

ARMIN BARDEL 16/01 LYRICS

ON THIS COUCH

ON THIS COUCH I RECLINE,
DREAMING OF YOU,
AND ALL THE ONES I SHARED
MY DREAMS WITH, OR/ON THIS COUCH.

AND IF YOU ASK ME
WHY I DO WHATEVER I DO,
IT'S BECAUSE IT'S MY DEEPEST DESIRE
TO BE TRUE TO MYSELF AND YOU.

IT IS MY DEBT TO PLEASURE,
ALL THAT I CAN DO,
BE MYSELF AND LIVE
AS GOOD AS I CAN.
ENJOY THE MOMENT, WHATEVER I DO,
WHEREVER I AM, WHEREVER I GO.

NEVER SEEK FOR PERFECTION,
FOR THEN I WOULD GET BORED.

THE MORE I AM TOLD,
THE LESS I BELIEVE.
THE MORE I KNOW,
I PREFER TO FORGET.

I TRUST IN NO ONE,
AND NOBODY TRUST ME.
EVERYONE SEES THE SAME THINGS
FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW,
BELIEVING IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY ONE.

I GOT MY THOUGHTS AND I
GOT MY VISIONS,
SO I THOUGHT LET'S TRY AND SEE!

I GOT MY DREAMS AND I
GOT MY DESIRES,
SO I SAID LET'S WAKE AND RISE!

SWEET MEMORIES,
SOME BITTER AFTERTASTE,
TRIED TO BE A GOOD BOY,
AS GOOD AS I CAN BE –
ACCORDING TO MY VERY OWN IDEALS ...

PROTECT ME

OH LORD, PLEASE PROTECT ME
FROM ALL THOSE FEARS INSIDE,
SHOW ME A NICE AND SAFE PLACE,
A PLACE WHERE I CAN HIDE!
THEY ARE RUNNING BEHIND ME,
THEY FOLLOW AT MY FEET –
IT IS GETTING HARDER
TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

IS IT MY IMAGINATION,
OR IS IT REALLY TRUE?

THEY ARE MAKING CHILDREN,
THEY ARE MAKING WAR,
THEY ARE MAKING MONEY,
AND THEY ALWAYS WANT MORE.

I AM RUNNING FASTER,
(AS) FAST AS I CAN.
DON'T KNOW WHICH DIRECTION,
OR FROM WHERE I CAME.

IS IT MY IMAGINATION,
OR IS IT REALLY TRUE?

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PICTURES,
PICTURES IN MY HEAD?
GALLERIES SURROUND ME,
(THEY ARE) MAKING ME SO MAD.

THE PRESS OF THE WORLD,
THE MEDIA, AND THE TRUTH,
ALL THE SAD STORIES WE HEAR,
AND THOSE NEVER TOLD.

IS IT MY IMAGINATION,
OR IS IT REALLY TRUE?

TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS,
WHOEVER YOU MAY BE –
WISH I HAD AN ARMY
TO COMFORT THEE!
WISH I HAD AN ARMY
TO CONQUER THEE!

ACROSS THE SEA

ACROSS THE DEEP BLUE SEA,
THERE IS SOMETHING
THAT WAITS FOR THEE.
DEEP DOWN ON THE DEEPEST GROUND,
THERE IS A TREASURE TO BE FOUND.

IN THE DESERTS OF THE NILE/DENIAL,
SPRING DOES NOT LAST LONG –
IN THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER,
ALL THE BLOSSOMS BE GONE.

THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND ...

ALL OUR TOYS MADE IN CHINA
BY SOME BILLIONS OF SLAVES,
WHILE GREAT WALL STREET IS CRUMBLING,
AND SO IS HEAVENLY PEACE.

AND THE WINNERS BUY THE WORLD ...

THE RISING SUN IS DROWNING
IN THOSE RADIANT WAVES –
WAY BEYOND THE HORIZON,
NO PLACE ON EARTH REMAINS UNTOUCHED.

YOU MAY TRAVEL FAR OFF LAND,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND ...
... WHAT(EVER) YOU WILL SEE,
IS ONLY WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE!

