


## ***Bernd's lyrics***

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Most of my texts are Rock lyrics. Many have been written for the German Blues Rock band "Motorplanet". I have tried to group them corresponding to their dominant subject. Since nearly all Rock lyrics deal with sex or with sexual relationships this may seem a bit strained sometimes. Otherwise there is no particular order.

Also, the quality of the lyrics differs largely. This is often due to the music they were written for or which I had in mind. My Folk songs tend to have political or moral implications whereas the lyrics for Metal songs tend to be rather rude.

But for now, enjoy!

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## ***love songs***

***peaceful times***

sunshine in a valley with green grass  
that is how our love does seem to us  
the moon shines upon our happy sleep  
we don't even have to count the sheep

we've lived our lives in peaceful times  
singing harmless happy rhymes  
live is not so bad at all

a glass of wine with a good old friend  
that is how the weekend evenings end  
skiing in our winter holidays  
in the summer catching live sun rays

living our lives in peaceful times  
we sing harmless happy rhymes  
live is not so bad at all

in the Kosovo man's killing man  
they seem not to understand  
mortal enemies live door to door  
they believe in love and peace no more

banned high-tech bombs and food  
fell from the sky  
were the Afghan mothers grasping why  
bad now is good and murder now is peace  
good as long it's only on TV

we live our lives in peaceful times  
singing harmless happy rhymes  
live is not so bad at all

the smell of flowers lingers in the air  
live is good although it is not fair  
I enjoy the time I share with you  
I'm so happy that you love me too

This is a song about how I feel. I.e. that I am lucky to have been born long enough after the 2<sup>nd</sup> world war to enjoy a time of "perpetual" economical progress. War, natural catastrophes, all seemed to happen somewhere far away, and to occur mainly on the TV. My working title for this song was "happy", which says it all. Since my wife has a huge part in my feeling happy I have included a love statement, and I consider this also a love song.

I wrote the song 2001 when the US Army dropped "intelligent" high tech bombs on Afghanistan together with aid packages. I wondered if the rural folks would be able to tell them apart. Later I simply changed the respective line into past tense.

***angel***

when one night the skies cracked open  
and the clouds were tumbling down  
I just looked out of my window  
something out there made me frown

thousand angels fell from heaven  
towards the earth or towards hell  
man had to rescue one out of seven  
how or why no-one could tell

caught one angel in my dream  
and I held her very tight  
hoping she would stay with me  
together we would be all right

opening my eyes in the morning  
I hardly dare to look around  
seeing that you are still with me  
makes me happy, makes me proud

you're my angel  
you're my angel

The angel I caught has become my wife, Angela.



***by my side***

seeing you that was love at first sight  
you could brighten up the darkest night  
I had seen you in my lonesome dreams  
I'll be true to you by all means  
you're the one who I want by my side

you bring a smile upon my worried face  
you're a harbour in the daily haste  
in my darkness you're the guiding star  
without you I wouldn't get too far  
you're the sunshine on a rainy day  
I'm so overwhelmed that you should stay  
you're the one who I want by my side

you extinguish all the burning fires  
of my long since unfulfilled desires  
you're the one to lead my thirsty soul  
to your precious secret water-hole  
you're the one who makes my dreams come true  
when I close my eyes I'm seeing you  
you're the one who I want by my side

## **tough**

I was so young, so insecure,  
didn't know my way  
caught in my emotions, sometimes I was thinking  
that I might be gay  
then you came across, had a closer look  
and you had your say  
told me what to do, told me how to live  
I had to obey

you've been tough from early childhood  
you've been tough since we first met  
you were tough when I deceived you  
you're as tough as one can get  
you're so tough

happy ever since, we've just stayed together  
I cannot complain  
just once I made a mistake, looked the other way  
must have been insane  
no-one could come between us, whatever they might try  
it would be in vain  
call it what you like, see it as you please  
I love my golden chain

you're so tough ..

it's your strength that I adore  
it's your beauty that I love  
makes no sense to wish for more  
loving you is quite enough

you're so tough ..

In my opinion the female is the strong gender. At least my wife is...

***let her eyes smile at me again***

she's dancing in the moonlight  
she's dancing through her years  
she's laughing off her sorrows  
she's laughing off her fears  
laughing off her fears

let her eyes smile at me again

I could drink of her tea cup  
while she enjoys some cake  
I've always kept this dream of  
living in her wake

we could walk through her garden  
we'd take an evening stroll  
enjoying the scents and flowers  
and soothing our souls

let her eyes smile at me again

she's dancing in the moonlight  
she's dancing through her years  
she's laughing off her sorrows  
she's laughing off her fears  
laughing off her fears

***the answer***

I know the answer  
though you never asked a question  
I know you  
though we've never met  
and I know  
that the answer  
must be "yes"

in the land  
of my fantasy  
I met this girl  
(she) fell in love with me  
in blooming meadows  
we danced  
and we kissed  
and laughed  
and loved

I know the answer  
though I never asked the question  
I know you  
though we've never met  
and I know  
that the answer  
will be "yes"

and I know  
you must be somewhere  
I've dreamed you  
that's why I'm sure  
in blooming meadows  
we will dance  
we'll kiss  
we'll laugh  
and make love

***bushbaby***

she used to sleep at daytime  
and roam about at night  
I try to make her mine  
I try to hold her tight  
I love to touch her body  
and kiss her big dark eyes  
I love to make her moan  
and hear her little cries  
I call her my bushbaby  
hope she won't leap away  
she could become my lady  
I want to make her stay  
Make my bushbaby stay

***need your love tonight***

had a bad day at the office  
everything went wrong  
guess who they would blame?  
I'll quit before long

rather be unemployed  
than playin' their fool  
got to find a better place  
and keep my cool

Oh, I need your love tonight  
we both will make things right  
Oh, I need your love tonight  
we could turn dark to light  
you're the stronghold of my life  
the best I've done was making you my wife

things weren't better on my way home  
got into the traffic jam  
next the car broke down  
but I don't give a damn

it was one of these days  
to drive you insane  
when I walked home it started  
to rain

Oh, I need your love tonight  
we both will make things right  
Oh, I need your love tonight  
we could turn dark to light  
you're the stronghold of my life  
the best I've done was making you my wife

Oh, I need your love tonight ...

I wrote the love song for Holger and Petra, but also for me and my wife.

***like the first time***

I met this girl who simply shattered my whole world  
I can't think straight,  
I can't stop thinking 'bout this girl

it's just like the first time

(I) feel awkward, shy and nervous when I meet her eyes  
my mood jumps from the bottom up to unknown highs

my life's turned upside down  
she drives me crazy

just like it was the first time  
- my heart keeps racing  
just like it was the first time  
- what am I facing?

my settled life  
is goin' to ruins  
my kids and wife -  
boy, what shall I do?  
she's gone to my head  
what can I do?  
boy, she drives me mad

just like it was the first time

she drives me crazy

just like it was the first time  
my heart keeps racing  
what am I facing?

she drives me crazy, boy

Maybe, this is not a real romantic love song after all. In a romance you wouldn't leave your family, would you? But as nearly all my lyrics would fit in the category "other relationships" (i.e. sex, friendship, broken relationships etc.) I felt I had to compromise every once and again. It is a text for Holger from Motorplanet, by the way. And I included several phrases from his "Gibberish" working version.

**'bout you and me**

spotting you just knocked me out  
you took my breath away  
we got wild and we had fun  
turned the night to day  
life was exciting, the world was re-born  
just for you and me  
though the past is history  
it is still with me

don't know why we had to fight  
and shouldn't get along  
at times we were like cat and dog  
there were times when we were full of hatred  
times of misery  
though the past is history  
it is still with me

every day I feel  
the time pass by  
and how precious you're to me  
and I realize  
what life is all about  
'tis 'bout you - 'bout you and me

we went through lows we went through heights  
there was gay laughter there were angry cries  
but we've stayed lovers, we've stayed friends  
in the end - you see  
though the past is history  
it is still with me

every day I feel  
the time pass by  
and how precious you're to me  
and I realize  
what life is all about  
'tis 'bout you - 'bout you and me



***I want you back***

turning a blind eye to your affair  
made it look like I didn't care  
I was afraid to lose you  
what could I do  
I ran around with blinders  
so I did not have to see  
I need no reminder  
the blame's on me

what does he have that I don't  
what does he do that I won't  
why don't you talk it out with me  
why didn't you open my eyes  
why not give us a chance  
why do you stick to your lies  
and your romance

I want you back  
want you back  
now and here  
I want you back  
I want you back  
now and here

I know you used to mess around  
now you have got me on the ground  
and I still love you  
what can I do  
why do you say it's over  
why do you say there's no choice  
why can't we stay together  
don't I have a voice

I want you  
I want you  
I want you back  
I want you back  
want you back  
now and here

what does he have that I don't  
...

I want you back  
want you back  
now and here  
I want you back  
I want you back  
now and here

I want you  
I want you  
I want you back  
I want you  
I want you  
I want you back

Idea - Holger, text - Bernd. Well, the repetitive lines "I want you" and "I want you back" actually come from Holger. Thus, my contribution to this text is only about 50 per cent.

***don't talk about love***

don't talk about love  
makin' me believe  
that our love could work out  
layin' in my arms  
you'd take me in  
make me forget all my doubts

each time you're here  
I lose myself in you  
and in my head I keep hearing  
songs about joy  
songs about happiness  
songs about trust and love without end

don't talk about love  
makin' me believe  
I'd stand a chance with you, Babe  
lookin' at me that way  
you make me melt away again

each time you're here  
I lose myself in you  
and in my head I keep hearing  
songs about joy  
songs about happiness  
songs about trust and love without end

stop teasing me, Babe  
stop deceiving me, Babe  
I'm no match for you

don't talk about love  
makin' me believe  
that your feelings were true  
touchin' me that way  
you'd take me in  
leaving me with no clue

each time you're here  
I lose myself in you  
and in my head I keep hearing  
songs about joy  
songs about happiness  
songs about trust and love without end

### ***lost in space***

the earth is just a tiny speck  
lost in the universe  
a heap of matter gone astray  
due to some ancient curse  
forgotten and neglected by the gods  
who made the world  
on its own and lonesome since  
the galaxies unfurled

I've just seen a photo  
which was shut from the space:  
a fragile ball of vibrant blue  
of beauty and of grace  
spoilt and nourished by the sun  
until the end of days  
immediately I fell in love  
with this special place

I'm alive  
I'm in love  
I could embrace you all

I kiss your eyes, I kiss your lips  
I gently touch your face  
I take your hand to lead you to  
my secret hiding place  
let's swim the river, let's float downstream  
towards the endless sea  
when in the end we find the light  
there'll be just you and me

As for the way I feel about this song it is very similar to "peaceful times". I wrote it after watching a DVD about the earth with impressive photo shots from the ISS. The last lines are a bit "Wagnerian", hinting on a love reaching beyond death.

