

# Cheers!



## 20 years - 140 songs

### Thorsten Nesch

## **A few words:**

Thanks for giving a damn and being interested in my songs. 1998 I started writing songs in English, same time I picked up the guitar. These are not all of my songs but the ones I deem passable.

You can (or did) listen to them on [www.nesch.bandcamp.com](http://www.nesch.bandcamp.com).

It's an evolving process as I re-record my songs.

Most songs are about the stuff I like: drinking, love and travelling. Besides music I also like books and movies, so I drop some names like Bukowski, Kerouac and Jarmusch among others in here. The songs take place in Canada (B.C and Alberta), Germany, Ireland, Albania, Australia and other places.

You find an anecdote to each song in here what was a fun thing to do. I also added some evidence and handwritten first versions of songs in here. I would like seeing that myself in songbooks from others.

Over half of these lyrics I didn't write at home, I wrote them on the road, in buses, many trains, hotel rooms, cafes, bars and during writing residencies in Denmark (H.A.L.D.) and Hausach in the Black Forest (LeseLenz).

And by the way "Thanks for giving a damn" by Otis Gibbs is also one of the best music podcasts out there. Do yourself a favour and check it out.

Other tips?

Over last 10 years most music I discovered over "Hi54Lofi" blog run by Jeremy. Another radio show is "Dirty Windshield Radio Hour" by Leeroy Stagger on CKUA, what is a good place to be for your ears anyway, in case you didn't know already.

## **Thanks:**

Max, Xundi, GrIngo, Jochen, Beaker, Conny, Mario, Brian, Charlie, Brad, Randy, Les, Lorin, Blessing, Kersten, Kris, Geoff and Chantal, and all my friends and colleagues, and especially all the strangers that touched my life in magical moments and made the world a better place.

*Cheers to them and to You!*

*- thorsten*

All songs by Thorsten Nesch  
Cover by Chester Trutch  
(so are most of my album covers)

*So this was literally the first decent poem I wrote, originally in German. I was 19 years old. I wrote it in a train station cafe at a standing table facing out the window next to the University of Cologne. In Calgary in 1998 I translated it and adapted it as a song, my first song in English.*

## **The melody**

everybody knows the melody  
of words saying something else than they mean  
if a beginner never tune his guitar  
he'll never be able to distinguish  
a wrong tone from the right tone  
man will reach a period no sentence will follow

everybody knows the melody  
of a red eye flight  
without a plane

one day he is standing on the surf board  
of an old train station pub  
he has no idea what he is doing there  
and the murky windows rattling in their frames  
when a train above thunders away

later leaning his head on on the left hand  
while the right one doesn't know  
grab I the Gin or the cigarette?  
shaking legs  
a panicky look around afraid  
he missed the right tone in the past

*Do you have that best friend, and you become so good besties,  
you don't wanna ruin anything by this mess called love?  
Yeah, that type of friend - and song.*

## **Quiet unnatural**

We met over the years on parties and in bars  
We shared our cigarettes and those funny cigars  
fell asleep beside each other in bed  
Although nothing had happened yet

Don't you think that's quite unnatural  
don't you think that's quite odd  
tell me where I find your manual  
that sure will help me a lot

You were in love, too bad it wasn't me  
you slept around, it just shouldn't be  
we came together, never in our lives  
only in my dreams and all these sleepless nights

I gave up the day you gave in  
that's what people call bad timing  
What can you do, you said, eventually  
I was quiet, cause I would do anything

Maybe that was it, the mere lack of talk  
A certain shyness, even when we walked  
You and me for 1000 miles and more  
through the streets, the woods and along the long shore

*I dabble in songwriting, in poetry, novels, audio books, movies and photography, mainly street photography at this point (Instagram @thorstennesch if you want to check it out), so this lyric came as a natural progression.*

### **Taking a photo of my shadow**

Now I'm facebooking my illusions  
once I was washing my dishes in the ocean  
although I came from the part of town  
where you grow up when you're young

I stayed away from the tracks and wear my heart on my sleeve  
I'm taking a photo of my shadow taking a photo of me

The wind played with her hair and soul  
and for a moment she felt beautiful  
I fell in love, I fell in the hell  
at the Cowboy Trail Motel

And I thought everything is fine  
you said we are one of a kind  
and that was true for some time  
now we are at the bottom of our 9th

Dutch girls can get homesick for rain  
and I hear-hear-hear what you're saying  
But if I'd be you my dear  
I'd spend one last night with me

*City of Blades is the trademarked title of the City I was born in and where I grew up for 12 years: Solingen, famous for making blades, scissors and knives. Industrial decline hit the region as well with all its side effects.*

## **City of blades**

We jumped the chain-link fence as soon the school was over we ran  
over the hills of scissor blades as industrial collateral  
like knives with a hole in their ends piles as high as the house and when  
You fell and got cut, we said: So? Dumb flesh gotta go

When the sweaty workers saw us, they chased us down the scissors hills  
yelling they'd beat the shit out of us, Their skin full of oil and metal dust  
there they come: The Angels of blades, my best buddy Chrissi said  
my memories will never fade of my city of blades

We always met him that dead tree, That grew out of the metal you see  
Our gang on its branches crooked brown, Over the grey sea we are looking down  
Like a dozen sidewalk crows, waiting for a bird to go  
Talking about girls and their ways, in our city of blades

Then the branch broke between us, Chris fell down and his eyes were shut  
blood on his shirt, blood on his pants, blood all over the blades and on my hands  
An Ex-Nazi called the ambulance, we lied about what exactly happened  
one out of three holes in your head, I was next to you, my friend

Fate showed us already back then, well we will go in life and  
you weren't joking when you said, I have the holes in my head  
you have the holes in your heart, 20 years we've been apart  
we met in a bar in the shade, somewhere in our city of blades

I still dream of scissor halves - grey and cold metal hills  
they were bent and didn't fit - I grew up on scissors, who can't cut shit

*This is a real fear: what if I can't get a beer? Like a day ... so what if I'd be in hospital one day? There are ways! Read this as instructions.*

### **Pour me some beer in my cup**

Pour me some beer in my cup - the nurse is gone for a while  
And if she doesn't see it – she only gives me her smile

Her smile is all I get here – I can call worth the time  
the doctor come by every day – showing the papers to sign

This is all one big waiting – for the day to get out  
nobody can say if – face up or face down

Pour me some beer in my cup – the nurse is gone for a while  
The schnapps she poured me, son – left me I wish I would

If I'm dead than there is you – you have your life to live, too  
don't brush it off, I mean it – you'll thrive, you will grow

Pour me a beer in my cup – the nurse is gone for a while  
Lift the cup rights to my lips – I can't lift my arm high

Forget the tube in my nose – think of the taste on my tongue  
think of my youth and the time – that is so long gone

Pour me a beer in my cup – the nurse is gone for a while  
yeah, go ahead share a tear – i d rather share your damn beer

All I have left – is a dreamless sleep  
Three meals and a bedpan – and some cable TV

Pour me some beer in my cup - the nurse is gone for a while  
And if she doesn't see it – she only gives me her smile

*Why are we drinking? Well, I am drinking because beer just tastes like heaven, and I don't see things so serious. I am the worst dad that way. My kids must think it's a holy drink, papa is always so easy going and happy when he has a glass...*

## **When I drink**

The thirst in my throat  
The holes in my coat  
and my steady limp ... it's better, when I drink, when I drink...

This scorn in your eyes  
your permanent lies  
you calling me a dink ...

Your face in a bar  
dead eyes like tar  
your breath it stinks ...

A look at my account  
that's doesn't look sound  
somebody must have stolen my pin ...

Your comment online  
Shared by 1009  
More hurt I'd never been ...

You're laughing me out  
shameless and loud  
then you turn on your grin ...

These empty walls  
throw my glare back to me  
so I tell my shrink ...

On my way home  
Pale like a bone  
I feel that sting ...

My team loses 6 to nil  
The steaks are black on the grill  
For those I pawned my ring ...

My last friend is gone  
followed a job or a woman  
On my knees I sink ...

*You fall in love with somebody and get to know the person, and there are those ghosts they carry around. Here it wasn't falling in love but looking at a person on the other side of the isle riding the train. She just looked like it, and I wrote:*

### **What are your ghosts?**

You're staring out the dirty window  
Where our train is going by now  
the sky is blue, the sun is shining  
trees whiz by but you are not blinking

What are the ghosts that hunt you down  
What are the ghosts that I should dodge  
Tell me what goes on in your head  
are you haunted by the living or the dead

You're sitting there too stiff for your age  
while there is a war inside you raging  
Your face remains unfazed by it  
By all the deep depressing shit

If there were ever invisible tears  
we all would drown right here  
finally you let your eyelids down  
with the nonchalant version of a Garbo frown

You play with your smart phone quick  
So desperate it makes me sick  
you touch the touch screen like a doctor soft  
the cheek of a baby he just lost

Now you're sitting here looking at me  
like my future looking back at me  
and I decide to do it differently  
although I don't know from what

*The opening lines sparked the idea. This would actually in German just as well as a picture but I never saw it – otherwise I would have used it. This lyric also dates back to 98/99 as the Traditional shows, the Big Rock beer.*

## **I wait**

In the mirror my eye bag rings  
Marriage rings of a single  
I hide a smile in my memory  
My reality coventries dreams

I walk through the broken glass of my world  
I wait lost, left and lurched

I wait being banned  
That you send  
Me a sign  
I wait that you send me a sign

I caught myself again  
Making one of your gestures  
Yesterday I followed the rail  
Today I'm dawning derailed

I wait like a child for Santa Claus  
I wait that everything will be like it was

Hey bartender, I'd like to have a here  
A big one, traditional or lager  
It's another broken Friday night  
In my shallowing broken life

I wait for my last cigarette  
I wait n I wait n I wait

*Next page early version from the late 90s, typed on an electronic typewriter, I bought in a pawn shop and later made it into a poem published by Loft on Eighth in my collection "Paris, Calgary" Calgary 2019. (German "Zupf" means "pick" versus strumming)*

slow Capo 2,

Dada-da-dada-dada

zuf  

odw  
3:  
slide  
up  
2 fret  
PC

I wait

Am

In the mirror my eye bag rings

Marriage rings of a single

I hide a smile in remembrance my memory

My reality coventries dreams

F

I walk through the broken glass of my world

I wait lost left and lurched

F

I wait like banned

That you send

Me a sign

I wait that you send

Me a sign

I caught myself again

Making one of your gestures

Yesterday I followed the rails

Now I am dawning derailed

I wait like a child for Santa Claus

I wait that everything will be like it was

-R

Hey, Barman, I'd like to have a here  
A big one - traditional stout or lager  
It's another broken Friday night  
In my shallowing broken life

I wait for my last zigarette  
I wait 'n I wait n I wait

-R

- 1. Sk.
- 2. PC

Am - G - G

F - C

F - C

F - C

G

D7sus or Am7 #f

F - C

G

last tone to play

*Going back to where I grew up, Solingen, in the late 70s, early 80s  
it didn't look good. I imagined one day if it would have never changed  
to the better (what it did later!) and what if I would have stayed?  
PS: I still have the scarf my mom made for me in the blue and yellow  
colours of the soccer club Union Solingen.*

### **Picture of a dying town**

It's a picture of a dying town  
with the character of its own  
if she would feel a little pride  
She'd go up in flames tonight

With my dreams going up in smoke  
I have a beer, I have a toke  
singing my very last song  
and with a smile I'll be gone

It's a picture of a dying town  
the theatres and our club is gone  
They went down to 5<sup>th</sup> league  
their only fan seems to be me

It's a picture of a dying town  
No one dreams although the lights are out  
With wide open eyes I lie in bed  
too awake to sleep, too weak to be said

It's a picture of a dying town  
how could I end up here alone?  
Half of us have lost their jobs  
friends are dead or they moved

It's a picture of a dying town  
a town that fits the mood of mine  
I smile way less than ever before  
And I don't whistle anymore

*I read a lot. I loved reading from the day I learned it. And by the age of 20 I had discovered Bukowski, the beat generation around Jack Kerouac, and also the great Raymond Carver, and one day I was looking around in the apartment and I had that thought, what if my life turns into ...*

## **A Raymond Carver Story**

It is the look in your eyes  
And the way the love dies  
The forgotten potted plant  
In this foreign land  
Called our living room  
But who calls that a living now  
We're quiet or fighting  
We are the dead dining

No matter how  
I look at things  
Where my life leads me  
Which way it turns  
I start to worry  
My life becomes  
A Raymond Carver Story

All my colleagues at work  
Are already laid off  
My clock still clicks  
Then the time gets rough  
When the checks don't come  
Can I pay the rent?  
Will there be a beer  
For me at the end?

Invisible in a bar  
Just me and my beer  
The barkeeper talks  
To the girl next to me  
With the ghosts of my friends  
To both of my sides  
We tell all the old jokes  
Until closing time

*No idea where that came from.*

### **The love of a wife**

the CD i gave u last x-mas was burned  
it wasn't really what u expected i learned  
it the hard way that night  
i couldn't sleep because the porch light  
shone so brownish bright  
this rainy night

i tried to explain to you the case of my life  
i tried to talk to you from man to his wife  
but what came out of it was shit  
but i tried i really did  
i tried everything i could do  
i really did

all of a sudden it bugged you that i drink  
although you yourself weren't spitting in any drink  
but it seems there are 2 measures in life  
when the love of a wife  
turns around, turns against you  
and dies

you found me once funny now u weren't laughing about my jokes  
you took no photos of me anymore and my blokes  
you kicked me out of our trailer  
i yelled „please forgive her!“  
they said „yes, we are  
and yes, we were“

i admit i'm not a big shot in making dough  
my lousy jobs always far away from a payroll  
but i loved u so  
i thought what else could there be more  
and you taught me the hard way of gold

*My anthem to the best friends you can have.*

## **Cheers**

we sat together with a drink  
we sat together with a toke  
we sang together with a band  
from tape - now i'm - sitting all alone

we laughed our heads off  
and had our debates  
we drove across the country  
the water - i'm glad - now it'd be too late

i cheer to you my friend  
we took all roads all high and low  
i hold you up in my heart  
and you and me we know

the beers ain't taste the same  
the lights ain't shine so bright  
when i'm sitting in my car  
or truck - and drive - all through the night

sometimes they ask where is your friend ?  
then i've to start with your end  
but then i tell them about the times  
the places - the girls - and have a laugh again

half of my smarts  
and all my craziness  
is what i owe to you  
my friend - see you - one day i guess

until that day will come  
i tell all our jokes  
our stories and yours  
to each and everybody  
who wants to know

*Now this one I wrote on the Sunshine Coast in British Columbia, at the dead end road off the Highway 101 in a little village with wonderful people. And one of the evenings we all sat together and she told that story I wrote down the next day.*

## **Looker**

i was a looker once i roamed through the streets  
of vancouver's eastside with my friends & my dreams  
we called it a night  
when we heard the birds  
singing on the dumpsters  
along with the dawn

and her eyes got that glance of dares & regrets  
of wallpapered memories and a youth in the west

i was looker once even though i dont look like it anymore  
there was a time every man turned his head  
i woke up on an RV  
in mid downtown  
all drunken & bare  
to the people's glares

i was a looker once you see that picture in that jar  
that was... well... i still had my car  
there she was  
making a face  
all faded out  
with spiderwebs around

i was a looker once they call me the garden woman now  
i bought this trailer for 400 buxx 5 years ago  
so i had to swear  
to plant all the plants  
although it's rain forest  
on the owners land

i was a looker once she said to me & smiled  
i was a looker once you wanna have another joint  
and her eyes got that glance  
of dares & regrets  
of polaroid memories  
& the best in the west

*I sat in many nameless bars ... not only in Cologne. And I don't know how often I had to run for my train. I might have missed one once, this song might be about that time, and maybe the security woke me up - but I never fought them.*

## **Wait**

I sat in a nameless bar in the middle of Cologne  
Somewhere my pub crawl had lead me on my own  
And I said... Wait  
I wanna have one more beer, it's not too late I really like it here

Then I had to run for my train holding my beer  
But all I could see were they lights how they disappear  
And she said... Wait  
I turned around to her - it's not too late - If you say so my dear

We shared a six-pack in the park and her last cigarette  
I wasn't sure and didn't care where this may lead  
And she said... Wait  
I have more cigs at home, it's not too late - We, too, could smoke a dome

We were sitting on the floor laughing tears and coughing tar  
This was the best damn broccoli I've had in days - by far  
And she said... Wait  
I'll be back in a sec ... it's a little late ! I get ready for bead

The bathroom door slammed shut and my mouth got dry  
I wondered why would this happen to me - why oh why ?  
And I heard... Wait  
Hey, you, yeah ... wake up!! It's way too late! Yelled a man from atop

The security dragged me from the platform and onto the street  
Bums like you should get a job and get back on their feet  
And I said to myself: Wait  
Maybe that asshole is right - It's not too late - So I started to fight

I should have know better but I do now with a broken nose  
I swear this was the last pub crawl I made just on my own  
A little voice said: Wait  
It was fine until the fight - It's not too late  
One more beer will be alright

*The ubiquitous envy of men about other men that have nothing on them  
but maybe a girlfriend they can only dream about. And why? No explanation,  
right? Right?*

## **You can do better**

okay he has some muscles  
he can lift u like nothing  
carrying u across our hometown  
showing his tanned & tattooed body

But you can do better, girl, than him  
You can do me

good, he has some money  
some more than anybody else  
he can buy u everything  
you want and a little more

right, he has the brain  
he knows the poets and the news  
he can quote u any given time  
& the greeks & geeks

no, i m not joking i m dead serious  
i m no arny schwarzenegger but i can work  
i m no rockefeller but i pay the bills  
i m no albert einstein but i can count

and i want to count on you  
i wanna count on you  
i want u to count on me  
cause...

you can do better girl than him  
you can do me  
for free

*Funny, I barely write down where I wrote songs or poems but in this case I wrote clearly "written at the Utgard Viking Bar, Eckernförde" during one of my Germany tours, and I remember this great bar, sitting there alone, enjoying a few beers and listening to good music.*

## **One foot**

With you my dreams are leaving – the dreams we had off sharing  
a flat together, the whole life – a suitcase is all you need  
a last kiss and promises – that everything will be all right  
soon ... but not tomorrow ... and not tonite

One foot in the Maritimes – One foot in the prairies  
once we were one – now you leave  
One foot in the prairies – One foot in the Maritimes  
And I can read the signs

I stay with my memories – of us, of you and me  
We phone and text and skype – To overplay the feeling  
I have seen more and more of our real moments go  
time is rubbing its hands, casting its shade

A year went by with lesser calls – since new years day  
no problem you say but your comments are getting shorter I'd say  
Spring comes, Summer comes but you do not  
On top I'm broke ... thanks a lot

*This one I also wrote in Eckernförde and partially on the train leaving that wonderful little town.*