WAY OVER THE HIGHEST PEAKS,
SOMEONE FOR PLEASURE SEEKS.

DEEP DOWN ON THE DEEPEST GROUND,
THERE IS A TREASURE TO BE FOUND.

SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE DEEP BLUE SEA,
THERE IS SOMETHING
THAT WAITS FOR THEE!

SOMETHING'S COMING UP

SOMETHING'S COMING UP,
IT IS PLAIN TO SEE –
JUST WHAT IT IS, NOBODY KNOWS.
SO LET'S JUST HANG AROUND AND WAIT!

DAY OUT DAY IN,
THE SUN GOES UP.
DAY IN DAY OUT,
THE SUN GOES DOWN.

I THINK I'M GETTING BORED NOW,
THERE'S LITTLE I CAN DO –
IT'S ALWAYS OTHERS WHO DECIDE.

WE WILL DISAPPEAR,
THAT IS PLAIN TO SEE –
JUST WHEN OR HOW WE DO NOT KNOW.
SO LET US HANG AROUND AND WAIT!

WEIRD THINGS

WEIRD THINGS ARE GOING ON,
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING OUT THERE –
DOWN IN THE DESERT,
AND OVER HERE
(AROUND THE CORNER, VERY NEAR).

SOME LOSE THEIR HEADS,
FOR OTHERS LOST THEIR MINDS.

THEY GOT NO HEART, THEY GOT NO SOUL,
THEY GOT NO BRAIN, THEY GOT NO JOB,
THEY GOT NO GOAL, THEY KNOW NO RULES,
THEY GOT NO HOME, DON'T GO TO SCHOOL.
THEY GOT NO MOM, THE GOT NO DAD,
DON'T CARE TO LIVE, NOR TO BE DEAD.

THEY GOT THEIR GOD,
AND THEY GOT GUNS.

WHOEVER SAID GOD WAS DEAD,
IT SEEMS THEY WERE WRONG.
MAN KEEPS TURNING BACK
TO WHERE HE CAME FROM –
BACK TO THE PAST,
BACK TO THE CAVE.

NO MORE ENLIGHTENED,
WASH YOUR BRAIN,
YOU ADORE WHAT YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND.
EYES WIDE OPEN,
STILL DON'T SEE –
WORSHIP THINGS YOU CANNOT
COMPREHEND.

IF YOU THOUGHT GOD WAS DEAD,
I GUESS YOU WERE WROING ...

THEY GOT A JOB, THEY OWN A HOME/HOUSE,
THEY GOT A CAR, THEY HAVE A WIFE,
AND THEY GOT KIDS, AND THEY HAVE
EVERYTHING THEY NEED.

THEY GOT THEIR GOD,
AND THEY GOT GUNS ...

WELL, I THOUGHT THAT GOD WAS DEAD,
BUT IT SEEMS I WAS WRONG ...

BUBBLES (CASTLES OF SAND)

CASTLES OF SAND, HOUSES OF GLASS,
CRYSTAL PALACES, BUBBLES OF SOAP –
YOU RUN AROUND WITH A
ROCK IN YOUR HAND,
YOU RUN AROUND THROWING STONES.
YOU RUN AROUND WITH A
ROCK IN YOUR HAND,
AIMING AT TARGETS UNKNOWN.

HOURS OF GLASS, UPSIDE DOWN,
RUNNING BACKWARDS, BREAKING APART –
YOU STAND AROUND WITH A
WATCH IN YOUR HAND,
YOU WAIT AROUND WASTING TIME.
YOU GOT THE POWER AND THE
KEYS IN YOUR HAND,
BUT YOU JUST SIT THERE AND WATCH.

CASTLES OF SAND, ALL MADE BY HAND.
THE SEA IS RISING, THE TIDE COMES IN,
WASHES AWAY ALL THE SAND,
WAVE BY WAVE,
DESTROYING ALL YOU EVER MADE,
WASHES AWAY ALL YOUR PRIDE,
WAVE BY WAVE,
SWALLOWING ALL OF YOUR WEALTH.

IT'S GETTING WARMER, IT'S GETTING HOT,
STILL THEY ARE DRESSING IN FURS.
SOME HAVE TOO MUCH, AND SOME DO NOT,
AND SOME ARE BURNING OUR CASH.