***how come***

how come I feel so different today  
how come I don't mind what people say  
how come all my senses are on the alert  
no need to tell you it's all for this girl

one glimpse knocked me out - don't even know her name  
don't know where she comes from, it's such a shame  
I don't have a clue if she noticed me  
my mind's in a mess as you all can see

I'm cruising the streets, I've checked every place  
this town is too big, this town is a maze  
you have to watch out so you don't get lost  
I have to find her, I don't mind the cost

***soon I'll be there***

I'd watched you from the hotel bar  
you'd been waiting - he didn't show  
we just talked, I saw you to your car and you

winked at me,  
smiled at me

somehow you've got into my dreams  
I close my eyes to see your face  
does me good just like sun beams -  
must find you -  
so I can see you

smile at me,  
wink and smile at me  
yeah

soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there

(I) try hard to figure out some way  
to find out where you may be living  
I'm quite certain there will come a day  
when I'll find you  
to see

you smile at me

(I) don't have a clue where you may be  
you might live next door or be very close  
even if you're far away from me  
I'll find you  
I'll find you to see you

wink at me and  
smile at me  
yeah

soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there  
soon I'll be there

***without you***

how could I lie so fluently  
how could I treat you like I did  
behaving like a naughty kid  
how could I fail so totally

like a dry and barren plain  
like the desert with no rain  
like the last hope dying too  
(my) life is without you

how much I must have hurt you then  
how much pain I must have caused  
only the wrong friends have applauded  
I'd never do such things again

like a dry and barren plain  
like the desert with no rain  
like the last hope dying too  
(my) life is without you

how much I wish there was a way  
how much I wish I could undo  
the nasty things I did to you  
and wipe out what I then did say

if you came back - oh, what a feast  
champagne and roses, and at least  
my promise that I would be true  
and always honest towards you

like a dry and barren plain  
like the desert with no rain  
like the last hope dying too  
(my) life is without you

Originally, I wrote this for Marc, a singer from Austria. Although I myself find it pretty schmaltzy the text has found quite a few friends.

**round table**

I tried it all but I cannot forget you  
you keep on coming on my mind these days  
I know it was a mistake that I left you  
how I regret that we've gone different ways!

small wonder \_ that you've found another  
you were supposed to overcome your pain  
I like your guy - he could have been my brother  
now I am here - standing in the rain

I dream of you  
I long for you  
wished there was some way  
to make you mine  
make you forgive  
and forget that pain

I'd grant you all the freedom you'd require  
my longing's pretty desperate, you see  
you're the only thing that I desire  
I wished there was some chance for you and me

I even would accept a threesome  
just so that I could be close to you  
I'd do my best to overcome my jealousy  
whatever you would ask for I would do

I dream of you  
I long for you  
wished there was some way  
to make you mine  
make you forgive  
and love me again

say, why can't we meet at a round table  
discuss all options comprehensively  
be open for all possibilities  
(as long as they're including me)

I dream of you  
I long for you  
wished there was some way  
to make you mine  
make you forgive  
and live with me again

Yes, I think this is just another love song indeed. Maybe a little unconventional, though, suggesting a threesome...

***take me seriously***

I had met her in a hotel bar  
we had a drink and talked 'bout us  
I told her how my life had been so far  
she said she lived alone  
that she lived alone

my age was an issue that came up  
I didn't know where to go from there  
she toyed with an empty coffee cup  
I said that I would phone

how can I make her take me seriously  
what may I look like in her eyes  
I am afraid that she might laugh 'bout me  
behind a friendly smile

I asked her whether we could meet again  
she only said that she'd stay a week  
I have no clue about the how and when  
I feel left in the dark  
left in the dark

is it my youth or insecurity  
she's kind enough but also somewhat cool  
I ask myself what could be wrong with me  
am I off the mark?

how can I make her take me seriously  
what may I look like in her eyes  
I am afraid that she might laugh 'bout me  
behind a friendly smile

This is a text for Alex which he will probably never use, written to his melody. I had to meet the number of syllables and the stresses exactly, whereas when I write for Holger the number of syllables quite often may vary due to his quite different style. Alex also provided the idea as to what the song should be about.



***last night – let's forget it***

the air was hot and the drinks were cool  
she was so young, she still goes to school  
the music and the humming made our mind spin  
there was this sparkle in her eyes, and the touch of her skin

there was no intention - there just was the night  
in seclusion we danced, and dim was the light  
the music was loud and we danced a lot  
she lay in my arms and our bodies got hot

we were so close, and there was no restraint  
I am a man, I'm not a saint  
I have my faults, that I concede  
but it's you who I love, you're the woman I need

no reason to worry or for starting a row  
yesterday's passed, and we live here and now  
let's try to forget it and bury the past  
'cause you're who I love and our love should last

***there was a time ...***

there was a place and a time when we were still together  
there was a time when the future looked bright

there was our love and a climate with only good weather  
there was a time when the nights were alight

I still feel the touch of your skin,  
remember the places we've been  
if life was a book to be read  
I'd stop reading and turn back the page

I still smell the scent of you hair,  
still see the skirts you would wear  
if life was a clock to be set  
I'd stop waiting and turn back the clock

I still feel your kiss on my lips,  
still feel my hands at your hips  
if life was a path to be gone  
I'd turn round and go all the way back

I still hear your voice in my ear  
like you were close now and here  
if life was a movie to watch  
I'd have it rewind to its start

Karsten's working title for this song was "a song about you". Its structure is pretty weird: a part which I would have called a prelude, except it's supposed to be sung, and four parts with chorus-like character which had to be made into verses if I did not want to have the same lines repeated all over. The Procol Harum song "(can't) turn back the page" inspired me to the main idea. Keith Reid, their lyricist, is my personal hero. He can work magic with simple words.

***still missing you***

I see your face like it was yesterday  
sometimes I think I feel your skin -  
soothing tricks played by my memory

I see you when I close my eyes  
I hear you when I shut my ears  
I feel you in my lonesome dreams at night

the gentle words you once spoke to me  
I used to hear, I used to love -  
I still recall them in my memory

I see you when I close my eyes  
I hear you when I shut my ears  
I feel you in my lonesome dreams at night

I see you when I close my eyes  
I hear you when I shut my ears  
I feel you in my lonesome dreams at night

I see you when I close my eyes  
I hear you when I shut my ears  
I feel you in my lonesome dreams at night

I have placed this song here because it is rather romantic, if also sad.

## **memories**

I watched you in the dancing hall, you looked just like an angel  
spellbound I stood and stared, swift and fluid were your movements  
I had to overcome my shyness, so I joined the dancers  
we both saw it in our eyes: we belonged together

memories remain,  
memories that last  
closing my eyes  
I can relive the past  
memories remain,  
memories that last  
closing my eyes  
I can relive the past

we had so many happy days, I will not forget them  
fun and friends, parties with no end when we let it all hang out  
Spain, Greece, a whole new world we discovered together  
finally we had to find out: life is not perpetual pleasure

memories remain,  
memories that last  
closing my eyes  
I can relive the past  
memories ...

memories remain,  
memories that last  
closing my eyes  
I can relive the past  
memories ...

This song also fits into the romantic section I should think. At least it's positive: the partnership may be past but the love is still there. I wrote the text trying to match it to Karsten's tune as closely as possible. This is why the verses got a bit clumsy, I'm afraid.

***I want my money back***

you went shopping - I paid the bills  
the price never played a role  
well - yeah  
you did not give a 'damn  
but I  
want my money back

outstanding debts keep worrying me still  
your wishes were like a black hole  
well - yeah  
you did not give a 'damn  
I  
want my money back

the latest trends, the latest fashion  
up-marked brands were your passion  
well  
you kept exhausting my means

when you left I was broke  
you just ruined me at a stroke  
well  
you sure exhausted my means

when you were gone you only left debts  
costs of my desperate love  
well - yeah  
you did not give a 'damn  
but I  
want my money back

if you can't pay you could come back  
I'd have invested in love  
well - yeah  
for money I don't give a 'damn  
I  
want my Baby back

The very last line makes this yet another love song.

***the same old place***

well,  
watch the boys cruise the neighbourhood  
searching for a hot spot  
wearing their cool, weekend-special look  
no idea where to go, though

but I  
know what to do  
I know where to go  
to the same old place where I  
once met you

well,  
watch the girls getting all dolled up  
(they're) looking real hot  
little sweeties - all dressed-up  
but nowhere to go

but I  
know what to do  
I know where to go  
to the same old place where I  
once met you

watch all this fussing and buzzing  
like ants being lost  
like all their heads have gone muzzy  
with no place to go

but I  
know what to do  
I know where to go  
to the same old place where I  
once met you  
to the same old place where I  
once met you

***(other) relationships***

***not enough***

looks to make you freeze  
she was a real tease  
I walked her home that night  
a gentle touch  
a tender kiss  
I sure expected more than this

a short romance  
sweet talk and dance  
a little neckin'  
and a little pettin'  
she'd not allow much more  
a gentle touch  
a tender kiss  
I'm sure expecting more than this

it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough to get me satisfied

it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough to keep me satisfied

she said to me  
"a drink for free  
a dinner sunday night  
a bunch of flowers  
but not the things I miss  
I'm sure expecting more than this"

it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough to get me satisfied

it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough  
it's not enough to keep me satisfied



*jumpy*

met a real looker at the party  
thought myself real cool  
trying to get off with her  
she made me look the fool

just meant to have a little fun  
nothing too constricting  
but very soon I found that our  
intentions were conflicting

she started tremblin', tears in her eyes  
she looked pretty frightened  
I asked her what was wrong with her  
"just get me enlightened"

I felt quite sure she must have had  
some hundred other lovers  
whatever were her fears -  
(that) she would soon recover

I ran my hands up her thighs  
right under her skirt  
I was quite sure she wouldn't mind  
she looked a real flirt

her eyes wide open, panic-stricken  
now she sure was scared  
I was aroused and I was ready  
it was too late to care

(I said)  
"Cool down my love,  
try to make the best of this,  
try to have a little fun,  
give my friend a juicy kiss!  
Stop acting the prudish cow,  
how about enjoying this?"

