


***Bernd: new lyrics 2009***

I've not stopped writing lyrics and songs, so here are more lyrics that I wrote during 2009. I consider all

my lyrics licensed under a creative commons license  which basically means that you may use these lyrics as long as their usage is not commercial, in other words: "no money – no problem". If you intend to produce songs on CD, sell songs over the internet, or include all or part of the texts in a book, you should contact me under my eMail address: Bernd.Harmsen@web.de (you will never have to make any payments to me; licensing is the concern of PRO's and MRO's - performing rights organizations and mechanical rights organizations – I just need to know, so I can register the song with my PRO).

All my lyrics are published on my Web site: <http://bernd-harmsen.de>. Refer to this site if you are interested in my latest lyrics or any changes to existing ones. There is also a MySpace site, a blog called "lyrics in progress" on which I describe upcoming projects, and I have posted a few recordings on the "Unsigned Band Web" (UBW) site. So we can meet in the virtual world if you like, or maybe even in the real one.

But for now, enjoy!

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Herrenberg / Germany  
December 2009

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***mixed feelings***

***your place or mine***

I've called it a day  
though I've nowhere to go  
but find me a bar  
to chill out

a young lady across  
I start talking with her  
so many topics  
for talking about

where do you come from  
where will we go  
where will it lead us  
from here

one day like the next  
should that be all there is  
what 'bout our plans,  
what 'bout our hopes, and our dreams

you're good for me  
I'm good for you  
the night is still young  
(so) what should we do  
well  
is it your place or mine

you're good for me  
...

we order a drink  
and we drink to the past  
we drink to our future  
and the night

we run out of words  
but our silence still talks  
so many topics  
we'd been talking about

where do you come from  
where will we go  
where will it lead us  
from here

one day like the next  
should that be all there is  
what 'bout our plans,  
what 'bout our hopes, and our dreams

you're good for me  
I'm good for you  
the night is still young  
(so) what should we do  
well  
is it your place or mine

you're good for me  
...

***glad that you're here***

I'm past and I'm now  
feel like floating somehow  
I'm six and I'm sixtyfive  
holding on to my humble life

I'm lost and I'm found  
treading on shaky ground  
I'm here and I'm there  
I'm with you everywhere

glad that you bear  
with me  
glad that you're here  
with me

I'm still the young boy  
messin' 'round with his toy  
yet I'm an old man  
tryin' to do what he can

I'm lost and I'm found  
treading on shaky ground  
I'm here and I'm there  
I'm with you everywhere

glad that you bear  
with me  
glad that you're here  
with me

and though I'm smiling for no reason  
and though we're living with no reason  
still we seem to get along

glad that you bear  
with me  
glad that you're here  
with me

***shall I live***

shall I live  
as the world's going under  
shall I live  
in a future that's void  
while it rains  
lightning and thunder  
'til the earth  
is fin'ly destroyed

how come  
that (just) one single species  
has the power  
to end it for all  
come o'r them  
like the final disease  
making sure  
that the strongest will fall

shall I live  
as the world's going under  
shall I live  
in a future that's void  
while it rains  
lightning and thunder  
'til the earth  
is fin'ly destroyed

in our time  
we've created great wonders  
in our time  
we've changed the world  
the last plague  
is what we'll come under  
for the forces  
that we've unfurled

shall I live...

will we be devoured by the darkest night  
will we be blinded by a blazing light  
will we be burning in hellish fires  
will we choke on our own desires

shall I live...

Ray Bertram from Arkansas contributed to this song, and friends from the Songwriter101 discussion board voted for the darker of two optional versions for the bridge ("will we be devoured...").

## **screw up my courage**

I think I should screw up my courage  
I guess that I should take a chance  
I know I risk to feel ashamed  
but then my gain could be romance

there's this girl here at the party  
but I feel too shy  
approaching her, ask for a dance  
I know that I should try

I think I should screw up my courage

...

her beauty takes my breath away  
I feel weak at the knees  
how shall she ever notice me  
I feel so ill at ease

I think I should screw up my courage

...

I watch the others dance in pairs  
they kiss and they get close  
I stand like frozen and I stare,  
afraid my yearning shows

I think I should screw up my courage

...

