

CD - Saitenduetzte (2002)

Autumn Breeze (Wolfgang Ignatz)

1. I heard a whistle coming from the mountains.
I heard the singing of the falling leaves.
I smelled the taste of the indian summer. Blow up my mind autumn breeze.

Refrain: Oh autumn breezee. Oh autumn breezee.
Blow up my mind and release me

2. I saw the twinkeling of the broken sunbeams.
Had a vision in a full coloured dream.
My mind was running with the rushing waters. Blow up my mind autumn breeze.

Refrain: Oh autumn breezee. Oh autumn breezee.
Blow up my mind and release me

I`m a free man (Wolfgang Ignatz)

Refrain: I`m a free man with a free heart and soul. I don`t have to bend my brain.
I`m a free man with a free heart and soul. I don`t have someone to blame.

1. When I wake up in the morning, start a walking through the park.
Then I have a Cappuccino. Cafe Colomba is my pub.
I`m looking to the marketplace, see the people passing by.
I smoke another cigarette, `cause time is on my side.

Then I give a treatment in my private praxis room.
I have a lot of clients, `cause shiatsu is the boom.
I`m feeling quite relaxed, `cause relaxation I do sell.
I have to take good care of me, to make me feeling well.

Refrain: I`m a free man...

2. And sometimes in the evening, I call my "German" friend.
We drive out of the city and walk over the land.
We do a lot of walking and talking by the way.
And we prefer mediterranean restaurants to stay.

So what I think and what I feel, this way my live will go.
There`re times for moving faster, there`re times for moving slow.
But deep inside there`s one thing, that I will never lose.
I`m picking up my guitar and singing out the blues.

Refrain: I`m a free man...

It won't be long, love (Wolfgang Ignatz)
für meinen Großvater

1. He is wearing old brown rags, his hands are dusty.
In the night camp, they are waiting side by side.
And the northwind is blowing a hard line.
There's a shadow hanging over tonight.

2. On the frontline, he's travelling in illusions.
Homeward emotions, but his body must remain.
A broken body on the fields of confusion.
Where it all started in nineteen thirty-nine.

Refrain: It won't be long love, till I come home to you.
 He wrote in a letter in the summer morning dew.
 It won't be long love, till I come home again.
 But his wishes get lost like all other fallen men.

3. With the flag gun he has killed a lot of people.
The great invasion in the north of France.
He was captured in a bombed old village-steeple.
For home arriving there was no more chance.

Refrain: It won't be long love...

Waiting for you (Thomas Müller)

1. I'm so tired of waiting here for you.
But oh, sweet mama, what can I do.
I just sit here and sing the blues and I'm tired of waiting for you.

2. I've been sitting here and waiting the whole day through.
And I wait all night, if you want me to.
I just sit here and pick the Blues and I'm tired of waiting for you.

Refrain: The clock keeps ticking the time away and I keep sipping the wine away.
 I begged and argued, that you should stay. But you went away.

3. I thought I was lucky, when I first met you.
But you keep me waiting and I'm double blue.
I just sit here and pick the Blues and I'm tired of waiting for you.

Refrain: The clock keeps ticking the time away and I keep on drinking my mind away.
 I begged and argued, that you should stay. But you went away.

CD - Be friendly to your neighbour (2003)

Old fashioned love (Mills Brothers 1934)

1. I've got that old fashioned love in my heart. And there it shall always remain.
You're like that old life devine. Cling a little closer all the time.
Through the years, joy and tears, just the same.

2. I've got that old fashioned faith in my heart. And there it shall always be.
Although the land may change to sea. It will never make any change in me.
I've got that old fashioned love in my heart

Mama's Rag (Thomas Müller)

Nobody knows you like mama, she knew you right from the start.
Nobody loves you like mama, she bore you right under her heart.
She's done you good, treated you nice, always helped with her advice.
So glad, I have my mama, she's beautiful and she is smart.

She looks so good, she looks so sweet, she always gives me food to eat.
She does the washing, she cleans so good, I'm the gladest boy in the neighbourhood.
When I got no money, she opens up her purse.
She's the best one in the universe.

Be friendly to your neighbour (Wolfgang Ignatz)

Refrain: Be friendly to your neighbour with a friendly behaviour.
Be friendly to the children and the dog.
Be friendly, when you pass by for a walk.

Don't tell him all your problems, just tell him pretty things.
Meet him in the chatroom and show him your favourite links.

Refrain: Be friendly...

