

Geoffrey Armes

Anima 91



2 DESCRIPTION SIGNALEMENT

Occupation Profession	Bearer Titulaire <u>Composer</u>	Spouse Epouse
Place of birth Lieu de naissance	<u>Bristol</u>	
Date of birth Date de naissance	<u>19 May 57</u>	
Residence Résidence	<u>England</u>	
Height Taille	<u>1.72</u> m	
Distinguishing marks Signes particuliers		

CHILDREN ENFANTS

Name Nom	Date of birth Date de naissance	Sex Sexe

Usual signature of bearer
Signature du titulaire G. Armes

Usual signature of spouse
Signature de son épouse

3

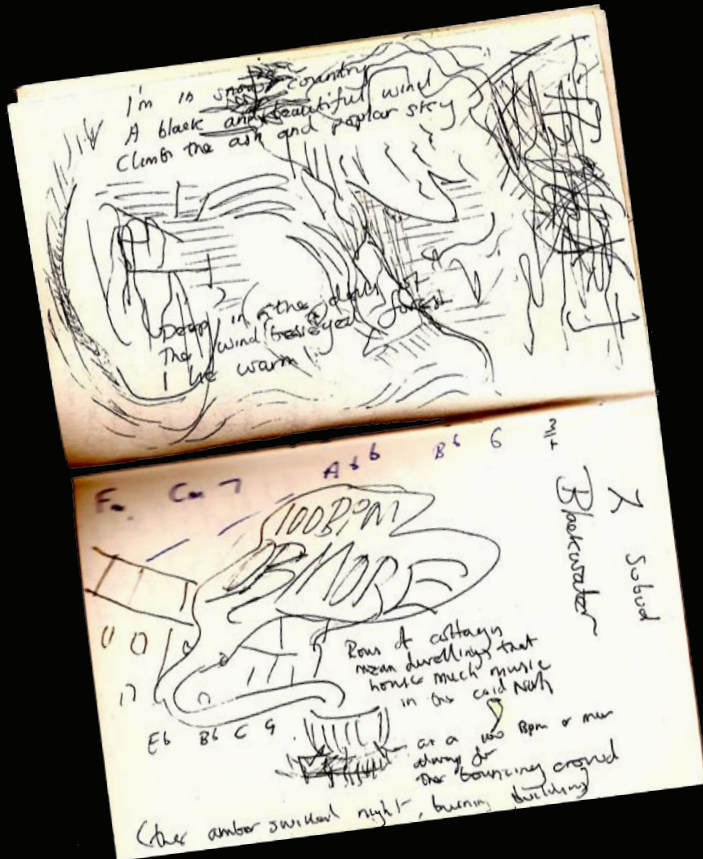
Photo

The bearer (and spouse, if included) should sign opposite on receipt

New York City 1991

All moments are components
A series of reactions
In an opening world
Each with her own moment
Yours is so heavy
It would kill me
Yet mine that I strain with
Light as a feather to you
Would break another's back
It's been a long time since I
Desired you
Sometimes the feeling strong
Sometimes not
Now that the memory of Red Sorghum flows
The blood in our hearts could be as a meeting place
I could reach the east
With a westward flight
I could be coming with a gift on offer
While one hand reaches out
The other sleeps in the dark
Gong Li
This body is paralysed
The mind works overtime
Ocean currents are drunk as they
Ply between the lands
As singers muse songs
Struggle with words
That will not rhyme
I sit alone
And wait for your sun

1. Gong Li The Actor



I'm in Snow Country
 A bleak holt
 A black and beautiful wind
 Climbs the ash and poplar sky
 There is danger in the grasp
 Fumbling winter's embrace
 But deep within the dells
 Of a wind besieged forest
 I lie warm
 I'm on an island
 I'm an island's type of man
 Move on if I have to
 Stay marooned if I can
 There are towns in the south
 Bamako or Dakar harbour
 There are southern sailors
 In the doldrums maybe
 Or maybe weather a westerly
 Down by Benin Bay
 But I'm in Snow Country
 White lands cross my eye
 I'm on an island

2. Snow Country Tokyo 1991

After Houseman, and Tokyo and New York's East Village.
 Later I discovered Kawabata's novel of the same name, seemed apt.



3. Mother

New York City 2007

An initial burble, then orchestrating a mode.



New York City 1984

4. Love In Your Eyes

I realise
 Yeah
 Took by surprise
 Yeah
 You tell me no lies now
 You took by surprise now
 The love in your eyes
 Feel...
 Feel...
 Oooh I...
 I realise
 You tell me no lies
 The love in your eyes leaves me
 Feel foolish yet wise
 You touch me with pride and
 The love you leave
 Feel...
 See yeah
 Feel....
 I believe
 Unreal...
 Yeah...
 I
 Just be
 I realise
 I was took by surprise
 The look in your eyes
 You took by surprise
 I was took by surprise
 I was took by surprise

*It's a Brooklyn loft, and it's 1984, and there's snow
 outside and the street is shimmering in a way I've never
 quite seen before.*



Am (you) D → C,
Ship

(West Africa) 9

I hope that you
are alright
as you pass into
the night
beyond ~~the~~
the provence
could mine
can you make it
home?

