, or the need to regroup, to rethink, to reboot, but as I said, a decade is a long time.

I remember a similar period of song drought after my parents passed away, a feeling of emotional and creative paralysis that eventually gave way to *The Soul Cages*, in 1990.

Making a record always involves a certain amount of soul-searching, and making that one took me to places I would have preferred not to revisit: a confusing childhood, the surreal industrial landscape of the shipyard town I was born and raised in, survivor's guilt, resentment, dormant anger, and a paradoxical nostalgia for what was past, albeit painful, but nonetheless compelling.

The slow death and redundancy of the shipyard that had loomed over my young life and the streets I played in morphed into a grim metaphor for the baleful demise of my parents.

The Soul Cages was my attempt at elegy, the least loved, least understood of all of my recorded efforts, but despite that cold reception, it did establish a select and loyal constituency of listeners who I only half-jokingly refer to as 'the recently bereaved' or the similarly haunted. Not the most cheerful club, it must be admitted, but a thoughtful bunch nonetheless.

And so somewhere around my sixtieth birthday it was this familiar emotional landscape that I returned to, to the town where I was

brought up, and the ghosts from there that still haunt me, but hopefully treating them with something more expansive than the navel-gazing obsessions of the younger writer that was me; something more theatrical, a narrative with a wider cast of characters than the 'I' who'd found himself paralysed.

Once I'd set out on this course, of speaking in voices other than my own, of expressing points of view that were perhaps different from mine, I realised that the muse had somehow been set free. A kind of creative 'projectile vomiting' ensued, where characters, stories, and a myriad of voices spewed out onto the page. It was staggering how much of this stuff came out of me, and how quickly, and all because I'd gotten out of the way, and allowed these other voices to speak through me.

I enlisted the help of old friends, a lot of them from Tyneside, from the banks of the same river that spawned me. Kathryn and Peter Tickell, Julian Sutton, Jimmy Nail, Brian Johnson, Billy Mitchell, the Unthank sisters, The Wilson Family from Teesside, and longtime colleagues Dominic Miller, Rob Mathes, Jo Lawry, Ira Coleman, and Joe Bonadio. We would build a ship of dreams together.

And in all honesty, it is only a ship of dreams, an allegory for what might have been, an allegory about the importance of work, the importance of community as well as the underlying themes of fatherhood, exile, alienation, religion, redemption, mortality, passion, humour and the courage that sometimes emerges from desperation. Something epic is being proposed here, because as the song says, 'We've got nowt else'.





DISC ONE

1. The Last Ship

It's all there in the gospels, the Magdalene girl
Comes to pay her respects, but her mind is awlirl.
When she finds the tomb empty, the stone had been rolled,
Not a sign of a corpse in the dark and the cold.
When she reaches the door, sees an unholy sight,
There's this solitary figure in a halo of light.
He just carries on floating past Calvary Hill,
In an almighty hurry, aye but she might catch him still.

"Tell me where are ye going Lord, and why in such haste?"
"Now don't hinder me woman, I've no time to waste!
For they're launching a boat on the morrow at noon,
And I have to be there before daybreak.
Oh I canna be missing, the lads'll expect me,
Why else would the good Lord himself resurrect me?
For nothing will stop me, I have to prevail,
Through the teeth of this tempest, in the mouth of a gale,
May the angels protect me if all else should fail,
When the last ship sails."

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.

It's a strange kind of beauty,
It's cold and austere,
And whatever it was that ye've done to be here,
It's the sum of yr hopes yr despairs and yr fears,
When the last ship sails.

Well the first to arrive saw these signs in the east,
Like that strange moving finger at Balthazar's Feast,
Where they asked the advice of some wandering priest,
And the sad ghosts of men whom they'd thought long
deceased,
And whatever got said, they'd be counted at least,
When the last ship sails.

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.

And whatever you'd promised, whatever you've done,
And whatever the station in life you've become.
In the name of the Father, in the name of the Son,
And whatever the weave of this life that you've spun,
On the Earth or in Heaven or under the Sun,
When the last ship sails.

2. Dead Man's Boots

You see these work boots in my hands, they'll probably fit ye
now my son,
Take them, they're a gift from me, why don't you try them on?
It would do your old man good to see you walking in these
boots one day,
And take your place among the men who work upon the slipway.

These dead man's boots, though they're old and curled,
When a feller needs a job and a place in the world,
And it's time for a man to put down roots,
And walk to the river in his old man's boots.

He said, "I'm nearly done and asking this, that ye do one final
thing for me!
You're barely but a sapling, and you think that you're a tree.
If ye need a seed to prosper, ye must first put down some roots.
Just one foot then the other in these dead man's boots."

These dead man's boots know their way down the hill,
They could walk there themselves, and they probably will.
There's a place for ye there to sink your roots,
And take a walk down the river in these dead man's boots.

