A promotional image for Tom Robinson. It features two men's faces, one on the left and one on the right, both looking towards the camera. The background is dark. In the center, the text "TOM ROBINSON" is written in white, bold, sans-serif font. A horizontal line is drawn under "ROBINSON". Below the line, the text "ONLY THE NOW" is written in the same font, with "NOW" in a larger, bold font.

TOM
ROBINSON

ONLY THE
NOW

HOME IN THE MORNING

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver)

"He was to remove what Charles had described, using a wry, all-purpose comic tone... as 'kinky relics'. The idea was to spare Charles's mother."

Adam Mars Jones, The Darker Proof

Hey Pretty David
I'm so glad you made it
Come sit over here in the light
I'm sorry the setting
Is kind of depressing
But I need a favour tonight
The laughs and the parties
Were great while they lasted
But now that it's time to move on
I need a friend who can
Tie up some ends, cause
Tomorrow I'm gonna be gone

Goodbye to London
So long to St Mary's
I'm so sorry I couldn't stay
You nephews and nieces
I love you to pieces
But I'm going home
In the morning

My Rolex and phone
Are right there on the table
The keys to my car and the flat
Cut up my credit cards,
Pay off the milkman
Recycle the bills on the mat
The Boss and Armani
Are yours if you want 'em
Just stick all the rest in a sack
Then drop the whole lot
At the charity shop
Tell the neighbours
I'm not coming back

Goodbye to London
So long to St Mary's
I'm so sorry I couldn't stay
You nephews and nieces
I love you to pieces
But let's just call it a day

Goodbye you ravers
You movers and shakers
You lovers and brothers
I've known
Kiss me goodnight
And then switch out the light
Because I'm going home
In the morning

Shred all my letters
And burn the old polaroids
Stick all those mags in the trash
Empty the treasure chest
Under my bed
And flush every crumb
In my stash
Swear on your life
You'll wipe my hard drive, and
Smash any backups you find
There's no need for my mother
To ever discover
The life that I'm leaving behind

Goodbye to London
So long to St Mary's
So sorry I couldn't stay... etc

TR: gtr, voc, bass
Adam Phillips: elec gtr
*Gerry Diver: various**

MERCIFUL GOD

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips)

"I have a strong faith and pray before every mission... I believe that God's put me in this job"
US bomber pilot, CNN 2003

Noise and groove by Adam Phillips and Andy Treacey with additional vocal chords of TV Smith and Lee Forsyth Griffiths.
Bass by me. Gerry playing literally everything else.

TR

Fat white maggots
With their fat white faces
Crawling all over
God's holy places
Smoke glass windows
Aircon coaches
Spewing out locusts
Spewing out roaches

God is merciful
God is just
Why mind dying
When he says we must
I'm not frightened
I'm not fearful
Doing the job that
God put me here for

Preaching democracy
And gentle Jesus
They lie and bully us
Bomb and bleed us
They help our enemies
Slay our brothers
Kill our children
Murder our mothers

God is merciful... etc

Doing a job, I'm doing a job
I'm doing a job that
God put me here for

Fat white maggots
All blind and bloated
They like their reality
Sugar-coated
There's only one language
They understand
And that's when
The body parts hit the fan

God is merciful... etc

Doing a job, I'm doing a job
I'm doing a job that
God put me here for

TR: bs, voc
TV Smith: b.voc
Lee Forsyth Griffiths: b.voc
Adam Phillips: gtr
Andy Treacey: drs
*Gerry Diver: various**

Mixed by Ben Hiller



Gerry Diver, Tom Robinson, Billy Bragg, Martin Carthy
Selfie by Gerry



Tom Robinson, TV Smith, Lee Forsyth Griffiths, Gerry Diver
Photo: Kate de Ban

THE MIGHTY SWORD OF JUSTICE

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips)

"Changes in Legal Aid have come into force... removing funding from family cases, advice on welfare benefits, employment, debt and some housing problems. Lawyers say the cuts will significantly affect access to justice."

BBC News 2013

Whore: /hɔːr/ n.

A person considered to have compromised their principles for personal gain, usually money.

