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Phil Collins

Against all odds (Take a look at me now)

Wie kann ich dich nur gehen lassen, dich einfach so spurlos weggehen lassen,
wo ich doch während ich hier stehe jeden Atemzug mit dir teile.
Du bist die Einzige, die mich wirklich kannte.

Wie kannst du nur so einfach von mir gehen, wo ich dir dabei lediglich zusehen kann,
denn wir haben das Lachen und den Schmerz und sogar Tränen miteinander geteilt.
Du bist die Einzige, die mich wirklich kannte.

Also sieh´ mich jetzt an, weil da diese Leere ist.
Und Nichts bleibt zurück, woran ich denken kann,
nur die Erinnerung an dein Gesicht.

Sieh´ mich jetzt an, weil da eben diese Leere ist.
Und dem Einen muss ich dabei ins Auge sehen :
Dass du zurückkommen könntest ist entgegen jeglicher Erwartung.

Ich wünschte, ich könnte dich zu Umkehr bewegen und du könntest mich weinen sehen.
Es gibt so viel, was ich dir sagen muss, es gibt so viele Gründe.....
Du bist die Einzige, die mich wirklich kannte.

Also sieh´ mich jetzt an, weil da diese Leere ist.
Und nichts bleibt zurück, woran ich denken kann,
nur die Erinnerung an dein Gesicht.

Sieh´ mich jetzt an, weil da eben diese Leere ist.
Denn alles was ich jetzt tun kann, ist, auf dich zu warten und damit muss ich mich abfinden.
Jetzt sieh´ mich noch mal gut an, denn ich werde immer noch hier stehen.
Und es ist unwahrscheinlich, dass du zu mir zurückkommst.
Das ist die Chance, die ich wahrnehmen muss.

Sieh´ mich jetzt an.

Alanis Morissette

Front Row

do you go to the dungeon to find out how to make peace with your days in the dungeon writing a letter to you didn't make me feel any more peaceful then how I felt when we weren't speaking because I didn't cop to what I did. I can't love you because we're supposed to have professional boundaries. i'd like you to be schooled and in awe as though you were kissed by god full on the lips . i'm in the front row the front row with popcorn I get to see you see you close up i'm too tired to recount the unpleasantries one by one one minute I want to banish you the next I want to be on a deserted island with you along with my three favorite cd's ambivalent yet in your bed we've yet to acknowledge what really happened slid into the ditch I have this overwhelming loss of ambition we said let's name thirty good reasons why we shouldn't be together I started by saying things like "you smoke" "you live in new jersey (too far)" you started saying things like "you belong to the world" all of which could have been easily refuted but the conversation was hypothetical I am totally short of breath for you why can't you shut your stuff off..... i'm in the front row the front row with popcorn I get to see you see you close up and I laughed until my lungs hurt I love how you bust my chops you don't always feel seen sometimes you feel erasable unfortunately I cannot reciprocate in my current state I think we should be careful of how much time we spend togetherfor a while i'm speaking you know how much you hate to be interrupted maybe spend some time alone to fill up your proverbial cup so that it doesn't always have to be about you i've been wanting your undivided attention I like the fact that you're nothing like me are you not burdened by the lack of perspective people have of your charmed life (seemingly)? i'm in the front row the front row with popcorn I get to see you see you close up you never meant to be ungrateful nor held up to be whipped or wept for certainly not analysed prodded at more ways than one apparently you've been misrepresented dealing with the concept of arrows being slung towards your outrageous fortune hey i'm not mad at you guardian i'm mad at myself for spending so much time with you and your jeckyl and hydeness i'm glad i figuratively slapped you on the wrist you laughed a wicked laugh and said "come here let me clip your wings!"(i know he's blood but you can still turn him away you don't owe him anything) "raise the roof" he yelled "yeah raise the roof!" I yelled back. (unfortunately you needed a health scare to reprioritize.) no thanks to the soap box. having me rile against them won't make an ounce of difference..... i'm in the front row the front row with popcorn. I get to see you see you close up oh the things i've done for you many a sitch a friend a man's been left for you oh the books i've read for you the tongues i've bitten for you many a new city for you many a risk taken for you (not a single regret)

Baba

i've seen them kneel
with baited breath for the ritual
i've watched this experience raise
them to pseudo higher levels
i've watched them leave their families
in pursuit of your nirvana
i've seen them coming to line up
from switzerland to america

how long will this take baba
how long have we been sleeping
do you see me hanging on to
every word you say
how soon will I be holy
how much will this cost guru
how much longer 'til you
completely absolve me

i've seen them give their drugs up
in place of makeshift altars
i've heard them chanting
kali kali frantically
i've heard them rotely repeat your
teachings with elitism
i've seen them boasting robes and
foreign sandalwood beads
i've seen them overlooking god in
their own essence
i've seen their upward glances
in hopes of instant salvation
i've seen their righteousness
mixed without loving compassion
i've watched you smile as
the students bow to kiss your feet

give me strength all knowing one
how long 'til enlightenment
how much longer 'til you
completely absolve me

Thank U

how bout getting off these antibiotics
how bout stopping eating when I'm full up
how bout them transparent dangling carrots
how bout that ever elusive kudo

thank you india
thank you terror
thank you disillusionment
thank you frailty
thank you consequence
thank you thank you silence

how bout me not blaming you for everything
how bout me enjoying the moment for once
how bout how good it feels to finally forgive you
how bout grieving it all one at a time

thank you india
thank you terror
thank you disillusionment
thank you frailty
thank you consequence
thank you thank you silence

the moment I let go of it was the moment
I got more than I could handle
the moment I jumped off of it
was the moment I touched down

how bout no longer being masochistic
how bout remembering your divinity
how bout unabashedly bawling your eyes out
how bout not equating death with stopping

thank you india
thank you providence
thank you disillusionment
thank you nothingness
thank you clarity
thank you thank you silence

Are you still mad

are you still mad I kicked you out of bed?
are you still mad I gave you ultimatums?
are you still mad I compared you to all
my forty year old male friends?
are you still mad I shared our problems
with everybody?

are you still mad I had an emotional affair?
are you still mad I tried to mold you into
who I wanted you to be?
are you still mad I didn't trust your intentions?
of course you are
of course you are

are you still mad that I flirted wildly?
are you still mad I had a tendency to mother you?
are you still mad that I had one foot out of the door?
are you still mad that we slept together even after
we had ended it?
of course you are
of course you are

are you still mad I wore the pants most of the time?
are you still mad that I seemed to focus
only on your potential?
are you still mad that I threw in the towel?
are you still mad that I gave up long before you did?
of course you are
of course you are

Sympathetic Character

I was afraid you'd hit me if i'd spoken up I was
afraid of your physical strength I was afraid
you'd hit below the belt I was afraid of your
sucker punch I was afraid of you reducing me
I was afraid of your alocohol breath I was afraid
of your complete disregard for me I was afraid
of your temper I was afraid of handles being
flown off of I was afraid of holes being punched
into walls I was afraid of your testosterone

