

I'M WALKIN' HERE RAB NOAKES





This album began with me thinking I'd like to talk to a long-standing colleague and friend, John Cavanagh, about the idea of doing some recording together. I had first met John in 1989 when I worked at BBC Radio Scotland. In copper-plate handwritten letters he made his presence felt as a would-be presenter of music-based shows. That did inspire and when our indie company, Neon Productions, began in earnest in 1995 we were commissioned to deliver a weekly back-catalogue show called Original Masters with John as host. This remained in the schedules for a few years and, with me as producer, I had a great time working on it with him as we shared a love of pop music's history, especially its less well-known, and more interesting, moments tucked away in its nooks'n'crannies.

One day, as I was playing the guitar at home, the chord sequence for what became the song *It happened all the same* leapt from my late-1950s Gibson Country & Western. As an aside, it's a songwriter's guitar if ever I knew one. You only have to glance at it and a tune falls out. It's now lightly-strung and tuned a tone high. As soon as the melody emerged, John came immediately to mind and I thought, "That's it, it's time to think about starting a record". In all our time together making radio shows John and I met a few interesting characters from pop's past along the way. Prominent amongst these is Andrew Loog Oldham. John and I share a real admiration and fondness for Andrew, who was the original manager of The Rolling Stones, amongst other things. He will have a presence of sorts, in places, here. The middle section of the tune, as it was tumbling out, shall we say, appears to

share a couple of sequences with the Stones' song 'Tell me' which appeared on their first album and was among the first Jagger, Richards compositions to see the light of day on a Rolling Stones record, or anywhere for that matter.

My reasons for wanting to work with John were layered and contained strategy though. I know him to be involved in some uniquely interesting musical adventures and to have access to an engaging array of musicians. As a life-long Joe Meek aficionado his studio occupies a couple of rooms upstairs in his family home in Glasgow's Muirend. These elements were attractive, indeed essential, for me to get all the conditions required to start work on the record.

So, we met and I presented him with the proposal. I'm glad to report he immediately agreed. I think the fact that I described to him that my idea for the recording was '21st-century skiffle', mostly live, with people playing music in a room together made a contribution to the positive outcome. Plenty eye-contact between players and plenty spillage please. I mention spillage slightly flippantly but there is a more prolific tendency than ever nowadays to make records with each instrument recorded separately and click-tracks used to achieve strict tempo. It's a legitimate enough way to make a record alright but the stuff I've always liked best is a bunch of people playing in a room together and if the tempo slips and sways a little well, I regard that as part of the natural heartbeat of it. A lot of the records that have had most effect on me wind up a bit faster at the end than at the start. As a further

aside, look out a Radio4 programme from May 2013 called *MasterTapes with Wilko Johnson*. In it he celebrates the value of 'spillage' more eloquently than me.

My dialogue with John continued with one further suggestion from me that the finished record be mixed in Mono. That notion met with his approval and soon he commenced the selection of the musicians, starting with Una on double-bass and Stuart on drums. Una is a perfect example within the players in that she can hold down a job with an orchestra in the daylight hours and then be part of an improvisational group after sundown. She is also half my age. Although what's referred to as ageism, and any other irrelevant value judgement for that matter, has no place in my life I do love it when there is a spread of ages and experience in any creative gathering. It'd be fair to say that while Stuart feels more at home playing jazz he is very much a song-sensitive musician. The fact that what I was doing was not particularly familiar territory for either of them added to the sound, feel and atmosphere both John and I were reaching for. We all met in a rehearsal room and played through all the songs before we convened to the studio with the recorder working. It's a useful method in live recording for the singer to keep something in reserve for the real thing. John selected all the instrumental players, EmmaR, Harry, Jim, Richard and Ula.

The singing partners, Alice, Barbara, EmmaP, Hilary, Jill, Jimmie and Roddy were my choices and are all people I've known and have loved working with in a number of projects over recent, and not so recent, years. Although the recording, mixing and finalising took place over a stretch of time, from 2012 to 2014, there weren't a great number of days spent in the studio.