The Free Dictionary

A Protest March Carnival Song written in 2013 for The Justice Alliance. With outstanding contributions by Billy Bragg, Lisa Knapp, Martin Carthy, Colin Firth and Frank Rollock

TR

My Daddy did his articles in 1954
When he began soliciting
The work stuck in his craw
Enforcing for the bourgeoisie
He very quickly saw
There's one law for the rich
And another one for the poor

Rebekah's friends and fortune
Defended her in court
The shredder lives in luxury
His millions have bought
But Doreen Lawrence
Had to wait for 18 years and more
There's one law for the rich
And another one for the poor

The mighty sword of Justice
Stands high above us all
All citizens stand equal
Before her mighty laws
But even mighty Justice
Has one almighty flaw
There's one law for the rich
And another one for the poor

Our leaders meet in secret
Behind a thick blue line
When cops protect the wealthy
The cost is yours and mine
They infiltrated Occupy

And crippled them with fines
There's one law for the 1%
And another for the ninety-nine

The mighty sword of Justice...
etc

Now Justice wears a coronet
But Justice is a whore
She puts out for rich gentlemen
Who love to pay her court
And kicks away the crutches
From beggars at her door
There's one law for the rich
And another one for the poor

The mighty sword of Justice...
etc

There's one law for the rich
And another one for the poor

TR: voc
Billy Bragg: voc
Lisa Knapp: voc
Martin Carthy: voc
Frank Rollock: steelpan
Colin Firth: newsreader
*Gerry Diver: various**

DON'T JUMP, DON'T FALL

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips)

CALM is a charity dedicated to preventing male suicide. It offers a free, confidential helpline from 5pm to midnight, 7 days a week on 0800 585858 thecalmzone.net

For Andrew

TR

I still remember
First meeting you when
You were a small blond kid
About nine or ten
Your mother went missing
And your father drank
For your first real home
You had an aunt to thank

You came to stay
When you were still quite young
You had mischievous eyes
And a razor-sharp tongue
Life has its interludes
And this was one
We'd pretend for the weekend
You were our son

We used to pick you up
When you were feeling blue

We took you out to the movies
And the circus too
But nothing's forever
And it couldn't last
We had our own baby
And the moment passed

If you felt betrayed
Boy, you hid it well
But when I think back now
I feel guilty as hell
You hit the bottle
When you hit your teens
Became runaway jailbait
For chicken queens

Don't jump, don't fall
There's a world of love
Out there
And you can have it all

I must admit
It must have seemed like fun
The kind of life you lived
When you were on the run
All the tricks you'd turned
And all the drugs you'd done
As you scraped the barrel
With your lowlife chums

You were always so certain
That you'd never see thirty
When you called collect
To talk drunk and dirty
A restless aching deep within
The pain of inhabiting
A human skin

Don't jump, don't fall
There's a world of love
Out there
And you could have it all
Don't jump, don't fall
Standing on that balcony
Your back against a wall

You must have been shaking
With a terrible dread
As you climbed unsteady
From that unmade bed
Did you feel relief
Or did you just feel numb
To know your moment
Had finally come

When you left the flat
On that final night
Did you lock the door
Did you leave the light
Did you think of her
Did you think of me

Or did you simply think
You were about to be free

The alcohol raging
Round your veins
The black depression
Pouring down like rain
I pray to God
By every holy name
My own sweet children
Never know that pain

Don't jump, don't fall
There's a world of love
Out there
You could have had it all
Don't jump, don't fall
Standing on that balcony
Your back against a wall

Don't jump

TR: voc
Lee Forsyth Griffiths: voc
Adam Phillips: gtr
Andy Treacey: drs
Gerry Diver: various*



Mastering engineer Frank Arkwright at Abbey Road
Photo: TR



HOLY SMOKE

(Tom Robinson, Caz Ginsberg, Swami Baracus, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Patrick Dawes)

*"Growing up on a remote farm
in North Wales, whenever my
brothers and I ran out of Rizlas, we
used to skin up with pages from
the family bible"*

Caz Ginsberg, Fennel Seeds

*Thanks to Ian for being The
Voice Of God, to Swami for his
dissenting counterpoint, and to
Lisa for the Heavenly Choir.*

TR

My father's in the kitchen
My mother's making tea
My sister's sitting stitching
My brother's dungarees
My grandad's in the attic
Some aunts and uncles too
I'm shattered and erratic
There's one thing left to do

