

### 3 The ship leaves the harbour

The ship leaves the harbour  
and you know you leave her behind;  
just her last look doesn't go off your mind,  
it's like la, lalala, la....

You look at the horizon,  
the colour that paints the sky,  
the waves that move in silence,  
you just don't know why

The air is full of sadness,  
the teardrops fill your eyes,  
you know you're feeling homesick,  
sick for her good-byes.

Summer 1973

### 4 Ich wach immer zu spät auf

Ach herrjeh, was, schon so spät?  
Ich hoff' doch dass der Wecker geht.  
Höhnisch grinst das Zifferblatt:  
"Schon wieder verschlafen, da biste platt!"  
Der Friede am Morgen schon vorbei  
und nun beginnt die Raserei.  
Frühstück und Dusche sind eh schon hin,  
sonst verpass ich den ersten Termin.  
In die Klamotten mit leerem Magen,  
beim Anlassen streikt natürlich der Wagen!  
Verflucht, es hat ja eh keinen Zweck:  
Der erst Kunde ist sicher weg!

Ich wach immer zu spät auf.

Neulich auf dem Opernball  
da gab's ne Dame, die war mein Fall.  
Aus der Ferne aus der Nähe,  
ich merk schon, dass ich auf sie stehe.  
Ja, bei Blondinen werd ich schwach  
und ich denk noch drüber nach,  
wie ich meine Falle stell;  
beim Denken bin ich nie sehr schnell.  
Da kommt, kaum hab ich mich entschlossen,  
so ein Schnösel angeschossen

und beginnt, mir tränen die Augen,  
sich an der Dame festzusaugen.

Auch polisch, Gott möge mich strafen,  
hab ich viel zu tief geschlafen,  
denn die Zeichen der Zeit erkennt  
niemand der zu lange pennt.

Und so find' ich mich gestern wie heute  
immer auf der falschen Seite.

Ihr seht mich dann noch Müsli kauen,  
wenn alle andern Hamburger verdauen.

Ich sammle noch für die Dritte Welt,  
wenn der Geldhahn längst schon abgestellt.  
Wollen alle Soldaten werden,  
kämpf ich noch für Frieden auf Erden.

1981

## 5 Angela

Who drives a silver painted car? Angela, Angela.  
Who's admired near and far? Angela, Angela.  
Who's the wool shops all-time-star? Angela, Angela.  
Who likes cocktails in her jar? Angela, Angela.

You're a rare gem, yes, you are! Angel Angela.

1981

## 6 Clear blue sky

It was late that afternoon  
when clouds filled sky and mind.  
Wasteland wallowed on the scene,  
no hope in front and behind.  
Shadows lay upon the land  
and road dust dimmed the light;  
but I had to walk this way,  
no hopeful thought in sight.

God I long for clear blue sky over me,  
crystal waters and the sight of a tree.

1981

## 7 Words without meaning

Woke up this morning  
at the break of dawn,  
caught my face in the mirror  
so quiet and forlorn.  
Did she understand  
when I did what I had to do?  
Did you believe  
when I said what I said to you?

Baby I'm fed up with you  
'cause it just cannot be right:  
What I once did all night long  
now takes me all the night

I did what I could  
and I did it for me;  
it had to be done,  
oh Baby, why can't you see.  
To live and let live  
is my motto whatever you say,  
please understand  
that I did what I did my way.

1981

## 8 Mirror of my mood

Timeless floating,  
the summer moved along:  
I felt content,  
just having this song.  
The tune was simple,  
but it felt good  
  
and I found that this song was  
a mirror of my mood.

Clever ideas,  
words that sound smart,  
open your mind  
or touch your heart.  
It don't come easy  
and I don't know why it should  
  
but I found that this song was  
a mirror of my mood.

Technical stage acts,  
just to attract a crowd,  
amplification  
to make them cry out loud;  
in the summer's quietness  
this seems awfully rude  
and I found that this song was  
a mirror of my mood.

1981

## 10 Go outside

Hey stop complaining  
I can't hear you out!  
I don't get  
what you're talking about:  
Your life seems worthless  
and your labour absurd!  
This I can gather  
from what I've heard.

Life's full of changes  
believe me my friend  
Just take your future  
in your own hand  
Now go outside  
come open the door,  
you'll certainly find  
what you're looking for.

She ran away  
and left you alone:  
A broken heart  
and an empty home.  
Now you just sit here  
bemoaning your fate,  
your heart doesn't love  
and doesn't hate.

1981

## 11 Out of Cairo

Last night I moved out of Cairo,  
traced down a friend near that town,  
trotted the way like a wino,  
inside my outside a clown

Later I sailed down to Hong Kong  
nearly got killed by a crowd!  
They caught me and took me to prison,  
I'll never know what it was about.

Strange sights I see,  
wild countries I roam;  
sometimes I get lost  
and wish that I was home.

Met an old monk there in Tibet,  
he smiled while he took my hand.  
Then he pointed to the mountains;  
he just said I am your friend.

Now I live here in my hometown,  
memories crossing my mind.  
Well I still keep on searching  
for something I may never find.

20.08.81

## 12 Children's lamentiiii

Henderson's cottage in the outskirts of town,  
white washed walls under a tree.

So many hours we spent around this place  
my childhood friends and me.

From there we let our kites fly high,  
when autumn wind blew very strong,  
we climbed the trees and hid in the rye,  
mocking at people who came along.

The old man being a good friend to us  
told us many a tale.

If one of u brought him a broken toy  
his skilled hands would never fail.

And when the sunset brought chilly air,  
his fireplace was all aglow:  
'round it we gathered in comfort and warmth,  
after long days in the snow.

Coming to think or the times that went by,  
sadness creeps down in my mind.

There is no place like our old cottage now,  
no one who seems to be kind:  
for children are locked between concrete walls,  
the grownups have all to say.  
They say you have to spend more time to learn,  
there is no time left to play.

1981

## 13 Lonely nights

Some nights are lonesome, some days are sad  
and it doesn't make a difference to you.  
If there is sorrow and pain inside your head  
even friendly faces make you feel blue.

But there's one thing, to help you along  
there's so much comfort in the music  
of a friendly song

The inner darkness surrounds you like a veil  
and you cannot really say when.  
You can't even describe how bad you feel  
you don't know how to be happy again.

Forget your troubles forget the blues inside  
relax and listen to a tune.  
Let your mind wander let it hide,  
be sure you're better very soon

1981

## 14 Cosy hideaway

Curtains are drawn, as the evening fails,  
street life dies down with the light.  
People rush home after long days of toil,  
longing for peace in the night.  
Island of warmth my castle my home,  
protect me from the cold outside!  
When I'm haunted by everyday life,  
I know within you I can hide

When life is just rotten as I always say,  
you're my cosy hideaway

I cherish the drinks that my home has in store;  
they're soothing my wounded soul.

It calms my strained eyes and my overworked ears,  
with TV or sweet Rock 'n Roll.

My home cushions angers my fears and my pain,  
it offers me a welcome retreat.

There's no one to deal with I don't want to see,  
there's no one I have to meet.

1981

## 15 My name is 'mistake'

When I was born, I slipped the doctor's hand  
my mama was the first to cry.

From that day on she had to understand  
I wasn't an ordinary guy.

My father shivered when I came into sight  
his face darkened in deep pain.

Since I'd torn his savings while singing with delight  
his hair went white just over night

My name's 'mistake' I never do things right  
I cause disasters any day or night.  
I'm turning joy into sheer fright!

The teachers loved me 'cause school had to close down  
I set a fire in the loo!

Many firms went bankrupt while I just jobbed around,  
yes, I admit that was me, too.

I can't imagine how I will one day end  
as for others it's plain to see  
They will elect me the last White House resident  
so the world will hit doom because of me.

1981

## 16 Peaceful dreamers

Peaceful dreamers take your time,  
let thoughts wander make your pictures rhyme.  
Floating sky-high never let go,  
no time for crazies you let colours grow.

You never worry what future has in store,  
no need to hurry you don't ask for more.

Circling doom bound the earth awaits its fate:  
Some try to change it but it is much too late.  
Desperate doers toil to put things right:  
They never notice how useless it's to fight.

25.11.81

## 17 Rosi

Rostfrei war mein Herz,  
doch nun rostet's langsam weg.  
Rosi, warum spielst du bloß Versteck?  
Wo soll ich nur suchen?  
Die Leute lachen mich aus!  
Ich trau mich nicht mehr aus dem Haus.

Du, du, nur du...

Als ich die sah beim Kaufmann nebenan,  
war ich völlig fertig, du lächeltest mich an.  
Nachts konnt ich nicht schlafen,  
kein Auge macht ich zu:  
Ich kann dich nicht vergessen,  
ich find' keine Ruh'.

Rosi, oh mein Mädel,  
was hab ich bloß getan?  
Bin ich denn nicht der richtige Mann?  
Ich will nicht länger leben,  
wenn du nicht mit mir gehst!  
Ich schrieb dies kleine Lied  
damit du das verstehst.

25.11.1981

## 18 Weihnachten

Vom Feinkosthändler komm ich her;  
es gibt keine schwarzen Trüffel mehr;  
die weißen hab ich längst schon satt,  
dann nehm ich Räucherlachs anstatt.

Ja, meine Damen und Herren, Weihnachten-  
das heißt Wohlsein unterm Tannenbaum.  
Weihnachten, heißt das nicht auch:  
Lamettagoldiger Kindertraum?

Jedes Jahr nehm ich drei Kilo zu,  
mein Sodbrennen stört die Feiertagsruh!

Oh ums Herz, oh ums Herz,  
ums Herz wird mir so weh.  
Oh ums Herz wird mir so weh,  
wenn ich Tannenbäume seh, ja!  
Schwefeldi, Schwefeldi, Schwefeldioxyd.  
Bald gibt's keine Tännchen mehr,  
das schlägt mir auf's Gemüt.

Dezember 1981

## 19 Under a good spell

The day awakes it's early morn,  
the mirror smiles as you are shaving.  
The toilet flushes its little tune,  
a blazing kettle sets you thinking.

Who intends to treat you well?  
A whole day long under a good spell.

The radio plays a forgotten tune,  
the news are pleasant your teacup steaming.  
No crime in sight no raging loon,  
nothing is up to stop you from dreaming.

You car starts on the very first try,  
the engine purrs as you are driving;  
you ease it through the waking streets:  
you take your time before arriving.

13.01.82

## 20 After the storm

After the storm under the moon  
when all seems dead and far out of tune.  
Torn are the hedges bare are the trees,  
restless the beasts and so restless the seas.

After the storm under the sky  
the land lost its fruit - no grain in the rye.  
The rain hit the land and bared all the stones  
tore off the moss revealed the lands bones.

When future itself seems to be dead  
and there's no hope in what lies ahead,  
just don't get scared don't fear the dread  
don't let sorrow grab your head

After the storm deep in your mind  
you fear the fears of all mankind.  
You saw your doom in the eye of the storm.  
You saw the power you felt forlorn.

24.02.82

## 21 Scared in the park

I was walking the street one day it was dark  
I decided to take the way through the park.  
The air felt fresh just right to clear my brain,  
you all know how it feels after the rain.

While I enjoyed being all on my own,  
suddenly the shadows seemed to have grown!  
The moon disappeared behind a cloud,  
"What the hell is there", I cried aloud.

Black as the blackest night,  
man in the dark robe  
oh, he scared me so!

I was shivering my legs began to give way.  
I didn't know should I run or stay;  
my heart was beating as if it would burst,  
hoping for rescue I expected the worst.

There I was doomed in a horror of a night!  
Completely helpless no damn soul in sight!  
When the stranger spoke my fingers clasped in fright,  
but he just said:"Have you got a light?"

Life ain't so bad if you just see your chance:  
Don't get scared in advance!

24.03.82

## 22 No substitute

It's just a simple song I sing for you,  
the verses may all be wrong but they are true

and as the night comes down  
when all the shadows tell me you know.

You may laugh you may cry  
you may fly the highest sky!  
You may be peaceful like a dove,  
you may pray to the lord above:  
There is no substitute for love!

I only feel all right when I'm with you  
you brighten up my night no other could do.  
And when I'm somewhere else  
I really want to go I'm happy to know

14.04.82

## 23 You are the river

The horses are saddled and ready to go,  
there's something I really want you to know:  
'cause when I have left the time passes slow  
and you are the river forever you flow.

Love has been sung of since the very first song,  
songs were sincere others felt wrong:  
Have trust in me and don't get me wrong:  
it's only at yours where I belong.

I dread the times that we are apart:  
They darken my spirits they hurt my heart,  
and only the endings do make me start,  
my love seems eternal before we part.

05.05.82

## 24 No monarchies

What an evening for my heart  
it glows deep down inside,  
I just don't know where to start  
I need no longer hide.  
Someone has been good to me  
and it feels so fine,  
my brooding mind is lightened up  
I let my spirit shine.

Don't change to minor keys  
keep on slapping on your knees

and let the good times rock and roll.  
Two musicians are a band,  
come on lend your clapping hand  
and let the rhythm free your soul.

Happiness is made for two,  
come on let me show,  
you needn't be ashamed no more,  
let your wishes grow.  
Share the secrets of my joy,  
put two and two together:  
You are a girl I am a boy,  
we need no better weather.

02.06.82

## 25 Flimsy dresses

Come on baby do confess,  
why do you wear this flimsy dress?  
You may say that it is hot,  
well, I must tell you it is not!

Come on baby speak the truth!  
Come on speak the truth while you can:  
You wear flimsy dresses to attract men,  
you wear flimsy dresses all because of men!

You may argue it was cheap;  
the price would make some beggars weep!  
You may stop my verbal aggression  
and say I'm only dressing out of fashion.

07.07.82

## 27 Plastic people

Plastic music plastic dresses,  
we're living in a plastic age.  
Plastic feelings fake pretenders  
a freak show-off in a golden cage.  
Teds, Punks, Poppers, Metal Kids,  
everyone's a fashion fool!  
All are dancing on a bursting volcano  
but they're moving ever so cool.

Sad to remember the beautiful songs  
where your spirit grows higher with each line:  
Made you forget all the bads and the wrongs,  
so you turned so peaceful in your mind.

Look out for the music babe,  
businessmen are selling out.  
Gimmicks gadgets fake improvements,  
you wonder what it's all about.  
Words inflated robbed of sense,  
the show has to go on  
makes you feel so bloody homesick  
for the beautiful simple old songs.

15.09.82

## 28 America

I'm well under way to meet the day  
to cover the tracks on the endless highway.  
The car's now my home, I'm adventure prone,  
I'm wide open to meet everyone on the byway.

America

Old Indian mad could hardly stand  
trodded the streets as if in search of the fire.  
In Dallas it was I saw the big boss  
dining out his clan so everyone could admire.

Some geriatric fools in swimming pools  
ignoring the fact that they were rapidly ageing.  
Some children in rags smoking found fags  
or wrecking old cars really nothing else to play in.

15.09.82

## 29 Star

I wonder why you sailed the seas  
met hardship on the way  
when every reason told you to stay.

You wanna be a star, be a star.

You walked the roads the dusty plains  
the city's cold and grey  
looking for the needle in the hay.

Again I ask my everlasting why;  
there really is no reason to deny.

29.09.82

## 30 Dartmoor dreams

Low and wide the countryside  
the hills greet from afar.  
The meadows green I've never seen  
below the evening star.  
So pale the haze that rises now  
and floats down gentle valleys,  
a moody breeze plays in the trees  
that frame forgotten alleys.  
  
The sun sets well as if in peace  
with what her day achieved.  
Her purple light welcomes a night  
whose darkness can't be deceived.  
For calmness without sorrow reigns  
invites deep understanding;  
a church bell chimes its last good night  
and may all your troubles be ending.

20.10.82

## 31 In front of a shut door

Builder of castles, trader of trade,  
he changed the world you see it now.  
But now his image begins to fade:  
He lost direction, lost the feel somehow.  
  
