



# TALK OF THE TARN

THE BAR-STEWARD SONS OF VAL DOONICAN

Sleeve notes / A listener's guide

Taken from the book  
'Songs In The Key Of Tarn'  
by Scott Doonican

## **Talk Of The Tarn (2014)**

Released: 25<sup>th</sup> May 2014

(Launched at Tornado Town Stage, Bearded Theory Festival, Catton Hall, Walton-Upon-Trent, Derbyshire)

Personnel:

### **Scott Doonican**

*vocals, acoustic & electric guitars, 5-string banjo, bass, mandolin, ukulele, banjulele, piano, keyboards, harmonica, melodica, xylophone, kazoo, percussion, owt else*

### **Alan Doonican #1**

*piano accordion, spoken vocal on 'Road To Somewhere'*

### **Andy Doonican**

*12-string acoustic guitar, electric guitar, bouzouki, ukulele*

With special guests on 'Whole Lotta Rosé':

**Delmar Doonican** *5-string banjo*

**Richard Kitson** *lead electric guitar*

**The audience at Harefest at Harefield Hall** *chants & cheers*

Recorded and produced by Scott Doonican  
at Moon-On-A-Stick Studios, Barnsley Rock City  
between January 9th - April 19th 2014

## **Far Far Away**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican*

*Original Tune: Far Far Away - Slade*

*We've seen the lights go darn in lots of different cities  
We've seen our little band supporting Chas 'n' Dave  
Had every drink that's on the list  
Withart us even getting pissed  
But it's no way to behave  
We've seen the mornings in with hideous hangovers  
We've seen the sunset when we played Beautiful Days  
I've sang the glory of the Tarn  
And I've got all me friends ararnd  
So keep yer glasses raised*

*And I'm far, far away, with my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far, far away, with my feet down in the crowds  
Letting loose around the world  
Singing songs abart the Tarn... loud and proud*

*We've seen a waiter stop us busking artside Betty's  
And I once played uke upon a mountain top  
And every crazy night's such fun , I've loved each and every one  
Let's hope they'll never stop*

*And I'm far, far away, with my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far, far away, with my feet down in the crowds  
Letting loose around the world  
Singing songs abart the Tarn... loud and proud*

*We've seen the lights go darn in lots of different cities  
While Alan's super stories carry on and on  
And though we've travelled miles and miles  
We've seen as many lovely smiles, and there still seems more to come*

*And I'm far, far away, with my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far, far away, with my feet down in the crowds  
Letting loose around the world  
Singing songs abart the Tarn... loud and proud*

This song is something of a rarity... along with *Shine On You Crazy Bar-Steward*, it is one of only a few of our songs that wasn't written with comedy in mind. It was written purely as a nostalgic look back at how far we had come, since our early days playing in Alan's pub. I wrote *Far Far Away* with the intention of it becoming an 'end of the night' song, that we could place just before any encore.

Among the lyrics, it mentions us meeting Rockney legends, Chas 'n' Dave. Both Chas Hodges and Dave Peacock are two of the nicest blokes you could care to meet, and fabulous musicians too. At our pub shows, I regularly get told off for playing Chas & Dave over the

PA before we go on, during our interval break and after the show as we pack down.

We had the pleasure of playing with them on six separate occasions - once in Holmfirth in 2013, again in Holmfirth in 2015, and at both Holmfirth and Leicester in 2016. Björn and I were due to play with them for a fifth time in Wakefield in October 2017, but sadly Chas was diagnosed with cancer of the oesophagus in early 2017, forcing them to cancel a lot of their tour dates, while he convalesced following treatment. Chas' treatment was successful, and they went back out on tour, doing what they did best, and we were delighted when they asked us to open for them again one last time at Leamington Spa Assembly. Chas was on great form both on stage and back stage, having recently finished his cancer treatment. They were two of the pioneers of British musicians singing in their own regional accents, and I had a lot of love for them both. Sadly Chas passed away after contracting pneumonia in 2018.

The lyrics also recall the time that the infamous waiter stopped us busking outside Betty's Tearooms, in Harrogate, the morning after one of our annual Sunday-before-Christmas shows at the Blues Bar. It was the morning of 24<sup>th</sup> December 2012, and although I had sung myself hoarse the night before, I had decided it would be a bit of fun for us to do a spot of Christmas Eve busking, before heading back to Barnsley.

We placed ourselves in what we thought was a prime spot, to play to the throngs of people queuing to pay £15 for afternoon tea. We hadn't got two songs in, when a rather polite waiter appeared to tell us we had to go, as the management were none-too-happy with us. Rather than argue, we did just that. Bah-Humbug indeed!

The mountain-top gig referenced in the lyrics, took place on 21<sup>st</sup> July 2012 on the summit of Ingleborough Mountain, in the Yorkshire Dales. Amanda, Alan, Kay and I took part in climbing the Yorkshire Three Peaks, to raise money for Rosendale & Pendle Mountain Rescue, along with my Uncle Bill's band, Soundriver. A group of about 20 of us climbed to the top, carrying a full PA system between us, consisting of speakers, mixing desk and assorted wires, drum kit, guitars, as well as a chuffing heavy petrol generator, to power it all.

I rather wisely carried my ukulele, but some of us took it in turns to carry the generator too. It was fun to see the looks on the faces of other passing climbers, when they reached the top, to find a bunch of musicians playing a full electrified gig. We played to a capacity crowd, in a dip on the mountainside, about 100 yards from the summit. Alan chose to do the climb, but due to his bad knees, decided not to cart his accordion up there (he has since had both knees replaced). As a result, I played a solo set on my uke, as Soundriver's support act.