I said, "Why in the Hell would I do that? And why would I agree?"
When his hand was all that I'd received, as far as I remember.
It's not as if he'd spoiled me with his kindness up to then ye see.
I'd a plan of me own and I'd quit this place when I came of age
September.

These dead man's boots know their way down the hill,
They can walk there themselves, and they probably will.
I'd plenty of choices, and plenty other routes,
And he'd never see me walking in these dead man's boots.

What was it made him think I'd be happy ending up like him?
When he'd hardly got two halfpennies left, or a broken pot to piss in.
He wanted this same thing for me, was that his final wish?

He said, "What the hell are ye gonna do?"
I said, "Anything but this!"

These dead man's boots know their way down the hill,
They can walk there themselves and they most likely will.
But they won't walk with me 'cos I'm off the other way,
I've had it up to here, I'm gonna have my say.
When all ye've got left is that cross on the wall?
I want nothing from you, I want nothing at all.
Not a pension, nor a pittance, when your whole life is through,
Get this through your head, I'm nothing like you,
I'm done with all the arguments, there'll be no more dispute,
And ye'll die before ye see me in your dead man's boots.

3. And Yet

This town, this stain on the sunrise,
Disguised in the mist this morning,
It's 8AM, a seagull shouts a sailor's warning.

This sky, this bend in the river,
Slows down and delivers me, the tide rolls back,
And all my memories fade to black,

And yet, and yet... I'm back.

This town has a strange magnetic pull,
Like a homing signal in your skull,
And you sail by the stars of the hemisphere,
Wondering how in the Hell did ye end up here?
It's like an underground river, or a hidden stream,
That flows through your head, and haunts your dreams,
And you stuffed those dreams in this canvas sack,
And there's nothing round here that the wide world lacks,

And yet, and yet... You're back.

Some nights I'd lie on the deck and I'd stare at the turning of
the stars,
Those constellations hanging up there from the cables and
the rigging,
I'd wonder if she saw the same, or managed to recall my name,
But why would she ever think of me? Some boy she loved
who fled to sea?
And why waste time debating whether she'd be waiting for
the likes of me?

So ye drift into port with the scum of the seas,
To the dance halls and the brothels where you took your ease!
And the ship's left the dock but you're half past caring,
And ye haven't got a clue whose bed you're sharing.
And your head's like a hammer on a bulkhead door,
And it feels like somebody might have broken your jaw,
And there's bloodstains and glass all over the floor,
And ye swear to God ye'll drink no more,
And yet, and yet.

In truth, it's too late to find her,
Too late to remind her at some garden gate,
Where a servant tells me I should wait,
And perhaps a door's slammed in my face,
My head must be in outer space,
And yet, and yet,
Before the sun has set,
Before the sea,
There may be something else that's waiting for,
The likes of me.

This town, this stain on the sunrise...

4. August Winds

When August winds are turning,
The fishing boats set out upon the sea,
I watch 'til they sail out of sight,
The winter follows soon,
I watch them drawn into the night,
Beneath the August moon.

No one knows I come here,
Some things I don't share,
I can't explain the reasons why,
It moves me close to tears,
Or something in the season's change,
Will find me wandering here.

And in my public moments,
I hear the things I say but they're not me,
Perhaps I'll know before I die,
Admit that there's a reason why,
I count the boats returning to the sea,
I count the boats returning to the sea.

And in my private moments,
I drop the mask that I've been forced to wear,
But no one knows this secret me,
Where albeit unconsciously,
I count the boats returning from the sea,
I count the boats returning from the sea.

5. Language Of Birds

They say there's an underground river,
That none of us can see,
And it flows through winding tunnels,
On its way to a tide-less sea.

And across that sea is an island,
A paradise we are told,
Where the toils of life are forgotten,
And they call it the Island of Souls.

For only a soul can go there,
A soul that's been set free,
From the confines of a working life,
To find eternity.

Your old man had a cage for his pigeons,
But that's really where he kept his soul,
And when he watched them fly he would see himself,
Least that's how it was told.

But his soul was still trapped in the cage son,
While the birds they soared to the sky,
But he couldn't find his own way out,
Least not 'til the day he died.

Oh, a man builds a cage with the tools he is given,
His casket is sealed with a riveter's gun,
This solitary madness is where he is driven,
It was him who was trapped in the soul cage son,
It was him that was trapped in the soul cage.

I know that he loved you, but he hadn't the words,
He'd be easier speaking the language of birds,
For to speak of emotion, it just wasn't done,
It was him who was trapped in the soul cage son,
It was him that was trapped in the soul cage.

A man builds a cage with the tools he is given,
His casket is sealed with a riveter's gun,
The solitary madness is where he is driven,
It was him who was trapped in the soul cage son,
It was him that was trapped in the soul cage.