New York City 2007

5. March 5

Modal longing on the keyboard.

6. Station Goodbye

Station goodbye
 Always the same
 Station goodbye
 Rearrange
 Station goodbye
 Look down to me
 With a simple glance
 Set me free
 Station goodbye
 Always the hardest
 Station Goodbye
 Always the last
 Station Goodbye
 She reached down to me
 With that subtle touch reserved
 Reserved for me

I just want to know if you're leaving
 I just want to know if you're believing
 In me
 I just want to know what you're thinking
 I just want to know should I leave it be...

Rode out east
 In a muddy carriage
 Across a muddy river

In Ostbahnhof, behind the wall, there's a girl leaning from
 the Warsaw express, waving to her friend on the platform.

Later that same year, in Cologne, my friend leaves me at the
 station, waving as the train takes her across the bridge,
 heading east again.

Station goodbye
 Leave me to die
 Station goodbye
 Set me free
 Station goodbye
 You reach to me but the
 love you leave is nothing to me
 Always teasing
 Always creeping
 I want love I want love
 Tell me goodbye
 Reach down to me
 With that special touch
 Reserved you see

Secret factory beams back at me
 Marks the distance and division
 Between free and not free
 Local track traveling light
 You never could shine



Cologne 1982

7. Kathleen

Why can't I have all the love there is to the world?
Kathleen? Kathleen?
Why can't I have, all the dreams that we share?
Kathleen? Kathleen?
Telephone bells that ring for hours
The chatter of static the message emphatic
Is this the world that we should live for?
Is this the world that we should live?
Kathleen?

Why can't I have?
All the dreams there are to share in the world?
Since this is the time that we should play with
This is the lie that we are left
With all the love that we can make
Is this a crime, that we should give?
Kathleen
Why can't I have
All the love to the world?
To the world.

I had a lot of friends then, but someone floated back into my awareness more than once. After I wrote this song, she told me her grandmother's name was Kathleen



New York City 1984

8. Tudor

I moved home and studio, and at a certain point, slumped amongst the boxes and debris, needed a musical break. So I exhumed the monitors, and created a short groove.



New York City 2007

9 Across The Wall (Mirjam)

A true story

It was
A beautiful time
In the most beautiful room
I'd never had
Such a beautiful room
I'd sit and dream
When I'd think about you
I'd travel then to see you
Across the wall
I'd go for breakfast then
And I'd remember you
I'd never let you go
It's clear to see I'm happy
You are free
And I'll meet you on Alex
You've got a feel for life
You've got a feel for love
It was such a beautiful spring
Such a beautiful thing
I really believed I could do for you
I'd sit in that room
Play my guitar
Sing the songs that would free you
I could never free you
I could never
So I think of you
Across that wall
A barrier I never let fall
I never let it fall
I won't forget



Berlin 1982

10 Sprawling

July 16 - March 25



New York City 2007

I try to understand why the corners of the city still
Reverberate with all the memories
So there is danger on the street, not least that which is in my heart
How I wish I did not start that which I did not finish

And it is your face
Soft in the making
Pale your complexion
Blanched by the stunning of my words
In manifold colours changing
A love I have lost now
Lost to the years
I give to the years

Saturday and Sunday are for agonising on a decision
Monday for denial of love

I was in a cafe, drinking
The glass broke in my face
Then I was dreaming
Talking loudly in a winter wind
I thought you were leaving
I should have known better
Because I give to the years

11. Give To The Years

No letter to send now, only empty space beneath the clouds,
I just need to walk alone
There is evil on the streets, but not least that which is in my heart
How I wish I did not start that which I could not finish

Yes, I was dreaming
Yes, I was leaving
Only the years going by
I give to the years



New York City 1991

12 Afternoon March 25

It's over...



New York City 2007

A collection of songs I wrote during the nineteen eighties and nineties, interspersed with instrumentals created in 2007. They were originally created for friends, public figures and figments of my imagination. This is the first time they have been released.

Geoffrey Armes Anima 91

- 1 Gong Li 4:20
- 2 Snow Country 4:49
- 3 Mother 1:32
- 4 Love in Your Eyes 4:56
- 5 March 5th 2:08
- 6 Station Goodbye 5:07
- 7 Kathleen 4:30
- 8 Tudor 2:17
- 9 Across the Wall-Mirjam 4:22
- 10 Sprawling 6:53
- 11 Give To The Years 3:43
- 12 Afternoon March 25th 2:44

All songs are Copyright Geoffrey Armes
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