

Charlie McGettigan

Some Old Someone...



Charlie McGettigan
Jens Kommnick

vocal & guitar
guitar, mandolin,
low & tin-whistle,
cittern, ocarina,
uilleann pipes

Lutz Möller

piano

Manfred Leuchter

accordion

Lea Morris

backing vocals

Ian Melrose

electric-guitar

Dirk Heimberg

electric-guitar

Peter Funk

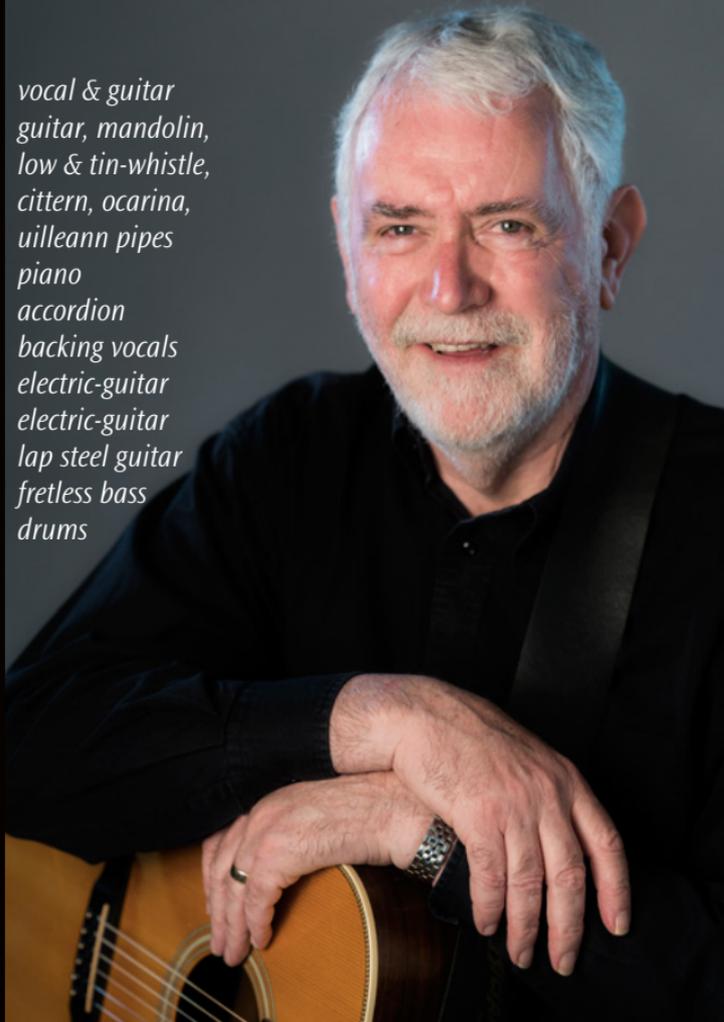
lap steel guitar

Hans-Jörg Maucksch

fretilless bass

Sven von Samson

drums



Charlie McGettigan started his musical career in the 1960s in various rock bands in Donegal. Moving to Dublin in 1968 he honed in on the thriving folk scene there at the time. In 1973, Charlie formed the highly successful group *Jargon*, which went on to win the prestigious Letterkenny Folk Festival, following in the footsteps of bands like *Clannad* and *Pumpkinhead*.

Charlie has worked with artists like Maura O'Connell and Eleanor Shanley who both recorded many of his songs including "*Feet of a Dancer*", "*A Bed for the Night*" and "*If Anything Happened to You*".

Charlie joined forces with Paul Harrington and Brendan Graham to win the 1994 Eurovision Song Contest for Ireland with "Rock 'n' Roll Kids". He has released many solo albums including "*In Your Old Room*", "*Family Matters*", "*The man from 20*" and "*Stolen Moments*" produced in Nashville by legendary producer Bil Vorndick.

Charlie's songs have been recorded by many artists including *De Danann*, Mary and Frances Black, Ray Lynam, Daniel O'Donnell, Sandy Kelly and Hal Ketchum to name but a few.

These days Charlie tours both here in Ireland and abroad. He presents "*The Saturday Connection*" on Shannonside/Northern Sound Radio, a two hour programme where he previews live music and theatrical events, interviews guests from the world of arts and entertainment and plays an eclectic mix of music and song on CD. As well as serving on the Board of IMRO, Charlie is also a member of the Board of *The Dock Arts Centre* in Carrick on Shannon, Co. Leitrim.

1. In Your Old Room / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Jens Kommnick *ocarina, uilleann pipes, keyboard*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

When our late son Shane went off to college I wandered into his room one evening and the thoughts that inspired this song came to me. Men don't often express their feelings to their sons but when you're a songwriter you get a chance to. Thankfully he did get to hear the song before we lost him.