Deep are his doubts engraved in his mind,  
he won't be what he is taken for.  
The life he lived was never kind  
but now he stands in front of a shut door.

Man you achieved a lot  
but don't you ask for more!  
There's still more you haven't got  
and now you stand in front of a shut door.  
  
You spoilt the love that was given to you,  
too damn scared you might slip and fall.

You told lies where you should have been true,  
you needed friends but you were not able to call.

You spoilt the nature given to you,  
too damn sure you would master it all.  
As everything rots under your shoe  
its about time for your last and deepest fall.

10.11.82

## 32 To my son

Son you often ask me,  
"Dad please tell me,  
what makes all the flowers grow?"  
So many questions,  
there's such a lot, you just want to know

Walking through the forest,  
you admire all the trees  
that rise so high.  
You keep insisting,  
"Do answer me where and how and why"?

Your world's so full of wonders,  
every step a miracle.  
Son, I'm torn down under  
amazed anew by things I knew so well.

You lie on your carpet  
and play with toys  
you gave a life all of their own:  
Teddy bears and little cars,  
you pile up bricks when you are alone.

Though I think I've grown up  
your little world  
I must confess attracts me so;  
and I like your questions  
they show me,  
you get wiser as you grow.

08.12.82

## 33 Moving out - in ?

Strange to see the city lights Ab hier noch nicht einzeln  
gespeichert!!

from my side of town.  
Memories you can hardly call  
what makes my thoughts go round:  
Circling past and future times  
some old and hidden dreams,  
the neighbours clock chimes half past eight  
our time is out yes so it seems.

Welcome mingles with farewell,  
who is left to trust?  
So tempted to cast aside the past  
and cover it with dust.  
What lies ahead, uncertainty  
adventures sweet and fast.  
What will be left of you and me,  
how will it be at last?

Moving out is moving in  
this catch line strikes me odd:  
It's strange for you so strange to me  
and then again it's not.  
Moving out is moving in  
a key to a new door  
another doormat to wipe my feet  
and then again it's more.

Although there's sadness in my mind  
regrets I cannot tell,  
we both go our separate ways  
until all there is is well.  
We may meet some time to come  
and share without regrets  
what still remains within our hearts  
the lights you don't forget.

## 34 Gloomy mood

Ever woke up on a dirty day,  
the spirits low, the sky a cloudy grey.  
Your temper's high beyond control,  
the everyday craze a wound on your soul.

Step up, speed up, hurry up,  
go ahead and don't you dare to stop.  
Don't let your anger grab your spine  
and don't let your dreams invade your mind

Oh, please don't you give in  
to any impending gloomy mood

remember the sunny days  
and life in the spring  
that will do you good.

## 35 Rain falls on Soho

Don't tear my heart out I can't explain.  
Don't you offer your comfort that's all done in vain.  
Leave me alone and lock up the door.

Rain blinds the windows like sorrows my mind  
it shuts out an outside and leaves me behind.

I listen in silence to sounds from outside.  
The rain just keeps on falling drowning the night  
and like a curtain he covers the panes.

It's sometimes helpful to wallow in pain  
and it comes in handy to have a little rain:  
The cleaning waters send sorrows down the drain.

## 36 Curry rice and apple pies

I've never touched a stove  
let alone a pan,  
kitchen talk just made me laugh  
I was a pizza fan,  
fish and chips would give me trips  
eight days of the week to make more than water boil  
I never had the cheek.

Curry rice and apple pies all because of you!

And then you came into my days  
and made my meals a feast:  
Your recipes just knocked me out  
that is to say least.

And now I stand here on my own  
the stove is all-aglow:  
I wanted to make you a meal  
but how I just don't know.

Too bad mother's not at home  
no one to ask for advice!  
In the icebox I find my comb,  
I just can't find the rice  
With the apples I cut my arm  
while the butter runs,

I hope it will be all right  
the minute before you come.

## 38 Fool spring

Thunderstorms followed by the sun,  
heavy rains keep people on the run.  
My mood is changing all the time,  
the spring reflects there in my mind.

High and low up and down mellow and gay,  
weathermen wise old soul how do I feel today?

Rainbows bridge a heavy sky,  
sunny dawn turns into a lie.  
The raincoat plays the April fool,  
Saint Peter shows who makes the rule.

Romance meets you on the way  
but turns so cold within a day.  
My heart beats hot it feels so strange  
but stops dead cold with the winds of change.

## 39 The rules of the play

Phyllis thinks she's a sensation,  
Donna's playing hard to get,  
while Mary always ends in bed.

Carmen lights her Spanish fire,  
Britta likes it nice and cool,  
Phillippa acts the loving fool.

Cherry weeps while she is at it,  
Moira laughs you won't forget it  
but Sandy never smiles at all.

One thousand different tempers,  
one thousand different ways,  
but you will never find out  
the rules of the play.

Peggy boils you in her anger,  
Irene turns your inside out,  
Sarah says she is much too proud.

Cleo treats you with gymnastics,  
Loretta's perfume makes you dream,  
with Louise you wonder is it her or him?

Eve hates rain and evening dresses,  
with Annabelle you never know,  
Janine finds out wherever you go.

One thousand different tempers  
one thousand different ways  
and I don't want to find out  
the rules of the play.

## 40 Don't look back

Why is it so hard to forget  
the good times that you had?  
Your spirit is lying low,  
you stand at the end of the row.

Why is it ever so hard  
when two people part?  
No hope at the end of the line,  
no sunshine brightens your mind

Don't look back what's done is done,  
look ahead and find the sun.

Are you not glad when you find  
your sadness has not left you blind?  
There's love still deep inside,  
step out the door's open wide.

Don't say this is the end,  
find out and understand.  
Get up and turn on the light,  
look up there's still an outside.

## 41 Man on the hill

Up on the hill there's a man with a broken heart  
and on his face you can see it tears soul apart.  
With crying eyes he stands and hopes for rescue,  
the trees around him whisper sweet sad songs.

And the man on the hill doesn't know where he belongs  
nothing there to stop him in his sorrow.  
His teardrops wet the moss while his hands are shaking  
and the haze of the dusk settles 'round his feet

Man, don't stop your crying,  
man, there's no denying,  
man, you're the last man on the last hill.

Floating around him mem'ries of a broken past,  
the prophets' words are all on his mind:  
Ashes to ashes that's your destination,  
the fires of hell will wipe out your evil deeds.

## 43 Night light

Down by the lake we sit 'round a fire,  
with the flames dying down our spirits rise higher.  
The night has come down like a comforting friend,  
no more borders where water meets land.

Night light I'm loosing my sight  
but there is taking and giving:  
You're loosing your worries I'm loosing my fright,  
I don't care I am living.

The trees in the seas their dark shadows dreaming,  
distant lights in the waves their long reflections gleaming.  
You're touching my soul when you're holding my hand  
and this time I seem to understand.

We're lost in our dreams in the dew of the meadows;  
let our minds wander with the shapes of the shadows.  
A yesterday's gone and the morning's yet far,  
here am I and here you are.

## 44 How to win your day

The autumn wind's cold no need to be told  
that winter is just close at hand.  
In the haze of the morn new sorrows are born  
and settle down like dew on the land.  
Feeling so low down like a stranger in a new town  
only songs of the past seem to make him last.

Come sing aloud when you get the chance,  
hey, move those feet when you want to dance!  
Do anything that fits in your plans:  
You will win your day

Singing a song makes you feel so strong  
and brings back all the joys of the spring.  
Old melodies wake old mem'ries of days  
where the mornings would just make you sing.  
Your spirit so high this would be why  
the tune of the June saw no cloud in the sky.

## 45 Please the crowd

I leave my flat when others go to bed,  
it's late at night and I feel all right!  
I'm on the way to my favourite play  
to where people meet in bars and in the street.

I'm only here to please the crowd

To tell you my plans I'm looking for fans,  
I will plunge right in to make them all grin!  
Whatever they talk about I'm going to leave no doubt:  
the crowd is my dope I'm ready to cope.

I will play on their moods to simply do them good,  
their laughter's a fire that will inspire  
me to be clown to fool around  
mockingly bend my knees just eager to please.

However absurd I will make myself heard:  
I will strain my brain to make them laugh again  
and when they are ignited I feel so delighted;  
after their delight I myself feel all right.

But then I go home and I'm on my own  
I shut the door and wonder:  
What am I here for?

## 46 Mocking bird

Under the cliffs the mockingbird  
sings his sad song to the world  
on rising tide.  
The waves refraining to his tune  
while moved forth by a pale full moon  
in the autumn night.

Way down south where his flock has flown  
crossing the land and the seas.  
Passing the frost in a heaven of their own  
among rich pastures and trees.

Why don't you fly lonesome mockingbird?

His memories float with the wind,  
places where his folks have been  
now bare and dead.  
Some feathers blown into the sea  
increase his sense of misery:  
He feels so bad

His friends have gone and the times have changed,  
he is so lost and alone.  
He can't understand the change in the land  
where he felt so at home.

## 47 Lyrics to the song

Sometimes I sit here  
to write down a song:  
The tune's so good and clear  
but the words all sound wrong.  
I don't know what to write about  
my thoughts are so confused.  
I would win a brand-new song  
but I fear I'm gonna lose.

And I wish that, oh oh,  
a muse would come along  
and help me put down  
the lyrics to this song.

The sheet in front of me  
is white as the snow!  
I think I've got a verse  
but then again no!  
To cut out a piece of life  
and put into ink,  
it may not appear to be  
but it's harder than you think!

The writer's like a cowboy  
catching his thoughts on the run  
and though it's bloody hard it's also good fun!  
'Cause when you've caught the words  
and they match with the tune  
and they mean something to somebody else  
you feel like kissing the moon.

## 48 Each man loves his car

It gets you moving come rain or shine,  
through deep frost and in the summertime  
and you're so used to the noise and the whine  
of the engine when it's rolling.

It takes you anyplace near and far  
and that's the reason - I tell you boy -  
each man loves, each man loves his car.

Man's so careful when his car is new  
and you better take care that you're careful too!  
After the first scratch he'll feel sad and blue  
like all things must be passing.

He loves it when it's rolling,  
caresses it on Saturdays,  
weeps bitterly when it's stolen.

He'll polish the fenders and shine the panes,  
hoover the seats again and again,  
let out wild curses when he drives through the rain  
that spoils the varnish gleaming.

## 49 Without leaves

Don't think babe you look good tonight  
'cause I've seen your face in the neon light.  
Don't think your sweet talk can make me weak;  
I've had it up to here the way you speak.

Far away where our mem'ries lie  
lies the truth and I ask you why,  
didn't you hear the voice of my heart,  
now it's over and we are apart.

How come babe like a winter tree  
without leaves you stand in front of me.

I know you think you're dressing smart  
but through all the layers I can see your heart.  
You try to hide your bare inside  
but to me you're open wide.

I'm not the man who can share your jokes  
there is no fire behind all that smoke.  
If now we could reveal the truth  
and turn back to the love of our youth.

## 50 The night

The night comes softly tiptoeing in  
and it settles lightly on me.  
Nothing remains like the daylight has seen,  
vision rests when there's nothing to see.

Yes like a comforting friend  
the night lays her hands on me  
and then she calms down my mind

with thoughts sweet and kind  
you see.

She lost her love and see how she cries  
bitter tears rolling over her face  
and all hello's now taste like good-byes  
black sadness darkens her days.

## 51 Oh, Orwell!

Satellites In the skies  
on the earth a million spies  
spying you out  
how you live and what you think about  
your neighbours and friends  
whether you support your government.  
Do you have the cheek  
to sleep with your wife more than twice a week?

How many times have we denied that it is true?  
But now it's out big brother is watching you!

Cameras in the street  
what do you do and whom do you meet?  
What do you buy?  
We got the pictures so you can't deny!  
With whom did you shake hands?  
Did you travel into a communist land?  
What do you oppose?  
Do you take drugs to an overdose?  
Computers interfere,  
they compute everything until the picture is clear,  
storing all they can collect  
until they've got you by the neck,  
got you in the iron grip  
of their electronic leadership.  
By a wink of a chip you will fall:  
Who controls the data controls us all.

## 52 Good morning, Miss Piggy

Daybreak's here a yawning day  
greets all those who are sleeping.  
The rooster stirs on a stack of hay,  
the wind sets the willows weeping.  
Red new sun a cloudless sky  
no longer dew is falling.

In the distance a magpie cries  
while the church bell is calling.

Wake up my love it's a brand new day,  
let me see you rise and shine.  
And while the morning's under way  
I'm so glad that you are mine.

## 53 On the verge of paranoia

Pale the ale into the glass  
a bare bulb sends its pallid grin.  
Smiles for sale while pictures pass  
but the shark won't loose its fin.

Rehearse your sadness it seems phoney  
actor's awards are all so rare:  
Go swap the hand it is too bony  
and lay your inner pimples bare.

I'm on the verge of paranoia  
so better get out of my track!  
I act a fool just to annoy ya  
until I get my sanity back.

## 54 Strange days indeed!

Don't put your candles out into the wind,  
you may need their light in the dark;  
don't stay in the places where sinners have sinned  
there may be a path through trees in the park.

Strange are the times that we live in  
and it's so hard to stay apart  
from the trouble of every single day.  
Try to remember the way it's been  
so do stay awake and let nobody take you  
to where you don't really want to go. Oh, no.

Strange days indeed!

## 55 The actress

I guess it would never have happened  
if I hadn't slept badly that night;  
you caught me right off guard  
and hit my naked heart,

to count to three no time enough  
and then I fell in love.

It can happen anytime anywhere and anyhow,  
you fall in love so easily  
but what am I to do about it now?

Love never comes without pain it seems  
I know it happens all the time.  
It fills all your hopes and sweetens all your dreams  
but will the verses of your loves songs rhyme?

On my way home it makes me wonder  
will I meet you again?  
You caught me right off guard  
and hit my naked heart,  
to count to three no time enough  
and then I fell in love.

## 56 Middle of the night

In the middle of the night the morning far  
you lie awake you cannot sleep.  
Through your bedroom window a tiny star  
gleams sadly as if it would weep.

You remember times you remember faces  
and how it was so easy to get along.  
You think of people you think of places  
where living was easy like the tune of a song.

How you wish to be back in the good old times  
and not some hours away from sadness,  
how you wish it was morning and the sun would shine  
right on a day full of gladness.

Yeah every day that dawns  
you put on your high-heeled shoes,  
go out to fight your way  
afraid your gonna lose.  
And every day you face in the shaving mirror  
looks so cheesy;  
you long for a good long rest  
and wish you could take it easy.

The days lost their freshness  
while you gained experience  
predictable moves filled your everyday life.  
You made your plans,

took your own things in your own hands  
pretending to know the aim of your strife.

## 57 A touch of paradise

Susan awakes in the early morning light  
slowly freeing from the sleep of a good night  
and wondering what the day will bring.  
Down to the kitchen she tiptoes on bare feet  
stretching her hands to the stoves friendly heat  
and waits for the nettle to sing.

How she likes the hours  
when the day is fresh and yawning  
every waking, every brand new,  
every sun-filled morning.

Outside the house the cats have begun to play  
the rooster crows proudly on a stack of hay,  
the hens peck busily at the ground.  
The dog stretches idly outside his house  
and lazily watches the feeding of the cows  
then turns and looks around.

These are precious moments she likes to hold  
all through the day that makes her grow old  
and over the years that race by.  
A touch of paradise enters her mind  
in these morning hours so calm and so kind  
sometimes she can't help but cry.

## 58 One night away

In each life there comes a time  
when stoleness creeps up from behind:  
You can't explain you feel so vain,  
all seems to happen again and again.

Will your time come and will it stay?  
Perhaps your luck is just one night away?  
One night away, one night away,  
perhaps your luck is one night away?

How you know that everything will turn out fine  
when you feel like an actor who's forgotten his line,  
you've never heard the promised word,  
the laughter dies and you feel so absurd.