I'm in a state of desperation  
I'm tearing out my hair  
why do I have to be so meek  
I think life is not fair

I think I should screw up my courage

...

Working for Karl-Jürgen meant tackling a new approach since Karl-Jürgen does not provide complete compositions but chord progressions, or more precisely, complete musical arrangements without the vocals. I then create lyrics I think might fit the music, and he later adds the vocal track.

***big ad poster girl***

fell in love with you at first sight  
couldn't get you off my mind  
you always look unworldly bright  
sometimes I wish that I was blind

you've wormed your way into my dreams  
there's nothing I can do  
by day I'm lost in reveries  
all this because of you

hey, lady from the big ad poster  
when will you climb down  
meet me in the real man's world  
so we can tear up the town

imagine all the fun we'd have  
we'd live like in a whirl  
we'd gonna paint the town  
me and my big ad poster girl

got to get you out of my head  
'cause you're driving me insane  
got to find somebody real instead  
instead of longing all in vain

takes a lot coming to my senses  
until I'm sighting you again  
and begin dreaming of romances  
- it's so hard to refrain

hey, lady from the big ad poster  
when will you climb down  
meet me in the real man's world  
so we can tear up the town

Another song for Karl-Jürgen. I had to alter the lyrics slightly later to match a female voice. In the curiosities department you will find the "big ad poster boy".

***stopped wanting you wanting me***

I felt you close and I even saw your face  
felt your touch, and heard your voice again  
you walked around but you didn't leave a trace  
I wished the sensation would sustain

I feel deserted, abandoned, left alone  
I'm not sure how to make it on my own

I ask myself when will I stop dreaming  
close my eyes so I'd be seeing you  
and stand frozen wanting you wanting me

I wonder when will my mind stop scheming  
and free me to what I have to do  
so I'll stop wanting you wanting me

we were close, but somehow we changed  
untouched skin, unspoken words, and unheard cries  
we denied it but we'd become estranged  
a doubtful fix our well-meant lies

I felt deserted, abandoned, left alone  
but I know I will make it on my own

I realize that I have stopped dreaming  
or close my eyes so I'd be seeing you  
'cause I stopped wanting you wanting me

so glad, my mind has stopped scheming  
to free me to what I have to do  
so I stopped wanting you wanting me

my tears have long since dried, my sorrows washed away  
a dark passage to go through and find the light  
you may wonder, but it's true I'm quite okay  
the past is past, the future looks alright

I felt deserted, abandoned, left alone  
but I know I will make it on my own

I realize that I have stopped dreaming  
or close my eyes so I'd be seeing you  
'cause I stopped wanting you wanting me

so glad, my mind has stopped scheming  
to free me to what I have to do  
so I stopped wanting you wanting me

***pastures new***

we lived and lied and caused confusion  
lived an illusion  
now we've reached deadlock

we've never, never ever known the true first love  
we've hoped real love would come to us soon enough  
we never, never thought that life could be so tough  
our path looked smooth but it has proved too rough

it can't be wrong  
to look ahead  
move on  
to pastures new  
instead

there is nothing  
that we need dread  
movin' on  
to pastures new  
instead

to fool ourselves we used so many different tricks  
although our love since long had lacked the kicks  
deceived ourselves we'd have to go through thin and thick  
our own answers to our questions always being slick

it can't be wrong  
to look ahead  
move on  
to pastures new  
instead

there is nothing  
that we need dread  
movin' on  
to pastures new  
instead

there's nothing wrong  
we will be strong  
we'll get along  
no, nothing's wrong

it can't be wrong  
to look ahead  
move on  
to pastures new  
instead

there is nothing  
that we need dread  
movin' on  
to pastures new  
instead

## **Europa**

you were picking wild flowers with your maids by the coast  
when a wondrous milk-white bull caught your eye  
a marvellous beauty - it let you get close  
so gentle, so great, and not at all shy

caressing his flanks, his fur - so light  
pastoral peace under blue skies  
you dared to mount him, you wanted a ride  
and feel his strength between your thighs

Europa  
it's easy to fall in love with your  
charm, your beauty, your youth  
Europa  
so confident, so self-assured  
once the beloved one of Zeus

the bull slowly wandered toward the sea  
jumped into the waves to carry you forth  
you felt no fear, you did not plead  
headed for Crete, far in the north

the God lifted his guise to show you his love  
you gave in to him, half victim, half bride  
he made you Crete's queen, guarding you from above  
and you'd always fondly remember the ride

