

water-shed
coupons for the moon



stolen little moments

Walking with Adam and Eve
In the shadow of the moonlight
Picking up pieces of mankind
From the floor of the garden

The world is coming to an end
Birds falling from the sky
Dead fish in the seas
But we know that life goes on

In stolen little moments
In snatches of time
Breathing in the sun
Created in our minds

On the edge of the universe
People knocking on our door
They say they want to come in
From the other side

Are they living a lie
Just like we do
All rolling around in space and time
But we know that life goes on

can't see

The lights are winking up at me
Humdrum streets of in-between towns
Cold and seamless, memories
Disconnected half a mile down

You can wheel with the birds
But you cannot leave the earth
You can wheel with the birds
But you cannot leave the earth behind
So please don't try

There's a childhood in these bones
Long and distant, but imprinted
I think it helps to write it down
It doesn't mean that I've forgotten

What they said yesterday
That's the hardest thing to fake
What they said yesterday
That's the hardest thing to fake,
but they're blind. So unkind

It's just an illness in my head
But we're afraid of what we can't see
It doesn't mean I haven't lived
It doesn't mean that I'm not living

So take all of your pain
That you wrapped in sympathy
So take all of your pain
That you wrapped in sympathy
Because my mind, it doesn't mind

looking for the boy

You don't need this picture
To remember how it all felt then
You don't have to be there
Sound is the memory carried in the wind

And no one tells you why
you're looking for the boy
you've wasted all this time trying to recover
No one ever took the innocence and joy
you somehow buried deep
(but it's been there all the time)

My imaginary friend tells it to me straight
Tells me just like then
You won't find it here
caught on the turning page
Written in your hand

You used to say it will be alright
Looking for the boy

I've tried hard to belong
to fit the memories
tried to make my home
I want to learn my part
And carry it but just the same
Not to leave my heart

the gathering storm

I am a stranger here
From another shore
In the gathering storm
We put to sea in twilight

So haul away
We'll soon be back in London
And all the things we've done
Will never be forgotten
In the gathering storm

I can turn my hand
To anything you choose
Wouldn't care to lose
the things that we hold dear
In these letters

So haul away
We'll soon be back in Boston
etc.

Lay your bodies down
Try take the hill
And when you fall still
Take the wings of
your angels

So haul away
We'll soon be back in London
etc.

seesaw

Your family came here from the mountains
You told of winters freezing cold
They put their trust in this old country
In a land they didn't know

And you're flying up
But I'm falling down
Yes we're flying up
But we've fallen
when the seesaw hit the ground

Not sentimental or ever silent
You tried your best to understand
Always laughing and rightly proud of
What you made with your own hands

And then..it came to
We once wondered
Could we end what we began
Somehow worthless
But worth so much
Such a shame you'll miss the fun

I can feel the light,
Can you see it breaking through the dawn
I can feel the light, Can you see me breaking

33 men

Another night here in the dead cold
The Atacama freezes my soul
33 men trapped underground
3 miles of dirt and dust their crown
They've been waiting a lifetime,
wasting a lifetime, Waiting a lifetime
to come out into the light

24 hours I've been filling my lungs
With the dying breath of my companions
I came to search for copper and gold
With these 32 men in this hell hole

That's what I did
I never thought I'd see you again
Cause the lights went out
the roof came down
And all I saw was time at an end

3 weeks long, nothing left in store
I hear a tapping on the wall
I knew somehow they'd find us here
First joy and laughter and then the tears

They let us know how long they'd take
To reach the refuge, and take us safe
To see the outside world again
just me, the memory and the 32 men

The lights went out, we left the ground
The lights went out, the tents came down
The lights went out, the crowd went home
And all they left were 33 men

sweet night

See that one to the left of the tree
A golden light and it's burning just for me
But by the time it gets here
you know it's long gone
A million lifetimes in the night

But just once just sometimes
it seems so right doesn't seem so far
just another time and place for us to grace
another lifetime another life

That sweet night. I tasted
I felt it for the first time
Sweet night come down

I dreamt last night I climbed
on a comet's tail
and I let it take me where it willed
By the morning time I was long gone
a million atoms split into one

I held in my hands
the one who kissed me first
every day she said she missed me but
if I only I knew then what I know now...