## 59 Proud to be a man

You were late the other night  
so I had a lot of time to spare.  
Sometimes you are quite a strain  
for me so I enjoy it when you're not there.  
So I sat back and thought about  
the role we poor men play,  
how we build and toil and work,  
strain our brain and muscles night and day.

We're doing what we can,  
we always try again!  
Why don't you understand:  
I'm proud to be a man!

Now you may think I'm talking crap  
the way old fools in cafes do  
but I believe it's time for some new lines  
because by now man's age is through.  
I don't eat humble pie like most  
confessing, "Mistress, I have sinned",  
and you may know I will not throw  
my manhood into any unknown wind.

It's high time for equal rights  
and I'm prepared to fight!  
Why don't you see I've come to plea,  
please let me in tonight!  
I'm really glad lying in your bed  
more than I can tell!  
And under the sheets the differences meet  
until we both feel mighty well.

## 60 Little boy reading comics

Little boy reading comics  
and the world progresses with the pages turned.  
Absorbed by the story  
where giants fight and cities burn.  
He reads all stories about his heroes' lives,  
how in the end they win and never ever die.

And I haven't got the heart to call Superman a lie  
it would break the little boy's heart.

15.08.1984

## 61 Never say never

The side street lay silent  
in the wake of a busy day;  
the setting sun lent a glow  
to the city's dusty grey.  
There in an instant  
the whole scene seemed to change  
to meet you here on a day like this  
this was all so very strange.  
We stood there in a parking lot  
locked in a magic maze  
both wondering which fate had made  
us cross our separate ways.  
Here I was a single fool,  
romance a one-way street  
and there you were the one-man-girl  
to meet.

And I remember how you smiled  
and it took me quite a while  
to clearly understand:  
One should never say never again.

You took me way into the past  
and sweet old mem'ries came  
and while we brought us up to date  
I couldn't place the blame.  
What made me leave our common ways  
the life I lead before?  
With someone like you  
what would life have in store?

1982

## 62 I'm there

Just a few more streets a few miles to go  
and then I am home again.  
How I long to be back this car moves so slow  
the headlights shine in the rain.

Sarah's there I know she awaits me  
with all her tender care  
and I don't mind how badly life treats me  
I am home, I am home, I'm there.

There near the bus stop that takes into town  
two lovers kiss in the dark.

At this time of the evening there's no one around  
the trees lost their leaves in the park.

How my days are empty without you  
like a river all run dry.

I smile driving home yes I know I do  
and by now you should know why.

There in the park we met in the spring,  
we knew it was love at first sight.

Since then love has held us under her wing,  
I'm glad to be back home tonight.

## 63 Tuesday

Tuesday, no chance to let you out:  
You had to come and you're here no doubt.  
As days were passing all the clocks ran fast,  
cornered and caught you've got me at last.

Running away from a single day  
it's a race you can never win.  
And if at midnight I beg Monday to stay  
I don't want my sadness to begin.  
But there simply is no way:  
I've just got to face, I've just got to face Tuesday.

Maybe, I felt it from the start  
but I was in love and so sure to win your heart.  
Sweet blindness struck me as love veiled my sight,  
loosing my way I got lost in the night.

Hopeless, it cannot be undone:  
you chose a day and it had to be this one.  
As hopes collapsed all my Tuesdays died,  
forlorn in its down I just cannot hide.

## 64 The Elm tree

It's chilly outside as the night falls down  
and the wind howls his dirty old tune.  
I stand at the window have look outside  
by the light of a pale full moon.

As it stands there tall against the sky  
with its scarred bark mossed by the rain,

I just couldn't bear to watch it die,  
I just couldn't stand the pain.

There in the garden stands the old elm tree  
shaped by rain hail lightning and storm.  
Still standing strong as I can see  
since the time Grandmother was born.

## 66 Any dates sailor?

No wind is blowing, the ships not moving at all!  
Where are we going, the night's beginning to fall.

There in the distance I sense somebody's waiting  
and it's high time to meet again,  
but this bloody ship it isn't' t moving,  
don't let them be waiting too long or in vain.

All right I remember you say,  
all right maybe next time maybe later  
we will have our date.

The boat's such a slow cow the water's so bloody wide!  
If you could see me now fighting the tide.  
And the sailor's a prisoner of his hopes and futile dreams,  
carving his lonely wishes into oaken beams.

The nights are dreadful under the Southern Cross,  
so many miles to cover and so many oceans to cross.  
What have we got at the end of the ride?  
Some awful tattoos and an empty inside.

In every harbour a bride is waiting  
and crying her heart out with the outgoing tide  
but a true sailor-boy will not worry:  
There are many harbours and the water is so wide.

## 67 Face in the window

Face in the window losing time  
as the shadows settle on the garden flowers.  
The traces of day moving away  
and my mood tunes in on these twilight hours.

Motionless I travel backwards  
recall what happened there and then.  
As years shrink into minute moments  
and hours lost come up again.

Oh, come on, just keep on moving,  
don't hesitate and don't you delay!  
What's done and over can't be bettered,  
you'll keep your doubts until your dying day.

On a clear winter day covered with snow  
while the soft haze drank the weak sun of the dawning.  
We walked side by side in the glorious white  
and the glow of the night warmed the chill of the morning.

So frail the picture in my minds eye  
yet each beginning starts an end.  
While winning I'm afraid of losing  
the fortress of love is a castle of sand.

## 68 Night-out

Out of the house there's wind in my hair  
into the polished car.  
Removed the blues while I shined my shoes,  
time to hit the tar.

And heading for the city lights,  
a night-out of sensation,  
the neon lights are shining bright  
no time for hesitation - no!

Look out people 'cause here we come,  
we're all set to blow the horn:  
We will not stop to bang the drum  
till the night dies in the early dawn.

While Dad sits glued to the TV set  
and Mama mends a sock  
I take all the fun that I can get,  
yes, I'm ready to rock.

## 69 See, identity!

Handyman, jester, bishop, outlaw, sage,  
there 'he many more but I just named a few.  
The book of your life lists them all page by page  
and each day adds something new.

Boring, amusing, a good friend, a fake  
people play an all-in game.  
Wherever you go or what turnings you take  
they see you seldom as the same.

It's so hard to see,  
the kaleidoscope of life,  
what you really are.  
Each newborn day  
adds a new range to the play:  
Scarecrow or shining star.

There may come a day you hold answers in your hand  
and keep them from blowing away.  
But then again why want to understand,  
relax and enjoy the play.

Call yourself lucky your colour isn't grey  
and you can't get caught at a single glance.  
So greet every sign that doesn't tell the way:  
Only few do have the chance.

## 70 Make a blind man see

Playful child with her face full of laughter  
she's worth all her weight in pure gold!  
If you have her run through the sun and you chasing after  
such fun much too priceless to be sold.  
Just think that after a day of such cheerful play  
you are floating, falling, rising, dreaming.

Pale full moon and a town's just awaking  
his milky grin keeps pace while you go.  
On your way to work where an old man is raking  
his front-door lawn skilful and slow.  
In this peaceful dawn what a pleasure to yawn  
to be floating, falling, rising, dreaming.

It's either long ago or not gonna be,  
deep in your memory or plain fantasy,  
there's more than enough to make a blind man see.

Do you ever notice the world around you,  
come on, man, open your eyes!  
It's all there made to astound you,  
ready to lift the disguise.

A large ferry bridging a slow friendly stream,  
the green banks are so far apart.  
See the setting sun shine a path on the water  
that reaches deep down to your heart.  
And the wind whispers joy so glad you are living,  
to be floating, falling, rising, dreaming.

## 71 February 21<sup>st</sup>

Funny how life takes you sometimes by surprise,  
in this rat race you feel rotten  
when you are lost and forgotten  
it turns out terribly nice

It's good to have a friend  
whose living really close by:  
His laughter will enjoy you,  
he'll make you smile and giggle too  
so you both hit it high

So this is to you dear ol' friend of mine  
you're one of the rare special brand!  
And now it's time  
to underline:  
If we stay side by side  
we can hit the high tide  
my friend

So let this be your birthday song  
like so many tunes we sing,  
but this day may be over long,  
still in the air it will ring.

It's twenty-two years now  
since we met in our prime,  
we had our ups and our downs,  
we were made fools and clowns  
may we compose for a long time!

## 72 Soilent Green

Foul hazy air unhealthy old faces:  
The city is doomed and it reeks of despair.  
An old man faints on the grey crumpled pavement  
but people just don't care.

All beauty's lost to a silver screen  
that makes it live again  
care of Soilent Green.

Hungry little boy clings to his starving mother,  
her eyes seem to know she won't see the next year.  
And the only chance to help one another  
is to share the same cold fear

Dying the people the planet is dying  
gone all resources deserted the scene

and the only place you can see the lost richness  
is on the silver screen.

## 73 Save the earth

All our fortunes have been sold  
and we're left in the bleakness of grey.  
As we conquered this planet no frontiers could hold;  
now we've found out there is no doubt  
we're at the end of our say.

There's trees and seas and mountains so high,  
rich green valleys and a cloudless blue sky,  
bold tigers, ants, lions and elephants,  
there's more beauty than the eye can stand.  
Can't you see for all it's worth:  
Save yourself save the earth!

Tomorrow spells doom the end of the ride  
that took us from way back to the stars.  
And we were just about to see a light  
but our minds are so blind our hearts so unkind,  
have we gone too far?

We wasted resources and spoilt precious soil  
made forests and seas lifeless and dead.  
But still our hunger for more would boil,  
however hard we've tried we can't get satisfied  
so our fate seems so clear and so sad.

## 74 Spring

The winters gone his dark grey might,  
the sinister days dead cold and white haze,  
so cheerless the nights so pale the sun's light,  
you can hardly see it shine.

Winter, Summer, the colours of Fall  
may in many ways have beauties to praise  
but Spring I like most of all.

Now look at the skies 'cause like a surprise  
your vision of blue has all become true!  
Your fanciful dream of blossoms and green  
is there before your eyes.

The splendour of growth as everyone knows  
brings up lingering hopes and tears all the ropes

that bound our joys and strangled our highs,  
yes, spring now sets them free.

## 75 You and I

I'd love to be a poet and a writer  
and merge my words with a tune,  
so they turn all your dark lives brighter  
and let your green grass bloom.

It feels good to have people listen,  
make them stop and dream for a while.  
When you see their eyes brightly glisten  
and their faces light to smile.

It's lonely up here in the ivory tower  
and the wind blows away my song.  
Deep in the dungeon there grows no flower:  
Come people listen and sing along!

When my heart is on fire  
to share my sadness and joy  
is always a deep desire  
nothing will ever destroy.

If my lyrics desert me  
and my life spells out bitter prose  
I need you people to help me  
until my confidence grows.

## 76 On the highway

Crossing the border I'm well under way for the west  
to get me some rest.

The day lost its heat while the miles that I covered fade,  
it's getting late.

And every mile adds to the distance,  
deepens the sadness since I left you.  
Out on the highway my four tyres sing their song.  
I'm heading on

The sun is setting in the western sky;  
it's a dreamy scenery that I pass by:  
Should I laugh or cry?

Beyond a fence cattle is grazing in peace,  
dark brown it's fleece

I'm passing a truck the trucker greets by sounding it's horn,  
it echoes forlorn.

And every mile makes my thoughts linger,  
go back to the time I was with you.

Out on the highway my four tyres sing their song.

I'm heading on

## 77 Night-shift

On the other side of day  
the night shift's working still:  
And while we dream our nights away  
the night shift never will.

She said good-bye when her work was done  
as the night watchman opened the door;  
so quiet the night a light rain had begun.  
She felt cold like never before.

All these years she'd been working at night;  
she'd kept all the offices clean.

She'd dusted the desks in the pale neon light,  
had made the huge windows gleam.

The night watchman there in the vast entrance hall  
speaks to himself avoiding the sleep.

There is no answer but the echo from the wall  
and then the silence grows deep.

You hardly know you rarely see  
the people working in the night.

They go home when you and I  
go to work in broad daylight.

The old taxi driver at the station stand  
reads his paper while waiting for fares  
sometimes touching the dashboard like a friend,  
the only one who cares.

## 78 Waschmittelfee

Waschmittelfee, du kommst mich besuchen:  
In der Tat unerwartet lächelst du nur für mich.  
Du bist das beste Stück im süßen Werbekuchen  
und schon seit sechs Uhr warte ich nur auf dich.

30 Sekunden sind so schnell vorbei  
und dann ist alles wieder grau!  
30 Sekunden bleiben uns zwei:

Da sind wir allein,  
so sauber und rein,  
so strahlend appetitlich  
so frisch und auch so niedlich:  
Ich und meine kleine reine Waschmittelfrau.

Göttin in weiß, so rein und voll Frische,  
so makellos sauber, dein Lachen perlt hell zu mir hin.  
Deine Hand streichelt zart die Wäsche auf dem Tische,  
deine sanfte Stimme geht mir nicht mehr aus dem Sinn.

## 79 Empti

Empty, empty, my head is a void  
and roses don't grow in so stony a soil.  
And the more I try and let my brain boil,  
empty, empty, my head is a void.

I once saw a fairy so deep in her glass ball  
the future shone bright like a star in the night!  
Her smile was so merry, danced through the world  
like a feather so light or a beautiful kite,  
like a feather so light or a beautiful kite.

Sharing her magic, I crossed all the borders  
that cut off clear vision and deaden the sound.  
And life wasn't tragic I learned to enjoy it  
and all of a sudden I passed it around.

## 80 Candy man

I'm a wolf eating chalk on a Saturday walk  
while I'm cheating my way into your heart.  
When we meet I act sweet 'cause I want to succeed,  
while we dine I pour wine on your mind.

When it comes to love I am the Candy man,  
I do what I can to sell my sweets!  
I give my best till you're a candy-fan,  
hope the sale will end between the sheets.

Yes I laugh when you smile to make it worthwhile  
and I'm waiting for a chance to embrace.  
I collect all my charms to hold you in my arms,  
very careful not to miss a kiss.

I don't boast and never try to tell you real lies  
'cause they hurt and are therefore quite absurd.

Love's so tender and surrender comes only in full splendour  
when you're careful while you're climbing to the top

## 81 Love

Whether I'm fortunate I cannot say  
for the day is yet young and it's hard anyway  
to tell the soft light whether she'll stay  
but I long to be sure come the night.

Love , love, love, love!  
Nobody knows for certain what he is talking of.  
Is it his car his girl or the Lord above?  
He feels Love, love, love, love.

There is no such thing as love at first sight,  
well, I don't think it's meant for someone like me.  
'Cause my inner candle is quite hard to light  
and its flame starts so small so hard to see.

You can read it in the books,  
you can watch films about it  
and by now there must be millions of songs.  
Everywhere you look letters seem to shout it  
but it's all so rare there in the hearts  
where it belongs.

She's standing outside and she's gleaming in the sun,  
her lights seem to smile come on let's have fun  
and deep within her seats she is the perfect ride  
as she carries me into the night.

## 82 The story-teller

Why all this rush down to the market,  
oh, tell me what is going on?  
I see a pack of red checked children,  
there's also some grown ups who run along.

Clattering sandals and agitated voices,  
a beggar in the corner in yelling for a hand,  
young and old, poor maimed and wealthy  
all gather in the market at the strange man's stand.

Strange are the tales that the old man tells  
as he takes them on journeys through heavens and hells.  
And they slay the dragon, escape a deadly fall:  
The storyteller heals their sorrows,  
paints colourful dreams for them all.

And they cling to his lips  
as he raises his voice,  
turns women into girls  
and old men into boys.

Come join the ride on the magic carpet  
and see the one-eyed giant die!  
Explore the Never-Never islands  
and watch the world through the eagle's eye.

## 83 On the shore

Not yet deep the shadows of darkness,  
wonder why my thoughts run astray?  
A glowing sun dives into the coastline  
slowly shedding the last light of the day, the day.