"Cool down my love -  
try to make the best of this,  
try to have a little fun,  
give my friend a juicy kiss!  
Stop being so jumpy,  
Stop being so jumpy!"

met a real looker at the party  
thought myself real cool  
trying to get off with her  
she made me look the fool

just meant to have a little fun  
nothing too constricting  
but very soon I found that our  
intentions were conflicting

she trembled and she screamed of fear  
hitting out at me  
she winced and cried, eventually  
she sank down on her knees

I felt so stupid, felt so bad  
this wasn't what I'd wanted

looked down at her - helplessly  
and I felt quite daunted

was it my fault if other guys -  
might have been her father -  
had ruined her childhood and her life?  
we got to travel farther

for her there were consoling words  
for me there was contempt  
from now on stickin' with the pro's  
is what I shall attempt

The title is actually derived from the riff which had a certain "jumping" character. Tough stuff, I hope I got the irony through, though.

***down the drain***

as long as things were looking smooth  
as there were echos of my youth  
I didn't feel the need of you

don't know the man who's locked up inside me  
you easily could find out since you've got the key  
it more or less depends on you

still, I'm not sure what I might gain  
'cause you could lead me down the drain

out of the darkness towards the light  
you could lead me if I let you be my guide  
if I put my trust in you

still, I'm not sure what I might gain  
'cause you could lead me down the drain

you can lead me  
you can guide me  
but please  
don't lead me down the drain

still, I'm not sure what I might gain  
'cause you could lead me down the drain

I liked the idea of "being led down the drain". Well, get me right, I don't actually mean the idea but the phrase, of course. To decide who "you" is I leave to the listener.

## **Sabrina**

when our eyes met I felt that something was quite wrong  
you looked so very young and cute, and yet you were so strong  
my mind was in a turmoil, and I cursed that very day  
you said I need not worry 'cause love always finds a way

Sabrina, you took me by the hand  
you said you'd lead me to another land  
where our love could survive  
where we'd not have to hide  
you know how I feel:  
if this land was real  
I would follow you through the end

I tried to hide my feelings, but I fell into despair  
surrendering to my longing I just knew I was not fair  
but I yearned to be close to you, I could not keep away  
I knew how very wrong things looked, I knew what they would say

Sabrina, you took me by the hand  
you said you'd lead me to another land  
where our love could survive  
where we'd not have to hide  
you know how I feel:  
if this land was real  
I would follow you through the end

will we find a way?  
will we find a way out?  
I want to wipe out that day  
I want to resolve all doubt

Sabrina, you took me by the hand  
you said you'd lead me to another land  
where our love could survive  
where we'd not have to hide  
you know how I feel:  
if this land was real  
I would follow you through the end

"Sabrina" was the name of a temporary working colleague. I had never heard that name before, and I liked it that much that I had to write a song about it. The chorus I wrote down on a scrap of paper during a conference. The tune for the chorus came to my mind simultaneously. In the conference break I hurried to my hotel room to write down the rest.

## ***Violet***

in sleepless, restless nights  
she tosses and she turns  
is it some nameless fears  
or that she just yearns  
for things still opaque

she likes to touch herself  
so she can feel the thrill  
but the thoughts and images  
keep making her chill  
of what may be at stake

Violet in first bloom  
it's spring and it's soon to pick you  
old hunter's smelling blood  
patiently awaits his time  
for the perfect shot

some dirty old bastard  
will not yet contend  
himself with the notion  
that each life must end  
while other lives thrive

he likes to touch himself  
so he can feel the thrill  
but he feels the urge  
to fight, and to kill,  
make love, and survive

Violet in first bloom ...

she presents herself  
in a sexy short skirt  
her lips are painted red  
she enjoys alert  
if lecherous stares

some mature guys flattery  
is making her blush  
he is such a kind man  
someone you can trust  
for an invitation

Violet in full bloom  
still spring yet now it's time to pick you  
old hunter has smelled blood  
he knows he's waited long enough  
for the final shot

***forgot to forget***

I forgot to forget  
the knowledge's lingered  
in the background  
I forgot to forget - to my utmost regret  
I forgot to forget

remember the time  
(when) you had another boyfriend  
remember our quarrel  
after I had found out

remember the peace  
after we had made it up  
and we had made love  
you asked me to forgive

it was then that I promised  
to forget for once and ever  
our friendship was supposed  
to continue as before

I forgot ...

now it happened again  
and I can't help it to remember  
you had been given your chance  
but again you have failed

the hurt was still there  
now you've torn the wound open  
I can't stand it no more  
so I ask you to leave

I forgot ...

I loved the idea to "forget to forget". Years later I discovered that Johnny Cash has written a song "I forgot to remember to forget".

### ***Jane is dead***

there were rumours, there were facts,  
there was truth, and there were lies -  
nobody knew for sure

there were fears, and there was doubt,  
there were tears, and there were cries -  
I should have known much more

Jane is dead - she's reached here final shore  
Jane is dead - her hopes and dreams will be no more

stunned by the news some shook their head  
shocked by its truth tears were shed  
she was too young to die

a life too brief thought all her friends  
despair and grief seized Ma and Dad  
they were too sad to cry

Jane is dead - she's reached here final shore  
Jane is dead - her hopes and dreams will be no more

they're asking me 'cause they have heard  
that we'd been close and I was there  
the very night she died

they'll never see the truth behind  
they'll never know how much I cared  
they'd always shut their eyes

now you're dead - you've reached your final shore  
you are dead - your hopes and dreams will be no more

now you're dead - you've reached your final shore  
you are dead - your hopes and dreams will be no more

This is the original version, later I made Joan die, too. Normally, I would avoid switching the person from "her" to "you" in a song because there is little chance that you can interpret such subtleties while just listening to the music. But I believe that there is a chance to get the idea across in this case. And it's quite okay if people only get some vague idea.

### **choking**

we walk through your garden  
blink into the sun  
sniffing the spring air -  
a new life's begun  
I've got the strong feeling  
that you are the one  
and I'm just  
your loving man

the smell of the flowers  
the words that you speak  
going into my head -  
such a beautiful day  
and we do not mind  
whereto it leads  
we do not mind  
we do not care  
enjoying the hours  
which we just share  
enjoying our bodies  
enjoying our love  
caressing our souls  
there's never enough  
pleasure

now I am a husband  
and you are my wife  
we're suffering the treadmill  
of everyday life  
when I feel unhappy  
you're twisting the knife  
and I'm just  
your suffering guy

we'd let our love grow  
like the plants and the flowers -  
or rather like weeds  
we're just counting the hours  
and we do not care  
whereto it leads  
we do not mind  
we do not care  
neglecting the time  
we'd wanted to share  
neglecting our bodies  
neglecting our love  
we torture our souls  
there's always enough  
boredom

the sun is burning  
the air is too hot  
our garden is barren  
you're saying "So what!"  
our life's become empty  
we're in a tight spot  
and I'm just  
a helpless man

our life's like a dungeon  
like time spent in hell



we're living in darkness  
like under a spell  
I've got the strong feeling  
that you are the winner  
and I'm just  
your dying man

it's smelling of sulphur -  
your insults and sneers  
go into my head  
nursing my fears  
but you do not mind  
where to it leads

you do not mind  
you do not care  
hating the hours  
we have to share  
hating our bodies  
choking our love

For Holger I wrote "lost love", a title that he had suggested. For me I wrote this. I have forgotten in which order. Holger's is a ballad, mine is straight Rock. I actually like these mean, bitter, but also slightly ironic lyrics much better. And I like Rock better than ballads.

***shut up***

shut up  
spread your legs  
do as you are told  
shut up  
spread your legs  
before you get too old

stop talking your head off  
munching and chewing the words  
now the time has come  
to be a nice girl

shut up ...

who cares for opinions  
on theoretic matters  
rather focus on things  
we both understand better

shut up ...

don't mind our relation  
or what it could mean  
to us or to others  
I'm not part of your dream

shut up ..

Every once in a while I feel like being naughty. It's fun!

***time will tell***

you were sure I wouldn't notice  
you were sure I wouldn't mind  
your life was yours - I didn't count  
it was just handy I was around  
was around

time will tell if the wound can be sutured  
time will tell if it's worth it to strive  
time will tell if we have a future  
time will tell

time will tell if the wound can be sutured  
time will tell if our love will survive  
time will tell if we have a future  
time will tell

did you think I wouldn't notice  
did you think that I was blind  
you'd have your fun - I didn't count  
it was just handy I was around  
was around

time will tell if the wound can be sutured  
time will tell if it's worth it to strive  
time will tell if we have a future  
time will tell

time will tell if the wound can be sutured  
time will tell if our love will survive  
time will tell if we have a future  
time will tell

time will tell if the wound can be sutured  
time will tell if it's worth it to strive  
time will tell if we have a future  
time will tell

time will tell what comes tomorrow  
time will tell if it pays off to fight  
if there's love or if there is sorrow  
time will tell

***bitch***

you got me hard as a rock  
when you kissed my dick  
I made you swallow the lot  
- gave me the special kick

you're my hard-core queen  
but you know what that means

I took you from behind  
we played it soft and rough  
we did it 69  
I couldn't get enough

you're my hard-core queen  
but you know what that means

you won't get into my life  
you know a one-night stand  
is meant to end  
- I'm staying with my wife

you're my hard-core queen  
but you know that it means  
you're a bitch

I took you ...

you're my hard-core queen  
but you know what that means

***holy hooker***

I think it's time that I saw her again tonight  
she's always good at making me feel alright  
- alright  
she'll be my priestess tonight  
she is divine  
tonight she'll be mine

her clients can be kings if that is what they like  
or young boys, or creeps, or her slaves  
she acts their master, their girlfriend, or their guide  
with her all their secrets are save

her job is her vocation for sure  
for stressed out husbands she's the optimal cure  
- their cure  
she'll be my goddess tonight  
she is divine  
tonight she'll be mine

her clients can be kings if that is what they like  
or young boys, or creeps, or her slaves  
she acts their master, their girlfriend, or their guide  
with her all their secrets are save

she's my holy hooker  
here's to the holy whore  
here's to mother earth,  
to the inner core

her clients can be kings if that is what they like  
or young boys, or creeps, or her slaves  
she acts their master, their girlfriend, or their guide  
with her all their secrets are save

On a lyrics discussion board I found a well written but very moral song called "wasting away". It is about a girl who starts drinking and taking drugs, and eventually begins walking the streets to make a living. Since I abhor any kind of moral which only means "you", but never "me", I felt that I had to write a song honouring the oldest profession on earth.

