

sj mc ardle



lancelot

1. Agamemnon's Bath (3:14)

It's getting hot, it's getting hot
It's like mid-morning in July
When you just know the afternoon
Will be hotter still and I
Am not prepared for all this heat
I'm not prepared for all this heat
In old New York there was a tailor
Ran a rumpus with his brother
They cheated well-dressed
gentlemen
And split the profits with each
other
But they weren't prepared for all
this heat
They weren't prepared for all this
heat

In the bath of Agamemnon
Through the steam and everything
You can still see justice coming
And if you listen closely
'No fair' cries the tailor
'No fair' cries the king
In the bath of Agamemnon
Through the steam and everything

Old Agamemnon came home late
Fighting Trojans for ten years
Poor Clytaemnestra got a fright
He wasn't alone, which confirmed
her fears
And they weren't prepared for all
this heat
They weren't prepared for all this
heat

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, mandolin, harmonica,
vocal
Josh Johnston - organ
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums
Derek Turner - electric guitar
riff
Stewart Agnew, SJ McArdle -
backing vocals

2. The Raging of the Sea (3:09)

That time of year again
Maybe it's something in the air
It started in September, it was
over by December
These things happen over Christmas

Or they do to me anyway
Sometimes doing well is as
unromantic as hell

If I could have been beside you
When it counted, I'd have held you
Crushed you small against the
raging of the sea
And jealously I would have prized
it

Chasing my tail again
If I keep up I'll probably catch
it
Maybe just in time to see I'm
almost in my prime
And I've got nothing done
There's so much I wanted to
achieve
Time's wasting away while I am
finding things to say

Let's you and me be pioneers
Let's never let it get too late
again

Idealists and realists
Atlantis and Brigadoon
Hendrix and Gene Clark and
Baudelaire and Joan of Arc
Poor Lancelot is in his grave
Along with all the things he tried
to save
They're all gone, it's up to us to
follow on

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, vocal
Josh Johnston - organ
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums

3. Up Grove Hill (3:24)

This place didn't used to be this
pretty
They only put those lampposts up
last year
And when those flowers bloom in
April
The time for wandering will be
here
The time for wandering will be
here

We took our troubles and we pushed
them

Up Grove Hill in the autumn
We took our troubles and we rolled
them
Down Grove Hill in the spring

We've fallen in and out of love,
dear
More times than we care to admit
At least it's always with each
other
It helps when things get hard and
go to shit
Helps when things get hard and go
to shit

It's not often two people see the
same way
When they're tired and it's late
You, my lover, noticed that new
bench there
I saw the new lights at the gate
I saw new light at the gate

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, mandolin, vocal
Josh Johnston - piano
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums

4. Time And Again (2:56)

I have a bruise shaped like you
A black mark on my chest
What am I to do?
Oh, Christine
Oh, Christine

There was a time I laughed at crap
You taught me not to
I am in a trap
Oh, Christine
Oh, Christine

I have your name
Not your focus or your memory
But I have your name

Some things will turn up time and
again
Others always live here
How about that
Oh, Christine
Oh, Christine

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, vocal

Josh Johnston - organ, piano
Sean McGeaney - bass
James Mackin - drums
Stewart Agnew - backing vocals

If only the birds would sing that
for me
Tear up the roots, let him go free
Sing from the thick of my juniper
tree

Josh Johnston - organ
Sean McGeaney - bass
James Mackin - drums
Gillian Durnin - backing vocals

5. St. Stephen's Day (3:55)

I've waited so long to say this
I'd almost convinced myself
I had nothing to say
I've steered away from all this
sadness
I'd almost convinced myself
There was nothing in the way

And you looked just right for me
I told myself that I could do it
They say that being friends
Will make it harder in the end
And they say that only friends
Will help you through it

We've been around this block a few
times
You could almost say
That this is our block
But drive a route long enough and
you'll see
You get so bored you'll count
The seconds on the clock

Why do we always sit around this
way?
Stare each other in the face
Do we have nothing to say?
Every day is like St. Stephen's
Day
And we are sated and bored
We always sit around this way

SJ McArdle - acoustic guitar,
harmonica, vocal
Aideen Morrissey - cello

6. Juniper Tree (3:38)

I spied a girl with eggs in a
basket
I lost my head seeking apples in a
casket
And where I fell now grows a tree
What bitter fruit now lies in its
lee

Tear up the roots, let him go free

Nobody noticed when I fell
And where I lie nobody can tell
Only one person knows my fate
What bitter fruit is mine while I
wait

I read the tale of a juniper tree
Now something similar has happened
to me
But in that tale birds didn't
refuse
What better fruit for a tree to
produce?