### **More than one world would end**

You asked if you could sit – on the other side of the bar  
you were the bartender – me the only customer so far

I said: Sure that is okay – that is totally fine  
you offering a free drink – although we met for the first time

Oh, we look at each other – right into our eyes  
after talking to long – about our plans in life

More than one world would end – but out of the ashes I'd rise  
With a new friend by my side

Together we leave this town – our old lives behind  
we could start new together – with a fresh mind

I wish you good luck – and stay who you are  
although it's gonna be hard – i sneak out of the bar

You blew some clouds away – that were darkening my soul  
Like an arctic wind – on my mind is only you

If you'd ran after me – I would've known what to do  
I would have been weak – I guess that's true

I'm clinging to our time – like a drowning fisherman  
on a dark plank of wood – or a child onto his dreams

*The things you have to do when a close relative passes away. This one does not have any music to it, maybe never will, maybe to close, forever.*

## **Being buried alive**

Wide-open eyes in a pitch black night neither dreams nor an end in sight  
denied as long as the Highway 1, I'm missing my wife and my dear sons

Being buried alive - Living in an empty house  
surrounded by the sounds that cut you like to knife

I hear my own chewing: jam on toast, every morning is the coffee cold  
On an empty table laughing at the ghosts of the breakfast TV morning

Sifting through stuff that ain't mine - Pictures, letters, drinking wine  
Crying biblical rivers of tears hoping that they wash away this year

Like a robot opening the windows - No eyes will look through anymore  
Turning on lights so the house seems alive - a living room without a view

The urge to wipe lunch off the table too dramatic so I stop myself  
instead I throw it in the bin - The little food I eat I can easily drink

An afternoon full of fixing shit - A window screw and I have no heat  
Dusting corners and the ceiling - My nerves are cobweb thin

Going for a walk breathing in the air - Feeling the sun fully aware  
I'm kidding myself I'm doing pretty well - Painting my very own private hell

A friend wants to crack me up and I'm doing him a favour  
We are laughing, me out loud about stuff I'd never had before

*During research while writing the novel Johnny Burden (only available in German) in Hausach, Germany, where I had the Hausach Leselenz writer's residency for three months, I was on Google Earth literally crossing Canada from West to East, and no matter where, the weather was always perfect on the pictures taken. In other words ... it never rains on Google Earth! So that line popped into my mind. One night at the Triangel Bar in Hausach I wrote this song.*

## **It never rains on Google Earth**

the sky is grey since 18 days  
like a carpet or a sheet  
I miss the sun I miss the clouds  
change is what I need

It's like living in utopia  
for better or for worse  
it never rains in California  
and it never rains on Google Earth

it rains cats and dogs and guinea pigs  
four days my clothes stay wet  
I can't stand it anymore, I have it  
my umbrella is broke, my pants are drenched

The wind blows cold, the snow drifts in  
You recognize a friend by his breathing cloud  
ciggies burn their marks and mittens  
I could cry and scream and shout

Why do I not live in California?  
Or anywhere on Google Earth  
I don't care if it would be  
Picture Butte or Coalhurst

*How does erosion of a partnership look like? Where does it start? Is it jealousy without a reason? Or the abstract wish to control the partner? Being married for 20 years and seeing others part I asked that question.*

### **Shouldn't go out tonight**

You don't have to go out  
you don't have to get loud  
believe me, I'm still on your side

you are bored when you are home  
even when you are not alone  
when I'm home nothing is right

You shouldn't go out tonight  
I shouldn't go out tonight  
we shouldn't go out tonight at all

I don't know why you're like that  
why it changed since we first met  
believe me, there's nothing I'd hide

I try too much, I try too hard  
You said, this way we drift apart  
and I'm too tired to argue and to fight

If you go then I go too  
and we won't be back anytime soon  
it's not that I want, it's more out of spite

We do belong together  
The day we met, do you remember  
how unbelievable fast the time went by

*There was a time I was under intense financial and familiar pressure.  
Over months. I managed to function, like a race car in the reds, but very  
small things in life could trigger a tremendous psychological reaction.*

## **Static**

I hear the hissing in the air  
I feel the sizzling in my brain  
I smell metal everywhere  
it's the static in my head

The static in my head – the static in your head  
the static in our heads – the static in their heads

All anchor men are babbling  
And the weatherman doing their thing  
so the lady in the bakery  
is retelling her fairy tales

In my head my fantasies  
do soon get the best of me  
Electric whirring in the room  
They will come to get me soon

I wish I could smell something else  
but honestly I can't even tell  
The difference  
Between vanilla and lemon

*The clash of the titans. The musician Gobloots I discovered by following Jeremy's blog Hi54lofi. Gobloots aka Alex Salcido of The Harmed Brothers (check their new album!) was super young but his songwriting already phenomenal. Philippe Djian's novels I read throughout my 20s and revisited one during one of my Germany tours. I wrote this in a hotel that night.*

## **Gobloots vs. Djian**

The polish sausage vendor – says it's too late for me  
if I want to buy some beer – I need a Donair store here

And Gobloots bleeds out of my phone  
Singing about a place called St. Paul  
tonight I won't finish Philippe Djian  
Tonight I'll just lean against the wall

The first Donair has no beer – the second is overpriced  
I'm overly thirsty – and sure a little tired

my tour north of Hamburg – got me soaking wet  
but I had a little luck – shooting a six pack

my hotel room has no fridge – but plenty of flies  
The heater is broken – and a flickering neon lights in front of my window..

The window ledge is too small - I can't cool my beer they are  
so I leave the window open – enjoying a back alley stare

Cats are fighting outside – cold air is coming in  
the African wooden giraffe – is the witness of sin

*Dreams. What a world. Ever had that dream about somebody from the past, maybe you were in love, and then they revisit you in your dreams, and next morning you look back at the night, the year...*

### **The best thing of this year**

Last night you stepped into the scene  
of an abandoned brick building  
smiling like in the old days  
Girl, you had your way, your ways  
It was crazy how one we were  
When we were so ... together  
now after partying until light  
You in my dream were the best thing of this night

New Year's day I watch the fireworks  
thinking about the year that just went  
the people I met and the raise I got  
and the new Silverado that i bought  
that spring that came so early  
and the summer that was way too hot  
but remembering the dream of you I had here  
you in my dream were the best thing of this year

When did we split and why exact?  
Was it really all done and all said?  
How many years did now go by?  
How many fucked up partners did we try?  
Did I ever sneak into your dream?  
I now wonder almost every day it seems  
Cause looking back I find it hard  
You in my dream were the best thing since we part

*Having a friend you can laugh and drink and discuss everything from personal to politics AND listening to Bruce Springsteen at the same time or afterwards ... pure gold.*

## **Nebraska Nights**

Listening to Nebraska I see us on  
Your couch beaten and brown  
You just pulled the record out  
blindly while you were talking about  
"The needle is angry with us"  
full of popping and hissing sounds  
with all its scratches and stains  
from these our nights  
our Nebraska Nights

With Nebraska we always calmed down  
After Pogues and AC-DC rounds  
of beers for hours and hours  
Talking about girls n booze n about  
Bukowski, Jarmusch and Zen  
I really do remember when  
Our singing with the boss was more a howl  
seldom dead on n always too loud  
our Nebraska Nights

You wrote a line out of Nebraska  
with black adding on your wall, ya  
let the dishes in the sink  
first porcelain then all these plastic things  
You took forever washing your hands  
but your heart was always with your friends  
with you I could talk or be alone  
and you always wrote the better poem  
our Nebraska Nights

These Nebraska nights should've never ended  
but eventually they did, and I can  
say I enjoyed every single one  
and now since they are gone  
we lost touch and then the dark beast  
crawled up to you – a winter breeze  
froze something in you like a shock  
now you are gringo and i m still a dog  
our Nebraska Nights

*A house once full of life, the last person has passed away. My grandma. My wife and kids are in Canada, and I am taking care of everything in Germany and keep working. This happens during a good life, just part of the experience. But never easy when you are in it.*

### **The only thing alive**

I hear the heavy rain outside  
and a car just creeping by  
the birds are hiding in the hills  
this town is empty, how it feels  
the fridge hums his drone  
the heater gurgles on  
I hear my armchair moan  
in a greyish brownish tone

the only thing alive  
is a flickering candle light  
in an empty honey jar  
on the old chester drawer  
with the light on the wall  
duct tape shadows all  
left memories of a life  
and a candlelight

My nails are bitten down  
my eyes wandering around  
overly loud I hear me swallowing  
one more time I go nuts in here  
Even the words have left my tongue  
it's really hard going on  
tell me what to do next  
I don't know what is best

*Love and partnership come with giving and taking. Ideally a balance between two people. All too often the balance is off. One asks the other one for more and more changes. Where would you give in? Where would you draw the line?*

### **When I stop to sing a song**

I'll do anything for this peace - but you chose so war it is  
Thing is you have to even drones – chemical warfare and special ops  
all I have is my bare hands – my patience without an end  
you just laugh all that off – I have a daily minefield to cross

I stopped to smoke – I stopped to drink  
I stopped to see all my friends – and I stopped to dance  
but when I stop to sing a song  
but when I stop to sing a song  
but when I stop to sing a song  
I'll be gone - I'll be gone - I'll be gone

All my antennas are busy with one thing – if I can see the next storm coming  
with you especially on full moon – it won't change anytime soon  
I'm interpreting your mood by your breezing – how you use the spicy chicken season  
by your steps when you cross the room – how you handle the cutlery, the broom

Every 8<sup>th</sup> time I dare to say – you may be wrong, you may  
oh, how can I, this is outrageous – I'm all wrong and all right is yours  
I end up pledging to better myself – get some psychological help  
I'm guilty on all accounts – I don't care how that now sounds

Well, okay, I have a toke here and there – and behind the garage my cold beer  
I've pretty much fucked all of your friends – and that's not the end  
But I'm not going there – I don't want to get in trouble here  
I want to make it for us to work – like a „Barfly“ Mickey Rourke

*I can't tell how many songs in my life are tied to certain moments in my life, to a fixed time period, a group of friends or a single person. In this case it was my first love, and after she left me I was down, knocked the wind out of me for a year. And there were those unforeseeable moments, like listening to a song and I mean ... it cuts you to ribbons, right!?*

## **Spoiled song**

Swallowing a horse fly riding bike – drinking a warm Miller Light  
Green bread, grey meat or a greasy bong

Nothing tastes on your tongue – like a long-ago spoiled song

Lying naked on the bed – listening to Black Velvet  
waiting for you to leave the shower soon

two years later you left – me and my heart in a mess  
without me knowing what the hell I did wrong

my buddies and me in an Irish bar - after six rounds Black Velvet starts  
I had to leave the bar in Cologne

Alone I was leaning against the fence - but really I was lying on that bed  
while my heart was cut to ribbons just buy a song

My buddy followed me out – He knew what this was all about  
we sat their quiet but not alone

Bridge:

And for those who music means a bit  
This is truly the greatest shit  
that can happen when it's over  
showing you the cold shoulder  
when there is your favourite song playing  
you'll hate it forever and ...

Nothing tastes on your tongue – like a life-long spoiled song

*This song has a short film character to me. Boy and girl have a fight, she darts out, he stays put, on the chair, waiting, day after day after day.*

## **The toast**

The plastic orange sugar spoon  
you threw after me and yelled  
"We are hot of sugar  
and something else"

Say something, anything  
but you just got up  
you left me waiting  
for the toast to pop

You didn't say goodbye - not even pack your crap  
I just count the seconds - until you're coming back

All sounds are louder, linger  
I still can hear the door  
you slammed shut in anger  
and a little more

You didn't say goodbye - not even pack your crap  
I just count the minutes - until you're coming back

The day went by its dark outside  
I even see a star  
But I won't get up turn on the light  
I rather sit here in the dark

You didn't say goodbye - not even pack your crap  
I just count the days - until you're coming back

The toast is as black as coffee  
I push it down again  
I do this forever  
until you come back again

*I was sitting in front of the Cafe Fleur in Cologne, Germany, writing some poem, a long one, concentrated, then this happened, and afterwards I couldn't get back into the poem, gone, no feeling for it anymore, but I wrote this song - years later.*

### **Sailing smiley coaster**

When the sailing coaster – landed before me  
I woke up from my poem – couldn't you see  
I wasn't ready – for a good comeback

A ball pen smiley – smiled back at me  
where a „Can u smile?“ – written underneath  
I looked up and I saw you – crossing the street

You waved me – and I waved back  
We even smiled at each other – I can't forget  
but I stayed put – and your friend pulled you away

If only I had known – what I know now  
I would've left my coffee – in my dreams, too  
I'd run after you – and talked to you

I'd say something like: – See I can smile!  
I smile for you – if you only stay a while  
I would invite your frowning friend for coffee, too

We had something in common – maybe even more  
now I wonder – what I was waiting for  
watching you disappearing – that afternoon

You look over the shoulder – your black coat  
the coaster in my hand – I don't know  
how often I see this fleeting moment go

if you hear this song – one fine day  
I hope you made – some guy's days  
but more than sorry I can't feel and say

Your sailing Smiley Coaster is – In best company  
in a shoe box tucked away – with an earring  
letters and sand from a distant sea

I forgot the poem – Wasn't good anyway  
I gave up the hope – of seeing you again  
but I'll never forget this one fine day

You were right about me – not smiling enough  
so since then I smiled a lot more than ever  
To make up for the one day – I blew it all

*and so you are not thinking I am just full of it here in my songs:  
(just funny it is an non-alcoholic beer coaster, but it was a cafe)*



*This lyrics started with a match of two lines, in the chorus, line 1 and 3/4.*

*Line 2 I filled quickly and that was the set up for a story.*

### **Flying down the highway**

My memories riding shotgun – sweating in the hot sun  
my shirt sticks to the seat – the road's like a blank sheet  
For long faded dreams – I dreamt too long it seems  
when they turn black and white – and gray and torn and died

You look for luck up north  
not caring what I say  
birds fly south  
and I fly down the highway

Do you really believe – I'm buying any of these stories  
you just need some space? – space for who, shall I guess?  
Who are you giving you a winning smile – in whose ear do you sigh tonight?  
I don't want to know, no, no – I wish you luck where ever you may go

I'm thankful for your advice – I bet in some universe  
This would be good for me too – does that ring true to you?  
You need a new start and change – why not together, that's strange  
us being broke had nothing to do? – then I should have run after you

I'm tired of fighting this battle – running out of steam a little  
where do you take the energy from? – to get away from me so soon  
without a second chance for me – for us this was the end I see  
isn't that a little quick – after all the years, how you split?

*What are looks? And who is looking good? Symmetry doesn't catch it all.*

*For me interesting were the times when I couldn't even explain it to myself,  
you know, she's all good, she should be right, but something is missing, and  
I can't put my finger on it - what also would be really weird in a bar.  
Everything else works, we could be perfect together, but ... life, right!?*

### **Simply not my type**

Your eyes are sparkling – and you are playing with your hair  
if I'm not all wrong there is some fornication in the air

I dig for my feeling - But it is in vain  
You're simply not my type – I can't explain

damn girl, do you know u actually rock  
In taste and humour but I love you not

With you I can laugh and talk and drink  
all day n all night if there wouldn't be the thing

We like the same movies – we like the same books  
it could be so easy, if it wouldn't be for your looks

Some tiny voice whispers inside of me  
You will regret it – and, yes, I probably will

I wish I could change it – right in this bar  
but my hands are tied – and so is my heart

*I love this song as so many others but I still don't feel sure about the Girl - I would*

*prefer Woman, but that does not roll, there is no rhythm. I even thought about giving her a name, but that would destroy the perspective. So Girl it is. And since 1992 I am a strong universal basic income advocate (I even put it as a fact in one of my novels), so hopefully one day I will write The Basic Income Girl.*

## **Minimum wage girl**

You wear your summer shoes in winter  
You say the other boots are wet  
You swear on green onions  
on whole wheat bread

And you're my love  
the only one I can think of  
but I'm too shy

The dreams you dream  
you can't call dreams anymore  
they are silent film stars  
caught in a revolving door

You go to work every morning  
and in the night too  
3 minimum-wage jobs  
And no career for you

You get too little sleep  
And too much shit from your boss  
He is complaining about your earrings  
and about his hair loss

You're invisible in the streets  
And on the local bus  
just the greasy spoon waitress  
refills your coffee without a fuss

You wear your summer shoes in winter  
u say your other boots are wet  
You swear on green onions  
on whole wheat bread

*The last three lines are fiction.*

*Fun fact: I was just a few days in Calgary and right after the accident a police officer came to me asking for my driver's license, and I was like "What for?" since I wasn't the driver, and he got angry with me, because he did not know that, and I did not know that the DL is an ID in Canada ... so a little culture clash, but we sorted it out, while my eye hurt.*

## **40 litres of blood**

I was in the backseat of that Japanese car  
when we got rear ended real hard  
the Datsun spun like a poker card  
I landed face down beside it on the road

A man with a beer-breath asked me for my name  
That was easy I only couldn't remember the day back then  
next face was that of a young ambulance man  
pushing aside the first man who turned out rear ended our Datsun

On the way to the Calgary hospital  
I wasn't sure I wasn't yet going straight to hell  
since the men was picking glass out of my face still  
Suddenly I felt all the pieces of glass on my tongue, oh well

I stuck out my tongue like Albert Einstein  
Rolling my half blind Eyes to the men whispering  
„Fuck the glassh in my sheeksh gimmy shomeshing to flush“  
He looked me in my mouth I bet all he saw was glass

„Sorry, we don't have a drop of water with us, dude  
we had our coke and coffee - all that left is food  
I can't think of anything what I could ...  
wait... yeah ... we do have 40 litres of blood

He opened a big unit of ambulance furniture  
pulling out plastic bags full of You know what  
he dangled one smiling in front of me saying „Say AAAH“  
does that nut thing I am fucking vampire

The road was bumpy and I closed my eyes  
trying not to taste what felt so nice  
the cold metallic tasting liquid did the job fine  
until the driver hit the brakes ... my man said „Oh, shite“

When I stepped out off that vehicle I wasn't prepared  
Shocked eyes met mine looking around in despair  
In the dark window I saw the mess caused by our driver  
he had turned me into Hannibal fucking Lecter!

They let me sit like that in the emergency waiting room  
Full four hours I was impersonating the atmosphere of doom  
Then this guy was a fondue fork in his arm  
stared at me and asked „Who have you eaten, man?“

Me still not able to blink , I said „the last guy asking that question“  
how quick he had the fork out of his arm you can't imagine  
Life came back into all the lifeless then  
and finally the doctor called me in

*Be sure that, if you make a right and enormous decision that will shape your life for the future, the devil will send a woman to test you - or a man of course.*

## **Mexico or married**

„Strange place”, she said to me in that karaoke bar  
we met during an open mike for our free drinks at the bar  
she performed before me a poem with her back to us  
I haven't seen her face so far

After I did my part I ordered my Trad  
And she spoke to me without turning her head  
I saw her lip piercing, her wild brown hair and her laugh lines  
She said, “You wanna smoke something?”