HOUSES ON SALE, THEY MOVED AWAY.
GOT NO HOME, AND NO PLACE TO STAY.
WHILE THE BAD GUYS GOT AWAY AGAIN,
ALL THOSE BASTARDS GOT AWAY.
ALL THE BANKERS GET AWAY ONCE MORE,
WITH MORE THAN EVER BEFORE.

YOUR GLOVES ARE DIRTY,
YOUR HANDS ARE CLEAN.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

YOU RUN AROUND WITH A
GUN IN YOUR HAND –
WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR MIND?
YOU RUN AROUND WITH A
TORCH IN YOUR HAND –
TELL ME WHAT'S GOING TO BURN?

DOING THE GARDEN

DOING THE GARDEN, DIG THE WEEDS –
IF YOU ARE HUNGRY, YOU GOT TO EAT.
GOT NO BREAD JUST GRAB THE CAKE,
GRAB A SPADE AND TAKE A RAKE!

PROCEED TO THE BACKYARD,
(DON'T) BREAK THE RULES,
(DON'T) BREAK THE SILENCE,
BREAK UP THE SOIL!
SOW THE SEEDS AND
WATCH THEM GROW
SLOW BUT TALL.

TURN YOUR ARMS INTO A PLOUGH,
GROW YOUR OWN GRAIN,
KNEAD THE DOUGH.
USE YOUR HANDS AND USE YOUR FISTS,
BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD, IF YOU WISH!
NO MORE HUNTING, NO MORE GATHERING –
SINGLE CREATURES BY THEMSELVES,
INDIVIDUALS THANK & PRAISE THEIR
LAND AND LORD.

WE ARE ALL DOING IT THESE DAYS,
FOR THERE IS LITTLE ELSE TO DO.
ONCE ESSENTIAL TO SURVIVE
BECOMES A SPARETIME PASSION.
PRAISE THE SOIL AND
PRAISE THE LATEST FASHION!

WHEN ALL ELSE IS LYING LOW,
IT'S NICE TO WATCH THOSE VEGIES GROW.
WHEN THE WORLD IS GOING DOWN,
YOU STILL RELY ON YOUR FRONT LAWN.

HANDS FULL OF MUD,
YOUR SKIN GETS HARDER,
DIRT 'NEATH YOUR NAILS TO POLISH
UP YOUR CLASS.

BEND AND BOW, BUT DO NOT BREAK
YOUR BACK OR NECK!
SOW THE SEEDS AND WATCH THEM GROW
SLOW BUT TALL.

DOWN THE ROAD

ONE DAY I WAS RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD,
EVERY DAY I'M RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD –
NOTHING ELSE TO DO,
I WAS FUCKING BORED,
SO I KEPT RUNNING,
RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD.

I KEEP DRIVING IN MY CAR.
OH YES, I KEEP DRIVING IN MY CAR.
I DON'T WANT TO WALK,
I'M TOO LAZY AND TOO FAT –
ONE DAY I'LL BE RUNNING OUT OF GAS.

A STONE WAS ROLLED UP THE HILL.
THEN I SAW THE SAME STONE ROLL DOWN.
SOMEONE ROLLED IT UP, BUT
IT KEPT ROLLING DOWN –
THE STONE WAS ROLLING
UP AND DOWN THE HILL.

I'D LOVE TO GO SWIMMING IN THE SEA,
LIKE A FISH I'D BE SWIMMING IN THE SEA.
ALL THE FISH'S BEEN FISHED,
FROZEN AND FRIED –
NOW I'M PRETTY LONESOME IN THE TIDE.

OFTEN I AM DREAMING I COULD FLY,
FLY LIKE A BIRD IN THE SKY.
THE SKY IS FULL OF PLANES,
AND EVERY IDIOT'S FLYING –
I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR THEM BIRDS.

I WISH I COULD LOOK INSIDE YOUR BRAIN.
I WISH THAT I COULD READ YOUR MIND!
THEN AFTER A WHILE,
I GOT TO KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS –
I'M GLAD I CANNOT SEE ANY MORE.
NO, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW NO MORE,
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO
READ OR HEAR OR SMELL OR FEEL OR TOUCH
NO MORE.

