

Bernd's first hundred lyrics

This is my lyrics collection as of May, 2009 with mainly spelling corrections I've made in November. I



consider all my lyrics licensed under a creative commons license which basically means that you may use these lyrics as long as their usage is not commercial, in other words: "no money – no problem". If you intend to produce songs on CD, sell songs over the internet, or include all or part of the texts in a book, you should contact me under my eMail address: Bernd.Harmsen@web.de (you will never have to make any payments to me; licensing is the concern of PRO's and MRO's - performing rights organizations and mechanical rights organizations – I just need to know, so I can register the song with my PRO).

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.

Before you blame me for cheating I should mention that among these lyrics I have indeed included a few very similar pieces of text. Namely the two versions of "summer night", i.e. the "normal" and the short version, practically only differ in their length. This was the reason for leaving out the short version in former compilations, and it is the reason for not counting it here as one of the 100 titles. On the other hand it is meant for acoustic live presentations, so it does have a right on its own (therefore, you could say that these are actually my first 101 lyrics). There are also two very similar versions of "Motor Planet", and the songs "Jane is dead" and "Joan is dead" are closely related. Hence this is the complete compilation of all lyrics I've ever written as of May 2009.

I publish all my lyrics on my Web site: <http://bernd-harmsen.de>. Refer to this site if you are interested in my latest lyrics or any changes to existing ones. There is also a MySpace site, a blog called "lyrics in progress" on which I describe upcoming projects, and I have posted a few recordings on the "Unsigned Band Web" (UBW) site. So we can meet in the virtual world if you like, or maybe even in the real one.

But for now, enjoy!

Bernd Harmsen
Herrenberg / Germany
November 2009

Contents

(romantic) love songs

page 7

peaceful times
angel
by my side
tough
let her eyes smile at me again
the answer
bushbaby
need your love tonight
like the first time
'bout you and me
I want you back
don't talk about love
lost in space
how come
soon I'll be there
without you
round table
take me seriously
last night – let's forget it
there was a time...
still missing you
memories
I want my money back
the same old place
a song about you

other relationships, or not so romantic love songs

page 33

not enough
jumpy
down the drain
Sabrina

Violet
forgot to forget
Jane is dead
choking
shut up
time will tell
bitch
holy hooker
long-legged divinity
on the road
fairy
why don't you love me
lost love
lesson learned
what would you think
forbidden lust
the end of our love
sod it
motor planet
motor planet (alternate version)
you can't see the light
on the move
Joan is dead (alternate version to "Jane is dead")
another way
mother
I'm not that kind of guy
driving apart

party et cetera

page 67

keep rockin'
anybody here?
love on the dance floor
summer night
summer night (short form)
party time

summer solstice night

"me" and other people

page 75

42

about living elsewhere

rise and fall

black cloud

gonna get my share

how does it feel?

one step ahead

monkey stew

I feel - I live

passage

virtual life

Vanity

boring

high enough

piece of rock

slow

on my way

piss off

spring

once a year

by the pool

God of the ants

high expectations

sudden silence

no future – no past

close your eyes

terminal disease

lost

welcome to hell

our memories will never go

sixteen

sense of recognition

Spartacus

won't get old

the dragon

bush fires

a place to live

cathedral

(romantic) 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
life 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
life 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
life is not so bad at all

the smell of flowers lingers in the air
life 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 2nd 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 at the same time they dropped 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 ...

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 heights

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 think of leaving 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 Motor Planet, 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've 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 that 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 sometimes have gotten 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 it 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

a song about you

caught in your eyes I could be losing myself
but your smile always puts me at ease
I even love the peach fuzz on your tummy and arms
during the nights I'm watching you breathe

my love's grown beyond compare
I'm lonesome when you're not there
I'll love you now and everyday
I'll love you here and everywhere

you're made of love and of lust and I'm wond'ring
which kind of miracles lie underneath
your smile's alluring, your kiss makes me melt away
I do adore you down on my knees

my love's grown beyond compare
I'm lonesome when you're not there
I'll love you now and everyday
I'll love you here and everywhere

my love's grown beyond compare
I'm lonesome when you're not there
I'll love you now and everyday
I'll love you here and everywhere

This is my second try on Karsten's "song about you". I actually like my other version - "there was a time..." - much better.