In the fading light I realise the year's already old,  
at the grave of the day I hope you will stay  
the nights are getting, the nights are getting cold.

The autumn's come we're facing a winter  
no ill born love will ever survive.  
Hold me close I feel a growing coldness,  
keep me warm oh keep me alive, alive!

No more running bare feet in the sand,  
no more play in the waves, moonlit nights on the shore.  
There'll be stormy nights there'll be snow on the land  
but you and me more and more!

The sea sends chills across a near forest  
while seagulls gather behind a hut on the beach.  
I dig my hands deep into my pockets;  
let my mind fly beyond time out of reach, out of reach.

## 84 Crawling beast

Let's get down to brass tags, folks, hear me out,  
it's high time I've had my say!  
You'll probably wonder what I am so furious about  
but shut up now or call it a day!

Women's lib as you all know by now  
took many of us completely by surprise  
and many a slick lover had to discover  
how difficult it got to grab a nice pair of thighs.

Now don't despair my dear male friends,  
remember who's asleep inside your pants:  
Ever ready for a feast in him we trust at least,  
so girls, better look out for the crawling beast!

Well, well, well friends, nothing to be afraid of  
as long as we stand back to back  
no swift pair of scissors is gonna do us any harm,  
so together we can ride the storm.

I remember the golden times,  
when this world was still a man's world  
and many a fair maiden lay at our feet!  
And how they loved this place in the olden days  
and they walked three steps behind us in the street.

Oh friends there must be someone who can stop the decline  
that will lead man to a certain fall  
and then up yours hen-pecked husbands,  
softies and yellow bellies!  
It's time to practise Tarzan's call!

## 85 Traffic jam

The traffic is jammed in the usual place:  
It takes ages to get past the lights!  
And it's one of these mornings on one of these days  
when life seems just a long row of fights.

I'm locked in my unmoving commuter car  
idly watching the creatures in the cars.  
They're caged and they're doomed the way that I am,  
we're all locked up behind tinny bars.

Christ, what are we here for  
and why do we stay?  
How do we deserve such a day?  
Well, anyway...

The woman in that car is staring straight ahead  
while her glasses reflect the dashboard light.  
Her tired eyes betray that she feels somehow sad,  
well, I don't know for sure maybe I'm right.

Those little boys there at the side of the road,  
they appear to be on their way to school.  
And they huge coloured schoolbags are not their only loads;  
it's routine that breaks them to the rule.

## 86 Avoid that street

A chilly light drizzle turns into snow  
as I walk the street I used to know.  
Last time I've been here- so long ago  
and unpleasant mem'ries follow me so,  
I want to stay away.

I this street I lived more than five years  
those windows up there hid my joy and my tears  
with high hopes and sweet dreams I walked through that door  
and tired and beaten like never before  
set off for an unknown shore.

Forget all the sadness, forget all the pain,  
why don't you free yourself from this rusty old chain?  
Let me put some sense into this refrain:  
This street and you should never meet again.

I remember the days I lived in that street,  
the love that we shared, the people we'd meet.  
And when we made love like a gentle refrain  
the streetlamps would darken by half past ten,  
and I wanted it never to end.

Standing here in the chill of the snow  
and what I recall seems so long ago.  
How the life I led here fades into the past  
a shadow of this place stays and will last  
till when I cannot say.

27.11.1985

## 87 The sweet taste of surprise

A shade of grey and touch of mild sadness  
follow you day after day.  
Week after week the routine and the madness,  
you get lost like a needle in the hay.

Your stage is set and you can bet  
all the roles are so well known  
and predictable down to the core.  
Nothing will change no one rearrange,  
the play's been well rehearsed  
and still its sponsors want more.

Where lurks the unexpected kiss upon your cheek?  
Happiness hides often in a strange disguise.

When you feel neglected the outlook drab and bleak  
you will loose your sighs to the sweet taste of surprise!

On and on we're going,  
a hopeful dawn meets a beaten sunset.  
And just one glimpse of some hope  
will help you to cope  
and carry the heaviest load.

You loathe all the dust but go on you must  
as you long for a streak of delight  
though it seems so hard to find.  
Throughout the day whatever they say  
you hope for a friendly surprise  
but the view to the garden stays blind.

## 88 Oh!

It's been a long time we've worked together,  
sometimes the work's been quite a strain,  
we worked in sunshine and bad weather  
and this song shows it's not been in vain.

Let's go up into the spotlight,  
it is us they're yelling for!  
Oh, come on forget our stage fright,  
they like our songs and they want more!

It's number eighty your listening to  
and that's a reason to be proud.  
But yet our high hopes haven't come true,  
we miss the cheering of a crowd.

It must be great to hear their cheering,  
to realise it's us they mean after  
A dark road at last there's a clearing,  
yes, it is there it's not a dream!

## 91 Modern Talking

First there was the word, as the bible will tell,  
then God created heaven and hell.  
This can't be true in every respect,  
Lord, please forgive me, I've got to object!  
(When) I got to know her my heart was aflame  
by the way that she moved and the way that she came.

She promised a great time of messing about  
but too soon the horizon showed a black cloud.

I may be such a heartless sod  
and maybe I'm to blame  
but when she started to define what we'd got  
I thought it was a crying shame.

It wasn't her words 'cause she chose them quite well;  
I got deeply annoyed with what she would tell.  
Her world was a bleak one of crisis and plight  
where human relations decay overnight.

I got depressed as the nights went by  
suicidal by the end of the week  
and could only stop my temper fly high  
by forbidding her to speak.

Crises for breakfast, disasters at noon,  
for dinner she'd tell some black tale of doom.  
Wherever she looked of whoever she saw  
her image of man was blackness in raw.

Imagine my pain and my tortured heart,  
the dagger in my soul.  
I sigh sighs of relief now that we're apart  
feeling fresh and whole

. Herbert is useless since Jenny left him;  
he never leaves home and drinks too much gin.  
One can only guess what's wrong with Annette;  
her friend is a brute and beats her in bed.  
Yesterday Sandy came too late to work;  
her girl friend got mad and she went berserk.  
The world is so bad the world's all so wrong;  
she goes on and on and on and on

## 93 Schneeflocken

Zum Traualtar geht ihr unbeschwert,  
doch hinterher ist die Mark die Hälfte wert.

Schneeflocken jagen, wenn es im Winter schneit,  
vorm Spiegel erproben, wie dich dein Lachen befreit,  
vor Freude springen, erst hoch und dann weit,  
alles das macht macht ehrlich Spaß.  
Durchs Nachtleben tobten, erst dustig, dann breit,  
dein Gebiss hochwerfen wenn Mick Jagger noch mal schreit,  
dein Nachtlager testen, solang's die Matrize verzeiht,

alles das macht ehrlich Spaß.  
Doch drastisch bombastisch, wirklich fantastisch  
wird es erst zu zweit, wird es erst zu zweit!

Nach Mitternacht tanken, wenn's geht unverbleit,  
die Windeln wechseln, wenn Dirk-Erich mal schreit,  
Kartoffeln einkellern, wenn ein harter Winter dräut  
und alles das macht ehrlich Spaß,  
doch niedlich und friedlich, familiär und gemütlich  
wird es erst zu zweit, wird es erst zu zweit!

Luftschlösser planen in aller Verbogenheit,  
dem Kaminfeuer erzählen von der guten alten Zeit,  
das Mädel träumt vom Buben, der Bub träumt von der Maid  
und alles das macht ehrlich Spaß,  
doch wie raunt man so am Stammtisch:  
Kuschelig und romantisch

wird es erst zu zweit, wird es erst zu zweit!

Cold wind blowing over West Berlin  
but inside a fire warms the chill  
and I sure love it when you're next to me  
and I hope you always will.

We're all set to go out there and fight the frost  
and we laugh those rainy days away,  
for a freezing heart is a heat that's lost  
but our love can help to win the day.

And that is really why  
through the clouds I see a clear blue sky,  
no reason to deny;  
through the clouds I see a clear blue sky.

There's never been a bigger crowd since 1963  
and never any greater cheers since J.F. Kennedy,  
Ulli and Constanze, the marriage to top it all,  
as if through all these years they'd saved their cheers.

Februar 1984

## 94 Suburbia

Sleep well immaculate suburbia  
while a full moon draws patterns on your lawns,  
here am I stranded on your nicely maintained shore  
while you tidy streets await a tidy dawn.

Hold out you semi-detached fortresses,  
curtains drawn against all ill twists of fate,  
tall antennas to receive only what you will believe  
seems that doom will pass you iron garden gate.

And no princes come no kisses wake  
sleeping beauty in her endless fairy tale.  
Oh suburbia sleeps while cities shake  
tending hedges while the weeping willows wail.

Pray for a firm stand in the hurricane  
send shivers down your steel and concrete spine.  
May the leaders you provide do their best just to avoid  
that anything could stain your brazen shine.

1987

## 95 Naughty Nancy

Dave was sick and stumbled home  
and left me drinking on my own.  
The bar was crowded I felt fine,  
the wine worked wonders on my mind.  
Who touched my shoulder and who asked me for a light?  
I turned my head around and she came into sight.

Blue eyes smiled I stood ablaze,  
to light her fag seemed to take days.  
She stood so close it burned like hell,  
her perfume breathed that magic spell.  
While I kept pouring drinks to ease the growing heat  
I grew aware of my defeat.

Naughty Nancy, what is on your mind?  
You're up to some kind of mischief.  
As lover I'm foolish, deaf, dumb and blind  
and fall for your tricks as long as I live.

She took me out into the night,  
I must have looked a sorry sight.  
I tried to kiss her but in vain,  
only tasted drops of rain.  
I woke up wallet less, wet in a dustbin's shade,  
her laughter on my mind inside my throbbing head.

Tell me, Nancy, why are we so blind  
and foolish beyond all belief?  
We lose all our sense when you wag your behind  
and fall for your tricks as long as we live.

## 96 Morning blues

Careful steps on no man's land  
empty hours that bear no name.  
A yesterday's gone, no tomorrow at hand  
can a new moon still be on the wane.  
An echoing tune in a run-down hall  
where a candle glows on worn-out keys.  
The shadows lie gently, allow me to fall  
onto waves of chance harmonies.

He's hiding there in the grey night's sky  
to settle ancient dues;  
I'm floating between low and high  
on an early morning blues.

Peaceful silence, the town's asleep  
and even time stands still.  
I wander on hindsight I'd like to keep  
and I hope that I always will.  
Sweet surrender to memories  
that come like welcome friends.  
The light goes down on a fading screen  
as I leave the night's no man's land.

1987

## 97 Manni

It's here again this strange emotion,  
slowly creeping down my spine  
and it's turning water into wine.  
It's hard to stand the growing softness,  
oh God, I feel so weak inside,  
almost makes me run away and hide.

Oh, sure enough I'm not the woman  
to turn to wax like a teenage tart,  
but there are still soft spots in my heart.  
Love has always spelled more trouble  
it's never gonna pay the rent  
only fools dare call it "heaven sent".

What good is love, it will cause distress  
turn happy lives into heaps of mess,  
no, I won't give in; I won't give in at all!  
I have lifted tons of steel,  
shaped my body not to feel

like a plastic doll,  
I'm not a handy doll.

Fooled before, I will be fooled again,  
oh, you can believe me.

And then it's sleepless nights and tears my friend,  
the misery!

Love's a lie; I'd gladly live without it.  
There's got to be, got to be a way!

So keep your arrows in your quiver  
or aim at someone else's heart,  
you hear me, Eros? I'm not taking part.  
And all you hunters, let me warn you,  
this woman's not an easy prey,  
so pack it in and do call it a day

Januar 1988!

## 98 Toilet paper

Why don't I write something beautiful  
and about things at hand,  
so that you all can listen to my words  
and understand, yes, understand?

My granddad cut up old magazines  
and hung them on a nail;  
when Grandma used them we children were sure  
to hear her wail, yes, hear her wail.

I love each sunlit morning and I can tell you why,  
I see my toilet paper lie.  
And with a grateful yawning and with a thankful sigh  
I let the fluffy tissue fly, let it fly.

Oh how I dig this soft fluffy stuff,  
the colour I don't mind:  
At least three layers are perfect  
and fine for my behind, for my behind.

And thank the Lord I am civilised,  
live in a modern land!  
Unlike the heathen don't have to clean my outlet  
with my hand, with my left hand.

## 106 Bridges burn

Autumn sends leaves and the wallpapers down  
laying your innermost bare.

Winds trying out how it feels off the ground  
leaving your insides down there.

Roll down the shutters don't leave out those blinds  
locked on the oncoming cold.

Things well rehearsed in your forefathers' minds  
you will obey what you're told.

There is one way to that leads out of your past  
make all your bridges burn!

Defences practised versus friends versus foe  
based in on endless alert.

Swim all the waters against tide never flow  
stay well outside any herd.

Oktober 1988

## 107 Winter song

It's cold tonight my loved one the stars freeze to the sky,  
we'll keep us warm 'till the day's begun feel long hours floating  
by.

A tender dream within a dream your hands will lead the way,  
come let me make your aura gleam until we meet the day.

Come with me, it's so cold outside  
and dark clouds hide the moon,  
no snow can chill this winter night,  
'cause my inside feels like June.

You sweet words send me back in time, feel the spring within  
me now  
and hear my mem'ries softly chime so you no longer wonder  
how.

## 110 Transcontinental

Where the hell's my backpack,  
if it wasn't for the jet-lag  
I sure would feel all right,  
but this flight left me tired and confused.  
I left behind a frozen dark,  
an icy wind in the car park

heading south into the sun  
with the image of a paradise in mind.

Did ok with the custom's man  
though he was hard to understand  
and they let me out the gate,  
a cross sardine who's just peeled out of the can.  
Sitting next to a divorced wife  
who told me all about her life and didn't let me sleep,  
fourteen hours with her droning on and on.

Transcontinental, your low-budget transport:  
any place worldwide – we take you for a ride.  
Transcontinental, you won't get no cheaper:  
pay less for any flight, you'd have to take a kite.

They serve six meals right on this flight  
to keep the people occupied,  
so they happily munch away  
and the toilet lights are bright red all the time.  
Yet boredom hits you soon enough  
you'd give a fortune for a laugh  
but the film they show's so dull  
and you've watched it one too many times before.

22.3.1989

## 111 Victory and defeat

Well now, so hard just to get started  
this is a tricky line,  
bass down, take care of the rhythm,  
yeah, this works out fine.  
Ulli's struggling with a bleeding heart  
while envying my tune:  
He can hardly wait for his own part,  
coming up now his chance so soon.

Although I sing the second verse  
I don't feel put aside,  
it's bad enough I have to voice  
what Thomas chose to write.  
Then again he had to put up with  
a background that was weak  
while I enjoy more luxury,  
that's my winning streak.

Our music holds like all our lives  
both victory and defeat:  
So much to gain, so much to lose  
until the song's, until the song's complete.

I was made to speak the last bit  
but that's no real shame.  
If they don't gauge the weight of it  
they've got themselves to blame  
'cause what I have to say right here  
will be kept in mind.  
What those two sang here earlier on  
will be left behind.

28.3.1989

## 112 The clowns

Rubber-knobbed remote control,  
playmate of a sleepless night.  
A busy day takes its toll,  
drown my sight in TV light.  
  
Immersed in its fake universe,  
mock heroes cross the glossy screen  
and done-up tarts weep sparkling tears,  
their skinny hands betray their years

Where are the clowns? Where are the clowns?

Money jugglers, scientists,  
the heroes of our morbid age.  
Voices lie, eyes betray,  
each blabbermouth is styled a sage.

Colours cry, sensations jump  
and news shows sandwich misery.  
The box that helps the world to see  
reduces it to apathy.

Those little men in giant shoes,  
mock dresses and their clumsy walks  
amaze me in their black and white,  
their dumbness tells what prophets hide.

## 113 Loser's game

Not more than nineteen and she's sitting there  
her face is glowing.  
I watch as she's talking, when she makes a point  
her eyes are growing.