It s either Mexico or married - nothing else in between  
It s either Mexico or married - life will never be the same

We walked across the parking lot under our feet the sound of snow  
In a 7/11 light on 17<sup>th</sup> avenue  
She ripped open the door of her Chevy Nova with a foot against the car  
Her Chucks were the oldest I'd seen by far

There was a big hole between my feet  
I could see the snow and the pipe she showed me  
She put the pipe in my mouth and said “I got the weed, u got the fire”  
Then she smiled with her eyes in the 7/11 light

The radio was broken and the 17<sup>th</sup> dead  
All we heard was the the crackling of her fresh weed  
It s her first week in Calgary and she wants to move  
Maybe Oregon or California or further down to...

She said “until I m 30 I only want to have fun”  
She leant forward, her eyes rest on my lips  
Voices in my head “last exit Calgary”  
And I said “Sorry I just turned 30”

Her knee leant against mine, she left it there, so did I  
We didn't talk a lot anymore and that, too, was fine  
And while the clerk was talking to a Hutterite  
We had another pipe in the 7/11 light

*Small gestures, little idiosyncrasies of unknown origin fascinate me.  
Especially when you find those habits in different people, and they  
don't even know each other.*

## **How you moved your hand**

How you moved your hand  
when you weren't sure  
about what you say  
if it is false or true

like a wave of a wand  
Swung in from of my eyes  
Like a chocolate lie  
And then I'm gone

I leave the now behind  
embracing the time  
and my memories  
I have of you and me

This makes me feel good  
Makes me want it again  
and I can't help myself  
to fall in love again

I know this way I repeat  
what was our history  
And it is no good  
not for her not for me

So it goes on and on  
a never-ending song  
of falling in and out of love  
doing more people wrong

*That final talk, in public, you're crushed... we all been there, right?!*

## **You are full of pity and I am full of beer**

Last order is gone a while ago  
so is my soul and so are you  
The face that is in front of me  
has nothing to do with you, you see  
All our memories seem to stick with me  
Like a fly in a jar of strawberry jelly  
Your eyes are the eyes of a cul-de-sac  
Or of a killer cornered by the cops

You are full of pity and I am full of beer  
We now should be everywhere but here  
The peanut shells crunch between our feet  
And you drop just another one – like me

Honestly I don't believe a word you say  
if there'd be no other guy you'd stay  
Please don't lie now if you never lied before  
no, forget it, I like my illusions you know  
but stop telling there is nobody but me  
That would be the first time in human history  
come on we two had quite some fun  
Let's drink a tab until it dawns

Bridge:  
What can I offer that you stay  
Now don't leave right now just wait  
this moment will hunt the both of us  
One sooner one later for the rest of our lives  
I won't sleep much for quite a while  
but the day will come you'll open your eyes  
and you will see me in a different light  
Yeah, you don't have to, but you might

Please, one last hug, hug me before you split  
Let that be our very last moment  
For all the good times and all the bad  
a hug, a hug is all I want to get  
And I swear I then won't kiss your cheek  
believe me I'm as true as Wikileaks  
And I will only imagine the dagger  
you're stabbing in my back

*Not every bit is biographical here. This one stems more from an observation with the partnership of a friend and combining it with own biographical pillars like the "reading Sam I am for the boys of our's" because it just added to the atmosphere.*

## **Running out of answers**

Always when I see you laugh  
you are playing with your scarf  
pulling it to your lips  
Showing off your dimples  
you didn't use no makeup yet  
some girls can some can't  
your teeth are white, when you're  
Smiling shining bright

It's the questions you ask  
and the ones you don't  
that let me feel lost  
In the field of Flanders  
and I'm running out of answers  
and I'm running out of answers

Lately you're drawn back  
A little more and you are dead  
Speak to me no matter what  
we is all we got  
I crack you up when you re clam  
remember reading Sam i am  
For the boys of ours  
for hours and hours

Now you are playing online games  
going app-shit with those things  
where is the girl from years ago  
the one having fun you know  
you're hiding in that other world  
as an avatar of my beloved girl  
Drop it come back return  
and tell me what you've learned

*It can't get more on the road touring than this. Better on the rails ... Lucero came always at the end of my trips because then I had already four beers and I like it more rockier than songwriter. This style also found its way into the lyrics here.*

## **Listening to Lucero on a train to Hamburg**

What are you pointing the finger at me  
who is based more in reality  
I even care if it is good or bad  
I haven't lost my senses yet

Okay I'm just sitting here  
listen to Lucero and drinking beer  
You look at me derogative  
That look is what you always give  
To those not wearing any suit  
not playing 3D games on iBook

When I get some beers at the end of the day  
I'm happy without even getting laid  
I can go to bed and sleep like a baby  
with or without my lady

Your desktop photo is of your spouse  
Sitting in a bar in Timbuktu  
the two of you have travelled to  
waiting for her Yes I do

I'm not criticizing you  
so where is your energy coming from  
caring about others the way you do  
you should take some holiday soon

Maybe the truths lies inbetween  
But until I see that then  
let me go a different rout  
In peace and quite and Lucero

*When a memory of a reflection remains, that is rare, and especially when it is in a dark window what at that point can be anywhere: at home, in a bar, in a bus ... that was worth while sitting down to write a song.*

### **In the dark window**

I still see your smile  
In the dark window  
even the glass  
don't want you - to leave  
the frozen moment  
of your last reflection  
Lingers forever  
you took the action – not me

Even the rain  
can't wash you away  
from the window  
your smile stays – forever  
in countless rivers  
the rain's running down  
leaving your face  
unchanged on – forever

Snowflakes are falling  
kissing your cheeks  
tumbling down  
on my feet – cold  
one flake is melting  
on your chin  
then it is gone  
as it's never been – cold

The sun is shining  
on the window  
four hours and hours  
you seem to wither – u seem  
I believe in  
the unbelievable wonder  
of you disappearing  
Until she went under – I believe

No autumn no winter  
no summer no spring  
will ever help me  
not thinking of you again  
in every dark window  
I'll see your eyes  
forever and ever  
all day and night

*One of the few songs (if not the only one) based on a newspaper article.  
But the thing just became a song for me when I thought "What if..."  
so the twist in the last strophe made it for me.*

## **House on fire**

Naps are holy don't you know  
Don't wake a sleeping baby  
except the crib is on fire  
so you take them up  
and you run out  
out of this mess  
and out of your house  
You are making the call  
turning your back to it all

blue flashlights on your face  
and on your baby too  
A uniform talks  
How is he and how are you  
do you have a place to go  
is there anybody you know  
sure u say but its a lie  
in this old city by  
the river cold and brown  
like the death grip of this town

So you and the man  
you're watching the crew  
who are also just watching  
The flames from the roof  
there is nothing to save  
just damage control  
like a fire in a cave  
that has to burn out  
As soon this is over  
You will feel like sober

you re holding your boy  
so he will calm down  
you snug and you sway  
in this godless town  
while you hubby is gone  
you re taking the chance  
to make a run

leaving it all behind  
this is the night  
this feels so right

You text the new guy  
he's so kind and so nice  
The two of you  
that's something new  
that is a start  
a bulls-eye in dart  
A five digit hit  
like the last ciggy lid  
like a blink of an eye  
of your wonderful kid

When the insurance pays  
to kingdom come  
it was your plan  
all the way long  
Now don't forget the tears  
squeeze them out  
let them hear  
cry out loud  
I have to believe  
you re sobbing in grief

Oh no all the pictures  
Forever lost  
the New TV the couch  
oh what a loss  
You cry for the neighbours  
for your Ex and your friends  
for the police officer  
and the insurance  
the fire fighters your son  
and yourself

All you have left  
is your son and the hope  
They don't find the lighter  
by the bedroom door  
you don't ask for more  
just this and some luck  
just tonight in your life  
that is not too much  
no this is fair  
you have to be tough

*I swear this song was supposed to be about something else but somehow came out this way and I like it. - And there is an unofficial strophe for Lethbridge which does not fit the song but the local hockey club, the Lethbridge Hurricanes.*

## **Hurricane season**

The sun is hiding behind the clouds  
leaving us with us in doubt  
strong winds are bending the trees  
I hear them moan and groan and hiss

It's hurricane season

No birds are chirping anymore  
it's like the silence before a war  
so what are we waiting for  
tell me, what are we waiting for?

Clouds are churning over our heads  
is God washing his dirty laundry yet?  
the roots are clinging to the ground  
We do the same and scream out loud

Your lips are moving without a sound  
it is swallowed by the thunderstorm  
Just busting wood and a raw rumble  
I feel small and humble

The funnel finally touches down  
nothing keeps us on the ground  
I lose you out of sight  
in this early afternoon night

The hurricane went by but I still fly  
like a comet on its way coming by  
if you want to catch me hold on tight  
they call me tornado kid tonight

*Good example for a song that came into being because of one line, the first of the chorus. I can't remember if I thought of it or heard it somewhere, the picture just stuck with me.*

### **The rain is falling like a curtain**

My boots are shuffling over concrete  
as if to assure myself  
I didn't lose my touch with  
the ground and the earth

The rain is falling like a curtain  
I hear you calling my name  
the wind is howling through the alley  
it is always the same

Cause I feel like an angel  
just so empty inside  
without a soul and strength to  
fly through the night

Only the wind could lift me  
Up over the roofs  
what would I do there tonight?  
I left myself, too

Yeah, that's what's different  
I walked away from us  
Not only from some girl  
as it was in the past

I keep on shuffling  
There is no turning back  
stubborn like my old man  
it's a nowhere drag

*A single word, a name, makes a song. I don't know if any woman is named Jazz (spelled this way), I bet there is, but I don't know her. For me this name carries all the attributes of Jazz, so big time song-worthy!*

## **Hey Jazz**

Hey Jazz, who was the reason for this mess  
have you heard what our friend Tom says  
we should have seen us less  
he may be right, I guess

Hey Jazz, i won't forget our time, you know  
I'm with you where ever you may go  
with my heart and with my soul  
it's all you have to know

Hey Jazz, you have the music in your name  
Life and parties are you're game  
Besides you I always faint  
Everywhere it is the same

Hey Jazz, there are so many things I want to say  
first and foremost I want you to stay  
now I watch a falling star  
and I wonder where you are

Hey Jazz, our time wasn't long but intense  
I wouldn't change it for anything  
if you'd give me another chance  
I'd jump any fence

*Soulmate is a word that does not exist in German (my 1st language in case you wondered), a wonderful term that haunted me since I heard it. I wrote this one in Berlin on tour as well - actually at least half of the songs I wrote on the road.*

## **Soulmate**

Please don't tell me the names of your kids  
and I won't tell you the names of mine  
it would ruin the perfect moment  
you wanna have another glass of wine

on our first date  
You said  
it's not too late  
to find a soulmate

Let's keep talking about the past  
with an eye on the hours to come  
have you ever felt the desert's heat?  
Have you ever made love in Rome?

Tell me your favourite band  
and I ignore your cell that rings  
forget the everyday just for tonight  
there are more important things

Give me another of your grey-eyed glances  
headlights of promises and chances  
with your laughter and your scruffy hair and angles  
you make my angels dancing

Our hands touch like leaves in air  
Our looks get locked a touch too long  
And you say: Lewis and Lena  
and I say: Damn

Bye-bye soul mate...

*This song is so old I didn't even know words like "lad" are not commonly used around the anglophone globe. Really English I didn't learn in school, I learned it from music (I love to read lyrics) and during my visits of Ireland. In Vancouver when I first arrived a drinking buddy at the youth hostel took me aside and also told me that "He's a good crack" isn't a thing in Canada. Little did I know.*

### **An old love is getting married**

This morning I read  
a newspaper ad  
an announcement she'd marry that lad

I knew from high school  
That impeccable fool  
and they'd marry in 2 days

An old love is getting married  
and by noon I was trying  
To keep me as drunk as I could

Whatever I tried to flush out  
tell them streets out loud  
it didn't do me no good

Whatever you were thinking  
With that guy by your side  
what drugs did you try, open your eyes

But she walked just by me  
and she turned her face away  
all I tried was to be nice

When the priest asked the crowd  
I stood up and i shout  
„me, I sure have my doubts!“

„she was living in sin“  
I felt like the knight back then  
„don't do it, don't marry him!“

All heads turned around to me  
just her folks ignored me still  
Since I couldn't see her mom or her dad

The guy was quite upset  
Judging his eyes I'd say possessed  
if he touches me I'll sure be dead

Despite the moment  
I kept my cool and  
I asked „, this ain't my girls wedding, right?“

That's tomorrow, I heard the priest say  
and I said, „well, I'm sorry  
but she should marry him anyway!“

The girl ran onstage lose  
I've puked on my own shoes  
then the guy barrelled down the pews

Does he now want to marry me?  
„Wait, I can explain, you see...“  
But he wasn't in it to hear

He threw me in front of a truck  
I was glad, it was parked  
Still, it hurt pretty bad

Once I was sober  
I was glad, it was over  
But I also missed her big day

The moral of the story  
if you want to act on a wedding  
then wait with your drinking  
No bad feelings

*"...but we can stay friends and ..." you know that kinda talk, yes, well, that may work for one but not for the other.*

## **No bad feelings**

You touched my arm  
saying goodbye  
Like after  
staying overnight

That time now  
is a time ago  
you went on  
and I did, too

Can that really be  
between you and me  
can we really have  
no bad feelings

Every while  
now and then  
I see you around  
always when

I don't expect it  
we come across  
that special talent  
you never lost

Is there something  
like a good breakup?  
If there is  
then: For what?

Just to feel zapped  
every time  
you meet him or her  
In the grocery isle

*We never had a lot of money, so kids' wishes were usually out of reach for us. Seeing your kid being disappointed gets to you or you are cold as stone, or a Conservative politician. My way dealing with my feelings and emotions are songs, they are like a valve, storytelling in general.*

## **Christmas 2010**

It was Christmas 2010 – and I remember when  
you open to Christmas gift – not finding your wish and it

You played with the toy that night  
but you were rather quiet  
you ate your turkey dinner  
as always you were the winner

Then you got ready for bed  
over the shelf I saw your head  
your eyes were red and watery  
I said, „please, buddy talk to me“

You said, you cried for happiness  
smiling like a sad old actress  
With your left you wiped your tears away  
„Is that really the truth to say?“

I picked you up and hold you tight  
is that so or are you just polite?  
„No I really cry for happiness“  
it was just another choked up Christmas

I know your present wasn't that toy  
the dream engine of every six-year-old boy  
you told me about for seven months  
my daily have-none sucker punch

I said, „sorry, maybe next year“  
you were quiet and i full of fear  
You might remember one year ago  
and today it's wasn't so

With your arms around my neck  
I hoped mine mean for you just half of it  
So I laid you down to bed  
and together our prayer we said

And after our routine thumbs-up it hit  
Me like a dirty dum dum bullet  
I almost broke right there that day  
But we said goodnight and i schlepped myself away

*In 1998 I spent a week in village off the usual Sunshine Coast route. The 500 people were tucked away in an inlet surrounded by mountains and there was no radio reception (or internet) and the newspapers arrived 3 days late. That's where I heard that expression the first time. Pure wisdom.*

### **No news are good news**

No news are good news  
and if you'd be in my shoes  
you'd be happy and quiet for a while

You'd have a smile for the wounded  
and you'd laugh about life  
you couldn't stand it otherwise

Embrace the days  
free of lies  
void of hope and no surprise

Take the day you left  
no message no loud  
I could've totally done without

*That a title for song! People fall in love for the looks, the money and sometimes for the right reasons. What about if the drinking would be the main focus? It's not the worst reason. I thought that's be a funny idea.*

## **Girls & booze**

I chose my girls for what they drank with me  
it just was too much work or crank for me  
to order two different drinks each round at night  
so I figured this would do me right  
I had no other choice, you see  
or did they choose me?

Once I had a girl she guzzled red wine  
with her it was like going flush and dine  
the fact is wine goes best with food  
so we drank a lot and ate real good  
for every kilo I gained, she gained 4  
When we split it was more like a star had borne a moon

Once I had the girl that drank only mixed drinks  
she couldn't handle a single ingredient  
she poured milk into Polish vodka  
mixed the finest whiskeys with tap water  
but when she joined beer and Coca-Cola  
I just had to dump her

Once I had a girl she drank tequila  
the only drink that really fit her temper  
At 5 PM she opened her Mexican  
we cheered to each other as often we can  
with our glasses clinging against each other  
her tongue was burning from tequila

Once I had a girl she liked her German beer  
it didn't matter if in a bar or here  
after some bottles we had one problem  
because of our different peeing rhythm  
When I had to go she always came back  
So often we barely saw us, that is a fact

*In a sober moment I took a look at my lifestyle ... no, that is an exaggeration.  
But that Sunday church moment ... unforgettable, those judging eyes while  
I was on my way home from the bar...*

## **A drunk's week**

getting hit by  
the first day of the week  
feels like being up  
shit creek

wasted on monday  
wrecked next day  
plastered in the middle of the week-  
ends anyway

after partying all nite  
the only thing that feels alright  
is a decent drink  
what brings u back again

the middle of the week is  
pretty crucial  
since it marks the thin line  
tween us and the oh-so-social

thursdays i like the most  
the empty bars  
wait for me and my cronies  
like we are stars

friday is payday  
i take my slip  
cash it in and  
soon take a sip

weekend is here  
why going home  
i sleep there in a corner  
all alone

sunday morning  
i pass the church  
i feel bad for a sec  
... but ... what the heck

*Yes, it is a Charles Bukowski quote, I was such a fan of him, I visited the house he was born in Germany, a small picturesque little town in the river Rhine valley, culturally as far away from Los Angeles as it could possibly be. He encouraged me in my early days (as teenager) to write the way I spoke about the stuff happening around me – good solid literary ground work.*

## **Walking through fire**

we had sex in a U-haul truck because it was the cheapest place  
we could get up North, we were broke but love was best  
so we shaped our world as well as we could  
    taking all the jobs and whatever came across

and it helped on the job and when they said  
it wouldn't work with us

    but what matters most is how well you walk through the fire

then things seemed to shift, life seemed to change,  
    was i too slow, or plain stupid?  
I don't know what was first: you gone or the gin tonic days  
    6 days gin & 1 day tonic

but it helped without a job and when they claimed  
they were right about us

    but what matters most is how well you walk through the fire

who thought that all i had left one day was rock n roll?  
who said at one point i had the whole sky in my eyes?

and it helped with the hope and all that  
what was left of me at that time

    but what matters most is how well you walk through the fire

*Trains used to be a huge thing in my life. I loved them as a child, I grew up by tracks and later (during my 20 years where I could afford not to own a car) I took them a couple of times per week. The 10:30 freight came by our house every day, and every night, am and pm. This is a dark tune, but some times are dark.*

## **The 10.30 freight**

at 10:30 pm and am  
a freight train came by  
our home very 12 hours  
like the moon or a tide

the 10:30 freight goes by every day and every nite the 10:30 freight

we lived close by the rails  
the sound of steel on steel  
we heard all nite and day  
the 10:30 had a certain feel

it was carrying heavy wires  
300 days every year  
it was the time my son and me  
went always for a walk along the rails

now i live alone  
we're divorced long time ago  
you took the boy, my heart and soul  
the phone doesn't ring anymore

the time goes by like a snail on salt  
you are gone and in  
10 painful years  
I haven't seen my son

now i m standing on the rails  
on a sleeper between the tracks  
the steel's hissing is getting louder  
it's 10:29 on my watch

the watch you gave me in 96  
at x-mas time life was fine  
i wouldn't trade a day back then  
with u and with my son

now the 10:30 freight i feel him and see the lights of the 10:30 freight, oooooh...