***long-legged divinity***

long-legged, slim divinity  
how 'bout having sex with me  
you need not give your love for free  
my long-legged divinity

we were young and careless kids  
prone to do what Ma forbids  
we would meet right after school  
we would do it by the pool

long-legged, slim divinity  
how 'bout having sex with me  
you need not give your love for free  
my long-legged divinity

I met her in the streets at noon  
I met her in a dim saloon  
I met her at the hotel bar  
we did it in my hired car

long-legged, slim divinity  
how 'bout having sex with me  
you need not give your love for free  
my long-legged divinity

could you wear your lingerie  
could you do those things to me  
that make me explode

long-legged, slim divinity  
how 'bout having sex with me  
you need not give your love for free  
my long-legged divinity

I wanted to write a steady rock song, maybe in the style of the Rolling Stones. As for the lyrics it has turned out as some kind of blend of "holy hooker" and "fairy".

***on the road***

I'm on the road.  
It's getting dark now.  
Must have driven many hours.  
No destiny,  
no destination.  
But I'm on my way.  
Though I really cannot say  
what I'm looking for  
I'm on the road.

I'm leaving home,  
left you behind  
for nor reason I could give.  
All I can say  
is that I had to -  
to find my own way.  
Though I really cannot say  
what I am looking for.  
I'm on the road.

I'm on the road.  
The day's dawning.  
Break at a trucker's stop.  
I do not care  
what I am having.  
But I become aware  
that the young girl who waits on me's  
what I am looking for.  
I'm on the road.

***fairy***

I saw you standing in the park by the creek  
feeding the pigeons and the ducks  
it was a scene, so full of love and peace  
I felt a sudden sting of luck

I watched you dancing in the flick'ring laser beams  
slim body 'gainst the flashing lights  
an incarnation of my very private dreams  
my fairy of the disco night

I wanna be by your side girl  
be with you day and night  
I wanna be by your side love  
spend with you all my life

I saw you shopping in the bright city streets  
you were all confidence and charm  
would there be a chance for us to meet  
(I) fancied you lyin' in my arm

I wanna be by your side girl  
be with you day and night  
I wanna be by your side love  
spend with you all my life

Holger sings this song very emotionally and romantically. Possibly because he imagines that it is a song about a particular girl "he" (the singer) fancies. I had three different girls in mind. Well, actually the interpretation is up to each singer, reader, or listener, isn't it? And it is romantic in a way, of course.



***why don't you love me?***

When I first saw you I fell in love -  
that was the end of me!  
I'd give you everything I've got  
to see you pleased.

But you don't love me!  
Why don't you love me?

Booked a fitness course, got my body shaped -  
massive chest and all.  
Looked like Rambo in his better days,  
muscular and tall.

But you don't love me!  
Why don't you love me?

Whatever I tried was in vain!

Next I had my nose and nipples pierced  
and dressed up all in chains.  
Looked pretty weird and very fierce -  
it was all in vain.

'cause you don't love me!  
Why don't you love me?

Bought fancy shoes with platform soles  
and wore nice frilled shirts.  
Tried out all kinds of different roles.  
But one thing hurts:

You still don't love me!  
Why don't you love me?

Whatever I tried's been in vain!

What else is there - that I could try  
How could I conquer you?

Why don't you love me?  
Why don't you love me?  
Why don't you love me?  
Why don't you love me?

Big fun, this one. Holger had provided the title and left it to me to invent strategies a man might try to conquer a woman.

### **lost love**

my life was your life  
as your life was mine  
we stuck together  
two birds of a feather  
through thick and thin,  
o'er heights and through the lows

maybe we were too close  
left each other no room  
to breathe and to grow  
strengths and foibles to show  
always together,  
no things that we did on our own

hard to believe it now  
hard to believe it now  
I can't believe it now  
how and why we've drifted apart  
how what once was warmth and care  
love, devotion, faith, and trust  
over the years should have been lost

my heart was your heart  
as your heart was mine  
sharing hopes, sharing dreams  
sharing views and beliefs  
through thick and thin,  
if our path was rough or smooth

but what was caring  
became a constraint  
we got trapped in our love  
chained to each other  
our closeness got stifling,  
the tension was killing our love

I can see clearly now  
I can see clearly now  
I can see clearly now  
how and why we've drifted apart  
how what once was warmth and care  
love, devotion, faith, and trust  
over the years would have been lost

I can see clearly now ...

A ballad for Holger. He provided the basic idea - a relationship which has worn out, and the melody as usual. Holger uses to send complete songs with a nonsense text - "Gibberish"- to which I then add the text. Every once in a while he also has an idea what the song should be about. And when I recognize English phrases amidst the "Gibberish" I often try to include them in my lyrics so as to make it a little easier for him to remember the text.

***lesson learned***

I don't know how she could tell  
I had hidden all the clues  
might have been some faint smell  
no idea what I can do

is this fair?  
is this  
how a lesson's learnt?  
(lesson's learnt)

I had felt so good those days  
since I'd fallen in love with you  
but our fate has its own ways  
it does not matter what we do

I'm losing her, that much I've learned  
as I have lost you before  
when your boyfriend had returned  
we'd known there'd be no more

is this fair?  
is this  
how a lesson's learnt?  
(lesson's learnt)

I had felt so good those days  
since I'd fallen in love with you  
but our fate has its own ways  
it does not matter what we do

is this fair?  
is this  
how a lesson's learned?

***what would you think***

when I was away  
you kept messing about  
hoping I would not find out  
you two-timing bitch  
weren't you a clever witch?

so what would you think now  
if you knew that I've known,  
that I have seen through you  
since long ago?

you slept with my best friend  
and lied to my face  
thought you were holding the ace  
you two-timing bitch  
weren't you a clever witch?

so what would you think now  
if you knew that I've known,  
that I have seen through you  
since long ago?

you think that you've fooled me  
now you're letting me down  
thinking I'd look like a clown  
you two-timing bitch  
weren't you a clever witch?

***forbidden lust***

she was forbidden young and quite delicious  
they'd offered me a special price  
she looked so innocent as well as vicious  
some fun with her should turn out nice

they'd told me that she was a virgin  
pushing into her I found that right  
but they had done this trick before  
just stitched her up the other night

we went upstairs to a filthy bedroom  
I had my fun - she did her job  
had I expected any different?  
what I had paid for I had got

they'd told me ..

I know that what I've done was wrong  
and that by far I'm not the only one  
some horny bugger who likes fresh meat  
and is prone to fall victim to a cheat

they'd told me ..

Somewhere I had read that some Chinese pimps would "repair" their young prostitutes so as to provide a "virgin" for their next client...

***the end of our love***

this is the end of our love, Babe  
can't you see, something's gone wrong  
with our love and  
with our lives  
it's over  
it's over

nobody else could break my heart like this  
no way out - no cure for our souls  
it's over  
it's over

what have we done to our love  
ruining our lives beyond bearing  
how come we missed the first signs  
wasting the time we were sharing

all our dreams were shattered in the course  
of our love - we've buried all our hopes  
it's over  
it's over

nobody else could break my heart like this  
no way out - no cure for our souls  
it's over  
it's over

what have we done to our love  
ruining our lives beyond bearing  
how come we missed the first signs  
wasting the time we were sharing

this is the end of our love, Babe

Holger provided the title and the lines "it's over". I just filled in the rest.

**sod it**

you say that my friends are bad company  
you say my friends ain't good enough for you

sod it! you ain't tellin' me what I got to do  
sod it! you ain't tellin' me who to see

you say I've got to change for you  
all I can say's: "no way!"

I'm living my life my way (- yeah)  
and I won't compromise  
gonna do my own thing anyway (-yeah)  
I won't apologize

sod it! you're not gonna  
change my way  
sod it! or accept that my friends  
are okay

I ain't gonna change for you  
neither now nor here

The recording of a piece of Hard Rock Holger had sent sounded somewhat angry. I thought that some kind of tough guy stuff would fit best.

***motor planet***

each tough driver dreams of a place  
where they're having the perpetual race  
no traffic lights and no speed limit  
sure there's no room for the shy and timid

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

much better than the heavenly choir  
is the sound of the continuous roar  
tuned-up cars and stylish bikes  
pushed to their limits 'till the motor strikes

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

me and my gang used to fill the air  
with our engines' roar and gasoline smell  
on our road to heaven or the highway to hell  
though I cannot say that we really cared

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

I got engaged to a girl, nice but plain  
philistine parents, but well off and sane  
exchanged my leather gear for a darkish suit  
I must admit that I looked pretty good

we left the feast for a very last ride  
just we two - me and my bride  
she bent over for a passionate kiss  
the last I ever heard was some kind of hiss

we looked a bit like Brad and Janet  
honeymooning on the motor planet



## ***motor planet***

each tough driver dreams of a place  
where they're having the perpetual race  
no traffic lights and no speed limit  
sure there's no room for the shy and timid

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

drive on ..

much better than the heavenly choir  
is the sound of the continuous roar  
tuned-up cars and stylish bikes  
pushed to their limits 'till the motor strikes

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

ride on ..

me and my gang used to fill the air  
with our engines' roar and gasoline smell  
on our road to heaven or the highway to hell  
though I cannot say that we really cared

you're the speed kings till your cars are wrecked  
you'd risk a crash - never mind your neck  
get prepared for the final race  
heading from earth to the outer space

you will get there but you cannot plan it  
you're always welcome to the motor planet

drive on ..

This is the version I adapted to Holger's music. "Drive on" - as suggested by Holger - did not seem to fit with the original ending.