Europa  
it's easy to fall in love with your  
charm, your beauty, your youth  
Europa  
so confident, so self-assured  
once the beloved one of Zeus

when you will have come into years  
and you'll have reached quite different spheres  
you'll still look beautiful and young  
and you will speak in many tongues  
while men enjoy your subtle charm  
the God's preventing you from harm

Europa  
it's easy to fall in love with your  
charm, your beauty, your youth  
Europa  
so confident, so self-assured  
once the beloved one of Zeus

My first mythological lyrics. Well, "Spartacus" was a bit similar as for the approach, but then, "Spartacus" is real history. I tried to include some kind of contemporary connection in both lyrics. It might have got bit obscure in "Europa", though ("different spheres", "many tongues").

## **Ganymede**

guarding the sheep was a beautiful boy  
the pride of his parents - this young prince from Troy  
a delight to the eye of the passers by  
his beauty so blinding that they'd want to cry

the God cast an eye on him, the God fell in love  
he abducted the boy and he carried him off  
in the guise of an eagle to his home in the height  
to keep him as servant and make love in the night

your immortal beauty will always enchant  
Gods and the men who dare open their eyes  
your youth, your frankness, your grace, and your charm  
place love beyond pettiness, morals and lies

beautiful horses as pay for the king  
Hermes, God's messenger, the next day would bring  
to placate the father, the ruler of Troy  
that he'd never again would be seeing his boy

your immortal beauty will always enchant  
Gods and the men who dare open their eyes  
your youth, your frankness, your grace, and your charm  
place love beyond pettiness, morals and lies

will you stand by yourself  
do you think you can cope and  
overcome thought control  
and come out in the open

your immortal beauty will always enchant  
Gods and the men who dare open their eyes  
your youth, your frankness, your grace, and your charm  
place love beyond pettiness, morals and lies

While writing "Europa" I had come across one of the other lovers of Zeus, Ganymede - a young boy this time. The myth is quite obviously homoerotic which provided a good opportunity to write a hymn to the young male's beauty for a change, hence the change of the person in the chorus. As to the bridge I had got stuck for quite a while, not coming up with anything that would not simply repeat what had already been said. I'm rather content with my solution making it a song that encourages young men to their gay coming out.

## ***lyrics for MotorPlanet***

**hold on**

hold on  
let's see what's underneath  
hold on  
and take some time to breathe  
be ready for a secret  
that is on the verge  
of coming to the daylight  
to let the truth emerge

all I'm asking of you  
is to hold on for a while

hold on  
can you read the signs  
hold on  
that rest between the lines  
of our private story  
in the book of life  
revealing our future  
and how we will survive

hold on

can you tell the future  
or understand the past  
do you know a truth  
that you trust to last  
did you get the meaning  
of the hidden signs  
did you ask advice  
from the guardian of the shrine

standing at the crossroads  
unknowing where to head  
we're just hoping for enlightenment

maybe we just need faith  
that there will be a way  
to get us out of this predicament

Most lyricists avoid writing lyrics to match completed compositions because the restrictions as for the syllable counts or the stresses can be severe. But working for Holger, head of the three piece blues rock band MotorPlanet, is actually rather simple. Blues and blues rock are pretty flexible with regard to the meter.

As usual Holger had provided a rough demo with a provisional dummy text. His guitar play in this piece had a somewhat eerie or mystic quality to me that inspired me to these slightly mystic lyrics.

***torn down***

no way we could get along  
both our minds were much too strong  
caught up in our power games  
heading for quite different aims

simple as that

I wish I had understood  
that our break-up was for good  
I wish I had understood  
and had done all I could

I've torn down the bridge I crossed  
now I dream of things I've lost  
and I'm longing for the past .. and I  
yearn for love I trust could last

[Solo]

I've torn down the bridge I crossed  
now I dream of things I've lost  
and I'm longing for the past .. and I  
yearn for love I trust could last

The structure of this song is pretty uncommon. The first two verses are straight hard rock, whereas the last two verses are rather melancholic. Lacking a real chorus I simply repeated the third verse so as to put a little more weight on the central idea.