The lyrics also reference Beautiful Days, the music festival organised by Brighton punk-folk stalwarts, The Levellers. The Levellers are a band that Björn, Alan #2 and I hold in high regard anyway, so to play their festival was always going to be a big deal. Our first visit to Beautiful Days in 2012, was really the first real platform for The Bar-Steward Sons to finally become 'a thing'. Before this event, we hadn't done many festivals, and were relatively unknown, especially in our hometown.

We have been lucky enough to have visited Beautiful Days every year since 2012 (we weren't booked in 2016, but still went and played more shows than if we had been booked!). The Band Stand stage, run by the lovely John Bownas, has become something of a spiritual home for us. The crowds that have attended our sets at the Band Stand, have grown since our first visit, and in 2017, we drew record numbers, bringing, what Jeremy from the Levellers

described as, “*the biggest crowd I’ve ever seen at the Band Stand*”. Also in 2017, as she was playing the night before us, at The Big Top with the wonderful Wayward Band, we also had the pleasure of our sister-from-another-mister, Eliza Carthy, joining us, on stage, for *The Devil Went Darn To Barnsley* and *Jump Ararnd*. We were moved to the festival’s Big Top ourselves the following year, and were given our own ‘Sunday Service’ show in 2019.

The Levellers always open the festival with an acoustic set, and close the festival with an electric set. During the latter, we have always, as a band, congregated near to the mixing tower to watch the sun set behind the main stage, enjoy The Levellers’ set, and watch the amazing firework display that ends the weekend. I wanted to capture that moment in the words. Ultimately, it’s just a song about having good times on the road.

When I play *Far Far Away* in my solo shows, it’s always dedicated to the rest of the band, because I genuinely feel blessed to have a great team with me for the shows we do together.

## **Bye Bye Bieber**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican / Amanda White*

*Original Tune: Bye Bye Baby (Baby, Goodbye) - The Four Seasons*

*If people hate me after what I say  
Can't put it off any longer  
I'm just gonna have to say it anyway...*

*You're the gift that really keeps on giving  
When writer's block kicks in, you know you set me free  
How lucky for me  
Oh, how I'll miss you when you crash and burn  
Sent back to Canada with no hope of return  
(Come on, Obama you don't need the drama now...)*

*Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)  
Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)*

*Punching limo drivers and the paparazzi  
If you're retiring please retire from being a chuff  
Enough is enough  
And while all the little girls are swooning  
Somewhere in Munich, well your monkey's fuming  
(He's better off without you anyway)*

*Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)  
Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)*

*You think you're clever throwing eggs at neighbours  
You know a mop bucket is no place for a wee  
Bill Clinton agrees  
Drink/driving, speeding, smoking marijuana  
You spat on fans, at least there's proof of Karma  
(I can't quite see Anne Frank beliebig now...)*

*Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)  
Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye (Bye Bye Bieber, Bieber Bye Bye)*

It could have been seen by some fans, that by writing this song we were repeating ourselves, but the truth of the matter is that Justin Bieber was no longer the fifteen year old that I wrote *If I Could Punch A Face...* about. He was now a 20 year old man, who was hitting the headlines for all the wrong reasons.

It gave us no end of amusement that, just as we thought our original song was about to grow stale, the news would report another reason to think of him as a total buffoon, giving us enough mileage to keep playing it.

There was a point where I considered revamping the lyrics to *If I Could Punch A Face...* but in order to make the most of the comedy gold that Justin was dishing out on a plate, Amanda

and I collated as many of these incidents to write, what is in essence, *If I Could Punch A Face - Pt. II*.

At first, we played both songs as a medley in our live sets. Nowadays, its much-loved predecessor still makes it into live sets, whereas this one rarely does, which is a shame, because I do still have a soft spot for it.

Incidents mentioned in the lyrics, include Mr Bieber's decision to quit the music industry (only to return about 6 months later), his pet capuchin monkey being detained in Munich, and scuffles with his neighbours, limo drivers and the press. It also include references to his potty-mouthed attack on former US President Bill Clinton, being filmed urinating in a restaurant mop bucket, and President Obama being sent a petition of 40,000 signatories, demanding he be deported back to his native Canada. However, just as you begin to think that this list of almighty clangers couldn't get worse, Justin went and made his most ludicrous claim, by writing in the Anne Frank Museum guestbook, "*Anne was a great girl. Hopefully she would have been a belieber*".

Since *Bye Bye Bieber* was written, Justin could have probably filled a book, never mind another song, with negative headline-grabbing incidents, but we figured it was time to move on to other targets.

