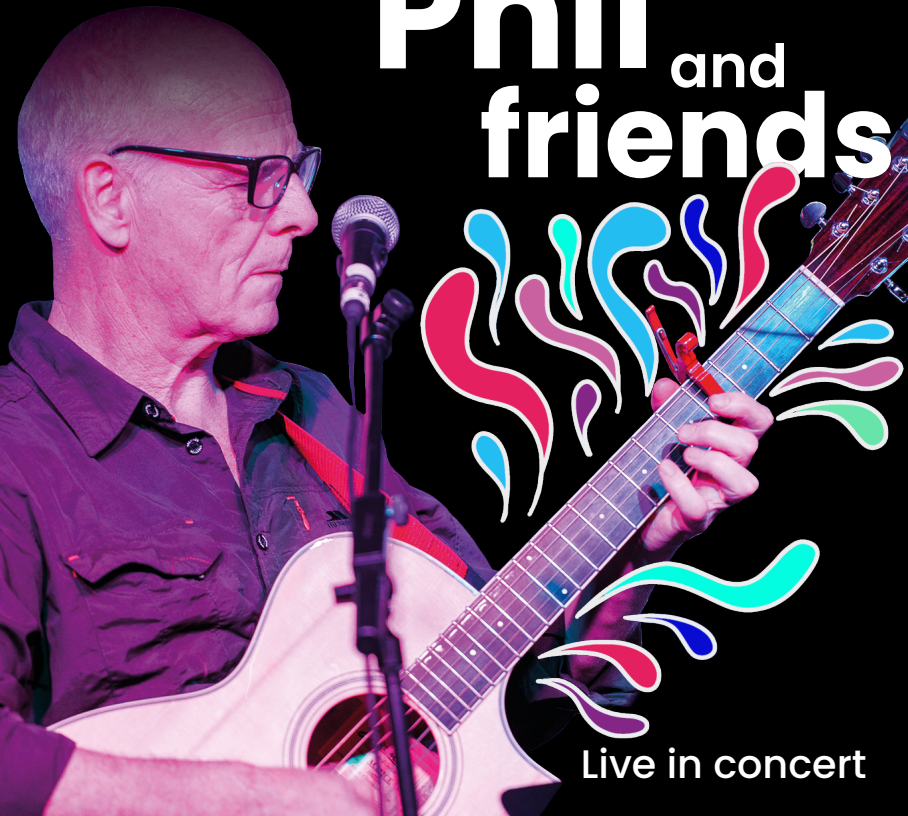


Phil and friends



Live in concert

Phil Overton has created, performed and recorded music since his teens. A versatile writer, his insightful material observes illusion, loneliness and uncertainty while exploring beauty, freedom and hope with emotionally articulate lyrics.

He employs a wide range of musical style from rhythmic numbers to slower ballads. Acoustic and electric sounds are combined with melody plus harmony and then some...

Phil's faith journey's not been without crisis but a personal experience of God continues to be a significant constant in his life and creativity.

His exciting band brings fresh bursts of joyful inspiration to the music on this 'live' recording, with some reflective moments en route.



Track List

1. I need the lake
2. Cried on my own
3. All in the tone
4. Hold me like a child
5. Skirting the abyss
6. South facing room
7. Stony acres
8. When the roof comes falling
9. Found
10. Fingerprints of God
11. The only cry that I have
12. Spirit level



I need the lake

I want a waterfall
but I need the lake
stillness taking charge
of this chaos that I make
tranquility's a haven
no one could ever take

I want a waterfall but I need the lake

I want a waterfall
but I need the lake
beauty that is genuine
joy that isn't fake
gazing on its majesty
I could come awake
I want a waterfall
but I need the lake

I want a waterfall
dripping with surprise
cascading for me always
before my very eyes
but all of this exquisiteness
can never compensate

I want a waterfall
but I need the lake
fleeting is the fantasy
that intoxicates
for some serenity
all I would forsake
I want a waterfall
but I need the lake

I want a waterfall
where nothing is denied
ecstasy in everything
always gratified
but it leaves me
with such emptiness
that I just can't shake
I want a waterfall
but I need the lake

Hold me like a child

hold me like a baby
hold me like a child
You were always there for me
and I was running wild
I know that You can keep me
safe from all alarms
so won't You hold me
like a baby in Your arms?

hold me like a father
hold me like a child
You're so strong
but it's been too long
we've been unreconciled
you will be my hiding place
so secure and good
so won't You hold me
just the way a father would?