***tiger in a cage***

another Friday  
another weekend lies ahead  
another Friday  
one of these days I've come to dread  
hangin' 'round with brother boredom

she's gone for good now  
said I could stuff my sympathy  
so in my spare time  
all that is left to do for me  
get pissed and throw a tantrum

I am feeling churned up  
I'm feeling turned on  
I waver between  
lust and rage

I am feeling churned up  
I'm feeling turned on  
I feel like a tiger  
in a cage

look at the chicks now  
no single girl without her bloke  
a smile can cause a row  
their blokes are easily provoked  
you may have to knock 'em down first

she's gone for good now  
said I could stuff my sympathy  
so in my spare time  
all that is left to do for me  
got to find for what I thirst

I am feeling churned up - so confused  
I'm feeling turned on  
I waver between  
lust and rage

I am feeling churned up  
I'm feeling turned on  
I feel like a tiger  
in a cage

## ***curiosities***

## ***a cowboy suite***

### **part I**

we've heard the songs, we know their words  
'bout unbound freedom, songs of romance  
the lonesome cowboy, grazing herds  
and in the evenings go for a dance  
the skilled horseman, standing tall  
but we are twelve and always busy  
- not so romantic after all

we'd hear bout villains and heavy drinking  
gunslingers threatening our peace  
we'd be reacting without thinking  
and always being at our ease  
we would be righteous and shoot them all  
I only shot a mountain cougar  
- not so romantic after all

### **part II**

on a northbound drive from Texas  
moving slowly with the herd  
one with nature, one with your horse  
hardly ever give the spur  
watching out for hints of lightning  
could be meaning a stampede  
attentive for signs of commotion  
and always ready to turn the lead

doin' your job by way of feeling  
can't be done straight by the book  
endure the dull food at the evenings  
better not offend the cook  
livin' through weeks of heat and dust  
appreciating heavy rains  
drivin' the cattle toward the railhead  
through canyons and 'cross endless plains

### **part III**

you are my comfort, you are my sunshine  
when the night is falling and I feel blue  
when I've got through this I'll save the money  
and I'll rush home to be with you  
and I'll rush home to be with you again

### **part IV**

we're reaching our destination  
we wash and shave and clean  
next to the railway station  
we'll find a lively scene

the girls will be waiting there  
and drinks we've missed so long  
and we will be the masters there  
we're jolly and we're strong

and we'll be dancing, we'll be dancing  
we'll be dancing all night long

we've made good money, we feel rich  
we're pushing through the throng  
we've long enough suppressed the itch  
we're jolly and we're strong

and we'll be dancing, we'll be dancing  
we'll be dancing all night long

Martin intended to write a suite about cowboys. He actually thought of cliché cowboys but I tried to convince him to try a more historical approach. This is the text that I suggested. The song(s) may never be produced.

### ***four narrations***

**1.**

find the musician  
the busker, the poet  
find them in the pubs  
or in Galway's streets  
they busk for a living  
they are playing for fame  
they play for themselves  
yet they play all the same  
they play for the rich  
they play for the poor  
they play for the lonely souls  
and do so every day  
in the streets of Galway

**2.**

where once Spanish ships lightened wine  
where Columbus got ideas  
a Spanish lady with a troubled mind  
and her eyes filled with tears  
walked the old long walk  
and prayed to God  
that she'd be able to forget  
and yet again hear a lover say  
te quiero bonita  
in the streets of Galway

**3.**

in the west of Ireland  
near Galway town  
I met a girl  
in Oranmore

long hair, blue eyes  
her beauty put my  
mind in a whirl  
in Oranmore

we took a walk

while she would talk  
but then I had to  
be on my way

it broke her heart  
that we would part  
I had to go  
I could not stay  
but I would think of her  
in the streets of Galway

**4.**

he was young  
he was a busker  
he made a living  
in Galway town  
but he got troubled  
by Galway's wind  
and Galway's rain

so he dreamed of  
warmth and sun  
and he would think  
"California,  
here I come -  
and I will not be  
seen again  
in the streets of Galway"

Another project by Martin is a kind of concept album about Galway, the city, where he stayed as a busker. The four parts of the album are supposed to be linked or introduced by spoken parts, narrations. Martin had very precise ideas about the contents of these narrations. The "Old Long Walk" is a promenade that leads to the Spanish Arch. Galway once was an important harbour for importing goods from Spain and elsewhere, and many Spanish captains took residence in Galway. The third part refers to an Irish song, "The Galway Shawl". As for the last part Martin asked to include the line "California, here I come". And he wanted to add two more lines referring to the wind and rain of Galway, so it would read "...and I will not be seen again suffering the wind, suffering the rain in the streets of Galway". Because this would mean repeating part of the first verse I still prefer the original version.