*I mentioned my 1998 B.C. West Coast tour already and the little town off Highway 101. This song also came out of it. As I said, there were quite some characters. Also published in one of my novels.*

## **Highway 101**

This is a song about a man called Ron  
Who lived on a boat at the Sunshine Coast  
He was a draft-dodger and never went home  
In his driver's license stood as his address  
No town no street and no land - just

### Highway 101

Ron didn't work that much  
Most of the time he sat on a log  
Right beside the only road  
And he talked to everybody who came by  
He was an A-storyteller of the...

Ron was farmer of some kind  
His field was hidden between the trees  
A good chunk he smokes by himself  
The rest he sold to pay the bills  
Some food some booze and some rent - at the...

I don't know if Ron was his real name  
His thumb covered it in his driver's license  
But who cares about names if the lifestyle is right  
A philosopher in a boat is better than in a barrel  
Bye-bye Ron, see you soon, so long - on the...

*I must have lucked out with my partners in the past, because I don't hate a single one. I hope they are all happy. That's at least what I like to imagine. So there it is.*

## **I hope you're happy**

You wanted a Baby named Max  
And a car that goes real fast  
You wanted Laminate flooring  
Me not, so you found me boring

I hope you're happy  
I hope you're fine  
I hope you got what you wanted down the line

You wanted travel to Egypt  
And you called me an idiot  
For considering King Rah's land  
Comparing to Scotland

You said playing cards  
Is something for old farts  
But the old farts are my friends  
I guess you made your choice back then

A kitchen for 10.000 Bucks  
Just imagine how much  
We could cook for that money  
You weren't listening to me

Why I'm drinking beer every day  
I looked at you and said  
We met that way - you remember?  
In Edinburgh in December

You forgot who you have been  
You forgot who I have been  
It's too many years ago  
And I'm still thinking about you

*Have you ever been away from home and your buddies, and you phone  
your longtime girlfriend to say Hi, and she dumps you on the phone?  
Yeah, that kind of situation. You can't even get hammered with your friends  
and talk and stuff.*

### **Smile of a waitress**

I can't believe that telephone call  
It hit me under the belt and I fell  
While trying to keep a straight face  
Over the river Lee under me silent and grey  
If I remember right I watched the raindrops falling  
Until midnight

On a day where even the smile of a waitress doesn't help

I asked the river questions aloud  
But without responses I entered a fast food restaurant  
For a coffee  
But they played Brian Adams just  
Just when I needed that the least

I scrub down that wall unforgettable  
In this dark back alley somewhere in Cork  
It rained cats and memories are dripping on cobble-stone  
And the moon is lying in pieces in front of me  
The scattered bottle Irish Whiskey

I never imagined I could be that theatrical  
I never thought I could be that broken – again  
And as pathetic as it may sound  
A humming fan drove the smell of a Fish n Shipper  
Through the alley off side main street

*I might have one or two drinking songs, this is one of them. When you are fresh together with someone, all you want to do is being with them, like all the time! - too bad if it so happens that one has to leave for a month right away.*

## **I like Whiskeys**

This week I saw all my friends  
Spent days and nights with them  
Spoke about god and everything  
And we drank a lot of Whiskeys

I like Whiskeys in the bars  
Whiskeys on the rocks  
And I wonder if you miss me  
While I'm having some Whiskeys

Because for 4 weeks you're doing research  
About some hatching turtles  
During this time I did my own research  
About the hatching of Whiskeys

In the second week I recovered from the first  
On Aspirin and Bloody Marys  
On tuna melts and burned toast  
But the best help was a Whiskey

In the 3rd week I went out dancing  
Dancing myself outside  
Eyes and lights were shining bright  
And glasses full of Whiskey

In the 4th week I got your postcard  
With an empty bed it read  
„I cant wait to see you again“  
I dropped the card and poured me a Whiskey

Now don't think I forgot you  
Just because you found me  
The day you came back in that bar  
My face inmidst all the empty glasses of Whiskey

*1998 to 1999 I lived in Calgary. I volunteered at CJSW, I had 4 hour show called PolterZeitGeist, from midnight to 4am. Yes. I took the LRT always and on one of those trips I wrote this song.*

## **Video Noir**

Listening to music in the early morning  
Over walk-man in a downtown train  
Strip down all facades  
And the only happy faces remain  
On the holiday ads  
I even have to fight with tears  
What is kind of ridiculous  
Still I can't focus a single face

In this early morning rear car  
I direct my own  
Video Noir

Construction workers after graveyard shift  
In the train sleeping  
In their working boots  
Their cabs and jeans  
And their late 40s  
A teeny hooker on her way home  
Changing her clothes  
Lying between the seats  
That nobody can see her

Passing motel rooms for sale  
And a sign outside says  
We sell rooms  
The smile are free  
And I still live with the hope  
That I will have laughlines  
When I am getting old

*My wonderful wife once asked me why I haven't written a song about her.  
So I did it.*

### **Before the angels come**

You have to know that I live in that constant fear  
I can't tell you why and what I've to go through

This song is for you before the angels come and take you away

All the nightmarish dreams, vivid schemes of how you could go  
But I should turn to stone the day I'll tell you

until then I enjoy everyday we wake up together  
until then I enjoy every dream in between

I know there is not much I can offer you  
I know there is just my heart... and:

*1998, after being on the west coast I moved to Calgary. First I needed a cheap guitar (the old one was trash). This is the story.*

## **The next beach**

she was standing in the corner - leaning on the wall  
beside the broken bar stool - she wasn't very tall  
i checked her neck - checked her strings and price  
and pawnshop joe checked me and said „dude, just gimmy 5“

but the next beach was a million miles away

at home i sat down - waiting for a song  
but all day strumming - was for nothing at all  
hours later i gave up - turned the thing upside down and then  
all came out was a handful of fine sand

i looked closely at the sand - a little white pile in my hand  
it smelled like beach and dreams and drinks from cans  
like a long burning beach fire - like love and life  
like youth and grass and candles and countless nights

but the next beach was was miles & miles & miles... away  
but the next beach was so many miles away  
but the next beach was too far away for me

*When I arrived in Vancouver per plane from Amsterdam, long hair,  
red cargo pants, trashy guitar in a bag, backpack with patches ... you get  
the picture, the custom officers pulled me and one other guy aside and  
searched us.*

## **Vancouver**

amateur golfers play golf - not far from the roll-way  
and i really wonder - what brought the Concorde down...

one must like vancouver even though u get strip-searched  
each time u arrive at the airport alone

bus-drivers drive as if - their lives are at stake  
and the bridges need nets - to catch all the jumpers

BMWs are getting rusty - drivers abandon their cars  
to push the pedestrian button - just to get a green light sooner

davie street wears rainbow - while the side-streets smell chloroform  
50\$ buys you - unlimited suntanning a month

at a macdonalds-noon - a girl writes a love poem  
name another big town - where the people say good morning

i'm walking bare feet - by fishermen with rods  
who wear neon-helmets - is this mandatory here?

how can a raven be still - that mystical bird  
if pensioners in pastels - feeding them old bread

i remind an old lady - of a loved one in peace  
do bold eagles mind smog? - do jewelers ever lose their jobs?

and all u really can do - is to bend over  
and to think about - all the things that wait for you...

*Hey, I am a pretty balanced person, okay; as long my work isn't too painful and I have a beer at the end of the day we'd probably get along really well. Now ... having said that, I do not like liars. And during my span of life a few stepped into my force field, although I seriously wanted to avoid that, I can't read people. But these people can read this lyric or listen to that song:*

## **Shitlist**

You turned my life into a living hell  
Be it as it may be  
I used to be the nicest guy  
But you decided to fuck with me

You'll never know where I'll meet you  
But be sure the day will come  
I'll prep your own valhala  
heaven, hell & kingdom come

I'm working down my shitlist and you're on it, too  
I'm working down my shitlist - Let's say say goodbye to you

I'm knocking on your window  
Of your brand new german car  
and with a baseball-bat-blow  
I dislocate your jaw

I'm tapping on your shoulder  
It is dark and we're alone  
You pretend not to know me  
My knife is cutting to the bone

I'm knocking on your door  
I hear your calling „Who's there?“  
I hear your footsteps on the floor  
I'll shoot your right from here

Now I do feel better  
It's ying and yang in me  
Now I walk the streets again  
The nice guy I used to be

Before you're working down your shitlist send the guy this song  
Before you're working down your shitlist advice hm to right the wrong

*My favourite situation in life: some person noodles stuff up in their mind and wants to sell it as reality ... like they have some sort of super power.*

### **Suppose you got your story straight**

What will you decide  
Day or nite  
Neon lights  
Or me by your side

But I suppose you got your story straight  
I suppose you got your story straight

You saw what you saw  
You heard what you heard  
If this is the law  
A stone kills a bird

People say what the say  
No shades  
Just black n white  
And no grey

If I d seen what u seen  
I at least would ask  
Could that really been  
It happened so fast

*Lethbridge, Alberta, the prairies, and a very unique geographical situation where there is a lot of wind. Now I never minded wind - because usually the sea is not far away. The same I can say about seagulls. It is the fact these two facts about Lethbridge cheating me into the belief there has to be the ocean somewhere!*

## **Seagulls of the prairies**

gigantic waves are the foothills,  
range roads small streams  
seagulls chasing dust trails  
the cars and trucks leave

the wind is their only ally  
flowing over the land  
n helps them sail by farms,  
rigs n their men

the seagulls of the prairies  
telling their lies  
about the sea  
they never seen  
not even in tales or lullabies

no matter in snow or in hail  
they make it through the day  
frozen lakes and minus10  
you never hear them complain  
not finding a fish or a crab.  
instead they have to fight for their food  
with crows n magpies,  
birds you don't find at the coast

i hope they don't forget the songs  
their moms sang to them and i hope,  
they never forget how to swim  
do they miss the ocean?  
the salt in the air?  
does a chinook make them happy or only content?

the day they feel misplaced,  
will they start to drink and cheat?  
will they write and sing their own songs,  
trying to get back on their wings?

*The moon. I never really believed in any of its mystical powers until I did social work instead of going to the army - in Germany you had to choose back then. And yes, people are in different moods around full moon, and what took me another 10 years: sometimes I sleep extremely bad - always on full moon - not every full moon but only when it is full moon.*

### **Always full moon**

Your call hit me right under the belt – i didnt know what to say  
So i was too slow  
You asked me what i d do today – i said i d be spontaneous  
What i really meant was:

Hey lets get together and talk  
For a beer or a walk  
I d like to watch you laughlines  
I wish i could say those things to you  
But when this happens to me, too:  
It is always full moon... always full moon

So we talked about everything but us – while we both looked at the stars  
And hung up way to fast  
I couldn't stay put anywhere – i walked up and down the hall  
Wondering about your call

It was in the evening my phone rang – i thought at 8 i d be too late  
At 10 and midnite too  
So i didn't phone you back at all – regretting every second i didn't call  
You killer-girl

I cant blame u for not calling back – there s nothing else u could've said  
You made your move  
So i sit here listening to some sad old songs – bitter bout my missed chance  
Cause i fucked it up

*Day-drinking comes with a price, you can take the edge off perfect round days,  
instead of just sitting back and enjoying them.*

### **Perfect round days**

Feel the creep in me  
Look can't you see  
I let myself go  
Today and tomorrow

I'm taking the edge of – perfect round days

I see your eyes  
And the eyes of our kids  
Healthy and wise  
And you give me a kiss

There s always something wrong  
Dunno what I've done  
It eats my soul  
Cant you hear me howl

I have a breakfast Schnapps  
And wine for lunch  
Beer is my liquid bread  
I raise my glass to the dead

*I guess at the time I wrote that for myself.*

## **Hold on**

When death comes knocking on your door  
You sit down by the fire making sure  
The loved ones passing ain't alone  
Grief's knife is cutting through your bone

Hold on – hold on – hold on – for the next day

When love is closing its door  
But your heart is pounding for more  
You find no peace, no hunger nor sleep  
You just have to deal with it

When that emptiness creeps up to you  
Fills your body, your heart, your soul  
Blackness is the colour of your life  
Being alive a small flame inside

*How often we hear somebody saying "Oh, yeah, I'm totally over her" or him or them or a situation, but when it comes down to it, it isn't so. And sometimes it is us and we know it too late.*

### **Funny how a feeling lingers on**

We ran over the open fields  
The grass tickled 'tween our toes and the sun  
Was beating down on us  
All day long

Funny how a feeling lingers on

Playing with the candle's wax  
While you're sleeping on the couch  
And the telly is too loud  
For this time

Empty houses are flying by  
That rainy window of our  
Last commuter train  
Going home

The drunken radio plays  
Music, ads and the latest news-ense  
Then our favourite song  
Long gone

*I love photography, and I also love film making. Often I don't have a camera on me, then words must do. This scene unfold in front of my eyes in downtown Calgary, and since I was pretty new here, I just guessed, as all mediocre anthropologists, well, that's how it is done here.*

### **Getting dumped the Canadian way**

I'm waiting for a green light  
On a freezing cold day  
With 4 shopping bags  
Watching the cars go by  
And on the other side  
An old girl and a grey guy  
Walking 10 meters in front of her  
Wearing a worn out weasel fur  
While she is carrying a box  
Seems to me full of rocks  
And as big, she can't look around it  
Swearing "Fuck idea" and "Shit"  
And she has no idea that she may  
Soon get dumped the Canadian way

He finally yells "shut the fuck up"  
"hurry up or we'll be fucked"  
And she "Why aren't you carrying  
This goddamn huge thing"  
"Cause my back is killing me,  
I told u, cant you see"  
Beside a driveway he turns around  
To her for the first time  
Then he looks at me  
And starts to run like McQueen in Speed  
As fast as a greyhound  
His back looks pretty fine now  
At the end he turns right  
What happened to my green light?  
And she still has no idea that today  
She got dumped the Canadian way

Just beside the driveway  
She realizes it there  
The grey guy is gone  
She and the box are alone  
She shouts his name  
And "This ain't a game!"  
And she drops that box  
And she, too, she looks  
For help from a stranger  
So I nod the way to her  
And she runs down the alley  
Even limping a little, I'd say  
But she turns left where he turned right  
One of them will sleep alone tonite  
She lost her love the guy in grey  
He dumped her the canadian way

Now it is quiet  
No car is going by  
No lovers that split  
No green light that klicks  
Just me and the box  
Like the end of a joke  
We stare at each other  
Like sister and brother  
Then I cross that street  
And walk to that thing  
Waiting a while  
For the girl or the guy  
Wondering what's in there  
And if one would really care  
My bags are heavy and I say good bye  
To the box, that got dumped the canadian way

*I got a kick out of it writing every strophe from the perspective of a different person, all people that really could love and miss someone.*

## **I'm lovin you although**

...since you re married we hardly meet  
in our bar for a beer where we  
hang since high school half our life  
telling the truth peppered with lies

I'm loving you although

...all the work is on me  
getting the kids to school meeting their needs  
by being there for them 24/7  
and keeping the townhouse clean

...we dont have a car  
and the x-box i can play at mark's  
i like when uncle bob picks n mom up for a ride  
i know, pa, true pride shines from inside

...you only visit me every x-mas  
just to ask for some monies even on my birthdays  
i m living alone with my memories  
of your childhood and the father u d never seen

...you and me we ll never be  
together as a couple kissing and free  
hugging in the rain in the sun any time soon  
all we have is a dinner and cheap hotel room

...there are so many reasons  
so many cracks so many treasons  
but before i turn around and go  
you gotta give me one more

*I don't envy good looking guys all women are attracted to. What a life.  
No matter where they go with their good looking women all the other men  
are like "What that guy? What does she see in that loser? He must have  
money, a rich guy, if he looks at me odd I get up ..."*

### **If looks could kill**

We went along a little bit more than fine  
You looked like a goddess of some ancient time  
Red haired women ain't dull or clean cut  
Right down to the bone you were as hot

As a mexican jalapeno in the sun  
Left on planet venus to burn  
With your light green eyes of a wolverine  
You looked at the men in the bars we re walking in

All men turn around to you and me  
And if their looks could kill... I d be dead as meat

It was in the streets of a milde Cologne night  
And I wanted to end it like a gentleman right  
So I reasoned we'd get along apart just as fine  
As we did together over a bottle red wine

But your eyes turned to something wild  
Hurling battle axes at me ready to fight  
You called me scumbag, piece of shit  
Until somebody yelled "I wanna sleep!"

Then you just stared at me  
And if looks could kill...

You were lying in bed ready to give birth  
Everybody was around you the doc and the nurse  
As always it was in the middle of the night  
Just us and the white neon light

A night that was long for everybody but you  
For you it was an eternity plus two  
You were in labour with our son for so long  
All I could do was tweedle dee dum

With the last pushes you looked at me  
And if looks could kill...

