

# **FRENCH LESSONS**

**FRENCH LESSONS**

**A STOP IN TIME**  
(une pause dans le temps)

**The first French Lessons album and it's better late than never :**

**I remember now, it was a dream, just a dream . . . .**

Cassettes, discos, light-shows, dodgy haircuts, Benny Hill, Tommy Cooper, smoky pubs, three-day weeks, half-day closing, football on Saturday afternoon, Craven Cottage by the river, The Sweeney, Staines Linoleum, strikes, the GLC, power cuts, Green Goddesses, Electric blankets, Goblin Teasmaids, G-Plan furniture and teak, diesel locos, motorways and spaghetti junction, Mark II Cortinas, Honda 50 mopeds, Mini Clubmans, VC-10s, Concorde, foreign holidays, the Common Market, Littlewoods pools coupons and collectors, Fine Fare supermarkets, instant potato, Vesta meals, Blue Nun, Boots home wine-making kits, colour TV 625 lines, Capital Radio, Radio One, bingo, Watney's Red Barrel, Party Seven, tenpin bowling, Brut, Hai Karate, flower power, kaftans, Afghan coats, smocks, cheesecloth, MASH, beads and macramé, Laura Ashley, tinted glasses, Biba, Gitanes, lentils, muesli, nut roasts, fondue parties, Access credit cards, UFOs, Asimov and Von Daniken, Doc Martens, Ben Sherman, Crombies, perms, mainframe computers, punched cards, tights and hot pants, the Pill, decimal currency, sectarian violence, the Cod War, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, moustaches, platform shoes, Liebfraumilch, Abigail's Party, flared trousers, A Clockwork Orange, The Godfather, Pot Black, kipper ties, Catch Twenty-two, Mastermind and the new Open University, Watergate, Vietnam, H-Bomb tests, the space programme, CND and Aldermaston, The Old Grey Whistle Test, Happy Days!

**. . . or was it?**



# **FRENCH LESSONS were (1977-1980)**

**Martin Plumb, Richard Gleave, Ian Dolphin, Geoff Coxon, Dave Gillbe**

# **FRENCH LESSONS are (2006-present)**

**Martin Plumb, Richard Gleave, Ian Lee-Dolphin, Derek Edmond**

**À la mémoire de nos amis disparus. Gone, but never forgotten.**

This album is dedicated to the memory of **David K Gillbe**, bass player and founding member of French Lessons.

**Also in remembrance of Paul Seabourne (Drums), Dave Saunders (Saxophone and Clarinet) and Robin Frett (Guitar).**

**At least half of ALL proceeds from the sale of every CD recording will go to the Willen Hospice at Milton Keynes and to other cancer charities.**

## Inspired by the Sixties and written in the Seventies – songs about time, rain, coffee and love

**Six o'Clock in the morning:** A dawn chorus ..... the angst of relationships and how they always kept me awake at night.

**SuperNature: The country calling** ..... This was about the perils of a Laleham country boy confined to a London office who escaped temporarily on a Sunday morning.

**In your Eyes: To the sound of cicadas** ..... but really about inspiration from my days as a cashier at Barclays Bank at Hounslow West and a girl who finally went back to her boyfriend.

**Standin' in the Rain: Cortina commuting** ..... I drove home from work during the winter in the dark in my unreliable Mark II Cortina, through Hounslow and Bedfont to home in Ashford. Did I ever stop for the girl in the rain? No I didn't!

**A Stop in Time (aka Schmaltz): Collecting cups in a sad café** ..... inspired by my love of jazz chords, major sevenths, minor ninths, diminished etc. My aim was to use as many chords as possible without disrupting the "flow". I would like to say that the lyrics had a deep meaning, but they don't!

**Telephone Love: Trim-phone Trill** ..... This was a memory from my second ever job at Greenham Electric. I was regularly in contact with a girl working for Thorn Lighting in Enfield. Our conversations were littered with innuendo; sadly, we never met.

**Last Sale Day: Five pounds of bananas – that's the answer** ..... A light-hearted throwaway song, in memory of the market outside Staines Town Hall and Johnson and Clark's department store where I would go with Mum, Dad and my sister Liz to have breakfast on a Saturday morning. It also gave me the chance to give Fulham a mention, as both Martin and I have supported and followed Fulham FC since the Sixties.

**Good Time Girl: I remember now** ..... This was a light-hearted song with a mix of pop and a dash of reggae. The original cost of drinks was fifty pence which I raised to ninety pence to account for inflation! I hated discos, but in the seventies that was the best place to meet girls; not that my mates and I met many on a Saturday night.