In your old room there's a pair of old socks,
Some broken toys in a cardboard box.
And I remember all the trouble you took.
Fillin' in that old colouring book.

And on the wall there's a football team.
And every face has a hope and a dream.
And I remember how you won your first game.
You made me feel so proud.

In your old room I used to tuck you in.
Tuck in your blankets right up to your chin.
Now I know I'll never do it again,
I suppose you're just too old
Your old room is full of memories now.
When they were happening I just don't know how.
I never noticed you just suddenly grew.
Now you're a full grown man

In your old room at the back of the door,
There hangs an old jacket you wore.
You know the one that you don't wear any more,
It's got a tear in the sleeve.
In your old room there's a character,
in every little thing that I find there.
These are the only things that I've left to share ,
Sitting down in your old room.

2. *My Home Town* / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Jens Kommnick *mandolin*

Lea Morris *backing vocals*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

A song about my home town of Drumshanbo Co. Leitrim

There's a cranky old man who the kids all make fun of in my home town
But they mean him no harm it's all kind of harmless somehow
Where there seem to be children forever
And laughter is ever around
And it all seems a little like heaven in my home town

There's a shop on the corner where people all gather in my home town
Where each sweet little tale is told and retold once again
And it could be of someone who's leaving
Or maybe a baby just born
Or comfort for someone who's grieving in my home town

In my home town, in my home town
It all seems a little like heaven in my home town

And there's music to move any dancers
And dancers who'll dance to the sound
And you'll find someone to romance there in my home town

In my home town, in my home town
It all seems a little like heaven in my home town

Each time of the year new colours appear around my home town
Spring, Summer, Autumn, sweet scented blossoms in bloom
And at Christmas with holly and berry the singers all gather around
And they sing of the Boy Child of Mary in my home town
It all seems a little like heaven in my home town,
In my home town, In my hometown.

3. Valentine / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Manfred Leuchter *accordion*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

Many years ago when I used to book entertainers for our local Community Centre I received a telephone call from a children's entertainer who called himself "The Great Valentine". I callously laughed at the idea of this man but was taken aback when he enthralled the children of the town at a Christmas Concert a few weeks later.

Phone rang told me everything.
It was only some old someone from the past.
No wait, cos in this song I sing.
Let me sing of some old someone from the past.

Valentine, We still care.
Valentine, Find some room to spare for you.

Don't laugh. The mystery unfolds.
So you tell me as you come in from the cold.
Stagecraft, wonder in their eyes.
As you hold them see the mystery unfold.

Valentine, We still care.
Valentine, Find some room to spare for you.

Valentine, Just one more,
Valentine, One more turn before you go.

You are of another age,
When you wandered town to town a troubadour.
A new star shone upon the stage.
I can see your star a shining like before.

Valentine, We still care.
Valentine, Find some room to spare for you.
Valentine, We still care.
Valentine, Find some room to spare for you.

4. How Lucky I Am / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Sometimes we forget about how lucky my generation, living in Western Europe, are. We have lived through a period of relative peace and have benefitted from all the great economic advances of our era and yet we still complain about how bad our lot is.

I can walk from here to there
I can see the sun
I can feel the love you share
I can be someone
I could be struggling in the dark
I could have unseeing eyes
My world could be cold and stark
I gotta realise

How lucky I am to understand the joy of life
I've never known trouble or strife. How lucky I am
How lucky I am my days have been like fairy tales
Wherever I've set my sails I've found a haven

Most days I whinge and whine
About how little I own
About the things that should be mine

Charlie McGettigan

vocal & guitar

Jens Kommnick

guitar, tin-whistle

Lea Morris

backing vocals

Hans-Jörg Maucksch

fretless bass

I weep and moan
I worry over silly stuff
I'm never satisfied
I never seem to have enough
I gotta confide

How lucky I am to understand the joy of life
I've never known trouble or strife. How lucky I am
How lucky I am my days have been like fairy tales
Wherever I've set my sails I've found a haven

I'm lucky to have food on my table
So many things that I am able to do

I can hear the birds on high
Sing their sweet song
Most days I walk on by
I never sing along
The earth the moon the stars
Should be enough for me
To be free, free from wars
Is the place to be

How lucky I am to understand the joy of life
I've never known trouble or strife. How lucky I am
How lucky I am my days have been like fairy tales
Wherever I've set my sails I've found a haven

5. A Bed For The Night / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal*
Jens Kommnick *guitar, tin-whistle*
Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

In the 1980s I toured England with a bunch of traditional Irish musicians, singers, dancers and storytellers to raise money to build a Community Centre in Drumshanbo, Co. Leitrim where I live. On the first night, a cold and wet November night, while we were sitting outside the venue in our tour bus, we met a young Irish emigrant who had fallen on hard times. This song is about that story.