CD1 is a stab at an old-fashioned album with a clutch of my songs written within a relatively tight space of time between 2010 and 2011. The basic tracks, including guitar and vocals, were recorded live with Stu, Una and me. Other instrumentation was added later and I overdubbed further guitars to suit. In most cases the singers overdubbed to complete the track. A few of the songs have solid-body baritone added. That is a reference to many Nashville records from the early 1960s where a stand-up bass is used alongside a baritone enhancing the bottom end. I borrowed one from my pal Colin Macfarlane only to find out he'd made it himself. It didn't take me long to commission my own from him.

The one song which is a wee bit different is (*Don't say*) *Money doesn't matter*. It was written with two lassies in a Norwegian wood in 2008.

CD2 contains songs from a variety of sources. I resist, in fact abhor, the use of the term 'cover versions'. The abbreviated 'covers' is even worse. It's a lazy, default description of versions of songs people haven't written themselves. I like to interpret songs of many shapes and sizes. I think of the versions on this record as interpretation. They each earn a place, for one reason or another. A couple of things I've written are snuggled in amongst them.

There's a commemorative section representing some companions who are no longer with us.

Opening CD1, *Slippin' away* is a fairly straightforward, bluesy, riff-based song whose theme is, of course, decision-making. Choice not chance. I tucked in a plundered 40+-year old lick from The Band between the verses. The piccolo is present in a respectful nod to the quill on the recordings of Henry Thomas, the great Texas bluesman from the earlier decades of the 20th century. That voicing was a part of Canned Heat's sound, as well as Manfred Mann's. Jill Jackson overdubbed her vocal parts.

Out of your sight began life as a chord sequence on a rented guitar in Tybee Island, Savannah, Georgia. I particularly liked the middle section, not least because of its starting chord. The song's in the key of A and the middle starts in F. That's straight from Buddy Holly, particularly the Peggy Sue songs. It's not a quick connection to associate Buddy Holly with skiffle but there is one. In an interview I conducted in 2007 with Jerry Allison, drummer with The Crickets, he told me that they, the Lubbock gang, all loved Lonnie Donegan's 1954 version of *Rock Island Line*. That record, arguably the birth of skiffle, was popular in the US and I love the thought of Donegan having an influence on Buddy Holly. The emergence of the lyric began with the line 'in the middle of the night' and a love song soon broke loose. One that tackles the moment of realisation that this love is for real. Don't let it go. Do what's necessary to keep it. It's not available elsewhere. Hilary Brooks sings the harmony part.

I'm walkin' here enjoys being the song-title which became the album's title. It is of course an immortal phrase as uttered by the character of Enrico Salvatore Rizzo (Ratso), played by Dustin Hoffman in the film *Midnight Cowboy*, a marvellous piece of work by all concerned in the late 1960s. My use of the phrase is informed by Dustin Hoffman's explanation of how it came about as related to James Lipton in his 'From the Actors' Studio' series of interviews. I'll leave you to seek out the whole interview but suffice it to say the spontaneous inventiveness of his use of the phrase is, to my mind, a marvellous example of an identifiable way art emerges.

It happened all the same can be a lesson learned the hard way by anyone who thinks that life is a corridor full of doors that they can choose as and when they open and enter them. More often than not a rude awakening is in store. It's Roddy Hart on a tenor harmony part (and whistling).

One dog barks is a title which is a straight lift from an old Chinese proverb 'When one dog barks at a shadow, many dogs bark at the sound'. I found it in a book by Nick Tosches called *Trinities*. I think the phrase, although ancient, sums up an aspect of 21st-century lazy thinking and acquiescence to received wisdom. The track and melody are an attempt to refer to banjo-based old-timey American music. Emma Pollock overdubbed her vocal part.

A little time left is a late-night doodle which became the melody for *No more time*. For no particular reason, I would always think of Gerry Rafferty when I played it. When the time

came for a commemorative song I went to this tune and moved it from finger-style, which wouldn't easily accommodate effective vocal phrasing, to plectrum guitar. I added the middle-eight section and it was ready for a lyric.