***other relationships,
or not so romantic love songs***

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've 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 expression, of course. To decide who "you" is I leave to the listener.

Sabrina

when our eyes first 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 right 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 until 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 too 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

It was spring, we were hiking in the woods, and the violets were blooming. That was when the words for the chorus sprang to my mind, and a tune to go with them, in the rhythm of our steps.

forgot to forget

I forgot to forget
the knowledge 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 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
whereto 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 to see 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 safe

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 safe

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 safe

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 that 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'm becoming aware
that the young girl who waits on me
is 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 from Motor Planet. He provided the basic idea - a relationship which has worn out. 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 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 her 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

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" lyric 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.

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 ultimate 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, he's 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

I'm not that kind of guy

when we met it was quite plain
that we both could not abstain
it was a question of "your place or mine"
it was alright to meet again
that our relation we'd maintain
having sex - with a bottle of wine

now don't you start getting ideas
and nurturing my fears
throwing off the balance of our deal
if you want to persevere
this must not become sincere
I'm suspecting what could be your zeal

well, it's okay if you've fallen in love
fallen in love with me
but any tie of endurance write off
I'm not that kind of guy, you see
to get it on for a night or two
that's quite alright with me
but any tie of endurance write off
I'm not that kind of guy, you see

don't talk 'bout kids or family
if you want to keep seeing me
the only way is to keep up our affair
would you listen to my plea
that I need to remain free
that doesn't mean that I do not care

well, it's okay if you've fallen in love...

don't get my back against the wall
I need some space to breathe and roam
do understand I'm not your thrall
I'm not the man who'd stay at home

well, it's okay if you've fallen in love...

driving apart

I still don't know what I've done wrong
what was causing you to get cross with me
how come that we cannot get along
I've no clue, give some hint, so I can stop wondering

why do you treat me like this
you are breaking my heart
what did I do, what went amiss
what's driving us apart

gone are the times when we'd hold hands
when I would spot stars sparkle in your eyes
the time that our love would know no end
now I'm left with the void, left alone with my unheard cries

why do you treat me like this
you are breaking my heart
what did I do, what went amiss
what's driving us apart

instead of reaching for the skies
I am left with the void, left alone with my unheard cries

why do you treat me like this
you are breaking my heart
what did I do, what went amiss
what's driving us apart

why do you treat me like this
you are breaking my heart
why did we leave our isle of bliss
our love's fallen apart

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 present
let your soul and body feel the beat
let's dance and let's be living for the moment
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 has 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
make 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
make me feel like
making love right on the dance floor

Holger doesn't like the third verse. Maybe it has gotten a bit too political to his taste. 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 life 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 ...

summer night (short form)

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

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

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

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

The short, sex-free version as adapted for young Anas who wanted Rock songs with no references to girls or sex (he was 14 at that time). It serves also as an acoustic live-version because the original version would be rather lengthy without its bassline and piano parts.

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

this 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

this 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

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

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

Marc, a young Austrian, had come across my lyrics and asked me to write an "unusual" title for him which would stand out - and could I possibly write it 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 present, 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 bombs¹

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 it 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 idea of "rugrats" - I had never heard the term before.

black cloud

she'd been sleeping
she'd been lying there
for how long she could not 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
sharing 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 when 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 actually that was not quite true for, say, "peaceful times", or "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
till 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 starin' at you
you said such kind of food you could not 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 present
I'm afraid it might last

here in my seashell
all I see is the walls
the shell is so tiny
or 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 world

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's got definitely stained
age spots and wrinkles where once a proud beauty reigned
there's no charm and no grace
in this 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 lessons 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 personal 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 in Vienna. There I discovered allegorical sculptures and pictures regarding "Vanitas", a subject I couldn't get out of my mind. The "scull" 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 and one of my all-time favourites.

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 easily 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

it 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

we 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

it 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 death
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. On his MySpace page he writes 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. his band Motor Planet. 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's a game
you say I don't have a clue
I say that's 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
so you can choose them from the shelf
may I humbly ask the question
which part are you 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 glad 'bout that 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 simply because I want them there. The idea is based on a poem I wrote in the late 90th. The poem is hardly recognizable, though:

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.

