

ICELAND

1

Howling winds in the mountains
and dogs in the storm.

The song of Iceland
when I was born.

Tolt over green meadows,
flying pace at the shore,
a band of wild horses
and nothing more.

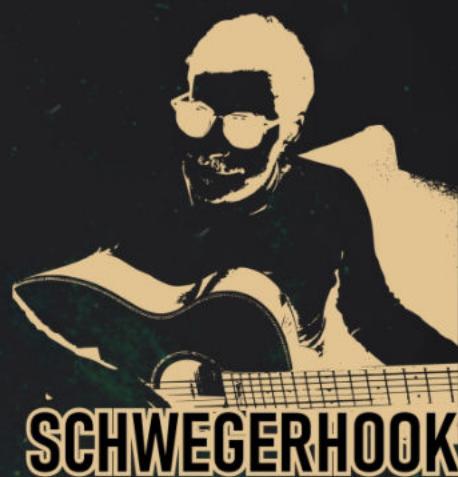
3

Always carrying people
almost made me a wreck.
To the land of my memories
I'll never come back.

I can face all the trouble
and my courage is strong.
Any time the storm wind sings
the Icelandsong.

2

Some fall they came to our place,
my brothers were shot.
A halter for the rest of us
how many I forgot.
They forced me on a truck and went
to a harbor, black and gray.
The last time I saw Iceland
on that bloody day.
And I screamed!



GIRLS

1

Had the best year of my whole life.
Bye bye high school, welcome prom night.
My parents want me to focus
but all I want is to have coitus.

2

I was a loser watching YouPorn.
Heard of Stifler and I was new born.
Saw the movies and wrote a letter.
Stifler taught how to bang them better.

3

Well, I got Kate who was a straight eight.
Next went to Caroline, gave her a full nine.
I thought my best shot was Bernadette
but then I backed off 'cause she was too fat.

REFRAIN

[My pants are wet but I didn't sweat.]

I always think of girls
and dream of their sweet pearls.
I'm trying to be cute
but they trigger and make my top gun shoot.

REFRAIN

BRIDGE

Ain't got a degree but a ranking on my wall.
And one aim in my mind: I've got to bang them all.

REFRAIN



DEVIL

1

The fire is the devil's only lonely friend.
Without it he is just another lonely man.
Sitting there in hell and knows not what to do,
what to do.

2

Raise your flag, a nation which is called a human state.
But he realized with patience, you are really late.
You pray for love, you pray for peace and you pay for victory.
But he caught your freedom-dove and watched her death with glee.

REFRAIN

Flames are made for burning yes, they are.
Flames are made for burning yes, they are.

3

The people from the poor ones are sentenced here to death
what people from the rich ones never will regret.
You might donate your fortune for their equality
but they torture in the right of supreme authority.

REFRAIN

Ropes are made for hanging yes, they are.
Ropes are made for hanging yes, they are.

4

The era of enlightenment killed the devil and we're free.
But behind the blinding we just don't wanna see
that the local devils founded just a global company.
And they justify their work in the right of humanity.

REFRAIN

Guns are made for shooting yes, they are.
Guns are made for shooting yes, they are.

COULD I ONLY SEE YOU

1

Summers are over, winters have passed.

Lessons are learned now, the questions's been asked.

So many people are crossing my way,
shaking their hands and say, "I'm okay."

2

Clocks keep on ticking, tick time away.

Rain keeps on falling, turns white to grey.

Kids growing older, let their dreams be.

Nevertheless you're still glad without me.

BRIDGE

Trains keep on leaving into the night.

You are still staying out of my sight.

The road is ahead me but you on my mind.

Go and forget me leave me behind.

REFRAIN

Could I only see you,
I only see you,
I only see you
once in my life.

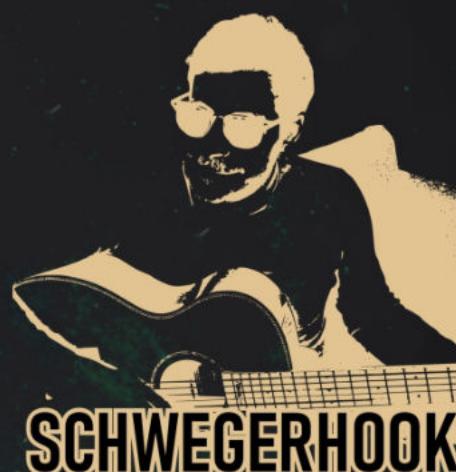
REFRAIN

Could I only hold you,
I only hold you,
I only hold you
once in my life.

