

## **The Escapade**

Tom Rothery

*Listen*

*The gaps between*

*On we go with confidence*

*One day I'll get home*

*Blood and Pain*

*Settle for Sixty [bonus track]*



## **THE ESCAPADE**

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## Listen

I don't want to be your best friend in the world  
But I don't want to be treated like I am the scum of the earth  
We share our vested interests, we'd lay our lives on the line defending  
And if we're lucky then for years to come, we'll be there for our precious ones

I'm not good at pretending if we don't get along  
And it's hard not to be offended, that you don't take the time to hear this song  
So please listen to me, and I will listen too  
Take the time to think how I'm feeling and I'll do the same for you

We share our vested interests, we'd lay our lives on the line defending  
And if we're lucky then for years to come, we'll all be there for our precious ones  
So please listen to me, and I will listen too

## The Gaps Between

When I was a boy; when I was a child, only small  
I caught a fever, more than once I recall  
Shivering sweats, carried downstairs from my bed,  
Babbling nonsense; no control, things I said

Under raging heat, I didn't know what I would speak,  
Amazed by bed to door, by roof to floor, the gaps between.  
As I came around, still don't know how I made the sound  
Saying from earth to sky, that I could fly  
What did I mean? Soaring through the gaps between

Then I was a youth, growing up tall, filling my boots,  
Taking up space, spreading limbs, shrinking roots  
Its strength fell away; fool's gold thoughts to fill my days,  
Character acting, just a new game to play

Still in my dreams, in quiet corners, whispered themes,  
From here to there and everywhere, were the gaps between  
But I didn't look, went by the letter, by the book  
Forgot from atom, star to galaxy; the majesty of all the gaps between.

Now I'm a man, not the feverish child, but the dad  
Couldn't remember, strength of feeling I had  
Until feeling the strain, suburbia's grip, its dark embrace  
Staggering bleakly, through conformity's race

I was struck down; a moment blinding and profound  
From castle wall, to mountain tall, was the gap between  
And this was it! a way to nullify the shit,  
Not fame, not wealth, not prizes on the shelf,  
But to feel, to taste, to see the gaps between

## On we go with confidence

Tary, I'm sorry that we've found ourselves just here  
if I catalysed the souring, of what you once held dear  
You tell me that I didn't, when my demons won't subdue  
You banish them and light my life, carrying me through.

On we go, with confidence, in the direction of our dreams!  
Live the life we wanted to, the mantra for our team.

And you are everything to me, you got me where I am,  
Visionary and beautiful, believing in our plan,  
This escapade feels dangerous, but absolutely right,  
Just ourselves together, never losing sight

And who knows where our home will be, or how the runes will lie  
But I'll be yours forevermore; always by your side,  
I hope we'll be forgiven, that those left behind will see,  
Sat on the shore in the morning sun, is where we want to be  
Sat on the shore under morning sun, is where our hearts are free.

## One day I'll get home

How am I stuck down this rabbit hole?  
Guarded cul-de-sac of doom, under cloud and full of gloom,  
Well it won't crush my soul, no not now I know,  
That one day I'll get home

And you can jab that finger in my chest  
Troglydote, *habilis* face; you're not part of the human race!  
You'll stay here in hell, and I'll bid you farewell  
And one day I'll get home

One day I'll get home  
One day, I don't think I'll be alone  
Thirty-six or sixty, are you coming with me, Tary?  
One day I'll get home

I am going to pack up all our things,  
Not that we will need much stuff, the ruddy soil and air's enough  
But I'll get us packed, we're not coming back  
One day I'll get home

And I'll make that journey one last time  
Don't care if it takes all day, finally the trip's one way  
The A303, it just keeps calling me,  
Calling me back home

And, if fate bestows on me  
A cruel hand that means that I don't get to live by the silver seas  
Hell, what can I do? The dreaming's sure been good  
And people that I know, will pack up my old bones,  
And see to it that one day I'll get home.

One day I'll get home  
One day, I don't think I'll be alone  
Thirty-six or sixty, are you coming with me, Tary?  
One day I'll get home

And I'll make that journey one last time  
Don't care if it takes all day, finally the trip's one way  
The A303, it just keeps calling me,

### **In Blood and Pain**

Close the deal, in blood and pain  
Indelible, this covenant we make.  
Mourners wail, earth will shake.

We will do what must be done  
Overcome the fury, the price to pay  
To save the ones we might betray

This covenant, in blood and pain  
The scars will heal

How we fought with silent speed  
Determined, to force and forge a change  
There was no bluff, there was no feign

Close the deal, in blood and pain  
Indelible this covenant we mark,  
We lift our eyes, beyond the dark.