I have as much rage as you have
I have as much pain as you do
I've lived as much hell as you have
and i've kept mine bubbling under for you

you were my best friend
you were my lover
you were my mentor
you were my brother
you were my partner
you were my teacher
you were my very own sympathetic character

I was afraid of verbal daggers I was afraid of the
calm before the storm I was afraid for my own
bones I was afraid of your seduction I was afraid
of your coercion I was afraid of your rejection
I was afraid of your intimidation I was afraid of
your punishment I was afraid of your icy silences
I was afraid of your volume I was afraid of your
manipulation I was afraid of your explosions

I have as much rage as you have
I have as much pain as you do
I've lived as much hell as you have
and i've kept mine bubbling under for you

chorus
you were my keeper
you were my anchor
you were my family
you were my saviour
and therein lay the issue
and therein lay the problem

That I would be good

that I would be good even if I did nothing
that I would be good even if I got the thumbs down
that I would be good if I got and stayed sick
that I would be good even if I gained ten pounds

that I would be fine even if I went bankrupt
that I would be good if I lost my hair and my youth
that I would be great if I was no longer queen
that I would be grand if I was not all knowing

that I would be loved even when I numb myself
that I would be good even when I am overwhelmed
that I would be loved even when I was fuming
that I would be good even if I was clingy

that I would be good even if I lost sanity
that I would be good
whether with or without you

The couch

you hadn't seen your father in such a long time
he died in the arms of his lover how dare he
your mother never left the house
she never married anyone else you took it upon yourself to console her

you reminded her so much of your father
so you were banished and you wonder why you're so hypersensitive
and why you can't trust anyone but us
but then how can I begin to forgive her so many years under bridges with dirty water
she was foolish and selfish and cowardly if you ask me

I don't know where to begin in all of my 50 odd years
I have been silently suffering and adapting perpetuating and enduring
who are you younger generation to tell me that I have unresolved problems
not many examples of fruits of this type of excruciating labour

how can you just throw words around like grieve and heal and mourn
I feel fine we may not have been born as awake as you were
it was much harder in those days we had paper routes uphill both ways
we went from school to a job to a wife to instant parenthood

I walked into his office I felt so self-conscious on the couch
he was sitting down across from me he was writing down his hypothesis I don't know
i've got a loving supportive wife who doesn't know how involved she should get
you say his interjecting was him just calling me on my shit?

just the other day my sweet daughter I was driving past 203 I walked up the stairs in my mind's eye
I remember how they would creak loudly
she was only responsive with a drink he was only responsive by photo
I was only trying to be the best big brother I could

i've walked sometimes confused sometimes ready to crack open wide
sometimes indignant sometimes raw
can you imagine I pay him 75 dollars an hour sometimes
it feels like highway robbery
and sometimes it's peanuts
I wish it could last a couple more hours

so here we both are battling similar demons (not coincidentally)
you see n getting beyond knowing it solely intellectually you're not relinquishing your majesty
you are wise you are warm you are courageous you are big
and I love you more now than I ever have in my whole life

Can't not

i'd be lying if I said I was completely unscathed
I might be proving you right with my silence or my retaliation
would I be letting you win in my non reaction?
how would I explain?
how would I explain this to my children if I had them?
because I can't not
because I can't not
because I can't afford to be misread one more time
would I be whining if I said I needed a hug?
would you feel slighted if I said your love's not enough?
how can I complain?
how can I complain when i'm the one who reaches for it?
because I can't not
because I can't not
because I cannot walk without my crutches
because I can't not
because I can't not
because I can't help wonder why you ask me
to all the unheard wisdom in the schoolyard
you think you're the right ones
you think you're the charmed ones i'm sure
how can you go on with such conviction?
and who do you think you are why do you question me?
because we can't not
because we can't not
because we can't help laugh at underestimations
because we can't not
because we can't not
because we can't afford to be misled one more time
because we can't not
because we can't not
because we cannot help without your willingness
why do you affect me? why do you affect me still?
why do you hinder me? why do you hinder me still?
why do you unnerve? why do you unnerve me still?
why do you trigger me? why do you trigger me still?

UR

burn the books they've got too many names and psychoses
all this incriminating evidence would surely haunt me
if someone broke into my house
suits in the living room
do you realize guys I was born in 1974
we've got someone here to explain your publishing
we know how much you love to be in front of audiences
hopeful you are
schoolbound you are
naive you are
driven you are
take a trip to new york with your guardian
and your fake identification
when they said "is there something anything
you'd like to know young lady?"
you said "yes I'd like to know what kind of people
i'll be dealing with"
precocious you are
headstrong you are
terrified you are
ahead of your time you are
don't mind our staring but
we're surprised you're not in a far-gone asylum
we're surprised you didn't crack up
lord knows that we would've
we would've liked to have been there
but you keep pushing us away
resilient you are
big time you are
ruthless you are
precious you are

I was hoping

as we were taking outside it was cold we were shivering yet warmed by the subject matter
my wife is in the next room we've been having troubles you know please don't tell her or anyone
but I need to talk to somebody

you said "wouldn't it be a shame if I knew how great I was five minutes before I died i'd be filled
with such regret before I took my last breath" and I said "you're willing to tell me this now
and you're not going to die any time soon"

and I said I haven't been eating chicken or meat or anything and you said yes
but you've been wearing leather and laughed and said we're at the top of the food chain
and yes you're a fine woman and I cringed

I was hoping I was hoping we could heal each other

I was hoping I was hoping we could be raw together

we left the restaurant where the head waiter (in his 60's) said "good-bye sir thank you for your
business sir you're

successful and established sir and we like the frequency with which you dine here sir

and your money" and when I walked by they said "thank you too dear" I was all pigtails and cords

and there was a day when I would've said something like "hey dude I could buy and sell this place so
kiss it"

I too once thought I was owed something

I was hoping I was hoping we could challenge each other

I was hoping I was hoping we could crack each other up

I too thought that when proved wrong I lost somehow

I too once thought life was cruel

it's a cycle really you think i'm withdrawing and guilt tripping you I think you're insensitive

and I don't feel heard and I said do you believe we are fundamentally judgmental? fundamentally evil?

and you said yes I said I don't believe in revenge in right or wrong good or bad you said

"well what about that man that I saw handcuffed in the emergency room bleeding after beating his kid
and she threw a shoe at his head.

I think what he did was wrong and I would've had a hard time feeling compassion for him"

I had to watch my tone for fear of having you feel judged.

