

ERNIE RISSMANN + SASCHA OEING _ One Taste

HERE FOR YOU

AS IF YOU WERE STILL THERE
THERE ARE NOISES UPSTAIRS
AND I CAN SEE YOU, BENEATH THE SHINING TREE
CRACKING NUTS WITH YOUR TEETH

AS IF YOU WERE STILL THERE
WE WERE SUCH A FINE PAIR
THE TURKEY IS IN THE OVEN
THE CHRISTMAS EVENING SPEAKS

AND I REMEMBER YOUR SUN TATTOO, THAT SMILE UPON YOUR ARM
I WATCHED IT FADING AS DAYS GREW PALER
I FOUND THAT HOOK AND YOUR LIFEBELT
I KEEP IT HERE FOR YOU

THAT DOG WON'T SING THAT BIRD WON'T BARK
THAT TRUCK WON'T LOVE THAT WOMAN WON'T START
SEE, I FORGOT HOW IT GOES
I HOPE THE WEATHERMAN'S WRONG, THE CLOUDS WILL COME
THERE'LL BE SNOW AT NIGHT, THE TIDE COMES IN
YOUR SLEIGH WILL STRAND ON MY SHORE
I SIT HERE COUNTING MY FINGERS
THAT ONCE WHERE COUNTING YOURS

FORGIVE ME DON'T FORGET ME
I KNOW I LOST CONTROL
SEE WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN
THE RAIN KEEPS ON FALLING THOUGH YOU'RE BUILDING A ROOF
I FOUND THAT TAPE WITH OUR MUSIC
I KEEP IT HERE FOR YOU

ROLLING HOME, ROLLING HOME
I HOPE THAT YOU ARE ROLLING HOME

AS IF YOU WERE STILL THERE
THERE ARE NOISES UPSTAIRS
AND I CAN SEE YOU, BENEATH THE SHINING TREE
CRACKING NUTS WITH YOUR TEETH
THE TURKEY IS IN THE OVEN
THE CHRISTMAS EVENING SPEAKS

COLOURS

BIG OLD MAN ON THE RUN WAKING UP IS NOT MUCH FUN IN THE
MORNING
HE 'S AFRAID OF THE NIGHT, HE 'S AFRAID OF THE LIGHT THAT'S
COMING
BIG OLD MAN HE 'S ALONE, FEELS LIKE STONES IN HIS SHOES WHEN
HE 'S WALKING
THERE HE SITS ON HIS STOOL, NOONE EVER, NOONE EVER COMES

BLUE IS THE COLOUR OF THE OLD MANS THOUGHTS
RED IS THE COLOUR OF THE OLD MAN 'S FEELINGS
YELLOW IS THE COLOUR OF HIS EYES
YELLOW IS THE COLOUR OF HIS EYES

HE 'S BEEN A TEACHER IN LIFE, HE USED TO SAY: THESE KIDS ARE OUT
OF HELL
AND THAT YOU DON 'T GET HIM WRONG, SOMETIMES HE FELT LIKE TO
BEAT THEM
THERE HE SITS WITH HIS BEER, POINTS OUT THE WINDOW
"THERE YOU CAN SEE THEM. THEY ARE NOT WORTH TO TAKE CARE
BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN THEY KNEW HOW TO TREAT THEM
RIGHT"

BLACK IS THE COLOUR OF THE OLD MANS MIND
BLACK IS THE COLOUR OF THE OLD MANS FEELINGS
I WANT TO GET HIM OUT OF SIGHT
DON 'T WANT TO TALK TO HIM TONIGHT (AND NEVERMORE)

FLEURY

FLEURY YOU CAME IN RIGHT ON TIME
A CUSHION FILLED WITH ROSE AND THYME

HAS BEEN YOUR BLANKET
WHAT A NICE LITTLE NAME FLEURY IS FOR A GIRL
YOU ' LL FIND BETWEEN TWO SHELLS THERE'S NOT ALWAYS A PEARL
YOU CAME IN RIGHT ON TIME