***you can't see the light***

somehow you've managed  
getting on with your life  
though everything you've ever tried  
would go wrong  
reality never would fit  
with your dreams  
waiting for some miracle  
you're hopes are hung high

but you can't see the light - oh yeah

when you look at a girl  
you dream of a queen  
when you're given a chance  
you're shy of seizing it  
you'd rather stick to your dreams  
and your fantasy  
waiting for some miracle  
you're hopes are hung high

but you can't see the light

it's 'bout time to start living  
in the world we all share  
for the world of your fancies  
no-one would care  
leave your hideout  
come into the sun  
waiting for some miracle  
you're hopes are hung high

but you can't see the light  
you can't see the light

The title and hook line "you can't the light" are by Holger. I inserted a piece of "cheer up" lyrics at the end to take off a little of the dramatic inkling. I don't like Rock songs being too heavy or negative. Maybe I should have kept the dark, foreboding mood throughout. Holger sings the song very emotionally and convincingly dark. I might re-write the last verse sometime.

***on the move***

seven months on the road  
trees and buildings passed by  
seven months on the move  
only living for the nights

losing my sense for the daytime  
no longer seeing my old friends  
I'm the slave of this business  
like being lost in some foreign land

seven months on the move

left a woman behind  
at some place of the past  
make a friend here and there  
but no love that could last

this kind of living's hard to take  
could not stand it much more  
something has got to change  
got to find me some shore

seven months on the road  
lives and friendships passed by  
seven months on the move  
only living for the nights

***Joan is dead***

first there were rumours  
people were talking  
some facts, some details  
merged with their lying

no chance to fight back once you're gone  
no-one will listen when you're dumb  
no places left were you belong  
your truth surrendered to the scum

Joan is dead  
as to her reason there's no clue  
Joan is dead  
just leaving questions, doubts, and views

Joan is dead  
Joan is dead  
as to her reason there's no clue  
just leaving questions, doubts, and views

first they were crying  
some screamed, some wailed  
some tried denying  
to no avail

no way to comfort those you've left  
no-one will listen when you're dumb  
they have to suffer and they'll cry  
until their grief is overcome

Joan is dead  
as to her reason there's no clue  
Joan is dead  
she's left the world out of the blue

Joan is dead  
Joan is dead  
as to her reason there's no clue  
she's left the world out of the blue

First I had written "Jane is dead". But because a friend of Holger's is called "Jane" I provided an altered version for him. Actually, I should rather have named her "Kate", or "Bess" or so.

***another way***

I need music  
and I need it loud  
like to feel the bass drum  
like to hear the crowd  
wanna feel the beat  
wanna feel my soul  
don't mind the heat  
I want Rock'n Roll

I want your body  
and I want it now  
there is no reason  
to raise a brow

(it's) just another way of life

I need music  
I need the band  
I've made the guitar  
my best friend  
let's dare the devil  
let's feel like Gods  
let us play Rock and strike the ultimative chords

wanna run my hand  
up your thigh  
give me the chance to make you moan and make you cry

(it's) just another way of life

Holger provided the title, it expresses the way he feels: a Rock musician with heart and soul.

***mother***

Mother, Mother, don't remind me of the hardship  
of that run-down place  
that we called home

a beat-up mother, and her children crying  
a life with no hope  
and nights alone

I know  
that you know  
that I feel  
I've done right

a desperate dream of a life worth living  
no threats, no bruises  
no cuts, no fear

with help, and comfort, and forgiving  
and no boozer  
me must call 'Dad'

I know  
that you know  
that I feel  
I've done right

every day  
cryin' myself to sleep  
- there had to be a way out

Mother, mother, do believe me  
where's no judge there  
is no crime

just some useless man's life wasted  
where no one would  
give a Dime

You know  
that I know  
that you feel  
I've done right

a life to gain -  
freedom doesn't come cheap  
- sure there was a way out

***party et cetera***

***keep rockin'***

get up, folks, jump up and join the party  
leave your seats and troubles way behind  
jump up, folks, and shake your lazy bodies  
don't let worries occupy your mind  
get dancing  
dancing  
keep dancing  
keep on dancing  
leave your seats and troubles way behind  
don't let worries occupy your mind

if you fear the future - here's the presence  
let your soul and body feel the beat  
joy and dance and music are the essence  
come on, let the music move your feet  
get dancing  
dancing  
keep dancing  
keep on dancing  
let your soul and body feel the beat  
come on, let the music move your feet

keep on rocking till the joint is shaking  
have fun, keep on dancing through the night  
ignore complaints about the noise we're making  
we'll be rocking till the first daylight  
get rocking  
rocking  
keep rocking  
keep on rocking  
have fun, keep on dancing through the night  
we'll be rocking till the first daylight

I always find it quite difficult to write lyrics for these typical "jump up" traditional Rock'n Roll songs, as much as I like them. Holger composed quite a few, so most of the lyrics in this section have been written for Holger.



***anybody here?***

is there anybody here who's had one of these days  
where everything would go wrong?  
have you messed up your job, made a fool of yourself,  
feeling that you don't belong?

let's forget for tonight  
leave your worries behind  
c'mon and join the band  
let's have a good time

is there anybody here who's in deep waters,  
who's fallen on evil days?  
is it money matters, are you out on the streets  
with no place you could stay?

let's forget for tonight  
leave your worries behind  
c'mon and join the band  
let's have a good time

let's have some fun  
raise your glass to Rock'n Roll  
join in everyone  
here's to Rock'n Roll

is there anybody here who's feeling blue  
for the first true love bein' gone?  
are you grieving for the loss, are you pitying yourself  
being left alone?

let's forget for tonight  
leave your worries behind  
c'mon and join the band  
let's have a good time

let's have some fun  
raise your glass to Rock'n Roll  
join in everyone  
here's to Rock'n Roll

c'mon and join the band  
let's have a good time  
c'mon and join the gang  
here's to Rock'n Roll

***love on the dance floor***

we got to leave the places we find unforgiving  
got to look ahead and take another chance  
we got to bury the dead so there's room for the living  
got to tear down the walls so there is room to dance

we got to find the joint where the crowd is rocking  
got to find the place where it's fun to live  
we're goin' to have parties till the birds are mocking  
'cos our time on earth will be gone in a whiff

now you  
give me the eye  
make me feel high  
(it) makes me feel like  
making love right on the dance floor

we won't leave the world to bores and politicians  
(or) trust war-mad gen'ral's with our lives -  
we'd rather have a dancing competition  
leave 'em to themselves and to their strifes

now you  
give me the eye  
make me feel high  
(it) makes me feel like  
making love right on the dance floor

Holger doesn't like the third verse. Maybe it has got too political in his opinion. I just love the hook line, and that I managed to smuggle in my "carpe diem" credo into the first two verses.

### ***summer night***

the sun is out, it's warm and bright  
forget the cold, enjoy the light  
summer fete - stay out at night  
have some fun, it's all right  
dance and music by torchlight  
find a girl - hold her tight

warm summer night  
everything feels all right  
on a warm summer night

fun and parties everywhere  
come out of your private lair  
enjoy the night's warm summer air  
your joy is doubled if it's shared  
lay by the girl for who you care  
touch her skin, sniff her hair

warm summer night ...

lying in your arm  
nothing can do me harm  
on a warm summer night

holidays by the sea  
charge you with new energy  
no time for trouble, here you're free  
be who you've always wished to be  
lie in the shadow of a tree  
which guards your dreams and makes you see

warm summer night ...

I've surrendered to your charms  
and leave my worries in your arms  
your presence makes - me believe  
life can be a warm summer night

lying nude in the spray  
on the beach of the cay  
live your live your own way  
never mind what others say  
what feels good is okay  
seize the night, seize the day

warm summer night ...

declare a young and pretty teen  
for tonight your fairy queen  
show her things she's never seen,  
places where she's never been  
these young cuties are so keen  
to gain experience, being so green

warm summer night ...

There is also a short, sex-free version which I adapted for young Anas. I haven't included it in this collection because it's just too similar to the original text.

***party time***

dress up, it's party time  
style your hair, line the eyes  
get ready for the night - and  
jump up, it's party time

get dressed up  
style your hair  
put on  
fresh make-up  
'cause you're no nun  
meet new friends  
have some fun

join the crowd  
music's playin'  
have fun  
going out  
and join the fete  
time to dance  
feel the beat

music's loud, a warm summer night, drinks are cool  
if you had some more you would get reckless  
music's loud, a warm summer night, drinks are cool  
and you have some more and don't mind

summer is kissing time  
strong arms around your waist  
get ready for some loving  
jump up, it's party time

I have written this for Phil. Phil had the peculiarity to add or insert musical phrases and single notes to his tune even after I had completed the text. This had the effect that I had to re-write the whole lot several times. After two songs I gave up cooperating with him. Sorry mate!

***summer solstice night***

Midsummer morning, and the first sun ray  
hits the centre of the shrine  
all is well 'cause yet again  
the sage correctly read the sign

the year has reached its peak  
tonight we'll celebrate the fete  
of the summer solstice night

bonfires are burning  
and the dances have begun  
we will sing and dance  
until the early morning sun

the year has reached its peak  
tonight we celebrate the fete  
of the summer solstice night

life is thriving  
and wild oats are being sown  
come next winter  
then the young men will have grown

the year has reached its peak  
tonight we celebrate the fete  
of the summer solstice night

## ***"me" and other people***

**42**

Since human beings have been around  
one question seemed quite essential -  
it sure looked like existential  
that the answer should be found

We made a proper calculation  
not just some simple postulation;  
there's no reason for a different view  
the result is 42

All kinds of concepts are believed  
religions or philosophies  
or scientific theories -  
make sure that you are not deceived!

We made a proper ...

If you don't believe us, ask Deep Thought  
- you might have to wait a few million years -  
we know the answer it will report

We made a proper ...

Marc, a young Austrian, had come across my lyrics and asked me to write an "unusual" title for him which would stand out. Possibly in the manner of "Kryptonite" by 3 Doors Down. Since I had never heard of them, I first bought their CD to get an idea. "Kryptonite" obviously refers to the Superman comics. The only literature I knew that came close to that genre was Douglas Adams' "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy". Thus, I chose "42" as a title, actually calling it "46" at first - I had to look it up in a bookshop. "42" is the answer of a super computer named Deep Thought to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything. Since the Douglas Adams book had only recently been published as a film the title "42" was pretty up-to-date.