I was hoping I was hoping we could dance together

I was hoping I was hoping we could be creamy together

One

I am the biggest hypocrite
I've been undeniably jealous
I have been loud and pretentious
I have been utterly threatened
I've gotten candy for my self-interest
the sexy treadmill capitalist
heaven forbid I be criticized
heaven forbid I be ignored

I have abused my power forgive me
you mean we actually are all one
one one one one one one one
I've been out of reach and separatist
heaven forbid average (whatever average means)
I have compensated for my days
of powerlessness

I have abused my so-called power forgive me
you mean we actually are all one
one one one one one one one

did you just call her amazing?
surely we both can't be amazing!
and give up my hard earned status
as fabulous freak of nature?

I have abused my power forgive me
you mean we actually are all one
one one one one one one one
always looked good on paper
sounded good in theory

Would not come

if I make a lot of tinsel then people will want to
if I am hardened no fear of further abandonment
if I am famous then maybe i'll feel good in this skin
if I am cultured my words will somehow garner respect
i would throw a party still it would not come
i would bike run swim and still it would not come
i'd go travelling and still it would not come
I would starve myself and still it would not come
if I'm masculine I will be taken more seriously
if I take a break it would make me irresponsible
if i'm elusive I will surely be sought after often
if I need assistance then I must be incapable
i'd be filthy rich and still
it would not come
I would seduce them and still
it would not come
I would drink vodka and still
it would not come
i'd have an orgasm still
it wouldn't come
if I accumulate knowledge
i'll be impenetrable
if I am aloof no one will know
when they strike a nerve
if I keep my mouth shut the boat
will not have to be rocked
if I am vulnerable I will be
trampled upon
i would go shopping and still
it would not come
i'd leave the country and still
it would not come
i would scream and rebel still
it would not come
i would stuff my face and still
it would not come
i'd be productive and still it would not come
i'd be celebrated still it would not come
i'd be the hero and still it would not come
i'd renunciate and still it would not come

Unsent

dear matthew I like you a lot I realize you're in a relationship with someone right now and I respect that I would like you to know that if you're ever single in the future and you want to come visit me in california

I would be open to spending time with you and finding out how old you were when you wrote your first song

dear jonathan I liked you too much I used to be attracted to boys who would lie to me and think solely about themselves and

you were plenty self-destructive for my taste at the time I used to say the more tragic the better the truth is

whenever I think of the early 90's your face comes up with a vengeance like it was yesterday

dear terrance I love you muchly you've been nothing but open hearted and emotionally available and supportive

and nurturing and consummately there for me I kept drawing you in and pushing you away I remember how beautiful it was to fall asleep on your couch and cry in front of you for the first time you were the best platform from

which to jump beyond myself what was wrong with me

dear marcus you rocked my world you had a charismatic way about you with the women and you got me

seriously thinking about spirituality and you wouldn't let me get away with kicking my own ass but I could never really feel

relaxed and looked out for around you though and that stopped us from going any further than we did and it's kinda too bad because we could've had much more fun

dear lou we learned so much I realize we won't be able to talk for some time and I understand that as I do you

the long distance thing was the hardest and we did as well as we could we were together during a very tumultuous time

in our lives I will always have your back and be curious about you about your career about your whereabouts

So pure

you from new york you are so relevant
you reduce me to cosmic tears
luminous more so than most anyone
unapologetically alive knot in my stomach
and lump in my throat
I love you when you dance when you freestyle in trance
so pure such an expression
supposed former infatuation junkie
I sink three pointers and you wax poetically
I love you when you dance when you freestyle in trance
so pure such an expression
let's grease the wheel over tea
let's discuss things in confidence
let's be outspoken let's be ridiculous
let's solve the world's problems
I love you when you dance when you freestyle in trance
so pure such an expression

Joining you (Originaltext)

dear dar(lin') your mom (my friend) left a message on my machine she was frantic
saying you were talking crazy that you wanted to do away with yourself
I guess she thought i'd be a perfect resort because we've had this inexplicable connection since our
youth and
yes they're in shock they are panicked you and your chronic them and their drama
you this embarrassment us in the middle of this delusion
if we were our bodies
if we were our futures
if we were our defenses i'd be joining you
if we were our culture
if we were our leaders
if we were our denials i'd be joining you
I remember vividly a day years ago we were camping you knew more than you thought you should
know
you said "I don't want ever to be brainwashed" and you were mindboggling you were intense
you were uncomfortable in your own skin you were thirsty but mostly you were beautiful
if we were our nametags
if we were our rejections
if we were our outcomes i'd be joining you
if we were our indignities
if we were our successes
if we were our emotions i'd be joining you
you and I we're like 4 year olds we want to know why and how come about everything
we want to reveal ourselves at will and speak our minds and never talk small and be intuitive
and question mightily and find god my tortured beacon
we need to find like-minded companions
if we were their condemnations
if we were their projections
if we were our paranoias i'd be joining you
if we were our incomes
if we were our obsession
if we were our afflictions i'd be joining you
we need reflection we need a really good memory feel free to call me a little more often

Joining you (Übersetzung)

Schatz, deine Mutter hat mir was aufs Band gequatscht.
War ziemlich durch'n Wind.
Du wärest irgendwie durchgeknallt. Und du wolltest Schluss machen.
Und sie glaubt jetzt, dass ich die Einzige bin, auf die du noch hörst.
Weil wir diese unerklärliche Verbindung haben von klein auf.

Die sind jetzt geschockt und schieben Panik.
Weil du alles übertreibst. Und sie alles dramatisieren.
Die kommen nicht klar mit dir. Und deswegen veranstalten sie diese Wahnsinnsarie um uns.

Wir waren vor ein paar Jahren mal campen. Weiß das noch ganz gut.
Du hattest damals ziemlich viel im Kopf, mehr als für dich gut war.
Und du hattest Angst davor, dass man das alles wieder aus deinem Kopf rausholt.
Du warst völlig durcheinander. Und gleichzeitig brutal intensiv.
Unzufrieden mit dir selbst. Durstig.
Aber hauptsächlich schön.

Wir beide sind in manchen Punkten nicht weiter als Vierjährige:
Wir wollen wissen warum, und woher und überhaupt.
Uns zeigen, wem wir wollen. Sagen was wir denken.
Keinen Smalltalk machen. Intuitiv sein.
Große Fragen stellen. Gott finden.

Wir haben Kultur, wir haben Zukunft, wir haben Idole, Emotionen, Erfolge, Rückschläge.
Wir haben Geld, wir haben unsere Spleens, unsere Süchte.
Wir haben das, aber wir sind das nicht. Das kommt alles von außen. Das haben wir gekriegt.
Wir sind das nicht.
Und das ist unser Problem. Wenn wir das sind, wenn das von uns kommt, dann können wir es packen. Du und ich.
Was wir suchen sollten, sind Leute, die denken wie du und ich.
Wir sollten mehr nachdenken. Und uns mehr erinnern.
Meld dich mal wieder.