6. Practical Arrangement

Am I asking for the moon?
Is it really so implausible?
That you and I could soon,
Come to some kind of arrangement?
I'm not asking for the moon,
I've always been a realist,
When it's really nothing more,
Than a simple rearrangement.
With one roof above our heads,
A warm house to return to,
We could start with separate beds,
I could sleep alone or learn to.
I'm not suggesting that we'd find some earthly paradise forever,
I mean how often does that happen now? The answer's
probably never.
But we could come to an arrangement, a practical arrangement,
And you could learn to love me given time.

I'm not promising the moon,
I'm not promising a rainbow,
Just a practical solution,
To a solitary life.
I'd be a father to your boy,
A shoulder you could lean on,
How bad could it be,
To be my wife?
With one roof above our heads,
A warm house to return to,
You wouldn't have to cook for me,
You wouldn't have to learn to,
I'm not suggesting that this proposition here could last forever,
I've no intention of deceiving you, you're far too clever.
But we could come to an arrangement,
A practical arrangement,
And perhaps you'd learn to love me given time.
It may not be the romance that you had in mind,
But you could learn to love me,
Given time.

7. The Night The Pugilist Learned How To Dance

In the streets around here there was nobody tougher than me,
I was quick with me fists and fast with me footwork as you
can plainly see,
But while fighting was useful for getting your way,
Among the toughs of the town where you could hold sway,
There had to be something that was better than this,
I was fifteen years old and I'd never been kissed.

Well of course she'd ignore me, her friends would all sneer,
At me bloody nose dripping and me cauliflower ear,
For it's hard to convince in a romantic pose,
With a lovely black eye and a broken nose,
Where a girl is attracted to skills more refined,
Than the pugilist's art, and so I inclined,
To take meself serious as a modern romancer,
And I secretly learnt all the moves of a dancer.

Ye swing to the left, ye swing to the right,
Keep your eyes on your partner, more or less like a fight,
Ye just follow the rhythm, and ye keep to the beat,
The important thing's never to look at your feet,
Then a miracle happens, your mind's in a trance,
Though the strategy's subtle, retreat and advance,
It's all about attitude, all in your stance,
Attention to detail, leaving nothing to chance,
Which explains how the pugilist finally learned
how to dance.

Well, I'd waltz with a broomstick and if I was caught,
I'd pretend I was sweeping or practicing sport,
But I really had eyes for your mother ye see,
Wanting her to acknowledge this new version of me,
But now everyone's watching, expecting I'll fail,
But there's fire in me belly, there's wind in me sails,
I knew it was risky and I was taking a chance,
I couldn't retreat now, I had to advance.

So I swing to the left, I swing to the right,
Keep me eyes on me partner, like I would in a fight,
I just keep to the rhythm and follow the beat,
The important thing's never to look at yr feet,
But a miracle's happened, and your mind's in a trance,
They're all laughing and cheering and looking askance,
On the night that the pugilist finally learned how to dance.

It's a three-minute round and you're back in yr corner,
You're licking yr wounds just like little Jack Horner,
Don't let your guard down try a jab with your right,
Or you're losing on points by the end of the night,
Then a miracle happens, and everyone's screaming,
You're pinching yourself just in case you're still dreaming,
You've taken the initiative, you've taken your chance,
It's the night when this pugilist finally learned how to dance.

In a bout where the strategist's bridges were burned,
Where it seemed that his fortune had suddenly turned,
'Twas the night that this scrapper was suddenly dapper,
And this poor fellow's heart was still going like the clappers,
The night that the pugilist finally learned how to dance.

8. Ballad Of The Great Eastern

In 18 hundred and 59, the engineer Brunel,
Would build the greatest ship afloat, and rule the ocean's swell.
Nineteen thousand tons of steel they used to shape the
mighty keel,
Forged inside the smelter where they made the gates of Hell...
And the name upon the contract, Isambard Brunel.

As day-by-day the monster grew, the engineer Brunel,
Would watch the devil's handiwork, and woe betide a man
who shirks,
Or slows the pace to build the keel, nineteen thousand tons
of steel,
Anyone with eyes to see is but a bride of Hell,
And the name upon the draftsman's chart, Isambard Brunel.

A riveter was on the hull with his apprentice lad,
He'd served his time with the older man, some say it was his dad.
200 men upon the shift but when the day is done,
The count is hundred 98...before the setting sun,
They searched the yard all through the night until the
morning bell,
No more delays are countenanced by Isambard Brunel,
And so they work a double shift, to make the time in full,
No mention of the missing men...they seal the double hull.

The ship was launched upon the tide and all the townsfolk cheered,
A brass band played but not a word of omens they had feared,
But before the afternoon was out, the celebration wrecked,
A dignity clutched his heart...and collapsed upon the deck.

No doctors could revive him as the telegraphs would tell,
And the name upon the coffin...Isambard Brunel.

And now upon the open sea, the mighty ship did plough,
But many feared the darkness, in the shadow of its prow.
An explosion on the lower deck, would take the souls of five,
With a growing superstition 'mong the sailors still alive.