*If the pistol is the devil's right hand I was always wondering what's his left?  
An insurance brochure?*

### **If the pistol is the devil's right hand**

If the pistol is the devil's right hand  
Watch out for the car he carries in his left

Once I wasn't there and my girl got a ride  
And a day later 3 years were all for shite

Once I woke up as am an although I fell asleep as a son  
Cause while I slept a trucker forgot to put the breaks on

It s not coincidental you find car in the word carrot  
That's what they dangle in front of us and we're fed

We tell our children about the danger look left right and left  
Or you'll be in hospital, a veggie or dead

50 years ago everybody knew a veteran who died in the war  
Now everybody knows somebody who died by a car

Think about a pipeline from the middle east to west  
The road to piece is paved with young boys

*This song is dead on inspired by a novel of mine: "For a Spin". Boy meets girl and the parents don't like that - the classic. So far. The two steal a car, just for a joyride but on the highway they pull over and find a Mafia victim in the trunk. Alive. Now they are followed by their own families and The Family...*

## **Joyride Sky**

The highway is empty, it's a cloudless nite  
And the sky is the colour of your eyes  
Your bare feet on the dashboard the wind is in your hair  
This car ain't ours but we don't care

We're riding in the Joyride sky  
We're leaving it all behind  
Just you and I  
In a Joyride sky  
Yeah-yea-yeah we won  
And you're riding shotgun

Our faces in the headlights, of the oncoming cars  
We're feeling like a movie star  
The radio is playing an unknown band  
And we're quiet so we're not, ruin this moment

Another small town and another small time crime  
We had to stock up on chocolate and wine  
Now we're good for another hundred miles  
And I'm good for another your killing smiles

Before I'm running out of dreams  
I'm running out of gas  
That's what I call freedom, yes

*PS:*

*Sorry, I am not done with this one. You know, that novel changed my life back then, from a gig-guy to full time author. The original I wrote in German and I sold the film rights, then the novel, it won awards, was nominated as best German debut, and I toured half of Europe with readings, and I heard something I never imagined I would hear from a person. I heard a bunch of times "Mr. Nesch your novel was the first novel I read to the end!" - and that still makes my days.*

*You think, hey that sounds easy. Yeah, but I decided to live the life of an author at the age of 23, it took exactly 15 years until I could make a living of it. Not regretting a single day. I worked as author 10 years. Then we moved to Canada and that was that.*

*This one of those songs where you start somewhere and end somewhere entirely different. I haven't played that one in a while. I will do this tonight, April 10th, 2020.*

### **Where nobody sees me**

I'd like to get up, get my ass to the boss  
Tell him what I think of him, and then i get lost  
Lost in the streets, between beggars and thieves  
Where nobody sees me

I wanna grab my backpack and hike  
Over sticks and stoned, alone or by bike  
All day and all nite, through alleys and fields  
Where nobody sees me

I'd like to disappear, invisible here  
Moving through the city, without the pity  
Of a million eyes  
Where nobody sees me

I like the look, the look in your eyes  
I like the way, your dimples smile  
And before our love dies, I kiss your eyes  
Where nobody sees me

*I mentioned before I was half a world away from my family for about four months and we only communicated via skype, some internet video chat forum. Once a week. More would have driven me crazy. On of these calls one of our sons sang a song for me, in that moment so many other moments seemed so pale in comparison.*

### **Ment the world to me**

Now I'm lying on a hotel bed  
All snug and smug and fed  
Telling me "This isn't so bad"

But that song you sang on the phone  
When the light still was on and the sun went down  
Ment the world to me  
Ment the world to me

I've seen the Colosseum in Rome  
Overlooked the Dingle Bay alone  
Found peace in the Cologne Dome

I dreamt dreams no one dreamt before  
And crossed the desert in a car  
Walked a million miles and more

I was laughing tears with my friends  
Downing beers with no ends  
And jumping a few fences

I remember us running hand in hand  
Over gravel grass and sand  
Over known and foreign land

*A world about style - I don't have it. I don't even have a continuous style writing down my lyrics, as you can see here with abbreviations and alternating capitalization. At least the optical presentation, the formatting I hopefully kept consistent throughout.*

### **Was it a present or an omen**

Tell me what was your best intention  
Did u totally forget to mention  
That your suitcase was already packed  
Before my present was even wrapped

When u gave me the bottle of whiskey  
That crappy day I turned 40  
Was it a present or an omen?  
Of a soon leaving woman

How does it feel to feel nothing  
Same time your love is full of something  
So u say and it may  
Be baby one day

(bridge)  
But so far i m doing fine  
This glass wasn't the last in line  
I cheer to you and the good time  
That now i can solely call mine

Was I supposed to still sip  
On my brown b-day present  
While your kissing and caressing  
Somebody else's husband

*They say: No energy gets lost. Since your body temperature rises when you're in love there must be a fantastic place where all the love power collects. Can you imagine?*

### **Where does all the love go (when it goes)**

does it take the first bus out of town  
sitting in the back with the head down  
and when the doors open one last time  
it has to squint against the sun

#### Where does all the love go (when it goes)

is it going to get a cheap tattoo  
by a 1-eyed gipsy in a trailer room  
or piercing the eyebrows left and right  
silver glistening in the night

does love fly with the geese due south  
forming the most perfect V you can think of  
flying over houses fields and farms  
up up high evading all the arms

does it hide in the corner of your room  
for the rest of your life from dusk til dawn  
you just hear it breathing in the night  
when you re drunk and down or high

or does love behave like an angel  
staying with you in good or bad  
looking over your shoulder guarding your life  
when the good times roll or when you're sad

*Musically this song stands out in a way that it probably is my most rocky song. No idea how that happens and I really like and I regularly come back to this tune.*

## **Bye my love**

reading a book - on the commuter train  
casting a look - since the train is late

people remember  
the places they met  
all i remember are ur eyes that day in the bar  
i mean trouble - and u mean love  
so we better say goodbye my love

in the deli - lunch break at noon  
waiting in line - for the special with soup

having a red light - cars side by side  
the break lights red - on your face a smile

drinking wine - in the ruin  
of a former - greek temple town

dancing elated - live with the band  
bumping each other - the heat and the sweat

sitting cross legged - at a lake in the sun  
smoking dope - with friends having fun

back at school - in the classroom  
6 hours a day - and light years away

*Do you know William S. Burroughs, the poet? Maybe you know the book "Naked Lunch", or the movie? Experimental author, he developed the cut-up method: cutting up e.g. newspaper articles and putting them randomly back together. My homage, in My Memories I cut-up 4 small stories, you can put them back together by lines, 1st line of each strophe, 2nd line of each strophe...*

## **My memories**

you sleep beside me  
like a burned bat  
sitting in ulysses cove  
beside the dirt road

my memories  
you can compare the best  
with black and white  
torn photographs

in a crowded bus  
hanging from a wire  
his burden on my back  
the run-over fish

crossing jamaica  
a roasted gargoil  
turquoise water below the cliff  
million miles away from the sea

with 30 mp/h  
and an eternal smile  
a shipwreck not far away  
in the heart of australia

*Why not writing songs about better days. But how much changes in our memory.  
Memory is funny that way. Sometimes there were underlying tones and  
nuances we only could grasp in time.*

### **A whale's backbone**

this beach it had no name  
so we named it after your cat  
a friend took care of her half a world away

we were walking down the beach  
the sun was beating down on us  
we left the shoes inside the car dunno when we're wore them last

a whale's backbone was lying on the beach  
seemed it was waiting there for us  
for more than a hundred years

this beach had no sand  
you didn't find a stone as well  
it was made of a billion seashells shining in the sun

all u were carrying was your camera  
all i carried was the silence between us  
u were taking pictures here n there like ur toes between the shells

we found a giant backbone  
from a whale washed ashore  
maybe a 1000 years ago my guess is as good as yours

you placed your camera on the seashells  
u pulled me to that bone  
on my shoulder your hand, hugging or pushing I couldn't tell

*Weird but true. It's all in here. Maybe there is something wrong with me, too. And it wasn't like I grew up without male role models, for many years my uncle was around and my grandfather. And there were books, novels, that I read with all these weird men doing weird men stuff, and I tried to understand them. Still trying.*

## **Father Song**

Today I found out all my memories  
Of you and of that day  
Fit on one sheet of white paper  
Hey, isn't that great - ain't that great

The only time I really missed you  
Was when I became a father  
Myself my son was born and then the others  
Growing up without a grandpa - without a grandpa

I only remember you in the car  
Driving like a superstar  
- and me in the back

Mom was laughing like never before  
Or after ever again  
So easy so happy so perfectly free  
So in love you see - couldn't you see

Back then  
I couldn't say turtle properly  
I was standing in the middle my little hands  
Clinging to your seats - to your seats

We just phoned once I was 17  
The day before mom's funeral  
You'd come, you said, you'd be by my side  
The day came but you ain't - you ain't

Well there I was throwing a last rose  
And my youth into her grave  
Full of the water and mud of all the rain  
Like in a Hollywood movie - but it was none

I really thought not much of it  
Or of you for that matter  
But since I'm a father myself I can only shake my head  
And wonder about your character - your what?

Coming to think of it I'm glad  
We didn't have much more to do  
With each other than this white sheet  
Of recycled paper - of this song

*Making sense of people isn't easy, and at what point plays a mental illness into it, and when would one detect it?*

### **I don't know what to make of her**

She likes to take pictures  
Of butterflies in black n white  
She writes a dozen poems  
In the sand by low tide

I don't know what to make of her

She read a lot of books  
But never the last 10 pages  
She hates finished stories  
And avoids them where she can

She likes cats more than birds  
And had uncounted love affairs  
She did cocaine and other drugs  
At least from what I heard

She always left one shoestring open  
And when I asked her she shrugged  
Hey what should I do Thorsten  
If I open both I fall

She cut and died her hair  
Even though we didn't brake up  
One night she said  
We never use the word with the L

*Coming back after years and meeting an old friend trying to catch up with well edited life-stories.*

## **I felt sorry**

Nice that you still here  
She said on our first meeting  
After she came back  
From Portugal where she lived with a man  
For more than 3 years  
Their child sat on my legs  
And bounced a little bit

I felt sorry  
She had nobody  
To believe in her

After I heard  
That so many of my friends had died  
Or disappeared and ah  
You know my parents  
I thought there'd be nobody  
With whom I can share something  
And I was so glad to see your face  
In a COOP cereal aisle

She showed me her tattoo  
On her brown shoulder  
A hand palm big sun  
Smiling to someone  
Hey! To who is it smiling  
I asked her  
- but she took to long to answer

*The girl that sat kitty corner to your seat in Geography for the last two high school years, and you see her again ten years later in the last commuter train from Cologne around 2am on a Sunday morning.*

### **About smiles and laughlines**

-intro

I saw you in a downtown train  
But I didn't see your smile  
You married your old boyfriend  
You wanted to do it all right

The world was open for you girl  
We could have made it back then when  
We sat together being sure  
We could be more than friends  
But first you chose that job  
Then you chose him over me  
Now I'm choosing this song  
To tell you what I really think

I'm not saying I did it all right  
I could be a little less shy  
At least I think it's not too late  
But I read nothing in your face  
When our eyes met in that train  
When your eyes missed your boyfriend  
Your love must be a mess  
You between nothing and nothingness

Never mind your work in that bank  
Let alone your boyfriend  
Forget all these wasted years  
Lets do what was once so near  
Lets have a coffee or two  
Just between me and you  
Lets catch up and then  
I want to see your laughlines again

*Ever wondered why you get into an argument? What are the contributing factors and what makes it worse? Maybe here is one explanation – written prior to the existence of Twitter (where you also don't see the people you yelling at).*

### **Maybe we could argue so long**

maybe we argue so long  
because it was night  
and the only light in the room  
came from an orange street light  
maybe e could argue so bad  
because  
we couldn't see our eyes

the cat had a nightmare  
the police helicoptered over our block  
one word gave the other  
but even at the plot  
we couldn't even argue louder  
than our neighbour  
maybe we could argue at all  
because  
we couldn't see our eyes

well you went to bed  
and I to the fridge  
I told you I have to order my thoughts  
but all I did  
was drinking beer eight empty Pilsner  
and the orange light felt better  
the room full of your absence  
maybe we could argue so bad  
because we couldn't see our eyes

maybe we argue so long  
because it was night  
and the only light in the room  
came from an orange street light  
maybe e could argue so bad  
because we couldn't see our eyes

*Going through all these songs I become convinced that the sea is a strong focus point of my writing. I must say, I just love the ocean. Anyway, so here in the form of a metaphor for my heart.*

## **My heart is an island**

the sun is coming up - and i m still awake  
cant sleep cant go out - neither alive nor dead  
i feel the night lying on me - like a blanket of its own  
my heart is an island with a lotta water around

my heart is an island with a lotta water around  
some ships came buy but didn't stay long  
not our voice but the waves is the next best sound  
i wait for your sail on the horizon

red-eyed i see your picture - wherever i turn  
even if i close my eyes - i have to learn  
that you are everywhere - to be found  
my heart...

where are you when i need you the most?  
what is the price i pay - to be lost?  
what can i do to settle our account?  
my heart...

here's adam can u hear me eve?  
set your sail i m waiting with my sandy beach  
forget the cars, the bars and this shabby town  
my heart....

*Title is not an odd translation from German to English. It doesn't exist in German either. It's a picture I imagined once, you know the more you struggle the deeper you sink into the mess of you life – like quicksand.*

*Trivia: For the longest time I didn't get how people could like bowling but then I heard there is a lot of drinking involved, so I understand now.*

## **Quicksand Desire**

I had loonie - and nothing  
but hard time - pretending  
that this wouldn't be the end of the world

the potted cactus - yellow as corn  
outside someone leans on his horn  
and I turn my face towards the wall

don't kick in a quicksand desire

Robin's donut - on the table  
Since... how many days  
it's too sweet for me or am I too old?

I see the broken - Chinese sticks  
are still lying on the ground  
let's see where this day takes me from here

watching one-eyed - women's bowling  
the other where your drink used to be  
one cheek rests on a beer soaked coaster

the black silhouette - of a cat  
in a window - by night  
days like this I just wanna survive

*The chorus, I tend to remember, is a quote, but I can't remember by who.  
In here is probably one of the best compliments I ever got, when you  
get told by a Brazilian you're not dancing to bad.*

## **Something Grows If You Feel It**

we ran into each other on an - open air concert  
you said i wasn't dancing - too bad  
i thought you were from Poland - but actually Brazil  
your smile went straight to my belly - i felt ill

something grows if you feel it  
and something dies if you don't

we split around six in - front of your door  
my way home was paved with - feathers & boas  
you smelled like exotic fruits - and nicotine  
like 5 pound of Mary Jane on a - window-sill

i phoned you back just as we said - we met  
in Cologne where we first met - a long walk lead us  
on a railway bridge over the river Rhine - a train came by  
& you said now i have the right - to a make a wish

after we spend nights & days - in Cologne & Brussels  
we had to decide something - and this was  
if i follow you back to - Sao Paulo  
or stay put in this town - - - oh boy i know

*I never took the white stuff, but the fact she couldn't remember that speaks for itself. I wasn't quite aware she did, but that would explain why we lost touch eventually. Life.*

### **Thanks for not falling in love with me**

we were dancing in a barfly-bar  
smoking & drinking hard  
we were playing hide & seek  
in the bars & in the streets

thanks - for not falling in love with me  
thanks - you walked away that day

you left me standing with my tongue numb  
wondering what the hell went wrong  
cause we kissed since 3 am  
and now dawn crept through the door again

i was asking you what how & why  
you just shook your head & said  
sorry you won't understand  
now but you may will one day

back then in the barfly light  
you looked so strong & right  
& i would have bought it  
if it wouldn't be for your teary eyes

it was some day in mid july  
i heard my name & i turned around  
& saw you sitting on a bench alone  
you lost good 40 pounds

remember me ? oh i m doing fine  
but i m a little short of change  
the white stuff we took got to me  
and that wasn't the end of line

and she said

thanks - for not following my life with me  
thanks - you listened to me that day

*Just me? Or anybody else that tired?*

## **Tired**

It's easier to hang on lips who smile  
While fun isn't a stronger base than a sigh  
A laughter could be the last sound of a man with a gun

I'm tired of all the jokes  
I'm tired to drive all night  
I'm tired of being polite  
I'm tired of something I can't say  
But it ruins every day

We withered frosted on bar chairs  
Uncountable glances over glasses  
We end up on a wrong train and woke up in a strange town

You are mean and sarcastic  
And I have no answers  
Oh I wish I could punctuate this with a shout of hysterical laughter

*How can you find out what you really feel? Try doing the opposite of your every day. How would the interruption of your life and possible future make you feel? Now you know the answer.*

### **Today I took the bus out of town**

The first snow fell and I wrote a note  
You weren't home, I grabbed my coat  
I walked over ice crusty streets  
And over the bridge - the lovers jumped  
The guy at the corner sang with wit  
While convenient Sarah was full of it  
And the Big Sky was full of geese  
I felt so small - just on my own

Today I took the bus out of town  
Today I took the bus out of town  
Just to see how it feels - To see how it feels

Diesel, sweat and perfume in the bus depot  
Some were sleeping on the wooden benches  
Void of hope in this public transit trenches  
Out of the loudspeakers - Ugly Kid Joe  
I said to the lady I need a 1day 2way ticket  
She looked at me as if I've lost it  
Behind me a line-up like a human eel  
The bus-driver welcomed me - and frowned

The country flies by and all the farms  
The facades the houses and the lakes  
The beaters the perches and the faces  
Of left behinds - waving their arms  
For a last goodbye in good or bad  
Watching their loved ones leave and that  
Becomes a never ending dance like reels  
Becomes a ritual - of its own

When the bus reaches his last stop I stay put  
The bus-driver looks at me and says „What  
Kind of exercise is this?“  
No worry, I want to find out something - from this  
How my feelings relate to her behaviour  
To be sure and objective and before  
I'm jumping to conclusions you see  
I now ride your - right back home

*Albania I travelled with my friend and colleague Mario Todisco. Why? Because we were stupid, that's why. But we needed to go on the road, and since he had family in Southern Italy and Albania was just across the Adriatic Sea that sounded like an adventure. And an adventure it was. I wrote an entire novel based on our journey - Funny side story, I performed this song at an open mike in Calgary 20 years ago and at the end when the 500 people (at least the 3 felt like 500) stopped the applause, one asked me, "Really, that was Toronto?" - some pronounce it T'ronna, close to Tirana.*

## **Beyond a packed train to Tirana**

loafing on demolished freight trains  
skeletons among hungry eyes  
nothing to loose but their light  
in the railway restaurant  
the table cloth was old & torn  
we drank coffee the dark brown ground  
stuck tween our palate & tongue

i salooned down the splendid stairs  
into the empty station hall  
forgotten locks on broken doorknobs  
we got our tickets at a wooden shack  
passed through a black notch  
„here are our tix to freedom“  
my friend carlo said - carlo said

somehow the train was packed, heads  
stretched out of the window frames without glass  
6 on 4 people`s places  
strange arms around my shoulders  
that there`s more space  
for the bags & children  
we waited for departure but we weren't sure  
if the train would move before the peddlers  
sold their treats & bananas  
& their pornos on pink paper

palms & slums & fields & farmers  
dashed their donkies with old spades  
roaring drowned by groaning steel wheels  
right beside little girls  
ran begging with dusty hair  
half eaten bread in open hands  
was all their gain - was all their gain

tirana announced itself  
with smoking shacks steel slabs slums  
built from the dismantled freight trains  
we crossed a parking lot in the shape of the moon holes  
on the sidewalks missing manholes  
small shops & chains  
old women in rags  
crouched on wet concrete  
with scales of shame - with scales of shame

you should use the scale as a service  
pay for it what i did  
but the scale was broken  
any scale  
anyway

*Astrology and greek mythology clashes with love and geography. Just by dropping heavily meaning-carrying gods and stars this lyric feels almost pretentious but I still like the tune.*

## **Capricorn**

You came closer to the sun than Phoenix on his best day  
And more than once you burned nearly to ashes

Would you come with me mon amour  
Walking the tropic of Capricorn - along  
Australia's deserts  
Chili's mountains  
And the endless oceans

You are way stronger  
Godfather Zeus passed the world on to you my dear

Full moon and Mars above us all the stars  
Another cloudless night after the party had died

I know I was the one who passed on our last dance  
I still feel your hand on my back and your nails in my flanks

*I can daydream any given second, day or night. I used to love daydreaming riding trains, looking out of the window and the landscape and cities get blurry, as if I can see some hidden truth behind it then.*

## **Daydreaming by night**

a full moon and Mars  
above us all the stars  
of a unique nite  
after the party had died

daydreaming by nite  
seems so perfect and the right  
thing to do - out of sight  
daydreaming by nite

your wet hair slick back  
we're going as far we can get  
sharing a perfect time together

sitting beside each other  
your face reflected in the water  
a siren far away  
and mosquitoes in the air

thankful to the moon  
for sharing the light with me and you  
that he lends his light  
your sparkling eyes

*Did anybody have a friend before you knew what love is? Did anybody meet him or her again later in life?*

### **What happened to you?**

girl, you re not looking good today  
your re not looking good in any way  
what happened to you  
what happened to you-u-u-u  
what happened to you  
what happened to-o-o...