No more time is the finished song for Gerald. Having settled on the melody I got to work on the lyric whilst on a trip to London with Stephy. Actually, the opening line was a rather pretentious comment I came up with in a conversation at my pal Anne Henderson's 60th birthday party in Suffolk. As the lyric emerged I liked the shape it took with a mixture of heartfelt situations combined with something more abstract. It was July of 2011 and the summer London trip consisted of a bit of social stuff, a bit of shopping, a bit of work and a bit of art. The art included Miro at The Tate, Tracey Emin at The Hayward and a visit to the Jewish Museum at Camden Town. At intervals I doodled away, line or couplet at a time, on the notes page on the smartphone. I unscrambled the scribbles on my return home and when assembled in order, the song was there.

Out of the blue celebrates these moments when you are taken aback by suddenly being invaded by a phantom recollection. It's unfinished business of one kind or another as a rule. There often seems to be a temptation to go back and look under a stone somewhere, disrupting the purposeful life going on there. That action seldom ends well and, as the song says, such things are more often best left well alone.

Believing is seeing lyrically was kicked off by a phrase used in Ken Burns's series on the American West. Amongst the contributors is a native-American historian and archivist, as well as Pulitzer Prize winning author, called N. Scott Momaday. He is engagingly perceptive and often given to a poetic turn of phrase. At one point, talking about the wonder of The West, he says "It had to be seen to be believed". After a short pause he went on "and it had to be believed to be seen". I loved the width, depth and breadth of the vista opened up in the phrase and immediately stored it for further use. Here it is, wrapped up in a tune full of key changes, with lyrical references to Scottish folk songs in the verses.

Where dead voices gather is the title of a music-based book by Nick Tosches. The writing describes his search for information about the life and times of the 1920s blackface performer and 'trick singer' Emmett Miller. When I was researching a radio programme called *In the days before rock'n'roll* in 1998, I was introduced to Emmett Miller in another book by Tosches called *Country - The Twisted Roots of Rock'n'Roll*. Miller's complete recordings are available on a Sony CD called *The Minstrel Man from Georgia*. The ink wasn't fully dry on this song when I played it to John, Stu and Una. We recorded it straight

away. As in a few other tracks I put on a couple of additional guitar parts later.

My dad makes a rare appearance in this lyric. With the backdrop of the disparate values of the pre-war years versus the post-war years, it's fair to say we never really ever found a lot of common ground. I did though, always admire a lot of his activities and attitudes. He also had a real fondness for interesting singing voices such as Al Jolson, Billy Eckstine and Al Bowlly. He introduced me to records by the sublime Nellie Lutcher. I'm pretty sure he never encountered Emmett Miller but just as sure he would have loved him if he had.

(Don't say) Money doesn't matter comes from slightly outwith the timeframe of the other songs here as it was co-written in 2008 during a songwriting week in Norway, the same week that from which appeared *Absence* with Johanna Demker, a song that made it onto the *Standing Up Again* album in 2009. I found myself in the upstairs room with two women. One was Sarah Fogg from London, the other was Claudia Scott, from Norway. With one piano and two guitars we knocked this out in a couple of hours.

This version was recorded as a backing track with bass, drums and the finger-style guitar pattern then Emma and I sang it together onto the track. The strummed acoustic, the solid-body 12-string, the flute, the electric piano and the handclaps were all added in an attempt to give it a mid-'60s California pop record flavour.

Two days in May is a late-night doodle which is a bit like a spinning roundabout it's impossible to get off. It rattles on for nearly six minutes to conclude CD1. Feel free to jump off when you like.

Opening CD2, **Buttons and bows** owes its considerable stature in my life to a night in the early 1950s when we were visited in our wee house at Short Lane, Cupar, Fife by a couple of guisers, a boy and a girl. They were made-up quasi-blackface from burnt cork and proceeded to give us a lively rendition of this song. It was well-known at the time from its appearance in the film *Paleface* where it's sung by Jane Russell and Bob Hope. It was the upbeat nature of the performance, thigh-slapping included, that grabbed me. There was plenty of singing around our house, mainly from my mother, but this was the first time I'd seen, or heard, a full-on performance close-up and it made a real impression. I read Barbara Dickson's autobiography and, despite the fact that I've known her for about 50 years, I had no idea we shared significance in this song. It is reported that Barbara was heard singing this whilst in her pram, the first recognised occasion of her singing. I invited

her to join me on this which she did, I'm delighted to say. Another connection is the song was written in 1947. That's when Dinah Shore recorded it. That makes the song the same age as both Barbara and me. It's also symbolic of growing up in Britain in the 1950s. In these immediate post-war times, even in a rather far-flung corner where I grew up, the world was clearly shrinking. There was exposure to, and influence from, the pop culture of the USA like never before. We were getting those things, mainly movies and music, at more or less the same time as everyone else. A new shared-experience was emerging and it was full of riches.