MAY RAIN

I HEAR FROM YOU AND IT'S GRABBING ME,
I'M BEING WORRIED BY WHAT I SEE.
I'M DWELLING HERE AND I'M DOING FINE,
I KNOW WHAT'S UP AND
YOU KNOW WHAT'S MINE,
AND IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU GO TO GO,
GOT TO LEAVE YOUR DADDY BEHIND,
GO TO GO, GOT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF!

YEARS AGO I MET YOU, HAVING STRAYED,
THEN ONE EVENING, IT GOT LATE.
EARLY IN THE MORNING THE NEXT DAY,
YOU WERE GONE,
BUT YOUR THOUGHT(S)
WOULD STILL TURN ME ON.

THE RIVER'S HIGH, FOR THE RAIN HAS FALLEN
FOR TOO MANY DAYS –
WELL, IT MAY RAIN IN MAY FOR MANY DAYS,
OR MAYBE MORE,
AND MAYBE IT'S TOO MUCH.
MAY IT BE COLD EVERY DAY.

I HEAR THE NEWS AND IT'S NOTHING NEW,
AND I KEEP WONDERING WHAT TO DO.
MILLIONS OF EU-/HEROES IN THE GROUND –
I KNOW WHAT'S UP, AND
YOU KNOW I'M DOWN,
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU GO TO GO,
GOT TO LEAVE BIG BROTHER BEHIND,
GO TO GO, GOT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF –
AND IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

PICTURES OF A LANDSCAPE

TAKING A WALK THROUGH THE FIELDS,
WATCHING THE BIRDS OVERHEAD.
THERE'S NO PEOPLE AROUND
ON THE VAST AND MUDDY GROUND.

PICTURES OF THE PAST,
I THOUGHT LONG LONG GONE,
APPEAR AT THE EDGE
OF A DIFFERENT WORLD,
SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND,
HERE AT THE EDGE OF MY LIFE,
SOMEWHERE IN A CORNER OF THIS WORLD.

DARK QUIET RIVER FLOWS
ALONG ROWS OF WILLOW TREES,
PASTURES ENDLESS AND FLAT,
THE LAND IS GREEN AND FAT.

FOGGY BREATH IN THE REEDS,
THAT'S WHERE SHEEP AND CATTLE FEED –
THIS IS WHERE WE WILL MEET,
THIS IS WHERE WE WILL MEET,
SOMEWHERE IN A CORNER
OF THIS WORLD.

BUNKERS OF CONCRETE AND STEEL,
A CHAIN ALONG THE FRONTIER.
A CURTAIN OF IRON AND MINES
HAS FALLEN YEARS AGO.

ONE CHAPTER IS CLOSED,
AND ONE'S BEGUN –
NO MORE THE END OF THE ROAD,
NO MORE THE END OF THE WORLD –
IT'S NOT THE END OF THE GAME,
THE STORY IS NOT OVER YET!

INSIDE MYSELF

I LOOKED INSIDE MYSELF,
BUT FOUND NOBODY HOME.
I WALKED AROUND THE HOUSE,
BUT I WAS ALL ALONE.

NOTHING BUT EMPTY JARS
ON AN EMPTY SHELF,
BESIDES THE EMPTINESS
I WAS ALL BY MYSELF.

THE DOORS WERE OPEN,
THE WINDOWS WERE ALL CLOSED,
THE SHADES PULLED DOWN, BUT I
STILL FELT QUITE EXPOSED.

A DRAUGHT WAS DRIFTING
GENTLY THROUGH THE HALL,
A SCENT OF INNOCENCE,
A CHILDHOOD TO RECALL.

THERE WAS NO RADIO,
NO STEREO, NO TV –
THE LIGHTS WERE ON,
BUT STILL I COULD NOT SEE.

I DID NOT MAKE A SOUND,
AND NOTHING I COULD HEAR –
A DREADFUL SILENCE
PENETRATES MY EAR.

PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE,
THE LINE SEEMED TO BE DEAD –
THE WEIRDEST IMAGES
WERE GOING THROUGH MY HEAD.

