

The image shows two acoustic guitars resting on a wooden bench. The guitar in the foreground is a light-colored acoustic guitar with a dark pickguard and a dark fretboard. The guitar behind it is a darker, possibly mahogany, acoustic guitar. The background is a rough, textured stone wall. The overall lighting is warm and somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

Ride the Times

THE IAIN AD VENTURE

IAIN MATTHEWS • AD VANDERVEEN





This record is sweet on the ear: the two voices are similar but clearly different, one track flows into the next, each one a subtle treat that improves with repetition and it doesn't seem to matter whether the song is a cover or an original. Some, like Warren Zevon's prescient *Mohammed's Radio* or Tom Waits' classic *Heart of Saturday Night*, you've obviously heard before, but so many others sound as if you have. In the end, it doesn't matter. You're in the safe hands of two confident craftsmen, at ease with their talents and having a good time.

I don't know Ad Vanderveen, but Iain has been surprising me ever since I first saw him standing in front of a curtain at the Cromwellian Club in London in 1967 with his group Pyramid, while the backing band remained hidden behind it. I can't say what has been the most surprising thing I've learned about him over the years: that 'he was a good enough football player to get a trial run with 'Bradford Park Avenue football club' before becoming a singer? That after he left Fairport Convention he had the gigantic folk-rock hit single his former mates never managed? That he moved to the music mecca of Austin, Texas and wrote songs worthy of the best his new home had to offer? That he dropped singing for a while and became an A&R man? That he moved to the Netherlands? That he wrote a

great song about my boyhood cowboy hero Randolph Scott and recorded it beautifully with a jazz band?

After so many surprises, perhaps Iain's latest *Ad-Venture* doesn't astonish – but Vanderveen does! What an excellent singer and songwriter! The Dutch have always been good at absorbing alien cultures and out-doing them at their own game (like *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* and the American big-band torch song). His songs and his singing carve their own niche in the canon of American song. Maybe you have to stand a little way outside it to see it so clearly.

This record is warm and clear, relaxed and stimulating, satisfying and yes, surprising. And it finds its way regularly on to my sound system.

Joe Boyd

January, 2010

I'm sure Ad and I would have thought of it sooner, or later, but our reunion and this album were initially Roy's idea.

He's a huge fan and promoter of the original *Iain Ad Venture* and of our *More than a song* project and simply wanted to hear more. He'd called Ad earlier this year, verbalising his feelings and suggested a meeting. Ad contacted me and said, 'waddya think?' I mulled it over for a full twenty seconds before agreeing that we should give it shot.

'Sudden and swift and light as that', (*Robert Frost said that*) the *Iain Ad Venture* was reborn.

Roy was not a mere onlooker when it came to conceptualising. He felt very strongly that song content was the all important ingredient, regardless of composer. So together we trolled through close to thirty tunes, old and new, covers and originals, before capturing these fourteen. Some looked great on paper, but in practice, just didn't work. Others seemed at first glance, a little obvious, possibly even trite, but worked a treat.

Ad suggested that we aim for a live feel, by recording acoustic guitars and vocals simultaneously. I begrudgingly agreed to try it and eye to eye, guitar to guitar we sat in his cozy studio, concentrating on the combination of new

songs, unfamiliar lyrics, chords, arrangements and.....finding the perfect delivery, felt like a mountainous task. But damn it if he wasn't right, those first feeling takes have such an unimaginable charm. They also have that positive feel and a tightness, that only comes with years of familiarity. Lesson learned.

OK, we overdubbed a tad, background grunge guitar here, light percussion there, a couple extra backing vocals, though basically what you hear is live. Of course, it also took Ad's expert knowledge and confidence in his own studio and his uncanny sense of how best it would sound.

Even then, at the end of the day it's still only a ramshackle collection of songs until placed in the ultimate order, but, as with the rest of the experience, it fell together with relative ease. Out of a clear blue sky we suddenly realised that we had an album. Several evenings later, over a choice glass of vintage red, Roy confirmed what we already felt and "Ride the times" was born.

Iain Matthews.