Don't act like your heart isn't hard is by Beck, Beck Hansen. Stephy took me to see him on my 50th birthday in 1997 and I subsequently recorded his *Devil's haircut* with Fraser Speirs on our CD *lights back on*. At New Year 2013 I received another Beck-related gift from Stephy of his then new album, *Song Reader*. It consisted of a fancily-bound clutch of songs in sheet music. The idea was of course to go and record them yourself. John and I took the music of a few of the songs to the Fender Rhodes in Una McGlone and Jim McEwan's house where Jim played through the topline. We all liked this song and all liked it with the Rhodes. It was recorded there at Una and Jim's soon after. Alice Marra kindly agreed to come and sing it with me. We sang it together along with the piano. Alice then overdubbed a unison, plus an octave, vocal on the bridge section.

All in down and out blues is a song written and recorded by 'Uncle' Dave Macon in the 1930s. I learned it from Robin McKidd when we used to work together as a banjo/guitar duo back in the mid-to-late 1960s. Robin opened the door to, amongst other things, what's known as old-timey music for me and we performed a few songs of that repertoire and era. There were string-band and medicine-show things too. Songs including *Reuben's train*, *Stealin'*, *See your Mama*, *Little Sadie*, *Serves 'em fine*, Luke Jordan's *Cocaine Blues*, come to mind amongst others by artists such as Gid Tanner, Clarence Ashley and Dock Boggs. The famed Harry Smith Collection, available at the time in a Folkways boxed set of LPs, was a major resource. *All in down and out blues* and *Down the old plank road* were a couple of Uncle Dave Macon songs we performed. Uncle Dave forges a link between the vaudeville country era and the electronic recording era which followed it. Robin, who isn't so well these days, was one of the most influential people on me in terms of repertoire and attitude. We shared a few finger and vocal cords-strengthening jobs too including a residency at The King Lud in London's Ludgate Circus in 1968 before we toured into the '70s. It's Jimmie Macgregor on harmony.

Travellin' light surfaced as a possibility one night in the Mono restaurant in Glasgow. The DJ was setting





up as we were eating and one of his test records was *Dynamite* by Cliff Richard and The Shadows. "That's an interesting choice", I said to Stephy. "I haven't heard that record for years. It was the b-side of *Travellin' light*." "You should do a version of that", she said. I liked the idea so I did it and here it is.

Goodbye booze was an oft-heard number in the folkclubs of Britain in the 1960s. It had been around a while having been first recorded by Charlie Poole in the mid-1920s. It was mostly performed with a large degree of irony as many of the song's most enthusiastic performers were dedicatedly prolific imbibers. It's here to celebrate the, shall we say exotic, people we, of my generation, came across in the folksong clubs of the '60s. We had never met people like them before. They were great performers and raconteurs. They were also tolerant, hospitable and generous to a fault. In my case the most outstanding of these were the singularly magnificent Alex Campbell and the perennially exemplary Hamish Imlach. There are recordings of this song by each of them.

Your clear white light comes from a day in July 2012 when a memorial plaque was unveiled at Newcastle City Hall to honour Alan Hull and celebrate the large number of times he played there. Alan was Lindsfarne's main songwriter for many years, until he died suddenly at age 50 in 1995. We knew each other well. I first met him in the Duke of York in Wallsend where Mrs Fisher booked me for her folk club there. I also knew the members of a band called Brethren who were around separately at this point. What would become Lindsfarne was

work-in-progress and the newly-formed group would soon emerge.

Alan always cited me as having played a part in his song *The clear white light* which appeared on the debut Lindsfarne album. I had shown him Dropped-D tuning on the guitar (tuning the bottom E-string to D). Here's what he said in an interview once – "*I'd just learnt a new tuning for the guitar from monsieur Rab Noakes and was playing around with the unfamiliar chord structures all day. At night-time a friend who shall be nameless called Dottie arrived with some Bob Hope for me and Pat and Anna, who were staying with us at the time. It was New Year's Eve. Wow. And the Clear White Light came through the window. The 90 per cent perspiration having already been done earlier in the day, the 10 per cent intangible just seemed to sort of come... if you follow my drift. Two songs came that night. Clear White Light and Drug Song.*"

I wrote this tune, and played it on the record, with Dropped-D tuning.

