

A man with glasses and a black turtleneck is playing a light-colored electric guitar. He is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a clear blue sky with several bright, diagonal light trails. The text "me on the phone" is written in a white, italicized font at the top left. The text "sky-high" and "knee-deep" are written in a white, italicized font at the bottom right.

me on the phone

sky-high

knee-deep



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SKY-HIGH (2010)

I look out of the window up to the sky,
fat-fluffy cumulus and tiny airplanes rushing by, somehow it makes me wanna cry
Tomorrow I'll be sitting in a tin cigar, 30,000 feet high
traveling to a place somewhere far, not really feeling like a star
The captain wishes us a pleasant flight as the fat guy grabs the arm rest on my right

Some people say you can't get much closer to heaven
than riding on the top-deck of a 747, ten hours Economy is not where you wanna be
Every time I get on a plane I wonder whether I will see my folks again
Quoting safety stats is all in vain
The captain says that it's just turbulence yet I'm clinging to my seat with sweaty hands

Sky-high I'm grounded for life, it feels like riding on the edge of a knife
I don't wanna go away, why is it that I cannot stay?
Knee-deep down in the mud, I can't believe this is all I got
I always thought I'd be someone, make my mark on the earth that I walk on

Paris, Sydney, Bangkok, New York and Beijing,
I can't remember all the cool places I have been, still it feels best back in Berlin
The last few minutes before I touch down and see the good old TV tower
I think if we crash now at least it would be on home ground
My legs are trembling as I get off the plane
But soon for sure I'll be on my way again

CALL IT LOVE? (1989/2010)

didg: Noam Amir

Like a wounded tigress you were walking the iron bars of your cage,
scratching, biting every one who'd get in reach
I realized you were fighting for your naked life,
I had been this way before so I decided to give it a try.
Me too, I'd been cheated too much, mistreated too often,
I had abused and I'd been used, nowhere to put my lovin'
So here we are with our souls in rags, flying side by side waving our white flags

Now that we found it what we're gonna call it, baby?
Now that we found it, do we have to give this child a name?
Now that we found it, what we're gonna call it? Call it "Love"?

These days it's getting rough, try find someone to love,
No one dare show he's weak, they'll gossip about them in the street
These days it's hard enough, to find someone to love,
No one dare show he's weak, they're going to slap his other cheek
Now green turned into brown and red into black,
No yurt for a home, no furs for a bed, no way of turning back.
The horse that we're riding has never seen the steppe
Still it's wild and free, the way we used to be, caught in a tender trap

TRY TO UNDERSTAND (1985)

Try to understand, it won't take too much to break my back,
Maybe this is just why I'm so scared I could fall for you.
Try to understand, it won't take too much to break my back
Maybe this is just a dream not meant to be coming true.

When I was young, life seemed so much fun
I'd never waste a thought to the things to come
Life was simple, and it was kinda game I could play anyway.
But somehow feelings grew that seemed crazy and new
And then for the first time I had a girl on my mind
I was madly in love, but she turned away left me nothing to say

Try to understand...

Now all through the years have been laughter and tears
And a 1000 love songs that made me carry on
When the heart-ache got more than I 'd possibly take
I saw my whole existence shrinking to lonely weekends
When I felt the incompleteness in my mind
And I was so sure a girl would change my world

Try to understand...

FLY (2009)

voice#2: Günther Petznick

A young bird at the edge of the nest,
finds it hard to part with the place that he knows best
His big brothers are pushing from behind,
either break your neck or learn to fly
High-school boy, first girl in his life, in the backseat of a car,
he got the talking right,
But she wants more and he's no longer cool,
you better get your act up or look a fool

You better learn how to fly or sit down,
hang your head and cry
You better learn how to fly
or crash down on the ground and die

Young man, soon past twenty-five, still living with his parents,
enjoys the care-free life
One day his dad said we won't feed you any more,
get your stuff together and walk out of that door
Young doctor, first day on the job,
a kid thought he was Spiderman and jumped from a roof-top
It's an emergency, you're the only one around,
better do something about it or he'll go in the ground

You better...