***about living elsewhere***

Starting a new life, ending the old -  
that must be great, or so I am told.  
Living for pleasure, living for fun,  
basking my body in the southern sun.

In the mornings I would open my eyes  
and ask myself what for and why.  
In the evenings I would raise my glass.  
Thus, void of meaning, days and nights pass.

The sea would take my thoughts away  
whatever I think - lost in the spray.  
My body would burn as would my soul,  
the sun might be hot but I would feel cold.

At closer inspection my desire dries up.  
I might get content with what I have got,  
live in the presence, blink into the sun.  
Each new day means chances, friendship, and fun.

This song has turned out a bit too moral. On the other hand, it actually is another of my "carpe diem" songs. When I am being moral I try to avoid giving advice or condemning others. I rather talk about "myself", so readers or listeners can draw their own conclusions.

Holger later recorded this text with a melody of his own.



## ***rise and fall***

they're the guys in power - but they're only men  
dumb, misled creatures - conspirin' in their den  
they think themselves so bright - because of their might

even if they finish - what they have commenced  
'cause they do not live for - but they live against  
what they've done for gain - could well prove in vain

rise and fall  
they think themselves so tall  
fly high'n touch the sky, but  
finally they'll fall and cry

yesterday a rugrat - today the big shot  
they've gone to any length - to get what they have got  
they don't have any qualms - using lies or bombs

they won't find our approval - but our disgust  
like they have been born - they'll crumble into dust  
once that they are dead - no tears will be shed

rise and fall  
they think themselves so tall  
pushing us around, but  
soon will hit the ground

rise and fall  
they think themselves so tall  
fly high'n touch the sky, but  
finally they'll fall and cry

rise and fall  
they think themselves so tall  
pushing us around, but  
soon will hit the ground

Karsten provided not only the melody but also the basic idea for the chorus. I found a bit too moral - in the "pride comes before the fall" manner - so I decided to be a bit mean in the verses ("no tears..."). And I love the concept of "rugrats" - I had never heard the term before.

***black cloud***

she'd been sleeping  
she'd been lying there  
for how long she couldn't tell

she'd been weeping  
she had been through  
her very own and private hell

now she's staring into space  
tears in her eyes  
her thoughts are in a haze  
there is no when or why

comfort's tiring  
she would not listen  
to her all words seem much too loud

she is crying  
she knows no reason  
she's just living in a black cloud

and she's staring into space  
fears in her mind  
and her thoughts are in a haze  
there is no when or why

***gonna get my share***

when I was born the promise was  
a life in pleasure, a life in lust  
when I was born I could well expect  
sharin' all your riches, having your respect

I'm gonna get my share  
I don't know how or where  
I'm gonna get my share

you try to have me work after sending me to school,  
making me your slave, but I'm nobody's fool  
I won't just go working till my back is bent,  
till I'm sick and tired, and close to my own end

I'm gonna get my share  
I don't care how and where  
I'm gonna get my share

(I) won't have the moral lessons of you hypocrites  
defending your own riches, denying me my rights  
what I earn in a year the boss grabs in a day,  
but there will come a time we're doin' it my way

I'm gonna get my share  
I don't know how or where  
I'm gonna get my share

***how does it feel?***

How does it feel to live in dirt and filth?  
How does it feel to have a drunken mother?  
How does it feel to have the rats as pets?  
How does it feel if you don't know your father?

Each day the dice are thrown anew,  
each day the cards are dealt again.  
Who'd take your chances if not you?  
If you're not lucky - try again!

How is it eating from a silver dish?  
How does it feel when you're the best at school?  
How does it feel when you get all you wish  
and everything's falling in your lap?

Each day the dice are thrown anew,  
each day the cards are dealt again.  
Yesterday's winners may be today's fools.  
But who could keep you from tryin' again?

An early "cheer up!" song, and the "carpe diem" theme is implicated as well, of course. The text is rather typical for me although it lacks the lightness of other lyrics I have written later. At that time my niece found that all my lyrics were very dark and pessimistic. But that was not quite true for "peaceful times", and definitely not for "high enough". I had recorded "how does it feel" myself, and Holger later set the text to music as well.

***one step ahead***

your parents have raised you  
you're no longer their pup  
too much comfort has spoilt you  
it's time to grow up  
now the day's dawning  
that you've got to move  
one step ahead  
to taking charge  
of your own  
life

I think the time's dawning  
that you've got to learn  
that you heed the warning  
'you'll get what you earn'  
now the day's dawning  
that you've got to move  
one step ahead  
to taking charge  
of your own  
life

don't think that I'm waiting  
'til you've come to senses  
don't think that I'll care  
if you miss all your chances  
now the day's dawning  
that you've got to move  
one step ahead  
to taking charge  
of your own  
life

## **monkey stew**

you left to travel the world without a single dime  
and though we all thought that you'd be back in no time  
you kept gone for years  
you took jobs, you begged, and you stole to survive  
for deep sea treasures among sharks you would dive  
without showing fears

you told you'd worked as a Jakaroo  
had boxing matches with a Kangaroo  
in the back of beyond -  
and it sure looks like you  
eating monkey stew

you went big game hunting in South Africa  
you drove big logging trucks through West Canada  
you sure got around  
you climbed an active volcano to look at the glow  
when it erupted you jumped o'er the lava flow  
to reach the save ground

you told you'd worked as a Jakaroo  
had boxing matches with a Kangaroo  
in the back of beyond -  
and it sure looks like you  
eating monkey stew

you had many a girl, and many a fight  
but luckily things always turned out right  
and you got away  
in the Amazon area you used to wash gold  
sometimes it's hard to believe all you're told  
but that is okay

you told you'd worked as a Jakaroo  
had boxing matches with a Kangaroo  
in the back of beyond -  
and it sure looks like you  
eating monkey stew

you told 'bout this Hongkong backyard place  
where they would serve monkey brain  
and eat it with the live monkey eyes staring at you  
you said such kind of food you couldn't face  
so instead you had some kind of stew

you told you'd worked as a Jakaroo ...

The rather unusual subject of this song refers to rumours about Chinese eating live monkey brain. The rumours refer to the city of Guangzhou, by the way, not Hongkong. And I called it "monkey stew" because I found that it sounds better. The verses actually describe the adventures of a friend who actually had travelled the world for about two or three years. In Australia he had driven trucks, jobbed as an electrician, and worked as a cowboy (called Jakaroo in Australia). He also claimed that he had dived for treasures in the Golden Triangle. The one jumping over lava flow was another friend. So, much of the text actually is true or comes close to the truth. The one who fought with a Kangaroo was me, in case you've been wondering...

***I feel - I live***

floating from the darkness  
heading for the light  
a thought appears from nowhere  
settling in my mind

I feel - I live

I try to move my fingers  
I try to use my mind  
trying to remember  
there's nothing I can find

I feel - I live

there must have been a past  
though it's lost in a haze  
there surely is a future  
though hidden in a maze

I feel - I live

**passage**

(I) sort of live in the future  
I've not lived in the past  
don't know 'bout the presence  
I'm afraid it might last

here in my seashell  
all I see is the walls  
the shell is so tiny  
I've grown too tall

(I) prayed for my salvation  
nobody came  
I'm looking for someone  
who I could blame

(I) can't stand the daylight  
hate to live in the dark  
I'd like to live on the ocean  
where I could drift in my bark

I've grown old, I'm a man, I am not a child  
I can hear the people say I've got to find my way  
Far away there's a land where my dreams grow wild  
far away a helping hand is leading me astray

if I could see the future  
what would I see?  
when I look in the mirror  
all I see is me

I'm looking for someone  
in need of a friend  
if nobody loves me  
it might be the end

Far away there's a land where my dreams grow wild  
far away a helping hand is leading me astray



## ***virtual life***

you've browsed the web  
since must've been ages  
reality is far away  
trash to download  
and banner ads  
right there to wash your stupid brain

clicking through a virtual world  
eating virtual Burgers in your virtual life  
chatting with a virtual girl  
not knowing whether you have got the gender right  
spending all your time  
clicking though the net  
hanging on the line  
you're getting what you get  
you're living in a virtual world

is it dark or light?  
do you really know?  
or have you lost your sense of time?  
what kind of site?  
is it multimedia?  
or is it just commercial slime?

clicking through a virtual world  
eating virtual Burgers in your virtual life  
chatting with a virtual girl  
not knowing whether you have got the gender right  
lost in space and time  
caught within the net  
sharing private thoughts  
with one you've never met  
you're living in a virtual world

is it day or night?  
how could you tell  
spending all your time in the world wide web?  
does it work out right?  
do you feel the spell?  
or is it time to quit it yet?

clicking through a virtual world  
eating virtual Burgers in your virtual life  
chatting with a virtual girl  
not knowing whether you have got the gender right  
(you're) wasting half your youth  
spending all your cash  
mistaking lies for truth  
devouring virtual trash  
you're living in a virtual world

## **Vanity**

Vanity, you do look old  
the smooth skin of your youth got definitely stained  
age spots and wrinkles where once a proud beauty reigned  
there's no charm and no grace  
in your old worn out face  
you've lost your good looks - there is no denying  
the time you've wasted is why you should be crying  
Vanity, it feels so cold

Vanity, no use for gold  
what once seemed important is of no use today  
riches and elegance won't serve you on your way  
let the past be the past  
gold and silver won't last  
your heirs will fight over what you will have left them  
where you're headed to no-one will care for your gems  
Vanity, you had been told

when you look in the mirror  
you'll spot a disturbing shape  
like a skull grinning at you  
knowing there's no escape

Vanity, you look forlorn  
you've had all the chances a human life provides  
never you seized them, instead you swept them aside  
you can't call back your youth  
you can't fight off the truth  
your fight against time's been lost from the beginning  
when the last bell chimes you'll know there is no winning  
Vanity, why should you scorn

Vanity  
Vanity

"Carpe diem" is my personal credo. Actually I use to add the rest of the line in the signature of my posts in discussion boards, so it reads "carpe diem quam minimum credula postero". I'm still not sure if the added part strengthens or lessens Horaz' statement. I'll leave it in, although the common "carpe diem" seems quite sufficient, since I like ambiguities. Well, not always, not everywhere, but in this case...