And she's talking 'bout the sunshine  
and she likes the rain on summer evenings  
and I hear her heart singing as she rounds up  
all these happy givings.

Suddenly I'm left behind,  
feel I'm old and going blind  
so dim the beauties she can see,  
her world is just a loser's game to me.

She tells me her secrets but I'm not a priest  
can't stand confessions.  
And I'm not at all saintly, see, I want your bod  
as my possession.

Again there I'm left behind...

Why am I left behind...?

Her hands touching gently and her eyes convey  
her understanding.  
As I take off to meet her,  
her smile speaks for a happy landing.

No longer left behind, no more age gaps on my mind...

## 114 Sixnine

There are those times when boredom hits hard  
and I'm afraid I'll never be part  
of things that matter.  
Then I walk the streets and they take me around  
through here and there to those odd parts of town  
then I know better.

Fast-food friend put your foot down fast  
this place was built for you:  
Bright neon signs lead you to your line  
and tell you what to do.  
The friendly voice in the stainless steel cube  
prepared to fulfil every wish  
but the way she cuts off a very curt sentence-  
she's only after your dish.

It's Christmas time and the centre of town  
is lit up to the nines,  
in every shop they let carols drop  
onto people who queue up in lines.  
Dazed I stand in the restless crowd,  
a smile is crossing my face,  
hear the P.A. slime promise peace on earth  
and praise the quiet days.

There are those times when boredom hits hard  
and I'm afraid I'll never be part  
of things that matter.

Then I walk the streets and they take me around  
through here and there to those odd parts of town  
then I know better.

29.11.89

## 117 Sunday Sunday

Most of the days seem to drag you down;  
you're feeling tired and confused.  
The busy life in such a busy town:  
The more you win the more you lose.  
While you're trying hard to be on top of it all  
you feel the years just slip away.

Your soul is aching 'cause you're trying so hard,  
too soon you wish the week was through  
so that at last you can get rest for your heart  
and have a whole day just for you.

Sunday, Sunday, you know that day is mine.  
Sunday, Sunday, I know I'm feeling fine.  
Sunday, Sunday although bad Monday  
is just around the bend.

These Sundays make it fairly easy to stand  
the weeks that haunt you in between.  
You sweat and toil to pay for food, drink and rent  
that can't be all: There's time to dream.

30.12.1990

## 118 Out into the blue

A busy street and a rainy sky,  
I watch all those milling passers-by  
and I think to myself oh my, oh my  
what are they all up to?

And there she walks and a ray of light  
plays on her hair, dark as the night,  
oh me this cute doll is sure worth a ride,  
so let me take her - out into the blue.

So I laze on after, I take my time  
to get this neat fish hooked on my line.  
No need for haste, I stay cool and sublime,  
you see, don't you see?

'Cause I don't mind to take a chance  
but let the others do their little dance.  
I'm not at all good at their phoney romance,  
but I will take you - out into the blue.

Oh highya babe, where d'you go?  
She looks at me and melts like the snow,  
one tender touch and her legs start to go.  
That's how it goes!

See. I don't mind to take my chance  
but let the others do their little dance,  
I'm not at all good at their phoney romance  
but I will take you - out into the blue.

31.1.1990

## 119 Again and again

I smoke too many cigarettes,  
I'm waiting for the tears,  
but none will come, I know, I know,  
they've dried out through the years.  
Just that lump inside my throat  
but that won't even show.  
That hungry void deep in my heart  
I feel, I feel it grow.

I miss the nights beside you,  
your presence in my room,  
the stars all shine less brightly now,  
I hate the sick pale moon.  
I don't pick up the telephone  
'cause I know it won't be you,

I even couldn't stand your voice  
since you said we were through.

Again and again I see your face before me.  
Again and again I can hardly stand  
the thought that you are gone.

This can't go on day in day out  
I've got to get control,  
how can I hope to carry on  
this burden on my soul.  
And friends who come to cheer me up  
leave me hanging low,  
without you there's no getting well,  
can't make it no, no, no.

## 121 Year's end

In these chilly snow flaked evenings  
when the year is getting old,  
I watch people rushing homeward  
through the wind and through the cold.  
Later on the streets are empty  
and the windows shed their light  
and I'm so glad I'm safe and warm with you inside.

But I know there's people dying  
in these dirty little wars,  
and the waste of our freedom  
poisons oceans air and shores.  
And there's millions who are starving  
and there's millions who are poor  
without hope to end the hardship they endure.

We can't look away, just call it a day!  
Gather all our friends,  
our brothers are in need,  
we can ease their pain  
and lend a helping hand.

In the slums of giant cities  
children grow up without hope  
'cause their parents lost the rat-race  
or just simply cannot cope  
with a life that shows no mercy  
for the slow and for the weak:  
Only the strong, the rich, the ruthless reach the peak.

Oh one day I wanna wake up  
to a world that shows it cares,  
where it simply doesn't matter  
what is mine and what is theirs.  
And no matter what you look like  
you are treated like a friend  
and we're all there to help to care and understand.

## 122 Candy Client

Candy, Candy what a shame,  
your love life lies all shattered.  
Candy, Candy who's to blame,  
when love was all that mattered.

Candy Client, bless her heart,  
she never had it easy.  
She made a shrink take her apart  
but the whole affair turned cheesy.

She fell in love, but what a shame,  
the shrink just wouldn't lay her.  
Instead of taking all the blame  
she turned it to a paper.

The paper took the female point  
and made it pretty juicy.  
They turned the shrink into a kind  
of sexist rapist loony.

The poor shrink couldn't stand the strain  
and got himself a lawyer  
who put his weight in but in vain  
the public had caught fire.

The story went from bad to worse,  
was taken to a jury,  
the man's name had become a curse  
and he hid from all the fury.

And then it went as go it must,  
when justice is emerging,  
a medic made the case go bust  
cause Candy was still virgin!

## 123 Wait for me

Guess you're right, I may be a bore  
and being so young, you're looking for more.

But what am I to do, I can't believe we're through,  
you can't be sure, no, you can't be sure.

Hold on a minute; don't move so fast,  
I'm still convinced that love will last.

I may be an old fool but I am not that cool,  
won't let you go, so please, don't go.

Wait for me. Wait for me!  
Babe don't you run away,  
don't run away.

You shouldn't run before you know  
what lies ahead and where to go.  
So what is on your mind  
you have to leave behind?  
It can't be me. It can't be me!

## 124 Hairy whale

Wet tangas on beaches,  
the sandman sands his sail,  
a vodka with orange  
I laugh into your pail.

Words wail in the winter,  
my rhymes cannot fail,  
when glass hits on marble,  
the dog wags his tail.

Life is a hairy whale,  
turned on by prairie ale,  
telling his scary tale,  
hairy, airy, scary, fairy tale.

Burn brightly my breadcrumb,  
I soak in your den,  
until one fine morning  
I see you again.

There's dust in my hangar,  
my ears are too tight,  
there's popcorn on my bedspread  
but only for one night.

Got hooked on spaghetti,  
hit hard on a nail,  
inside my cathedral,  
the benches bark hail.

Each line has an ending  
and they have to rhyme,  
if you've lost the meaning  
try it one more time.

## 125 Farewell

Farewell my love, it's hard for me too,  
already we're drifting apart.  
It can't be helped you know that it's true  
but don't let me die in your heart.  
Remember the time we walked hand in hand,  
the first kiss in the falling snow.  
The way we held us tight  
and cherished our first night.  
These memories won't fade  
of the love we made, oh no.  
  
Farewell again, I'm all set to go  
but please don't you cry any more.  
What once high is now lying low  
our journey has stranded ashore.  
But ain't we all free sailors at heart  
(don't) we love the challenge of the sea?  
And when the dice is cast  
the present becomes past.  
Let the mem'ries stay,  
don't make them fade away,  
remember me.

## 126 Martha's out of town

Hi Cherry, remember me,  
I was wondering if you were free.  
Yes, Martha's out of town.  
Call up all, all your friends  
come on girl, spare no expense.  
Get booze by the crate  
hurry up and don't be late.  
  
Martha sure's a darling wife  
and yes, we lead a happy life  
but deep inside I feel there must be more!  
The same procedures every day  
she's rarely in the mood for play;  
I wish I'd run wild till my feet get sore.

Women, Rock'n Roll and beer  
I've got this quiet life up to here.  
Can't always be a saint,  
let's party till the neighbours faint.  
Come on in, oh what a sight,  
we're going to have great fun tonight.

## 127 Some dream remain

Hey, hey morning, feel my fever;  
it's been a dreamy night.  
I've been up and down the underworld river  
but now it's get up go and fight.

Sunshine, sunshine, grey sad faces  
there is no time to smile.  
Running in and out the different places,  
hey, don't you dream once in a while?

Some dreams remain.

Nighttime, daytime made for dreaming,  
any time is right.  
And through all the grey shines a new meaning  
that gives your life a rosy light.

## 128 No sad songs

Guess it was a teenage boy  
they packed into the bag,  
they showed his Nikes and then they zipped it shut.  
The driver of the ambulance  
wiped his stretcher with a sponge  
and pink the liquid dripped into the mud.

They showed this starving prisoner  
for three days on the news;  
barbed wire framed his face and hollow eyes.  
His naked chest showed all the ribs  
and badly healing scars  
and ragged pants hung down his spindly thighs.

Feel my anger grow,  
deep inside I know:  
I'm too weak, too far and much too slow.  
With my sweet sad songs  
I can't change any wrongs  
sad songs keep me feeling low.

I won't sing no sad songs.  
I won't sing no sad songs no more!

While skinheads march and kill and burn,  
I cannot rest refined  
and sadly sing 'bout people's cruel fate.  
Tears for victims are o.k.  
but tend to make you blind;  
you need your vision  
'cause it's getting late

## 133 Hangover

Wake up in the twilight,  
a bottle in my hand.  
Now the show is over,  
no way to Rock 'n Roll.  
Now the night is over  
I wrap my things and go.  
Now the show is over,  
nowhere to go,  
no hands to take  
and the time will flow.

(Ulli Thomas, 24.6.1993

## 135 Rhythm of the Seasons

Walking the streets the leaves are falling,  
a frozen chill hangs in the air.  
The clouds hang low, the winter's calling,  
it's moving in from everywhere.

Brenda feels cold now rain is falling  
the bus stop posters smile in vain.  
The air smells stale, the traffic's stalling  
and windscreens gleam with drops of rain.

Yes, it's the rhythm of the seasons  
with their ever-changing beat  
at the core of all the reasons  
we're at Mother Nature's feet, at her feet.

Through all the noise a creepy quietness  
invades her body, claims her soul.  
And moving slow her thoughts grow endless  
with optimism on the dole.

## 136 Running out of sand

Life's so short and there are many things to do and schemes to plan, all the things I wanna go for before I am a withered old man.

Want to take all my adventures like small feathers in my hand make them live and float forever before I am a withered old man.

The hourglass runs,  
oh believe me, my friend,  
before too long  
it is running out of sand.

Want to dance in dark cathedrals till the pope will understand heaven is there for the living and that he's just a withered old man.

## 137 Dream

Floating like a cloud  
you dream your days away  
visions moving gently through your mind.  
and with your closed eyes you can see  
and make those visions stay  
leaving today's sorrows way behind.

Tune into the laughter  
and feel this merry sound  
taking off the weight and makes you fly.  
Come and share the silence  
that lifts you off the ground  
into the boundless blue of our sky.

Dream, dream, dream, dream,  
dreaming makes a man.  
Don't let the cold brain rule the land:  
Dreams will guide your hand.

They're water in the desert  
or islands in the storm,  
dreams make flowers bloom on naked stone.  
And they take away the coldness  
and keep you well and warm  
and hold your hand when you are on your own.

## 138 Girl on page three

You wouldn't turn if she went by  
you'd hardly notice her at all.

She not the looker you'd see and sigh,  
she ain't got a face that you would recall.

Her hair's got the colour that's not easy to describe  
there's nothing special in her smile  
and she ain't got that sparkle when you look into her eyes  
and she moves with ease but not with style.

She's just one face in a million  
that's all she's ever gonna be  
but to someone she's very special  
although she'll never be  
the girl on page three.

The goddess, the star are just there for the show  
they don't make the day in our own world,  
so who do you turn to when you need someone close  
to the love and the trust of an everyday-girl.

## 139 Good and bad

Maybe this winter takes too long  
or it may be the slow beat of this song,  
my wonder seems to fade  
while dumbness leads the fools to the parade.

The braggart has his gunmen take the floor  
while brokers count the earnings of his war.  
Our mercy's to be sold,  
the armistice won't hold  
the dying in the cold.

Good and bad will never rhyme,  
you may fool man you can't fool time  
and you can't say peace to justify the blood,  
no you cannot, no you cannot.

While thugs enforce the rule of the low IQ  
and snipers kill for nothing else to do  
the hate is breeding hate  
and murder's getting paid  
the reason's always late.

The endless stream of bombed-out, homeless poor  
the misery that knows no chance to cure  
to keep our hopes afloat

to tow that heavy load  
let reason row the boat.

Januar 1995

## 140 Three hundred days

Wake up, get up and greet the morning,  
it's time to be about and do your thing.  
Come on, make haste and stop your useless yawning,  
so much to do, so much this day will bring.  
Run, better run, don't miss your chances;  
say, don't you see there's thousands at your heels?  
You cannot stop and think about romances;  
to win the race you must enjoy its thrills.

Three hundred days I should spend up in space,  
riding my satellite high.  
Under my orbit the continents roll  
into the star-filled sky.

We run a lot but where's our destination?  
Or is it just 'cause we enjoy the speed?  
So let us send this rat race on vacation  
and take it slow, take all the time we need.

19.4.1995

## 141 Peace of mind

Old woman at the funeral  
I saw her on the news,  
her shabby dress was soaked with rain  
and soiled her torn old shoes.  
Her youngest son lay three feet deep,  
killed in a bombed-out town  
when a sniper cut her down.

Blind fat guru in Japan  
now what the fuck do you preach?  
Disciples gassed some subway trains  
is that what you teach?  
How can one spend three hundred grand,  
(now I didn't make this up)  
for some water from your tub?

I'm trying to find my peace of mind,  
don't think I ever will,  
you can't preach colour to a blind,  
you see, I am a doubting Thomas still.

A power-stoned psychiatrist  
a cruel king on his hill  
send out his weekend warriors  
to rape and maim and kill.  
And thousands flee the strangled land  
bout our borders stop the trek  
and our judges turn them back!

The scenes of human agony  
all spill out from my screen,  
they hang out in my living room,  
so hard to get it clean, get it clean.

I gaze at my old TV-set  
all numb and so confused.  
The paper-shuffling anchorman  
so at ease and amused.  
Disasters, floods and genocide,  
the pictures show they're true,  
is there nothing we can do?

## 142 Sussex

The road lead uphill and the town lies there  
silent and dark.  
A fox runs across, disappears between  
trees in the park.  
I'm on my way all along the hills and  
I follow the coast  
and the time before sunrise  
is the time I love the most.

The night is so peaceful and clear,  
these moments so precious and dear,  
memories fly from the road to the sky,  
Lord, I'm so glad I am here,  
yes, I'm so glad I am here.

The night's air is warm;  
there is a faint smell of the sea.  
In the towns that I pass all is quiet,  
there is no one I see.

The night's getting old  
and the milk floats are now under way;  
with soft haze in the fields  
the new dawn is greeting the day.

23.8.1995

## 146 So long

The war is over and he's on his way home,  
he's been soldiering too long,  
the dirt road's wet with grey-white snow,  
the early winter's monochrome.

He hardly feels the clammy cold  
and his thoughts are somewhere else,  
he drags his strung-out body on  
that looks quite young but feels age-old.

So long, he's been away so very long,  
so strong, but something calls him home.  
So long, he's not the man who went away,  
so wrong, to leave the ones he's loved.

The fields untended and the hedges torn,  
these ugly scars have not yet healed;  
the land is ragged like his uniform,  
no war without a battlefield.