Heart of the house

you are the original template
you are the original exemplary
how seen were actually?
how revered were you (honestly) at the time?
why pleased with you low maintenance?
you loved us more than we could've loved you back
where was you ally your partner in feminine crime?
oh mother who's your buddy?
oh mother who's got your back?
the heart of the house
the heart of the house
all hail the goddess!
you were "good ol"
you were "count on 'er 'til four am"
you saw me run from the house
in the snow melodramatically
oh mother who's your sister?
oh mother who's your friend?
the heart of the house
the heart of that house
all hail the goddess!
we left the men and we went for a walk in the gathineaus
and talked like women to women would
womyn to womyn would "where did you get that from?
must've been your father your dad"
I got it from you I got it from you
do you see yourself in my gipsy garage sale ways?
in my fits of laughter?
in my tinkerbelle tendencies?
in my lack of colour coordination?

Your congratulations

I wouldn't have compromised so much
so much of myself for fear of
having you hating me
I would've sung so loudly
it would've cracked myself!
I became self-conscious
of anything exuberant
I wouldn't have sold myself short
I wouldn't have kept my eyes
glued to the ground
if I had've known my invisibility
would not make a difference
I would've run around screaming proudly
at the top of my voice
I wouldn't have said it was in fact luck
i'm talking idealism here
I would not have been so self deprecating
I wouldn't have cowered
for fear of having my eyes scratched out!
I wouldn't have cut my comfort off
I wouldn't have feigned needlessness
I would not have discredited
every one of their compliments
it was your approval I wanted
your congratulations

Ironic

Ein alter Herr, grade 98 geworden,
hat im Lotto gewonnen.
Am nächsten Tag war er tot.
Sowas wie Regen am Hochzeitstag.
Oder 'ne Freifahrt, aber Du hast grade bezahlt.
Oder der eine gute Rat, den Du abgelehnt hast.
Konnte ja auch keiner ahnen, daß er diesmal hinhaut.

Und dann, Mr. Nummer Sicher.
Hatte sein ganzes Leben auf diese eine Reise gewartet.
Hat sich von seiner Frau verabschiedet,
seine Kinder noch mal geküßt,
und als der Flieger dann abgestürzt ist,
hat er sich grade gedacht, daß Fliegen eigentlich was schönes ist.

Das Leben hat 'ne komische Art,
sich an Dich anzuschleichen,
wenn Du glaubst, daß grade alles gut läuft.

Das Leben hat aber auch 'ne komische Art,
Dir raus zu helfen, wenn alles schief geht
und Dir die halbe Welt um die Ohren fliegt.

Stau, wenn Du sowieso zu spät dran bist.
Nichtraucherschild, und Du hast Zigarettenpause.
Oder 10.000 Löffel - aber Du brauchst grade ein Messer.
Oder Du triffst den Mann Deines Lebens,
und dann stellt er Dir seine wunderschöne Gattin vor.

Sowas wie ne Fliege in Deinem Chardonnay
Oder ein Gnadenerlaß beim Todesurteil -
nur zwei Minuten zu spät.
Nennt man Ironie - oder?

Hands Clean

Wenn du nicht so erwachsen wärst, dann wär das Ganze hier sowieso nie passiert.
Und wenn du nicht um einiges weiser als dein Alter wärst, dann hätt ich mich unter Kontrolle halten können.

Wenn ich nicht aufmerksam gewesen wäre, hättest du keinen Erfolg gehabt.
Wenn's nicht ich gewesen wäre, wärst du nie so weit gekommen.

Mein Gott.

Das alles hier hat das Zeug, eine echte Katastrophe zu werden.

Aber das scheint dich ja nicht zu kümmern.

Sag bloß keinem was davon.

Und drück bitte beide Augen zu.

In ein paar Jahren wird außer uns beiden sowieso keiner mehr was davon wissen.

Ich werde deinen Wunsch, dich in Ruhe zu lassen, respektiert haben.

Und du wirst deine Hände in Unschuld waschen.

Im Grunde bist du mein Angestellter und mir gefällt es, dass du von mir abhängig bist.

Irgendwie bist du mein Schützling, und irgendwann wirst du sagen, dass du alles, was du kannst, von mir gelernt

hast. Ich weiß, dass du auf mich angewiesen bist wie ein Jugendlicher auf einen Mentor und ich weiß, dass du mich

heiß machst wie so ein junger Kerl, und ich glaub mir gefällt das.

Wer entscheidet schon, was in unserer persönlichen Geschichte neuen Sinn macht, und was unter den Teppich gekehrt

wird? Welcher Teil deines Gedächtnisses selektiv arbeitet, und welcher für das Vergessen zuständig ist? Und was soll

diese viel zu offensichtliche Distanz zwischen uns?

Sorg dafür, dass keiner was von mir erfährt, am wenigsten deine Familie.

Wir behalten das besser für uns und sagen keinem was davon. Auch nicht den engeren Freunden.

Ich würde so gern allen davon erzählen, weil du so verdammt hübsch bist, wenn du dich zurecht machst.

Und vielleicht heirate ich dich auch.

Wenn du dein Gewicht behältst.

Und deinen knackigen Körper.

That Particular Time

Meine Grundsätze waren damals ziemlich durcheinander geraten.
Und jeder vertraute und erprobte Weg war weg und verschwunden.
Die Ansätze stimmten nicht mehr.
Und irgendwann hab ich nur noch da gestanden und gezittert.
Zu genau der Zeit hat mich aber die Liebe herausgefordert trotzdem zu bleiben.
Und in genau dem Moment wusste ich, dass noch mal wegrennen nichts hilft.
Das war der eine Monat, wo ich noch bereit war, mit dir zusammen zu suchen.
Damals.

Wir hatten geglaubt, dass eine Pause sinnvoll wäre.
Und dann schwankten wir. Vier Monate lang.
Eine kurze Zeit ohne den andern. Das hätte die viel zu vielen Zweifel zerstreuen sollen.
So hatten wir uns das vorgestellt.
In der Zeit war es wieder die Liebe, die mir den Mut gemacht hat, zu warten.
In dem Moment hat sie mir die nötige Geduld gegeben.
Diesen Monat hatten wir gebraucht, um das was „Wir“ bedeutet in uns aufzusaugen.

Ich wollte für dich immer nur das, was du für dich wolltest.
Und trotzdem wollte ich uns retten, egal was kommt.
Die Zwiespältigkeit in dir habe ich ignoriert und mich darüber selbst verloren.
Es tut mir leid.

Du wusstest, dass du noch mehr Zeit brauchtest.
Zeit mit dir allein.
Zeit ohne Ablenkung.
Du wolltest fliegen. Hoch fliegen und allein fliegen.
Und dich dabei neu definieren.
Das war die Zeit, wo unsere Liebe mir den Mut gegeben hat zu gehen.
In dem Moment wurde mir klar, dass bei dir bleiben automatisch mich selbst verlassen heißt.
Dieser Monat war härter als du glaubst.
Trotzdem habe ich dich in genau dieser Zeit verlassen.