Ripping out and rolling up
The scriptures
The fire of Isaiah
Makes me choke
Inhaling Revelations
And Creation

Two thousand years of
Wisdom up in smoke

I like to smoke the bible
It makes a crazy toke
Those wafer paper pages
Go up in holy smoke
The wrath of God will find me
My friends and neighbours say
But I get high divinely
My sins are blown away

Ripping out and rolling... etc

Are you completely dazed?
Think outside this purple haze
Harry Secombe's stuck in a grave
And you're blazing on
These Songs of Praise?
Yo, I'm in disgust
That's Exodus not Angel Dust
The lust for the chronic
And the wanderlust
Slips up till your brain combusts
See, mess with both
These testaments
Gonna leave this house
In pestilence
Your testicles turn tentacles
Its apocalypse, on a groinal sense
You're never gonna catch me

Turning the Gita to a reefer
So for The Man Upstairs I plead ya
Summon these stoners
To pay for their deeds!

You like to smoke the bible
It makes a crazy toke
Those wafer paper pages
Go up in holy smoke
The wrath of God will find you
My saints and angels say
But me, I'm right behind you
Your sins are blown away

Ripping out and rolling... etc

Two thousand years
Of wisdom up in smoke

TR: bs, voc
Swami Baracus: rap
Ian McKellen: Voice Of God
Lisa Knapp: choir
Andy Treacey: drs
Adam Phillips: gtr
Gerry Diver: various*

CRY OUT

(Tom Robinson, Andy Treacey, Elliott Randall, Adam Phillips, Al Scott, Gerry Diver)

*"Speeding the freeway and
recklessly riding...
Strung out at the end of my chain"*

Music born from a band jam with
Elliott Randall, and a lyric born
in darkness. Guest vocal by soul
brother John Grant.

TR

Brown eyes and blue jeans
And gut-churning beauty
Your crimson dominion
Of shame
The needles are in me
The demons within me
Cry out
And remember your name

Speeding the freeway
And recklessly riding
Strung out at the end
Of my chain
Floodwaters rise
At the turn of the tide
I'll cry out
And remember your name

Cry out... Cry out
Strung out
At the end of my chain
Cry out... Cry out
And remember your name

Angel of darkness
Sweet lord of oblivion
I worship again
And again
I was born to adore you, to
Fall down before you
Cry out
And remember your name

Sobbing and shaking
Please let me be taken
Tonight in the dark
Driving rain
Out in the trees
When I'm down on my knees
I'll cry out
And remember your name

Cry out... Cry out...
In my moment of pain
Cry out... Cry out...
And remember your name

God knows I've feared you
But now that I'm near you
That sweet tender life
Was in vain
Your only choosing
Was sooner or later
But I still remember
Your name

Cry out... Cry out...
In the darkness again
Cry out... Cry out
And remember your name

Cry out
And remember your name

TR: bs, voc
John Grant: voc
Lee Forsyth Griffiths: b.voc
Andy Treacey: drs
Adam Phillips: gtr
Gerry Diver: various*



Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Tom Robinson, Lee Forsyth Griffiths, Adam Phillips.
Photo: Ashley Smith

NEVER GET OLD

(Tom Robinson, Tom McGuinness)

"Did you think we'd never get old...
Take a good look at me now."

The first album I ever bought
was The Five Faces Of Manfred
Mann. Co-writing this with Tom
McGuinness forty years later
was a dream come true.

TR

Long ago
When we both were young
Living for kicks
Kisses and fun
We were carefree
Pretty and dumb
Take a good look at me now

The bloom of youth
Was starting to fade
The day you met
My wavering gaze
You picked me up
And blew me away
Take a good look at me now

Did you think we'd never get old
Never get old... Never get old

Take a good look
Take a good look at me now

Mad and bad
Exciting to know
Where you led
I was happy to go
In your spell
I'd never say no
Take a good look at me now

Bit by bit
You started to sink
Slapdash, bareback
Starting to drink
I played safe
And stayed on the brink
Take a good look at me now

Did you think we'd never get old
Never get old... Never get old
Take a good look
Take a good look at me now

Leaning on me
Sick in the street
Smelling of sweat
Dead on your feet
Swallowing hard
Unable to speak
Take a good look at me now