And everywhere the rusting steel,  
discarded tools of war,  
yesterday's pride, now vain and unreal,  
he won't touch them any more.

13.12.1995

22.6.1995

## 147 Birgit's

Time goes by as the world turns  
some things grow cold while others burn  
and it isn't all roses that you sleep on  
so much to do and more to learn.  
A garden full of flowers  
has come up through the snow

happy hours; just watch the flowers grow  
while time is passing slow.

Those kids get up so early now  
so sleeping long remains a dream.  
You wash them, dress them, feed them and  
clean their shoes to make them gleam.

Today you've made it just in time,  
as ready to go as you can be,  
too bad that David lost one glove  
and Leonie needs to make a pee.

Upstairs, downstairs on and on you run  
but don't you forget to have fun.

A mere three hours on your own,  
you hardly get the shopping done,  
the tumble dryer's on the run  
and upstairs rings the telephone.

You hardly notice how the years  
with days so full of work go by.  
The children grow up in no time  
while you don't find the time to sigh.

31.1.1996

## 148 Music heals my soul

Grey day's morning  
Lord, I feel so strung out,  
tired and aimless,  
not even a glimpse of a hopeful doubt.

Days go by in endless rows  
and looking back one never knows  
hell, what went wrong along the way,  
What can I do to save the day?

Tunes tell me stories  
while rhythms roll;  
ease off my worries,  
music heals my soul.

Music, music,  
a ray of light shines through the cloud.  
Feel the rhythm,  
pick up the tune and sing out loud.

And then there's colour, graceful light  
while tuneful sounds chase out the night,  
and tunes mould into harmony:  
my soul's at ease my spirits free.

Oh yes, there's music's graceful might  
her tuneful sounds chase out the night,  
her tunes mould into harmony:  
my soul's at ease my spirits free.

19.3.1996

## 150 After all

Horses are stupid and sugar is white,  
clouds move because of the wind,  
the desert is hot, old people are right,  
a sinner's a sinner 'cause he's sinned.

Meat on you plate makes you healthy and strong,  
big boys should not cry,  
God is almighty, a working day is long  
and beauty is in the beholder's eye.

The world is flat, the pope decreed,  
that's all there is to say  
and don't you dare to preach it differently!  
It's harder to think than to kneel down and pray,  
leave it to others to see.

18.8.1997

## 151 One hundred - one million

Rise each morning, listen, Mister,  
in my mouth the taste of gold,  
counting money I get blisters,  
now do what you are told!

For it's the meek who make the money,  
those too slow to take a chance,  
now, lick my boots, be a good boy, Sonny,  
I'll teach you how to dance.

One hundred - one million,  
just some noughts that's all it takes,  
there's a dollar in that dime,

put in some overtime,  
make money, don't take breaks!

Greed is good, boy, greed is legal,  
if you don't take it others will,  
outside a dove, inside an eagle:  
Get ready for the kill!

Say, who needs friends once you've got money,  
friends just cheat and lovers lie  
and if you long for some young blond honey  
there's nothing you can't buy.

Money's love and money's power:  
Who pays the piper calls the tune,  
it sweetens anything that is too sour,  
to eat from your silver spoon.

9.9.1996

## 154 Stand up and take the blame!

The winter is cold, yet she's not inside,  
looking for warmth in the chill of the night,  
hiding in subways numb from cheap booze,  
lost like so many she's got nothing to lose.

Crowd in the border town in the African heat,  
those tired old women and children with bare feet  
shuffling along through the sun and the dust  
with nowhere to go to but move on they must.

You'll surely agree it's a shame  
but nobody's there to  
nobody's there to  
stand up and take the blame.

In the boredom of the suburbs they hang out all day  
and the colour of their outlook is a concrete-block-grey.  
Their fading perspectives leave anger and hate:  
Paradise so near they are stopped at the gate.

11.12.1996

## 155 Piano man

People say  
I'm okay

'cause I play  
night and day.

When you're sad,  
feeling mad,  
there's a way  
to make you glad.

I'm a piano man  
Yes, I am!

Leave your blues  
in your old shoes,  
play the keys,  
harmonies.

27.12.1996

## 157 Way out

That day she decided to leave him  
and not to give in any more  
and this time it would be forever  
she thought as she stood by the door,  
she smiled as she stood by the door.

Any night ends in the morning  
then there's hope to fight the fears,  
as she greets her new life dawning  
still it seems so hard to keep away the tears.

Long years that they've been together,  
quiet nights in each other's arms  
have withered like dry leaves in autumn,  
love's gone she's lost her charms,  
love's dead she's lost all her charms.

5.2.1997

## 158 Too late

Lights of the city, cool and distant in the night,  
my face in the window merging with the coloured light,  
is that your face in the sky under the waning moon?  
I'd weep but my eyes are dry, why did you leave so soon?

Little girl in the schoolyard, was life easy there and then?  
The shadows were growing, darkness took you by the hand.

Why did you go along, what did you want to know?  
So many questions you asked, the answer was always, "No!"

You always thought you could carry the weight  
and a bit more time would have set you straight!  
But your time ran out and too soon  
it was too late.

Lights of the city, cruel and pallid in the night,  
the night-sky's an ocean drowning all the tiny lights.  
Is darkness and sorrow all that you have left behind?  
Standing here all on our own hope is so hard to find.

19.3.1997

## 159 Moths

See the moths fly high tonight  
as if they're eager to play.  
They hit the lamps that shine so bright  
they circle tight  
they're dumb all right  
but they are going to stay.

I'm out to get their furry hide  
me and my insecticide!  
And so I'll stop their silly flight,  
they won't see the light of the day!

And so the moths can't fly no more  
my winter woollies are safe.  
Can't hit the lamps that shine so bright  
can't circle tight  
and roam the night  
and nibble my sweaters by day.

I was out and got their furry hide  
me and my insecticide!  
And so I stopped their silly flight,  
they can't see the light of the day!

## 160 I sing for you.

I sing for you when the sun is shining,  
I sing for you when it rains,  
I sing for you when the moon is full  
both verses and refrains.

I sing for you while I'm driving home,  
I sing for you when I'm away,  
I sing for you late at night  
and early in the day.

Larilu - dub-duah,  
dubidab - dab - duah,  
larilu - dub- duah,  
dubidap-dubi  
dabidap-dap-duah.

I sing for you while I'm walking backwards,  
I sing for you in May,  
I sing for you when I'm under water  
and when I'm old and grey.

I sing for you though it's not easy  
but every word is true  
and even if there's nothing to say  
I'd always sing for you.

## 161 Virtual reality

Today in Japan the maker of the Tamagotchies died  
and I hear there was no chance to press the reset.  
So I think they'll have to bury him but he just might  
get a tombstone homepage on the Internet.

Come on, see the world of the Internet,  
your wishes will come true,  
whatever you can think of you're sure to get  
you'll always find someone like you.  
Seedy sex and stamp collectors,  
blow jobs by the score,  
how to evade the tax inspectors,  
just take a look, there's more!

A lot of talk I hear these days  
our future'd be in cyberspace  
where all we dream of and desire  
will come in bits through fibre wire,  
how perfect our lives will be  
in virtual reality, in virtual reality!

The weirdo, the sage and the peeping tom,  
the boy with the broken heart,  
whatever your body should suffer from,  
you know where to start!  
The world is just one link away;

the answers are all there!  
Say, where do you want to go today  
while sitting in your chair?

29.10.1997

## 162 So rare

Grey the day, light drizzle's falling,  
you feel so lonely in the crowd,  
so empty all those joyless faces,  
so full of sorrow, so full of doubt.

Is there among those nameless people  
the one for you who'd really care?  
So rare - all so rare!

The days are filled with breathless hours  
from dawn to dusk and up and down,  
the fight to stay above the water,  
just keep on kicking or you drown!

Is there among those breathless hours  
the one that lets you breathe fresh air?  
So rare - all so rare!

The world's so full of bold pretenders  
and smiling faces preaching lies,  
politicians, money-lenders  
make honesty a merchandise.

Is there inside this haze of falseness  
a grain of something good and fair?  
So rare - all so rare!

10.12.1997

## 164 Cowboys in pink

What's a rider in the storm  
without clothes to keep him warm?  
For life is hard out on the range  
and in the raw it would be strange.  
So, for starters, and this is an absolute must,  
get a long coat to ward off the dust,  
some jeans and a shirt and now I say,  
the colours should be blue, black or grey.

You wonder why you never get a drink?  
Life is so much harder than you think  
for cowboys in pink, for cowboys in pink!

All the cowboys you may find  
are basically colour-blind  
and their jeans are either full of mud  
or sometimes also stained with blood.  
But there's one thing a cowboy just can't stand  
if you doubt that he's a real man  
and that is why, I come to think,  
a real cowboy never wears pink!

## 165 Brand X

Sugar ain't expensive  
and flour's rather cheap,  
the Rockies are extensive  
and sheep not hard to keep.  
When looking up I wonder why  
the sunset's tinged with red,  
why rainbows need a cloudy sky,  
why water feels so wet,  
why water feels so wet?

Morticians often reek of beer,  
my rose is sporting thorns,  
it must be there if it's not here,  
bald bulls still keep their horns.  
Brand X will clean your shirts quite well  
unless they're not quite white,  
some saints prefer to end in hell  
because they've seen the light,  
because they've seen the light!

The rubbish that has clogged my brain  
will surely want some air,  
it's welling up inside my skull  
so I better take some care!  
Yet poetry is patient  
where's madness there is doubt,  
no man should bed his caution  
but let his weirdo out,  
but let his weirdo out!

## 167 Raving mad

The warden's clinking with her keys again,  
you are at home, you know her well.  
When her body's hidden she looks like a man  
framed by the hatch of your padded cell.

My tongue feels twisted and my misted eyes are bad,  
my head's enlisted though my fisted glove is glad:  
Stark raving mad!

Oh, those fiery eyes, they detect my lies  
and push me in a deep dark hole.  
There's blood in me, is that eternity?  
There's a sticky icing on my soul.

## 168 Back to the past

The memory is a time machine,  
the years just peel away,  
again you feel it - how it's been  
but you can never say.

Those golden days when we were young,  
those endless satin nights,  
into the darkened adult world  
we were to bring the lights.

Too many days got lost in the cold,  
the years are moving so fast.

The dreamers are young and you're getting old,  
there's no way back to the past.

And now it's you who has the say  
and now it's up to you.

Where are the dreams that you once had?  
How can they all come true?

A thousand buts, your daily maze,  
there's hardly room to move.  
What's left is envy of the young  
and fading yesterdays.

## 169 Indigo

Red cat's banana peels  
have slipped my curious stare;  
trade in cold deep-sea eel  
under the taxman's glare.  
Wrote down some weird ideas

until the ink was dry,  
the pram that tapped my soul  
had an electronic eye.

Let's tint the sunrise in soft indigo shades  
so my generation feels at ease.

And start the day with our brains rinsed deep blue  
style our smiles, show a winning cheese.

Forged all the numbers  
in my faithful filofax,  
whoever smelled a rat  
went about it pretty lax.  
Made billions in legal acts  
that bleached my nicotine stains.  
Whose frog dares cross the road  
just before it rains?

We'd sure be better off  
if we kept our greed in check.  
We're all in it for the cash  
not to leave the beaten track.  
Red cat's banana peels,  
such a preposterous start,  
indigo blue runs through my veins  
and clogs there in my heart.

## 170 Lose more

An up and coming circus clown  
Stan Stumble made the grade.  
He missed the net while falling down  
and as you can guess that stopped his success and trade.

Luck's a fickle friend my dears:  
so never tamper with its fuse.  
It leaves you out there in the rain  
the more you've got - believe it or not -  
the more you will lose.

He hit the headlines countrywide  
while in intensive care,  
had crowds of fans come prayin' outside  
but when he got out none of that crowd was there.

He took up odd jobs here and there  
what with his crippled spine  
the doctors saw beyond repair  
no champagne but wine he'd crossed the line to decline.

A cardboard box became his home  
the cold his steady mate  
they found him frozen and alone,  
too late to be healed, he signed and sealed his fate.

## 174 All these moments

He'd never thought to see her again  
and yet there she stood in the queue.  
His heart stopped a beat from the joy and the pain  
and then started pounding as if it was new.  
All these years just peeled away  
and his memories started to flow.  
And then their eyes met, what could he say?  
It was all in that timid yet hopeful hello.

All these moments when time stands still  
while lifting your feet off the ground.  
To keep them forever, you know you never will,  
they fade in the air like a wonderful sound.

Her mind was far away when he said hello,  
she hardly managed to smile.  
Then it all came back in one sweeping go  
and she looked in his eyes for a very long while.  
And she remembered his voice and his laugh  
and the nights and the touch of his hand.  
But she couldn't recall what made them part  
and this time she was sure that it wouldn't end.

12.5.1999

## 175 Sweet economy

Tighten your belts and get in shape.  
A slim and efficient well-oiled machine  
will run on smooth and will never stop,  
deliver its goods, a shareholders dream.

The Dow Jones has been rising since last winter,  
the Dollar's holding strong against the Yen.  
And still no sign of any decline,  
the stock market's health increases our wealth,  
may the Asians be doomed we can keep our boom.

Oh, sweet economy,  
nothing is for free

and so I sing again:  
Oh, sweet economy,  
let me pray to thee  
my hallelujah.

(You may) call it greed; you may call us ruthless raiders,  
if it wasn't us who'd keep the markets clean?  
And their rise and fall decides it all,  
if the bear rocks our boat we must keep afloat,  
the age old song: You survive if you are strong.

Up and down like waves that cross the ocean  
the markets move and we float with the tide,  
on our side, enjoy the ride,  
money makes high and we know why  
and always make sure, it's the others who're poor.

19.5.1999

## 176 The hermit

A brook that's running through the valley  
hold more tears than happiness can dry,  
looming cliffs that are so steep  
keep the valley hidden deep  
from the view of the misty northern sky.

To the blind man in his mossy ancient tower  
the whispering of millions of tears  
is in the babbling of the brook  
urging him to take a look  
into the souls, their failings, pains and fears.

And he prays for the dead and for the dying  
and the down-and-out in their forgotten plight,  
those who suffer without hope,  
for the poor who cannot cope  
until an echo chimes from the mountainside.

And he prays for the sad and for the lonely,  
for the crippled and those who've lost their mind,  
for the people who don't see  
and for those who are not free  
and for those who fate left all behind.

When darkness shades the grim rims of the mountains  
the hermit in his tower goes to sleep,  
but his prayers so it seems

even echo in his dreams  
while in the brook the whirling waters weep.

15.8.1999

## 178 No Madonna

Life is a pain in the ass if you always want more  
than you've actually got.

I learnt it the hard way when I met this woman  
and was she content? She was not!

Now I'm not the man who can look into eyes  
that show clouds of an unhappy life,  
so I got her those things that all women long for  
till she looked like an Arab sheikh's wife.

She was no Madonna to say the least  
and her taste was fit for a queen,  
now I was the fool to finance her feast:  
I worked nights and days  
and still got no smile on her face.

So after a while her flat looked a lot  
like a place from a designer's dream.  
That all cost me dearly especially to keep  
all this gleaming splendour clean.  
Of course I was broke by the time  
they delivered her new night-blue limousine,  
I had one pair of shoes and my last pair of jeans  
was already threadbare at the seams.

Now all that is left is that gun in my hand,  
the only way out of this mess!  
To die on her doorstep or kill her right there  
who is it to be, you can guess.

## 179 The mammoth

This time the snow fell much too fast  
in the frost his breath was freezing,  
icicles lined his hairy hide,  
he went to rest at a mountain side.

From that rest he never woke,  
his great body soon was covered  
and aeons left him in his peace  
until he was discovered.

Thirty thousand years or more  
the mammoth lay there sleeping.  
They'll thaw him out now piece-by-piece,  
is there still life inside his hairy hide?