The Guernsey kitchen porter was written by Michael Marra for a project called *Hard Cash*. It was a TV series for BBC North and the songs, produced by Pete Filleul and Richard Thompson, made up a soundtrack LP released in 1990. A few artists contributed on the theme of exploitation at work and Michael employed his unique viewpoint to come up with this.

I knew Michael well and miss him, and the communications we had over many years.

That's the way the whole thing ends appears on the album *The Harrow and the Harvest* by Gillian Welch with David Rawlings. I had been aware of Gillian Welch's work, initially from her songwriting, on records by the likes of Tim and Mollie O'Brien. In 1996 we recorded Gillian and David at Blackfriars in Glasgow for The Brand New Opry, a programme Neon was commissioned for many years to deliver to Radio Scotland. This more recent album of theirs became one I played over and over again end-to-end. That was something I hadn't really done since the 1980s.

Emma and I worked up this arrangement and recorded it together in a live take. It's Emma whistling.

In October 2012 Peggy Marra invited me to speak at her husband Michael's funeral. I was honoured to do so. I spoke about him via our associations and his art before I sang this song.

Moonlight and Gold (version two) is a song by Gerry Rafferty from the latter part of the 1980s. I think this is a slightly raffish, end-of-a-long-day rendition. I added a second guitar part and, on the middle sections, unison double-tracking. I performed this song solo at the Bring it all Home concerts Gerald's daughter Martha and I organised in Glasgow in 2012. A live version from one of those events is available on my CD, Demos and Rarities Vol2. There's another version available amongst the free extra tracks included with this album. It's quite a big song and takes a bit of carrying. I'm glad though that all these recordings have a full live performance at their heart. Of all the people I've ever sung with there is no doubt that Gerry holds a special place. We would drink, talk and sing from dusk 'til dawn on many occasions without repetition. Well, in the songs anyway. There was probably often quite a bit of inebriated repetition in the conversations. Lyrically, Gerry often referred to the passage of the day as a metaphor for life. He employed it all his songwriting life from very early songs like *Look over the hill and far away to Stealers Wheel's Over my head*. There's an optimistic verse of it in *Baker Street* – "When you wake up to a new morning ... etc". *Moonlight and gold*, from the 1980s, takes up the theme in a slightly more world-weary context.

Goodbye is written to a tune which had been kicking around for years. I always liked the key change in it (from Ab to F). It gives it a twist I think but no lyrical hook would emerge until a while later.

In the background, in Glasgow in the mid-'60s there were a number of significant groups. There were The Pathfinders, The Beatstalkers and The Poets to name but three. George Gallacher was a key member of The Poets. He was scheduled to sing with me on *It happened all the same* as soon as a mutual time could be identified.

In August 2012 I was on holiday in Normandy when I got the news that Alastair Clarke, a friend, journalist and broadcaster

who had championed my work at the beginning, had died. Within the week, when we were in a place called Aigues-Mortes, in the south of France, the further news arrived that George had suffered a heart attack and died in his car in Glasgow's Maryhill. It all added to a sequence of Goodbyes, from a distance.

Freight train is the most direct link to skiffle on the record. The song was written by Elizabeth Cotten, a one-time maid to the Seegers in Washington DC. It was a hit for the Chas McDevitt Skiffle Group featuring Nancy Whiskey in Britain in 1957. For all the time I had known of, and subsequently got to know, Jimmie Macgregor it was late in the day I learned of his involvement with skiffle. He had been part of the McDevitt group prior to this becoming a hit and had in fact suggested Nancy Whiskey as the stage name for the singer. He had left them to pursue 'more interesting musical paths' with The City Ramblers prior to going on to become a household-name, not to mention a Scottish folksong pioneer, on the *Tonight* programme with his long-term partner Robin Hall. We sing and play this together. Jimmie's playing his mahogany Martin 0017 from 1936. I'm on my Kalamazoo KG11 of similar vintage. At the time of recording the combined age of the guitars (c154) wasn't far off that of Jimmie and me (149). Stu added the percussion later.