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, vocal
Josh Johnston - piano
Sean McGeaney - bass
James Mackin - drums
Kevin Branigan - violin
Garret Brady, Neil McAvinia -
backing vocals

7. Heaven In Here (3:24)

I shoot a question
Aimed at your eye
You turn your head
It goes harmlessly by
And you still always talk like
You couldn't care less
See I know you could
By the way that you've dressed

Still we hug and we don't kiss
We've been doing it for years
It's great and it's golden
Yeah, it's heaven in here

You say I've lost weight
I say I like your hair
And you tell me you've lost him
And I say it's not fair
And I don't say I want you
And you don't look surprised
And still I shoot questions
Aimed at your eyes

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, vocal

8. Little Bird (2:39)

Somebody's sinned in the ranks of
the heavens
Every angel at sixes and sevens
Nobody knows what the hell to do
And a little bird says I'm in love
with you

I'd give up all I have gathered
here
Don't mind becoming what I've
always feared
Something old for something new
And a little bird says I'm in love
with you

I'll sink your ships if that's
what it takes
Nothing so tender as the heart
that breaks
I'll sink your ships and I'll
drown your crew
And a little bird says I'm in love
with you

SJ McArdle - acoustic and electric
guitars, vocal
Sean McGeaney - bass
James Mackin - drums

9. First Of September (3:32)

I kept the page I wrote it on
Written slightly bigger than
elsewhere
The date mark has a circle 'round
it
The bottom says it's Labor Day
somewhere
If we were meeting friends of
yours
I'd never write it in
I never really liked them anyway

There's a touch of winter in the
air
It's getting harder to remember
Exactly what it was we promised we
would do
One year ago today

The First of September

What had we planned that autumn day?
What had we decided we could do?
It's in red, it must have been important
Did I really think that much of you?
A fortune teller told me
Just to let it go
She couldn't tell the past at all

Last year's diary is a dangerous thing
Speaks only the bones of truth and sin
I wish I'd never come across it
I wish I'd thrown it in the bin
Would that day have made a difference?
Really made it better?
Would it have changed the way it all turned out?

SJ McArdle - acoustic guitar, vocal
Josh Johnston - organ
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums

10. What Happened To June? (4:50)

Are you sad because the weather's over?
Suffering because you didn't make it to the beach?
Dreams of romance in golden gardens
Washed away with rain and frozen in with icy speech
I always much preferred the winter anyway
But even I can tell that this year something small has changed

What happened to June?
What happened to June?
Swept away in a grey balloon
That's what happened to June

Are you blue because the sky is grey now?
And the oranges of dawn are now the reds of afternoon?
Everyone's going into hiding
A dunce hat on the sun, a laurel

wreath around the moon
Your heart's black and blue from being always pushed around
Then the weather breaks like china
busted on the ground

Don't be upset because it's over
Don't be losing hope because the summer birds have flown
After Christmas comes the thaw, love
After long, long nights and being frozen to the bone
My season will be swept away, and yours come charging in
Oh the turning of the wheel and the pulling of the pin

SJ McArdle - electric and 12-string acoustic guitars, vocal
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums

11. Morning Creeping In (4:12)

Hold me close or never be mine
Hold me close or never be mine
Tomorrow's not an option
By then the beguine'll have begun
Hold me close or never be mine

Kiss me now or that's the end of it
Kiss me now or that's the end of it
I know I'm impatient
With a tendency to be blunt
Kiss me now or that's the end of it

You are Marie-Antoinette
And I a trembling baronet
Picking at your coverlet

Tonight is young but morning's creeping in
Tonight is young but morning's creeping in
I know I'm over-eager
A sweating little-leaguer
Tonight is young but morning's creeping in

SJ McArdle - 12-string acoustic guitar, harmonica, vocal
Sean McGeeney - bass
James Mackin - drums

12. Rosemary Has A Problem (3:19)

Rosemary has a problem
Her bills just won't come out right
And she shares it in her workplace
But her friends' advice doesn't really help
And she wonders about the future
Will it always be like this?
And she muses on solutions
But the ideas don't really help at all

Rosemary, if we were you
We are sure we'd do it better
But it's your place to be
And it's our place to see
What you do

Rosemary has a problem
Now that Bill's just not around
He is William, he is Liam
But she calls him Bill because she likes the sound
And she guesses that he's left her
Like in some old country song
She cries when she sees his things there
And she laughs at herself, but it's been so long

Rosemary's solved her problems
Although it still smarts a bit
But with a little ingenuity
With a little heart, with a little wit
She's surprised at how easily
She can make her rent and rates
She's a thousand other women
She's a thousand blind dates

SJ McArdle - 12-string acoustic guitar, mandolin, vocal

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Produced by Derek Turner
Recorded and mixed by Derek Turner and Jason Varley
at Tumbleweed Studios, Dundalk

Mastered by Robyn Robbins
at Mid Atlantic Digital, Enniskillen



Sleeve design by Caoimhe Mulroy at Once Upon Design

Photos by John Durnin

Mural: Faith, Bridge of Peace, Drogheda

Front cover image by Neil McAvinia after Lancelot's
Remorse by Gustave Doré, 1832-1883

Thanks: everyone who worked so hard on the music and artwork for this record; Rita Havez and Ciarán McArdle at Eurosource; Conor McArdle; Mark Deary.



Special thanks: Andrea, Joe, Helen and my family and friends.