...the girl i went to school from the 1st to 4th grade  
we were always a little late in class  
the boys and girls were teasing us  
but not that we cared oh no no no  
no we stared at each other  
bursting out laughing wherever we were

...the girl I was dating being 10  
spending all my time back then  
running across the schoolyard in the morning  
and at 3 pm  
the scrap metal junk pile of a factory  
in the heart of solingen  
the half scissors were raw n grey n sharp  
once I cut my finger by accident  
and then u cut your's

...the girl that held her finger against mine  
and our blood mixed just fine  
we looked into our eyes and u said  
„may i ask something...  
shall we be blood-brother and sister?  
...you wanna swear the oath?“  
and it burst out of her that  
if her father doesn't beat her to pulp  
if the gangs leave us in peace  
and if we still like eachother  
that when i m 18 - we run

...after my family moved away when i was 12 and you re 13  
one year older on the day  
our nite we lost touch out of sight out of  
spite i tried one day to find you  
in my old hometown - but i got lost  
got back home and cried a little bit too late  
a little bit too early i gave up  
and now i m standing in front of you a lifetime late  
we met by chance and all u said was „where were u blood brother?“  
on my 19th birthday i waited 24 hours and 1 more  
and what did u do?  
what did u do?  
what did u do?  
what did u do?

*The great band "Morphine" has a line in one in their songs, Scratch "But you get what you pay for that's what I say / And now I'm paying and paying and paying" I guess I felt inspired by this awesome band (I had all albums and opted to watch them live with my buddy Max on a small side stage while Beck performed on the main stage in Belgium) – Never regretted it. R.I.P. Mark Sandman.*

## **It all has its price**

If you're getting drunk on whiskey n beer  
smoking Lebanese and broccoli  
last time sober in a past life  
    It all has its price  
when you're always away from home  
partying all nite long  
travel through the night  
    It all has its price

if u cant be on your own  
finding peace all alone  
stumbling through the nite  
    It all has its price  
if you're betting on a lame horse  
watching TV poker shows  
You're rolling loaded dice  
    It all has its price

when you're preaching love  
but practising sex  
while looking in her eyes  
    It all has its price  
when u r confusing dreams with a wish  
a vision with a satellite dish  
your life isn't one but a bunch of big lies  
    It all has its price

you may say „but I did all this you're saying“  
„And still I'm paying - paying - paying!“  
You better be wise  
    It all has its price  
No matter what you did or what you don't  
No matter what you will or what you wont  
Take a look at each side  
    It all has its price

*I know exactly where I wrote this song. On a bunk bed in a small Youth Hostel in Gibsons, British Columbia. I don't know where it came from but I'm still there when I read or sing these lines.*

### **Never seen a stranger**

when you met him you could bet that  
for everyone he had a smile  
he'd ask how u were doing  
even the bored the mean and the vile

-R-

he was a man who'd never seen a stranger  
a man who'd have a smile for you  
so he didn't see the danger  
the day it came to him too

i cant think of a single one  
not wishing having him as a friend  
but that changed all of a sudden  
when the devil sent his best man

he surprised him fast and forceful  
the devil gave him no chance  
it was done the unspeakable  
he had no chance no chance no chance

i cant tell what exactly happened  
it s beyond any imaginable fear  
my stomach turns if i think about it  
be glad u don't have any idea

now he walks the street like u and me  
not quite there not quite gone  
a faceless face in a faceless world  
the devil he has won

*I wonder how some guys do it ... so I wrote a song about having more than one partner at the same time and trying to make sense of it. Three strophes three different people, and somehow I wish I could speak and write and sing in french. Don't ask my why.*

### **One woman at a time**

we had our breakfast in bed  
you picked a feather out off my hair  
why do u have to go to work ?  
u asked & too bad u have to go

and i leaned back - my fear was closing in  
all the pictures inside - slowly thinking

i can only wrap my mind  
around one woman at a time

so i drove back home  
taking a shower alone  
then i had a bite to eat  
let live or let it be

a few doubts and - my fear was closing in  
all the voices inside - i m understanding

an hour later we had a drink  
and she didn't give a damn  
that i had a girlfriend  
she couldn't care less then

so we kissed and - my fear was closing in  
all the pictures inside me - shining

u ignored the calls on my cell  
humming & blinking like hell  
until i had my moment  
and surprised even my friends when

i dumped them - but my fear was closing in  
all the pictures inside me - exploding

*Those days, weeks, months after your love set you free, when you can't think of anybody else, embracing any distraction that comes along your way.*

### **I don't want to think**

today i dont want to think  
i ll watch some TV instead  
open a bag of sour n cream  
and flush it down with a soda pop  
or ginger ale i ll decide that later  
lets see whats on TV channel 1-2-3  
i m not choosy today  
today i don't want to think  
i just don't want to think - of you

i am really on the brink  
walking all the way from home to...  
where the hell did i want to go again?  
breathing in and out and in and out  
and in and swallowing and clearing my throat  
once too often  
blinking with my eyes again  
then i stare like a fish  
let the fresh air have its cooling way  
concentrating, on a tree... there!: a blue-jay  
today i don't want to think  
i just don't want to think - of you

today i don't want to think  
neither about last week  
nor about your hair i found on my shirt  
this morning is like a vampire  
vampire mornings are marking my days  
followed by my distraction attempts  
and if nothing else helps  
i can always make an appointment with the dentist  
and refrain from icing  
pain would give me some other ideas  
while i m waiting for the first day  
i won't think of you

*I wrote this more than 20 years ago, one of my first songs I wrote in Calgary, where I learned guitar like "For each new chord I write a song" (keeps the motivation up!). The lyrics are based on one of my German poems published in chap books (self xeroxed and stapled, ah, good times) and magazines.*

### **The boredom of 1999 doesn't differ from '85**

in a summer of our childhood  
we always played how we could die  
our idols were american  
their voices dubbed - children

The boredom of 1999 doesn't differ from '85

afternoons after school  
we could waste - killing each other  
on a good showdown-noon  
we could reach 200 deaths - each of us

shot in the head - sudden death  
in the heart the same - game  
a hit in the back was better  
because of the rolling in the dirt - and pain

with a pump gun in your tummy  
you bent to the front with the mouth - of a carp  
on your knees you tried to dig back  
your spilling intestines - without a chance

once a sunny afternoon  
we tried it  
1 hour - 2 hours - 3 hours  
with rotting  
but that was boring

*Another song about travelling and one of the crazy and wonderful people  
I met in my life, who left their permanent impression on me, how I fell, how  
I think, how I am, and ... wait ... I just remember ... same person who told me  
I should let my hair grow long! She got two songs! Almost muse territory!*

### **Violetta and the snow in September**

i never forget they way we met us  
in a crowded bar, the blue shell in colonia  
dark and neon in your eyes a coke and a cigarette  
blue jean, biker boots, a green jean jacket and  
your smile like a kid in sweet anticipation  
of breaking a window with a stone

we didn't stay much longer than your coke  
and you asked me if i would  
smoke and soon we left for your flat  
where we listened to jim and leonard  
through thick fog and incense filtered theories  
about god and more important things

when i left your flat i was flying low  
with my car i dived through the nite lights of the autobahn  
around colonia like han solo on his mission  
to destroy the planet to the music  
of the big swordfishtrombone

days later i called you back just as we said  
it was thursday and the weekend was  
supposed to be sunny and bright  
you asked „so what u think about a trip?“  
and i said „to the sea?“  
„sounds great for me“  
and the next day we called in sick  
and took off for holland

i bumped into a car in amsterdam and the same nite  
someone broke both door locks, i guess it was a contest  
who was faster in my honda to steal your green jean jacket  
so we coffeeshopped the next day and we headed to the sea  
and danced in the dunes in the snow in september

the snow fell on us while u took black n white pictures  
between the dunes it was so windy and cold  
we could not light a single joint  
so we broke the shit into pieces and put into our cheeks  
like lozenges and called it: spliffermen's friend

on our way back we found out  
we d bought too much of that shit  
to cross the border so we stopped  
at the last truck stop to smoke the rest  
not smart since it was quite a lot of shit  
and we weren't alone at all  
some 100 germans  
in dashed cars & lederhosen  
faced the same problem  
paranoia

*To the very day I can't believe we did this trip: backpacking Albania, 1995.  
I wrote an entire novel about it in German, called "Flirren". The title I took  
from a postcard of a wonderful colleague Oliver Bopp who sent me postcard  
once with a still of Beatrice Dalle in Betty Blue. How did I get from Albania to  
the French movie based on one of my favourite authors Philippe Djian...?*

### **Chimes just for one morning**

Tin at tin was rattling  
The empty beers of yesterday  
Chimes just for one morning  
Chimes just for one morning

Most of the ships in Durres harbour  
Lay bridge deep in the muddy water  
Their rusty masts stuck in the bay  
Like banderillas in a Spanish bull's neck

The floating boats didn't look  
Like they really could  
Dilapidated harbour buildings  
Displayed the present decay everywhere

Sluggishly our ferry dieseled  
To the end of the quay  
Through the espalier of the  
Anticipated end of the days

I coughed and crept out of my sleeping bag  
My denim stuck damp on my legs  
With cold feet in black shoes  
I stumbled to the stern

The propeller twirled water like a wide  
White highway to the past  
Italy out of sight  
And salt film on my lips

*Can't remember what lead to a chorus in languages I don't speak. Must have been the sound. One of my one-chord-another-song lyrics. It's a clash of scenes I've seen in Germany and in Calgary.*

## **La vida es un tango**

A 19 year old woman talks about  
Removing a tattoo  
She'll burn her diary  
And write it new  
In two weeks  
While in front of money laundries  
Bad boys playing with BMW-keys  
And the darker the car windows  
The whiter the drug  
Mike was once on TV  
Today he's on C  
On strange-street  
Dancing goldy heroes  
Tango Mortale

La vida es un tango  
D'amour – d'esprit – par erreur

A millionaire asked me  
If I could howl  
Howl to Werwolves of London  
On a x-mas party  
In a posh hotel  
Get me out of there  
Into a pub  
Reflected sunbeams  
By car-roofs and windshields  
The sun is sickeling  
Over the horizon  
And a 16 year old  
Escorts her drunken mother out  
Two cops are buying pizza  
Pills are crossing life-lines  
On terra incognita  
Dancing goldy heroes  
Tango mortale

*I was guest at the Leipzig book fair, and I got a fixed pay-cheque for it and I had to find my own hotel. Of course cheap me checked into a B&B in a rural small town and commuted, via train. The B&B turned out to be gold, not only did they have bar downstairs with a good beer but the other rooms were taken by construction workers and every night we met for a drink or two.*

### **Queen of the commuter train**

Midnight I sat in the commuter train  
I noticed you, the conductor from yesterday  
You sold me the 4 way ticket and  
Without a smile you went your way

Now I pulled out the ticket to show it to you  
And out of nowhere your eyes lid up and you said:  
You're the only one thinking of that around this time  
And you pinched my arm with a smile

And all of a sudden we were the centre of attention  
Of all the drunks on this midnight train  
Don't mind their looks, don't mind what they're saying  
Queen of the commuter train

The stud in your cheek turned out to be in your dimple  
Guess it seemed to be a good idea at the time  
Sure there were a lot worse decisions made  
Simply for the wrong friend or the wrong guy

That very moment I was thinking the truth  
Because of you I was thinking of my ticket  
There is something really special about you  
But that moment came and it went

Your gesture seemed so way out of place  
Catching me in total surprise  
And I bet not even you saw it coming  
Judging your face

In slo-mo you turned around to the next guy  
While my lips didn't want to move  
I just missed yet another time  
To tell a girl what I feel is the truth

*Now we are entering songs written 2019, a year I wrote a lot. Bad times make good songs and poems, maybe paintings, too, I don't know, others know better. This is a song with the potential being sung at the wrong place at the wrong time, much like Ani DiFrancos great tune "Fuck you (and your untouchable face)" - although I rather sing my tune than standing on a traffic light singing her song and the knuckle-dragger next to me thinks it is about him...*

## **The fucks**

I love you 'til the day  
I pack my shit and run away  
Please love me 'til the day  
One of us runs away

Look at all the fucks  
I don't give  
Look at all the fucks  
I don't give

A man only drinks as much  
A woman makes him to  
A woman can take only so much  
No man can make her to

My scissors are dull  
From cutting my losses  
My fingers are numb  
From cutting all my losses

I know my life is one big shit show  
But it is mine  
I know my life is one big shit show  
But it is mine

Be my guest .. Take a look  
At the clusterfuckronaut --- Take a good look around  
I'm up to my knees in the fucks I don't give  
I'm wading through all...  
I'm waste deep in...  
I swim through all the ...  
I drown in all the fucks...

*Doing this I notice stuff I never paid attention to: that many of my songs revolve around travelling, the sea or public transit, but I guess I am also a sucker for smiles. Well, there is worse.*

### **A smile of a stranger**

Of course I noticed your smile  
When you just walked by  
Giving me more attention  
Than all the others  
I kept my look short  
And I looked down deep  
Not to promise anything  
I could not keep

A smile of a stranger  
Is as good as it gets  
No words no promises  
No kisses no sex  
No future fantasies  
No fancy pipe dreams  
Your smile, of a stranger  
Is as good as it gets

You were smart and got it  
Nonverbal polite  
A gesture well trained  
Flanked by a short smile  
Non committal and shy  
More alive than a lie  
But needles to say  
Necessary all the way

And that's how it goes  
Day in and day out  
Less and less year by year  
Very slowly no doubt  
Without hurting nobody  
Anywhere anyhow  
Just you and me and a moment  
That will pass by like you

Don't try me, please run  
I'm old and I'm done  
Broke and I ran out of dreams  
Of everything it seems  
That once mattered to me  
And you don't want to know  
The only thing  
I'm looking forward to

*This one became quick one of my own faves. Just that title – what a line. Can't tell if I heard it or what, but that's a song or a poem worth. And I love to whistle the melody. If I can't whistle it, it ain't a song – at least not mine.*

## **You're casually breaking my heart**

The way you evade my eyes  
and the way you say goodbye  
the way you cut your kisses short, although there is time for more

The way you're looking at your phone  
leaving me with us alone  
while you are near, your soul is far, you're casually breaking my heart

You're casually breaking my heart  
you're casually breaking my heart  
you're casually breaking my heart  
and I'm losing myself

shadows of the tree on my wall  
branches without leaves in fall  
I can watch them forever and ever, and dream about you

Me slouching on a couch old and brown  
that seems to holding me down  
keeping the dark beast and check, one day bleeds into the next

One day bleeds into the next  
one day bleeds into the next  
one day bleeds into the next  
and I'm watching myself

cobwebs are growing in every corner  
again I read the last text from you  
I read it more often than the Pope to the big book

Dirty dishes pile up in the shower  
the city has turned off my power  
to hell with all this shit, the captain goes down with his ship

The captain goes down with his ship  
the captain goes down with his ship  
the captain goes down with his ship  
and I'm saluting myself

The wind tears on my clothes  
the river silently flows  
to the sea I haven't seen because you and me planned to go

Over me a seagull cries  
and everywhere I see your eyes  
your the best I ever met, tears are the applause of the dead

tears are the applause of the dead  
tears are the applause of the dead  
tears are the applause of the dead  
I'm bracing myself

*Maybe some are thinking, he wrote a lot during the corona virus lockdown. No. Not me. None of these songs I wrote during the pandemic. I had (have right now) 3 kids at home. To write a song (or anything at least I consider worthwhile) I need to be alone, alone with the piece of mind nobody can disturb me – but yes, I can be in public, in a cafe or on the train. But these are strangers, and are not likely to approach me – except they toss beer coasters with smileys on my table (what happened exactly once in 35 years).*

## **Easy on the eyes**

When I first saw her I wanted to talk  
so I tried to crack a silly joke  
she just frowned and started to cough  
it was so hard to make her laugh

I have to say  
it was hard to please her anyway  
but she was so easy, she was so easy, on the eyes

When finally the ice broke and I saw land  
now I understood what dating meant  
she said "bland food and a boring movie?"  
It was hard to make her love for me

We moved together into an apartment  
a dream come true, I did not understand  
why she frowned all day, you see  
it was hard to make her happy

It took half a year and she got bored  
she always yawned, her neck was sore  
what was missing she never said  
it was hard to make her appreciating everyday

*2019, Alberta, the year it all went to shits with the election of the Conservatives.  
By the end of that year I predicted the province will never recover from that debacle.  
Honestly, I only understand maybe 25% of the voters – they are rich or religious  
or undereducated – or any of the possible combinations. I believe there isn't a single  
place in the world that performed worse than Alberta under Conservative governments.  
Full of oil, all the money, and no political leadership that provided an intelligent  
way into the future. Sad. Conservative = we want to keep how things are, conserve it.  
Crazy.*

### **Conservative love song**

Where we carry our hearts they carry their hate  
and they seem to become more as of late  
no matter where you look they are on the rise  
following anyone blindly against what they despise

an aversion not chosen but grown in them  
a seed that was sewn by their own parents hands  
suppressing their feelings all the way long  
during an endless night 'til their youth was gone

They weren't loved by their ma or their pa  
that's the reason why they are what they are  
a father who told them what's right and wrong  
a dominant patriarch cold, stern and strong

They were conservatives, they didn't want change  
raising a child how they were raced way back then  
not raising a person, more of a clone  
a clone of themselves, sad and alone

Change is what they don't want, not at all costs  
not in them not around them, it stays as it was  
four change you have to be like bamboo strong  
they are like old wood, dead, dull and done

Instead of dancing they stare at the screen  
screaming at Jersey's from that dark beast within  
instead of hiking they go in the woods  
to find an animal they can then shoot

Instead of swimming they go on dirt bikes  
killing the silence, destroying wildlife  
just because they don't know true love  
they compensate with all the above

Somebody told me, don't let them lose their face  
a face you can't lose! But what else is in place  
an avatar android, wearing a mask  
cast to make yourself somebody else

Crippled you are beyond recognition  
it's hard to get out of your situation  
just imagine what you can win  
happiness around you and from within

and if you cover your ears hearing the song  
you may be one of them, don't get me wrong  
there is always time to change, to embrace love  
to become an individual, without façade

If you hate me now, put your hate into words  
you just may find out where it really hurts  
and I would have an answer why they are not  
more witty conservative protest songs

*Often a postcard in your mailbox was enough to keep you busy for a day, day dreaming, remembering and imagining. No scrolling down to the next post, no polluting one emotion with another, a pure experience, in this case heavily romantic.*

### **A postcard with an empty bed**

You sent me a postcard  
with an empty bed  
the sheets all tangled up  
unmade

from your holiday in Greece  
where you were for two weeks  
with a Fellini movie steel frame  
the style old hotels have

You send me a postcard  
with an empty bed  
the bed was screaming:  
the lovers left, the lovers left, the lovers left

Now they are sitting in the shade  
of the side street café  
cupping their cups in quiet  
thinking about themselves and last night

from her toe dangles a sandal  
from his lips a Gauloise  
he's unshaven, her hair is in a tangle  
that's exactly how it was

The empty bed is shrouded  
in sunshine and in love  
through the open window  
the sound of the bar

the sheets and the pillows  
are a crumbled mess  
and it smells like sun  
and making love I guess

a young couple roars by on a scooter  
the two lovers smile at each other  
he wants to say something nice  
she shakes her head, closing her eyes

Only three words you wrote  
like three chords and the truth  
that was so typically of you  
the three words were "Thinking of You"

*Next page the first version, always written by hand. Good luck reading something!  
Written and recorded September 12<sup>th</sup>, 2019.*

"a postcard with an empty bed"

SONY 130912-02!

