

To Fall in Love with You

the trees have grown tall
another summer's waiting in the doorway
the wheat field's color is my hair's
and you got to hide from the heat all day

the carnival's in Town
the curtains are hangin' 'cross the streets.
there's lipstick on the letter
in which you declare my defeat.

to fall in love with you
it's not easy to do
to fall in love with you.

you said you couldn't dance
but neither can I
but it's never been about that
it's just about daring to try.

to fall in love with you
it's not easy to do
to fall in love with you.

the trees have grown tall
and so did we
for how long haven't you
been missing me?
the taste of black tea is in your kisses
the taste of love in mine
the radio's playing a song I haven't
heard for some time.

to fall in love with you
it's not easy to do
but somehow I managed to.

A Coffee for the Road

the sun was shining through the blinds upon the bed where we did lay
and I awoke softly touched to the early winter day
I put on my clothes, tiptoed to the door, trying to keep it all in mind
then I gazed back to the room, where I was leaving her behind.

I was strolling along concrete blocks that seemed to be waiting for the snow.
and from one of the thousand balconies a woman spied to the world below.
to her it must have seemed as if I just had left my home
but as myself, she wasn't quiet where she belonged.

I stepped into a street café invited by an open sign
and memories started to fade as if they weren't mine
and cold as the November morning let them fade and go
and I bought a Coffee for the Road.

A Love Song

they were walking through a park on a September afternoon
the children playing on the lawn between the flowers in a long lost bloom.

when they came to the old oak tree it was already getting dark
they sat down on the dry moss and carved their initials into the bark.

they kissed each other in the cold with the last summer's breeze
they left with a hundred promises and one last embrace's release.

how long is it gonna last this time? how long will they die for their love?
how long will it take each one of them to find some new initials to carve?

The Day the Ship comes into the Bay

The Day the ship comes into the bay
I'll be standing at the dock expecting you to be expecting me
your father died two months ago, your mother she is sick, she got to stay at home,
but I am here to pick you up, and I brought some flowers for you my love.
I hope you won't be thinking that I just came instead.

the day the ship comes into the bay
sailing on the west winds breeze
it's been more than a year since you've left and there are thousands of people leaning on
the railing
looking towards the land, towards their homes and friends.
thousands of strangers are expected to be still the same.

the day the ship comes into the bay
there'll be music in the streets all night and day
and among all those stranger's faces I spie yours, oh my love, you're back, from a foreign
shore,
I long to hold you, to hear your trembling voice.
oh I can see you smiling towards me.

The day the ship comes into the bay
curtains will be hanging across the streets and alleyways
april's long ago, june is getting warm
the ship must have sailed through a thousand storms,
it must have seen a thousand countries, heard a thousand different tales, of kingdoms,
queendoms, supermarkets, union halls and jails,
but I still want you the way you left.

the day the ship comes into the bay
the seagulls will form the lover's parade
and a thousand sons and daughters are back in their father's arms
surrounded by their sisters, brother, daughters, kissed by mums
and now I see you in between wearing that velvet dress, and I see that familiar lipstick, my
heart is pounding inside my chest, and I am running towards you and I fall into your arms, I
want to hold you even closer, those tears ain't caused by sorrow.

the day the ship comes into the bay
I hope you will be glad to be back home.

To my Love

oh my love I send you my regards
from beneath an orange vine
from beneath a golden sky
trying to express it all in some lines

don't give me your money
it won't do no good.
I'm neither poor nor hungry
and you don't have to be my Robin Hood.

Thousands of Immigrants along the borderline
trading their diamond eyes for a woolen vest
they say the winter winds down here are blowing hard
but with the first falling snow they are set to rest.

the hitchhikers on the mainstreet
caught them a ride
and all the homeless vagabonds
slept on the beach last night.

oh my love, there's a playground nearby
where the stolen bicycles left alone.
the autumn sun forces the steel to rust
and the rains gonna fall upon this autumn's first fir cone.

don't give me your money
no more guidance no more guards
just from beneath an orange vine
I send you my love and my regards.

Religiously Going Home

Jehova's Witnesse are ringing at my door
so I stretch out on the kitchen floor
I don't wanna be seen, I ain't home and now I also know the Trick with the Telephone
I'm fed up with this, I can't stand it anymore, so I pack my stuff and I'm off for the shore.

I was trying to catch the bus and I was running late
and lucky as I am I run into a mate,
he says, "hey, how are you it's been quiet a long time."
and I got to say. " thank you, I'm fine."
and we fall into a conversation just like old pals do, he says, " my daughter's gone to collage" and I say, " really?, mine too."

after 45 minutes I manage to break free
"I'll call you", I heard me screaming after me, but me I just kept on running and joined a ballyhoo
"Stop abortion"-banners been waved to and fro
oh my God, I'm surrounded by radical Catholics and all those journalist seem to be Melancholics.
that's what they are.