Only happy when it rains is here because I like the song. I like the group Garbage. I particularly like the group's singer, Shirley Manson. Shirley appeared on a few Radio Scotland programmes during my time there around the early '90s, mainly with the group, Goodbye Mr McKenzie. She is a smart, frank, engaging person who was always really good to work with and all the producers and presenters liked having her on shows. This was recorded in one go with Jill playing her 1950s Hofner Congress and me on the Rabilone. As on Freight train, Stu added some percussion.

The two sisters, an ancient ballad, is something I dug out when Kathleen MacInnes and I were preparing a show in 2013. We based the show around the Murder Ballad. Kathleen knows a Gaelic version of this tale and we performed the songs back-to-back.

Bye bye blackbird was on the first LP I ever bought. It was *Instant party* by The Everly Brothers. I had access to their earlier albums via an acquaintance, Alex Gray, so I bought myself the most recent release at the time, early 1963. The album was a bit of a meandering mixture but the best of it was really good. It featured those classy Nashville musicians who populated so many of the great pop records from those studios particularly RCA StudioB. Guitar players such as Chet Atkins, Harold Bradley, Ray Edenton and Hank Garland gave those records a unique feel, and sound.

The Extras open with **Love potion number 9**, one of Leiber and Stoller's smartest 'street songs'. Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller were arguably the greatest of the northern states songwriters. It was a remarkable feat, the way they managed to forge something fresh and new from an exotic mix of American music. And it was all driven by business.



I once visited Jerry Leiber in 1974 in his New York office and he tried to flog me a song. It was *Pearl's a singer*, subsequently a hit. I loved the way he never gave up the songwriter's instinctive desire to get songs out there, earning.

Get yourself another fool appeared on Sam Cooke's celebrated *Night Beat* LP in 1963. I love the late-night after hours feel that album, a Hugo and Luigi production, achieves. This song always stood out for me.

When two worlds collide was written by Bill Anderson and Roger Miller. It's a concise and classy bit of pop-country songwriting by an unusual pairing of two of the genre's greatest protagonists. A long line of pop-country songwriters, spearheaded by Fred Rose, helped define the pop song as we know it. This song was made into a great Nashville-sound record by Jim Reeves.

Loving you is sweeter than ever was a 1966 Four Tops single released immediately prior to the breakthrough *Reach out* record. I had a band in the mid-'80s called Gene Pitney's birthday. Its members included Brendan Moon, Lorraine McIntosh and Andy Alston. This song formed a part of that repertoire.

I wish I was is a tune from I can't remember when, probably about 30 years ago. It always reminded me of the Irish song *Carrickfergus*. That's how it gets 'I wish I was' as its opening line. I visited Glasgow in 1959 and 1961 before I actually left home to work there a couple of years later. Initially it was a stepping-stone to London which I reached in 1965. By a mixture of selection and circumstance Glasgow has been my home, off and on, for many subsequent years. This was a facebook posting I made in 2013.

On the 16th September 1963, 50 years ago, I was spending my first night in a boarding-house at Kersland Street in Glasgow's west end. It was the end of my first day as a Clerical Assistant at MPNI, 1460 Maryhill Road Glasgow NW. The job held little interest or excitement but my first evening in the city did. I took a stroll down Byres Road then along Dumbarton Road/Argyle Street. Going up Union Street and into Renfield Street, The Classic Cinema there was showing the original 'Frankenstein'. That was exciting as my dad had often waxed lyrical about the movie. I made a date to see it the following evening. Farther up Renfield Street The Odeon Cinema was signalling a forthcoming concert with The Everly Brothers, Little Richard, Bo Diddley and The Rolling Stones. I made a date to procure a ticket on the way to see the movie the following evening.

Glasgow was clearly about to provide me with good things. It did, and still does.

I'm looking for someone to love was the b-side of The Crickets *That'll be the day* single. In 1959, as my cousin Derek Smith began to buy LPs of his favourite artists, he donated all his 78rpm singles to me. There were about a half-dozen in all, including this. The fragile nature of shellac has resulted in the loss of all but two of them. Buddy Holly's *It doesn't matter*

anymore survives but alas not *That'll be the day*. I can see each side of it though, spinning on the BSR deck of the HMV table-top radiogram in the family council house. The pop song in my life has always been accompanied by a selection of haircuts and items of attire.