## **Addicted To t'Pub**

Lyrics: Scott Doonican / Amanda White

Original Tune: Addicted To Love - Robert Palmer

*The lights are off, 'cos you're not home  
Your mind is not your own  
You're off art, with all your mates  
That first pint is all it takes  
You won't sleep 'til gone three  
You knock 'em back, nip for a wee  
You're on your way, that's guaranteed  
Another drink is all you need*

*We'd like to think that we're immune to the stuff, oh yeah  
It's closer to the truth to say that we can't get enough,  
You know we're gonna have to face it,  
We're addicted to t'pub*

*Each pint, starts to impede your brain, at different speeds  
Your mate says "It's double's time"  
Two Jaegerbombs and you'll be fine  
You're now quite blind, you can't be saved  
A sweaty kebab is all that you crave  
Some donner meat at half two  
You don't mind if you do*

*We'd like to think that we're immune to the stuff, oh yeah  
It's closer to the truth to say that we can't get enough,  
You know we're gonna have to face it,  
We're addicted to t'pub*

*Might as well face it, you're addicted to t'pub*

*Your lights are on, you've staggered home  
Your legs are not your own  
Tomorrow morning will be a farce  
When you feel as rough, as a bear's arse*

*We'd like to think that we're immune to the stuff, oh yeah  
It's closer to the truth to say that we can't get enough,  
You know we're gonna have to face it,  
We're addicted to t'pub*

*Might as well face it, you're addicted t'pub*

This was *Talk Of The Tarn*'s obligatory drinking song. Just as we thought we had done it all, as far as drinking songs were concerned, this little ode to the boozier arrived, fully-formed.

At the time the album was being recorded, we had seen less of Andy Doonican, and Alan #1

and I were frequently doing more shows as a duo. However, despite his good-attendance record, Alan had developed a habit of trying to avoid work where possible (at pub shows he would always arrive after Amanda and I had set up all of the PA on our own, and would vanish as we were left to pack-down at the end of a night).

At this time, we were developing a decent reputation on the independent festival scene. Our fan-base was growing, as our never-ending touring schedule continued. I have always been extremely passionate about the band, and have always dedicated a lot of time to every aspect of what we do. However, my fellow bandmates just simply had other interests and commitments, which meant that I was beginning to feel that I was not only the captain of the ship, but the crew as well.

It was around the time that the album was being finished, that Amanda suggested that maybe we needed to get somebody in to 'cover' for Andy on a part-time basis. As Andy's role was to play acoustic guitar, and the craftily retuned banjo and bouzouki, I wanted somebody who knew their way around a banjo. This resulted in a phone call to my good friend Richard Kitson, Barnsley's finest blues guitarist (who is also a fantastic 5-string banjo player). Richard, had almost joined the band a year earlier, until he saw the number of gigs we had booked, and he ran a mile!

On this occasion, I merely asked him to 'dep' for Andy, rather than become an honorary Bar-Steward. However, his tenure in the band was very short-lived. He guested on the *Talk Of The Tarn* album on *Whole Lotta Rosé*, both as himself, and as his alter-ego, Delmar Doonican. Delmar's back-story was that he originated from the swampy Barnsley deltas of Blacker Hill (thus making him a Blacker Hillbilly).

Rich agreed to play only one show, as Delmar, on 19<sup>th</sup> April 2014, at 'Harefest' at Harefield Hall in Pateley Bridge, near Harrogate, where Drunk In Public were to headline the Sunday (featuring Simon, Mark and Jon from The Levellers, and Rev Hammer). The performance was captured on the first half of the double-live album, *It'll Be Reight*.

It was a weekend that turned out to herald the arrival of not one, but three new Doonican brothers, in Andy Doonican's absence. The performance was great fun, but at the end of the show, we were asked by the festival organisers if we would be prepared to play again the next day (we were staying overnight and travelling a short distance on the Sunday, to play back at the Blues Bar, in Harrogate). Rich had to return to Barnsley that night, and therefore Alan and I would have had to perform as a duo, if we were to play the next day. This is what would have happened, had Simon Friend from the Levellers not have been in earshot of our conversation with the organisers. Si wandered over and said "*Are you a man down, tomorrow?*", to which I nodded. "*If you have a spare wig and tank-top, I'll do it on mandolin, as long as you can shout the keys to me, before the songs*".

It seemed rather bizarre that one of our musical heroes was prepared to do something so daft, but we were more than happy to have Simon on board. He had known the band for a while, by this point, and instantly decided that he would be 'Duck Doonican'. Wearing the same wig that Delmar had worn the day before, on top of his long curly hair, Duck had what only could be described as a monumental mullet. The 45 minute set, which included a cover of the Levellers' *15 Years*, was also recorded, becoming the second-half of the live album. The album captured Delmar and Duck's short-lived time with The Bar-Steward Sons, for all-time.

## **Road To Somewheer**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican*

*Original Tune: Road To Nowhere - Talking Heads*

*Well we know wheer we were goin',  
But we don't know wheer we've bin  
'Cos I followed me Sat-Nav,  
Then we lost the M18  
'Ar lass has no sense of direction,  
So she dun't know wheer to next  
And our future's uncertain,  
Whilst the Tom-Tom redirects*

*We're on a road to somewhere,  
But me Sat-Nav is shite  
Tekkin' a ride to somewheer,  
But nowheer that's right  
We're on the way to the gig...  
'Ey up! Let's go!  
But this bloody thing has got a mind of its own,  
Dun't you know*

*We're on a road to somewhere  
But me Tom-Tom is crap  
Tekkin' a drive to somewhere,  
That's clearly not on me map  
I wa' feelin' alreight this mornin'  
Till I got stuck  
In a farmer's field full of cows  
With a bull eyeing me up, just me luck*

*We're on a road to somewhere*

*It allus tells you what to do,  
But it hasn't got a clue  
I tell thee it's not right, tell thee it's not right  
Smug bloody voice that's too polite:  
"On the left tek the first right"  
I tell thee it's not right, tell thee it's not right  
Lost in Lundwood, not by choice,  
Put me faith in Yoda's voice  
I tell thee it's not right, tell thee it's not right*

*Gonna need somewhere to stay,  
'Cos I'm chuffin' miles away  
I tell thee it's not right, tell thee it's not right*

*And I'm hanging off a cliff,  
Directions clear as hieroglyphs  
I tell thee it's not right, tell thee it's not right*

*We're on a road to somewhere*

At the time of writing, we've done over 800 shows so far, on the 'Never Ending Tour of Everywhere', and for 99% of them, Amanda has been the designated driver. The only downside to this is that I automatically have to take on the role of co-pilot, and although my map-reading skills are quite good, Amanda has no sense of direction whatsoever.