REFRAIN

Could I only feel you,
I only feel you,
I only feel you
once in my life.

Could I only see you,
I only hold you,
I only feel you
once in my life.



GALGENBAUM



1

An diesem Ort stand ein Galgenbaum,
wovon ein Schriftpfahl kündet.
Kommen die Leute um ihn zu schau'n,
fragen wer hier gesündet.
Schuldlose Bürger, ob arm ob reich,
von hierher gingen sie fort.
Die Höllenkutsche macht alle gleich,
bringt sie noch heute von hier nach dort.

2

Klebrige Finger, mit Eis beschmiert.
Es stürmt die Ranzen-Armada
Kaugummi kauend und unbirrt
gegen das Rentner-Geschwader.
Trotz eisernem Kreuz nach vorn gebeugt,
stützend auf dem Rollator.
Das Heulen und Kreischen der Kinder bezeugt,
General Krückstock rückt nun vor.

3

Bedrohlich brummt der Busmotor,
verlockend zischt die Türe,
Arglos steht dahinter ein Thor,
fällt vor Chantal der Walküre.
Gewaltsam treibt sie den Sturmangriff
bis an die hinterste Reihe.
Von vorn führt der General per Pfiff,
Zivilisten treibt ins Freie.

REFRAIN

Die Bushaltestelle am Galgenbaum,
gleich gegenüber von Fußpflege Braun.
Vor eiskaltem Wind schützt ein Warterau,
bei brennender Sonne nützt das leider kaum.
Schuldlose Kindlein die spielen dort.
Doch Gnade dir Gott wollen sie einmal fort.

REFRAIN

Die Bushaltestelle am Galgenbaum,
wo heut'sich die Greise und Kinder verhau'n.
Martialisch die Heere sind anzuschau'n.
Wer kann sucht nach Schutz hinter'm Gartenzaun
Ängstliche Bürger, die kauern dort.
Das grausige Schlachten geht ewig fort.

REFRAIN

Die Bushaltestelle am Galgenbaum,
wo heut'sich die Greise und Kinder verhau'n.
Martialisch die Heere sind anzuschau'n.
Wer kann sucht nach Schutz hinter'm Gartenzaun
Ängstliche Blauhelme, die kauern dort.
Es gibt längst nicht mehr Frieden an diesem Ort.



MAN BY THE SEA

1

There's a man by the sea,
listening as the waves tell him what he cannot see.
Listen closely to the sea.

2

There's a man by the shore,
pleased to be a simple man knowing not more.
But there is more than just the shore.

REFRAIN

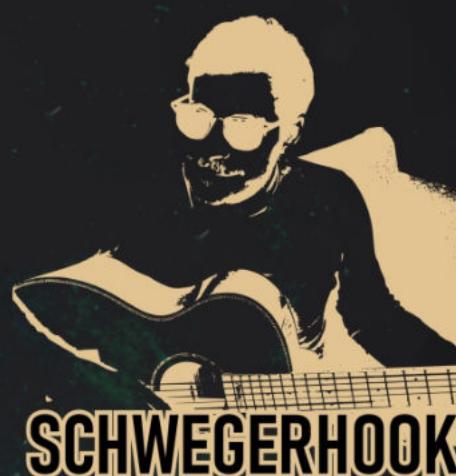
Listen closely, closely to the sea.

3

There's a boy drowned in the sea.
An instant decision choosing not to be.
Let him go, the water flows.

REFRAIN

Listen closely, closely to the sea.



SLIDING AWAY

1

Lying in bed, watching the moon.
Hide my feelings, wanna see you soon.
Dream of your face, touching your lips.
Help me to escape from eclipse.
You're the one, the girl of my life.
Can't forget you. I'm at strife.

2

Roaming around, look for the sun.
Catching the wind on the fastest run.
Top of the hills, the fires are burning.
No lighthouse for me, the tide is turning.
But you're the one, the girl of my life.
Can't forget you. I'm at strife.