That it can't be chance and it can't be luck
there's millions of stars but we collided first
There's time and place for us to grace
another lifetime another life

books

This is the time that lasts
There's no need for anything else
We're stories of the past
That lean upon these shelves

Gather dust that fills these halls
Turn the page we're fading souls

Books fall open, you fall in
And leave the world to breathe again
Still searching for the perfect end
So we hold...

There's no point in half
Cause we hold it only once
Sit back and laugh
Connected by our love

Books fall open, we fall in
And leave the world to breathe again
Still searching for the perfect end
So we hold...

To find the meaning of it all...
(the meaning of it all)

arms of the maker

It would shatter us all if we knew the truth
The things we need most are lost in our youth
By the time you could use them in the final proof
as we give in to nature

And all men on earth might call something lord
But more often than not we still live by the sword
Instead of the love we might feel outpoured
in the arms of the maker

We set sail into shimmering seven seas
I call your name and you're here with me
I curse you and hurt you and make you leave
Plead for me

We give into things that we can't understand
like the strange superstitions
of our lives unplanned
All the bad luck we let run through our hands
as we try not to break her

Then I was blessed with my brother John
who came out of leftfield and then he was gone
Never stopped to think he would ever belong
in the arms of the maker

Plead for me please, bleed for me please
As we give into nature
And we try not to break her
In the arms of the maker

humming in the wires

You don't have to say you're leaving
Not until the sunlight breaks
Hear it in the clear air of the morning

The humming in the wires
A message in the song
The wind will carry it onwards
Until all hope is gone

Twenty nine miles down the road
That's when she caught her breath
Pulling alongside a heavy load

The humming in the wires
A message in the song
The wind will carry it onwards
Until all hope is gone
But I love you to your bones

While you're hunting
for the white line
I've been burning the candle
here at night
But when all the drink is gone you
can see the world better
through this glass eye

And I think of you again this morning
just as the sunlight breaks

coupons for the moon

We stole away on our little secret
But I don't know how we could ever keep it
To hold on to in love is not enough
When you can fly away with the morning doves

And in our time we would grow together
Our sighs our vows I will leave you never
But this long hot war took me away
Left you alone with your long dark days

I'm saving coupons for the moon
To try to pull it down
But when I want to share it out
It almost always loses light
When it hits the ground

And I hear you breathe in the deafening silence
The waking hours always seem the hardest
In the dreaming life what is left of me
Always knows what is was meant to be

autumn left

Autumn left and took the joy. Winter came cold and lifeless.
I'm breathing harder now awake in the night
Grip the hourglass, hold the sands of time, tight

You might say, get a life. I thought I did, but I find It's part of what we call luck (love)

So no more tears, time to smile with the spring
Still dreaming in the station but I've boarded the train
I'm still not sure but I think I've learned
Doesn't matter where the journey takes you, but who it's with

shadows

An incandescent storm
Gathers over my horizon
Can you taste the rain
As it melts into the warm earth

I think I really want to stay
Until I catch another plane
And head into the clouds
Leave the shadows on the ground
I just want to spark the light inside

Look at your happy soul
You know love's no consolation
I'm worried mine's no good
It just has to keep on working

But we know love's no clock
You pull apart to see it ticking
And even if we could
You don't want to find the mystery



water-shed would like to thank....

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seesaw is
dedicated to the
memory of
Mo Aslam.

water-shed are....

John Alexander
Phil Clifford-Brown
Dave Hamilton
Ben Fawson
George Milnes
Rob Milnes

Percussion, Vocals
Tenor Guitar, Mandolin, Vocals
Bass
Electric Guitar, Vocals
Drums
Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, Keyboards

additional musicians

Sam Burden
Sam Horne
Rob Milnes

Percussion
Vocals⁷
Bass^{3, 4, 8, 10, 13}, Electric Guitar^{1, 3},
Harmonica¹³, Percussion

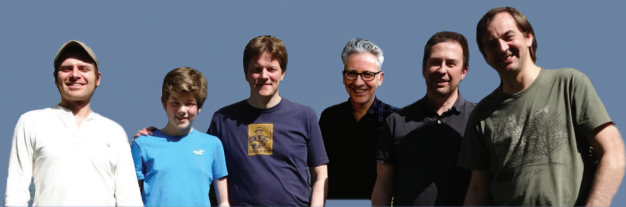
more band information: www.water-shed.net

e water_shed@btinternet.com

w www.water-shed.net

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