BABY FLEURY I 'M ASHAMED DON'T REPEAT MY MISTAKES
ONE DAY YOU'LL HAVE A CAR
LITTLE FLEURY PLEASE DRIVE CAREFUL BE AWARE THAT YOU HAVE
BRAKES
I HAVE AN EYE ON YOU SO FAR

PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOCK A FRIGHTENED ONE
MAYBE YOU HAVE TO ROB THE POOR
BABY FLEURY THAT MAY OCCUR
BUT WHEN YOU LOVE AND LOOSE YOUR HEAD
AND YOUR TWO HEARTS BEND IN THE WIND
YOU WILL BE RIGHT ON TIME

BABY FLEURY LOOK AT ME I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS
I TRY TO FIND A WORD
TO TAKE AWAY ALL THE DARK CLOUDS IN YOUR SKY
HEY FLEURY I GUESS YOU ' VE HEARD

FLEURY YOU CAME IN RIGHT ON TIME
A CUSHION FILLED WITH ROSE AND THYME
HAS BEEN YOUR BLANKET
WHAT A NICE LITTLE NAME FLEURY IS FOR A GIRL
YOU WILL FIND BETWEEN TWO SHELLS THERE'S NOT ALWAYS A PEARL
YOU CAME IN RIGHT ON TIME

COMMUNICATION

JOHN TO JANET STOP
RITA TO RAY FROM
PLANET TO PLANET
IN LESS THAN ONE DAY

MICHAEL TO MARY STOP
LINDA TO LOU
TOO WIDE IS THE WORLD
FOR ME AND FOR YOU

SET THE SAILS AT SEVEN
LEFT THE PORT AT EIGHT
THREW A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE
TO LET YOU KNOW OUR FATE

COMMUNICATION VENUS TO MARS
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE STARS
LAST TRIAL TO CONTACT YOU THIS IS
THE LAST TRIAL TO REACH REACH

STELLA TO STEVEN STOP
TINA TO TOM
I GOT A LETTER
WHERE'S THAT LETTER FROM

CITY TO CITY
ACROSS THE SEA
CONTACT STOP CONTACT STOP
YOU STOP AND ME

WENT TO SCHOOL ON MONDAY
REACHED THE BORDER IN A WEEK
SENT A LETTER FOUR DAYS LATER
WAIT FOR THEM TO SEEK

COMMUNICATION VENUS TO MARS
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE STARS
LAST TRIAL TO CONTACT YOU THIS IS
THE LAST TRIAL TO REACH REACH

JACK TO RIPPER STOP
OLLIE TO STAN SAID
THIS MESSAGE CROSSED THE OCEAN
WITHOUT GETTING WET



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MONA TO LISA STOP
PEGGY TO SUE
TOO WIDE IS THE WORLD
FOR ME AND FOR YOU

LEFT THE EARTH ON NEWYEARS EVE
LEFT THE MOON IN MARCH
WOKE UP IN THE MORNING
FOUND SOME NEWS THAT BROKE OUR HEART

COMMUNICATION VENUS TO MARS
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE STARS
LAST TRIAL TO CONTACT YOU THIS IS
THE LAST TRIAL TO REACH REACH

LOVE SONG

I WAS SIXTEEN YOU WERE JUST SIXTEEN
SWEETEST GIRL, MY LORD I'VE EVER SEEN
SOON WE WERE LOVERS, THERE COULD BE NO OTHERS ON MY
SCREEN
YOU WENT OUT FOR ENGLAND
I HAD JUST KEITH JARRETT ON MY MIND
TO REMEMBER ME
OF YOUR SWEET SMILE WHEN WE WERE JUST SIXTEEN

TELL MUM AND DAD IT'S GOING TO GET
LATE TONIGHT
THE MOODY BLUES IS PLAYING
WE DANCE TIGHT, SO TIGHT
WE'RE MAKING FUTURE PLANS
PLAN CAMPING CARAVANS
WHEN WE WERE JUST SIXTEEN