3

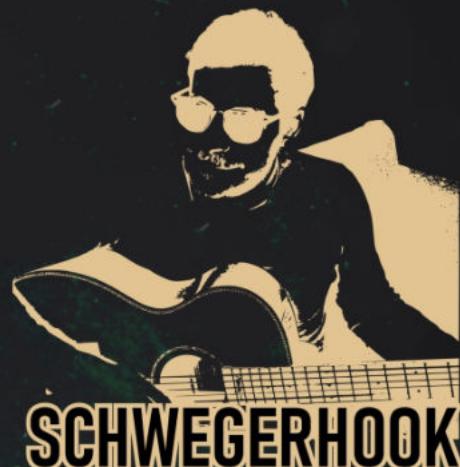
Wait for the night, chasing your star.
Try to reach you with my guitar.
Open your ears and you will see,
now it's time for reality.
Cause you're the one, the girl of my life.
Can't forget you. I'm at strife

REFRAIN

Sliding away, just away.
Sliding away, just away.

REFRAIN

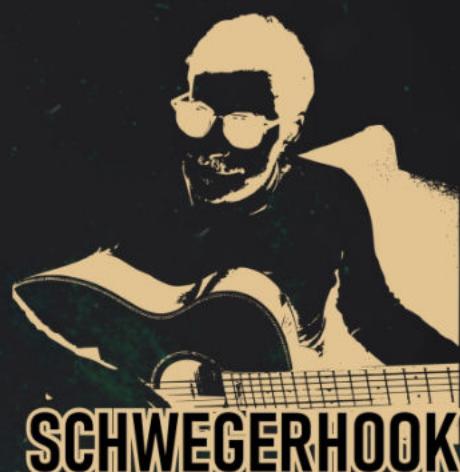
REFRAIN



IRISH



Remember the days before the dawn came over the sea.
The sound of the waves, in a tent you and me.
I know these days are gone but don't shed a tear.
If our love is strong such days are near.
If you feel blue now there's a chance.
Life is made of music. Just listen and dance.



LAST SUMMER BREEZE



1

When summer night's ending in satin,
as old poets told us in Latin,
and honeymoon higher is getting
much closer it is to the final setting.

This could be the last summer breeze.
Mhmhmhmh.

3

At the end of a stormy November
the huntsmen they shoot for December.
Their stag night they'll never remember.
So join them to be a reliable member.

But never forget the hen party.
Mhmhmhmh.

2

At the end of a sunny October
with mountains of grey and trees of cinnabar
you take a deep breath, forget your hangover.
Just step in the green, full of grimson and clover.

Now you're unseen.
Mhmhmhmh.

4

A cold Christmas Eve is your welcome
and as fast as you breath is your income.
So turn 'round and leave for the next run and
fill up your lungs and struggle to see what you've won.

There's no one underneath the mistletoe.
Mhmhmhmh.



MOON



1

A lonely Sunday evening turns to a lonely Sunday night.
The stars above are shining bright.
So many ways to follow, I will chase the Milky Way.
But with all my sorrows I've to stay.

REFRAIN

There is a way through the darkness.
There shines a light that will guide you.
Leave the monastery gates right behind you.
And the moon shines on your harvest.

INTERLUDE

I'm just a poor boy and I traveled not far.
I wish I could follow the morning star.
Someday I promise or soon
I'll fly to the moon.
While they're riling,
you keep smiling.
Neither can touch you
what they say.
All the folks're hiding.
You keep fighting.
No one can hold you down.

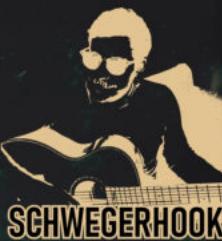
2

Sometimes my tears are falling like rain upon my strings.
Believe in good old songs and spread my wings.
Because their lack of courage so many fail to go.
I have to make my way before my fear can grow.

REFRAIN

INTERLUDE

REFRAIN



WAR HORSE



Great heroes we are.
So many untold stories're fading, fading.
But in our dreams
far from the battlefields we're running, running.

1

Feel the halter. Now you belong to the king.
Take your bridle and your bit and get on the track.
"Captain's caparison"
Forge if you follow their rules
and the hope to come back.