**French Lessons: Classroom chaos** ..... The memories of Ashford County Grammar School, where in my early years the teachers wore mortar boards and gowns, Latin was compulsory and we had to wear school caps and carry our books in a briefcase. In the later years, the 60's revolution kicked in; the boys had long hair and bellbottom trousers and the girls wore short skirts and white blouses with the top buttons undone. Also (d'accord), it was the inspiration for the band's name.

**The Cashier's Ball: Cashier number one please** ..... This was a summary of "emotional" days in banking at the "Western Front", surrounded by some wonderful women. It comprised a maelstrom of chords and tempo changes to depict my mixed emotions and the horrors of cashing up at the end of the day.

# Six o'clock in the morning

Six o'clock in the morning  
Dawn's coming in  
Well I ain't been to sleep tonight  
I've been thinking 'bout you again

Six o'clock in the morning  
Seems like a thousand years  
Since I put my head on this pillow  
And I held back all of my fears

Six o'clock in the morning, I can feel your eyes in mine  
All the words that we have spoken are revolving in my mind

Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – No I can't stop thinking 'bout you

She says, "You'd better go – it's getting late;  
I gotta be out by half past eight.  
You've been so sweet, and you look quite nice,  
But I gotta admit that you're not my type."

Six o'clock in the morning  
Dawn's coming in  
Well I ain't been to sleep tonight  
I've been thinking 'bout you again

Six o'clock in the morning  
Seems like a thousand years  
Since I put my head on this pillow  
And I held back all of my tears

Six o'clock in the morning, I can feel your eyes in mine  
All the words that we have spoken are revolving in my mind - yeah

Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – No I can't stop thinking 'bout you

Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – can't stop thinking 'bout you  
Six o'clock in the morning – No I can't stop thinking 'bout you

(**Ian**: acoustic guitar, lead vocal, harmony vocal. **Richard**: electric guitars, harmony vocal. **Martin**: piano, VST piano, organ, bass guitar, harmony vocal. **Derek**: drums)

# SuperNature

Lie on your back in a field of hay, looking up at a cloudless blue  
Listening to a playground of voices – Supernature  
The sound of skylarks hits the air, you can look but you can't see them  
The summer sun just lulls you off to slumber

Be on the outside, your words can blow away  
Your clothes can suit the day, just live your life your way  
Whoooah hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Sit by a lake on an August dawn, to fish for tench on leger  
Watching out for large rings and rises – Supernature  
A dragonfly sits on your rod, the robins nick your groundbait  
And the ice-cold water runs around your feet

Be on the outside, your words can blow away  
Your clothes can suit the day, just live your life your way  
Whoooah hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

You can see it – Supernature; you can touch it – Supernature  
A never-ending mystery, of reproduction constantly  
It's amazing that the upkeep's free,  
Just walk awhile, it'll make you smile

Be on the outside, your words can blow away  
Your clothes can suit the day, just live your life your way  
Whoooah hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Walk for miles up Scottish hills, through sand and gorse and thistle  
Where the thinning air just makes you stop for breath – Supernature  
The highland wind carries across a solitary sheep's bleating  
Through empty miles of violet, heathered moor

Spend your life behind closed doors  
With windows, ceilings, desks and floors  
And I wonder if you'll ever know  
Just what makes your garden grow?

(**Ian:** acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard:** guitars, harmony vocal, VST choir. **Martin:** piano, synth strings, bass guitar, finger-picked 'Joni Mitchell' acoustic guitar, harmony vocal, tambourine. **Derek:** drums)



# In your Eyes

Sweet, sweet, sweet moonlight  
You were shining on me when I left your house last night  
Shine, shine new day  
In a mountain lake I'd love to let my life slip away  
But it makes me feel good, to be so close to you  
How can I leave you when there's loving in your eyes? Oh, in your eyes

Soft, soft as satin  
Well I know it's my fault, but I can't get you out of my head  
Shy, shy as a baby  
I could have laughed till I cried and loved till I died with you  
But it makes me feel good, to be so close to you  
How can I leave you when there's loving in your eyes? Oh, in your eyes

How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you? When there's loving – in your eyes

Sun, summer music  
Was playing in my head as I went to bed last night  
Sounds, sounds of the sea  
Running on a pebble beach, then running back into my dreams  
But it makes me feel good, to be so close to you  
How can I leave you when there's loving in your eyes? Oh, in your eyes

Sigh, you sigh in my arms  
I must leave you till the morning – perchance to sleep, perchance to dream  
Smile, you smile as I'm leaving  
Well, it's there whilst I'm driving, and there when I close my eyes  
But it makes me feel good, to be so close to you  
How can I leave you when there's loving in your eyes? Oh, in your eyes  
How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you, when there's loving in your eyes? Let me tell you now, now  
How can I leave you? When there's loving ...

