

Top 11 Songs over 11 Minutes

This list comprises the best songs that run for more than eleven minutes, while the present compilation is arbitrary and not a ranking.

1. Pink Floyd, Echoes (23:31) from *Meddle* (1971, Harvest)

Overhead the albatross
Hangs motionless upon the air
And deep beneath the rolling waves
In labyrinths of coral caves
An echo of a distant time
Comes willowing across the sand
And everything is green and submarine.

And no one called us to the land
And no one knows the where's or why's.
Something stirs and something tries
Starts to climb toward the light.

Strangers passing in the street
By chance two separate glances meet
And I am you and what I see is me.
And do I take you by the hand
And lead you through the land
And help me understand
The best I can.

And no one called us to the land
And no one crosses there alive.
No one speaks and no one tries
No one flies around the sun....

Almost every day you fall
Upon my waking eyes,
Inviting and inciting me
To rise.
And through the window in the wall
Come streaming in on sunlight wings
A million bright ambassadors of morning.

And no one sings me lullabyes
And no one makes me close my eyes
So I throw the windows wide
And call to you across the sky....

Roger Waters, Richard Wright, David Gilmour, and Nick Mason © 1971

2. Dire Straits, Telegraph Road (14:15) from *Love over Gold* (1982, Vertigo Records)

A long time ago came a man on a track
Walking thirty miles with a sack on his back
And he out down the load where he thought it was the best
He made a home in the wilderness
He built a cabin and a winter store
And he ploughed up the ground by the cold lake shore
And the other travellers came riding down the track
And they never went further and they never went back
Then came the churches then came the schools
Then came the lawyers then came the rules
Then came the trains and the trucks with their loads
And the dirty old track was the telegraph road

Then came the mines – then came the ore
Then there was a hard time then there was a war
Telegraph sang a song about the world outside
Telegraph road got so deep and so wide
Like a rolling river...

And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze
People driving home from the factories
There's six lanes of traffic
Three lanes moving slow...

I used to like to go to work but they shut it down
I've got a right to go to work but there's no work here to be found
Yes and they say we're gonna have to pay what's owed
We're gonna have to reap from some seed that's been sowed
And the birds up on the wires and the telegraph poles
They can always fly away from this rain and this cold
You can hear them singing out their telegraph code
All the way down the telegraph road

You know I'd sooner forget but I remember those nights
When life was just a bet on a race between the lights
You had your head on my shoulder you had your hand in my hair
Now you act a little colder like you don't seem to care...
But believe in me baby and I'll take you away
From out of this darkness and into the day
From these rivers of headlights these rivers of rain
From the anger that lives on the streets with these names
'cos I've run every red light on memory lane
I've seen desperation explode into flames
And I don't wanna see it again...

From all of these signs saying sorry but we're closed
All the way down the telegraph road

3. Lynyrd Skynyrd, Free Bird (13:30) from *One More from the Road* (1977, MCA)

If I leave here tomorrow
Would you still remember me?
For I must be travelling on now
'Cause there's too many places I've got to see

But if I stay here with you, girl
Things just couldn't be the same
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now
And this bird you cannot change
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

And a bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
Lord knows I can't change

Bye bye, baby, it's been a sweet love yeah, yeah
And though this feeling I can't change
But please don't take this so badly
'Cause Lord knows I'm to blame

But if I stay here with you, girl
Things just couldn't be the same
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now
And this bird you'll never change
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

And a bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
Lord knows I can't change
Lord, help me, I can't change

Lord, I can't change
Won't you fly high free bird?
Yeah

Jimmy Rodgers © 1973

4. Renaissance, Song from Scheherazade (24:37) from *Scheherazade and other Stories* (1975, BTM Records)

"the sultan"

Sultan king cruel majesty
Ordered that his women die
A single night this for all his wives
Takes his pleasure then their lives

And so for many days with the dawn
The sultan had his way
Wives were put to death
His name on their dying breath

Then one day as the evening came
Sultan sends for him a wife
Choose her well charms I wish to see
Bring her, send her in to me

Then came Scheherazade to his side
And her beauty shone
Like a flower grown
Gentle as he'd ever known

Scheherazade bewitched him
With songs of jeweled keys
Princes and of heroes
And eastern fantasies

Told him tales of sultans
And talismans and rings
A thousand and one nights she sang
To entertain her king
She sings, Scheherazade, Scheherazade,

"the young prince and the young princess as told by Scheherazade"

And you would cause the sun to see your light
And then be shamed
You cover darkness with a thousand secret flames
With your love, oh my love, oh my love, my love
And I would cause the winds to blow a hundred different days
And bring the perfumes of the gardens of the ways
Of your love, oh my love, oh my love, my love

