

CAMPFIRE SONGS

2022



/website

10 Campfire Songs

A 2022 release

TRACK LIST:

- 01 A Pin, Dropped (reset)
- 02 All That You Carry
- 03 A Peaceful First Night (atheist prayer)
- 04 A Jar Of Fireflies
- 05 Lazy Summer
- 06 Lost And Found (discarded koan)
- 07 The Bewilder Retreat
- 08 The Jug Train Song
- 09 Knock, Knock
- 10 The Peaceful Second Night (slideshow)
- 11 And Then The Fire Went Out
- 12 Long Journeys In Small Cars



Nobody looked up from the fire...

Up through the boughs of slow lightning, into a cold blackness and the oppressive sight of a billion stars. A billion stars of which one could so easily imagine were heading our way. Fast and silent at first, but soon to be accompanied by the mega-horns of ripping heat & motion. A symphony to pound us into the oblivion we could all witness.

And all of this with no room for any redemption other than a billion text messages, sent out across the world.

01 A Pin, Dropped (reset)

There is a disturbance - It could be somewhere or everywhere, I'm not sure which. Perhaps it's a sickness, but I've become aware of it with a feeling of annoyance at inane and loose talk. It's the sort of chatter which doesn't intend to broadcast itself as harshly as I might pick it up. Nonetheless, it gets under the skin. I find I now grit my teeth when passing heavy machinery in the street. The same goes for that matter with overly long and raucous laughter. The overdone jollity of a nothing-in-particular. So much is going on under the very nose of the cachinator, yet they seem so very unaware. Laughing a few seconds longer than needed. It is the sound of chaos being exhumed through the mouth. - I'm sitting on the train. Everyone has their noses in their phones. All tapping away like large, crouching rodents. Unable to leave their exorcised wheels. All busy buying, commenting, browsing... sometimes hating, and tapping away their time. - Walking out through the station exit gates the air is ice fresh from a cold February downpour. It's the first thing that has made me feel normal today. Don't get me wrong; I recognise that my own job has turned me into a tired bovine with just enough energy to graze at my table, nod to my children, and fall asleep in front of yet another screen. I am fully aware that I too tread my own hamster wheel. What to do? The Out-outside is so... natural(!) So unbothered by the pylons and information being passed through the air. There's too much vibrant static. I can feel it building up at the edge of my thinking. So much noise! Too much plastic and glass. Too much anti-social media, dictatorial empathy. Strength through victimhood. A morbidly obese mouth-piece medium that is made of the Holy Wood. A Big Brother Corporation grandstand, feeding us crumbs of Twittering journalism. The sledgehammering of old ways to reveal a new set of modern truths. Individual truths now wink like a billion stars. - So cover me under trees, or an open sky. Give me the full and glorious chaos of an undefined nature, and let me watch the clouds pass by within my own piece of silence.



02 All That You Carry

Gritting her teeth blocks out the washing machine
Runs down the garden where her thoughts were last seen
Here we go, here we go. Here she goes

He leaves work late again, heads out for that drink
The bitter taste of absence makes him think
Here we go, here we go. Here he goes

Turning all the lights on
Turning all the lights on

Those first ten years they lived for corporate gain
Reinvigorated by some sun and some rain
There we go, there we go. There they go

Turn another light on
Turn another light on

Turning all their lights on
Turning all their lights on

Head on down to the river!
empty the stones that are in it

Head on down to the river!
empty the stones that are in it

Head on down to the river!
ease your backpack down
Empty the stones that are in it
and dam that river right up

Head on down to the river!
ease your backpack down
Empty the stones that are in it
and damn that river right up.



03 A Peaceful First Night (atheist prayer)

Low, underground. Zipped down mango room
Stars roof the night, above this canvas womb

Breathe slow, let go tonight
Eve glows, sinks out of sight

High on the hill, I'm centre of the round
Mountains line the sill, welcomed by lack of sound

Path grows, leads out of sight
Eve glows, follows me home tonight

The fog that wanders, gathered in
clung my boots with diamond grass
I watch the pylons march away
over the hills into the grey

Crackling intentions they spittle-spark
and mount the clearings, headed out
Where the air is thin, and plants breathe barely.
Absurd as the Green-skinned harvesting lout

Eve glows, hidden in plain sight
I am Adam tonight.