Sober coat
A jacket and tie
Sat with strangers
Wiping an eye
Empty gesture
Saying goodbye
Take a good look at me now

Did you think we'd never get old
Never get old... Never get old
Take a good look
Take a good look at me now

Take a good look at me
A good long look at me
Now

TR: bs, voc
TV Smith: b.voc
Lee Forsyth Griffiths: b.voc
Andy Treacey: drs
Adam Phillips: gtr
Gerry Diver: various*

IN MY LIFE

(John Lennon, Paul McCartney)

"In my life... I love you more"

For Siouxs and Norma
TR & MC

There are places
I remember
In my life
Though some
Have changed
Some forever
Not for better
Some are gone
And some remain

All these places
Have their moments
With lovers and friends
I still can recall
Some are dead
And some are living
In my life...
I've loved them all

But of all these
Friends and lovers
There is no-one
Compares with you
And these memories
Lose their meaning
When I think of love
As something new

Though I know I'll never
Ever lose affection
For people and things
That went before
Though I know I'll often stop
And think about them
In my life...
I love you more

In my life I love you more

Martin Carthy: gtr, voc
TR: voc
Gerry Diver: various*

ONE WAY STREET

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips)

*"The fact that someone's older
Doesn't always make them wrong"*

A morality tale for young people.
Avuncular advice dispensed by
Ian, serenaded by an ethereal
Nadine Shah

TR

We loved you like a brother
Boy we loved you like a son
So young and wild and handsome
So reckless, so dumb
Always dicing with the devil
And you never met defeat
Until you drove the wrong way
Up a one-way street

You somehow passed
Your driving test
When you were seventeen
You bought a beat-up trailbike
And tweaked it till it screamed
Then that fatal foggy Sunday
You got us all to come
To the ringroad
By the business park
To see you do the ton

You'll find me
On the motorways
The highways great and small
The 'B' roads and the 'C' roads
I've driven down them all
But you will never find me
As long as I can breathe
Driving the wrong way
Up a one-way street

Your engine it was deafening
As down the road you sped
Ignoring all the warning signs
A hundred yards ahead
You gave us all a thumbs-up
As you got up to speed
And disappeared the wrong way
Up a one-way street

Now even as a toddler
You never would be told
You always went your own way
Because that's the way you rolled
We heard you hit the tanker
As it swerved into a tree
Far in the foggy distance
Up that one-way street

You'll find me
On the motorways... etc

You girls and boys
Of every land
Come listen to my song
The fact that someone's older
Doesn't always make them wrong
Be kind to one another
Don't forget to brush your teeth
And never ride the wrong way
Up a one-way street

You'll find me
On the motorways
The highways great and small
The 'B' roads and the 'C' roads
I've driven down them all
But you will never find me
As long as I can breathe
Driving the wrong way
Up a one-way street

TR: *bs, voc*
Ian McKellen: *voc*
Nadine Shah: *b.voc*
Andy Treacey: *drs*
Adam Phillips: *gtr*
Gerry Diver: *various**



RISKY BUSINESS

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips)

“There was a period of
remorse and apology.
That period needs to be over.”

Former Barclays CEO
Bob Diamond

I made my killing
On the trading floor
Bought into bullion
And gilts galore
First smell of trouble
I was out the door
Headed up country
In my 4x4

No more.. No more
Risky business
Sue me suckers
I don't care no more

Why bother worrying
About the past
The regulators...
They can kiss my arse
I made my decisions
And I won my prize
You saw it coming
And you closed your eyes

No more.. No more
Risky business
Sue me suckers
I don't care no more

Now government money's
Made my job secure
I get the same fat bonuses

I took before
But if you need a mortgage
Or a business loan
You'll get no credit
And we'll take your home

No more.. No more
Risky business
Screw you suckers
I don't care no more

TR: bs, voc
Lee Forsyth Griffiths: b.voc
Adam Phillips: gtr
Andy Treacey: drs
Gerry Diver: various*

ONLY THE NOW

(Tom Robinson, Gerry Diver)

“Hold to the now, the here,
through which all future plunges
to the past”

James Joyce, Ulysses

For Child A and Child K.

Thanks to Guy Garvey for
inspiring the song, and special
thanks to Nitin for playing on it.