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
it 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

it's true for flowers and for bees
life's a terminal disease
for the grass and for the trees
life's a terminal disease
for the beans and for the peas
life's a terminal disease
for elephants, and for the fleas
life's a terminal disease
for Navajos as for Crees
life's a terminal disease
on land and on the seven seas
life's a terminal disease
in the heat or at the freeze
life's a terminal disease
enjoy the sun or a fresh breeze
life's a terminal disease
no way you can prolong the lease
life's a terminal disease
try to live your life in peace
'cause life's a terminal disease
it's true so everyone agrees
life's a terminal disease
ask the living or the deceased
life's a terminal disease
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
which 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

our memories will never go

did you think that you lived in a computer game
did you think that it would not hurt
that there'd be a chance to revert
or was it just that you would come to fame

shooting kids in their heads - would you gather points
to reach a new level of play
the higher the more you would slay
is that what you'd learned in the gaming scene's joints

I'm afraid, we'll never know
that the truth will never show
and our memories will never go away

while spilling brain matter, while steppin' in blood
what had gone on in your mind
had you been dumb, deaf, and blind
or were you proud of yourself and felt like a stud

I'm afraid, we'll never know
that the truth will never show
and our memories will never go away

I checked the board that you were said to have used
for announcing your shooting spree
I was appalled by what I would see
stumblin' over that Nazi bullshit it oozed

If I shed a tear
I won't shed it for you
although I'm tryin' to understand
what you had been up to

I'm afraid, we'll never know
that the truth will never show
and our memories will never go away

On March 11th, 2009 a 17 year old gunman killed 15 in a shooting spree in Winnenden, Germany. Surrounded by the police he later also killed himself. There were rumours that he had announced the killing spree on an internet board. The announcement turned out to be a hoax, but the proof for this was also faked...

sixteen

the party is
in full swing
I got to go
I should be off now
mustn't miss a thing
in full swing

there is one thing I got to say
Mum and Dad, I don't want to cause you sorrow
I'll be off, but I'll be back tomorrow
when I come and I should not be sober
that just means that my childhood days are over

I can't wait
I'm ready to be free
and take my life in my hands

you will see
that I have found the key
and I'll discover new lands

why can't they take
me seriously
why can't they just put some trust in me
well, never mind
they'll have to see

there is one thing I got to say
Mum and Dad, I don't want to cause you sorrow
I'll be off, but I'll be back tomorrow
when I come and I should not be sober
that just means that my childhood days are over

I can't wait
I'm ready to be free
and take my life in my hands

you will see
that I have found the key
and I'll discover new lands

be free
that's me
they will have to see

Mum and Dad, I don't want to cause you sorrow
I'll be off, but I'll be back tomorrow
when I come and I should not be sober
that just means that my childhood days are over

I can't wait
I'm ready to be free
and take my life in my hands

wait and see
what will become of me
I may surprise my old friends

you will see
that I have found the key
and I'll discover new lands

I can't wait
I'm ready to be free
and take my life in my hands

Normally I have difficulty writing for very young musicians. Their lives simply differ quite too much from mine. Well, my lyrics for Karsten's song "18" - meaning the age of 18 - have gotten a bit too "young", I'm afraid. So I decided to name it "sixteen" instead.

sense of recognition

brother
were have you been spending all the time
just one word from you would have removed the grime
that had formed layers upon
my sense of recognition

brother
it is time for opening my eyes
it is time for looking through the lies
time for me to develop
some sense of recognition

brother
don't ask how I've gone about my life
the truth can hurt like a slayers knife
while you just try to live without
a sense of recognition

face the facts
get it clear
look in the eye
of who you fear

brother
I've never dared telling friend from foe
I've gone the path that I was told to go
always trying to avoid
a sense of recognition

brother
what you say all sounds so very true
truth be told all these things I once knew
I just tried to live without
a sense of recognition

face the facts
get it clear
look in the eye
of who you fear

brother
I'll do my best that I shall not fail you
I've heard you out I now know what to do
I owe you for giving me
some sense of recognition

(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 attack 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 coffins and shatter your urns

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 may have gotten a bit pathetic.

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?