

HERO OF THE DAY (for W.P. and many others)

Been so long since I realized
You're the hero of the day
Takes more than images of bravery
More than well-assorted play

You raise your voice when all the cowards hush
And the boasters hunker down
You give attention to a wailing tone
Disregard the route that earns you glory and renown

Front row dancers shine, they're blinding me
Basking in the light of fame
Relocate our rate of qualities
Who's to praise and who's to blame

You socialize with those below the floor
Hatred preachers pale as ghosts
You shy away from false alliances
A bold warrior setting up a row of posts

Sweeping silence in the backing crowd
Only few who dare to say
Your commitment means to wave the flag
That shows we still know how to pray

You live your fancy in a painful drive
Showing empathy and care
You allow for human dignity
As the remedy, as the answer to despair

NEIGHBOURS

Slovene nurse on the ground floor
Trying to fit her new window frames
Turkish couple above her
Two boys vexing her with their games

Down-home team on the balcony
Still some Hungarian touch
Being at odds with the roisterers
It sure doesn't mean that much

Longing for life design
Making their talents shine
Beyond the assembly line
Far from the silver mine

Teaming up with the locals
Babel sounds may confuse
Sure no bed of roses
Neither a source of blues

Longing for life design
Making their talents shine
Beyond the assembly line
Far from the silver mine

LEAVE A MESSAGE

Leave a message for my ears
Through the years
I have missed one
Make a blueprint for my life
Give me five
And your cold gun

Hold me now
Lead me now
Through that empty space
Hold me now
Lead me now
Into your warm embrace

Blame it on yesterday
Creeping into dirty clay
Pushing me the easy way out
If there's something that I should not say
Sleeping in the night of grey
Pushing me the easy way out

Put the shadows from the moon
Into your loom
For the long run
Save your candle for the night
Hold it tight
For the cold sun

Hold me now
Lead me now
Through that empty space
Hold me now
Lead me now
Into your warm embrace

Blame it on yesterday
Creeping into dirty clay
Pushing me the easy way out
If there's something that I should not say
Sleeping in the night of grey
Pushing me the easy way out

CAREERS

Young man
25, if you can
Fancy-free, qualified
With experience galore – that suits us right

C'mon!
Your train is ready to move on
Don't get off, do avoid
Being with those who are staying outside

Don't give it up! Whatever you do
You won't get no other try
Don't look around! Leave weak guys behind
They can't catch up with you, brave and tough
You've made it now, c'mon, take a chance

He's doing well
Slaving away like in hell
For the troupe's sake
'Cause a rat racer's heart would not ache

Panting for air
Sacrifice, hidden prayer
Let's make things better!
Be all you can be!

Don't give it up! Whatever you do
You won't get no other try
Don't look around! Leave weak guys behind
They can't catch up with you, brave and tough
You've made it now, c'mon, take a chance
Let's make things better!
Be all you can be!
Let's make things better!

He's not the same
Dropping back, what a shame
Bound to fail, out of time
A performance that means a decline
But it's alright
A new one is in sight
Eager to avoid
Being with those who are staying outside

Don't give it up! Whatever you do
You won't get no other try
Don't look around! Leave weak guys behind
They can't catch up with you, brave and tough
You've made it now, c'mon, take a chance

ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFE

Well I will rave about reverie
Wonder what dawn will be
Is it real, is it fancy?

Eyes shine with joy and ease
Delusion or disease?
Is it real, is it fancy?

Arms wide open showing home
Caressing weird or known
Is it real ...is it fancy?

Headlines do not offer
Death blow to relief
Caring for reception
Is it real?

A lie, head rush and deceit
Mercy on retreat
And it's real, ain't no fancy

Evil eye revealing sheer disdain
Causing fear and pain
And it's real, ain't no fancy

Thorn twisted stirs denial
Sanity on trial
And it's real ...ain't no fancy

Headlines plainly offer
Death blow to relief
Closing on rejection
And it's real

Well I rave about a foolish plea
Wonder what dawn will be
Is it real?