NO ONE TO TALK TO,
AND NOT A HAND TO TOUCH –
JUST ABOUT NOTHING,
WHICH IS NOT VERY MUCH.

NO HEART TO BEAT FOR,
AND NOT A SOUL TO SELL –
THERE AIN'T NO SPIRIT HERE

AS FAR AS I CAN TELL.

I'M TOUCHING NO ONE,
AND NO ONE'S TOUCHING ME,
I TOUCH MYSELF A BIT
AND PLAY WITH PHANTASIE.
EVEN IF I SCREAM AND SHOUT,
NO ONE GIVES A DAMN —
NOT EVEN NON-EXISTING
NEIGHBORS WOULD COMPLAIN.
ASK MYSELF A QUESTION,
STILL WAITING FOR RESPONSE ...

I'M GETTING HUNGRY,
THE FOOD IS RUNNING OUT,
AND I START WONDERING
WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT ...

MOUNTAINS

MOUNTAINS MOVE
NOT AS FAST AS WE DO.

MOUNTAINS DON'T MOVE
AS FAST AS WE DO.
THEY MOVE QUITE SLOW,
STILL, THEY GROW.
FOLDING UP, FALLING DOWN —
CRUMBLING ON END.
THEY MELT INSIDE
UNDER THEIR OWN WEIGHT.
SOMETIMES EXPLODE,
SOMETIMES COLLAPSE.

TODAY, I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE TOP,
AND FROM UP THERE I'LL LOOK DOWN.

ONCE THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA,
NOW THE TOP OF THE WORLD —
AS HIGH AS THE SKY,
ALMOST TOUCHING THE SUN.

NEVER TOLD YOU

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU
FOR I HAVE NEVER TOLD YOU.
I NEVER SAID I LOVE YOU,
FOR I DID NOT KNOW.

I LOVE THE MIND, THE SOUL & THE BODY,
I LOVE SOME BODIES' MIND & SOUL —
ALL IT COMES DOWN TO IS
SEARCHING FOR THE WHOLE.

I WANT TO SHARE MY FEELINGS
MY BODY AND MY THOUGHTS,
WANT TO SHARE MY SHEETS & COVERS
AND WISH YOU KEEP ME WARM.
I NEED NO MUSE TO AMUSE MYSELF,
AND NOT TO WASTE MY TIME!

WE CARE FOR ANOTHER,
WHILE I CARE FOR OTHERS, TOO.
FOR EVERY BODY IS DIFFERENT,
AND NO MIND IS THE SAME.
IF I'M NOT INDIFFERENT,
WHO REALLY IS TO BLAME?

SHARE THE PASSION, MIND THE PAIN!
PAST DISASTERS LEFT THEIR SCARS —
STILL I'M REACHING FOR THE STARS.

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY,
AS LONG AS NO ONE KNOWS.
BUT EVERYBODY WANTS TO
BE THE ONLY ONE,
OR ELSE BE LONELY,
AND RATHER SEE ME GONE.

NO POSSESSIONS, NEED NO CHAINS!
EACH TIME OVER, IT'S THE SAME —
WE MIGHT GET OLDER,
BUT WON'T GET SMART!
I WILL BE FOREVER FAITHFUL,
EVEN IF YOU LEAVE ME.
I WILL BE FOREVER WITH YOU,
EVEN WHEN I'M GONE,
BUT EVERYTHING LOOKS DIFFERENT,
WHEN IT'S OVER AND WE'RE DONE.

HAND IN HAND

MY HAND IN YOUR HAND,
AND YOUR HAND IN MINE.
MY HANDS ON YOUR FACE,
AND YOURS TOUCHING MINE.
YOUR BREATH IN MY FACE,
YOUR WORDS IN MY EAR —
I TRY TO LISTEN, BUT I DO NOT HEAR.

WHENEVER I'M WITH YOU,
YOU'RE FEELING FINE.
WHATEVER I'M DOING,
I'M JUST BEING KIND.

YOUR FINGERS THROUGH MY HAIR,
MY HEART IS ON YOUR MIND.
MY HEAD LIES IN YOUR LAP,
YOUR HEART IS IN MY HANDS.