The captain and his boy are lost while rowing to the shore,
The crew will threaten mutiny and say they'll work no more,
They began to say the ship was cursed, they hadn't even
seen the worst,
They'd signed on able-bodied men, but they wouldn't sail
to Hell...
When the name upon the manifest is Isambard Brunel.

For 14 years that ship will sail, misfortune taken hard,
The owners barely find a crew to reach the breakers' yard.
And as they take the plates apart, unseal the double hull,
The breakers call the foreman o'er, they'd found a human skull.
And then they find the younger man, perforced to understand,
That in the hour of their torment, he'd reached his father's hand.

In 18 hundred and 59, the engineer Brunel,
Would build the greatest ship afloat, and rule the mighty swell.
The final shift was over, and the breakers' hammers fell,
And the name upon the manifest, the contract signed in Hell,
Was the same as on the draftsman's chart...one Isambard Brunel.

9. What Have We Got?

featuring Jimmy Nail

Good people give ear to me story,
Pay attention, and none of your lip,
For I've brought you five lads and their daddy,
Intending to build ye's a ship.
Wallsend is wor habitation,
It's the place we was all born and bred.
And there's nay finer lads in the nation,
And none are more gallantly led.

What have we got, but the buzzer in the morning?
Aye, and what have we got, but the laying of a keel?
And what have we got, but the cranes above us soaring?
The commotion and the clamour in the welding of the steel?

What have we got, but the mist upon the river?
Tell me, what have we got, but the noise inside the hold?
Oh, what have we got, but the arse end of the weather?
Where we work in horizontal rain, and shiver in the cold.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

What have ye got, but the singing in the cables?
Oh, what have ye got, but the ringing in your ears?
Aye, what have ye got, but the telling of the fables?
And the memories of the ships, that we've been building
donkey's years.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

Aye, you've got to die of something,
It's written in your fate,
Ye may as well die of a Tuesday,
And woe betide you're late.

What have ye got, all you men what's fit and able?
What have ye got, for the straining in your neck?
What have ye got, when you're laid out on the table?
And the snapping of a cable when the rigging hits the deck?

What have ye got, but the loyalty of brothers?
What have ye got, but this union of the dock?
What have ye got, a bacon sandwich from your mother?
Not a promise of another with the punching of the clock.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
Now, what do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

What do ye got? (What do we got?)
What do ye got? (What do we got?)
You've got nowt. We've got nowt else.

10. I Love Her But She Loves Someone Else

When a man of my age shaves his face in the morning,
Who is it that stares back and greets him?
The ghost of his father long dead all these years?
Or the boy that he was, still wet in the ears?
Or the terrible sum of all of his fears,
In the eyes of this stranger who meets him?

So his glance rarely strays from his chin or his jawline,
To face up to the truth of his soul,
It's the eyes he avoids so afraid to acknowledge,
Something strange, unexpected, out of control.

There are times when a man needs to brave his reflection,
And face what he sees without fear,
It takes a man to accept his mortality,
Or be surprised by the presence of a tear.

It was only an arrangement, a practical arrangement,
I forgot the first commandment of the realist's handbook,
Don't be fooled by illusions you created yourself,
And fall in love with someone, when she loves someone else.

Like a covering of snow on a winter's night,
It glistens and it sparkles in the moonlight,
But it's gone by the morning, how quickly it melts,
You still love her but she loves someone else.

And where does that leave you?
You self-styled man of vision.
You feel stupid, you feel angry, are you losing your mind?
To destroy the one she loves, does that become your mission?
Like a pantomime villain with an axe to grind?
To regain your self-respect, hold your head up like a man,
Use the ice around your heart before it melts,
But you're not fooling anybody, you're only fooling yourself.

Like a covering of snow on a winter's night,
It glistens and it sparkles in the moonlight,
But it's gone by the morning, how quickly it melts

11. So To Speak

featuring Becky Unthank
Father O'Brian

They're seriously saying it's prolonging me life,
If I'll only submit to the surgical knife?
But what are the odds on a month or a week?
When the betting shop's closing its doors, so to speak.
When you're tied to a pump and a breathing machine,
With their X-rays and probes and their monitor screens,
And they'll wake ye up hungry, saying "How do ye feel?"
And then you're stuffed full of pills and a barium meal.

Prolonging me life? Now that's some kind of joke!
I'd be laughing me head off and I'd probably choke.
The spirit's still willing but the rest of me's weak,
Now the bets are all off and the prospects look bleak,
When you're laid like a piece of old meat on the slab,
And they'll cut and they'll slice, and they'll poke and they'll jab,
And they'll grill ye and burn ye, and they'll wish ye good health,
With their radium, chemo and God knows what else?

Well ye can't fault the science, though the logic is weak,
Is it really an eternal life we should seek?
That ship has sailed,
That ship has sailed,
That ship has already sailed...So to speak.