As for my lyrics my maxim influences quite a few of my songs. I've commented on "peaceful times" before. It is possibly the most characteristic text I have ever written. But you'll find the credo also in "terminal disease", which I consider one of my best songs, or in "lost in space", or here in "Vanity". I came up with the idea to "Vanity" after visiting the Kunsthistorisches Museum Vienna. There I discovered allegorical sculptures and pictures regarding "Vanitas", a subject I couldn't get out of my mind. The "skull" I refer to in the bridge actually is derived from the allegorical paintings which inspired the song. Other than my other "carpe diem" or "seize the day" songs "Vanity" is rather pessimistic.

***boring***

she knows how to dress  
she knows how to walk  
always takes her time  
for friendly small talk

she greets me each morning  
God, she's so boring

she knows to behave  
she's anxious to please  
when required she's grave  
she's smart and she's clean

she greets me each morning  
God, is she boring

she is so nice  
she is very kind  
she always smiles  
and donates to the blind

she greets me each morning  
God, she's so boring

***high enough***

pot smokers become giggly  
tend to do stupid things  
some always become horny  
others grow themselves wings

they are high enough to laugh  
they are high enough to cry  
they are high enough to jump - and fly

young lovers climbed the hills  
he fumbled at her bra  
enjoying the first time's thrills  
they marvelled at the stars

they were far enough away  
they were close enough to the sky  
they were high enough to jump - and fly

young banker'd got a hot tip  
put all his means at stake  
this time it was the bears  
he noted it too late

he winced of desperation  
he'd really lost it all  
got up the highest building  
preparing for the fall

it was high enough to fear  
it was high enough to try  
it was high enough to jump - and die

This is another song which I first recorded myself and Holger also set to music later. Our interpretations differ largely. Holger's version is quite dramatic whereas mine is rather cool or ironic. Partly this is due to my lacking musical skills, partly due to the fact that I don't like bankers. Anyway, Holger's version is just great.

***piece of rock***

you set out for riches  
fancy dresses and shoes  
there were so many wishes  
for diamonds and jewels

now see what you've got  
a piece of rock

your parents have spoilt you  
you were someone special  
they really adored you  
as did your uncles and aunts  
you see how it ends

now see what you've got

when life got uneasy  
you sought the easy way out  
though walking the streets  
you were quite proud  
you see where it ends

see what you've got

you set out for riches  
fancy dresses and shoes  
you set out for jewels,  
gold, and silver, and gems  
you see how it ends

see what you've got  
a piece of rock

Not a great text at all. And it could have become the kind of moral stuff I don't actually like, except that the consequences of "her" immoral life are not really clear. "I" wrote a piece of Rock music for "her", at least.

**slow**

she told me she was slow  
I said "I know,  
take your time, dear girl  
don't scrape and bow  
always take your time  
and let things grow  
let your feelings grow!"

time is just an illusion  
misleading our minds

she told me she was slow  
I said "I know,  
no need to keep it low  
or let things go  
take your time, dear girl  
and let love grow  
let love and beauty glow!"

time is just an occlusion  
keeping us confined

The title - only the title - was inspired by a working colleague. She said she was a bit slow grasping things and a slow worker. And she was slow indeed, but very thorough and reliable. Me, on the other hand, they call "mister quick and dirty". We made a good team.

***on my way***

we've led a life that was not my choice  
I shut my ears to my inner voice  
I've had enough, so I'll be on my way

this could not go on forever  
so for me it's now or never  
I've had enough, so I'll be on my way

I'll face the challenge  
I'll kill the dragon  
earn praise and honour  
I'll take the treasure  
deflower the virgin  
that is why I'm on my way

I leave a life that's become hollow  
I have had enough to swallow  
I've heard the call, so I'll be on my way

boredom, anger, pain, and sorrow  
ain't what I want for tomorrow  
I've heard the call, so I'll be on my way

I'll face the challenge  
I'll kill the dragon  
earn praise and honour  
I'll take the treasure  
deflower the virgin  
that is why I'm on my way

I consider this not my greatest but one of my most characteristic lyrics. It's a bit similar to "on the road" which I had written for Holger, but also a little absurd. I actually like the chorus a lot. Maybe this would have been more the kind of "dragon song" Holger once suggested, but then maybe not.

***piss off***

stop getting on my nerves  
get out of my sight  
I wouldn't mind to hurt you  
if we had to fight

should the need arise  
rather take my advice  
you'd better piss off

though we love the same girl  
this need not worry you  
'cause I'm the one to take her  
whatever you might do

should the need arise  
rather take my advice  
you'd better piss off

what are you hanging about  
didn't I make my point clear  
no use shouting so loud  
you can't make me fear you

should the need arise  
rather take my advice  
you'd better piss off

though we love the same girl  
this need not worry you  
'cause I'm the one to take her  
whatever you might do



**spring**

smells like spring  
hear the birds sing  
time to spread your wings  
time for planning far ahead

we will part  
it need not be hard  
take up another card  
venture into foreign lands

leave the sticky ground behind  
time for the tangle to unwind

see the moon  
she might come too soon  
to shine on my tomb  
jump into the sun instead

got to part  
it won't be too hard  
pick a better card  
venture to the promised land

leave the sticky ground behind  
time for the tangle to unwind

feels like spring  
I hear the birds sing  
time to spread my wings  
time for planning far ahead

Spring is the very first song I ever completed and performed. I wrote it when a colleague left our working team to move to another city, another boyfriend, and another life.

***once a year***

walked through the chestnut alley of my childhood days  
like on a railway track yet again I'd found my way  
towards the frightful place of my childhood fears,  
childhood nightmares, horrors, childhood tears

though once a year when the chestnuts bloomed  
my life for once did not seem doomed  
and I felt so light and I felt so free  
cause I knew they only bloomed for me

here the big neighbour boys used to torture me  
here stood the house where I never liked to be  
where at night I heard the daemons sneer  
and horrid nightmare creatures nursed my fears

yet once a year when the chestnuts bloomed  
my life for once did not seem doomed  
and I felt so light and I felt so free  
cause I knew they only bloomed for me

just once a year the chestnuts only bloom for me  
I feel the warmth of the sun and seem to smell the sea  
and I feel at home like I rarely ever feel  
the horrid past - today it feels unreal

just once a year when the chestnuts bloom  
my life for once does not seem doomed  
and I feel so light and I feel so free  
cause I know they only bloom for me

***by the pool***

ain't it cool to lie by the pool  
and watch the beauties getting a tan  
ain't it cool jumping into the pool  
and having beer right out of the can

though the heat starts getting on my nerves  
and I wish I had a fan  
the heat starts getting on my nerves  
and I wish I had a fan

ain't it cool to lie by the pool  
and burn your skin as well as your brain  
ain't it cool jumping into the pool  
and splashing like you're insane

though I can't stand this bloody heat any more  
and I wish that it would rain  
I can't stand this bloody heat any more  
and I wish that it would rain

Young Anas wanted a summer song. He asked if I could possibly write a text without sex and without girls? Well, you can't leave the girls out of a summer song completely, can you?

**God of the ants**

I'm the God of tiny creatures  
I decide 'bout life and dead  
I appoint their tiny preachers  
they pray to me when goin' to bed

I'm the loving God  
I'm the caring God  
I'm the avenging God of the ants

I'm the Lord of ants and beetles  
I'm the one they fear and praise  
unbelieving can proove lethal  
better that no doubts be raised

I'm the loving God  
I'm the caring God  
I'm the avenging God of the ants

I'm their fate and I'm their master  
a single step can cause disaster  
the blasphemous die much faster

I'm the loving God  
I'm the caring God  
I'm the avenging God of the ants

A remark of Florian inspired me to this song or poem. He remarks on his MySpace page that towards tiny creatures he likes to play God.

### ***high expectations***

we propagated free love, despised the bourgeois family  
although we had enough to do struggling with our jealousy  
freedom was alright as long it mainly was meant just for me

we had high expectations  
were reaching for the stars  
we did not think of marrying,  
pot bellies, or posh cars.

we were proud to be surrounded by a mob of enemies,  
mistrusted all authorities, would destroy all hierarchies  
our overall ideal was a life in total anarchy

we had high expectations  
were reaching for the stars  
we did not think of marrying,  
pot bellies, or posh cars.

we protested 'gainst a culture of conspicuous consumption  
bein' able to live just on grass based on a large assumption  
we had our time of love and peace, but soon we had to function

we had high expectations  
were reaching for the stars  
we did not think of marrying,  
pot bellies, or posh cars.

the truth is simple and quite plain  
our intentions all went down the drain  
all our protests were in vain  
nothing's left that would sustain

we had high expectations  
were reaching for the stars  
we did not think of marrying,  
pot bellies, or posh cars.

After 37 years I was invited to a class reunion. This motivated me writing  
a text about my youth and our ideals and delusions.

***sudden silence***

there were angry shouts  
there was a shriek  
sudden silence  
in the night  
went back to sleep  
in the calm  
after the violence  
of the night

saw the item  
on the front-page news  
the next day  
close to my place  
they'd found a body  
they've got no witness  
is what they say  
and not a trace

there were angry shouts  
there was a shriek  
sudden silence  
in the night  
went back to sleep  
in the calm  
after the violence  
of the night

there were angry shouts  
there was a shriek  
sudden silence

Yet another text for Holger, i.e. Motorplanet. I leave it to him whether he sings "scream" or "shriek". I prefer "shriek" because I find a high, short, piercing sound scarier. I suggested letting the song end immediately after the last words: "sudden silence" - full stop.