In your eyes, ooh, in your eyes, in your eyes, oh, in your eyes – in your eyes  
(**Ian:** acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard:** electric guitars, harmony vocal, VST choir, brass, marimba, steel drum, percussion. **Martin:** piano, bass guitar, finger-picked acoustic guitar, harmony vocal. **Derek:** drums)

Extended song version

ISRC : GBSF61300003

# Standin' in the Rain

I'm driving home from work, the time's approaching six  
I've got my cassette playing loud, to overcome the clicks of those  
Windscreen wipers and the heater blowing hot  
This is the first time I've got the car in top

I'm just approaching thirty when I see her at her stop  
Knee-length boots and woollen scarf  
Her coated arms are crossed  
I turn my head, to look at her  
She sees and looks away  
I try to think the words I'd use to make her ease her mind

I start to slow down, but see the lights behind  
I put the pedal down, I think – maybe next time  
I leave her standin' in the rain  
Standin' in the rain

I'm running down the gears as I come up to the lights  
Still looking in my mirror, well she's only just in sight  
The engine starts to judder and then cuts out  
I try again to start her, but she just lets out a growl

I try and try without no luck to start her up again  
I'm causing quite a tailback, I'm holding up one lane  
I step out from the car into the pouring rain  
The wind blows shut the door, my keys are still inside

Her bus that she was waiting for, slowly passes by  
I turn my head to look at her, she gives the faintest smile  
And sees me standin' in the rain, standin' in the rain  
I'm just standing in the rain

'Hold on'

(**Ian**: acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard**: electric guitars, harmony vocal. **Martin**: piano, synth pad, bass guitar, acoustic guitar, harmony vocal, shaker. **Dave Gillbe**: bass guitar intro (1979). **Diane**: rain stick. **Derek**: drums)

Extended song version

## A Stop in Time (aka Schmaltz)

Just a little schmaltz in a sad café  
Wondering what the time is, and passing the time of day  
When the one you love is staring into space  
And you're trying to count each single drop of rain

Couldn't be finer, on an ocean liner  
Counting the seagulls, whilst following the sun  
**I drank my coffee hot and sailed into oblivion**  
What do you think of that?

Take each little word – tie them round my neck  
Was it something that I said?  
Shady lanes – starlit nights  
I'm not running anymore

Isn't it like falling without a parachute?  
Or jumping off a bridge and never hitting water?  
When the one you love is kissing you so soft  
It's a stop in time, no movement of the clock

It's always there, when you listen to the words  
Of each simple love song, you've heard somewhere before  
And don't they now just seem to make some sense  
We're all just the same

Take each little word – tie them round my neck  
Was it something that I said?  
Shady lanes – starlit nights  
I'm not running anymore

I'm not running anymore

(**Ian:** electric 'phased' guitar, lead vocal. **Richard:** electric 'Duane Eddy' guitar.  
**Martin:** piano, vibes, synth pad, synth strings, bass guitar, harmony vocal.  
**Derek:** drums)

# Telephone Love

Hi! It's me again; just calling and – thought I'd try my hand  
Messed up and confused, the phrases that I always use  
They work so fine, on a telephone line  
At least there's no eyes to see me, oh, it's so easy  
It's just a telephone  
Telephone love

Caught, state of confusion; papers astray, mass disarray  
**All the lines are ringing, which one do I pick up?**  
Who knows who it'll be? Pretend to be not me?  
Oh, oh but it's her, her – I recognise the voice  
It's just my telephone  
Telephone love

What you want a telephone love for?  
You gotta clear this telephone line!  
You gotta make love with your body  
Can you make love with your mind?  
But that's where it is  
It's all in the mi... mi... mi... mi... mi... mind  
That's where it is – it's all in the mind

How'd you like to meet sometime? I might come over, you laugh down the line  
You know what I mean – I'll be coming if I can  
You might be lucky, well I'll come prepared  
Don't count your chickens – we're all looking to be laid  
I'm just trying to ma... ma... ma... ma... make  
A telephone play

What you want a telephone love for?  
You gotta clear this telephone line!  
You gotta make love with your body  
Can you make love with your mind?  
But that's where it is  
It's all in the mi... mi... mi... mi... mi... mind  
That's where it is – it's all in the mind

(**Ian**: acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard**: electric guitars. **Martin**: piano, synth strings, synth brass, finger-picked acoustic guitar, bass guitar. **Derek**: drums)



# Last Sale Day

(5 lbs of Bananas)

It's the last sale day of a Saturday  
Watch where you're walking!  
Who do you think you're pushing?  
A quick brown ale, then it's back again  
Throwing your money away

"Can I bring it back, if it don't fit?"