Our mission is more than a struggle for breath,
For a few extra rounds in a fight to the death.
When our mission is love, and compassion and grace,
It's not a test of endurance, or a marathon race.
For love is the sabre, and love is the shield,
Love is the only true power we wield,
An eternal love is all ye should seek,
That ship will be ready to sail...So to speak.

Meg

I hear what you're saying 'cos I've heard it before,
But I'm afraid if I let what is past through my door,
How long would he stay, a month or a week,
When that ship has already sailed, so to speak?

Should I settle for something that's safe on this Earth?
What would it profit me, what is it worth?
If I lose something precious, completely unique?

Meg & O'Brian

When it's only eternity's love we should seek,

Meg & O'Brian

For when that ship sails, and the course has been set,
And the wind's in the offing and the sails have been let,
And the hatches are full, and the hull doesn't leak,
And the ship is all ready to sail...So to speak.

O'Brian

I'm tired and fading and losing the light,
And I've no way to tell if it's day or it's night,

Meg

Follow your heart, it's the harbour ye seek,

O'Brian

And this ship is ready to sail,
This ship is ready to sail,

Meg & O'Brian

This ship is ready to sail...So to speak.

12. The Last Ship (Reprise)

Aye, the footmen are frantic in their indignation,
You see, "The Queen's took a taxi herself to the station!"
Where the porters, surprised by her lack of Royal baggage,
Bustle her and three corgis to the rear of the carriage,
For the train it is crammed with all Europe's nobility,
And there's none of them famous for their compatibility.
There's a fight over seats, "I beg pardon Your Grace,
But you'll find that one's mine, so get back in yr place!"

"Aye, but where are they going?" All the porters debate,
"Why they're going to Newcastle and they daresn't be late,
For they're launching a boat on the Tyne at high tide,
And they've come from all over, from far and from wide."
There's the old Dalai Lama, aye and the Pontiff of Rome,
Every palace in Europe, and there's nay bugger home.
There's the Duchess of Cornwall and the loyal Prince of
Wales,

Looking crushed and uncomfortable in his top hat and tails.
"Why, they haven't got tickets," "Come now, it's just a detail,
There was no time to purchase and one simply has to prevail,
For we'll get to the shipyards or we'll end up in jail!"
When the last ship sails.

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.

And whatever you'd promised, whatever you've done,
And whatever the station in life you've become.
In the name of the Father, in the name of the Son,
And no matter the weave of this life that you've spun,
On the Earth or in Heaven or under the Sun,
When the last ship sails.

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.

DISC TWO

13. Shipyard

featuring Jimmy Nail, Brian Johnson and Jo Lawry

Ah, me name is Jackie White and I'm foreman of the yard,
And ye don't mess with Jackie on this quayside.
Why I'm as hard as iron plate, woe betide ye if yr late,
When we have to push the boat out on a spring tide.
Now ye could die and hope for Heaven, but ye'd need to work
your shift,
And I'd expect ye's all to back us to the hilt.
And if St. Peter at his gate were to ask ye why yr late,
Why you'd tell him that ye had to get a ship built.
We built battleships and cruisers for Her Majesty the Queen,
Super tankers for Onassis, and all the classes in between,
We built the greatest shipping tonnage that the world has
ever seen,
And the only life we've known is in the shipyard.

All the platers and the welders, and the boiler making crews,
When they see that bugger finished on the slipway,
All the hardship's soon forgot and we'll cheer as like as not,
And the bairns'll wave their Union Jacks all day.

It's a patriotic scene, all that's missing is the Queen,
But she said she couldn't make it of a Tuesday.
Then something wells up here inside, and you could take it in
yr stride,
But you wonder if you'll see another payday.

For there's a mixture of emotions, hatred, gratitude and pride,
And you hate yourself for crying but it's difficult to hide,
For there's a sadness in the leavin' and ye worry what's ahead,
And that worry never leaves ye, keeps on nagging in yr head,
And so ye pray to God for orders, but ye'll worry till yr dead...
Until they bury your remains in the blacksmith's shed,
And the only life ye've known is in the shipyard.

Steel in the stockyard,

Iron in the soul,

We'll conjure up a ship where there used to be a hole.
And I don't know what we'll do if this yard gets sold,
For the only life we've known is in the shipyard.

[Additional lyrics not included on the track]

My name is Adrian Sanderson and riveting's me trade,
But it's intellectual discourse I'm known better for,
And I may forego English grammar when I'm injured with a
hammer,
But I've a preference for the deference of a metaphor.

I've read the Odyssey by Homer and the Iliad as well,
I read Tacitus and Pliny and the Scarlet Pimpernel,
I put a night shift in with Dante on his journey into Hell,
And that's what we'll all be facing if the yard's put up to sell,
For the only life ye've known is in the shipyard.

Now what about those Trojan wars? And the troubles that they
caused?
When they sailed off on that summer's afternoon?

Tommy Thompson

Aye, the ship they had was crap and they'd lost the effin' map,
When they tried to get their selves back to the toon.