What kind of dreams do mammoths dream?  
Is there a mammoth heaven?  
Most of their dreams should be in green  
with grassy plains and leafy trees.

There should be muddy rivers, too  
and sweet fruit in the autumn,  
a handy tree trunk here and there  
to clean its tusk in the light of the dusk.

Now scientists dream differently  
while they cut his carcass open.  
It's a living mammoth that they see,  
a clone for the news and the zoos.

19.10.1999

## 180 Millennium

I don't feel any different and I wonder why,  
I've been waiting so long and my hopes were so high,  
only thirty days away and my disappointment's growing.

There's so bloody much we still haven't sorted out  
and the road ahead is a road full of difficulties and doubt  
and what's more: We don't face the same direction together.

We've come this far, the century's over but now we clearly see:  
The future is not any longer what it used to be.

No science fiction, our feet still in the dirt,  
the coolie still pulls his battered cart in his sweat soaked shirt  
and at the top of the hill he's got no breath left for  
celebration, no!

But let's be optimistic, we've seen the writing on the wall,  
if we stand together we may stumble but can't fall  
and we've got our brains and the power of our reason.

Let's drown our doubts in buckets full of booze  
and bugger the millennium and bugger bloody blues!  
Leave it to the sober to worry themselves sick!

Forget those doubts, get buckets full of booze  
and bugger the millennium and bugger that old blues!  
Leave it to the sober to worry themselves sick!

12.12.1999

## 183 The magic of hope

Early sky was streaked with grey,  
a promise of a cold, dark, lonesome day.  
Walked to the beach across the dunes,  
the waves collapsed in angry tunes.  
And she wondered with each tide,  
would he come back to her side?

Hold on tight to that wonderful rope  
and you won't sink in any deeper:  
The quicksand of life is no trap of despair;  
pull yourself out with the magic of hope.

It was so hard to make ends meet  
his life seemed like a dead end street:  
He felt so burdened and so vain,  
outside the station in the pouring rain.  
And he wondered in the cold,  
was life more than getting old?

Hope helps us through and it is more,  
our ferry to a greener shore.  
It sweeps the dark clouds from our skies  
and dries the tears in our weeping eyes:  
Everything will work out fine;  
hope gives our lives a silvery line.

9.2.2000

## 184 Slow motion

Sometimes when I'm all worn out,  
drained and tired, knocked about,  
when the days seem like a torture with no end.

No pause for thought, no time to spare,  
just got here but I should be there  
and I wish that the time would stop, at least slow down.

Dada, dada, dada, dada, da,  
what's this commotion?  
Dada, dada, dada, dada, da,  
why rush, get the feel of slow motion.

You will see when things go slow,  
how they thrive and how they grow  
and there's still time to feel the joy of life.

15.3.2000

## 185 The hunters

Fire's burning, a hyena's calling,  
the thrill of the chase is in the air.  
Beasts are out there, hunters sweating,  
moving forward with great care.

The beaters nervous, the nets all tightened,  
pegged into the bone-dry clay.  
Trucks are waiting, huge crates ajar,  
to keep the brutes safe on their way.

Hoo-ah-hoo, there's room in my zoo  
and the walrus needs some cheering-up.  
Hoo-ah-hoo, it's the best we can do:  
Get behind bars and welcome to the club.

Giraffe and zebra, rhino and buck  
all run into the fatal trap:  
The trucks are loaded, sent on their way,  
in vain the hungry vultures flap.

Soon the savannas will be lifeless and bare,  
the jungles swept clean and all empty.  
The graceful creatures no longer there,  
all just preserved for the thrill of the view.

Fenced in safely, ice cream running,  
why are the elephants so sad?  
A sad reminder of freedom's beauty,  
of the wild life they once had.

3.5.2000

## 186 No beer waltz blues

My throat's so dry,  
I can hardly speak,  
I could be dying of thirst.  
All this dust in the air  
that has made me weak,  
being thirsty is the worst.

Water, oh water,  
crystal clear as an angel's tear.

Water, oh water,  
there's just no match  
for an ice-cold beer,  
an ice-cold beer.

In the desert of life  
I've seen heroes die,  
when the heat sucked them dry:  
Not a single tear  
fell from anyone's eye  
when their souls made for the sky.

17.5.2000

## 189 Can't civilize him

Out here where the air is good,  
where men can live like all men should:  
carving sticks and roaming the wood  
or tracing clouds across the endless sky.

And at night when they come to rest,  
curl up in a leafy nest,  
sleep the deep sleep of the blessed,  
another day, another week gone by.

In the wild a man's a man,  
living wild and off the land,  
the verdict may be grim:  
you can't civilize him!

And one thing is crystal clear:  
the man in masses you must fear  
though on his own he's harmless and dear  
and what's more can hardly hurt a fly.

20.9.2000

## 193 Ice-diver

Summer night,  
she was there in the balmy air.  
We fell in love  
and she was mine – what should I care.  
How could I know what was yet to come.

When autumn came  
we got a small house by the lake.  
The frost came soon;  
thick ice now covered all the lake.  
One morning footsteps led me to the ice.

She's an ice diver,  
oh God, I'm stiff with fear!  
Every morning she'd hack a hole in the ice  
and disappear.

All winter long  
I sit next to a freezing crack.  
And wait for her  
till she comes up, I get her back  
from the breathless death  
that waits for her below.

24.1.2001

## 194 No beefsteaks

No more beefsteaks,  
my butcher just went broke,  
gave his last meat to his dog  
that died in a sudden stroke.

No more beefsteaks,  
no hamburgers to go.  
My belly grumbles yes, yes, yes!  
My brain says, no, no, no!

All you mad meat eaters out there  
change your diet, please:  
In each steak there is a dose  
of Mad Cow Disease.

No more beefsteaks,  
don't wanna lose control:  
Must keep the brain cells in my head  
and keep my reason whole.

No more beefsteaks  
and pork ain't healthy, too:  
It seems so full of medicine  
that it can cure each flu.

7.2.2001

## 199 Black legs against the sky

Wellies tread dirt, the farmyard's a muddy mess,  
fluid in the drizzling rain.

Faces like stone, eyes that don't want to look,  
calloused hands that hold a prodding cane.

They are led out in single file to a paddock that's brightly lit  
and rubber-aproned men await them there;  
the scent of death and dying stops them in their tracks,  
the burly drovers beat them on and swear.

The pyres are ignited,  
the flames are burning high,  
no god would want this sacrifice:  
A silent cry.

Black legs against the sky.

They come to a trembling standstill in front of the butcher's  
chest  
who puts a steely rod between their eyes.  
It's over in a second as the crude bolt splits their brains  
and in the mud a shuddering carcass lies.

The forklift truck is ready to take them to a field;  
they stack them side-by-side feet in the air.  
As if comfort lay in neatness or to ward off despair  
the rows of cattle wait for the final flare.

Juli 2001??

## 201 If you don't harrow

The Lord sent Adam out to work  
and paradise was shut.  
With calloused hands he worked the land  
he'd starve if he did not, he did not.

No longer could we laze around  
for one could clearly see  
that life was work and work was life  
and nothing ever free, never free.

If you don't harrow  
you cannot sow,  
toil and muscle  
make things grow.

So labour got our universe,  
the yardstick of success.

As seas of sweat were duly shed  
the work never got less, never less.

Yes, slaves we are and slaves we'll stay  
as centuries come and go.  
Before we reap we have to sow:  
Eternal quid pro quo, quid pro quo.

30.10.2001

## 203 The mountains

Feel like a pilgrim stranded,  
the road unknown,  
the land ahead drowned in the haze.  
A distant church bell's ringing,  
no soul in sight,  
no one to share my lonely days.

I hear the mountains calling,  
they're calling me,  
but I'd rather stay here  
thinking of the sea.

So many miles I've wandered,  
so many years,  
the mountain range still out of reach.  
The peaks so ever distant  
and yet so near  
like the horizon from the beach.

Am I a wave that crosses  
wide-open seas  
with a vision of the distant land,  
weathering storms and rolling  
for years on end  
but from the beach forever banned?

19.12.2001

## 204 Goodbye Rosi

Sun is streaming through my window  
I can hear the children play;  
there is life beyond those dirty high walls  
on this peaceful winter day.

Oh Rosi, how can we deserve this?  
I just don't see what I've done wrong  
and yet this cell here is my home now,  
our love's a fading song.

Goodbye Rosi, they're taking me away!  
Will we meet again my dear  
on some sunny summer's day?

When I can't stand any longer  
to be here on my own  
I turn to you my guardian angel  
and I don't feel so alone.

But one day all this is over,  
we are lazing in the sun  
and with you there by my side, dear  
a new life has begun.

20.2.2002

## 207 I'm dreaming

Instead of sleepy sermons where rich men pray for more  
they welcome in the beggars that stand outside their door.  
And battle-hardened soldiers plant bullets on the land  
and harvest peace in autumn to the tunes of a backwards-marching band.

Uh, my love, I'm dreaming,  
no, oh no, don't wake me up.

Don't call me sentimental, don't call me dreaming fool,  
I don't care if you can't bear to change your stupid rule.  
Today is not tomorrow and after that there's doubt,  
maybe a dream's a guiding beam, there's still a chance to find that out.

Instead of filling pockets we fill the begging bowl,  
the arms race is forgotten, its runners on the dole;  
and though you may be different you are my neighbour, too  
and in this global village you and I are there to see us through.

12.06.02

## 208 Rainbow's end

It might have been around midday,  
the rain had swept the land,  
I crossed the river to the mountain range...

...and touched the rainbow's end,  
I touched the rainbows end.

I got swept up in its magic  
and to the sky I went,  
rolled down the window to feel the air...

I got caught up in its colours,  
its beauty's fragile land;  
I got a ride way down the slide...

24.7.02

## 209 Our music will roll on

The second month and the 21st day  
and the guests are coming on in.  
and you're hugged by all and you pay your grin,  
that's the role we all have to play.

But friend, how you feel deep inside,  
your secret you won't reveal.  
Thirty-six is a hell of an age,  
I think I know how you feel.

Alas, my friend we're getting older,  
from now on the road leads down!  
So many weights we've yet to shoulder  
but don't it ever get you down.

May your hair grow thinner,  
may the future prove us wrong  
but our music will still roll on.

So let us keep the good times rolling,  
let's keep our Wednesday date.  
Give me some chords and I'll sing you a tune,  
let's get this bass line straight!

Alas, my friend we're getting older,  
one might see us halfway there.  
But it takes rocks to stop a boulder,  
so while we're rolling we don't care!

21.11.90

## 210 Labyrinth of Love

It comes so easy any day,  
boy meets girl to start the play  
and then down, up, up, down they go.

Does she love me, does he care,  
ecstasy and black despair  
and again yes, yes, yes and no no no.

Once you're in you just can't get enough,  
it's hard to leave the labyrinth of love.

Aching hearts and aching thighs,  
baby talk and painful lies,  
and those sweet things that just linger on.

Tears and fears and trust and lust  
one foolish move and all goes bust,  
and then those times when there's no right nor wrong.

The labyrinth of love is wide,  
you cannot leave once you're inside  
and you'll never know what's behind that bend.

6 You may be young, you may be old,  
you may be shy, you may be bold,  
you'll get yours yet in the labyrinth of love.

## 211 Old fools

Remember the time in 69,  
oh, what a carefree life,  
only your hair needed some care,  
neither children nor wife.

And world peace would eventually come  
'cause flowers were in full bloom:  
till then you supported the Vietcong,  
put posters up, posters up in your room.

Old fools, old times old tales...

Oh, we had fun in 71,  
the summer was long and hot;  
a nearby lake was all it would take  
and we'd give it all we'd got:  
We'd party on all through the night,  
the booze would freely run,  
we made love in the morning light  
till the new day had, the new day had begun.

Yes, it's true in 72  
we all went down to France.  
That clapped-out bus died on us  
it didn't have a chance.  
Slept in barns, bummed our rides  
and lived on cheese and wine:  
French girls were a true delight  
and we were doing, we were doing fine.

29.01.2003

## 212 Don't hang your head

So many lines to write  
but no idea will come up right.  
What good's a poet without a line  
who dreams up words but they don't rhyme?

Don't hang your head if you should fail,  
don't give up hope you will prevail,  
for darkness cannot drown the light:  
next time it will turn out right.

There are so many mouths to feed,  
so many people are in need.  
Once we have lost our murderous greed  
a peaceful life is guaranteed.

So many things to do,  
so many struggles to see through.  
Yet, should you stumble or should you fall,  
just rest assured that can't be all.

19.3.03

## 213 Fifty/Fifty

Neither hot nor cold,  
neither young nor old,  
neither bought nor sold  
that's fifty/fifty.

Now I've reached my fiftieth year  
I can't make up my mind.  
Am I staring down the hill,  
living on borrowed time?

On the other hand the anger stays,  
you wouldn't call me wise;  
hope lies ahead and good old days  
are just old men's lies.

There's still a young man inside me  
who's eager to get through;  
waiting for changes impatiently,  
there's still a lot to do.

The old man who is also there  
can't see the need for haste.  
Some ideas just need their time  
or else they go to waste.

11.6.03

## 214 Crossroads

It's the time of year  
when I'm gripped by fear;  
it's so hard for you and me;  
colliding, deciding.  
A fortnight on the coast,  
yeah, that would please me most.  
But no, not Niece, it's ancient Greece,  
you're choosing, I'm losing.

Standing at the crossroads  
you ask me where to turn  
and I say babe, I hope you don't mind:  
When it comes to holidays  
the best thing we can do is:  
you go your way and I go mine.

No dozing on the beach  
gin tonic within reach,  
we'll stumble across crumbling stones,  
how amazing, sun's blazing.  
And in that burning heat  
no time to rest my feet,  
another temple up that road,  
exploring, how boring.

Oh, baby, can't you see:  
I hate antiquity!  
I need my rest so it's the best,  
I'm quitting, we're splitting.

Admire ancient stones  
while I rest my bones,  
I'll praise your slides you'll show with pride,  
explaining, entertaining.

30.7.2003

## 215 Desert dawn

The dawn has come and we're all set to go,  
those desert hills reflect the rising glow.  
The dooms of distant thunder,  
feel the ground below,  
why am I here, my love, I just don't know.

Before it sure was fun to march in time,  
the boys and I were having a great time,  
felt so strong and healthy and all the girls were mine,  
now I'm paying dearly for each time.

The dawn is here and now it's time to go,  
those desert hills reflect the rising glow.  
The dooms of distant thunder,  
feel the ground below,  
why am I here, my love, I just don't know.

30.1.1991

## 217 Choop choop

Way down south in a distant land  
with oceans of crude oil under the sand  
there once reigned a president,  
believe me, he was evil!  
Although all the world knew he was bad  
there was money to be had.  
no matter if they thought he was mad,  
the money kept on rolling.

Choop choop, choop, choop, choop choop, choo,  
now listen what we all should do:  
cut out our lies and stick to what's true.

The papers full of useless crap,  
slime on the channels wherever you zap,  
TV's only good when you take a nap,  
fat egos are exploding.

Bent politicians play their game,  
abuse their power without shame,  
corruption and lies pave their road to fame,  
they think that we are brainless.

The liars and cheaters have their way  
and it is us who have to pay  
while they get richer day by day  
they empty our pockets.

I wonder if one day we all will rise  
from our couches and stop these lies,  
fire the loudmouths and hire the wise  
who listen to the people.

4.2.2004

## 218 The princess

The princess lost one slipper in the garden,  
wept bitterly and hobbled to the queen  
who summoned all the servants in the palace,  
they searched in vain, the slipper wasn't seen.

The years went by, the princess was the queen now,  
a golden box stood always at her side;  
it held one lonely faded smallish slipper,  
protected by two armed guards day and night.

A golden light shines down  
on everything's that gone  
and everything that's lost  
will linger on and on.  
The attic in your head,  
mem'ries sweet and sad,  
yet always on the verge of shout:  
how can we live without.