February 2010





MOHAMMED'S RADIO

Everybody's restless
They got nowhere to go
Someone's always trying to tell them,
something they already know
So their anger and resentment flow

Don't it make you wanna rock and roll
All night long
Mohammed's radio
I heard somebody singing sweet and soulful,
on the radio
Mohammed's radio

You know the sheriff's got his problems too
And he will surely take them out on me and you
Then in walks the village idiot
His face is all a glow
'Cause he's been up all night listening to
Mohammed's radio

And don't it make you wanna rock and roll
All night long
Mohammed's radio
I heard somebody singing sweet and soulful,
on the radio
Mohammed's radio

Been up all night listening for his drum
Hoping that the righteous might just come
I heard the general whisper to his aide de camp
Be watchful for Mohammed's lamp

'Cause everybody's desperate, trying to make
ends meet
Work all day and still can't pay the price of
gasoline and weed
Alas their lives are incomplete

And don't it make you wanna rock and roll
All night long
Mohammed's radio
I heard somebody singing sweet and soulful,
on the radio
Mohammed's radio
On Mohammed's radio
Mohammed's radio

Warren Zevon

ACTION

Follow your heart now, just for a while
Don't go by the book, come on do it in style
It's a shot in the dark, but you already know
If you open your eyes, you're gonna be curious

There's nowhere to run, just look at the time
There's no place to hide, when you're falling
behind
You're dead on your feet, but you've got to be
sure

When you make up your mind, this time you'll
be curious

Come out of the dark
Take a look at yourself
You're in action
Is this what you want
Is this what you live for
Action
This is action
You're in action

Step into the light, you're second to none
Far and away man you are the one
It's harder to see when you feel insecure
But enough is enough, just try to be curious

Come out of the dark
Take a look at yourself
You're in action
Is this what you want
Is this what you live for
Action

This is action
You're in action

Get to the point now, step out of the past
Cause ready or not this moment won't last
There's a crack in the ice, it's hard to be sure,
If you open your eyes, will you try to be curious

Come out of the dark
Take a look at yourself
You're in action
Is this what you want
Is this what you live for
Action
This is action
You're in action

Iain Matthews

TIME SO GREEN

Now is now
Here is here
All there is, gonna disappear

A friend's a friend
Then was then
Days like those, ain't gonna come again

And a time so green ain't gonna come no more
A time so green, can't be like before
And a change is in the blues or in the yellows
I'm not sure
But a time so green ain't gonna come no more

Open roads
Dreams to share
Innocent steps, flying anywhere
But the path gets narrow
As it stretches far
Ahead or behind, I don't know where you are

And a time so green ain't gonna come no more
A time so green, can't be like before
And a change is in the blues or in the yellows
I'm not sure
But a time so green ain't gonna come no more

Oh I don't know
About good or bad
All I remember is a dream we had
Dream we had
Is the one I'm living
Some things you make
Some things you're given
Now is now
Here is here
Bygones are bygones and souvenirs

And a time so green ain't gonna come no more
A time so green, can't be like before
And a change is in the blues or in the yellows
I'm not sure
But a time so green ain't gonna come no more
Oh a time so green ain't gonna come no more
A time so green

Ad Vanderveen

here is, gonna disappear

THINGS

Every night I sit here by my window
Staring at that lonely avenue
Watching lovers holding hands and laughing
And thinking about the things we used to do

Memories are all I have to cling to
And heartaches are the friends I'm talking to
When I'm not thinking of just how much I love
you
I'm thinking about the things we used to do.

Thinking of things
Like a walk in the park
Things, like a kiss in the dark
Things, like a sailboat ride
What about the night we cried
Things, like lovers vow
Things, that we don't do now
Thinking about the things we used to do.

I still can hear the jukebox softly playing
And the face I see each day belongs to you
Though there's not a single sound
And there's nobody else around
It's just me thinking about the things we used
to do.

Thinking of things
Like a walk in the park
Things, like a kiss in the dark
Things, like a sailboat ride
What about the night we cried
Things, like lovers vow
Things, that we don't do now
Thinking about the things we used to do.

And the heartaches are the friends I'm talking to

Bobby Darin

RIDE THE TIMES

Ride the times, do what you do
To the end of the tunnel where the light shines
through
Ride the times, like an old ghost train
Hitting the horizon and doing it again

Ride the times
Ride the times
Ride the times 'til the end of the line

Ride the times, going through hell
Could be rolling into heaven at your next hotel
Might be hard, or work out well
Time's gonna roll and time's gonna tell

Ride the times
Ride the times
Ride the times 'til the end of the line

Times can change faster than the weather
Gotta get up and stand your ground
Gotta hold on til they change for the better
Gonna see how things turn around

When you
Ride the times
Ride the times
Ride the times 'til the end of the line

Time ain't nothing but a way you feel
Change the only thing that's real
Might come fast and it might come slow
Never say never, cause you never do know

When you
Ride the times
Ride the times
Ride the times 'til the end of the line

Ad Vanderveen

SORROW

Constantly,
I don't know for how long,
you have been sailing through me.
Lost and free, a vision fading and reappearing,
Sorrow

Lights are on,
you are invading,
there's no escaping, sorrow.

Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow
You are the orphan in my soul

Memories are only dream time.
There is a reason somewhere
What is real and never ending, no more
pretending
Sorrow

Hearts on fire
I still remember the distant warning
thunder and all the sorrow.
Step inside
I have been waiting, there's no escaping
Sorrow.

Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow
You are the orphan in my soul
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow
You are the child I can't let go

Iain Matthews.

MR. SOUL

Oh hello Mr. Soul I dropped by to pick up a reason
For the thought that I caught
That head was the event of the season
Why in crowds just a trace of my face could seem
so pleasing
I'll cop out to the change, but a stranger is
putting the tease on

I was down on a frown when a messenger
brought me a letter
I was raised by the praise of a fan who said I
upset her
Any girl in the world could have easily known
me better
She said you're strange, but don't change and I
let her

In a while will the smile on my face turn to plaster
Stick around while the clown who is sick does the
trick of disaster

While the race with my head and my face is
moving much faster
Is it strange I should change, I don't know
Why don't you ask her
Is it strange I should change, I don't know
Why don't you ask her
Is it strange I should change, I don't know

Oh hello Mr. Soul
Oh hello Mr. Soul
Oh hello Mr. Soul

Neil Young

There is a reason somewhere

UNRAVEL

I've been living out here by the hydro towers
Trying to find my feet and regain my powers
Living on the firepath, trying to feel the ground
Trying to break these chains that hold me to this town
I've been watching the crows sitting on the wires
Listening to the muscle cars, burning their tyres
Thought I'd stick around for a month or so
Now I've been here for seven, this is what I know

You can read a lot of books
It don't make you smart
You can kiss a lot of fools
Don't mean you've got a heart
You can walk a million miles
Don't mean that you've traveled
You can make a perfect plan and see it all unravel

Well you know who your friends are, when you're
going through trouble
They're the ones who come around and pull you
from the rubble
The phone won't ring as many times a day
But when it does they've got something good
to say
I watch the young mothers push their strollers
down my street
They're scared, they're happy
They're sad, they're sweet
I watched two seasons come and go
And all of this is what I know

You can read a lot of books
It don't make you smart
You can kiss a lot of fools
Don't mean you've got a heart
You can walk a million miles
Don't mean that you've traveled
You can make a perfect plan and see it all unravel

I'm sitting by the window watching it rain
Thunder, lightening, love a shame
It took four long years to get down to this place
It'll take four to get back, but it aint no race
There's cats on the sidewalk
Dogs under trees
The wheels on the sidewalk buzz like honey bees
The laundry's wet and the wind's gonna blow
And all of this is what I know

You can read a lot of books
It don't make you smart
You can kiss a lot of fools
Don't mean you've got a heart
You can walk a million miles
Don't mean that you've traveled
You can make a perfect plan
You can read a lot of books
It don't make you smart
You can kiss a lot of fools
Don't mean you've got a heart
You can walk a million miles
Don't mean that you've traveled
You can make a perfect plan
and see it all unravel (3x)

LOVE IS A SECRET

Someone to love
Something to lack
Someone you need, don't need you back
Stand on a rock where nothing will grow
Love is a secret, you ought to know

Wondering why nothing can make it
Easy to stay or easy to go
You got the heart, now go and break it
Love is a secret you ought to know

And it doesn't matter what you believe in
Makings of a man or God above
And it doesn't matter what you think you're
leaving
When every open road you know will lead to love

Nothing to think
Nothing to feel
Head and your heart spin like a wheel
Every which way, down to your soul
Love is a secret you ought to know

Ad Vanderveen

HIM WHO SAVED ME

Him who saved me, save me again
Him who made me, won't you be my friend

Signs of danger, on the wind
Him who saved me, save me again

Rock a bye baby on the treetop
I'm a leaf on a tree
I'm a fish on a rock
I got no arms, I got no choice
Would you sing for me, cause I got no voice
Would you cry for me, would you make them pay
If they cut me down, if they hauled me away