I'M FACING YOUR MIND
AND YOU'RE FACING MINE.
I'M LOSING MY HEAD,
I'M LOSING MY FACE.
I'M LOSING MY FAITH
WHILE CHOSING MY FATE.
YOUR HEART MAY BE WITH ME,
OUR MINDS ARE APART.

I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES,
BUT I SEE SOMEONE ELSE.
YOU GIVE ME SO MUCH —
MORE THAN I CAN TAKE.

YOU'RE HOLDING MY HAND,
YOU'RE HOLDING ME BACK —
THERE'S NO SPACE BETWEEN US,
THERE'S NO SPACE TO MOVE.
YOUR BODY NEXT TO MINE,
BUT I'M FAR AWAY.
I NEED THE DISTANCE,
AND I WANT YOU NEAR.

FOR PRESENTS I DON'T ASK,
IT'S *PRESENCE* THAT I NEED —
A PRESENCE OF THE MIND,
THE BODY & THE SOUL .
ALL I NEED IS YOU,
BUT I WANT SOMETHING ELSE.

REWIND THE CLOCK

ONCE UNCERTAIN FEARS
HAVE NOW FOUND SOLID GROUND —
ALL ILLUSIONS GONE,
WHILE NEW ONES TAKE THEIR PLACE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU FAIL,
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU FALL,
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU LIVE,
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU LIE —
YOU'RE NOT ALONE,
YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE —
JUST KEEP PRETENDING,
KEEP GOING ON!

YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF,
YOU'RE SOMEONE ELSE.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONE
YOU THINK YOU ARE.
YOU'RE STILL THE SAME,
YOU'RE STILL INSANE —
YOU PLAY THE GAME,
WE DO THE SAME.

REWIND THE CLOCK AND FIND YOURSELF
ALL WRAPPED UP IN FAIRY TALES.
CHILDHOOD FEARS NOT DISAPPEARED —
THE ANGER HAS NOT GONE BUT GROWN.

ALL THOSE TEARS IN WHICH WE DROWNED,
THEY HAVE NOW DRIED UP,
LEAVING BUT A SALTY CRUST,
SPARKLING IN THE DIRT —
SPARKLING CRYSTALS IN THE DUST.

REWIND THE CLOCK AND FIND YOURSELF
ALL WRAPPED UP IN LITTLE LIES.
TEENAGE FEARS WON'T DISAPPEAR —
THE ANGER WILL NOT GO BUT GROW!

I'M NOT MYSELF, I'M SOMEONE ELSE,
I'M NOT THE ONE I THOUGHT I WAS,
I'M STILL THE SAME, I'M STILL INSANE —
I PLAY THE GAME, YOU DO THE SAME.

THR OAK TREE

ONE NIGHT I STAND THERE,
RIGHT BY THE OAK TREE,
I LEAN MY BACK TO THE BARK.

ABANDONED SAWMILL,
SURROUNDING SILENCE,
EXCEPT A DOG BARKS IN THE DARK.

YOU TOLD ME TO RELAX,
LOOK AT THE STARS AND THE MOON.
IT'S LATE DECEMBER, UNUSUAL SOFT WIND,
A VELVET BREEZE ROUND MY THIGHS
KEEPS US WARM INMIDST THE NIGHT.

YOU KNEEL IN FRONT OF ME,
AND WHILE YOUR HEAD IS SWAYIN',
I FEEL YOUR TONGUE KEEPS PLAYING,
AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO STOP.
MIGHTY BLACK BRANCHES
A MILLION TWIGGIES
REACH FOR THE BRIGHT WINTER SKY ...

CONCORDIA

SO MUCH BEAUTY, SO MUCH PLEASURE,
SUCH A CUTIE, SUCH A TREASURE.
WE ARE WEALTHY AND WE'RE ALMIGHTY,
ON THE SURFACE ALL IS SHINY.

WE'RE SO GLAMOROUS, AND SO AMOROUS,
HOW WE GOT HERE IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS!