"Course you can darling!

Ask for Ian Dolphin.

Browse around till your heart's content"  
(or at least till your money is spent!)

We don't want to stitch you up  
We're just trying to make an honest bob (or two)  
If you don't like what you see out front  
Maybe there's something out back!

I parked the car on a yellow line  
So you watch for the warden  
You don't get no warning  
The car park's full by half-past nine  
On a Saturday sale day

**There's bargains galore in every store**

You push and pull your trolley  
You're blowing all your lolly  
Thirty bob on the ten-to-four  
And the Fulham down for a draw

We don't want to stitch you up  
We're just trying to make an honest bob (or two)  
If you don't like what you see out front  
Maybe there's something out back!

It's the last sale day of a Saturday  
Watch where you're walking!  
Who do you think you're pushing?  
A quick brown ale, then it's back again  
Throwing your money away ..... Oi!

(**Ian:** acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard:** VST brass, bass guitar. **Martin:** tack piano, electric 'Joe Brown' guitar, harmony vocal. **Derek:** drums. **Tim:** banjos. **Delia:** mystery shopper)

# Good Time Girl

I remember now  
It was a dream  
Just a dream

I remember now ...  
it was a dream ...  
just a dream ...

**I was standin' one night in one of those trendy discos**

Where drinks are 90p a time (HOW much??)

When I caught sight of this little darlin'

Just touching against my arm

Whooh, hey, hey – hey, hey, whooh, oh, oh, oh

Well I looked, and I looked away

Never know just what to say

So I turned and smiled and I took her hand

And we danced the night away

But I felt real, real good

And I felt real, real fine

So later on while her eyes were shinin'

I made that little girl mine (or so I thought!)

Well she told me later she had a lover

Said she had a boyfriend too

There was the man next door and her boss at work

I came about sixth in line (or was it seventh?)

Well that started me on thinkin'

Just what a fool I was

Well I could get hurt, I would probably get burnt

I was playing around with fire

But I felt real, real good

And I felt real, real fine

So once a week I meet her at a disco

And we have a good time

But I felt real, real good, Anna felt real, real fine

Yes I felt – real good, real fine

Whooh – real good, real fine

Oh, oh, oh hey, hey, hey

Whooh hey, hey, hey oh, oh, oh

(**Ian:** acoustic guitar, 12-string acoustic guitar, lead vocal, harmony vocal. **Richard:** electric guitars, harmony vocal, VST choir. **Martin:** piano, Rhodes-73 piano (1978), organ, synth brass, bass guitar, finger-picked acoustic guitar, harmony vocal, tambourine. **Derek:** drums)

# French Lessons

"Vite, Vite!"

"Attention!"

"Et bien!"

Well, it's half-past two in the middle of June  
An impressionable lad of fifteen  
Loosens his tie and steals a smile  
At a girl sitting next to him  
Where her blouse doesn't fit, he can see her white flesh  
Cause him to move in his seat  
And he hears his name as if far away  
A tirade of words cuts the air

"You're in here boy – for only one reason  
Look this way – if you please!  
**Your French lessons and mine**  
**Don't ... seem to be the same"**  
Wo ho ho – wo ho ho

Well I read a feature about student teachers  
Having the time of their lives  
Sixth-form nubile, "diluted" pupils  
Looking them straight in the eye  
With an undone button, and those innocent eyes  
Pinned to the wall like a fly  
Jim slips, on Nana's skins  
This schoolman's starting to fry  
A cold shower, with every hour  
You can't keep it up all day!

"Je suis fatigué"

"Et ça – qu'est-ce que c'est?"

"Je suis fatigué"

"Et pour demain vous apprenez la leçon – George, ne fais pas ça ..."