TR

Felt like I'd known you
For all of my life
Long before you both arrived
Those black and white Polaroids
Signalled the shift
Before we looked
into your eyes

The freedom to choose
I was happy to lose
When freedom's a prison
with walls
You lifted the sentence
That blighted my life
And captured me
Once and for all

The present seems endless
As seconds slide by
And birthdays roll
Endlessly on
Familiar rituals year after year
Who could imagine them gone

Two brilliant stars
Shining under the tree
Two treasures
We tucked up in bed
No home movie moments
Recapture the time
Or words that can
Not be unsaid

Only the now
There's only the now
The moments roll on into days
There's only the now
Only the now
Don't ever wish it away

Blink for a minute
An era has gone
All futures
Plunge into the past
That room full of echoes
Stands silent at night
Its emptiness suddenly vast
I love you forever

And long may you know
The comfort and joy
We all shared
And long may your laughter
Ring out in this world
Long after we're
No longer there

Only the now
There's only the now
The moments roll on into days
There's only the now
Only the now
Don't ever wish it away

TR: voc
Nitin Sawhney: pno, gtr
Gerry Diver: various*



Crowd vocal, Holy Smoke: 9 May 2015

L to R back row: Laurie & Vince Burke, Lee Forsyth Griffiths, Paul Bamford, Jeff Caplan, Richard Engler, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips
front row: Marvey Mills, Tom Robinson, Steve Laurie, James Quinn, Missis Trellis, Caroline Laurie, Sam Laurie



Crowd vocal, Mighty Sword Of Justice: 18 April 2015

L to R back row: Missis Trellis, Ian C Clarkson, Andrew M Simons, John Wilkinson
middle row: Sandro Nardi, Ms Valerie Gommon, Amanda Humphry, Viv Wilkinson, Malek Labbane
front row: Tom Robinson, Lee Forsyth Griffiths, Terry Hughes, Derval Mc Cloat, Gerry Diver
Not shown: William Dobson

This album was only possible thanks to PledgeMusic - and the astonishing support of everyone who joined our campaign there and became part of this story.

Once started, the project took on a life of its own – as a working team of friends and professional supporters sprang up around it. Gerry Diver (producer), Jill Furmanovsky (cover photography), Guy Sexty (design), Ian Ramage (publisher & spirit guide), Kate de Ban (video), Barabara Charone (press), Henry Semmence (label services), Frank Arkwright (Abbey Road), James Chapple Gill (radio promo) - and our brilliant live booking agent Mark Anstey.

Musically, Andy Treacey, Adam Phillips and Lee Forsyth Griffiths all put heart and soul into this record, as did all our guest contributors to the different tracks. In order of appearance: TV Smith, Colin Firth, Billy Bragg, Frank Rollock, Martin Carthy, Lisa Knapp, Swami Baracus, Ian McKellen, John Grant, Nadine Shah and Nitin Sawhney plus all the Pledgers opposite who turned up to the studio and sang.


There were the additional co-writers like Caz Ginsberg, Tom McGuinness, Elliott Randall, Al Scott and Patrick Dawes. Other people who went the extra mile keep for us included Mike Hemsley, Fred Mellor, John Waller, James Cattermole and Gareth Davies. And finally there was the love and support of Joe Galliano, Steve Laurie – who sat in on drums for our summer festivals – and the dark svengali running it all behind the scenes, Missis Trellis.

Thank you all from the bottom of my heart - I couldn't have done it without you.

TR

**Instruments played by Gerry, track by track*

- (1) strings, piano, prepared piano, percussion, musical saw/whistling,
 - (2) violins, strings, gunbri, programming
 - (3) violin, hammered banjo, tenor guitar, percussion, programming
 - (4) violins, piano, tenor guitar, programming
 - (5) violins, tenor guitar, keyboards, programming
 - (6) violins, piano, tenor guitar, hammered banjo, keyboards
 - (7) violins, piano, percussion, tenor guitar, programming, slide guitar, keyboards
 - (8) violins, keyboards, programming
 - (9) violins, tenor guitar, Autoharp, percussion, keyboards, banjo, programming
 - (10) violins, piano, tenor guitar, programming
 - (11) violins, guitar, harmonium, bowed cymbal, slide guitar, music box
-



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