WE'RE OBSOLETE, BUT INNOVATIVE,
OUT OF DATE, BUT QUITE IMMORTAL.
GOT NO DOUBTS AND GOT NO SCRUPLES —
HERE AND NOW, BUT NO TOMORROW!
OVERSIZED AND VERY HUNGRY,
PAY NO TAX, DON'T CARE FOR WELFARE.

HOW WE DRESS IS ALL IMPORTANT —
SPREAD THE NEWS AND FILL THE COVERS!
SO MUCH TIME AND SO MUCH LEISURE,
HAVING FUN WITHOUT NO MEASURE.

BRIGHTEST LIGHTS CAST DEEPEST SHADOWS,
TOO IMPORTANT TO BE QUESTIONED.

LAWS ARE MADE FOR COMMON PEOPLE —
WE DON'T NEED NO LIMITATIONS!

STRIP NAKED

STRIP, STRIP NAKED —
I WANT TO GET UNDER YOUR SKIN
I WANT TO GET DOWN TO THE BONE.

TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES,
TAKE OFF YOUR MAKE UP,
TAKE OFF THAT COSTUME,
TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

REMOVE THE SURFACE, ALL MADE UP —
I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S UNDERNEATH!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF THERE IS ANYTHING,
ANYTHING I BELIEVE.

STRIP ME NAKED —
I WANT YOU TO GET UNDER MY SKIN,
I WANT YOU TO GET DOWN TO MY BONE!

WIPE OFF MY MAKEUP,
TEAR OFF MY CLOTHES,
TAKE OFF MY COSTUME,
PULL DOWN MY MASK!
IGNORE THE SURFACE, ALL MADE UP —
I'D LIKE TO SHOW WHAT'S UNDERNEATH.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF THERE IS ANYTHING,
ANYTHING YOU'D BELIEVE.

RIP UP, RIP UP THE CURTAIN,
TEAR DOWN THE WALLS,
OPEN UP WIDE AND LET ME
LOOK INSIDE —
SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT, AND WHAT YOU
GOT TO HIDE!

STRIP, STRIP NAKED —
I WANT TO FIND WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND,
I'LL TAKE A TRAIN INTO YOUR BRAIN,
I WANT TO CRAWL INTO YOUR SOUL,
I WANT TO ... PART OF YOUR HEART.

JUST ANOTHER DRINK

JUST ANOTHER SIP,
JUST ANOTHER GLASS,
JUST ANOTHER DRINK, AND I KNOW
IT WON'T BE THE LAST!

DILUTING MY MIND, I'M FADING AWAY,
BUT ONCE I STARTED I CAN'T STOP.
DON'T WANT TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE —
I AM QUITE HAPPY WITH MYSELF,
AS LONG ...

THOSE MAGIC JARS
MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME,
MAKE ME COMFORTABLY NUMB AND TIRED
SPILLING SWEETNESS DOWN MY THROAT
WHERE THERE IS/WAS NONE.

PLEASE DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO,
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T CARE FOR ME,
DON'T INTERFERE, OR I GO MAD,
AND IF YOU DARE I'LL SMASH YOUR ... !

THERE IS NOTHING THAT I NEED TO HIDE,
AND THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SAY —
WISH THAT I COULD FADE AWAY
AND DISAPPEAR ...

EMPTY EYES, FILLED WITH TEARS,
STARING NOWHERE — WAY OUT OF SIGHT.
COUNTLESS HOURS BEING LOST,
ADD UP TO A WHOLE LIFE LAID IN WASTE.

TOMORROW MAY COME SORROW,
I'M LIVING FOR TODAY!
TOMORROW MAY HANG OVER,
TOMORROW I'LL BE BLUE.
TOMORROW WON'T REMEMBER YESTERDAY ...

WASTING TIME

I'M JUST SITTING HERE WASTING TIME,
AND NO ONE EVER COMES AROUND.
I COULD BE DEAD, I COULD BE GONE —
I AM NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

SO MANY STORIES TO BE TOLD,
SECRETS TO UNFOLD.
ANOTHER SONG NO ONE WILL HEAR,
VISIONS NOT TO BE SEEN.

AND IF THE WHOLE SHIP GOES DOWN,
I WILL DROWN WITH YOU,
I WILL GO DOWN, TOO.