***no future - no past***

you say that your life's a mess  
I say that life is a game  
you say I don't have a clue  
I say that is all the same  
if you're the young man with no future  
I'm the old man with no past  
if you do not believe me  
then we both are badly cast

you say you've had such high hopes  
but the outlook is quite bleak  
I say that's a point of view  
worthwhile only for the meek  
if you're the young man with no future  
I'm the old man with no past  
if you do not believe me  
then we both are badly cast

you lay the blame on everybody  
everybody but yourself  
your chances have to be provided  
to be chosen from the shelf  
may I humbly ask the question  
which part you are playin' in this,  
which is your role, your contribution?  
your part seems to be amiss

now that you have been fed up  
like some kind of monstrous grub  
all you're doing is complain  
that you're bein' put under strain  
that they do not declare your reign  
aren't you a bit too vain?

you say that nobody cares  
for the man you really are  
I say that they've not known me  
and I'm very glad so far  
if you're the young man with no future  
I'm the old man with no past  
if you do not believe me  
then we both are badly cast

if you're the young man with no future  
I'm the old man with no past  
if you do not believe me  
then we both are badly cast

### **close your eyes**

don't you feel embarrassed by the porn shows  
they call their daily news  
I wonder how you can stand this endless  
sequence of abuse

did you ever notice the smile of good friends  
that never reached their eyes  
did you ever sense their suppressed worries  
or hear their silent cries

at times you need to close your eyes  
to get a clearer view  
behind the scenes we call reality  
sometimes you would get off your mind,  
you'd sing and dance and you'd  
act like crazy just to prove your sanity

have you ever watched the sun burn his way  
through the morning mist  
did you know that in the place called hell  
beauty does exist

at times you need to close your eyes  
to get a clearer view  
behind the scenes we call reality  
sometimes you would get off your mind,  
you'd sing and dance and you'd  
act like crazy just to prove your sanity

don't let the time pass away  
without offering this day  
one of your precious smiles  
to take away

at times you need to close your eyes  
to get a clearer view  
behind the scenes we call reality  
sometimes you would get off your mind,  
you'd sing and dance and you'd  
act like crazy just to prove your sanity

In the bridge I have included lines which do not seem to fit at all. I have included them just because I want them there. The idea is based on a poem I wrote in the late 90<sup>th</sup>:

Her smile

I glimpsed at her and caught a smile,  
and quickly stored it in a jar.  
When sometimes I feel blue awhile  
relief is not so very far.  
I'd go and get my secret shrine,  
and gently lift the lid,  
release her smile and know it's mine,  
and feel as carefree as a kid.

The poem is hardly recognizable, though, since I somehow blended it with a line by Steven Tyler, Aerosmith, which I like very much: "time, don't let it slip away; raise your drinking glass, here's to yesterday" (from the song "full circle").



***terminal disease***

you took me by surprise tonight  
I don't recall what I said the other day  
maybe I didn't get you right  
why don't you just try seeing it my way

though we're in our prime  
we must not waste our time  
waiting till the chime

the last of nature's mysteries  
life's a terminal disease  
there's just one chance that you must seize  
life's a terminal disease

try not to reason pro and cons  
can't be wrong to have a little fun  
why don't you just come along  
never quit before you have begun

though we're in our prime  
we must not waste our time  
waiting till the chime

the last of nature's mysteries  
life's a terminal disease  
there's just one chance that you must seize  
life's a terminal disease

though we're in our prime  
we must not waste our time  
waiting till the chime

the last of nature's mysteries  
life's a terminal disease  
there's just one chance that we must seize  
life's ...  
it's true for flowers and for bees  
life's ...  
for the grass and for the trees  
life's ...  
for the beans and for the peas  
life's ...  
for elephants, and for the fleas  
life's ...  
for Navajos as for Crees  
life's ...  
on land and on the seven seas  
life's ...  
in the heat or at the freeze  
life's ...  
enjoy the sun or a fresh breeze  
life's ...  
try to live your life in peace  
( 'cause) life's ...  
no way you can prolong the lease  
life's ...  
it's true so everyone agrees  
life's ...  
ask the living or the deceased  
life's ...  
now raise your glasses if you please

**lost**

no sense of direction  
in the dark and stormy sea  
the mist obscures my vision  
looks like the end of me

I am lost  
I don't know a way out  
Have I crossed  
the point of no return?  
I don't feel  
quite fit for a scout  
any help  
I would not dare spurn

stuck in a traffic jam  
the turnoff should be near  
how I can change the lane  
I've got no idea

I am lost  
I don't know a way out  
Have I crossed  
the point of no return?  
I don't feel  
quite fit for a scout  
any help  
I would not dare spurn

the distances are shortened  
the clocks on earth are slow  
what is my destination  
I might never know

I am lost  
I don't know a way out  
Have I crossed  
the point of no return?  
I don't feel  
quite fit for a scout  
any help  
I would not dare spurn

A fellow songwriter did not see any irony in this text. The last verse refers to the theory of relativity which I had read about a few weeks before writing the song.

**welcome to hell**

you were born into a world of riches  
under the sun  
into the care of loving parents -  
mum's favourite one

at school you found things got different  
feelin' like a misfit and left out  
why should you be treated so mean  
why should they do you down

this is the land of the ignorant  
here you can choke on their chatter and  
you'll find them all quite intolerant  
welcome to hell

you are working hard tryin' to  
do a good job and do things right  
you're tryin' to be inconspicuous,  
friendly, and polite

how come you are not promoted  
you're ignored and you're passed over  
why are they making fun of you  
makin' you feel lower

this is the land of the ignorant  
here you can choke on their chatter and  
you'll find them all quite intolerant  
welcome to hell

***(more or less) political stuff***

## ***Spartacus***

we broke through your lines  
and taught your legions fear  
when you thought us besieged  
we attacked you from the rear

the rural hands we trained  
prepared them for the battle  
to defeat your mighty legions  
and chase them just like cattle

if it wasn't for betrayal  
you'd never have stood a chance  
so you made me their hero  
when you pierced me with your lance

the slaves you once abused  
who worked your fields and mines  
have learned there can be freedom  
beyond your enemy lines

now you think you that can humble  
the proud men they've become  
and make an example of  
who had fought like one

tied to their crosses  
soiled, and half-decayed  
there will remain the message  
that they have conveyed

we will break through your lines  
and teach your armies fear  
when you'll think us besieged  
we'll attacked you from the rear

Originally, I intended to write a Folk song which would refer to some kind of perpetual rebel or rebellion. During my research I came across the Spartacus rebellion. It actually seemed to have had an effect, although it still took nearly two generations before the slaves were granted basic human rights. Anyway Spartacus has remained a hero until recent times.

### **won't get old**

you think you are wise, you think you're the rulers  
but you're stubborn, dim-witted, and at war with our future

you have built on sand, and you've spoilt the soil  
the world is crumbling, and you use up the oil

so we've decided that we won't get old  
we won't be like you, and we won't listen  
to what we are told

career and wealth are what you strive for  
but when you're old and needy we won't open the door

you've messed up the world, and you'll get what you earn  
we will piss on your coffin and shatter your urn

we've decided that we won't get old  
we won't be like you, and we won't listen  
to what we are told

looking back you will see  
that your lives were in vain  
a time of destruction  
the span of your reign

so we've decided that we won't get old  
we won't be like you, and we won't listen  
to what we are told

When Anas, a fifteen year old, asked me to help him writing lyrics I checked what I had written so far, only to find that you had to be 30 years or older to sing most of my stuff convincingly. Therefore, I began to try writing lyrics which might be appropriate for very young singers. "Won't get old" is one result. I definitely could not sing it without making a fool of myself.

### ***the dragon***

a cruise missile lead by GPS  
cluster bombs leave scattered body parts  
the high-tech war's transmitted on TV  
destroying homes, breaking bones,  
and breaking hearts

a noble knight sets off to fight the evil beast  
a fiery dragon who is spewing flames  
slaying dragons' (is) what the hero's living for  
it's for the honour, it's for the Gods,  
and to impress the dames

what I do learn, and what I see -  
is breaking me - can't you see?

a kid is lying in a hospital bed  
having lost a leg and his best friend -  
the friendly dragon of his childhood dreams  
is this the way, is this the way  
that good and evil end?

what I do learn, and what I see -  
is breaking me - can't you see?

who are the good ones, who's evil -  
how can you decide?  
don't want to witness this carnage -  
I want the dragon alive!

what I do learn, and what I see -  
is breaking me - can't you see?  
it's breaking me, yeah - can't you see?

Holger suggested a text with dragons. He never used this one, I'm afraid,  
maybe because it's a bit political or too heavy.

***bush fires***

a people on the decline  
a far misled crowd  
a war that cannot be won  
ideals, not beyond doubt  
they're dealing with opinions  
the truth is not allowed

the tide may be turning  
while bush fires are burning  
strong emotions churning  
while bush fires are burning

there was talk of a crusade  
its essence, though, is oil  
on civilizations birthplace  
they're wasting men and soil  
not sure of what they're gaining  
it's obvious what they spoil

the tide may be turning  
while bush fires are burning  
strong emotions churning  
while bush fires are burning

when will they be learning  
that bush fires are burning



***a place to live***

the streets are deserted  
big money has gone  
nature's been perverted  
destruction has won

industrial wastes  
float towards the sea  
a human wreck hastens  
he's trying to flee

trying to catch a healthy dream  
of a place where one could live  
where between humanity  
and nature there's a take and give

don't drink the water  
don't breathe the air  
this place is polluted  
'cause nobody cared

trying to catch a healthy dream  
of a place where one could live  
where between humanity  
and nature there's a take and give

This is my personal eco song - or rather eco poem since there is no tune yet. The last two lines of the chorus have gotten a bit pathetic, I'm afraid.

## ***cathedral***

the village was plundered  
the harvest destroyed  
the peasants were tortured  
young girls raped and slain

futures erased  
and homes set ablaze  
this is a scene of horror  
this is the devil's place

over carnage and misery towers the cathedral  
proudly, and it's glory's beyond death and upheaval

dim and golden light from candles and stained glass  
wrong is turned to right and worldly sorrows pass

walking through the nave sunk in deep devotion  
away from fights and fate and rage you're finding consolation

again pillage and plunder  
you're taking revenge  
arson and slaughter  
torture and pain

"Stab the kids, rape their mothers,  
hang or quarter their fathers -  
'cause we are the good ones,  
and they are the others!"

your guilt drives you to confess, do penance, and to sacrifice  
receive the absolution to be sure of the paradise

the wrong ones have won  
your castle was conquered  
your empire has gone  
you were put in chains,  
thrown into the dungeon,  
and left there to rot  
you've been a believer -  
but where is your God?

This song is based on a poem which I had written 1999:

Exit

There will be no future,  
all your plans are in vain.  
The girl you have loved,  
in her blood - raped and slain.  
Yourself in the dungeon,  
left there to rot.  
You've been a believer -  
but where is your God?