Crystal and the clay, nights and the days
All on the prince's seal
Eagle of the sky, lion of the earth
This is what the seal is worth, what the seal is worth
Holds all of the dreams of a man

Tapestries, wishes of man, pictures and visions of man
The spirit of the soul of the man
And he would vow to love her for the rest of all his days

"the festival"

Scheherazade this day is yours
The bearers of your gifts now all around you stand
The finest silk made in the land
Is waiting for your choice
It shimmers at your hand
Scheherazade your life is one
You have today the sultan's love
The people watch you step into the sun
Stalls and bars of every kind
Food piled high on woven leaves for all to eat
Drums and flutes at every turn
The music winding, twisting through the crowded streets
Caravans from far away bring people laughing
People come to see the sultan in Baghdad today

Scheherazade her name is known
Her tale is told
The sultan let her life be spared
The festival begins this day
To celebrate her fame
The people sing her praise
Stories sung, the crowds are dancing
To the music and the entertainment all the voices sing
The people call to see the king
The sultan smiles
His story just begun
The sultan and Scheherazade are one
Scheherazade, Scheherazade

She told him tales of sultans and talismans and rings
A thousand and one nights she sang to entertain her king
She sings, Scheherazade, Scheherazade, Scheherazade, etc.

Renaissance © 1975

5. Deep Purple, Child in Time (12:24) from *Made in Japan* (1972, Purple Records)

Sweet child in time, you'll see the line
the line that's drawn between the good and the bad
see the blind man, he's shooting at the world
the bullets flying, they're taking toll.
If you've been bad, Lord I bet you have
and you've not been hit by flying lead
you'd better close your eyes
you'd better bow your head
wait for the ricochet
oooh
I'm crying for you day and night
oooh
aaah
I wanna hear you say
aaah
Sweet child in time, you'll see the line
the line that's drawn between the good of us and the bad of us
see the blind man, he's shooting at the world
the bullets flying, they're killing everyone
if you've been bad, Lord I bet you have
and you've not been hit by flying lead
you'd better close your eyes
you'd better bow your head
wait for the ricochet
oooh
I wanna be inside you
oooh
aaah
I gotta hear you sing
aaah

Deep Purple © 1969

6. Rainbow, Catch the Rainbow (15:35) from *On Stage* (1977, Polydor)

When evening falls
She'll run to me
Like whispered dreams
Your eyes can't see
Soft and warm
She'll touch my face
A bed of straw
Against the lace

We believed we'd catch the rainbow
Ride the wind to the sun
Sail away on ships of wonder
But life's not a wheel
With chains made of steel
So bless me come the dawn
Come the dawn

Ritchie Blackmore and Ronnie James Dio © 1976

7. The Alan Parsons Project, The Turn of a Friendly Card (16:21) from *The Turn of a Friendly Card* (1979, Arista Records)

There are unsmiling faces and bright plastic chains
And a wheel in perpetual motion
And they follow the races and pay out the gains
With no show of an outward emotion

And they think it will make their lives easier
For God knows up till now it's been hard
But the game never ends when your whole world depends
On the turn of a friendly card

There's a sign in the desert that lies to the west
Where you can't tell the night from the sunrise
And not all the king's horses and the king's men
Have prevented the fall of the unwise

For they think it will make their lives easier
And God knows up till now it's been hard
But the game never ends when your whole world depends
On the turn of a friendly card
No the game never ends when your whole world depends
On the turn of a friendly card

But a pilgrim must follow in search of a shrine
As he enters inside the cathedral

There are unsmiling faces in fetters and chains
On a wheel in perpetual motion
Who belong to all races and answer all names
With no show of an outward emotion.

And they think it will make their lives easier
But the doorway before them is barred
And the game never ends when your world depends
On the turn of a friendly card
No the game never ends when your world depends
On the turn of a friendly card

Eric Woolfson and Alan Parsons © 1979

8. Golden Earring, Vanilla Queen (11:45) from *Live* (1977, Polydor)

Fascinating lady, snowflake in the sun
You make me feel so bourgeois
Oh, you've captured everyone
I hear you've been a dancer
At some famous Paris show
And million dollar lovers
Neatly saw you to your door
Nineteen fifty seven,
Sweetheart of the year
Secret of your beauty,
Was your moon-tan and your fear
And now you run this city
You're still honey to the flies
Attract the in-crowd dandies
Faraway-look in their eyes
You're the bright, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
Your mask is sterile dignity
Tell me why, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
You haunt me, even in my dreams
It couldn't be avoided
We were bound to meet
I knew you would drag me down
And toss me off my feet
Sweet moments of desire
Sweet moments of relief
You blew down my fences
You're natural make-believe
You're the bright, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
Your mask is sterile dignity
Tell me why, nocturnal Vanilla Queen
You haunt me, even in my dreams