I finally caught a bus, carrying me south west and this warm bright feeling's rising inside my chest,
your picture's in my heart although I forgot your name, but that fact doesn't mean that my feelings towards you have changed
it wasn't you I was leaving for, it's been me again like all those hundred thousand times before.

now I'm standing at the promenade looking at the sea,
I just bought myself a kiss from Madam Marie
now she's got my money
she's made me weak, but I got her lipstick on my cheek
but most of all I feel alone, I got to be where catholics and Jehova's Witnesses do roam.

Self Confidence Blues #2

you don't have to open the door for me I can do it by myself
you don't have to take my coat 'cause I can place it on the shelf.
no one around here was asking for your help.

you don't have to read the news to me 'cause I can read as well
you don't have to order my coffee cause I can talk and I can tell
you don't have to be polite as hell.

you don't have to take off your shoes and walk barefoot towards me
both of us know that I'm superior but you paid the entrance fee
I don't need you and you don't need me

you don't have to open the door for me, I can grab the handle too
but you can close it behind yourself, after you walked through.
gather all your self confidence and do what you want to do.

Oranges from Spain

it's pouring outside the weather's bad
and I got to force myself ahead.

and if it rains in summer it's just an autumn day that got lost
and all the rice from china and oranges from spain, they do not grow without the rain.

I was surprised by your presence
divergently you gave it some sense.
you said there's no bad weather just unexpected seasons
and I hate people who are optimistic without reason
but when she says it, my world is tumbling down.

and when she brushes my cheek with her fingertips
she stole the words from my lips
now I'm unarmed and I'm unprepared
take this as an excuse for all I've never dared.

Standing at the Station

standing at the station with a suitcase in my hand
I carried it for you up the stairs
you looked at me with a smile I couldn't understand,
but I guess, now I've understood because I had
received your letter, yesterday afternoon
and I wish, I had been with you on that train

you were standing in the doorway
of your father's house
you, with your summer shoes in your hand.
we were dancing across the porch along the radio songs
and I tripped over my feet and sometimes yours too.
the bus fare had been two euros maybe even more,
one for each ticket to the coast.

the summer birds were floating on the breeze as I held your hand
and tourists were taking pictures of you and me in order to show photos of the landscape to
their families
so far
back home

standing at the station with a suitcase in my hand
I carried it for you down the stairs

Meet me in the Morning

Meet me in the Morning
after you have had your coffee
'cause I don't want to see you
when you are grumpy

meet me in the café, where we once met.

don't give me no excuses
I never wanted to possess you
just tell me that you're fine
and I'll tell, that I'm fine to

since when do you have to wear those glasses?

meet me in the morning
if you want to meet me at all.
but I'll be sitting there and through the window
I'll watch the snow fall.

in case that you don't come I hope, you're at least having your coffee.

The Friendship Song

all the things we have done
all the rungs we have climbed
all the steps we have taken
and all the steps we have denied,
they linger on my mind.

all the arguments we've had
so effortless all the fights
most of the time you've been wrong
and as always I've been right.

I guess without you I wouldn't have brought it to an end.
so thank you just for being my friend

all the hearts we've seen broken
all the wounds we did share.
they left some scars along our path
they left some scars but still they're here,
with them on our minds

for all those things that just cannot be planned,
thank you just for being my friend.

all the lies we did tell
all the tales we made up
injuries remain unspoken among all the hair we cut
it lingers on my mind.

all the birthdays we've celebrated
seem to have stolen time away
but I 'm not afraid of being outdated
I look forward to our common days
just like I remember those behind.

I guess without you I wouldn't have brought it to an end.
so thank you just for being my friend

Mr. Moon

oh Mr. Moon what did they tell you?
oh Mr. Moon what did they say?
when someone asked, what they sell to
the children at Julia's seaside Café

oh Mr. Moon prepare to leave them
for they're not worth it that you stay
oh Mr. Moon, just come out dancing
to Marie Louise and me at Julia's seaside Café

they say you are a danger to the children
so they forbid them to play with you.
no matter how many dreams you've built them
difference means difference LGBTQ

no one here is asking who you were when
they called you Monica at the age of 19
just stay one of those wonderful persons
that come and go and dance and sleep and dream.

Monica

when Magherita and Mr. Moon
did meet each other, we all assumed a happy end.
when they got married, late in July
I made a phonecall from Paraguay to Istanbul.

so bring some flowers to the wedding there's your sister and your Ma
they call you Monica.

just as you told her, you loved her so
she asked you wether, you're homo, bi or hetero. isn't that boring?
Then Magehrita gave Mr. Moon
another Blow-Job in the living room, did you expect that? no?

so bring some flowers to the wedding there's your sister and your Ma
they call you Monica.

did I disappoint you or did I meet your expectations so far?
no?
neither did Monica. did she?