

LIKE AN OLD INUIT

Selt sam!



ME AND MY MUSIC

Sitting here, talking about of my inner self
telling the stories behind the stories
close your eyes, hear words, the sound and the melody
want to give my soul wings to fly

Oh me, oh me and my music
like an old Inuit talks about love about pain
about goodness and badness
about happiness and sadness
Oh me, oh me and my music

I'm not a leader, master or a prophet
I'm a man think about life, about the world
sing about feelings and the colours of my soul
I'm happy if I touch your soul and give feelings a name

Oh me, oh me and my music
like an old Inuit talks about love about pain
about goodness and badness
about happiness and sadness

Oh me, oh me and my music
Oh me, oh me and my music
like an old Inuit talks about love about pain
about goodness and badness
about all the things we need

Oh me, oh me and my music



RAIN IN PARIS

The people on *Champs-Élysées* fleeing under the rooftops of the bars and cafes and into the label shops.

The windowshopper takes a little break and the sellers take a deep breath and running to the rain refugees.

The disaster of one is the happiness of another.

R: There's rain, there's rain in Paris

The white the *Arc de triumph*, *Notre-Dame* or *Sacré-Coeur* goes greyer as normal

The *Eifel-tower* looks like a lighthouse in the wild sea and the "*Jardin*" is really a landing strip.

And the traffic roundabout goes slower than usual.

R: There's rain, there's rain in Paris

La Samaritan is closed, the tourist's clogging the pores of the city and the most beautiful houseboats are gone.

The rain the tears of the old town and anger upon the hills and my view will be clear

R: Paris is more than a romantic thought of our minds.

R: There's rain, there's rain in Paris



HIGH HEEL HOUSES

Sunrise in the east, reflecting in the mirror of the windows
takes thousand suns in the tales of streets.
Billions of people swelling out of the ground,
flocking to the mountains of glass into the ...

R: High heel houses, high heel houses, high heel houses
Inside running ants with best clothes, sweat from here to there
money turns and turns and burns away.
The owner will cry but it never comes back
and the women swing with their high heels in the...

R: High heel houses, high heel houses, high heel houses
The scenario will be pretty, I want laugh!
But the laugh will stick in your gap.
If you know the names and numbers they talk about
they are persons with real life, of flesh and blood
In the...

R: High heel houses, high heel houses, high heel houses



HEART OF THE WARRIOR

Some call me killer some call me a hero
Some say I'm a monster without heart
But I'm a man doing my job best as I can
And bring my order to an end.

But deep in my heart feel the peace
Love the family and the friends, too
And the Ones I've left behind
And the Ones I've left behind

Fight for my believe, glory and respect
Fight for freedom and for peace,
and for democracy and the rights of all
But also for everyone who pays the bill.

But deep in my heart feel the peace
Love the family and the friends, too
And the Ones I've left behind
And the Ones I've left behind

I'm the warrior of the past fighting in the jungle
I'm the warrior of the present fighting in the desert
I'm warrior of the future fighting
on a godless planet at the end of the universe.

But deep in my heart feel the peace
Love the family and the friends, too
And the Ones I've left behind
And the Ones I've left behind



WUNDERMÄDCHEN (FÜR FRIEDA)

Kamst aus einem Desaster aus Tränen und Schlamm,
einem Gebilde aus Lügen und Unverstand.
Und ´nem Mann der im Bergwerk um sein Leben bangt
Und immer ein Auge auf die Kinder,
die in den Trümmern des Krieges ihre Kreise zieh´n.

Du gabst ihnen Hoffnung wenn keiner an sie glaubte
du gabst ihnen Liebe wenn keiner sie mehr liebte.
Du warst ihr Wundermädchen

Die harte Arbeit auf dem Boden, zerschunden nicht nur Knie.
Das Geld war rar, das Essen nie genug
Manche deiner Töchter fanden nie den richtigen Mann
und Dein Liebster starb bevor er das Leben
mit dir genießen konnte.

Du gabst ihnen Hoffnung wenn keiner an sie glaubte
du gabst ihnen Liebe wenn keiner sie mehr liebte.
Du warst ihr Wundermädchen

Plötzlich war er da, hilflos, schutzlos
und vaterlos in einer fremden Welt
gabst ihm ein Zuhause, ein Nest zum wachsen
den Glauben zu kämpfen in feindlichen Terrain

Du gabst ihm Hoffnung wenn keiner an ihn glaubte
du gabst ihm Liebe wenn keiner ihn mehr liebte.
Du warst sein Wundermädchen



SUNDAY PARADISE

Sun twinkly on my skin, , the dust dancing on the sun beams.
And you sleeping like an angle beside me, your deep presence
brings me down

... .. Sunday paradise, Sunday paradise, Sunday paradise

The kids are on their way, all is quiet and the churchbell nearby
rings.

And you sleeping like an angle beside me, your deep presence
brings me down

... .. Sunday paradise, Sunday paradise, Sunday paradise



LEAVE ME ALONE

sitting around a table and they're talking
all the hates are burning, nobody knows
everybody wants to talk
but no one wants to hear

leave me alone
get out of my brain
leave me alone, leave me alone

going away from this place, going into the city
all the people are so busy and they're running around
nobody hears someone, nobody sees someone
and the newspapers declare a new war

leave me alone,
get out of my brain
leave me alone, leave me alone

going away from this place, going into the fields
going into the forest, give me alltime peace
but the wind tells me a story about the leaves:
oh, I'm dying everyday and nobody hears my cry

please, leave me alone,
get out of my leaves
leave me alone, leave me alone



HEIMAT IST

Mein Sohn kam zu mir und fragte:

“Warum liebst du unser Land nicht so wie ich,
hast du keinen Stolz und keine Heimatgefühle.”

