

MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

*DS Hay B
200-2/A*

Customer : Ray Bradfield
Job No : 6/NY/89
Title : "Alive at Deb's Diner"
Artist : Ray Bradfield
Location : Middx Poly
Producer : Ray Bradfield
Engineer : Tony Gibbs
Tape Status : Production Master - for duplication use
Format : PCM F1/Betamax
Completion date : 20/07/89
Copies : PCM F1/VHS safety clone
Copyright : Ray Bradfield
Contents :

	Mute	40 sec	
1	Concertina Man	2 min 15 sec	
2	Montague John	3 min 40 sec	
3	Autumn Songs	3 min 49 sec	<i>4-8</i>
4	TV hero	3 min 35 sec	<i>9-13</i>
5	Sainsbury Rag	1 min 45 sec	<i>2x</i>
6	Birthday	1 min 20 sec	
7	A Night to Remember	4 min 09 sec	<i>max willy</i>
8	Goodbye Bergen	3 min 37 sec	
9	Tongue-tied and desperate	3 min 41 sec	
10	Khaki heroes	3 min 59 sec	<i>20"</i>
11	Pole Star	4 min 32 sec	<i>25"</i>
12	Waiting in the wings	4 min 14 sec	
13	On parole	4 min 34 sec	
Total program running time		47 min 40 sec	

Side 1 055'10"
Side 2 1'25'02"
1'52"

This was my first and so far only album. Originally available on cassette I'm responding to requests to re-issue it on CD. Credit must go to Phil Lawrence and Steve Clear at Pearson Education for providing studio facilities to rescue the material from the Betamax master. I've been encouraged by many people over the last couple of years; mostly from Folk at The Oak in Corsham. Annie of Wells Music also suggested the re-issue and it wouldn't have happened without the technical skill and patience of William Hayter and the sandwiches and tea from Linda. Thank you to Judi who has given me great support too.

On Parole

Round and round we circle each other
Play a waiting game
Tell the truth it makes no difference
We are both the same
We're on Parole and on our best behaviour
And our cards are marked

Learning how to live together or how to live apart

Eye to eye there is no problem
Sharing in a laugh
But we play with cardboard counters
In our game of draughts

Face to face across a table
How it all begins
And side by side as evening's ending
Still the curfew wins

With your message like a memory
When I was in jail
Tapped out on a pipeline keyboard
From another cell

I'm afraid that we can't break it
Something holds us still
But a glancing touch says we might make it
Should we kiss and tell

Written in 1989 and premiered at the St Neot's festival of that year. I called in to 28 Rye Road for a cup of tea and the rest is history.....