## ***single step***

when our eyes first met our minds just started whirling  
our hearts caught fire the room 'round us was swirling  
we tried to act as cool as in the movies  
but, truth be told, we felt not quite as groovy

we talked, we danced, but you seemed indecisive  
therefore it was my turn to become incisive

and I said  
stay put  
or come along  
what does it take for your doubts to be swept  
come on  
there's nothing wrong  
the longest journeys start with a single step

just a single step

I lost sight of you, the party soon was over  
and we were herded out like sheep by the drover  
when I spotted you it could have meant our last chance  
so again it was on me that I took my stance

saying

stay put  
or come along  
what does it take for your doubts to be swept  
come on  
there's nothing wrong  
the longest journeys start with a single step

just a single step

I'm counting one, counting two, counting three  
then I'll be on my way

I'm counting four, counting five  
don't wait another day

hey you, don't waver too long  
why don't you just come along  
don't you know  
that love can't be wrong

stay put - come on  
stay put - come along  
you know  
all it takes is just a single first step  
come along - stay put  
stay put - come along  
come on - come along  
come on - come along  
the longest journeys start  
with just a single first step

Written for Bernd, trying to reinvent rather than translate the lyrics of a German song he has produced.

**bye, bye (don't think that I'll cry)**

ran after you like I was green  
shut eyes and ears, I was so keen  
things before my eyes I've not seen  
thought you're the best that'd ever happen

on our dates you stood me up  
when I asked you said it's not my cup  
in your eyes I was just a pup  
you used to use my love as weapon

as of today it is "bye, bye"  
and you are free again to fly  
there's no need to reply  
it's over with us - don't think that I'll cry

as of today it is "bye, bye"  
and you are free again to fly  
there's no need to reply  
it's over with us - don't think that I'll cry

I wonder why you still hang 'round  
there are still other girls abound  
to cheat on or to fool around  
I've had my share of humiliation

no use to ask if you could stay  
or to swear you'd change your way  
if it's the last you'll ever say  
I hereby end our conversation

as of today it is "bye, bye"  
and you are free again to fly  
there's no need to reply  
it's over with us - don't think that I'll cry

as of today it is "bye, bye"  
and you are free again to fly  
there's no need to reply  
it's over with us - don't think that I'll cry

"Bye, bye" is another text based on a German song by Bernd Oettinger. Actually, I used the German lyrics like I use Holger's dummy lyrics, as a sound pattern that I have to match. In addition I also tried to match the content and mood of the song, I just refrain from translating. While working on Bernd's stuff I got the impression that there may be a specific German sound or meter that cannot be transformed into English songs without losing its characteristics. I actually felt that I had failed completely with two songs whose lyrics I then published separately as "stopped wanting you wanting me" and "pastures new", respectively. You find them in this collection.

***big ad poster boy***

fell in love with you at first sight  
couldn't get you off my mind  
you always look unworldly bright  
sometimes I wish that I was blind

you've wormed your way into my dreams  
there's nothing I can do  
by day I'm lost in reveries  
all this because of you

hey, young man from the big ad poster  
when will you climb down  
meet me in the real man's world  
so we can tear up the town

imagine all the fun we'd have  
we'd be each other's joy  
we'd gonna paint the town  
me and my big ad poster boy

got to get you out of my head  
'cause you're driving me insane  
got to find somebody real instead  
instead of longing all in vain

takes a lot coming to my senses  
until I'm sighting you again  
and begin dreaming of romances  
- it's so hard to refrain

hey, young man from the big ad poster  
when will you climb down  
meet me in the real man's world  
so we can tear up the town

I had written "big ad poster girl" for Karl-Jürgen only to be informed later that it was supposed to be sung by a young lady. So I adapted it to a female voice and changed the title into "big ad poster boy".