

Tracks, Liner Notes, Credits and Special Notes

FURTHERMORE 1974

SIDE ONE		
TIME	TITLE	COMPOSER
3:10	January First	Shawn Phillips / Peter Robinson
3:51	Starbright	Shawn Phillips
5:44	Breakthrough	Shawn Phillips
3:07	Ninety Two Years	Shawn Phillips
4:18	See You	Shawn Phillips
4:10	Planscape	Shawn Phillips / Paul Buckmaster
SIDE TWO		
4:24	Troof	Shawn Phillips
4:03	Cape Barras	Shawn Phillips / Peter Robinson
2:06	Song for Northern Ireland	Shawn Phillips
3:36	Mr. President	Shawn Phillips
3:14	Talking in the Garden	Shawn Phillips
2:31	Furthermore	Shawn Phillips / Peter Robinson

CREDITS

Shawn Phillips -- vocals and guitars
 Peter Robinson -- keyboards
 John Gustafson -- bass
 Barry deSouza -- drums
 Caleb Quaye -- guitar
 Paul Buckmaster -- cello
 Raul Mayora -- percussion
 Ann Odell -- mellotron on "Starbright"
 Produced by Jonathan Weston
 Engineered by Django Johnny Punter
 Assistant Engineer: Mark Dodson
 Recorded in England at Rampart Studio, Battersea
 Cover Painting by Guido Daniele and Patrizia Brambilla / Milano, Italy
 Photography of Shawn Phillips by Sue Ayres
 Group photograph by Michael Putland
 Co-ordinated by Mountain Fjord Limited, London
 All selections written by Shawn Phillips except "January First" Phillips / Robinson and "Planscape" Phillips / Buckmaster
 Musical Direction by Peter Robinson and Paul Buckmaster
 Orchestra conducted by Martyn Ford
 Special Requirements administered by Henry Neuman
 Timely assistance provided by Mary Rigby
 Special thanks to: Jane Dadswell, Jeffrey Levinson, Paul Nunn, the Staff at Rampart Studio

LINER NOTES

Shawn Phillips Music - The Official Website

"If you gonna stand there and moo, you better give milk"

This album was inspired by the poem "Freeway's Child" written by my father, James Atlee Phillips

Freeway's child is full of woe
like being black and eight years old
and slowly gassed by settling fumes
pouring carbon-monoxide down from concrete heaven
thirty feet above his room

Black child, stinking slum, shit on stairs
rat-gnawed crib and pounding juke-box airs,
walled off from heaven by raw cement leaven
of roaring semis and hastening gas-bags bearing victors
to unsafe homes, in this Amerika ...

Danger in the dark and dangerous maze
and freeway's child alert as poisoned rat
learning the big lesson; never call
for those pot-gutted pigs who are in thrall
to Rotary, and good government, and all
those who cringe with fear at Afro-tops

Dark child learns, picks up quick
that pigs in uniform license and allot
crime, nourishment, and visiting clergy
Knives may slash, rapists work, and perversions grow
if you gave at the precinct do ...

Wolf gone, buffalo gone, and passenger pigeon
Indian fading at Wounded Knee
So who furnishes trophy heads for overweight white golfers?
What game animal for the great white hunters of NRA?

I think that I shall never see
Amerikan equality, with a roaring bridge for father
Much less a bus, a sun, a tree
And unless the freeway's fall
I may never know a life at all

Freeway's child, born black and much afraid
aged eight, fixing on carbon-monoxide, trying to escape
the white man's troops and traps
Trying to make it, three meals a day, sweating
pure African sweat, trying to get
to ten year's old ...

A would-be life looks out, attentive
from the eyes of small boy, early filled with pain,
wondering about his options ...
To be a murderer or aspire, to what some people say
is the company of his peers ...

Bang the dread drum now, for freeway's child
black as the gloom he lives in
Toll the knell for his hopeless and defiled
fate, in Amerika ...

Rockabye, black baby, while the semis roll
across your freeway father, the privileged limo
and the politico
Croon a sunless tune to an unseen moon,
courtesy of your Creator, also white, if you have a view

Freeway's child, goodbye!

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