04 A Jar Of Fireflies

Broken, Broken
Deep in the need, unspoken

my thoughts condemn me
A winter spring that won't unwind

Woken, Woken
For what else I see, unspoken

The mango hides me
A nylon grub who speaks in sighs

If I were you I'd be close to breaking
So treat yourself to some starlight
Coming like a firefly

Spoken, spoken
The what else I need, has spoken

The trail descends me
Onto a beach of my own mined

If you were me, you might stop this breaking
but come the night, it's like a bad flight
Haunts me as the fire flies

And I am me, full on strolling, graceless
A captured soul in a glass jar
sparking like a firefly

Heat up my tin cup full of spoons
Drink down my coffee of lagoons
Wash out my bowl of sandy bays
Hang up my socks of sunny days.

05 Lazy Summer

Sitting in the garden with Margaret. Sitting, and reading a book
The lemonade pool is my target, I hope she didn't see what I
took

Lazy summer, breathe deeply
Lazy summer, breathe slowly

Felix sits in his deckchair, ice cream all over his face
His blue plastic sunglasses glinting, as usual he's misplaced his
taste

Lazy summer, breathe deeply
(They read tall tales as their sandwiches curled)
Lazy summer, breathe slowly
(Spying, danger, monsters lurk!)

Sandy has made a big sand house, he buried his sister inside
But she doesn't mind this too much, he buried her with Matthew
Garside

Lazy summer, breathe slowly
(Don't pick the fruit when it's close to the ground!)
Lazy summer, breathe gratefully
(Timeslip. Too late! Homeward bound!)

Time to go home to the family. Home to a cool summer bed
Where pineapple rings will greet us - we're sure to be well fed

Lazy summer, breathe deeply
Lazy summer, breathe joyfully



06 Lost and Found (discarded koan)

Home: Shaped like a Galaxy
The path around a bay
Keeps us free from talking

Rage: Let it come on by
A supersonic guy
of minuscule proportions

approached a campfire cold & broken down
No sign of life apart from one
A single glove hung from a tree, spinning in the sun
Round & round & round, around around

Shame: It's a crying shame
I'd make it whole again
That sound of one glove waving

Crows: Gathered in the tree
Pecked this puppetry
the sound of one glove spinning

One suffers enough in this world
without the hope of finding another glove to hold
Round & round & round, around around

As I walked on into the sun, it just kept...
Going around, going around around
Going around, pointing things out to me

it's like a nonsense poetry.

One suffers enough in this world
without the hope of finding a matching glove to hold
We keep going around & round & round around
Round & round & round, around around.

07 The Bewilder Retreat

There is a place that keeps you safe but far away
Where light and sound cannot confuse the fog of day
And loved ones go there, if not willingly
A retreat so high, beyond our reach

The rooms are small to cause the memory's decay
The windows light the room, darker than the day
The corridors are long, but the carpets swirl in rounds
No service lift, no lost and found

Slow down, slow down. Go down to the bench by the sea

It stands as pure as white, pristine amongst the trees
There is no parking – you get there on a breeze
Guests start up high, then head down to the sea
Rooms stay empty, while the food is free

They walk the path up to its wide rotating door
eventually compromised, head down toward the shore
A door to nothing, and a keyhole with no key
Going high at first, while descending to the sea

She laid down, lay down. She went down without looking at me

I gathered all the things of you in my head
I scattered memories on your wild flowerbed
With constant thinking of being out alone
An unknown space, a request for home

You went up high as if to search amongst the trees
But came back down so soon with cuts upon your knees
You went up high to reach a lonely sea
We held your hand, blindly following you, as you;

Go down, go down. Slow down and rest your head on my knee

Lay down, lay down.
She lays down at the edge of the sea.

08 The Jug Train Song

Even when the sun it shines, rolling in the cottonwood
My fool heart it makes a stand, whether bad or weather good

Dogs in the manger
rats in the chamber

Run to me, jump the rope
Spin like a top so unguarded
Shake your hands, kick your feet
Float your shoe on the cool clear stream

Cats in the cradle
Cows in the stable

Run to me, jump the gate
Head down though the blue-grey grasses
Shake your hands, kick your feet
Shout your name across the cold black stream

In the winter sun it shines, glowing red on Holly wood
Sugar frost will cross this land, faster than my engine could

Dogs in the manger
rats in the chamber

Run to me, jump the rope
Spin like a top so unguarded
Shake your hands, kick your feet
Float your shoe on the cool clear stream.

09 Knock, Knock

You left the sitting room without walking through the door
Guided by the steps of a stranger going slowly

You tended to them all and then they tended you
And as you shrank away your garden came back, grew

So I just wondered if you made it?
To that place you said was there - did you get there?