A few years ago, I bought her a useless Sat-Nav (top tip: never buy a *Binatone* Sat-Nav). She still has never programmed it, as she doesn't know, or indeed doesn't want to know, how it functions. That would be *my* primary function in the car.

This song was a reaction to the many times we have been lost, as a result of me opting to follow the ruddy stupid thing, rather than using a good, old-fashioned map.

## **Nando's**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican / Elliot Smaje / Amanda White  
Original Tune: Fernando - ABBA*

*It was dimly lit by candle  
When I took you out for a romantic night of bliss  
The waiter poured the Vino Blanco  
Should have poured it darn the sink  
Because it tasted just... too tart  
I looked down at the menu,  
And what I saw there, struck terror in my heart*

*It could've been in Esperanto  
For all the sense it made, it was all Greek to me  
No food should look so mangled  
You know just where to shove your Piri-Piri recipe?  
I closed my eyes and hoped and prayed  
That what they brought was fish n chips with peas*

*There was summat on me plate last night  
The food was shite at Nando's  
I dunno what it was they brought to eat  
It smelt like feet at Nando's  
Although it seemed that there was tonnes of choice  
I had regrets  
If I had to do the same today  
I'd say "No way" to Nando's*

*I acted smooth like Marlon Brando  
In 'The Wild One' back in 1953  
But my plate looked like John Rambo  
Had attacked the lot with an unsharpened machete  
And if the chicken was free-range  
I'm pretty sure that it was not happy.*

*There was very little I could do  
It tasted poo at Nando's  
It smelt just like a septic tank  
The food was rank at Nando's  
And when they brought the bill  
My wallet broke into a sweat  
And even if I could forget the smell  
I'd say to hell with Nando's*

*Even Abba wouldn't take a chance  
The food was pants at Nando's  
Dun't know what it was that took us there  
I found a hair at Nando's  
And though I try to block that image out  
I can't forget*

*I wouldn't recommend the pitta wrap  
It tasted poor at Nando's*

You'd be amazed at how many song ideas we get sent from friends and fans, via Facebook and emails. I received a Facebook message on 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2013, from a chap called Elliot Smaje, who runs the Wall Of Sound record store in Leeds, that simply said,

*"Maybe my friends The Bar-Steward Sons of Val Doonican might want to something with this. Expand on it or not. Understandably you might not..."*

*There was something on my plate that night  
The food was shite at Nando's"*

I didn't even need to be told what the tune was, because it was so obvious, and also extremely funny.

It took a good 9 months after Elliot's message, before Amanda and I got around to writing it, but when we did, with the online menu on a screen in front of us, it didn't take too long to pack it with suitable gags. Elliot is credited for his contribution, and regularly reminds me that he is probably owed about 19 pence in song-writing royalties, by now.

If truth be told, I've still never been in a Nando's!

## **Whole Lotta Rosé**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican*

*Original Tune: Whole Lotta Rosie – AC/DC*

*Wanna tell you a story, 'bout a woman I know  
When it comes to suppin', oh, she steals the show  
It ain't big or clever, she doesn't try to appall  
But give her a carton of French wine  
And you will see she'll sup it AAAALLLLL!!!!!!!!!!!!*

*Never saw a woman, never saw a woman like you  
Guzzlin' darn wine by the box, like you're havin' a brew  
It ain't no fairy story  
When you're on the booze  
And you're lost in a festival crowd  
And you're having a snooze*

*She's done a whole lotta suppin'  
A whole lotta suppin'  
She's had whole lotta rosé  
A whole lotta rosé  
A whole lotta rosé  
She's done a whole lotta suppin'*

*Bloody hell, you're neckin', neckin' it all darn in one  
Sat there in your comfy chair, havin' barrels of fun  
All through the night-time  
Right around the clock  
Oh Lord, it's no surprise, that lady never stops*

*She's done a whole lotta suppin'  
A whole lotta suppin'  
She's had whole lotta rosé  
A whole lotta rosé  
A whole lotta rosé  
She's done a whole lotta suppin'*

Believe it or not, but *Whole Lotta Rosé* is a true story, based around the events of the evening of 17<sup>th</sup> August 2012. Names would normally be changed to protect the guilty, but this story has been so well documented during live shows, particularly around the time that the album was released, that I would struggle to tell this any other way.

One March afternoon, I was teaching my class of Year 3 children, when my mobile phone buzzed silently in my pocket. Noticing a London number, I figured it was either something really important, or some buggler trying to sell me PPI. Something at the back of my mind told me it was the former, so I asked my classroom assistant if she could watch the class for a minute, while I surreptitiously answered it in my stock-cupboard.

The call was from John Bownas, who runs the Band Stand at Beautiful Days Festival in Devon. When he asked if we would be interested in playing Beautiful Days, I was genuinely convinced that it was a friend winding me up. It transpired that it wasn't a wind-up, and all of a sudden we were being offered the opportunity to play a large music festival, 250 miles from home, organised by the Levellers, a band that I was a huge fan of.