You oughta know

Ich freue mich für dich. Ich möchte, dass du das weißt.
Ich freue mich für euch beide,
und ich wünsche euch nur das Allerbeste.
Sie ist ja wohl sowas, wie die ältere Ausgabe von mir.
Ist sie auch so pervers wie ich?
Bläst sie dir einen im Kino?
Kann sie reden?
Will sie Kinder?
Ich bin sicher, dass sie eine wirklich erstklassige Mutter abgeben würde.
Du siehst gut aus.
Alles friedlich, gell?
Mir geht's nicht ganz so gut,
ich glaube, du solltest das wissen.
Hast du mich vergessen,
Mister Doppelgleisigkeit?
Tut mir leid,
wenn ich dich jetzt beim Essen damit belästige, aber ...
Die Geschwindigkeit, mit der du mich einfach ersetzt hast,
das war die eigentliche Ohrfeige.
Denkst du an mich, wenn du sie bumst?

Denn deine Liebe und dein Sex haben nicht ausgereicht.
Du hast nicht aufgemacht.
Und wenn du sie beim Namen nennst,
weiß sie, dass du mir versprochen hast,
mich zu halten, bis du stirbst?
Aber noch lebst du ja.

Und jedesmal, wenn du mit ihr schläfst,
dann werde ich da sein.
Und wenn du dann die Augen zumachst,
dann werde ich nicht verschwinden.
Und jedesmal, wenn ich dem Mann, der grade auf mir liegt,
den Rücken blutig kratze, dann hoffe ich,
dass es DIR weh tut.
Tut's dir weh?

Und ich bin hier,
um dich an was zu erinnern:
an die Unordnung, die du in mir hinterlassen hast,
an das Kreuz, dass du mir aufgehängt hast.
War nicht fair, mich zu verleugnen.
Das solltest du wissen.

Everything

Ich bin von allem etwas:
Der schlimmste Alptraum, die größte Zicke!
Einerseits kalt, wie ein Eisberg –
andererseits die treueste Seele auf Erden.

Geblendet durch meine äußere Erscheinung,
angezogen von meinen dunklen Seiten:
Rechthaberei und ein „übersteigertes“ Selbstbewusstsein:
Ich bin makellos! - Fehler machen nur die anderen!

Dann wieder die Dinge,
die mir die Schamröte in's Gesicht treiben,
dich aber völlig kalt lassen!
Überall hast du deine Eisen im Feuer,
verbrennst dir aber nie die Finger!

Meine versteckte Agressivität kann niederschmetternd sein.
Dennoch bin ich das Beste, was dir je passiert ist,
nahezu vollkommen - wenn ich will!

Für meine Hartnäckigkeit bin ich bekannt,
und meine Widerborstigkeit stachelt deinen Ehrgeiz sogar noch an!

Trotz meiner Fehler,
nimmst du mich so, wie ich bin
und bleibst an meiner Seite.

Not all me

Ich habe, fast bis zur Selbstaufgabe, alles runtergeschluckt!
Das perfekte Ziel für deine blindwütigen Angriffe,
die Hauptlast deines tief verborgenen Schmerzes ertragen.
Es machte mir nichts aus, den Rammbock für deine Aggressionen zu spielen!
Aber ich erwarte, dass du dich zumindest an meinen Namen erinnerst!

Meine Schultern sind breit, aber nicht bereit,
alles auf sich zu nehmen.
Denn wir beide haben Fehler gemacht!

Deine Bösartigkeiten hinterließen ihre Spuren.
Aber ich habe gelernt, damit umzugehen, ohne meine Würde zu verlieren.
Nichts leichter, als das.
Nur tu nicht so, als wäre alles meine Schuld!

Endlich nehme ich all meinen Mut zusammen
und sage es dir direkt in's Gesicht:
"Sei ein Mann und steh für die eigenen Fehler gerade!"

Wir sind ein Team!
Und ich bin bereit, die Kluft zwischen uns,
an der ich nicht ganz unschuldig bin, zu überbrücken,

Du kannst dir nicht vorstellen, wie wichtig das für mich ist!

Darf ich dich daran erinnern, daß ich es nicht allein gewesen bin,
der Fehler gemacht hat?
Ich stehe dazu, will es aber nicht allein ausbaden.
Du musst Deine Mitschuld auch akzeptieren

Excuses

Du wunderst dich, warum ich niemanden an mich heranlasse?
Nun, ich bin clever und stelle mich einfach taub!
Sie würden meine Einsamkeit ohnehin nicht verstehen,
glauben, ich sei arrogant und hassen mich dafür!

Die Arbeit ist mein Versteck,
von einer Mauer aus gottgewollter Hektik umgeben!
Keine Zeit, mich auf die faule Haut zu legen!

Mit dieser Notlüge lässt sich gut leben.
Sie gibt mir Ruhe und Gelassenheit,
Eine Muschel, in der ich mich verkriechen kann.

Die Rückkehr nach Hause ist ausgeschlossen!
Der Weg würde zuviel Kraft kosten, die ich nicht habe.
Die Zeiten sind vorbei.

Diese Selbstlüge, an die ich mich so gewöhnt habe,
ist mein Überlebenstrick und hilft mir,
mein Leben in Ordnung zu halten!

Wenn ich jetzt offen darüber spreche,
wird es sie in ihren Grundfesten erschüttern,
aber meinen Standpunkt verdeutlichen.
Die Fantasie ist das Maß aller Dinge,
und Mittelmäßigkeit nicht mein Ding.

Sieh ein: Man kann nicht alles haben,
ich tue das, was sie von mir erwarten und kann sie nicht enttäuschen.
Glück bleibt ein Fremdwort für mich!
Das ist der Preis, den ich dafür zahlen muss.

This Grudge

Seit 14 Jahren, 30 Minuten und 15 Sekunden
schleppe ich nun schon diesen Zoff zwischen uns mit mit herum.

Elf Songs habe ich darüber geschrieben und vier Tagebücher damit gefüllt.
Auch ohne ständigen Kontakt und Briefe stand diese, von Verleumdung und Erniedrigung
geprägte, Missgunst stets
zwischen uns!

Jedes Mittel war uns recht, sich gegenseitig zu verletzen.
Wir beide waren da sehr erfinderisch!
Keine Ahnung mehr, wer eigentlich damit angefangen hat?
Aber sind wir mal ehrlich, haben wir beide nicht die Nase voll davon?
Ohnehin wissen wir schon längst nicht mehr, wer hier Opfer oder Täter ist.