I AM FORTY YOU ARE JUST FORTY
SWEETEST WOMAN, LORD I'VE EVER SEEN
WE HAVE TWO BOYS, THEY SOUND LIKE YOU
AND THEY BOTH LOOK LIKE ME
WHERE ARE THE YEARS
I THINK THEY ARE WHERE THEY SHOULD
IF SOMEONE ASKS IF I WOULD DO THE SAME AGAIN
I WOULD SAY: YES

TELL MUM AND DAD IT'S GOING TO GET
LATE TONIGHT
THE MOODY BLUES IS PLAYING
WE DANCE TIGHT, SO TIGHT
WE'RE MAKING FUTURE PLANS
OWN CAMPING CARAVANS
AND WE ARE

ONE TASTE

THE LOADED CARS ROLL DOWN
THE FORBIDDEN SIDE OF TOWN
A COLD WIND'S BLOWING WEST
HIS HEART POUNDS IN HIS CHEST

TOMORROW MORNING
IS QUIET A LONG WAY TO GO
HE FINDS A PLACE TO REST
UNFOLDS HIS SLEEPING BAG

ONE SIMPLE MOVEMENT
THAT'S WHAT IT MAKES
A FLICKER IN THE EYE
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES
COPY AND PASTE
-ONE TASTE

SHE STAYS AT WORK ALL NIGHT
SITS IN THE NEON LIGHT
LOOKS AT HER FINGERNAILS
THEN ANSWERS ALL THE MAILS

SO TIRED OF BEING ON HER OWN
WHY HAVE A HEART OF STONE
SO TIRED OF BEING SAD
SHE TRIED THE INTERNET

ONE SIMPLE MOVEMENT
THAT'S WHAT IT MAKES
A FLICKER IN THE EYE
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES
COPY AND PASTE
-ONE TASTE

HE SHAVES HIS FACE
TRIES TO REMOVE THE TRACE
OF WHISKEY, GIN AND BEER
HE WIPES AWAY A TEAR

YESTERDAY EVENING CHANGED HIS LIFE
SHE HAS BEEN HIS TRUELOVED WIFE
WHERE IS SHE NOW, NO GUESS
THE HOUSE, THE KIDS – A MESS

ONE SIMPLE MOVEMENT
THAT'S WHAT IT MAKES
A FLICKER IN THE EYE
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES
COPY AND PASTE
-ONE TASTE

THE BOY

SEE, HE'S GOING TO SCHOOL
SEE, HE TRIES TO WALK COOL
A BACKPACK FULL OF USELESS THINGS
SEE, HE'S TOO LATE, THE SCHOOLBELL RINGS

HE'S A FRIEND WITH THE TREES
IN HIS POCKETS HIS KEYS
THEY MAKE A SOUND LIKE PEEL OF BELLS
WHAT'S IN HIS HEAD NOONE TELLS

THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
AND IF YOU WANT TO TALK WITH HIM
YOU JUST HAVE TO WALK WITH HIM
WALK ON

SEE, HIS JOB TAKES IT ALL
SOMETIMES HE FEELS SO SMALL
NEXT DAY FEELS LIKE KING OF KINGS
THEN IN HIS HEAD THAT SCHOOLBELL RINGS

HE'S IN LOVE WITH HIS CAR
AND HE'S HIDING THE SCAR
SOMEWHERE SOMEPLACE DEEP INSIDE
NOW IS THE TIME TO STOP THE RUN AND HIDE

THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
THE BOY HAS TWO SAD EYES
AND IF YOU WANT TO TALK WITH HIM
YOU JUST HAVE TO WALK WITH HIM
WALK ON

JUST A PHASE

HARRY I MET IN BERLIN, HE'S A HOT SHOT ON THE SCENE
ALWAYS KNOWS HOW TO SUIT TO THE FANCY GIRLS
AND JOEY BOUGHT THE CABRIO, SINCE I KNEW HIM, HE WAS
DREAMING OF
AND IT DROVE HIM STRAIGHT TO THE GRAVE



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I WROTE A LETTER TO JULIA, HAPPY BIRTHDAY LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN
BUT PERHAPS SHE GOT TROUBLE AND AT LEAST SHE DID NOT PICK UP HER PEN
A HUGE CROWD IN THE STREET, NO PLACE THAT I CAN GO
WHERE'S SOMEONE TO MEET
SEE I GO AT HOME AND SLEEP IT OUT BECAUSE IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A MOOD

YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I FEEL THE ICE BREAK
THEN I HEAR MY HOMETOWN'S BELLS A RINGING
THEN I FEEL A THOUSAND SNOWFLAKES
MELTING ON A PLASTIC SANTA'S FACE
BUT IT'S NOT MORE THAN A PHASE

I GOT A FRIEND BUT HE'S SO FAR AWAY, I FEEL THE DISTANCE GROWING DAY BY DAY
SO PERHAPS IT'S BETTER TO START SOMETHING NEW
THE TRAIN'S SO FAST THE BRAKEMAN SEEMS TO SLEEP
TO WRITE A LETTER THAT WOULD BE TOO CHEAP
SO IT SEEMS I LOST SOMEONE OF MY CREW AND THERE REMAIN JUST A FEW

YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I FEEL THE ICE BREAK
THEN I HEAR MY HOMETOWN'S BELLS A RINGING
THEN I FEEL A THOUSAND SNOWFLAKES
MELTING ON A PLASTIC SANTA'S FACE
BUT IT'S NOT MORE THAN A PHASE

THE OTHER ONE

HE'S GOT A HEART FULL OF HELIUM, FRUIT SODA IN HIS VEINS
HIS TONGUE IS ON DELIVERY, HIS WOODEN LEG IS STAINED
IN HIS HEAD IS AN EQUILIBRIUM OF DARKNESS, BLACK AND SHADE
IF YOU ARE ON THE OUTSIDE HE'S THE HEAD OF THE PARADE

AND IF YOU SEE THAT HE IS WALKING
HE WILL PRETEND HE'S STANDING STILL
YOU BELIEVE HE'S FOOLISH
HE BELIEVES ITS IRON WILL

HE'S GOT A POCKET FULL OF KRYPTONITE, A FISTFUL OF COCAINE
FROM A TO Z, FROM COAST TO COAST THAT'S HOW HE SPELLS HIS NAME
IT'S LUCK WHAT HE IS CALLING INSTINCT IT IS DUMB WHAT HE CALLS FUN
HE THINKS HIMSELF THE HUNTER BUT HE'S THE RABBIT ON THE RUN

AND IF YOU SMELL THAT HE IS STINKING
HE PRETENDS IT'S DAVIDOFF
HE IS SINGING IN THE OPERA
WHAT YOU HEAR IS JUST A CAUGH

HE'S RIGHT IN TIME AND GETS HIS TRAIN BECAUSE YOU'RE MISSING YOURS
HE THROWS THE WHITE BALL YOU THE BLACK HE WINS THE PRICE OF COURSE
HE IS KISSING THE PRINCESSES YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH THE TOADS
YOU LIGHT HIS FIRE FILL HIS PIPE AND YOUR CIGAR EXPLODES

AND IF YOU HEAR THAT HE IS CRYING
HE PRETENDS THAT IT'S A LAUGH
AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE BETTER
BUT HE WILL WRITE YOUR EPITAPH

THE MAN IN THE MOON

YOU TRIED TO CATCH ME ON YOUR WAVELENGTH
MY PASSIONS WERE YOURS SOON
YOU TREATED ME LIKE A RUNNAWAY CHILD
SAID: COME TO ME, IT 'S YOUR HOMEROOM
I FOLLOWED YOU RIGHT UP THE STAIRS
YOU LOOKED LIKE A FLOWER IN FULL BLOOM
BUT I DON 'T BELIEVE IN THE MAN IN THE MOON

MAYBE IT WERE GOOD TIMES
WE HAD, JUST YOU AND ME
MAY BE IT WAS PERFECT
BUT NOW, I 'M SURE, IT 'S HISTORY

WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING
AFTER ALL I 'M NOT REALLY SURE
IF HE DOESN 'T SEE IT ALL
THE MAN IN THE MOON

ALL SONGS BY ERNIE RISSMANN