Barry Hay & Goerge Kooymans © 1973

9. Iron Butterfly, In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida (17:03) from *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* (1969, Atco Records)

In a gadda da vida, honey
Don't you know that I'm lovin' you
In a gadda da vida, baby
Don't you know that I'll always be true
Oh, won't you come with me
And take my hand
Oh, won't you come with me
And walk this land
Please take my hand
In a gadda da vida, honey
Don't you know that I'm lovin' you
In a gadda da vida, baby
Don't you know that I'll always be true
Oh, won't you come with me
And take my hand
Oh, won't you come with me
And walk this land
Please take my hand

Douglas Ingle © 1968

10. Allman Brothers, You don't love me (19:06) from *At Fillmore East* (1971, Capricorn)

You don't love me pretty baby
You don't love me yes I know
You don't love me pretty baby
You don't love me yes I know
Well if you leave me pretty baby
Don't you know you're gonna hurt me so
Well I'm gonna tell my mother
I'm gonna talk to my father too
Well I'm gonna tell my sweet mother
I'm gonna talk to my father too
Well I'm gonna tell everybody
What those young girls will do to you
Well I'm gonna tell my mother
I'm gonna talk to my father too
Yes I'm gonna tell my sweet mother
I'm gonna have a word with my father too
Well I'm gonna tell everybody
What those young girls will do to you
Goodbye now pretty baby
If I don't see you no more
Lord goodbye now pretty baby
If I never see you no more
Well if you think I'll be your fool Lord
You better be on your merry way

Ellas McDaniel, Willie Cobbs & McDaniel Ellas © 1960

11. Yes, Close to the Edge (18:12) from *Close to the Edge* (1972, Atlantic)

A seasoned witch could call you from the depths of your disgrace
And rearrange your liver to the solid mental grace
And achieve it all with music that came quickly from afar
And taste the fruit of man recorded losing all against the hour
And assessing points to nowhere, leading every single one
A dewdrop can exalt us like the music of the sun
And take away the plain in which we move
And choose the course you're running

Down at the end, round by the corner
Not right away, not right away
Close to the edge, down by a river
Not right away, not right away

Crossed the line around the changes of the summer
Reaching out to call the color of the sky
Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster than we see
Getting over all the time I had to worry
Leaving all the changes far from far behind
We relieve the tension only to find out the master's name

Down at the end, round by the corner
Close to the edge, just by a river
Seasons will pass you by
I get up, I get down
Now that it's all over and done
Now that you find, now that you're whole

II. Total Mass Retain

My eyes convinced, eclipsed with the younger moon attained with love
It changed as almost strained amidst clear manna from above
I crucified my hate and held the word within my hand
There's you, the time, the logic, or the reasons we don't understand

Sad courage claimed the victims standing still for all to see
As armoured movers took approached to overlook the sea
There since the cord, the license, or the reasons we understood will be

Down at the edge, close by a river
Close to the edge, round by the corner
Close to the end, down by the corner
Down at the edge, round by the river

Sudden cause shouldn't take away the startled memory
All in all, the journey takes you all the way
As apart from any reality that you've ever seen and known
Guessing problems only to deceive the mention
Passing paths that climb halfway into the void

As we cross from side to side, we hear the total mass retain

Down at the edge, round by the corner
Close to the end, down by a river
Seasons will pass you by
I get up, I get down

III. I Get Up, I Get Down

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In her white lace, you could clearly see the lady sadly looking
Saying that she'd take the blame
For the crucifixion of her own domain

I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down

Two million people barely satisfy
Two hundred women watch one woman cry, too late
The eyes of honesty can achieve
(She would gladly say it amazement of her story)
How many millions do we deceive each day?
(Asking only interest could be layed upon the children of her domain)

I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down

In charge of who is there in charge of me
(She could clearly see the lady sadly looking)
Do I look on blindly and say I see the way?
(Saying that she'd take the blame
For the crucifixion of her own domain)
The truth is written all along the page
(She would gladly say it amazement of her story)
How old will I be before I come of age for you?
(Asking only interest could be layed upon the children of her domain)

I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down

I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down

IV. Seasons Of Man

The time between the notes relates the color to the scenes
A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, so it seems
And space between the focus shape ascend knowledge of love
As song and chance develop time, lost social temp'rance rules above
Ah, ah

Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space
He turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race
I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place
On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley
Called to witness cycles only of the past
And we reach all this with movements in between the said remark

Close to the edge, down by the river
Down at the end, round by the corner
Seasons will pass you by
Now that it's all over and done
Called to the seed, right to the sun
Now that you find, now that you're whole
Seasons will pass you by

I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down

Yes © 1972