Adrian Sanderson

There's a lesson in these tales although they happened ages past,
Just like in "Spartacus" that film by Stanley Kubrick.
First it's tragedy then farce then they'll kick you in the arse,

When you tempt the gods with arrogance and hubris.

Well it's obvious I'm gifted with the rhyming and the meter,
And hereabouts I'm thought of highly as a bard.
If I wasn't shooting rivets I'd be famous in me time,
All those literary circles I could dazzle with me rhyme,
And I never lacked ambition you could say it was a crime,
And rivets may be riveting but sonnets are sublime,
But the only life I've known is in the shipyard.

Steel in the stockyard,
Iron in the soul,
We'll conjure up a ship where there used to be a hole.
But we don't know what we'll do if the yard gets sold,
For the only life we've known is in the shipyard.

Ah, me name is Tommy Thompson, I'm shop steward for the
Union,
Me dream is proletarian revolution,
Comrades, brothers, fellow travellers and others,
Class struggle is the means of dialectic evolution.

Das Kapital's me bible and the ruling class are liable,
And quoting Marx and Engels, it's entirely justifiable,
If the workers' revolution here is ever to be viable,
And we become the rightful owners of this shipyard.

So it's a one-day stoppage, or an overtime ban,
Or a work to rule for the Five Year Plan.
'Til the means of production are safely in our hands,
And we become the rightful owners of this shipyard.

I'm not saying it won't be hard if the boss hands us me cards,
When they try to close us down like other shipyards.
And if industrial action only helps the competition,
As I've heard the bosses bleating from their usual position,
And I stand accused of anarchy, disruption and sedition,
Well ye'll never knock us down, you reactionary clowns!
When it's time for occupation of the shipyard.

My name is Peggy White,
And I've nursed ye through your injuries and yr cuts and
wounds I've bound.
Busted arms, and busted heads,

Broken backs and broken legs,
I'd sooner put ye in a splint than have them put ye in the ground.
And the fumes from all the welding where the poison air is
hung,
And the toxic radiation that's been blackening your tongue,
I could give you's all an aspirin while you're coughing up your
lungs,
But it's all you'll ever get here in this shipyard.

[Additional lyrics not included on the track]

My name is Arthur Cook, I'm the Union superintendent,
Where I represent the interests of ye's all.
And I listen to you men as you talk about the future,
But the truth is that we're heading for a God almighty fall.
But it's clear that intervention's not the government's intention,
'Cos they've got no need for ships, now have I got your full
attention?
While the closing of the yard may be beyond your
comprehension,
I'm the one who sees the writin' on the shipyard wall.

I've begged and I've pleaded at every meeting that we've held,
That we limit our demands to this reality,
It's like two different metals in a join ye cannot weld,
And there's nothing to be gained from this dream of solidarity.
There's nowt for us to bargain with when the industry's at sea,
It must be obvious to you as it's obvious to me,
And my advice to all of you's is to take redundancy,
And accept that there's no future in this shipyard.

Steel in the stockyard,
Iron in the soul,
We'll conjure up a ship where there used to be a hole.
But I don't know what we'll do if the yard gets sold,
For the only life we've known is in the shipyard.

Ah, me name is Davy Harrison, I like a drink or two,
You could ask me when it started but I haven't got a clue.
I'm never sad or miserable I'm never ever blue,
And I'll still be up tomorrow for the shipyard.

I drink meself into a stupor and I wake up with two heeds,
And then the missus starts complainin' about all me drunken
deeds,

Like when I got the train to Sunderland but found meself in
Leeds,
And I had to get up early for the shipyard.

I once gave up the drinking, was it 1963?
But it seems as if sobriety was not the thing for me,
It was the worst three hours I ever hope to see...

Steel in the stockyard,
Iron in the soul,
We'll conjure up a ship where there used to be a hole.
And the ship sets sail and the tale gets told,
And the only life I've known is in the shipyard.

Steel in the stockyard,
Iron in the soul,
We'll get the bastard finished, and we'll end up on the dole.
And we don't know what we'll do if the yard gets sold,
The only life we've ever known is in the shipyard.

14. It's Not The Same Moon

Did you ever hear the theory of the universe?
Where every time you make a choice,
A brand new planet gets created?

Did you ever hear that theory?
Does it carry any sense?
That a choice can split the world in two,
Or is it all just too immense for you?

That they all exist in parallel,
Each one separate from the other,
And every subsequent decision,
Makes a new world then another,
And they all stretch out towards infinity,
Getting further and further away.

Now, were a man to reconsider his position,
And try to spin the world back to its original state?

It's not a scientific proposition,
And relatively speaking...you're late.

It's not the same moon in the sky,

And these are different stars,
And these are different constellations,
From the ones that you've described.

Different rules of navigation,
Strange coordinates and lines,
A completely different zodiac,
Of unfamiliar signs.