(**Ian**: acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard**: electric and acoustic guitars, VST brass.  
**Martin**: piano, synth brass, bass guitar, harmony vocal. **Delia**: French mistress.  
**Derek**: drums)

# The Ca\$hier\$' Ball

Come along you bankers everyone  
Bring your till books down to the western front  
Ooh you must, know you must, now you must, no you must,  
Play hard and fast by the rules of the game  
At the Cashiers' Ball, up against the wall  
Stuck in – some tricky situations,  
The poor boy must use his imagination  
He won't get to that ball at all (and I say)

Monday morning, they're halfway out of the door  
Monday morning, do you know what your debits are for?  
Everybody's counting – it's all quiet on the western front  
And it's, "yes sir, no sir" gotta be polite all day long  
"Well won't you come into my office this way, just wipe that stupid grin off your face.  
I've noticed of late how your hair is getting much too long – it's almost on your collar."  
Day after day, a loan at a till? The boy with the foolish grin is standing perfectly still

The girl on your left is catching your breath, she's got something  
And the one on the right is displaying her goods out front  
Ooh she might, feeling right, some very lucky night  
Show you what banking is all about!  
At the Cashiers' Ball, up against the wall  
Can't keep from dreaming at the counter  
The poor boy, knows he's gonna flounder  
He won't get to that ball at all (and I say)

Friday evening, gotta find where you've gone wrong  
Friday evening, where'll you make your difference from?  
**Bags of bronze, weighing up wrong and it's late**  
Well you've counted those notes one million times today  
Will the figure at the end come right? Will they expect me to stay out all night?  
Or will I turn into a pumpkin when the clock strikes twelve? At the Cashiers' Ball

Tell, tell me where have they gone – at the Cashiers' Ball  
Tell, tell me where have they gone – at the Cashiers' Ball

You've got your debits on your credits, and your credits on your deb-it's a till check  
Well your figures are wrong, your book's one hell of a mess – it's a till check  
But don't stop now, wondering why – Don't stop now, cos you-hoo-oo  
You're at the Cashiers' Ball – ooo-ooo

(**Ian**: acoustic guitar, lead vocal. **Richard**: electric & acoustic guitars. **Martin**: piano, synth  
choirs, synth pipes, electric guitar, bass guitar, lead vocal, harmony vocal, maracas.  
**Derek**: drums, percussion)



# Album Notes



The 'I remember now' introduction to **Good Time Girl (Track 8)** was imported from the Bourton-on-the-Water sessions recorded at Windrush Studios in 1978 and was reprocessed by **Richard**.

The solo bass line introduction by **Dave Gillbe** and the 'Hold on!' from **Ian in Standin' in the Rain (Track 4)** were imported from the Staines Live Concert in 1979. **Dave's** bass line was digitised and replayed using VST instruments.

French Lessons would like to thank: **Tim Mason** who played banjo on **Last Sale Day (Track 7)**; **Delia Gleave** who provided the voices on **Last Sale Day (Track 7)** and on **French Lessons (Track 9)**; **Diane Turner** (Our Glamorous Assistant) who played custom rain-stick on **Standin' in the Rain (Track 4)**.

## Production Notes

Produced by **Richard**, **Martin** and **Ian** at Golden Riddy Studios, Leighton Buzzard between 2009 and 2012. Recorded using a Zoom HD16 and Cubase 6.5, edited and mixed in Cubase 6.5, mastered using Studio One 2.5 with Presonus and Voxengo plugins.

For PQ sheet see : [www.frenchlessons77.com/fl\\_asit\\_pq.html](http://www.frenchlessons77.com/fl_asit_pq.html)

# **FRENCH LESSONS**

## **that you can actually enjoy!**

- o **Richard Gleave:** Lead Guitar & Vocals
- o **Ian Lee-Dolphin:** Guitar & Lead Vocals
- o **Martin Plumb:** Guitar, Bass Guitar, Keyboards & Synths, Percussion & Vocals
- o **Derek Edmond:** Drums & Percussion

### **Instruments used on the album**

**Richard:** Parker Fly, Heritage H535, Andy Viccars Custom, Fender Stratocaster, Fender Telecaster, G&L Legacy, Gibson Blueshawk, Gibson Les Paul Standard, Fender Jazz bass.

**Martin:** Martin D15 acoustic, Kaman Applause acoustic, Kawai Aquarius, Fender Squier Supersonic, Korg M1 workstation, Fender Rhodes 73 piano, Fender Jazz bass, Fender Jaguar bass, Percussion (Stagg Tambourine, Remo fruit shakers).

**Ian:** Cort jumbo electro-acoustic, Cort CL1500 semi-acoustic, E-Ros Garanzia 12-string, Martin D15 acoustic.

**Derek:** Roland TD 20 V Drums Set.