In every woman there's a little princess,  
that one lost slipper always on her mind,  
and that is why they're searching all the shoe shops  
for that one shoe they'll never gonna find.

31.3.04

## 219 Country girl

Country girl, smiling face,  
how did you get into this disgrace?  
Always good, prayed a lot,  
believed that Jesus was an American God.

Country girl is it you on the screen,  
made you pose as Baghdad's Dungeon Queen.

Sweaty bodies in a pile,  
is that your freedom American Style?  
Naked men, hooded head,  
that's what they do when you are bad!

Arabs on leads and you stand proud,  
that's how teach you this heathen crowd.  
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,  
it's in your bible and so it's the truth.

26.5.2004

## 221 September sun

Clouds are floating in the sky,  
the days are getting darker.  
Leaves are flying 'cross the fields,  
the harvest left them naked  
The summer's heat just will not fade,  
the winter's not yet coming

Change is in the countryside,  
colours are no longer bright,  
in three months all will be white.  
Oh, September sun you slowly fade away  
and you rise a little later day-by-day.

Kites are flying in the sky,  
while little dogs are barking.  
Gardeners mow their perfect lawns  
and cut off withered roses.  
A hint of fall is in the air  
and we all feel it waiting

15. 9. 2004

## 222 The tent is down

I guess I must have caught a fever,  
my heartbeat pulses much too fast!

No extra blanket stops the shiver,  
don't you know this nightmare seems to last.

Another day gone by, on we go,  
no time for tears to dry, on we go!  
Once the tent is down,  
the circus leaves the town.

"I'm giving in", cried the defender,  
"smell the heady perfume of defeat".  
A beggar became moneylender  
with his office right there in the street.

I guess this world has caught a fever  
and now it's turning much too fast.  
"Forgive me please", said the forgiver  
while soldiers hoped the peace would last.

24. 11. 2004

## 223 Someone to lend a hand

Penny thought he was the one  
sent her heart right on the run.  
After all her lonely years,  
broken hopes and lonesome tears  
her new love's glow  
warmed her so  
but as things go  
he dumped her on a Friday evening.

Whenever you think you've been hit too hard  
and you're much too down to stand,  
don't you despair, they're always there:  
Someone to lend, someone to lend, someone to lend a hand.

Larry felt just like a king  
as he stepped into the ring.  
So many fights that he had won,  
the papers wrote he was the one.  
But this night  
nothing went right:  
He lost the fight,  
it was a clean and sudden knockout.

Life can be a swamp of grief  
with hardly dry ground of relief.  
Sadness weighs you down like lead  
and happy moments? Hard to get!

When all seems bad  
just look ahead,  
he's there for sure:  
A friend who helps you find your footing.

13.04.2005

## 224 The twin

That urn of ash is all that's left  
of more than eighty years;  
a life of sweet beginnings  
of hopes and pain and fears,  
so many babies  
she held there in her hands;  
the twin of each beginning is its end.

The mountain range in front of me  
fills all of my view:  
The way it soars up to the sky  
you won't believe it's true,  
yet each of these high mountains  
will one day just be sand;  
the twin of each beginning is its end.

I'm sitting in a meadow,  
while the world around stands still.  
Will it ever move on?  
I hope it never will.  
All my dreams have vanished  
like a beach washed bare of sand;  
the twin of each beginning is its end.

25.5.2005

## 225 Holes in my shoes

The road is long and the sun's beating down,  
no sign of life since I left the last town.  
Crossed valleys and mountains, bridges and creeks,  
day in day out, I lost count of the weeks.

Go on I must, braving rain, wind or dust  
along winding roads or straight avenues,  
sometimes dead slow and sometimes real fast,  
I measure the distance by the holes in my shoes.

Some walk alone and some walk in pairs,  
pretending road or the country was theirs.  
A little rain makes them see that they'll lose,  
how can you own the dust on your shoes?

Why did I start and is there an aim?  
I just can't say and walk on just the same.  
One thing's for sure yet no one knows why:  
You start when you're born and you stop when you die.

17.5.2005

## 226 I'm missing you

Days go by and time goes on,  
I smile my smiles as if nothing's wrong  
but deep inside and all along  
sadness lines my mind.

Colours brighten when you're here,  
you turn a blind man into a seer,  
no need to pray when paradise is near  
and babe, you hold the key.

Ooh, I'm gonna tell you what I miss:  
ooh, babe, I'm missing you!  
Ooh, still I feel your sudden kiss,  
ooh, right out of the blue.

You light the day with sweet surprise,  
with you all love songs brim with lies,  
if we don't sin we won't get wise,  
so let us sin again.

I'm love's beggar, you're the queen,  
the night's so cold, come let me in,  
with you I'm home like I've never been  
and home I wanna stay.

Yet days go by and time goes on,  
I smile my smiles as if nothing wrong,  
but deep inside and all along  
sadness lines my mind.

21.12.2005

## 228 Rearview mirror

Don't you stand there looking sad,  
wondering what drives you mad,  
booze to the binge just won't do.  
Fill the tank, behind the wheel,  
the road's a magnet and you'll feel  
born again and up to all things new.

All the roads you follow through  
have the taste of something new;  
smash your rearview mirror and drive on!  
Never mind what's left behind,  
tear the cobwebs from your mind;  
smash your rearview mirror and drive on!

If you can't stand better run,  
ride into the setting sun,  
leave behind what better left undone.  
Swap your worries for the fun,  
now you are the happy one,  
feel the new life, now it's begun!

30.11.2005

## 229 Fireworks

Dawn is always hard to bear,  
twilight seeps inside,  
an empty bed, a lonely chair,  
a wake-up kiss denied.  
Another day on leaden feet,  
you move on colour blind  
and all this time she is on your mind.

You never know when loves steps in,  
no lock can keep her out,  
a blink of an eye a sudden grin  
you can't live without.  
Days that sparkle in the sun  
and nights like poets' dreams,  
you're home at last in your own world it seems.

Memories, burning hearts, come on let's go home,  
fireworks, starry nights, let me take you home.

Dawn is always hard to bear,  
twilight seeps inside,  
an empty bed, a lonely chair,  
a wake-up kiss denied.

Then together, now apart  
but who knows what's in store,  
any day now love may call,"Encore!"

9.8.2006

## 230 Lebanon

Sleep tight, my love, I must be gone,  
I've got no time to linger on,  
Daddy's out but won't be long:  
Got to drop some bombs on Lebanon.

Teddy Bear will sleep till dawn,  
the sandman rides his silvery swan,  
sweet dreams my love I won't be long:  
Got to drop some bombs on Lebanon.

There in my tiny plane  
I'm just the pilot not the brain;  
they tell me, "Let it rain!":  
I let the big bombs fly.

Daddy's jet is fast and strong,  
the night is dark, I'll zoom along,  
we are right, we can't be wrong:  
Got to drop some bombs on Lebanon.

Now sleep, my love, see, nothing's wrong,  
my steely bird will sing its song,  
Daddy's out but won't be long:  
Got to drop some bombs Lebanon.

30.8.2006

## 231 What a sight I am

Well, okay, I've been accused,  
I was down, down, down, hurt and abused;  
judges pranced in front of me,  
gavels pounding hard, "You'll never be free!"

Bleeding hearts and bleeding shame,  
all the witnesses spit out my name.  
Prosecutors bare their teeth,  
I don't think I can stand more of this.

Let the liars float in your compassion,  
jail the judges, lose the keys.

Hypocrites and never-do-wells  
swearing holy oaths, this courtroom smells.  
The jury's breathing hate and doom;  
not a friendly soul within in this room.

So my fate seems signed and sealed,  
should I give up now, surrender, yield?  
Never mind what you will see,  
you'll see it all on Court TV.

17.5.2006

## 233 All I can hear

Open the window and breathe  
cold air comes in from the seas.  
Far away wishes must be,  
voices that whisper to me,  
yet all I can hear is only the sea.

Mellow from sweet summer wine,  
mem'ries float far back in time:  
There she is, does she say oui,  
one small word holding the key,  
yet all I can hear is only the sea.

Rooms full of tunes where I go,  
cheerful, some rhythmic or slow,  
claiming my soul's harmony,  
"Remember me" their only plea,  
yet all I can hear is my only melody.

8.8.2007

## 234 The doctor

Went to the doctor,  
said, can you help me my health is shot;  
you see it's this woman,  
makes my blood freeze when it's hot.

Doctor, I'm no weakling,  
but she's too hard to endure,  
what is your prescription?  
I need a magic cure.

It's not so easy,  
the doctor said and shook his head.  
All I can tell you:  
they're only here to drive us mad.

Came from the doctor,  
a problem shared is a problem halved,  
stopped by a roadhouse  
to bring out a toast on the doctor's craft.

Doctor, I'm no weakling,  
but she's too hard to endure,  
to hell with a prescription!  
I found a magic cure!

10.10.2007

## 235 Hurdy gurdy

Saturday, pressing crowds, shopping centres loom,  
ragged man, his scratched machine fighting for his room.  
Handle turns, a hissing noise and warbled sounds come out;  
a hat is put down for the coins, the mercy of the crowd.

Hurdy gurdy, turn the wheel,  
hurdy gurdy, this is how I feel.

I am the monkey on the box, I do my old routines;  
I grin my grins, raise my hat and play the man of means;  
on and on, day by day, time and time again,  
I move on and the drop of coins truly tells me when.

The handle turns, the pipes breathe tunes, their reedy wheezing sound  
and while the crowds are moving on it's moving round and round.  
I'm still standing in a daze, hear old songs repeat,  
we move in cycles on and on but never they're complete.

31.10.2007

## 236 July

Down that steep suburb hill, where houses stand in rows,  
her ponytail is flying on her bike she goes,  
braking hard at the market and swerves into a yard  
and her cheeks are flushed, she's breathing hard.

Little boy comes running and holds his sister's side,  
dirty streaks down his cheeks from all the tears he's cried;  
she puts her arms around him and strokes his matted hair,  
soothingly she whispers her there-there.

July, a warm day in July,  
sun and a blue sky,  
there's more light than meets the eye.  
July, one fine day in July,  
under a blue sky,  
I'll dry your tears, now don't you cry.

Since we're all grown-ups we're not supposed to break,  
sisters don't rush to our sides at false steps we take;  
alone without comfort we play our adult plays,  
holding back our tears recalling childhood days.

29.8.2007

## 237 Expensive gas

Seems we've fallen onto hard times and the road ahead is rough,  
yeah, the road ahead is rough.

There was always a tomorrow but we couldn't get enough,  
no, we couldn't get enough.

All these years when we thought we'd get stronger,  
reach the beach of a greener shore;  
we were just too blind and we couldn't keep up longer:  
it got less and less and not more and more.

Now the streets are full of people whose children those can't feed,  
no, whose children those can't feed,  
yet our world seems torn asunder: Help the needy? – Feed the greed?

Help the needy? – Feed the greed?

Here I stand and my illusions lose their soothing shine,  
oh, they lose their soothing shine,  
but I stumble on regardless, yearning for a sign,  
for a hopeful sign.

Seems we've fallen onto hard times and the road ahead is rough,  
yeah, the road ahead is rough.

There was always a tomorrow but we couldn't get enough,  
no, we couldn't get enough.

16.1.2008

## 238 Take the train

Love in the air, you'll be there, take the train.  
Leave blues behind, free your mind, take the train.  
Rain, hail or snow, off you go, take the train.  
Pack all your gear, never fear, take the train.

Take the train!  
Take the train!  
Take the train.

Dine at high speed, all you need, take the train.  
Drink sparkling wine while you dine, take the train.  
Girls wave to you, you wave too, take the train.  
Love lets you down, turn around, take the train.

28.5.2008

## 240 City to city

Bed, chair, table, minibar, another faceless town,  
in my line of business you sure do get around,  
all these cheap hotel rooms,  
you can't tell them apart,  
and I've got a feeling, I've seen them all.

Continental breakfast, a stale daily routine,  
gaudy useless leaflets, dull places to be seen,  
the coffee urn is wheezing,  
another loveless day,  
followed by another lonely night.

City to city, darkness to light:  
Me and my trusty Samsonite.  
City to city, darkness to light:  
Me and my trusty Samsonite.

Doors that open, doors that close, the haggling in between,  
flogging worthless merchandise has never been my dream.  
A smile is frozen to my face,  
my wit is well rehearsed,  
don't sober up until the ink is dry.

I don't make friends, I'm making deals, that's what I am here for,  
make sure to count your fingers before I'm out that door.  
Life is hard, believe me,

there's one thing you should know:  
A deal's a deal once it is signed.

4.3.2009

## 242 The dentist

Larry crashed his pick up at th barn just down the road,  
thought he saw Sue-Ann and missed his turn.  
Spilled his beer and hobbled out, a wet stain down his fly,  
just in time to see his engine burn.  
And in the corner stood the blind man with his toothless grin,  
that dirty grin.

Peggy sued her man who owned the local hardware store,  
cried so much the jury was in tears.  
Such a pretty lady and her husband shagging goats,  
she got the store and he got locked for years.  
And in the courtroom sat the blind man with his leery grin,  
that dirty grin.

Call us bumpkins, we don't care,  
this is just the way we are.

Stacey quietly passed out at the bar in the saloon,  
strands of blond hair floating in her gin.  
Sequins rolling up to Dolly swinging on high heels,  
singing there where Stacey's place had been.  
And on a barstool sat the blind man with his boozy grin,  
that dirty grin.

Local dentist had white teeth and smiles to show his trade,  
yes, he was a ladies' man all right.  
Taking turns they longed for his attentions in his chair  
till one night it ended in a fight.  
And so the dentist lost his eyesight and his shining teeth,  
his smiling teeth.

8.7.2009

## 243 What's the story

Oooh, what's the story?  
Grab my hand, I'm drowning, see my heart is hurt;  
after all the clowning "No" is not an easy word.

Here I am but where are you?  
The world is rolling dice,

let's invade the town, my dear  
and stretch our shoes with ice.  
Hold on now, I can't explain  
what makes our blood run cold.  
Let our sweat heat up again  
before we're getting old.

Papers run deliverance,  
explosives belts for sale.  
Change my vest and take a rest,  
observe the falling hail.  
Rhymes at times get on my nerves  
but who am I to moan?  
Dice are tumbling down too fast,  
we can't stop them alone.

?

## 244 Lilly

She is just a girl who lives next door;  
then again she's all I'm living for:  
Lilly is my one and all, yes, she's my one, she's all.

Lilly, here I am waiting, the chapel's lit, the guests have all come.  
Lilly, anticipating my future with you I'm a lucky one!  
Lilly, don't let me wait here, like all the times you did before.  
Lilly, this one's too many, with this you finally close the door.

Lilly, nobody came later, at school you had your own late book,  
Lilly, no teacher's fury could ever reduce the time you took.  
Lilly, this independence won my heart as years went by,  
Lilly, you seemed to take ages, but then you made me a lucky guy.

Lilly, the bride's maids are crying, the guests have all left, some angry, some down.  
Lilly, the bells have stopped ringing, I'll be the laughing stock of our town.  
Lilly the vicar has gone now, the candles have burnt down, the flowers fell dry.  
Lilly, and still I am waiting, one heartbroken, lonely, unlucky guy.

9.12.2009

## 247 One time loser

One time loser, act like a man and take the blame.  
Say, why did you choose her, what she has done sure rhymes  
with shame.

Anyway, now you're alone, on your own you walk on home,  
on your own you walk on home.

Time goes by – you'll get along, anytime you hear this song,  
don't you doubt my friend, love may take long,  
one day you'll be where you belong.

Two time loser, again you've failed, she's left for good.  
Say, whos the accuser, did everything a good man should.  
Anyway, now you're alone, on your own you walk on home,  
on your own you walk on home.

Three time loser, I cannont stand how hard you try:  
No wonder you're a boozer, you need a stiff one to get by.  
Anyway, now you're alone, on your own you walk on home,  
on your own you walk on home.

5.5.2010