He's passed forty, tired of his married life,
meets an old flame he knew when he was twenty-five
Now here comes trouble he knows at a glance,
no pain no gain or so it says you better take a second chance

Make your choice, never look back, take your path,
and feel no regret, it's your own life, the only one,
and soon you'll know, where it's at...

IS THAT ALL? (2009)

jaw harp: Noam Amir

He sits at home alone, wife and kids they all have gone
Wasting money at the shopping mall,
while he's staring at the bare brick wall
There hangs his old guitar, tells him he could have been a star
But now it's scratched and out of tune, just like his life: faded too soon
These precious moments are few,
with nowhere to go and nothing to do
Nobody needs a lift to school,
or a couple of bucks for something cool
He likes to spend his time reminiscing,
trying to recall just what went missing
Sometimes it's mad, sometimes depressing,
but it always comes down to the same old question:

Is that all? Is that all?
Is that all that his life is gonna be?
Is that all that his eyes will ever see?
If it's all that his heart could ever feel...
Then it's okay to go away... today

He pictures himself in the attic dangling on a rope
His little boy loves horror movies, no doubt that he could cope
But who's gonna wipe up the shit
when the only one who ever cleaned the house is dead?
There must be a neater way of wrapping up his last day

Is that all that his life is gonna be?
Is that all that his eyes will ever see?
If it's all that his heart could ever feel...
Then it's okay to go away... today

He'd cut down on his carbon footprint with some monoxide
But his wife took the car
and he never felt safe on his big boy's motorbike
And cutting his veins in the bath wouldn't it make a terrible mess?
The hair-dryer is fuckin' dead, and he curses his habit of shaving wet.
How many desperate nights he had packed his bag to go
But then his wife returned before he made it through the door
Instead he grabs the guitar and pretends to play
Does it matter anyway?

Is that all that his life is gonna be?
Is that all that his eyes will ever see?
If it's all that his heart could ever feel...
Then it's okay... to stay

WRONG SO RIGHT (2009)

inspired by Depth by Henning Mankell

He's been walking through the snow, trying to find the road
To the place he knew, back to the things they'd do
He's been treading on thin ice, got caught up in his lies
A woman in a shack, clothed in dirty rags
She survives on fishing and smells of salt and cod
A barren island that's all she's got
But since the day he met her he's been hypnotized
A yearning burning deep inside
He know it's wrong...

He used to sound the ocean bed with his probe of lead
Finding a safe passage across the shallow waters
But the perfect depth is what he's looking for
Where the lead won't touch the ground any more

Thinks of his wife back home
who could never keep him warm
Pictures how she cleans her china figurines
Dusting all the trash, he never had the guts to smash
He was never prepared to find the perfect depth inside

He knows it's wrong but feels so right
Wrong but feels so right
Wrong but feels so right

He's been sitting there for hours staring at the screen
Hoping for a small dot to turn from grey to green
Endless days of waiting for mail that never came
Signals from a different time zone, a message with her name
He thinks back to the hours when they became as one
Entangled, overdosed on love under a distant sun
Now there's only emptiness that is left inside
He knows it was all wrong but nothing ever felt so right

He knows it's wrong but felt so right
Wrong but felt so right
Wrong but felt so right

NEVER THE RIGHT TIME (2009)

To a good friend who left too soon

It's never the right time...

I've known you since I was a kid, I called you uncle,
you didn't mind I did
Though you weren't family
I felt something special between you and me
I guess I was the son you never had,
you were closer to me even than my dad
You were there for me when I needed a hand,
over the years turned into a friend

It's never the right time...

You always had time to listen to me,
some good advice in your store for free
When I had some crazy idea you added the skill of the
engineer
Under your hands I saw my dreams come to life,
your buzz saw cut every piece to size
You taught me how to lay tiles,
always greeted me with a boyish smile

It's never the right time to go,
some people must leave
before you even know

And though you wish they'd never die,
here comes the day to say good-bye
It's never the right time to go

It pains me so to see you so weak,
your scrubby hair and your sunken cheeks
You were always full of energy,
did the jobs that were too scary for me
If there's a lord sitting up there
I guess you'd fix his creaking chair
If St Peter was in need of electricity
you would set him up his circuitry

It's never the right time to go...