### **Settle for Sixty [Bonus Track]**

Don't want to be the missing piece  
The fading memory, pain released

Don't want to be the photograph  
That makes you sad when you walk past

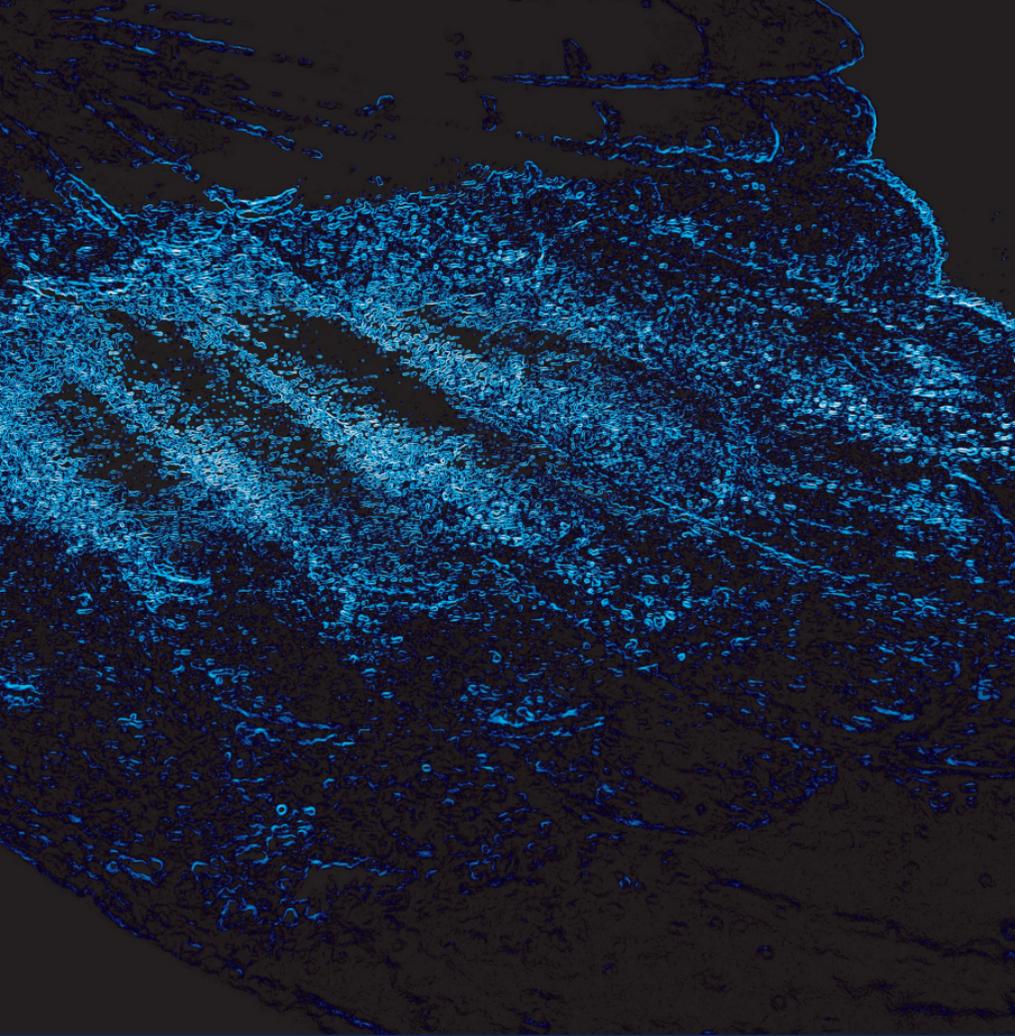
Don't want to be the empty chair  
The aisle partner who's not there

I'm not greedy, I'd settle for sixty.

### **The Escapade**

Written and recorded between 5th June 2012 and Summer 2013 in Brockham, Surrey.

All songs written, played and recorded by Tom Rothery using Cubase Artist and a selection of acoustic and electric guitars, a bouzouki, an electric piano and percussion instruments.



## es·ca·pade

*noun.*

1. a reckless adventure or wild prank, especially one contrary to usual or proper behaviour
2. *Archaic.* an escape from confinement or restraint.

### **Thanks:**

To Ursula and to Vaughan, for joy and happiness, for pride and giving us the courage to do what is right.

To my indomitable and wonderful muse Tara Rothery, for unceasing support and fostering a determination to achieve shared dreams. *On we go with confidence my love!*

To the Rotherys and nee Rotherys: there when you are needed

...And a special thanks to Geoff Rothery, to whom this album is dedicated

For looking after all of us, through golden years and the darkest days, and (without ever seeming to try too hard) teaching us the most important lessons in life: about how to treat other people, about what is right, and about what is important in life.

...thanks Dad. You're the best!