Invite him to the party in your garden the next week.
Be gentle and be all ears, when he starts to you to speak.
Provide him a soft cushion, when he falls drunken down to sleep.
Then he invites you to his party in his garden the next week.
Throw all your friendly feelings to all other neighbours to.
Then friendliness is all around and comes right back to you.

Refrain: Be friendly...

In the Northcountry (Wolfgang Ignatz)

1. In the Augusttime, when the fields were dry, took a hitchhike trip for the holidays.
We were young and we were free, only wanted to be in the northcountry.
Took the ferryboat up to Waterford after we passed London and Wales.
We got a lift to a farm on the wood. By the redhaired Iren the first night we stood.
But my friend had to leave back to Germany, `cause he went to his first lady
for to see. So I travelled from Cork to Kilarney, where the people were so nice
to help me drink for free.

2. After several drinks, I became aware, that I had no sleeping floor.
Sir McDonald took me to his home, but his cruel wife threw me out of the door.
In the morning sun I got up for to walk, I had only some cows and the birds
for to talk. I bought me a whistle and I played on the street and the fresh air smelt
in my nose so sweet. Up in Galwaytown I could no longer stay,
because I got ill and my face turned grey. So I passed the county by the train and
I found me in Dublin for to remain.

3. With no penny in my pocket and no friend by my side, asked a policeman for
a bed for the night. "You can sleep in our office", that's what he said, and a
wooden prisonbank this night was my bed. After all these trips had to leave
back home, I had no more money for to roam. Looking back to the coast,
in my eyes were tears, Longing for my sweet Iren and some dark strong bears.

Solo Mandoline

It was yesterday, very late in the night, I felt a fresh air breeze blowing by my side.
All my thoughts went back to the Northcountry. That's the place, where I'm always
feeling young and free.

Indian Summer (Gary Bolstadt 1965)

Engl. Original von "Heute hier, morgen dort - Hannes Wader"

1. Summer days turning cold, summer leaves turn to gold,
summer love gone to sea. Summer birds sound the cry,
restless wings beat the sky in their flight from the winter's decree.

2. Empty room where she slept, near the shelf where she kept
her dreams and her fears. Empty space where she lay with
her head turned away. And the dawn kissed the leaves with its tears.

Refrain: And the threads of our lives have become so entwined.
 The weave of their fiber lies close ´round my mind.
 And the wonder of her standing there by the shore.
 Comes back to my mind as I passed by her door.

3. Autumn leaves gone to brown. Morning frost cills the town with
a crystalline shroud. Winters long, icy hands freeze the life from the land.
Summers face now is lost in the crowd.

Refrain: And the threads...

Retrosternal pressure (Wolfgang Ignatz)

1. I want to be your lover and love you like no other. I'm feeling so exciting,
but you give me no inviting. I'm waiting for to kiss you and every night I miss you.

Refrain: I've got a retrosternal pressure and an epigastric trembling.

2. My muscles are in tension. I have no comprehension. My mind is out of order.
I'm living on the border. I'm dreaming of your body. My brain is dark and muddy.

Refrain: I've got a retrosternal pressure and an epigastric trembling.

3. People always walking. People like no talking. The town is under pressure,
and I don't know my measure. I'm crushing through the city with retrosternal pitty.

Refrain: I've got a retrosternal pressure and an epigastric trembling...
A cerebral distortion, a large Intestine blockade, thoracical destruction,
a hormonal dysfunction, a nervous hyperaction, pectoral transpiration,
a coronal disaster. Retrosternal pressure.

Be friendly to your neighbour (Thomas Müller)

1. Be friendly to your neighbour
in the morning, say good morning and "how do you do?".
Be friendly to your neighbour,
'cause he is the same precious human being like you.
He hasn't had all the love, that he should
and your friendliness is doing him good.
So be friendly to your neighbour and your neighbour will be friendly to you.

2. Be friendly to your neighbour.
For example, you can help him mend the garden fence.
Listen to him, take him seriously and talk with him about things of real relevance.
Invite him to some coffee or tea. Tell him to come with his whole family.
Open up to him, don't tell him no lies, but give him honesty.

Bridge: Care about your neighbour, whether he is black or white,
whether he is young or he is old. A neighbourhood, that stands up
together as one, is worth more than silver and gold.

3. Be friendly to your neighbour.
Now and then give him a nice little telephone call.
Help him out with eggs and butter, help him to fix a new picture on his wall.
In a world, that is so vicious and cool, being friendly should be the new rule.
So be friendly and the world will be a little bit better for all.