IT COULD BE GOOD, IT COULD BE FINE —
IT COULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL!
YES, WE CAN! AND, YES, WE COULD!
IF ONLY WE KNEW WHAT WE SHOULD.

WE OWN EVERYTHING WE NEED TO OWN,
LET US NOT ABUSE IT!
WE KNOW ALL WE NEED TO KNOW,
BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT.

AND IF THE WHOLE SHIP GOES DOWN,
I WILL DROWN WITH YOU,
I WILL GO DOWN, TOO.

THE LAW

BY ALEXANDER CURTIS

NOT TO GO ABOUT ON ALL-FOURS,
NOT TO SCRATCH TREES
WITH OUR CLAWS,
NOT TO EAT ANIMALS OR OTHER MEN,
INDEED ARE WE NOT ONE OF THEM?

BUT NOW SOMETHING'S BEEN GOING ON
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE BEEN DOING WRONG;
CATTLE AND SWANS
HAVE BEEN ATTACKED;
SOMEBODY'S SCRATCHING
BARK IN THE PARK.

THE LAW WAS SPOKEN
FROM A CLOUD OF SMOKE,
THE LAW WAS WRITTEN
ON A SLAB OF STONE.
THE LAW WAS SPOKEN
FROM A CLOUD OF SMOKE,
THE LAW WAS WRITTEN
ON A SLAB OF STONE.

THE MAN FROM TOMORROW SAYS
IT'S ALL OUR FAULT.
THE MAN FROM TOMORROW SAYS
THAT WE MUST PAY.
THE WOLF-MAN SAID BUT
THAT CANNOT BE,
THE WOLF-MAN SAID
THAT'S PURE HYPOCRISY!

IN A RAGE THE MAN
BEAT HIM BARE,
IN A RAGE WE SAID BUT
THAT'S NOT FAIR!
THE NEXT DAY WAS THE DAY
THE WOLF-MAN DIED
AND WE KNEW WE HAD TO DECIDE.

IF WHAT'S UNJUST MUST NOT BE DONE,
THEN THE WOLF-MAN'S DEATH
MUST BE UNDONE.
SO WE RACKED OUR BRAINS
TO FIND A WAY
TO BRING THE WOLF-MAN BACK AGAIN.

LOCKING THE MAN UP IN A CAGE,
WE GAVE HIM A POTION TO INTAKE.
RIGHTING THE WRONG
THAT SHOULDN'T BE DONE,
WE BROUGHT THE WOLF-MAN BACK
AS A MOONLIGHT SONG.

FOR WHEN HE CHANGED US INTO MEN,
THE MAN MADE A POTION
TO TURN US BACK AGAIN,
BACK TO THE ANIMALS
THAT WE ONCE WERE,
BACK TO THE LIFE
THAT HE'D DISTURBED.

NOW EACH OF US TAKES HIS POTION TOO,
EACH OF US WANTS TO LEAVE THIS ZOO.
ALL THAT WE SHALL LEAVE BEHIND
IS THE WOLF-MAN HOWLING
WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT.

CREDITS

MUSIC, LYRICS*, GUITARS, MANDOLIN,
UKULELE, VOICE & PHOTOS: ARMIN BARDEL

PROTECT ME: DIETER KANDUT/WINEHILL
STUDIO, REMASTERING & ADDITIONAL INSTRU-
MENTS

BUBBLES, DOWN THE ROAD, HAND IN HAND,
PROTECT ME, THE LAW: RECORDED BY
DIETER KANDUT @ WINEHILL STUDIO,
WOLFSBERG/CARINTHIA 2012

DOING THE GARDEN: RECORDED BY MICHAEL
LAHNER @ SPIEGELFABRIK GARS/LOWER
AUSTRIA, SUMMER 2012

MAY RAIN, THE OAK TREE: RECORDED BY
MANFRED HAUKE © SILVIE'S STUDIO,
VÖSLAU/LOWER AUSTRIA, JULY 2013

ALL OTHERS RECORDED BY MYSELF @ HOME,
NOVEMBER & DECEMBER 2015, EXCEPT
WASTING TIME SEPTEMBER 2012

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