REFRAIN

Gallop in the night.
Bloodmoon is rising.
"War Horse, War Horse, War Horse"

2

Through the ages kingdoms had risen on our backs.
Some eternal reigns they fell under horseshoes.
Destriers we've been called.
Cavalry is sentenced to death
but they're ignoring the news.

REFRAIN

Preparing to fight.
Doomsday is coming.
"War Horse, War Horse, War Horse"

3

Feel the harness. Carry their guns 'till you die.
See the funk holes filled with blood, herbage of death.
"But not the bayonet"
Stumble with your nostrils cut up.
Fight or take your last breath.

REFRAIN

Gallop in the night.
New day is rising
"War Horse, War Horse, War Horse"



LOKFÜHRER



1

Eines Tages lenkte mich mein Geschick
auf eine Reise quer durch unsere Republik,
als die Gewerkschaft der Kutscher vom Feuerross
zwecks Mehrgehalt den Streik beschloss.
Kleine Gewerkschaft hier ganz groß,
doch ohne sie ist nichts auf unseren Schienen los.
Deshalb traf man sich auch in diesem Jahr
zu 'ner Urabstimmung, die wohl nötig war.
Wer denkt ein solches macht die Züge pünktlicher,
falsch gedacht, jetzt fahr'n sie gar nicht mehr.

REFRAIN

Denn Lokführer müsst' man sein,
dann blieb ich heute daheim.
Nur Lokfahren find ich nett,
denn den Kampf für bess're Löhne führen sie,
das ist das Schöne, aus dem Bett.

2

Schon in Marburg war der Zug so voll,
dass alles aus den Türen quoll.
Doch dann ging's los, die Fahrt beginnt
und neben mir, da kotzt ein Kind.
Die Luft ist schlecht und ich werde matt,
was das Kind da wohl gegessen hat.
Wie Dosenfleisch, das ungenießbar schien,
werden wir in Frankfurt ausgespien.
So stellt die Bahn letztendlich fest,
was man als Kunde mit sich machen lässt.

REFRAIN

Denn Lokführer müsst' man sein,
dann säß' ich vorne allein.
Nur Lokfahren find ich heiß,
denn wär' auch mein Leben bitter,
hätt' ich immer Zeit für Twitter und so'n Scheiß.

3

Auf einem Stehplatz vor'm Klo, da stand ich
in meinem Anschlusszug recht grantig.
Ein Schaffner sagt nur lakonisch knapp:
"Der Zug ist voll und fährt nicht ab."
Auf dem Bahnsteig, da steht die Polizei.
Wer nicht freiwillig geht, dem hilft sie dabei.
Da durchschneiden Schreie die stickige Luft:
"Wir bleiben hier. Kommt hängt diesen Schuft!"
Denn diese Gesellschaft wird klassenlos,
lässt man auf den Zug die Massen los.

REFRAIN

Denn Lokführer müsst' man sein,
immer käm' ich in den Zug rein.
Nur Lokfahren, kein Stress,
derweil ich mich vorne striegel,
gibt es Polizistenprügel für den Rest.

4

Ja in Lüneburg da steh' ich
und meinen ICE, den seh' ich.
Nur leider steht er auf 'nem anderen Gleis
und ich denk mir: "So ein Scheiß".
Ja in Hamburg-Harburg würd' ich gerne steh'n.
Um die Zeit könnt' man da schon ein paar Sterne sehn.
Doch die Bahn lehrt mich Genügsamkeit,
denn ich wünsch' mich schon seit langer Zeit
längst nicht mehr ans Reiseziel.
Schon ein Schlafplatz wär' der Gnade viel.

REFRAIN

Denn Lokführer müsst' man sein,
dann käm' ich heute noch heim..
Nur Lokfahren oder Sport.
Ich verzög' auch keine Miene,
gäb' man mir eine Draisine, wär' ich fort.

BRIDGE

Und wenn ich aus dem Fenster schau, dann denk ich an des Himmels blau.
Doch es bleibt das gleiche bahnhofsgrau.
Mein Gott, dach' ich, sei doch schlau, fahr' mit der Bahn, gibt's keinen Stau.
Doch nichts im Leben gibt es halt für lau.
Ich fühl' mich wie ausgestellt. Vielleicht nimmt die Bahn dafür noch Geld:
"Der größte Menschenzoo der Welt".

REFRAIN



SCHWEGERHOOK