A few months later, we arrived in Devon and were so pleased to be part of such a great weekend. After pitching our tents, we set off to find out what the stage we were playing at, was like. Having got a copy of the programme, we noticed that Franz Nicolay (the former keyboard player from Brooklyn-based rock band, The Hold Steady) was playing the same stage as us. As big fans of the band, Andy and I were keen to watch Franz's set. Unfortunately, he played to about 20 people, in a field that had a much larger capacity.

My introduction to the Beautiful Days Band Stand, was not quite the rock n roll dream I had imagined it to be. Within a few hours of talking to people on site, we had established that other bands such as 3 Daft Monkeys and Hobo Jones & The Junkyard Dogs, had busked around site in previous years, until they got a booking. We were about to do the opposite... we'd got a booking, but wanted to busk to spread the word about the booking we had.

On the night of 17<sup>th</sup> August, the night before we were due to play, it was decided that, after Frank Turner's headline slot on the Main Stage, we would go to the site of a large, red double-decker bus that was parked at the bottom of the campsite. It was serving as a coffee shop, and it seemed to be the perfect place, as everybody returning to their tents would inevitably have to pass us.

Before Mr Turner hit the stage, we watched Toots & The Maytals, and during this time Amanda and Andy's fiancée (now his wife), Hannah were drinking glasses of wine from a large box. Kay had brought a camping chair for Alan, but they later decided to pop back to his campervan, and had left it with Amanda and Hannah. As The Maytals finished their set, it was suggested that we would leave the ladies, whilst we went back to our tents to get our instruments, so that we could stash them in the back of the coffee bus (which we had arranged with the owner that afternoon, as we were hatching our plan).

This is where the problem started.

Having had far too much wine, a slightly drunken Amanda needed desperately to visit the nearest portaloo, leaving a slightly more drunken Hannah in the camping chair. Whilst she was gone, Hannah then promptly fell asleep in the chair.

You may recall that I told you that Amanda has no sense of direction, earlier in the book... well, not only did Amanda lose Hannah in the chair, but when Andy and I tried to find her, we couldn't. This was because she was asleep at chair height in a field with approximately 10,000 standing people, obscuring her from view!

After a rather lengthy search, we attempted to call Hannah, who, by now, due to Frank Turner and his band striking up their opening number, had promptly woken up, and had started to panic that she was on her own in a field, with no idea where anybody was. Needless to say, when we did find her, she had a monumental meltdown at Andy, declaring, "*Andy, I could have been taken!!*"

To this day, I have no idea what that meant.

Andy, however, did not pass go, didn't collect £200 and went directly to the doghouse. At the end of Frank Turner's set, he was marched back to his tent, for a thorough ear-bashing, leaving me and Alan to do the busking set at the coffee van on our own.

We vowed that we wouldn't talk about 'Snoozychairgate' again, in a bid to ensure Andy got into no further bother... but that didn't stop me writing a song about it!

I remember that when I had finished it, I rang Andy, who happened to be driving at the time. Whilst both of us were on hands-free mode, I picked up my guitar and sang it, whilst Andy listened. He loved it, and had a really good laugh at what I had created. We both knew, though, that it wasn't going to be popular with his better-half.

When we came to record the song for the album, my friend, Richard Kitson (who had previously collaborated with us on 'Wath-On-Dearne Blues') came round and added a jaw-dropping rawk electric geetar solo, and his alter-ego, the banjo-wielding Delmar Doonican, added some much-needed twang to the track.

The finished recording wouldn't have been complete without the AC/DC-esque chants of "HANNAH!" (a la the original live recording from the album *If You Want Blood You've Got It* where the manic Glaswegian crowd shout "ANGUS!" between the riffs). These chants were provided by the crowd at Harefest, at Harefield Hall, in Pateley Bridge, near Harrogate, whilst we recorded the live album *It'll Be Reight*.

I don't think Hannah will ever forgive me, but I'll apologise anyway!

## **Snoring In Your Sleep**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican / Amanda White*

*Original Tune: Rolling In The Deep - Adele*

*There's a problem, although you're in my heart  
Reaching a certain pitch, that rings out in the dark  
For miles and miles, I'm sure that folk could hear  
A noise like a foghorn, that makes me want to swear  
Normally I love every piece of you  
But don't underestimate the things that I will do*

*The sound is so raw, it's like a buzz-saw  
I'm laid here blinking, as I'd almost drifted off  
If you don't stop this, I could leave you breathless  
I lift my pillow, 'cos you drive me up the wall  
You're snoring in your sleep  
It's louder than a big brass band  
And it's clearly not discrete*

*I wouldn't mind so much if you'd got cold  
I'd rub your chest with vapo-rub  
And I'd act more concerned  
But think of me, in the depths of my despair  
'Cos it sounds like I'm laid next to a chuffin' grizzly bear*

*Even with those snore-strips, the chance of some kip  
Is just about as likely as a National Lottery win  
'Cos they close your nose up and leave you breathless  
So you cough and splutter  
While I scream and shout and ball  
'Cos you're snoring in your sleep  
It's louder than a baby grand  
Being jumped on with both feet  
There's times that I just wish that I was counting sheep  
But I reckon they'd just bugger off  
'Cos you can hear it in the street*

*I throw the duvet right over me head  
I'm wearing ear protectors  
Whilst I'm slept in the spare bed  
But come sunrise, the early morning light  
You'll rise fresh and eager,  
While I'm laid there feeling shite*

*The sound is shredding, it does me head in  
It could hit a seven on the chuffing Richter Scale  
If you don't stop this, I could leave you breathless  
I lift my pillow 'cos it drives me up the wall  
You're snoring in your sleep  
It sounds just like a wrecking ball*

*That has landed on a sheep  
It drives me up the wall, 'cos you're snoring in your sleep  
Your throat is gently in my hands  
I could rock you, rock you, rock you, rock you fast asleep*

In every relationship, there will be a snorer and a victim. Despite the jokey nature of this song, I am the victim, and Amanda does actually snore pretty loudly!