It's not the same moon in the sky,
And those planets are misleading,
I wouldn't even try to take a bearing or a reading,
Just accept that things are different,
You've no choice but to comply,
When smarter men have failed to see,
The logic as to why.

It's not the same moon,
It's not the same moon,
In the sky.

15. Hadaway

Ah, ye've gotta be joking, yr tekkin' the piss,
I'd have to be stupid to go on wi' this,
I wasn't born yesterday, or even last week,
It's someone with sailing experience ye seek?
I wouldn't sail with you's on the last ship aground,
In a biblical flood, I'd be better off drowned,
So drink up yr bebies and have a good sup,
I'll no part o' this fancy O' Brian's dreamed up,
Find some other idiot to pilot your craft,
And tomorrow ye'll be sober.

Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yr beer up the wall,
And you're out of your tiny minds.

I had a friend on the ships his name was Joe Dorsey,
He'd get into port he'd be straight to the horsies,
He begged and he pleaded, he was some operator,
600 to one, and he'd pay me back later,
He claimed it was certain that we'd be in clover,
And the next time we sailed past the White Cliffs of Dover,

We'd be sailing a yacht of our own to the Med,
I lent him the money, I was out of me head,
I didn't see hide of him for nine months, maybe ten,
And didn't the bastard just ask me again?
For the loan of a tenner he'd pay me back soon,
All the money he owed me, I answered the loon,

Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yr beer up the wall,
And you're out of your tiny minds.

I once had a girl down in Tenerife,
A passionate courtship albeit brief,
But what happened next, it just beggared belief,
If I tell ye, ye'll be sober.
The second night in she claims she's with child,
Afore yesterday night she'd been pure, undefiled,
I must be the father, court papers she'd filed,
So what did I tell her me rovers?

Hadaway, hadaway, hadaway, with ye's all,
Ye know ye've got nowt ye've got nothing at all,
Hadaway, yr just pissin' yr beer up the wall,
Ye think you've got a case, you've got sweet bugger all,
And you're out of your tiny minds,
And you're out of your tiny minds,
And you're out of your tiny minds.

And the 'cetylene lights,
There's an empty throne waiting every Saturday night,
There'll be no more mistaking where I've set my sights,
I ain't no pretender 'cos it's mine by rights,
I'm Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights.
Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights,
Jock the singing welder and the 'cetylene lights,
Jock the singing welder and the oxy-acetylene lights.

16. Sky Hooks And Tartan Paint

featuring Brian Johnson

Me first day in the shipyard, the gaffer says to me,
"I want ye to go to the store lad and get a few things, ye see?
Now here's a list, can ye read lad? Can ye read it back to me?
And me and the boys'll listen while were having wah morning tea."

Now reading was me pride when I left school at fourteen,
There wouldn't be no problem here, I'd show them I was
keen,
But when I starts to reading, they just couldn't hold their mirth,
Hugging themselves and spluttering like they was giving birth.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task complete."
The gaffer pats me on the head and sends me on me way,
He says, "Don't come back empty handed lad, or I'll have to
dock yr pay."

So I gets to the store all nervous and the quartermaster's there,
I pulls the list out of me pocket and I starts to read all square,
Well I hadn't barely finished when the store-man's face
turns red,
He gives me such an evil look I thought I'd soon be dead.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task
complete."
The store-man swipes me on the head and sends me on me way,
With a kick in the arse for me efforts, and such was my first day.

I gets back home that evening and me mother says to me,
"How was it son? How was your day? Sit down and have
some tea."
I told her of the list I'd read and the trouble I was in,
I couldn't go back tomorrow or the gaffer'd have me skinned.

"First off a brace of sky hooks and a packet of nail holes neat,
And then three cans of tartan paint, and that's me task complete."
Me mother swipes me on the head and sends me on me way,
With a kick in the arse for me efforts, and such was my first day.

17. Show Some Respect

Show some respect on this deck for the dear departed,
Gather ye's round let's be bound by the work we started,
Save all your strength for the length of the task before us,
Think on that ship on the slipway they can't ignore us.
It's what he would have wanted, he'll not be disappointed,
Each of us well appointed, we've all but been anointed,
Such was our occupation, this means of our salvation,
We'll make a rope out of our dreams and hopes and tribulations.

We'll weave these strands together, we'll splice a rope
and tether,
And though we won't know whether, it's fair or stormy
weather,
We'll quit this quay,
And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea.

Pick up your tools, we're not fools to be treated lightly,
We'll weld our souls to the bulkheads, secure them tightly,
We'll use the skills and the crafts that our fathers taught us,
We work with pride, not as slaves, no one ever bought us.

We'll weave a net of our dreams and our hopes between us,
We'll be the envy of that sorry bunch who'll wish they'd been us,
We'll form a web of steel, a structure that will not be broken,
We'll be the heroes of the day whenever tales are spoken.

And as the dance gets faster, we'll build a double master,
No vessel will outlast her, no other ship gets past her,
We'll quit this quay,
And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea.