1-2

~~(R)~~ (S) You sent me a postcard with ~~an~~ <sup>all</sup> bed ~~the sheets tangled up~~ <sup>made</sup>  
From your holiday in Greece  
Where you were for 2 weeks

(S) It has that kind of ~~the bed had a shell frame~~ <sup>style</sup> ~~black bars curved + windy~~ <sup>have</sup> like in a Fellini movie ~~painting~~ <sup>old hotels style</sup>

3, Capo  
Am - Am Str.  
6 - F  
R  
Covers left x 3 then to F (Side)

(R) ~~It seems like~~ the postcard was screaming  
You sent me a postcard with an empty bed

~~Where~~ the lovers have left

~~Maybe for an espresso in a bar  
A walk on a beach  
Or a stroll to the garden~~

(S) Maybe they went ~~to~~ <sup>just</sup> down the stairs  
Down that shallow staircase  
To have an espresso in the bar

(S) Now they ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> sitting in the shade  
Of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> umbrella in a cafe  
Cupping their cups of coffee in quiet  
Thinking about ~~the other~~ <sup>themselves</sup> + last night

X Martini (what kind)

last night ~~was~~ <sup>or does a</sup> ~~night~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~stay~~ <sup>stay?</sup>

(S) From her toe dangles ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> sandals  
From his lips a banalides  
He is unshaved, but hair's in a tangle  
That's exactly how it was

(S) ~~The sheets are messy~~  
One pillow on the floor

(S) A young couple round by on a scooter  
And the 2 lovers smile at each other  
~~without~~ <sup>without</sup> ~~and they~~ <sup>and they</sup> ~~eat~~ <sup>eat</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~kiss~~ <sup>kiss</sup>  
He ~~seems~~ <sup>seems</sup> ~~off~~ <sup>off</sup> to say something nice  
She shakes her head smiling, closing her eyes



*I love this one, and I wanted to write more like these lyrics, slow-motion movie songs, I would call the album, with lyrics that all describe a moment shorter than the song itself.*

### **When you drove away**

I didn't see your eyes  
in the rear view mirror  
when you drove away  
you didn't look back  
when you drove away  
you didn't look at me  
you didn't turn around  
you just drove away

I hear the door of your Chevy  
echoing in my head  
and the corners of your mouth  
smiling in my heart  
I see your 80s Blazer  
slowly speeding up  
sun reflecting in the window  
behind a trail of dust

tires crackling over the dirt road  
chasing birds up in the air  
gophers down in the ditch  
my butterflies are scared  
that feeling in my belly  
accept the truth or do I dare  
the hope of a hopeless  
a Jester in late May

The brake lights flare up  
your Blazer disappears  
a dust cloud in the wind  
a cricket in the ditch  
what does he want to tell me  
my hands deep in my jeans  
I say too quite  
A last goodbye

*Last year one of our sons got a book as a present from his uncle, Sophie's World.  
And I had a flashback and had to write a song I should have written a long  
time ago.*

## **Sophie's World**

The day I sat sail, to the Green Isle of mine, you took my arm and pulled me aside  
for the journey my dear, you get something to read, for every day you're not here with me  
for every day you're not here with me

Sophie's world, on my shoulder, in my backpack  
Sophie's world, was waiting for me, waiting to be read - waiting to be read

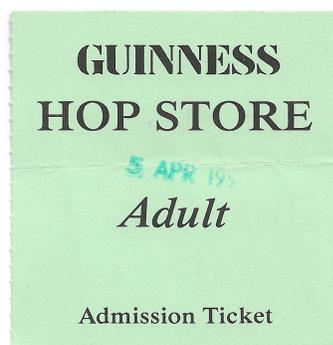
instead of the book you had torn out the pages, and stapled them for all my 20 days  
You now please make sure, you read 1 pack a day, wherever you are wherever you may  
wherever you are wherever you may

so next day I sat, on my youth hostel bed, touching the jagged side of the paper  
Leaving Galway behind, with you on my mind, I bussed all the way to Killarney  
I bussed all the way to Killarney

in the pub it was, with a pint by my side, I decided to shift my attention  
With the pages on me, I was neither there nor here, so I stopped reading right there  
so I stopped reading right there

I enjoyed the folk songs, about the times long gone, the pints and the laughs of Killarney  
The rest of the time, by rain or sunshine, I drank in the pubs after hiking  
I drank in the pubs after hiking

only briefly I thought, only once or twice, about the gift you gave me that morning  
When I touched down, I felt something was gone, and you saw it too, right there at Gate 10  
right there at Gate 10



*April 5<sup>th</sup> | I was there in the 90s, I can't read the year.*

*When you remember people they never age, they always stay as young as they were at the time. Memory is timeless. No wrinkles. They also do not disappear when they die without you knowing it (or with).*

## **Surrendered**

Yesterday - I remembered  
you and me - together  
years ago - in December  
your smile - I surrendered

Every year - I see your eyes  
your smile - right before me  
you beside me - all around me  
feel your skin - on mine here

Every now and then - I smell you  
in the wind - are in my pillow  
and all I wish - you never lost  
your crazy spirit - your craziness

Today - an old friend told me  
not knowing - I didn't know it  
you passed away - years ago  
while I had you on my mind - alive

Tomorrow - I remember  
you and me - together  
years ago - in December  
you are gone - and I surrender

*My crazy friend and colleague Kersten Flenter has a German song with a similar title – just the perspective is the other way around. Since I am full of myself I chose this perspective.*

### **Before I drink you pretty**

You know for a guy  
who doesn't like goodbyes  
I say them too often, it's the secret of my life

It's the secret of my life  
knowing when to leave  
so one more beer and I leave us right here

before I drink you pretty  
let's end this special night  
before I drink you pretty n beautiful in my mind

You are grabbing my hand  
you look me in the eyes  
and say: I don't want to lose my last butterfly

We drink our beers  
until they taste bitter  
and our bus home smells like a thrift store in winter

We ride through the night  
your kisses are wild  
behind your hair all the lights fly by

The night is long  
we are making love  
laughing and drinking to Ween until 'morn

Cappuccino for lunch  
a shower for two  
no goodbyes, then I leave you

You can always call on me  
but shoot a text first  
I'm more trouble than I'm worth

*I swear I wrote this song in 2019 – before the corona virus. I mean, isn't that always the question? How many summers do I have left? I bet from now on more people will ask themselves this question more frequently.*

### **A few summers left**

You may just have a few summers left  
so is this how you really want to be remembered by:

You always did what was  
expected from you  
making everybody happy that you

- instrumental

You may just have a few summers left  
so is this how you want to spend your time:

You are thinking in tweets  
scrolling through life  
or whatever you call that online lie

- instrumental

You may just have a few summers left  
so is this how you really want to be:

You complain about life  
you lie about love  
have now could be here, what are you waiting for?

You may just have a few summers left  
so is this how you really want to be

*Next again a first version from December 9<sup>th</sup>, 2019. I always wrote the recording date down so I could find the recording later. Sometimes I record 40 or 50 ideas, usually in over a short time span, without working on the new unfinished songs. This way I find them easier. A new idea always goes first before working on an old one.*

A FEW SUMMERS LEFT

C You may just have  
 C A few summers left  
 C So ~~what's the point~~  
 is this ...

SONY 191209-01



Str. G-C-Am

same  
 C ||

- ③ Refrain ending: ~~If this is~~ how you <sup>really</sup> want to be
  - ② " " " " " " to spend your time
  - ① " " " " " " be remembering ~~the~~
- ↳ ultimate Refrain ending  
 ↳ next str. referring to last line of the Refrain before

Social Media

by - past

② You Thinking in Tweets  
 Scrolling through life  
 Or whatever you call that online life

① You always did  
 What was expected of you  
 Making ev. body happy but you

② You complain about <sup>life</sup> ~~the world~~  
 You lie about love  
~~the world is what it is but what is the good~~  
 Heaven could be here, what are you waiting for?

Structure

- R
- S
- S instr.
- R
- "
- "

*The moments when you say "Yes, yes" but you and everyone around you  
knows it means "No" or "Maybe" at best ...*

## **Never ever happen**

Over his reading glasses  
my doc told me  
confidentially  
cut down on your drinking

I said yes and I nodded  
I promised back then  
but we both know  
it would never ever happen

When a cop pulled me over  
his shades met my eyes  
speed one more time son  
and your license is mine

She was hiding her tears  
cause she caught me cheating  
she made me promise  
I would never see her again

My father's fist on the table  
when he saw my tattoo  
one more and he would disown me  
give it all to the zoo

Standing before my five-year-old son  
giving him his very first roast  
if you must shake a catch-up bottle  
first check if it is closed

40 years later the zoo is rich  
my ex-wife a xxxx  
the doc had died long time ago  
I still live the rock 'n roll

Because...

*What makes a face beautiful? The eyes, the lips, symmetry? Light is key, in film or photography they call it "Painting with light". And where there is light, there is shadow.*

### **An ode to the shadows underneath your cheekbones**

I found this shape in  
Japanese paintings  
and in the sand of the dunes

    this is an old to the shadows  
    underneath your cheekbones  
    valleys of light

No light is light enough  
no darkness dark enough  
neither can we wipe them away

You act like a dream  
you feel like a dream  
and I'm not sure if you are a good one for me

You turn your head  
slowly revealing  
countless killing facets of yourself

*The basic idea to the song goes way back, early 2000s. "Japanese Paintings" refers to an exhibition at the Greater Victoria Art Gallery in Victoria, BC, where I had the fun working. The first notes I jotted down on a small notebook, the pages to the right. November last year the song came together, 16 years later.*

S. Capo  
c

SONY 191107-01  
(middle)

1. This is an ode to the shadows
2. Underneath you check bones
3. valleys of light

I found this shape in  
Japanese paintings  
And in the ~~face~~ sand of the dunes

No light is <sup>light</sup> enough  
No darkness dark enough  
Neither one can wipe them a

You act like a dream  
You feel like a dream  
I'm not sure if you're a good one for

~~When~~ you turn your head  
Slowly revealing  
Countless killing facts of yourself

high

⊂ (Extreme) (low) <sup>that's special</sup>  
This is an ode (expl. word?)  
to the shadow underneath  
you check bones

⊂ found this shape  
in Japanese paintings  
I've seen this form  
in the dunes of the desert

⊂ When you smile  
it's whispered as lie  
Your valley moves  
with the grace like a  
cat's shoulder blade

⊂ You act like a dream  
You feel like a dream  
I just don't know  
if it's a good or a bad one

⊂ You act like a dream  
You feel like a dream  
I just don't know  
if it's a good or a bad one

The shadow looks  
(like) I could slow it away  
'O damn you' you meant  
But said "see you soon"

*This one just started with that memory of me lying under trees, especially memorable during the summers I worked full time in an office. I got off work, got to my car, parked at the side of the road and took off the suit, tie and shirt and grabbed my Tee and shorts from the backseat. Every day. Then I drove to a park, laid down underneath a tree, decompressed for half an hour (I also call it "thinking myself empty") and then I read a novel by Kerouac, Djian, Ford or Cormac McCarthy – yes, I discovered him with his 1<sup>st</sup> publication Suttree in Germany.*

### **When I close my eyes**

When I close my eyes - underneath a tree  
they are in the shadows - of the tree's leaves

When I close my eyes - I do hear the wind  
talking about the past - the moments I lived

when I close my eyes - I begin to dream  
about all my decisions - what could've been  
When I close my eyes - my pulse is slowing down  
resetting myself - my heart and my soul

When I close my eyes - voices speak to me  
voices that went silent - slow or suddenly

When I close my eyes - my youth is coming back  
as a child on holiday - more alive than dead-R

When I close my eyes - after reading for an hour  
on a blanket in a park - surrounded by flowers

When I close my eyes - I can smell those flowers  
the sunscreen and the Rhine - the dog that just came by

When I close my eyes - I am right there and then  
I wish nothing more - then not to open them again

When I close my eyes - for the last time  
what else will there be - I soon will flip the coin

*I carried that chorus around with me since I spend one day downtown Lethbridge on a Sunday. It seems like Lethbridge prepared for years for a lockdown. Where are 100,000 people? Not downtown. But then the lyrics got another dynamics and I liked it better this way, away from the city, more personal.*

### **I drink coffee cup after cup**

First thing in the morning  
an espresso alone  
the milk and not too hot  
just right for the full  
the dim kitchen light  
Nutella on Rye  
until I hear  
some children cry

I drink coffee, cup after cup  
because I live in the city that never wakes up

A colleague at work  
brew a whole pot  
black as the soul  
of manager Todd  
and just as bitter too  
you need lots of sugar  
four of five cubes  
to drink it at all

After the shift  
I hit a café  
one with newspapers  
and a separee  
they know me there  
they know my taste  
I don't have to wait  
for my café

Alone at home  
shrouded in quiet  
I have a last coffee  
awaiting the night  
a night for the dreams  
that bury you alive  
and I find a last hair  
from you in my bed

*Time for some good old storytelling. At the beginning of this song stood "she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you" - I took it from there in a what-if stride, and before I reached the last strophe I did not know how this story would actually end.*

## **She was trouble for me**

we met at the beer fest - a year after you left  
we had a short chat - you introduced me to Ted  
who looked at me & said - I've heard about you  
she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you

we talked about friends - who left who  
I noticed a feeling - I still had for you  
Ted pulled at your arm - 'cause he noticed that too  
she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you

we stood there we three - holding our beers  
from a craft brewery - you didn't want to leave  
only Ted wanted to go - he had something else to do  
she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you

Ted grew restless - his remarks less nice  
I laughed them off - I rolled that dice  
arm in arm you left - he gave me a last look  
she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you

another year later - at the same bar  
I saw Ted drinking - not casually but hard  
last week she left him - no shit, I told you  
she was trouble for me, she'll be trouble for you

we sat there that night - telling stories 'bout her  
laughing and crying - like 2 old pals we were  
drinking because of her - him and me, the 2 fools  
she was trouble for me, she was trouble for you

I deserved an Oscar - for not telling him  
we were back together - our love a new thing  
this time for real - this time for good  
and she promised she won't be trouble anymore

*Nice to see on next page that I mapped the idea different from what it originally was. Clearly different handwriting between idea and written song. Uh, that is psychologically concerning but that's just the way it is with me.*

(8)

She was trouble for me  
She'll be trouble for you

(Soy about a woman who leaves  
a guy for another and  
the perspective of the left one)

- ① We met at the beer fest  
A few after you left me  
We had a short chat Ted  
And you introduced us to ~~the girl~~ ~~you just met~~ ASUS  
Who looked at me + said  
I've heard about you  
② She was trouble for me (I thought)  
She'll be trouble for you

- ② We talked about friends  
~~And~~ who left who  
~~And~~ I noticed a feeling  
I still had for you ~~at~~ pulled your arm  
Ted ~~noticed that too~~ ~~wanted to pull you~~  
Because he noticed that too  
She was trouble for me  
She'll be trouble for you

③ We stood there we three  
In our hands our beers  
From a craft drinking  
Nuffor you or we tend to leave  
Only Ted wanted to go  
He had something else to do  
~~But she had~~ <sup>But she had</sup> trouble for me  
She'll be trouble for you

5.2  
He sat there that night  
Telling stories 'bout her  
Laughing + crying 'cause  
like 2 ~~of~~ pairs were  
~~He had her in his arms~~  
Drinking ~~with her~~  
Him + me, the 2 fobles

④ Ted grew ~~restless~~ restless  
His remarks less nice  
~~He~~ (laughed down off  
As well as > could  
You left while I Am in arm you left  
~~that held his hand + he held yours~~ And he gave us the last look  
She ~~was~~ was ...  
She'll be ...

because of her

Last walk she left him  
Noshit ~~is~~ (i) told you

⑤ Another year later  
At the same bar  
I ~~met~~ <sup>saw</sup> Ted ~~fairly drunk~~ drinking ~~alright~~  
And let that sink in <sup>Not a casual but hard</sup>  
~~She left him a day ago~~ She left Ted for some Jew  
So I had to tell him

5.2  
She was trouble for me  
I know she'd be trouble for you

⑥ ~~That day~~ I deserved ~~an~~ Oscar  
For not telling him  
We were sad together  
~~You moved right in~~ our love <sup>a new thing</sup> was ~~going~~  
This time for real  
This time for good

~~ALL~~  
Said together

She promised to be no  
trouble anymore

*Sometimes an expression or a single sentence doesn't lead itself to a lyric or a poem, like in this case it was a number of notes that kind of grouped themselves together over the course of years to form this lyric. Yeah, this one took a while. When the day came it was quick though. Weird sometimes.*

### **Make sure you have a falcon on your shoulder**

you can only fulfill the shadows of your dreams  
I'm no stranger to misery  
I had my share I think

Make sure you have a falcon on your shoulder  
or at least a whiskey in your hand  
the times are getting tougher my friend

let's call each other names  
We have nothing else to do  
nothing else makes more sense, I will wait for you

you n me are after the same thing  
some place in the shade  
some minor piece of happiness, before it is too late

was it me, or could it been anybody last night?  
you can't even keep your face straight  
I won't pick a fight

the nights are getting longer  
the nightmares closing in  
you win so little for everything, you leave along the way

*Next page one of the texts I worked on the lyrics. Sony is my demo recorder, the Sony PCM M10 for the techies. 20 is the year, 04 the month, 04 the day, take 01 – one of the newer songs from this year 2020.*

MAKE SURE YOU ... FALCON .. SHOULDER

THE MOON MADE MY LIFE FALL APART

SNP 200403.03  
SNP 200409.01!

ca  
@ make sure you have a falcon on your shoulder  
or at least a whiskey in your hand  
the times are getting tougher  
you said to me my friend S

G  
DSUS  
} G-DSUS

you can only fulfill the shadows of your dreams  
~~IF you are a lucky one~~

↳ R? CG!