He was standing on the corner as the sun was going down.
He was looking for a contact; he had just arrived in town.
With his suitcase full of emptiness; his clothes outworn and tight
And he was looking for a bed for the night.

And he had a list of numbers that had slipped out of his head.
An uncle living somewhere out in Manchester he said.

He had come out of a country where the tunnels had no lights
And he was looking for a bed for the night.

Just a bed for the night, somewhere warm til the morning light.
He was looking for a bed for the night.

And standing in the doorway was a man called Father John
He said come in from the coal and sit you down there my good man.
And the small talk was of football and the tea tasted so right
When he was looking for a bed for the night

Just a bed for the night, somewhere warm til the morning light.
He was looking for a bed for the night.

There was something that situation made me realise
That there is always someone with a kindness in their eyes.
So if Father John should hear me and who knows he just might
Hear me say thank you for the bed for the night

Just a bed for the night, somewhere warm til the morning light.
He was looking for a bed for the night.

Just a bed for the night, somewhere warm til the morning light.
He was looking for a bed for the night.

6. Feet Of A Dancer / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal*
Jens Kommnick *guitar, mandolin*
Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

Some years ago a young teenage girl was found dying in a Catholic grotto after giving birth to a baby there because she had concealed her pregnancy from her family and friends. I thought of the loneliness of that young girl and wrote this song for my own children hoping they will know that there is nothing they cannot come to us about when they go out in the world.

I hope you find the feet of a dancer
I hope you can sing in the rain
I hope you find all the easy answers to your pain

It won't be easy, what can I say?
There will be trouble on the way.
Around every corner, terror and tears,
But always remember that we're here.

I hope you find the feet of a dancer
I hope you can sing in the rain
I hope you find all the easy answers to your pain

I hope you find love and affection,
I hope you find someone who'll care,
I hope you find all the right directions everywhere, everywhere.

A shoulder to cry on whenever you're low,
You can rely on us you know.
Cos there's nothing too crazy, nothing too dear,
Always remember that we're here.

I hope you find the feet of a dancer
I hope you can sing in the rain
I hope you find all the easy answers to your pain
I hope you find love and affection,
I hope you find someone who'll care,
I hope you find all the right directions everywhere, everywhere.

Even when the rain comes falling down,
And oh it's falling down, on you

I hope you find the feet of a dancer
I hope you can sing in the rain
I hope you find all the easy answers to your pain
I hope you find love and affection,
I hope you find someone who'll care,
I hope you find all the right directions everywhere, everywhere.
Everywhere
Always remember that we're here.

7. *I'd Stand In The Snow* / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*
Jens Kommnick *guitar, low whistle*
Lea Morris *backing vocals*
Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

We have a saying in Ireland about when a musician is really good we'd "stand in the snow" to listen to them. I just applied this phrase to a loved one and came up with this song.

I'd stand in the snow to be with you.
Nowhere I wouldn't go,
There's not a thing that I wouldn't do.
I'd suffer the cold till I went blue.
I'd stand in the snow to be with you.

I'd cross the ocean in a storm.
Though the wind was blowin'
The thought of you would keep me warm.
In a force ten gale I'd make it through,
I'd stand in the snow to be with you.

There is no pain that I wouldn't bear.
In the wind or the rain I'd be there
Whether it's foul or fair.
I know it sounds crazy but it's true.
I'd stand in the snow to be with you.

There is no pain that I wouldn't bear.
In the wind or the rain I'd be there
Whether it's foul or fair.
So if you hear bad weather's due, remember..
I'd stand in the snow to be with you.
I'd stand in the snow to be with you.

8. Radio On / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS) / Tim Edey (PRS/MCPS) / David Jonathan Sanders (PRS/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Jens Kommnick *guitar*

Lutz Möller *mbira*

Peter Funk *lap steel guitar*

Lea Morris *backing vocals*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

I spend a lot of time listening to the radio. It's a communication medium dear to my heart and since as long as I can remember it's been part of the sound scape of my day to day existence.

I spend the day with my radio on,
I love to sing along with the songs they play.
It makes my whole day seem like fun
I spend the day with my radio on

When I'm drivin' in my car
It never seems so far with the things they say.
I can't believe how many miles I've gone.
I spend the day with my radio on.