Es ist niemals die richtige Zeit zu geh'n,
manche sind längst fort, da wirst du's erst versteh'n
Und hoffst du auch, sie blieben hier,
irgendwann sagen sie „Leb' wohl!“ zu dir
Es ist niemals die richtige Zeit zu geh'n

It's never the right time to go

FILIPINO SOAPS (2011)

*Inspired by the urban legend
"The White Lady of Balete Drive"*

She comes from a beautiful place you would go for a holiday
Running from a guy she married 'cause he stole her innocence
Works long days at the factory cooking food of convenience
Scraping to make a living far away from family and friends

And at night the white lady is making noise
Opening doors she could easily slip through
Just like the lady she's just a ghost
The shadow of another restless soul

One night the white rider stepped off the bullet train
He took her on a cruise and disappeared again
She keeps his T-shirt hidden inside the pillow case
Trying so hard to retain the memory of his face

And at night the white lady is making noise
Opening doors she could easily slip through
Sings a lullaby in a sad, sad voice
And wanders through the night like ghosts will do

And she prays to god, knows that HE will save her,
But somehow HE never gets in touch
There's just the endless stream
of music from the radio
And the Filipino soaps she loves so much

One day the earth shook
and a wave ripped through the land
Killing thousands and she too thought
that her life would end
The embassy offered free rides
To safety and back home
Many left but she sticks it out,
there's nowhere she belongs

And at night the white lady's stills making noise
Rattling on doors she could easily pass through
Just like the lady she's just a ghost
The shadow of another restless soul

And she still prays to god, hopes that HE will save her,
But somehow HE never got in touch
There's just the endless stream of music from the radio
And the Filipino soaps she loves so much

NOT YOUR FAULT (2007)

voice#2: Günther Petznick

didge: Noam Amir

When mom and dad split you're still a baby
We were driving each other crazy
I never thought I'd slap a girl in the face
Mom taught me different in those days
Still we hoped that you'd be the link
To keep us together through the suffering
But you're the hand-cuffs cutting our wrists
That tied us up with our clenched fists
I never counted all the glasses thrown
Or the pages in my books that were torn
I still think of it as a misunderstanding
clash of character, culture, age and language

So I think it was right to go
I would have died even though slow
No one ever asked what you want
But that's not your fault, it's not your fault, my son
The world keeps spinning round and round
Sometimes you're up, but most times down
By and large life ain't much fun
Well, that's not your fault, that's not your fault, my son

Do you remember the time we lived together?
Two guys in one flat was all that mattered
Those were the years when we were so close
I used to take you wherever I would go
You put up with all the girls I brought home
and my dreadful cooking all week long
One girl cooked best and she came to stay
Bad news for you she's my wife today
Somehow I was so certain that you'd leave one day
Your mom was much stronger and pulled you away
Now you're the reason I have to pay all her bills
And read those pages of false claims she fills

Torn between your mom and dad it's hard to decide
It's like chopping off your left hand or the right
I got axed and the hurt lingers on
But that's not your fault, that's not your fault my son.
The world keeps...

I'm OK, I know I'll survive,
I've got two little kids to keep me alive
What worries me most son is you
And all the pain that we put you through
Lately I don't see you much
It seems we're completely out of touch
Sometimes I miss the chats we had at bed-time
You told me whatever was on your mind
The weekends you spend with me fly by
I have to admit I don't give you much time
Somehow it hurts but I have to be tough
That's why I treat you a little bit rough

You still hug me like a little child
Sometimes it makes me wanna cry
I can't talk to any one,
but that's not your fault, it's not your fault my son
The world keeps spinning round and round
One time you're up, and next time down
One day you must say what you want
If you don't it's your fault, it's your fault my son



THE STRANGER (2007)

didge: Noam Amir

Isn't it strange?

The older I grow, the less I know,
why I'm going where I'm going

Isn't it strange?

As time goes by, I can't help but wonder why
I am doing what I'm doing

Isn't it strange?

Though older I grow, wisdom just won't show,
I'm still fooling myself more than any one else
Isn't it strange?

It's all in me: euphoria and anxiety,

Am I feeling what I'm feeling, is it real?