Come strike the floor with your feet all you lads and lasses,
And if you're too old to dance, you can raise your glasses,
Just come on in, take a spin, in your dreams ye've held her.
What are ye? Man or a mouse, or a shipyard welder?

Shy bairns get nowt for waiting, so why ye hesitating?
Ships don't get built debating, or launched just contemplating.
Wear out your old shoe leather, we're in this dance together,
We'll pull the blades and feather, in fair or clement weather.
Each one of us connected, all trades and skills respected,
Always to be expected, we will not be deflected,
We'll quit this quay,
And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea.

Na na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na

Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na

Na na na na, la la la
La la la la la la la

Show some respect, fill the deck, get the lassies twirling,
'Cos they expect to be swept off their feet and whirling,
Life is a dance, a romance where ye take your chances,
Just don't be left on the shores of regretful glances.
We may not drive Rolls Royces, we're hardly spoilt for
choices,
If we're to pay invoices, we'll need to raise our voices.
Our strength is in communion, this boilermakers' union,
The shipwright welders' guilds, with every working station filled.

These bonds we've spliced together, will face all kinds of
weather,
Considered altogether, and sailing Hell for leather,
We'll quit this quay,
And we'll cast this net of souls upon the sea.
Where will you be,
When we cast this net of souls upon the sea?

PRODUCED BY: Rob Mathes and Sting

RECORDED BY: Donal Hodgson

MIXED BY: Donal Hodgson

ADDITIONAL MIXES BY: Peter Cobbin at Abbey Road Studios, London (*The Last Ship*, *Dead Man's Boots*, *And Yet, August Winds*, *Language Of Birds*, *Practical Arrangement*, *Ballad Of The Great Eastern*, *I Love Her But She Loves Someone Else*, *The Last Ship (Reprise)*)

ADDITIONAL RECORDING BY: Alex Venguer

ORCHESTRA RECORDED BY: Jonathan Allen and Peter Cobbin at Abbey Road Studios, London

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Jill Dell'Abate

ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR: Isobel Griffiths, Ltd.

ASSISTANT ORCHESTRA CONTRACTOR: Charlotte Matthews

ORCHESTRA ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY: Rob Mathes

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Sting – Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, Bass, Orchestral Bells and Cymbals

Rob Mathes – Piano and Keyboards, Acoustic Guitars and Background Vocals

Dominic Miller – Electric and Acoustic Guitars (Gut String Solo Guitar on *It's Not The Same Moon*)

Ira Coleman – Bass

Joe Bonadio – Drums and Percussion

Peter Tickell – Violin and Mandolin (Solo on *What Have We Got?* and *Show Some Respect*)

Julian Sutton – Melodeon

Kathryn Tickell – Violin and Northumbrian Pipes (Solo on *The Last Ship* and *Sky Hooks And Tartan Paint*)

Jo Lawry – Vocals on *Shipyards*, Background Vocals

Special Guests:

Jimmy Nail – Vocals on *What Have We Got?* and *Shipyards*, Background Vocals

Brian Johnson – Vocals on *Shipyards* and *Sky Hooks And Tartan Paint*

Featuring:

Rachel Unthank – Clogs on *What Have We Got?*

Becky Unthank – Duet Vocal on *So To Speak*

The Wilson Family (Mike Wilson, Stephen Wilson, Tom Wilson, Chris Wilson and Ken Wilson) – Group Vocals on *The Last Ship*, *Ballad Of The Great Eastern*, *What Have We Got?*, *The Last Ship (Reprise)*, *Shipyards*, *Hadaway*, *Sky Hooks And Tartan Paint*, and *Show Some Respect*

Alan Stepansky – Cello on *It's Not The Same Moon*

Jeff Kievit and Tony Kadleck (Trumpet), Bob Carlisle and Chris Komer (French Horn), Mike Davis (Tenor Trombone), Richard Harris (Euphonium), Marcus Rojas (Tuba) – *The Last Ship*, *Dead Man's Boots*, and *The Last Ship (Reprise)*

ORCHESTRA:

Violins: Thomas Bowes (Concertmaster), Emlyn Singleton (Principal Second Violin), Rita Manning, Boguslaw Kostecki, Warren Zielinski, Cathy Thompson, Chris Tombling, Debbie Widdup, Mark Berrow, Gaby Lester and Steve Morris

Violas: Peter Lale (Principal), Bruce White and Andy Parker

Celli: Anthony Pleeth (Principal), Martin Loveday and Dave Daniels

Clarinet: Jon Carnac

Bassoon: Gavin McNaughton

French Horns: Richard Watkins, David Pyatt, Nicholas Korth and Michael Thompson

Trumpets: John Barclay, Kate Moore and Tom Rees-Roberts

Tenor Trombone: Richard Edwards

Euphonium: Andy Wood

Tuba: Owen Slade

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For fan club, tickets & the latest Sting information, visit
www.sting.com.

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