

"... Meanwhile, relatives of the four kidnapped tourists are back in the country to make yet another appeal. It has been a year now since the abduction, and the last seven months have seen little but a stony silence."

"Amid reports of illness, injury and threats of death, was the uncertainty of not knowing what to believe ... she did not even get to say goodbye" said the wife of one of the hostages. More appeals have been made some even by other militant organisations, but the message is ..."

This is an excerpt from a magazine report published more than 5 years ago. It hit us in the face then, it still tingles in the spine each time. We wrote this song then, in an effort to feel the uncertainty, the futility, ourselves. To share the yet shimmering hope of those who are left waiting for a loved one. At times forever. It's worse still, not having even said a goodbye, or caught the last eye. As funerals are. Ceremonial farewells, perhaps?

Five long years, not a word, nor a trace. Some of them have still not given up, as we read in the papers recently. They wait, even today ... we can hear the strain ..

Nitin had this hummin' in his mind for while, sung so hauntingly well by Megha, which leads in to the introduction and also forms the basic chorus of the song. And then it's those 'tingles in the spine' all the way. All 13 of us thrashed out these lyrics for flawlessness,

BUT IT RAINED
Wrapped in a polythene
tucked away safe in my mind
A little goodbye maybe
or just a passing smile
The clouds are all beside me
to see me through
all the good times
Maybe he'll come back again
make up for the forsaken time

The birds fly away to the
southern sky searching a home
A bunch of paper flowers or a
little boy left all alone
Can somebody hear me
I'm screaming from so far away
Morning who will calm you now
the evening is eclipsed again

Well does life get any better
More yesterdays than today's
How I thought
the sun would shine tomorrow
Buti trained...

They justified the cause
for which Daddy might give up his life
It's been so long, so long a time
still I miss Daddy at night
The ache is long gone
but the never keeps staring along
The waters in the seas are high and
all the sand castles have drowned

Well does life get any better
More yesterdays than today's
How I thought
the sun would shine tomorrow
Buti trained...

resulting in none, zilch, political incorrectness. And none can dig deeper in pathos than a Sharat in his violin, so he sways the low tides in there. Somehow all our, singles if we may say, turn out to be album size efforts. Taking months of scoring and re-scoring, weeks of hair splitting, hours and days of recording and mixing, in that order, scores and tons of inputs and impromptu additions, and rare omissions. We'd none less than 67 tracks to mix on this one. But it's a nice matured tune in the end, and we're all sated, having felt and played our parts so.

So it's only in order that we thank the contributors. Most of all, Surya Subramanian, who believed in this song more than any of us. And less than a week after we recorded it, 2 days after a concert, at the very venue he met us first, he left us, waiting for him. He met with with a tragic accident on his way to join us at a concert, and it is to his loving spirit, that we dedicate this song.

Nigel, Dinah, Gyan, Vipin, Megha. The 'The Rock Street Journal', or 'RSJ' ever since they turned 'fasht', for letting us dream, yet again. The parents, friends, critics, computers, Abhijit and his VSS 880, our guitars, keyboards, Dilip's Drum kit and Nitin-Sonam-Saurabh-Subir-Sharat-Dilip-Chintan. Thanks all ye' ... :o}

this JANUARY 2001 AD