Lass uns einen Schlusstrich ziehen und diesen Teufelskreis unterbrechen.
Lange habe ich nach einem Weg aus dieser Misere gesucht.
Jetzt bin ich soweit, den ersten Schritt zu tun, um die Kluft zwischen uns zu überwinden und
einen Neuanfang zu
wagen.

Allzu gern möchte ich meine, ohnehin nur vorgetäuschte, Härte ablegen
und endlich so sein, wie ich in Wirklichkeit bin.
Auf die Gefahr hin, gleich wieder von dir auf's Neue abgekanzelt zu werden.

Ich will über meinen Schatten springen, und vergeben, was wir uns gegenseitig angetan
haben.

Ich fühle mich, wie ein verlassenes Haus, voll mit verstaubten Möbeln,
in das ich trotzdem gern wieder einziehen würde.
Ich muss nur die Fenster weit aufreißen und alles wieder in Ordnung bringen.
Ohne Gegenleistung! Mein Zeichen von „Good Will“!

Was hindert uns eigentlich daran, diesen Schritt auf einander zuzugehen?
Warum waren diese Versuche bisher stets zum Scheitern verurteilt?
Ich frage mich, was oder wer drückt uns eigentlich immer wieder zu Boden?

Ich glaube, wenn ich es schaffe, diesen Schicksalsstrang zu kappen,
wird sich der Schleier vor meinen Augen heben und die Last der Vergangenheit von meinen
Schultern genommen.

Zugegeben, anfangs hat mir die Opferrolle gefallen.
Aber im Laufe der Zeit brachte sie mir nur Schmerz.
Schluss jetzt mit dem Selbstmitleid!
Zu lange habe ich darunter gelitten, und ich mich schon damit abgefunden,

Endlich bin ich bereit, mich über all das hinweg zu setzen,
die Barrieren von Hass und Neid zwischen uns nieder zu reißen.
Einer Zukunft willen, die ich bisher nie gekannt habe.
Dieser Weg ist unser Ziel!

These Are The Thoughts

These are the thoughts that go through my head
In my backyard on a sunday afternoon
When I have the house to myself and I am not
Expending all that energy on fighting with my boyfriend

Is he the one that I will marry?
Why is it so hard to be objective about myself?
Why do I feel cellularly alone?
Am I supposed to live in this crazy city?
Can blindly continued fear-induced regurgitated
Life- denying tradition be overcome?

Where does the money go that I send to those in need?
If we have so much why do some people have nothing still?
Why do I feel frantic when I first wake up in the morning?
Why do you say you are spiritual
Yet you treat people like shit?

How can you say youre close to god
And yet you talk behind my back as though I am not
A part of you?
Why do I say Im fine
When its obvious Im not?
Whys it so hard to tell you what I want?
Why cant you just read my mind?

Why do I fear that the quieter I am the less you will listen?
Why do I care whether you like me or not?
Why is it so hard for me to be angry?
Why is it such work to stay conscious and so easy to get stuck
And not the other way around?

Will I ever move back to canada?
Can I be with a lover with whom I am a student and a master?
Why am I encouraged to shut my mouth
When it gets too close to home?
Why cannot I live in the moment?

Chapman, Tracy

Give me one reason

Gib mir einen Grund zu bleiben,
und ich mache sofort kehrt.
Weil ich Dich nicht allein lassen will.
Aber Du mußt dafür sorgen,
daß ich mich anders entscheide.
Ich hab" Deine Nummer,
und ich weiß, daß Du meine hast.
Nur - ich hab Dich schon zu oft angerufen.
Du kannst mich ja auch mal anrufen.
Aber Du mußt es tun.
Ich will niemanden, der mich festhält.
das könnte mich umbringen.
Ich will jemanden,
der mich umarmt,
in den Schlaf wiegt.

Ich bin jung.
Aber trotzdem kann ich Dich lieben,
Dir geben was Du brauchst.
Nur bin ich zu alt, um Dir nachzurrennen.
das kostet mich zuviel Kraft.
Also gib mir einen Grund, umzukehren.
Weil ich Dir gesagt habe, daß ich Dich liebe.
Mehr ist dazu nicht zu sagen.

Jimi Hendrix

Little Wing

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running round
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and fairy tales
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding with the wind.

When I'm sad, she comes to me
With a thousand smiles, she gives to me free
It's alright she says it's alright
Take anything you want from me, anything
Anything.

Fly on little wing,
Yeah yeah, yeah, little wing

James Blunt

You're Beautiful

My life is brilliant.
My love is pure.
I saw an angel.
Of that I'm sure.
She smiled at me on the subway.
She was with another man.
But I won't lose no sleep on that,
'Cause I've got a plan.

You're beautiful. You're beautiful.
You're beautiful, it's true.
I saw you face in a crowded place,
And I don't know what to do,
'Cause I'll never be with you.

Yeah, she caught my eye,
As we walked on by.
She could see from my face that I was,
Fucking high,
And I don't think that I'll see her again,
But we shared a moment that will last till the end.

You're beautiful. You're beautiful.
You're beautiful, it's true.
I saw you face in a crowded place,
And I don't know what to do,
'Cause I'll never be with you.
You're beautiful. You're beautiful.
You're beautiful, it's true.
There must be an angel with a smile on her face,
When she thought up that I should be with you.
But it's time to face the truth,
I will never be with you.

Metallica

Nothing else matter

So close, no matter how far
Couldn't be much more from the heart
Forever trusting who we are
And nothing else matters
Never opened myself this way
Life is ours, we live it our way
All these words, I don't just say
And nothing else matters
Trust I seek and I find in you
Every day for us something new
Open mind for a different view
And nothing else matters
Never cared for what they do
Never cared for what they know
But I know
So close, no matter how far
Couldn't be much more from the heart
Forever trusting who we are
And nothing else matters
Never cared for what they do
Never cared for what they know
But I know
I never opened myself this way
Life is ours, we live it our way
All these words, I don't just say
And nothing else matters
Trust I seek and I find in you
Every day for us something new
Open mind for a different view
And nothing else matters
Never cared for what they say
Never cared for games they play
Never cared for what they do
Never cared for what they know
And I know – yeah!
So close, no matter how far
Couldn't be much more from the heart
Forever trusting who we are
And nothing else matters

Eamon

Fuck It

Oh Mann!
Keine Ahnung, warum ich mal so verliebt in dich war.
Ich habe dir voll vertraut und meine Liebe gestanden!
Nun ist alles zum Teufel gegangen.

Du hast mir verdammt weh getan,
und sollst wissen, wie mies ich mich jetzt fühle!

Vergiss, alles, was ich dir mal gesagt habe.
Das ist passé und meine Küsse kannst du dir sonstwo hinstecken.
Verschwinde aus meinem Leben, du Miststück!

Hast du etwa geglaubt, ich hätte nicht gecheckt,
dass nebenbei auch noch was mit anderen lief?
Du hast mit mir gespielt, mich benutzt und dann,
wie ein kaputtes Spielzeug, weg geworfen.