And I was thinking if you chose to
Would you tell me how it feels - when you get there?

The kettle's off the boil. The hens have flown the coop
The lake still ripples in the sun, but it's not you breezing

Your humour left the bone. It bent us out of shape
Lying underneath the window, birds sing to you

So I'm wondering if you made it?
To that place you thought you'd be - Did you get there?
And if you got there could you tell me?
Like Houdini did, when you get there

I walked the railway line and headed for the coast
Throwing stones at mudlarks, struggling, laughing

Caught you in the trees, dancing in the woods
Sitting on a broken bridge we waved at strangers

And I wonder did you make it?
Cos you left too big-a-hole, when you left it

And it leaves us wishful thinking.
But you know well that's not me... but, did you make it?



10 The Peaceful Second Night (slideshow)

If only, on those mountains.
I could place my home and all the things I love.
And projecting on those mountains
my carousel of scenes for those who live below.

One fine day, a pebbled Welsh beach lay jagged high beneath an open sky.
And they might say: "Is that in Wales where we stayed last year with Auntie Vi?"
But some would shake their heads and say: "Mountains aren't there to reflect
where you have strayed".

If only, on that skyline
I'd paint small words with a pen of starry light.
And sweeping above those mountains
my canopy of words in diamond firelight.

On that day, stars assembled, speaking out into the gloried sky.
Some might say; "We heard no words but saw your loving hand sweeping wide".
But some would shake their heads and say:
"The sky reflects where you have strayed".

Only from those mountains
the twisting northern lights lasso the universe.
Footsteps on those mountains
wandering through the teeth of ice and tongues of snow.

One fine day, a wedding scene fills the crags and stretches up into the sky.
Some will say: "Isn't that funny how the men wore hats without suits... is
that a mackerel tie?". But some would shake their heads and say "Be careful
where you choose to stray".

And some would shake their heads and say:
"It's good to be ourselves today".



11 And Then The Fire Went Out

I've made the decision to sit the night out in front of the fire. I have fed it every hour or so from about 8pm until now. Now being (as I look at my watch)... 5:42am.

If I think about plotting the fire's life over the course of those 9 hours, it would look like a large and ragged breathing lung, inhaling and then receding as it dies down. Then it would inhale again when fed back into life.

Fires - like guitars, are time machines. I get lost in the experience of them. And I'm always surprised at how lost in thought you can be just by looking into the flames of a fire. It really is a most calming experience, what with the gradually receding eyeball heat and the snaps & pops of dry wood.

At the end of a fire's arc it gives out those little end-of-life signals. Small glowing pulses within the embers, creeping this way and that like the busying of ants. And just like us, as it ages it curls, greys and goes cold.

I look up through the trees for some focus and check my watch again. it's now 5:45am. A spindle of smoke has returned to the pile of embers. The last small wisps ribboning in the air signal another ending.

I pour water over the idea of a sustaining entity. There is no hiss of disapproval.

Because I didn't sleep in the tent last night, I'm already pretty much packed.

Time to go I guess...

Yep. Time to go.



12 Long Journeys In Small Cars (home)

Pulled down the shades of an old life
200 miles, chased that cold life

Marched up through the Downs. Pondered at the gloaming
Wild things scattered round
In peace - these are the things I see

Out, over fields, flew the surplus
Skyward it reeled, searching purpose

Climbed the craggy scales. Sat beneath strange boulders
Walked the lonely trails
It seems - things that will be will be.

Came down the hill with no labour
Walked by the road, seeking favour

Rolled towards my door. Into the kitchen crouching
Held you in the hall
In me - this was the dream

Moonphone kept you near. Dew ponds lay receiving
White paths glowed and steered
You see - things that will me, will be.

They will me.
They will be.



We shouldn't live within the machinery of our tools.
We need to inhabit the nature of our selves

10 Campfire Songs

10 Campfire Songs is a words & music release from Big Blue Car. It plots a small, unknown and personal journey of nobody, while out camping.

Like many of us, nobody wants to reclaim themselves from beneath the chaotic curtain-play of a post-modernity; A theatrical examination, where the 'Reality Of Things' is diminished by the uncertainty of language and its philosophical pandering.

So nobody switches off and nobody goes walking. Swapping a mobile phone for a backpack, and colleagues for a single-persona womb.

Out and into an older world, nobody is hoping to find his unfettered and still dangerous nature of things.

It's time to hear the thinking of a somebody. And, (maybe), it's time for us all to practice the art of survival once again.

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