Yes and when I feel down

The sounds seem to bring out the sun.
Shinin' so bright, got me feelin' all right
I spend the day with my radio on.
Yes and I get the news that I choose
It depends on which station I'm on
Good or bad, happy or sad
I spend the day with my radio on.

In this wireless world of wonder
It's like some kind of spell I'm under.

And when the dark of the night descends
I've got some night time friends
Who'll bring me happy numbers
All my daily stuff is done,
I spend the night with my radio on

And when I feel down
The sounds seem to bring out the sun.
Shinin' so bright, got me feelin' all right
I spend the day with my radio on.
Yes and I get the news that I choose
It depends on which station I'm on
Good or bad, happy or sad
I spend the day with my radio
Day with my radio
Day with my radio on.

9. Someday I'll Go To Paris / *Charlie McGettigan and Irene McCoubrey (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal*
Jens Kommnick *guitar*
Manfred Leuchter *accordion*
Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

I wrote this song with a woman called Irene McCoubrey, better known as "Maxi" in Ireland. It's about someone who has broken up with their partner and, when a weekend in Paris is suggested, they cannot even think about going there because that was where the break up their relationship happened.

Someday I'll go to Paris, but maybe not this year
The last time I saw Paris you were here
When we toasted Wilde and Piaf with lots of ice cold beer
But I won't go to Paris this year.

Someday I'll face the music but maybe not just yet
Cos you and me on the Champs Elysees is just too hard to forget
And the laughter in the raindrops and kisses by the Seine
I'll go back to Paris but I don't know when

Oh I could fly to London or maybe go to Rome
Anywhere but Paris I could call home
Or maybe to Manhattan, take in the atmosphere
But I won't go back to Paris this year

Where you told me we were through
Where you told me life would go on without you
I'll go back to Paris but maybe not tonight
Merci Beaucoup but no thank you
It would not seem right
Where we sang under the bridges and watched the city lights
I'll go back to Paris but not tonight

10. Sometimes / *Charlie McGettigan and Paul Gurney (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal*

Lutz Möller *piano*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

I wrote this song with my friend and musical partner Paul Gurney after he talked about how he had visited his mother who suffers with Alzheimer's/dementia and she didn't know who he was. I dedicate this song to the memory of my great friend Tony McGowan who died following many years of struggle with Alzheimer's.

I called to you the other day; you looked much the same.
You didn't know what day it was; you didn't know my name
We talked about the good old days and how they'll be no more
You asked for friends whose lives had ended many years before

I spoke to you about my wife; you said you never knew.
I spoke about my children and you said "Children too?"
You talked about your mother as if she was still here.
I told you she was dead and gone but you didn't seem to hear'

Sometimes you're in a happy place.
Sometimes frustration reigns

As I watch you look off into space and I wonder where you've been
Cos it hurts to watch you struggle with those demons in your head
And it hurts to watch your tortured face as you try to find the thread.

I see the person who looked after me in childhood years.
I always knew that you were there to wipe away my tears
And as I see you sitting there I know you're far away
In some demented state of mind; where that is who can say?

Sometimes you're in a happy place.
Sometimes frustration reigns
As I watch you look off into space and I wonder where you've been
Cos it hurts to watch you struggle with those demons in your head
And it hurts to watch your tortured face as you try to find the thread.

We try to make some sense of it this family of ours
We try to come to terms with this disease that just devours
We wish that you were back with us, just like you used to be.
But we know that all that's left for us is some sweet memory

Sometimes you're in a happy place.
Sometimes frustration reigns
As I watch you look off into space and I wonder where you've been
Cos it hurts to watch you struggle with those demons in your head
And it hurts to watch your tortured face as you try to find the thread.

11. *These Words Are Falling* / Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Jens Kommnick *cittern*

Lea Morris *backing vocals*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

All through my life there have been protest songs sung by people like Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan pleading for peace for the war torn and food for the hungry. Yet somehow war is still waged and people still starve throughout the world and it seems like all these great songs have fallen on many deaf ears.

These words are fallin', they're fallin' on deaf ears.
The tales they're tellin', they've been tellin' them for years.
How many times must they be told before they'll hear?
These words are fallin' on deaf ears.

They talk of peace. They talk of love.
They talk of people who just haven't got enough,
And after all is said and done,
It still goes on and on and on and on.

These words are fallin', they're fallin' on deaf ears.
The tales they're tellin', they've been tellin' them for years.

How many times must they be told before they'll hear?
These words are fallin' on deaf ears.

They talk of war and how many die.
Although they're far away, we still can hear them cry.
They say it loud through microphones,
But it still goes on and on and on and on.

These words are fallin', they're fallin' on deaf ears.
The tales they're tellin', they've been tellin' them for years.
How many times must they be told before they'll hear?
These words are fallin' on deaf ears.