Wherever I travel it's just the same:

I don't have nothing to my name

I'm a stranger in this place

No one even knows my face,

I'm an alien from outer space

I'm a stranger most everywhere I go

I always wanted to be someone special

People around me seem so casual

But now I'm starting to realize

I'm just an ordinary guy

Isn't it strange?

The older I grow, the less I wanna know,
why I'm going where I'm going

Isn't it strange?

As time goes by, I couldn't care less just why
I am doing what I'm doing

Isn't it strange?

Believe it or not, girls don't find my greying temples hot...

They just blow right through me when they pass in the street
Isn't it strange?

I know it sounds odd, I still have no need for god,
seeing is better than believing that it's true

I travelled all around the globe

to mend the black holes in my soul

I'm a stranger to myself

Studied quite a lot of crap

to fill the white spots on my map

I'm a stranger, I don't even know myself

BREAKAWAY (1983/2007)

Yesterday I saw you at the super-market
People passed me by buying the weekly food
I'd just come there to get my daily pack of beer
To go home and get drunk that night
I saw you in the neon-light
In the neon-light, shining bright ...

And now I need to break away

I've spent a life-time waiting for that day

When I'll find peace of mind

And stop keeping all my feelings behind

I recall that moment when eyes met eyes

My heart cried desperately I couldn't hide

And instantly I knew that we won't meet again

I took a last glance, it didn't ease the pain

I was too weak to break my inner chains,

My inner chains, driving me insane...

And now I need to break away...

More than twenty years have passed

since I saw your face

And I'm still living in the same old boring place

One day when I walked my son to school

A lady stopped us trembling with fright

She said a woman next door

jumped from the 13th floor

Better spare the kid that sight!

Then I fantasized

she must have had the same sad eyes as you...

(But now I know) I'll never break away

Wasted a lifetime waiting for that day

Still can't find peace of mind

(I need to break away...)

LIFE'S UNFAIR (2011)

violin: Tim Mixdorff

One day my son said: life's unfair
Why can't you be a millionaire?
Buy me all the things I'm dreaming of
Can't you see the pocket-money is never enough?
And I'm left with out-dated stuff
Before I get the chance to pay it off
My son, I see your point of view
when I was your age I found me something to do
Made my own money, didn't have to say "thank you dad"
Traveled to France and lived on cheese and baguette
You ain't got no reason to complain
I didn't have sex when I was sixteen

I'm tired of people telling me
how they can't live their childhood fantasy
There's always someone else who's to blame
that things always stayed the same for them
I'm tired of people giving me reasons
Why it didn't work out for them
What is it that keeps them from breathing?
Who's locking down their brains and hands?
Life keeps you busy, it usually ends deadly
so why on earth should I care: Life's unfair,
Life's so unfair...
So take your shot while you're there

I've got a sister who's forty-two
Still waiting for a decent job she could do
She's got two uni degrees on the wall
You bet she'd never work as a check-out girl
Now poor mom is paying all of her bills
Hoping for her to find a way uphill

I guess she's just a victim of circumstance
The guy supposed to feed her grew tired of her trance
It's been two years now since they split
She still sits in the same place he asked her to quit
Now mom helps her like she did before
To move the lady out of the door.


I'm tired of people telling me
how they can't live their childhood fantasy
There's always someone else who's to blame
that things always stayed the same for them
I'm tired of people giving me reasons
Why it didn't work out for them
What is it that keeps them from breathing?
Who's locking down their brains and hands?
Their brains and hands...
Who's locking down their brains and hands?

Every morning I feel closer to dead
spend more time to pull myself out of bed
Look at my graying hair and wrinkling skin
could be depressed by the shape that I'm in
People start calling me by my last name
Some even say: You still look good for your age!

I gave up counting all the spots that ache
friends talk about the medication they take
look in the paper, the whole world feels like me
We are in crisis as far as I can see
The planet is tumbling deeper and deeper into shit
We better take care of what's left of it

I'm tired of people ...





It's been more than five years since my second album. Songs either won't come at all or they pour down in a rush. Sometimes you feel sky-high, next time bogged down. Getting older is a never-ending story, so take your shot while you're there.

Hansjörg Mixdorff
Berlin, December 2011