Jetzt kommst du angekrochen und willst mich zurück haben.
Vergiss es! Bleib, wo der Pfeffer wächst!
Such dir einen anderen Dummen.
Mit dir bin ich fertig!

Du willst wissen, ob ich es ehrlich gemeint habe?
Frag doch mal meine Freunde!
Allen habe ich erzählt, du wärst meine große Liebe...
Aber jetzt ist Schluss!

Doch... ehrlich gesagt, so richtig happy bin ich nicht!
Im Gegenteil. Es tut verdammt weh!
Ich komme einfach nicht darüber hinweg,
dass ich mich in eine Schlampe verliebt habe!

Robbie Williams

The Trouble With Me

You see the trouble with me
I'm a basket case
I don't think I can love, love, love

You see the trouble with you
Is your in love with me
What a strange thing to do
What a brave place to be

So we dive
On sunset strip
Our hearts so deep
I drown in it
And as it breaks
I swim through cracks
And leave with words
I can't take back

You see the trouble with me
Monkey see monkey do
There's no u in tomorrow
A better offer came through
You see the trouble with you
There's no trouble with you
So when you say that you love me
That stops me loving you

So she stays
On sunset strip
Our hearts so full
I drown in it
She's waiting for
My words to break
The one true love
I couldn't make

So she walks
That golden mile
Men will try
And catch her eye
We both know
What could have been
On sunset strip
Our broken dream

Skunk Anansie

Hedonism

I hope you're feeling happy now
I see you feel no pain at all it seems
I wonder what you're doing now
I wonder if you think of me at all
do you still play the same moves now
or are those special moods for someone else
I hope you're feeling happy now

Just because you feel good it doesn't make you right oh no
just because you feel good still want you here tonight

Does laughter still discover you
I see through all the smiles that look so right
do you still have the same friends now
to smoke away your problems and your life
oh how do you remember me
the one that made you laugh until you cried
I hope you're feeling happy now

Just because you feel good it doesn't make you right oh no
just because you feel good still want you here tonight, I want you

oh no

Just because you feel good it doesn't make you right oh no
just because you feel good still want you here tonight, I want you
Just because you feel good it doesn't make you right oh no
just because you feel good still want you here tonight, I want you

I wonder what you're doing now
I hope you're feeling happy now
I wonder what you're doing now
I hope you're feeling happy now

Ich hoffe, du bist glücklich.
Zumindest siehst du so aus.
Auf jeden Fall nicht so, als ob dir was weh tun würde.
Würde mich interessieren, was du machst.
Und ob du überhaupt noch manchmal n' Gedanken an mich verschwendest.
Hast du immer noch die alte Taktik drauf?
Oder lässt du deine Launen an jemand ganz anderem aus?
Entlarvt dich dein Lachen immer noch?
Mich täuschst du nicht mehr.
Sieht zwar echt aus, aber ich weiß, was dahinter steckt.
Hast du immer noch die alten Freunde, mit denen du dich und deine Probleme wegkiffst?
Was denkst du, wenn du an mich denkst?
Ich war diejenige, mit der du Tränen gelacht hast.
Hoffentlich geht's dir gut.
Aber nur weil's dir gut geht, heißt
das noch nicht, dass du im Recht bist.
Weil's dir gut geht, hätte ich dich gerne bei mir.

Bette Midler

The rose

Some say love it is a river
that drowns the tender reed
Some say love it is a razer
that leaves your soul to bleed

Some say love it is a hunger
an endless aching need
I say love it is a flower
and you it's only seed

It's the heart afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance
It's the dream afraid of wakingt hat never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
who cannot seem to give
and the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely
and the road has been too long
and you think that love is only
for the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winterfar beneath the bitter snows
lies the seed
that with the sun's love
in the spring
becomes the rose

Spandau Ballet

Through The Barricades

Meine Mutter sagt, dass es keine Liebe mehr gibt und keinen Respekt.
Und dass es nur unsere Jugend sei, die uns so stark macht.
Und ihr Gesicht ist aus Eis, und wenn sie lächelt,
dann sind es nur Falten, die sie sich selbst ins Gesicht gegraben hat,
in einem Leben, das nur Opfer war.
Mein Vater hat meine Geschichte und mein Leben geschrieben.
Hat für etwas gekämpft, wovon er geglaubt hat, dass es uns hilft.
In der Schule hat man mir vorgeschwätzt, was ich nachzuschwätzen hatte.
Ich hab's auswendig gelernt und nachgeplappert.
Und jetzt sind es nur noch Wortfetzen ohne Sinn und Inhalt.

Die Sonne geht unter, die Trommeln werden leiser, die Musik verklingt.

Du und ich, wir kommen aus zwei entgegengesetzten Welten.
Aber wir haben die gleichen Gefühle im gleichen Kampf gelernt.
Also komm' zu mir wenn ich schlafe und keine Wachen aufgestellt habe.
Ich kann dich nur so durchlassen, zulassen.
Und dann sprengen wir diese Grenzen. Und wir sprengen sie im Tanz.
Kehr um, weil ich da bin, da sein werde.
Ich habe auch meine Wunden und meine Narben.
Aber ich versuche es trotzdem.
Einmal noch.
Ich habe geglaubt, dass wir die menschliche Rasse sind.
Wir sind auch nur ein Grenzfall.
Und manchmal sehe ich einen Nachthimmel,
und ich sehe Sterne,
und ich sehe einen letzten Ausweg.

Heute frage ich mich, wo die Liebe hin ist. Und ich weiß es nicht.
Vielleicht ist es nur die Verzweiflung, die uns in dieser Wüste überleben lässt.
Wir sind keine Sonntagskinder, Freitagskinder vielleicht.
Viel Seele, viel Gefühl. Kaum mehr etwas zu verlieren.
Also können wir eigentlich nur gewinnen.

Heute stehe ich am Grab meiner Eltern.
Heute weiß ich, was sie gemeint haben.
Heute verstehe ich, dass wir für sie schreckliche Schönheiten waren.

Wir leben in der Wüste, in die wir geboren wurden.
Und genauso sieht die Liebe aus, die wir haben oder geben können.
Sie kommt aus der Wüste.
So schön wie die Wüste und so schrecklich.
Aber auch genauso stark.

Rory Gallagher

A million miles away

This hotel bar is full of people,
The piano man is really laying it down,
The old bartender is as high as a steeple,
So why tonight should I wear a frown?
The joint is jumpin' all around me,
And my mood is really not in style,
Right now the blues flock to surround me,
But I'll break out after a while.

Yes I'm a million miles away,
I'm a million miles away,
I'm sailing like a driftwood,
On a windy bay,
On a windy bay.