We listen but we don't hear,
There's more to this than just shedding a tear.

We cannot just stand idly by,
We can't just walk away while other people die,
We must rise up and face the gun,
Cos it still goes on and on and on and on.

These words are fallin', they're fallin' on deaf ears.
The tales they're tellin', they've been tellin' them for years.
How many times must they be told before they'll hear?
These words are fallin' on deaf ears.
These words are fallin' on deaf ears.

12. *Hey Mr. Dreamer* / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Jens Kommnick *low whistle*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

This song was inspired by the poetry of the great English novelist and poet Thomas Hardy.

Hey Mr Dreamer, where do you go?
Where do your misty eyes wander?
Show me the pictures you seem to know
Open my mind to your wonders
Hey Mr Dreamer, dream me some rhymes,
Things you remember steal away time
Jewels in the water those stars on the sea
You seem to sail other oceans

Hey Mr Dreamer, dream me some rhymes,
Things you remember steal away time

Jewels in the water those stars on the sea
You seem to sail other oceans

Hey Mr dreamer, waifs in the night,
Change into symbols of sorrow
Faces familiar Tears in an eye,
Suddenly thoughts we can borrow

Hey Mr Dreamer, dream me some rhymes,
Things you remember steal away time
Jewels in the water those stars on the sea
You seem to sail other oceans
You seem to sail other oceans.

13. How 'Bout You? / *Charlie McGettigan (IMRO/MCPS)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Manfred Leuchter *accordion*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

A country blues song inspired by the style of JJ Cale. I'll never be as good as JJ Cale but I can only try.

My poor arms are longing for the love that they used to hold
My poor heart is breakin' in two
My poor ears are longing for the stories left untold
My lips just long to kiss you
My hips won't swing cos they miss you too
How 'bout you?

My poor fingers linger on the telephone
My poor hair is turning grey
My old voice just sings some sad old lonesome tune
This old pain won't go away
My knees just keep on shakin'
I see no bright light breakin' through
How 'bout you?

How 'bout you? Do you feel the way I do?
How 'bout you? Or have you found somebody new?
How 'bout you?

My old house is empty since you haven't been there
My old mouse and cat have gone
My old dog just sits around like he doesn't care
He doesn't know what's goin' on
My guitar strings sound lonely
Cos they've been playin' only blues
How 'bout you?
Do you feel blue?
How 'bout you?
Are you lonely too?

14. Rock 'n' Roll Kids / *Brendan Graham (Acorn Music/IMRO/MCPS/Peermusic)*

Charlie McGettigan *vocal & guitar*

Ian Melrose *electric-guitar*

Dirk Heimberg *electric-guitar*

Lea Morris *backing vocals*

Hans-Jörg Maucksch *fretless bass*

Sven von Samson *drums*

Brendan Graham wrote this song after attending a Fats Domino concert in Dublin where people who had come into the venue as conservative middle aged people turned into the Rock 'n' Roll Kids they once were by the end of the concert. Paul Harrington and I sang the song to win the Eurovision Song Contest in 1994.

I remember sixty-two
I was sixteen and so were you
And we lived next door on the avenue

Jerry Lee was big and Elvis too
Blue jeans and blue suede shoes
And we never knew what life held in store
We just wanted to rock 'n' roll forever more

We were the rock 'n' roll kids
Rock 'n' roll was all we did
And listenin' to those songs on the radio
I was yours and you were mine
That was once upon a time
Now we never seem to rock 'n' roll anymore

Now Johnny's in love with the girl next door
And Mary's down at the record store
They don't wanna be around us no more
Golden oldies, but we hardly speak
Too busy running to a different beat
Hard to understand we were once like them
How I wish we could find those rock 'n' roll days again

We were the rock 'n' roll kids
Rock 'n' roll was all we did
And listenin' to those songs on the radio
I was yours and you were mine
That was once upon a time
Now we never seem to rock 'n' roll anymore

I was yours and you were mine
That was once upon a time
Now we never seem to rock 'n' roll
We just never seem to rock 'n' roll anymore

1. In Your Old Room 3:48
2. My Home Town 3:31
3. Valentine 3:05
4. How Lucky I Am 3:39
5. A Bed For The Night 4:20
6. Feet Of A Dancer 4:21
7. I'd Stand In The Snow 2:31
8. Radio On 2:48
9. Someday I'll Go To Paris 3:27
10. Sometimes 3:46
11. These Words Are Falling 3:35
12. Hey Mr. Dreamer 3:43
13. How 'Bout You? 4:10
14. Rock 'n' Roll Kids 3:41

Total 50:53

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