won't You hold me
like a baby in Your arms?
hold me like a child
come on and hold me
like a baby in Your arms

I want You to hold me
come on and hold me
like a baby in Your arms



South facing room

the south facing room is
brighter and warmer
in autumn and winter
in spring and in summer
in seasons of darkness
and in moments of gloom
I stand in the south facing room

the south facing room
is always inviting
even when my life
is less than exciting
when meaningless thoughts
and adversity loom
I wait in the south facing room

the south facing room
kind of brings me alive
when monotonous days
are hard to survive
I was woven with purpose
in the depths of the womb
I've got hope in the south facing
room

south facing room has seen
some sadness and mirth
the highs and the lows
of my days on this earth
and as I await
the grave and the tomb
I treasure the south facing room

the south facing room
kind of reminds me of home
the more I will cherish
the further I roam
well, the past is now waning
like the light of the moon
that has brightened
my south facing room

the south facing room
metaphorically clear
reveals to my heart that heaven
is near
one day I'm gonna live
I'm gonna leave this cocoon
forever in south facing rooms



Stony Acres

a sower came along
sowing his seed
could it be grain?
would it be a weed?
then came all the blues and
those trouble makers
down in stony acres
nothing has a meaning
nothing is profound
everything is empty
as you look around
disposable illusions with
incinerators
down in stony acres

stony acres, stony acres
plenty of nothing
plenty of fakers
it could make you weep
ground was never deep
down in stony acres

gravel on the road
hard as a rock
what's the point of a battleship
tied up in the dock?
you get wasted in the shallows
with those passion takers
down in stony acres

stony acres, stony acres
thought I was living it up
with the movers and the shakers
trying to be cool, I was just a fool
down in stony acres

I was taking my time when
mystery divine
I saw my true condition
as I withered on the vine
I was only wasting money
on the butchers and the bakers
down in stony acres
stony acres, stony acre

all I ever got was a heartbreaker
I didn't have a root so there
wasn't any fruit
down in stony acres

stony acres, stony acres
time came to join
all the other forsakers
my roots are in the ground
now look at what I found
away from stony acres
I used to just survive
then I came alive
far from stony acres



Fingerprints of God

The edges of the galaxies
where we never trod
Mysterious infinity
the fingerprints of God
The farthest flung extremities
that we probe and prod
Give light that's
unapproachable
the fingerprints of God

Away with all our vanities
at which we smile and nod
Observe a sacred universe

the fingerprints of God
Alive within humanity
raised up from the sod
Resplendent now and
glorious, so glorious
the fingerprints of God

**The edges of the galaxies
where we never trod
Mysterious infinity
the fingerprints of God**



Spirit Level

**Spirit level, Spirit level
no more running
with the devil
In Your sacredness I revel
living on the Spirit level**

Make a pathway for my feet
In Your love I am complete
In the wilderness out there
A highway for You I prepare

Turning crooked into straight
enter by a narrow gate
Speaking messages You gave
So that all can know You save

Every valley, be upraised
every mountain fall
Making level pathways for
You are Lord of all

From the token that is poor to
Your revelation pure
Words to bind up
words to soothe
Making rocky places smooth



Life Supper

The music on this CD was recorded at one of our Life Supper events at Chirst Church Leamington Spa.

Life Suppers take place every March, July and October.

They are a chance to come and share a meal and hear an incredible story about how God has transformed someones life.

For more information please visit:

www.christchurch.org.uk



Fulton Sound Studio

All post-production development, arranging and mastering done by Mark Fulton at Fulton Sound Studio.

For more information please visit:

www.fultonsoundstudio.co.uk

Credits

Phil Overton – Vocals, guitars, piano & keyboard

Adebola Ogunoiki – Bass

Michelle Overton – Drums

James Oatley – Electric lead guitar

Pauline Holbrow – Sax & oboe

Keziah Holbrow – Violin

Nicki Overton – Violin

Abi Collins – Violin

Kate Sanders – Vocals

Joseph Olatunbosun – Percussion

Becki Stanyon – Keyboard

Jonathan Blackford – Sound & recording

Mark Fulton – Mixing, overdubs & mastering (Fulton Sound Studio)

All songs written/arranged by Phil Overton

www.inhiselement.co.uk

1. I need the lake
2. Cried on my own
3. All in the tone
4. Hold me like a child
5. Skirting the abyss
6. South facing room
7. Stony acres
8. When the roof comes falling
9. Found
10. Fingerprints of God
11. The only cry that I have
12. Spirit level