I'm a million miles away,
I'm a million miles away,
But I'm sailing like a driftwood,
On a windy bay,
On a windy bay.

Why ask how I feel,
Well, how does it look to you?
I fell hook, line and sinker,
Lost my captain and my crew.

I'm standing on the landing,
There's no one there but me,
That's where you'll find me,
Looking out on the deep blue sea.

There's a song on the lips of everybody,
There's a smile all around the room,
There's conversation overflowing,
But I sit here with the blues.

This hotel bar has lost all its people,
The piano man has caught the last bus home,
The old bartender just collapsed in the corner,
Why I'm still here, I just don't know,
I don't know.

I'm a million miles away,
A million miles away,
I'm sailing like a driftwood on a windy bay,
On a windy bay.

I'm a million miles away,
A million miles away,
I'm sailing like a driftwood on a windy bay,
Send me away...

Deep Purple

Pictures of home

Somebody's shouting
Up at a mountain
Only my own words return
Nobody's up there
It's a deception
When will I ever learn?

CHORUS:

I'm alone here
With emptiness eagles and snow
Unfriendliness chilling my body
And whispering pictures of home

Wondering blindly
How can they find me
Maybe they don't even know
My body is shaking
Anticipating
The call of the black footed crow...

I'm alone here
With emptiness eagles and snow
Unfriendliness chilling my body
And taunting pictures of home

Here in this prison
Of my own making
Year after day I have grown
Into a hero
But there's no worship
Where have they hidden my throne..

I'm alone here
With emptiness eagles and snow
Unfriendliness chilling my body
And squeezeing pictures of home

Fools

I'm crying I'm dying

I can see what's wrong with me
It's in my head
I can see what's gonna be
As I lie in my bed
Man is not my brotherhood
I am of the dead
I died as I lived as I loved and was born
On some distant hill
The reasons to hide were the reasons I cried
Fools pass laughing still

There can be bad blood in all I can see
It's in my brain
You don't know the pain I feel
As I must live again
Rocks and stones can't bruise my soul but
Tears will leave a stain
They smile to themselves as they lay down my head
On some distant hill
The blind and the child sweep a tear from their eye
Fools smile as they kill

I got my own way to go and now I want
To take your minds
I believe if you could see
The blood between the lines
I believe that you could be
A better kind
Please lead the way so the unborn can play
On some greener hill
Laugh as the flames eat their burning remains
Fools die laughing still

Child in time

The story of a loser - it could be you.

Sweet child in time youll see the line
The line thats drawn between the good and the bad
See the blind man shooting at the world
Bullets flying taking toll
If youve been bad, lord I bet you have
And youve been hit by flying lead
Youd better close your eyes and bow your head
And wait for the ricochet

The Corrs

Everybody Hurts - R.E.M.

When your day is long
And the night
The night is yours alone
When you're sure you've had enough of this life
Well hang on

Don't let yourself go
Cause everybody cries
And everybody hurts
Sometimes

Sometimes everything is wrong
Now it's time to sing along
- When your day is night alone -
Hold on, hold on
- If you feel like letting go -
Hold on
If you're sure you've had too much of this life
Hang on

Cause everybody hurts, sometimes
Take comfort in your friends
And everybody hurts

Don't blow your head
Oh, no
Don't blow your head
If you feel like you're alone
No, no, no, you're not alone

If you're on your own
In this life
And the days and nights are long
If you're sure you've had too much
Of this life
To hang on

Well, everybody hurts

Sometimes, everybody cries
Sometimes, everybody hurts
Sometimes

And everybody hurts
Sometimes

So, hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, hold on
- Cause no you are not alone

Radio - German

Es ist spät in der Nacht und ich fühl mich schlecht
Pärchen stehen an der Straße
Teilen sommerliche Küsse und die Geräusche der Stadt
Also geh ich hinein, um einen Wein zu trinken
Ein volles Glas und ein leeres Herz
Ich suche nach irgendetwas, mit dem ich mich beschäftigen kann

Aber Du spinnst in meinem Kopf herum, für immer dreht sich alles
verwirrst meine Träume, alles dreht sich für immerAlso hör ich Radio
Alles Songs, die wir kannten
Also hör ich dem Radio zu
Erinner mich, was wir alles gemacht haben
Jetzt ist es morgens, und kalt draußen,
Gefangen in einem fernem Traum
Ich dreh mich zur Seite
und denke, daß Du neben mir liegst
ich stehe auf, probier mich anzuziehen,
Denk darüber nach, warum mein Kopf mir Streiche spielt
Und mir vormacht, daß Du da wärst
Aber Du bist gerade in meinem Kopf,
alles dreht sich für immer,
Du liegst nicht in meinem Bett, alles dreht sich für immer
Also hör ich Radio
Mit allen Songs, die wir kannten
Ich höre Radio,
Und denk an das, was wir alles gemacht haben
Ich höre Radio
Mit allen Songs, die wir kannten
Ich höre Radio
Und denk an das, was wir alles gemacht haben

Du spinnst in meinem Kopf herum, alles dreht sich bei mir verwirrst meine Träume, alles
dreht sich für immer
dreht sich für immer

Also hör ich Radio
Und alle Songs, die wir kannten,
Also hör ich Radio
Erinner mich, was wir zusammen gemacht haben
Ich hör Radio
Und alle Songs, die wir kannten
Ich hör Radio
Alles Songs alles Songs, die wir kannten
Yeah
Alles Songs, die wir kannten

yeah, yeah, yeah

Radio - English

It's late at night, and I'm feeling down
There are couples standing on the street
Sharing summer kisses and silly sounds
So I step inside, pour a glass of wine
With a full glass and an empty heart
I search for something to occupy my mind
But you are in my head, swimming forever in my head
Tangled in my dreams, swimming forever
So, I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
And all the songs we used to know (listen to the ...)
So I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
Remember where we used to go
Now it's morning light and it's cold outside
Caught up in a distant dream
I turn and think that you are by my side
So I leave my bed and I try to dress
Wondering why my mind plays tricks
And fools me into thinking you are there (you are there)
But you're just in my head
Swimming forever in my head
Not lying in my bed
Just swimming forever
So I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
And all the songs we used to know (listen to the ...)
So I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
Remember where we used to go
I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
All the songs we used to know (listen to the ...)
I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
Remember how we used to go

(Violin Solo)

You are in my head, swimming forever in my head
Tangled in my dreams, swimming forever (swimming forever)
Swimming forever
So I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
All the songs we used to know (listen to the ...)
So I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
Remember where we used to go (listen to the ...)
I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
And all the songs we used to know (listen to the radio)
I listen to the radio (listen to the radio)
To all the songs, all the songs we used to know (listen to the radio)
Yeeah, all the songs we used to know (listen to the radio, listen to the ...)
Yeeah, yeah, yeah (listen to the radio)
Yeeah, yeah, yeah (listen to the radio)