NIGHT ON THE NET

Got no magz no map collection in my bookcase
Wanna do no real passage with my suitcase
I'd rather travel all these regions from my home base
No one to constrain my giant seven-league pace

Wanna pop in everywhere
But never leave my folding chair
Not even miss the evening prayer
Meander
High speed thrill
Slander
Killing Bill
Messing up again

Got no live flesh lover's scent to please my senses
Never feel like moving into true expenses
Keeping off the need to struggle for defences
Stayin' away from any place where bond commences

Wanna pop in everywhere
But never leave my folding chair
Not even miss the evening prayer
Meander
High speed thrill
Slander
Killing Bill
Messing up again

Tied to a chair, all by myself
No attention to the world outside
Haze descending, landmarks drifting past
Confessions tortured out of me

This queasy feeling knocks me off my feet
Haven't seen a poor soul out there in the street
If I had a friend they'd tell me to delete
Me instead I'd rather favour the repeat

Wanna pop in everywhere
But never leave my folding chair
Not even miss the evening prayer
Meander
High speed thrill
Slander
Killing Bill
Messing up again

Tied to a chair, all by myself
No attention to the world outside
Haze descending, landmarks drifting past
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LOVELY RITA

First saw your face in black and white
In gloomy ambience, shapes so bright
Fear or joy what's in store
For new arrivals who know no score

The air you breathe will burn your lung
Congest your throat swell your tongue
Your ears get clogged by traffic noise
Your eyes seduced by poisonous toys

Welcome to this world, little princess
Don't be shy, you're aimless, but not aidless
Work of art, genuine and artless
Welcome to this world

A training camp to coin and shape
The vim in you will leave its scrape
To leave behind the rivals' gasp
Will have you in its steady grasp

And still the life you live is bliss
What you receive is a gentle kiss
The touch of your amazing sphere
Is the award – we're glad to have you here

Welcome to this world, little princess
Don't be shy, you're aimless, but not aidless
Work of art, genuine and artless
Welcome to this world

OH MARTHA

Martha is a girl with hair in her eyes
She runs in the fields but she lives in the skies

Off in the meadow for days, where she lies
Soft on the ground, but I'm sure she flies

Got to have the chance to catch her at a glance
Everyone had time to figure out the rhyme
To see what I can find out about her mind

Oh Martha
Oh Martha
Oh Martha
Oh Martha

Picture her walking by outside
Take off your shoes and watch her right

Now that you find her she tells you with pride
Younger, hear me now, 'cause tomorrow I'll die

Got to have the chance to catch her at a glance
Everyone had time to figure out the rhyme
To see what I can find out about her mind

Oh Martha
Oh Martha
Oh Martha
Oh Martha

WAKEFUL MINDS

So she burst into our days
A handful of a human soul
Conversion in a lot of ways
But still the good times roll

There are days when you find yourself ...
There are times when you lose yourself ...

I don't worry ...

I guess they'll know what's up
Their wakeful minds will pilot them through

So he burst into our life
Swiftly like he's ever since
No tedium for dwellers in a hive
Everywhere he's gonna leave his prints

There are days when you find yourself ...
There are times when you lose yourself ...

I don't worry ...

I guess they'll know what's up
Their wakeful minds will pilot them through

STAR-CROSSED

Betraying anybody's secret
To come of age within their means
Breaking promises to prosper
Getting on in leaps and bounds

Help me now
Tell me how
Show me everything you do
Don't ask me how
To break that vow
Leaving Jason in the blue

The little square behind the shelter
Housing tribal families
The end of patronizing backing
Useless efforts to alleviate

Help me now
Tell me how
Show me everything you do
Don't ask me how
To break that vow
Leaving Jason in the blue

Move about inside the railings
Border crossers peering in
Guilt or aim of well-off circles
Condescending, in the know

Help me now
Tell me how
Show me everything you do
Don't ask me how
To break that vow
Leaving Jason in the blue

SLOW HAND ROAD

Though it's hard to define
You still rummage your memory
Is it fall and decline
Or a valley of glee

For the first time in your life
It's a feeling to break away
From what has been to you, what is life to you
Into the wideness that's to stay

Just a step in the air
Or a backtrack on solid grounds
Knowingly and aware
Or seduced by dun sounds

Bounded down to a feeble hulk
A tiny shell across the bay
Or onboard an ark, shoving off the dark
For the brightness that's to stay