Cousin Derek also passed on these loafers, sported on holiday in Perthshire in 1959.

Moonlight and Gold (version one) is included as a companion to the version on CD2. It's a one-take solo voice/guitar rendition.

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Thanks are due to:

Stephy, who has had a different, more detached, role in this project. That doesn't mean less influence.

Here's to all the musicians who didn't play on the record but took part in concert performances of these songs. They include Hilary Brooks, Richard Brunton, Rod Clements, James Mackintosh, David Paton, Gregor Philip, Monica Queen and Fraser Speirs.

Eric and Mark at Mediaspec, who always provide the best Mac and ProTools aftercare.

—

Mastering Denis Blackham at Skye Mastering

Design Richy Lamb, Owned and Operated

Sleeve photography Gordon Burniston

Session photography John Cavanagh and Rab Noakes

Musicians

Stuart Brown *drums, percussion*

John Cavanagh *handclaps*

Harry Hussey *accordion*

Ula Kinderyte *violin*

Jill Jackson *guitar (on Only happy when it rains)*

Jimmie Macgregor *guitar (on Freight train)*

Jim McEwan *electric piano [Fender Rhodes]*

Una McGlone *bass*

Richard Merchant *cornet*

Rab Noakes *guitars, handclaps*

Emma Roche *flute, piccolo*

Singers

Hilary Brooks *Out of your sight, Believing is seeing*

Barbara Dickson *Buttons and bows*

Roddy Hart *It happened all the same,*

Out of the blue, Travellin' light

Jill Jackson *Slippin' away, I'm walkin' here,*

Only happy when it rains

Jimmie Macgregor *All in down and out blues, Goodbye booze,*
Freight train

Alice Marra *Don't act like your heart isn't hard*

Rab Noakes *all lead vocals (with occasional harmony*
and double-tracking)

Emma Pollock *One dog barks, (Don't say) Money doesn't*
matter, That's the way the whole thing ends

Guitars

Gibson C&W 1959, (light-strung, tuned one tone high)

Gibson C&W 1990s, reproduction of 1962 C&W

aka Sheryl Crow signature

Gibson J-180 1990s, Everly style (strung with octave G-string,
as by Ray Edenton)

Gibson J-200 1990s, (heavy-strung, tuned one tone low)

Gibson ES-125 1962, (as played by Tilda Swinton in John Byrne's
'Your Cheatin' Heart')

Kalamazoo KG11 1930s, (with approx 20+ year old strings)

Twanger Fattercaster and Rabbitone baritones 2000s
and 2010s, (made by Colin Macfarlane)

Harmony Sovereign 1960s, (octave, hi-string, also probably
introduced by Ray Edenton)

Burns 1990s, solid-body 12-string

Taylor NS32-CE 2003, (nylon-strung)

Fender Stratocaster 1980s, (5-string, open-G tuning,
as by Keith Richards)

CD 1

01 Slippin' away · **02** Out of your sight · **03** I'm walkin' here · **04** It happened all the same · **05** One dog barks
06 A little time left · **07** No more time · **08** Out of the blue · **09** Believing is seeing · **10** Where dead voices
gather · **11** (Don't say) Money doesn't matter · **12** Two days in May

CD 2

01 Buttons and bows · **02** Don't act like your heart isn't hard · **03** All in down and out blues · **04** Travellin' light
05 Goodbye booze · **06** Your clear white light · **07** The Guernsey kitchen porter · **08** That's the way the whole
thing ends · **09** Moonlight and gold (version two) · **10** Goodbye · **11** Freight train · **12** Only happy when it rains
13 The two sisters · **14** Bye bye blackbird

Extras

01 Love potion number 9 · **02** Get yourself another fool · **03** When two worlds collide · **04** Loving you is
sweeter than ever · **05** I wish I was · **06** I'm looking for someone to love · **07** Moonlight and Gold (version one)

A Glo-Spot Sound Recording, produced and engineered by John Cavanagh,
for Rab Noakes and Neon Records.



NEONCD017

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