Wir saßen zusammen und sprachen darüber als mein Herz begann
zu schreien:

Heimat ist, wo mein Herz ist und

Mein Herz ist wo meine Liebe wohnt.

Kein Land, keine Flagge, noch Religion oder Politik,

Kann sagen wo meine Heimat ist

Allein mein Herz erzählt mir, wo ich geh‘ und wo ich steh‘.

Mag sein, es ist die Geschichte dieses Lands, mag sein meine
eigene, die Vaterlosigkeit oder die Gene meiner Ahnen.

Komme aus einer grauen Zeit, stehe in einem seltsamen Licht,
mit tausend konfuse Gedanken in meinem Kopf, denn:

Heimat ist, wo mein Herz ist

und mein Herz ist, wo meine Liebe wohnt.

Kein Land, keine Flagge, noch Religion oder Politik,

kann sagen wo meine Heimat ist.

Allein mein Herz erzählt mir, wo ich geh und wo ich steh.



SHE SLEEPS

Instrumental

Guitar left Wolle
Guitar right Manuel



BEACH OF HOPE

We came over the sea looking for a place to stay
Came from a land without future
Full of war and the fields full of tears and fears
Looking for a land of peace
My pockets full of dreams
My head full of visions

But now I'm lying on beach ---- on the beach of hope

My neighbour's child is lost in the waves
We came through the night on a boat with too many human heart
beats
The boatman is a thief. We fled the place we came from
The cold wind of the sea took our breath
We never believe we'd find a land where milk and honey flow
But the only thing flowing is the blood on my knees and the tears in
my eyes

The police man asked: "Where are you from?" and "You can't stay
here!"

I can't understand him 'cause the storm rage in and out of me.

I'm lost on the beach ---- on the beach of hope



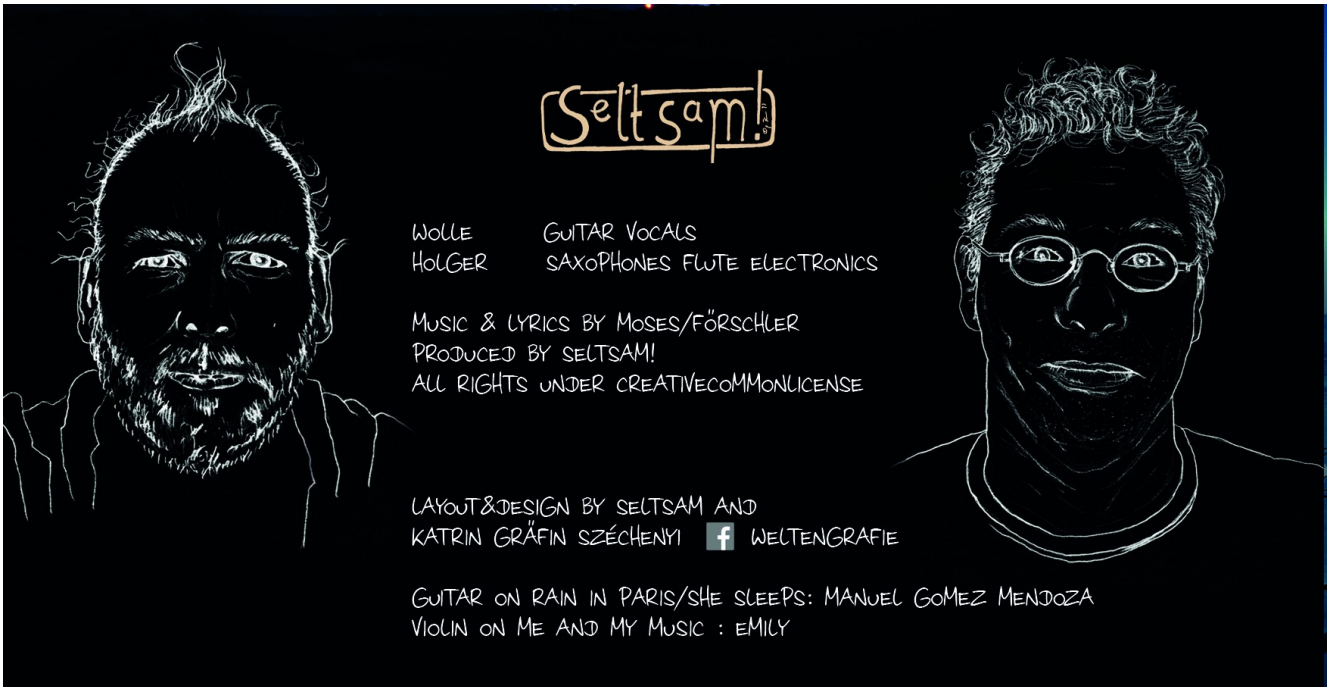
ENERGY BLACKOUT

What will you do what will you do

when all the light is out

and the energy is empty






Seltsam!

WOLLE GUITAR VOCALS
HOLGER SAXOPHONES FLUTE ELECTRONICS

MUSIC & LYRICS BY MOSES/FÖRSCHLER
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VIOLIN ON ME AND MY MUSIC : EMILY

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