Him who saved me, save me again
Him who made me, won't you be my friend

Rock a bye baby when you wake up
and you look outside, will you see the stuff
Will you breathe real heavy, with your gas mask on
With no birds singing, on your grey front lawn
Will you scratch your head, will you wonder why
and what were they thinking, in the days gone by
Who were those leaders, who were these men
and Mom and Daddy, did they vote for them

Him who saved me, save me again
Him who made me, won't you be my friend

Rock a bye baby here we go
There's nothing to feel and nothing to know
There's no sound coming from the saxophone
No bible readings at the break of dawn
No god, no country, no forever friend
No enemy waiting around the bend
No parking tickets, no judge to see
No bills to pay, but nothing's free
There's no hands making the sign of the cross
There's nothing to lose, cause it's all been lost

Him who saved me, save me again
Him who made me, won't you be my friend

Chip Taylor

THE MOMENT THAT MATTERS

Like you ride a roller coaster and you spiral up and down
And the love on the horizon is the only thing that counts
All you've got to go by is a dream you hold on to
It's no more than a feeling that you got to follow
through until it shatters
In the moment that matters

Moment that matters
In the moment that matters
When there ain't no better and there ain't no worse
There's only your own private universe
In the moment that matters

When you look at where you wanna be and you look at
where you are
Feeling like some lucky loser, wonder how you got this far
Things you should have done, things you should have said
Don't pay no mind to the voice in your head
Telling stories of status
In the moment that matters

There ain't no blessing
There ain't no curse
There's only your own private universe
In the moment that matters

When you're looking at the same thing and the
different ways you feel
And you know as well as I do, time ain't
something real
It's just some words written in the sand
Before the wave washes up on the land
It's written in the stars by some mighty hand
It's written in the songs of your favorite band
Written in the lines that you now understand
In some old lovers letter
In the moment that matters

Ad Vanderveen

HEART OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Well you gassed her up
Behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

you got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jinglin'
And you see the lights
You get all tinglin' cause you're cruisin' with a 6
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair
Shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace
All the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak

Stoppin' on the red
You're goin' on the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin'
You've ever seen
And you're barrelin' down the boulevard
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'
Telephone's ringin', it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid smilin' from the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes you kind of quiver down in the core
'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
And now you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

Well you gassed her up
And you're behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barrellin' down the boulevard,
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzin'
Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin
And the barmaid is smilin' from the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of special down in the core
And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came
before
It's found you stumblin'
Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
And you're stumblin'
Stumblin onto the heart of Saturday night

Tom Waits

BLOSSOM

I was so sure from the first
Tattooed my heart on my shirt
You're so concealing
Never revealing
Your way of healing the hurt

Picture yourself in my place
What would you want me to say
Let's get this behind us
Shatter the silence
Mystery hides in your face

Where did you go
What did you do
How would I be on my own
without you

Where do we take it from here
Break down these fragile frontiers
Question the causes
Stitch up the losses
Wait 'til the blossom appears

Where did you go
What did you do
How would I be on my own
without you

Question the causes
Stitch up the losses
Wait 'til the blossom appears

Where did you go
What did you do
How would I be on my own
without you

Iain Matthews/Pete Droge/Rasmus Hedeboe

CARRY ME BACK

After the storm a quiet will come
Carry me back to my home
Over the hillside, the thunder is gone
Carry me back to my home

Out of the darkness and out of the blue
Carry me back to my home
Into a sunshine, hidden from view
Carry me back to my home
Carry me back to my home

When this round is over
This work is done
See that it's been good enough
Cause you were my angel under the sun
Carried me back to love

Out where the ocean's meeting the sky
Carry me back to my home
A blissful infinity passes us by
Carry me back to my home
Carry me back to my home

When this round is over
This work is done
Know that it's been good enough
Cause you were my angel under the sun
Carried me back to love

So have all the good songs lift up your voice
Carry me back to my home
Hand my old guitar to one of the boys
Carry me back to my home
Carry me back to my home
Carry me back home

Ad Vanderveen

Produced by Ad Vanderveen

@ Songsense studio Bussum, The Netherlands

Recorded and mixed between August-December 2009

Post production: Eugene de Munck Mortier @ Music Please

Iain & Ad: all vocals

Iain Matthews: Acoustic guitar, Percussion.

Ad Vanderveen: Acoustic & electric guitars.

Resonator guitar, Harmonica, Percussion, Bass.

Kersten de Ligny: Harmony vocal on "Carry Me Back"

Mastering & SACD Authoring: Bert van der Wolf / Northstar Recording Services

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