I'm no stranger to misery  
I had my share and some *if seems*

*holding longer*  
the nights are drawing in right after summer equinox  
the nightmares closing in *you say*  
you win so little for everything  
you leave along the way

*There's*  
let's order Chinese and call each other names  
nothing else is there to do  
nothing else makes more sense  
I will wait for you

was it me, or could it been anybody last night?  
I just like to know *even*  
you can't keep your face straight  
I should better go *> bon + not a fight*

most of my life I'm busy holding back tears  
under blankets of laughter  
~~adventures and parties~~  
but I know what I am after

you n me are after the same thing I guess  
some place in the sun *shade*  
and some minor piece of happiness  
you know where I am coming from  
*before it is too late*

R  
I'm sure that the moon  
made my life fall apart

*I think it wasn't the "diner bill" I finished these lyrics, but on the napkin.  
Yeah, classic songwriting.*

### **Falling apart a little**

it only gets this quit if it snows  
or if you and me had fight, you know  
I'm always the one who's backing down  
maybe because I'm from a small town  
now down my spine I feel that chill

can you forgive a man who is falling apart a little

I'm feeling like a pigeon on a beach  
no matter where I go and breathe  
I smell the smell of deep despair  
on me as well as in the air  
now be fair don't go in for the kill

double-double makes cough syrup tasty  
remember you laughing back then with me  
laughing until our tears would come  
holding us arm in arm  
now calm down and end the thrill

you set me free as u were saying  
for me it was more a slaying  
the way you said to me goodbye  
not even looking into my eyes  
now I write on the back of a diner bill

*This is a blues from A to Z. Obviously a nod to The Big Lebowski, one of my favourite movies – great soundtrack, too.*

## **World of fire**

Don't pee on my rug - & tell me it's raining  
Don't shit on my lawn - & set it on fire

I called you a friend - now I call you a liar  
Frie in hell - In a world of fire

Don't pee on my rug - & tell me it's your's  
It ties my room together - It's mine I'm sure

Don't pee on my cornflakes - & call it milk  
I like my breakfast - just the way it is

Whatever you take - I'll come after you  
You can do what you want - I have my way too

*Love is a hell lot of trust into the other. Feelings, emotions, physically, an all-encompassing inexplicable experience, which can be the greatest and the worst, not necessarily at the same time. But in retrospect always amazing and crazy.*

### **Thank you for your trust**

It's a Friday night  
I am fading fast  
After our fight I tried to make us last

Things I shouldn't 've said  
Things I shouldn't 've meant  
But sometimes my mind tends to be bent

Thank you for your trust  
I can only imagine you must  
Gone through hell and high water for us

Take the rope off my neck  
And the onions from my eyes  
My hands are colder than the northern lights

Now I'm vying for your touch  
A touch that meant to much to me  
Like the sun, your laughter and the sea

I should have told you  
That now since you are gone  
I choked up when you got up to our song

You are who you know  
Haven't you heard that before  
And now I don't know you anymore

*Next page first original, which I always record right away, because otherwise I can't remember the rhythm. Yes, I am terrible. The "R" isn't a chord only known to me, it stems from "Refrain" = Chorus.*



*I wrote this one in our apartment in the Paris in Calgary, one of my one-chord-another-song songs, I think it was the D/A#. That Cat Stevens picture I carried around since the late 80s but I never used it before I wrote this song.*

### **The unreal upright lake**

It smells like polished stone  
With a slight scent of paint  
The breath of removed art  
And illegible names  
Sanded off house walls  
Painted over with beige paint  
And what remains  
Are empty stamps

The unreal upright lake  
of downtown lights by night  
I have to rub my eyes  
To arrange myself with the light

Cat Stevens was singing  
The first cut is the deepest  
He never had a second  
In the same old wound  
The smell of a blown out candle  
In the dark bedroom  
Dreams dripping from the ceiling  
Napoleon smiles from the wall

*This one I also wrote in Calgary, and it became a part of the bluesical "Paris, Calgary" recorded with the Randy Waldie Trio in Victoria, BC. I did a lot of walking in Calgary, so I did a lot of musing, and I saw many who fulfilled their dreams on the dreams of other.*

### **Where many fulfilled their dreams (on the dreams of others)**

Black blood is pulsing through its veins  
Of its body without a heart or a stomach  
What gets swallowed comes out undigested  
Faith in pain-believers and relievers  
Prices are skyrocketing on the stockmarket  
And honesty the managers special offer  
Between the public holidays and the blues jeans on Friday  
Mayday mayday a preacher is the leader of a party  
Could somebody throw me a hail mary?

Where many fulfilled their dreams on the dreams of others

The inner city like an ugly necklace in the south up to 17<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
With its bars and the fine smelling soap selling kitsch shops  
The ever popular break-up park  
Where always somebody sits and cries  
While the ex is blowing cigarette smoke into the sky  
Keeping a straight face  
In suburbia houses sitting on the foothills  
Like schools of seagulls in March

Now they are lying beside their bags and shopping carts  
Near the Elbow river in the grass  
Watching a severe case of a retiree's zoochosis  
A pensioner is running 25 meter back and forth  
Along a fence back and forth, back and forth  
Wearing a Tee that says  
Don't mess around with Texas  
And the loose net of the empty pay-for-tennis court  
Is smiling inanely right beside about all that

*This is about the ghosts that other people carry around, ghosts from their past or their present, that sneak one way or the other in the lives of others and linger there, effecting others.*

## **Nightface**

The door closed  
Behind a friend  
On every party  
He was the last  
We are all alone  
With our fanta... see!  
How the tea light  
Let's the wall breathe

Everything is swaying  
Like in a rush  
Fingers are sliding  
Clothes are flying in the corner  
With the nightface

And you jerk back  
Oh farce, oh farce  
There are areas  
I'm not allowed to touch

We suppressed a lot & often  
We tried it with drugs  
Fertilizing a feeling  
Not enough  
A stolen emotion  
You can't revive  
Time is healing wounds  
No amputations

We shedded ourselves  
Off all life  
No matter what we did  
We were always three  
With the nightface

Life is going  
Down the drain  
Sometimes I can't believe it  
I wish I had a reason  
To hate you  
And now I watch movies  
We've seen in theatre

And after dark  
I remember the nightface  
That since then  
sat in many corners

*From a single word, Jaded, can spring an entire song. Now my first language German is known for compound words where English needs an entire sentence. Not so here, one word carries an entire world, and picturesque as well! When I heard about this word I had to sit down and write, also one of my early tunes, written in Calgary 1998/99.*

## **Jaded**

I saw the smile of a whale shark  
The deepest blue in the sky  
I ran out of tears  
And I ran out of laughter  
I drank under bridges  
And in president suites  
Woke up in posh hotels  
And on pool billiard tables  
Told my stories to thousands  
But mostly to my walls  
Danced in fantasy worlds  
And naked under the sun  
I saw an angel burn  
And Santa Claus in an urn

mmmh-mmh  
I'm jaded...  
But hey indeed  
It sounds better than it feels

Carried a bloody bag  
With blood like mine  
I had discussions day long  
Remained longer quiet alone  
Felt nothing for a year  
But then more intense  
Listen to a lot of music  
And way more lies  
I faced the deserts  
The ice and the sand  
I know what it means  
To wait for a result  
And be the victim  
Of a false insult

I kicked a guy out of a train  
And climbed in through a window  
I held a knife to someone's throat  
Twisted one out of a man's hand  
Made promises and prosecutions  
A lot of money and none at all  
I put pampers  
On kids and grandpas  
Screamed for air  
And learned how to breathe  
Turned my back to friends  
And let me fall back  
Womens' nails caused pain  
Pleasure and love  
I looked deep in eyes  
And a Kalashnikov

*How often did the smile of a stranger your day? Every time hopefully (if it wasn't a creep), so why don't we smile more at each other? We can do it!*

## **Smile of Stranger**

Of course I noticed your smile  
when you just walked by  
me giving more attention  
then all the others  
I kept my look short  
and I looked down deep  
not to promise anything  
I could not keep

A smile of a stranger  
is as good as it gets  
no words no promises  
no kisses no sex  
no future fantasies  
no fancy pipe dreams  
just a smile of a stranger  
is as good as it gets

You were smart, you got it  
nonverbal and polite  
a gesture well trained  
flanked by a short smile  
noncommittal and shy  
very alive not a lie  
but needless to say  
necessary anyway

And that's how it goes  
day in day out  
less and less, year by year  
very slowly no doubt  
without hurting anybody  
anywhere anyhow  
just you and me and a moment  
somewhere downtown

Don't try me, please run  
I'm old and I'm done  
and broke and ran out of dreams  
actually of everything it seems  
that ever mattered for me  
and for you, too, maybe  
I am an empty shell  
That's all there is

*What is home, or the German word Heimat, meaning where your roots are or where you feel home. Now family roots go back east to Poland. I was born in the Bergisch-Land (a certain region) close to the Rhine-Land (a neighbouring region but allegedly profoundly different. I lived on Vancouver Island and now in the prairies, and I also travelled a bit. After years in the prairies it became clear to me, my home is the sea. I don't know why, I didn't grow up close to it, but we always made holiday at the Northern Sea. Maybe that's it.*

## **My home is no country**

a certain dish  
a certain drink  
a common sport  
i miss that link

it's crystal clear to me  
my home is no country  
it is the sea .. yeah yeah yeah.. the sea

language? i don't care  
books and movies too  
a shared history  
nothing will do

what i do miss  
without the sea  
i can't even tell  
it means so much to me

i can do without a lot  
not without my sea  
i love the waves  
that's where I wanna be

now I know I won't  
see my sea again  
i just play along  
play my life to the end

*So often I can remember where and how I wrote songs or poems but this one escapes my. The title set it off, but the brainstorm, the creation, the moment and place I can not say.*

## **Beachcombers of life**

i was born in the part of town  
where men were middle class  
if they could afford a perm  
my friends and I every now and then  
drank and laughed and fought for girls  
some were in bands some into poems

we were beachcombers of life  
dreaming of better times  
we were beachcombers of life  
young and crazy and wild

it was the year the church next door  
got slowly covered with graffiti or  
was that when Jenny disappeared  
left for the big city so I heard  
we staid put and partied and dreamt  
about a future we'd never had

those were the days you had best buddies  
best friends you can have thicker than blood is  
you can't imagine life without them  
their jokes and music and their ladies  
you met always at the same places  
that bar or in the park with all the crazies

*Relationships ... when you love someone you can't be close enough to that person,  
or can you?*

### **After too tight comes to light**

you n me are in design  
together we work fine  
12 hours side by side  
on our desk until night

After too tight comes to light  
Sometimes lovers bite  
into each other  
after a while

after dinner we go  
out playing domino  
either at Shelley's or Tom's  
or here at home

Ben, Li, Shelly, Tom  
our old friends are gone  
we had before we met  
one by one left

then we lay in bed  
and what you just said  
I forgot I dunno why  
Time's just passing by

we share a facebook account  
and if that ain't sound sound  
our jackets are the same  
by colour and by brand

*Patience becomes a rare commodity. Instant gratification is the sign of our times. And if it doesn't work right away: press reset, re-spawn, replay. The average attention span is reduced to its bare minimum. This effects life in many ways.*

## **No time to grow on you**

like this tune starting slow  
you don't know where it's gonna go  
how much time do you allow  
until you decide somehow  
if you listening through  
are you still there, are you?  
And how do I do?  
Do you gimmy a chance to grow on you

To grow into your heart and soul  
a chance to grow on you  
grow big, to something new  
all you have to do  
is to give it some time  
until i begins to shine  
only time brings out something new  
if you give it a chance to grow on you

you're together for some months  
and after the novelty wore off  
you begin to see her true face  
her little flaws  
do you have your doubts  
are you already looking around  
tell me, what's the scoop  
do you give her a chance to grow on you

the new game is kinda hard  
and this bar a bit dark  
you just switched from cap to beanie  
to change your personality  
an unknown silence you find  
unsettling and annoying  
10 seconds into the movie on youtube  
do you give'em a chance to grow on you

*By now you should know my favourite drink. I basically summoned up what I regularly wonder about. Left out is my opinion: although alcohol kills a lot of people a year, there is no statistic how many lives it saves! Consequentially it should be allowed to be prescribed, too. For me for example.*

### **A beer in the afternoon**

one beer makes me sober  
the 2nd I do count  
the perfect buzz I'm looking for  
all else gets me down

a beer in the afternoon  
a few later that night  
I don't care what they say  
It's gonna be alright

all beer ads aim for taste  
not one for the beauty of the buzz  
that slight alternate angle  
on reality it causes

so many things we'd never say  
so many things we'd never done  
without that sweet drunken state  
where I am coming from

that state gives me a distance  
a different perspective  
on problems good or bad and  
I figure what right and wrong is

it means time to reflect  
to think about my problems  
the kind of time we do neglect  
living full of nonsense

*Very personal, nice bridge between dreams and my beloved sea in the chorus.  
That golden ball I'm talking about was part of the Hans-im-Glueck literary award  
from the City of Limburg an der Lahn for my first novel.*

### **Dreamless life of a dreamer**

I ran out of dreams  
in a basement of a club  
where I realized  
With that dream died my last

Like a sailor  
Without the sea  
I didn't know life  
Without a dream

in vain I tried to sleep  
too scared to wake up  
tired and empty  
gutted from the past

all that was left  
were memories & a ball  
golden and shiny  
on a shelf in our hall

cornered by books  
that meant the world to me  
a world that I had left  
for a world without a dream

a dream without a dreamer  
a dreamer without a dream  
so I live my purgatory  
an underwater scream

i live the dreamless life  
of a dreamer in day-light  
and in silence my world circles  
in a spiral down the night

i miss my dreams  
more than i miss you  
and I fear all the nightmares  
my dreams could turn into

*I wrote this as it happened. I loved to take the train, train meant freedom for me.  
You pay and you get where you need to go while you can lay down, sit or walk  
around, daydream, work or listening to music and having a few beers.*

### **Public Transit Lullaby**

you sat down right next to me  
the offspring of my fantasy  
in that high speed train  
my life was not in vain

but you fled the place  
after you've seen my space  
and my half full beer can  
drinking in the deutsche bahn

just when you settled down  
on the other side of the isle  
a guy sat down next to you  
500 pounds and 5 feet high

he was full of daddy jokes  
and bad business anecdotes  
all you wanted was was peace  
a tiny place like next to me

I would have kept just to myself  
Whatever you said I'd have respect  
i even would 've shared a beer  
if you had asked

beside me you expected worse  
you were truly cursed  
one's for sure, you couldn't flee  
your self fulfilling prophecy

*One of the last songs I have written, and as of today without music. Sometimes the melody is first, sometimes the words and sometimes both grow together.*

### **Will I sing or will you sing?**

you didn't expect much from your life  
nor the one that you would love  
but somehow your expectations  
weren't met, not near enough

will I sing about your death  
or will you sing about mine  
if I'd know the answer now  
I'd raise a glass of wine

your wife is not complaining  
she is the dearest soul  
you know she deserves better  
deep down she knows it too

but there isn't much left  
of the pay-cheque you bring home  
you barely go out eating  
with your irritable bowl syndrome

could I have done better  
better you don't ask  
there sure were some chances  
but back then I was young

*Since I remember laughing about the title expression I am pretty sure I heard it from a comedian. There were no songs around this theme, and it jived with me, so I wanted to dig a little deeper. Worth a thought. As a guy who doesn't like goodbyes it's just the logical consequence.*

## **Black Balloons for my funeral**

bring me black balloons for my funeral  
tie them to your wrist

everybody wears a clown's nose painted black  
and everybody swears to have 1 love today

and throw the noses into my grave  
instead of red roses, instead of all the tears

let the balloons fly high up in the sky  
where we could meet again, you and I

I wish all those balloons are filled with helium  
so they fly up from your wrist

And before you let the balloons go you must take a breath  
from the mickey mouse gas

(and sing for me, all of you, together)

*Okay, let's not end singing at my grave here... one last one:*

### **What else can you do**

They are playing Bauhaus over loudspeakers D-C9  
At a truck stop near Bucksport Tennessee  
This has to be a glitch in the matrix  
I drink myself out of service

What else can you do  
What else can you do than falling  
What else can you do than falling back on black humor

Hope they say springs eternal  
I tend towards depression fast  
But not as long as I can have  
Grilled Cheese Sandwich and Shiraz

The young man in black I remember  
And discussions under the night sky  
I miss the smell of scented candles  
And being considered generally tactless

There plays a song as bad as a poem  
You write when you are happy  
It's hard to be a genius  
In midst in all the mediocrity

I clearly remember the birthday  
My childhood came to an end  
When I suddenly realized  
I had more candles than friends

*Last page again a handwritten first version, including "Figur", that little guy in the lower left corner. When I start doodling I draw Figur – since I was a child. Figur had adventures back then, sometimes many of them. Now he pops up in my photos and, well, here:*



## Biography

I was born in Solingen, Germany. 1998/1999 in Calgary, Alberta. 2000 marriage, until 2003 in Victoria, BC. 2004 to 2013 in Leverkusen, Germany. Since 2014 in Lethbridge, Alberta. 3 children. Permanent Resident in Canada.

I dabble in music, literature, photography & filmmaking. Storytelling.

If you like you can always contact me over social media, and I am always open for collaborations.

More about me : <http://thorstennesch.com/>

My music : [www.nesch.bandcamp.com](http://www.nesch.bandcamp.com)

Photography : <https://www.instagram.com/thorstennesch/>

Twitter : <https://twitter.com/ThorstenNesch>

Facebook : <https://www.facebook.com/ThorstenNesch/>

German novels : [https://www.amazon.de/Thorsten-Nesch/e/B00456O394?ref=sr\\_ntt\\_srch\\_lnk\\_1&qid=1589325080&sr=8-1](https://www.amazon.de/Thorsten-Nesch/e/B00456O394?ref=sr_ntt_srch_lnk_1&qid=1589325080&sr=8-1)

English novel published in 2019 (CBC books top 10 YA novels read that fall): <https://www.amazon.ca/Totem-Came-Calling-Blessing-Musariri-ebook/dp/B07X6N8YM4>