Despite all of my dislike for 99.999% of her moody pop-music, Amanda had suggested for ages that I should try to rework an Adele song.

I think she may have regretted that!

## **Sean Bean**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican / Amanda White*

*Original Tune: James Dean - The Eagles*

*Sean Bean, Sean Bean; a Yorkshire bloke in every scene  
Sean Bean, allus stubbly, tough and mean  
But you can bet your life, he's sure die  
When you see him on the silver screen*

*He's been flogged, hung, maimed and shot in the face  
Even had his arms pulled off  
Sean Bean, chased by cows off a ravine  
Yes you can bet your life, he's sure to die  
When you see him on the silver screen*

*He's had more run-ins with the old Grim Reaper  
Than he's had hot meals  
Playing parts like Major Sharpe, Boromir and Ned Stark  
But he allus chuffin' pegs it somehow in the final reel*

*Sean Bean, Sean Bean; funerals he's had umpteen  
Sean Bean, packing deaths in like sardines  
Like Spiñal Tap's drummer, he's sure to be a goner  
From the second that he walks on t'screen*

*Watching Sean Bean, up on the screen  
Feighting orcs in Lord Of The Rings  
Til one with a longbow, shot him in slow-mo  
Now he's pushing up the daisies  
With an arrow in his spleen*

*Sean Bean, Sean Bean; not a single Oscar to be seen  
Sean Bean, Sean Bean, which I think is kind of mean  
He dun't know how to act, but he knows how to die  
Bye-bye*

*There is no chance he'll live, he was just born to die  
Bye-bye*

*There is no chance he'll live... just born to die  
There is no chance he'll live... just born to die  
There is no chance he'll live... just born to die  
There is no chance he'll live... just born to die  
Bye-bye*

I had been toying with the idea of reworking an Eagles song for ages, because I love their harmony-rich sound and they have an amazing back-catalogue of great songs.

One afternoon, I was looking through some of the LPs in my ever-expanding vinyl collection,

when I pulled out *On The Border*. About 20 minutes in, on turning the record over to Side B, one of my favourite Eagles tracks of all time just instantly screamed out the idea for this song.

Later in the car, I took The Eagles' *Greatest Hits* CD and played the track for Amanda, telling her of my idea. She said she had never heard the song in her life and wondered if anyone else had. I was convinced it wouldn't matter, and the song's popularity with audiences (Yorkshire ones in particular) proves that it didn't.

A popular recent addition to our set, at the time, was my new *Bak-Trak* samples pedal on my pedalboard, that allows me to play snippets of dialogue of Sean playing the part of Lieutenant Colonel Richard Sharpe in the popular TV series, based on Bernard Cornwell's books. Despite having many other uses, it has been christened the 'Sean Bean button' as a result. Luckily, the people that invented it, did a great job, as it hasn't died on me yet!

## **You Can't Judge Our Dad**

*Lyrics: Andy Doonican*

*Original Tune: You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover - Bo Diddley*

*You can't judge our knitwear 'cos we allus look alreight  
You can't stop singing with us, or the tapping of your feet  
We may look like we are strangers, but we actually are brothers  
But you can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers*

*Oh, how's it go? Sing 'Ey up! and Let's go!  
Well we look like we are crooners, but we're only music lovers  
But you can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers!*

*You can't judge Andy, by the stylish way he plays  
You can't judge Alan, by the crazy things he says  
Our parentage is questionable, but one thing we've discovered is  
You can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers!*

*Better than Quo! We sing 'Ey up! Let's go!  
Well we'll play you all our Dooni-hits, one after another  
But you can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers!*

*You can't judge a fish, without eating it with chips  
And you can't eat chips, without a lifetime on the hips  
You can't be just as sexy, unless you're a knitwear lover  
And you can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers!*

*Oh, how's it go? Say 'Ey up! Let's go!  
Well we're here to rock you gently, and we do not give a bugger  
'Cos you can't judge our Dad, 'cos we've got different mothers!*

I was always a little unsure about this song. This was mainly because, from everything I had read about Val Doonican (including his three autobiographies: *Walking Tall*, *The Special Years*, and *My Story, My Life*), he seemed a genuinely lovely family man. I have a great respect for him, because he had a great tenor voice, was the epitome of what an 'entertainer' should be, and continued to perform into his early 80s, which I can imagine is no mean feat.

By the time we released our *Bestest Bits II* vinyl in early 2015, I even managed to trace Val's address from a former agent, in order to post a copy to him, in the hope he would get the joke and not be offended. Sadly, we never heard anything back from the great man.

The problem I had with it, was simply that the initial light-hearted joke of the three of us being possible illegitimate offspring, now seemed a little too dark, more so, as some people genuinely believed we were!