4. Be friendly to your neighbour,
show him respect and pay him a compliment.
Help him with his labour and help him, when he had a traffic accident.
He has seen a lot of trouble and strife. And he surely had no easy life.
So be friendly to your neighbour and most of all be friendly to his wife.

Old before I die (Thomas Müller)

1. Once upon a time, when I was young and on my way.
"Hope I die, before I get old", was what I heard them say.
I liked those words to me, they really sounded pretty cool.
Living free and dangerous seemed to be the golden rule.
But as I was getting older, I've changed some of my ways.
And I really see things different nowadays.

2. Instead of going out all night, I like to stay at home.
Instead of New York City, I'd like to visit Rome.
And instead of my old Rock'n Roll, I now prefer more Jazz.
I try to compromise, instead of saying "No" or "Yes".
You're going to a party? I think I disagree.
I don't like crowds of people and loud music bothers me.
The good old days are over, but I don't see no reason why,
I should not get old before I die. Yes, I hope that I get old before I die.

3. I used to be so young, but nowadays I'm in the middle.
My hair has fallen out and sometimes my back hurts a little.
And when I walk in the wind and sleet, my stomach starts to ache.
When I smoke too much cigarettes, my tongue just seems to break.
And so my life has changed, in oh so many ways.
When I get drunk, I have to lie in bed the next two days.
I must admit, I'm older, but I don't see no reason why,
I should not get old before I die. Yes, I hope that I get old before I die.

4. My friends all live in foreign towns, my heroes slowly die.
There is no way to turn back time, no matter how I try.
All the girls and boys of yesterday, they slowly turn to grey.
My dreams and my illusions get fewer day by day.
And as I look around me, you're getting older too!
So I tell you to be careful and I wish good health to you.
A year is here and gone, just like a bluebird in the sky.
So I hope, that I get old before I die.
Ain't it strange how time goes by? So I hope, we all get old before we die.

I could be happy with you (Thomas Müller)

1. I could be happy with you, but you won't be happy with me.
That's what I call real misery.
Our first meeting was great, but unfortunately too late,
for you were yet another's maid, call it coincidence or call it fate.

Refrain: Life is a carousel, ev'ryone loves the one behind or ahead or above.
 Love is a gift and it's a tragedy, love is a game, and it's a mystery.

2. Daisy is crazy, but Wayne - but Wayne is just playing games.
It's such a shame, but who's to blame?
She might be happy with me, but I won't be happy with her,
I do declare, life is unfair. Why can't she be with him and I could be with her?

Refrain: Life is a carousel...

Umbale (Wolfgang Ignatz)

Refrain: Umbale, dance in a TV show. Queen of the Umbale, dance in a TV show.
Umbale, Bale Bale go. Dancing the Umbale, dance in a TV show.

1. She is my Umbale queen and I love her so.
Every night at one o'clock I see her TV show.
She's coming from Angola, her hip is very wide.
I love to see her dancing and stepping side by side.

Refrain: Umbale...

2. Her eyes are like two diamonds, her hair is pretty black.
I want to be her T-Shirt, it makes me feeling wet.
She's coming from Angola, her lips are black and blue.
And every night she's dancing in the show from one 'till two.

Refrain: Umbale...
King of the Umbale. Sing in the Radio!
Queen of the Umbale, dance in a TV show.

Bohemian Buttercreme (Wolfgang Ignatz)

1. Every day I wonder why, the cakes in my hometown are so dry.
Ever since I've been in Bohemia, I know what real cremecakes are.
I eat a cake with buttercreme, it tastes bohemianly, It is a dream.
And I don't care about chemical additives,
'cause I love the taste of this creamy cease.

Refrain: Buttercreme, oh buttercreme. I love the taste of yellow and green.
Kasperske Hory in Bohemia is the place, where the creamcake factories are.

2. I bite in a cake - dryness and dust. My hometown bakers, I cannot trust.
I don't like cookies with black tea. Only a soft tender bite makes
my stomach free. This small motel with the biscuithall. Cakes with buttercreme,
two meters tall. When I eat them all I feel so wonderful depressed.
Then I'm a child of the bohemian national forest.

Refrain: Buttercreme, oh buttercreme. I love the taste of yellow and green.
The wood is green, the grass is yellow. Casperske Hory, I say Hello.
Casperske Hory, I'm your fellow.