*You Can't Judge Our Dad* was an Andy Doonican composition that he claimed to have written as his tongue-in-cheek way of "restoring balance to *The Force*" as he felt that Val had been getting something of a bad reputation, because of us.

Andy had this to say about it:

*“I wrote this song when I lived in the Jump ghettos, which is what gives it its flavor and ting. Our dad was getting a bit of a hard rap, and I didn’t want people getting the wrong impression, so I just thought I’d tell it as it really is... so don’t diss him... don’t hate on him. He’s our dad.”*

## **Ring! Ring!**

*Lyrics: Scott Doonican*

*Original Tune: Ring Ring - ABBA*

*Watching telly sat at home, when I hear the telephone  
So I leave my seat and go to get the receiver  
It's a cheery Geordie voice, who isn't in his job by choice  
But he's trying to ascertain if I'm the home owner  
And as me eyes roll to the sky, he asks if I've bought PPI*

*Oh no! Ring! Ring! Do I sound like I like a cold call?  
Ring! Ring! While I rant and I rave and I bawl  
Ring! Ring! Feel like smashing me phone off the wall  
And as I sit there and shout impatiently  
While you just carry on, obliviously  
So Ring! Ring! Me patience is getting quite small  
So Ring! Ring! Yes, you're driving me right up the wall  
So Ring! Ring! Why on Earth are you still bangin' on?  
So Ring! Ring! Do you not understand? Bugger off!*

*Oh no! Me laptop's broken down,  
The screen's died, I sigh and frown  
So I bite the bullet and call the support centre number  
Where a robot voice tells me, options 1 to 23  
Then I'm left on hold for what seems to be forever  
Playing 'My Heart Will Go On'  
Till I could murder Celine Dion*

*Ring! Ring! Two hours to answer my call  
Ring! Ring! And it's clear now I'm through to Nepal  
Ring! Ring! Is there someone to translate at all?  
And just when I think all hope is gone  
I'm asked if I've switched it off and on  
So Ring! Ring! Me patience is getting quite small  
So Ring! Ring! Yes, you're driving me right up the wall  
So Ring! Ring! There's no way that your name is Paul  
So Ring! Ring! Then you hang up on me after all!*

One afternoon, I received a phone call from a company claiming to be working on behalf of a government agency. The gentleman I spoke to was clearly calling from a call-centre outside the UK. He promptly asked if I had previously worked in a noisy environment, and told me that if I had, it was highly probable that I could make a claim for industrial noise-induced hearing loss.

Amanda's attention was alerted by me shouting like a loony in the next room. She understandably wondered who I was talking to, and what the hell I was doing, as I commenced what was supposed to be a 'short survey' to ascertain my eligibility for making a claim. Without missing an opportunity, I proceeded to yell all of my answers down the phone, occasionally adding phrases like "COULD YOU REPEAT THAT?", "SORRY, I

*DIDN'T QUITE GET WHAT YOU SAID!" and "IS THERE A RINGING SOUND ON THE LINE? I'M SURE I CAN HEAR A NOISE! IS THAT MY PHONE OR YOUR PHONE?"*

About twenty minutes later, after also convincing the poor bloke that my name was Patrick McGoohan, he appeared to be a little rattled by my numerous requests for him to repeat himself. On the plus side, it turned out that all of my false answers had resulted in me being eligible to actually make a claim after all! It was at this point, that I politely thanked him for his time, but told him that I wasn't interested.

Clearly, this new information is now logged in an online database somewhere on distant shores, as about a week later Amanda had another call from somebody asking to speak to Mr McGoohan. To them, I am just a number... not a free man.

This song is for anybody who has ever suffered a similar fate.

## **The Bar Of The Old No. 7**

*Lyrics: Chris Sammon*

*Original Tune: Stairway To Heaven - Led Zeppelin*

*There's a lass some lads know dressed in glitter and gold  
At the bar of the Old No. 7  
As she stands there unsure, fancies whisky liqueur  
Checks the optics to spot what she came for  
Ooh, at the bar of the Old No. 7*

*With her glass in her hand, seems she's hatching a plan  
Keep your eyes down in case you're her target  
Oh my word don't look now, she's got an arse like a cow  
That's been fed and then led to the market  
Ooh, she's got thighs of thunder*

*There's a feeling I've got, like I'm abart to be shot  
And my spirit is there for the crushing  
And before me I see, things that terrify me  
While the whole pub's stood laughing and looking  
Ooh, she's got thighs of thunder*

*And it's whispered that soon, she'll bend me like a spoon  
In the hands of that man Yuri Geller  
And I'm trapped by the door and then pinned to the wall  
Christ, she's strong she's got a grip like a fella!*

*I felt a bustle darn in me hedgerow, and I'm alarmed now  
She's up for taking me and breaking me  
There's only one way this'll end and it's not a good one  
There's no time to change the road I'm on  
In her thighs of thunder*

*My head is drumming; don't want to go,  
In case you dun't know  
She's dragged me out by the wheelie bins  
Dear lady I can feel the wind blow, and it won't grow  
Oh Christ, she's going to duff me in!*

*The punters peer in from the road,  
At this lad without his clothes  
And the lady wants to know  
Why there's not that much to show  
I guess it's not so rock and roll,  
'Cos in the winter it's damn cold  
And the beer has taken hold,  
And if you listen very hard  
You'll hear the laughter in the yard,  
At the bar of the Old No. 7*

This was written by our friend Professor Chris Sammon, who also co-wrote *She's From Dodworth*.

The Bar Of The Old No. 7 is a pub in the centre of Barnsley. It is located at number seven Market Hill, which, for many years was known as Carter's No. 7, after the family of wine and spirit merchants, which ran it from 1878 to 1936. After having several other names, the pub reopened in August 2011, as the Acorn Brewery's brewery tap and is now a real-ale lover's paradise.

In its latest incarnation, it has played host to a variety of musicians, including Frank Turner, who played a secret pub gig there in August 2014, which we had the pleasure to attend, after me blagging our way in. The first anybody had been alerted about the show, was when Frank had tweeted a photograph of his train ticket to 135,000 fans.

Within a few minutes, possibly because I do a bit of work helping to promote acts on the local music scene, I had been sent several text messages from musician friends, asking if I knew anything of where the secret show was likely to be. I didn't actually know, but correctly guessed that the town's theatres wouldn't be Frank Turner's style, and that if I had been him, either the former Polish Club or The Old No. 7 would be the places to go. I have since learned, that the Polish Club had left the message unanswered, but my instincts made me ring Fiona, the then-manager of the Old No. 7.

I simply said, "*Hi Fee, I'm trying to organise a very last minute music session, tonight. I'm just wondering if the cellar bar's free?*". Fiona couldn't have been more cagey, protesting that she couldn't possibly, as they had a 'function' on there that very night.

*"On a Thursday, night? Really!? Er... Fee? Is Frank Turner playing the Number 7?"*

*"You bugger,"* she said, knowing she had been rumbled. *"You'd better not tell a soul!"*

*"I won't tell anybody, as long as you can guarantee that Amanda and I can get in,"* I replied.

Thankfully, Fiona agreed, and Amanda and I managed to make it into the pub at 3pm for the gig, which started at 9pm. The pub was rammed even at 3pm, as the rumours had already started to circulate. Much later, just before show-time, I also managed to wangle Andy Doonican in too, as he wouldn't have wanted to miss it for the world.

Considering that Frank Turner could have sold-out the nearby Sheffield Arena twice over, this very intimate show was a rare treat. Frank belted out singalong after singalong, on a single acoustic guitar, in front of no more than 80 people. There were plenty of folk who didn't make it into the pub, and they were all pressed up against the steamy windows, watching from outside, with Frank stopping between songs to wipe the condensation away for them to view the show.

I thought a lovely touch was how, when Frank finished his set, he unplugged his guitar, walked out onto the street outside the pub, and gave the fans who had been outside the whole time, a couple more songs. We met him shortly afterwards in the pub's cellar bar, and he seemed a genuinely nice bloke. I can also report, that after the show, dripping with sweat, he was given a change of clothing, and he is co-incidentally, the proud owner of a Ramones-style 'Doonicans' t-shirt. The only thing I need to question, is that a couple of years after our

meeting, Frank has taken to crowd-surfing to the bar, in large venues, for a beer. I can't think where he came up with such a ludicrous idea.

Over the years, Dave Hughes, who runs the Acorn Brewery, has been kind enough to honour the band with two Bar-Steward ales. The first one was released to coincide with the release of *The Bar-Stewards' Big 7* in 2013, and was aptly dubbed 'Tarnlife' ale. To fit in with the release of the vinyl, Dave ensured that it was 4.5%, to match the 45rpm playing speed (I'm glad I'm not the only person OCD about such things!).

The second ale was released to coincide with the release of *Bestest Bits II*, which also featured gorgeous artwork by Terry Brookes, of me sat on a keg of 'Tarnlife' ale outside the Old No. 7 itself. We named the ale 'Bar-Steward', and one of the pump-handle clips (which Terry's artwork also adorned) now resides on the body of my 'Workhorse' acoustic guitar (replacing the 'Tarnlife' ale one, which used to be in its place).

Björn and I didn't need to have our arms twisted to go to the brewery (which is a convenient walk from my house) to spend the day with their top brewer, Steve Bunting, to help him to brew the ale. We filmed our escapades over the course of the day, for a very special video diary, that can still be found on YouTube. The launch night of the ale was held at a special gig at The Old No. 7, during which our audience helped to sell-out all of the 'Bar-Steward' ale that the bar had to offer that night... a staggering 118 pints!

When Professor Chris first sent the lyrics of *The Bar Of The Old No. 7* to me, I loved them on the first read-through. However I told him that I was worried that people would be offended by some of the near-the-knuckle lyrics. Nevertheless, it finally got presented to an audience, that also contained Chris (his acoustic duo Wilde Sammon had played our support that night) in the pub's cellar bar on 21<sup>st</sup> December 2013. It went down a storm.

This is what The Prof. has to say about it:

*"Stairway To Heaven is just a classic song and the Old No. 7 is a classic pub; a perfect match really. I'm a Barnsley FC season ticket holder and always head there for a pre-match beer (it's the only way to survive 90 minutes at Oakwell these days). One particular Saturday evening, as I drove into town, I was listening to Led Zeppelin IV and, as I drove past The Courthouse pub to get to the car park, I spied a couple of typically underdressed, oversized Barnsley lasses having a ciggie by the back door; the opening line popped into my head followed by the "at the bar of the Old No. 7". Later in December, Wilde Sammon were fortunate enough to support the Doonicans at the cellar bar in the Old No. 7. Hearing this song played by the full band was a real high point for me. One of those right place, right time kind of moments."*