

OMAHA BEACH LP lyrics

OMAHA BEACH

flint-houses open up the way – grey and ancient on a sunny day
but today we drive only 60 years
soft hills, rough German blocks – many speeches but I'm scared to use my tongue
at the beach kiosk they sell souvenirs
and the gardener keeps the grass-rim clear

and German sounds strange up here, yes German sounds strange up here,
yes German sounds strange up here

a US David descends from marble waves – fronts the birch wood on a symmetric
place
old women still bring flowers here

and German sounds strange up here, yes German sounds strange up here,
yes German sounds strange up here

and I try to imagine how it feels to watch the coast laying ducked on this floor
and I try to get into how it feels inside this boat while you're nearing the shore
and the wasting that we're all waiting for
the inescapable impends on someone else's intent - and we are out of our hands

and German sounds strange up here, yes German sounds strange up here,
and German sounds strange up here, yes German sounds strange up here

white cliffs, the used norman way – kids swimming in a green-blue bay
but today we chill on a battlefield, yes today we sun on a cemetery

THE EBB TIDE

some sunny day in your October – you broke my height though I was older
you bet my strength the first time, won the first round in our last fight, still it felt right
I still remember this day in your spring time, you know, you once went out
and caught this carp in my grey backpack – for two hours you carried it home
I should eat it, it was still alive – so we freed it, and we saved one life

at your time, at your time – I am now aware there was flood at home at your time
when we went out to the ebb tide and searched our peace in the outside
and I really hope that I somehow coped with brighten up your life

one winter week in your own summer – I think it was our last – when you just got
this new pair of skies and then you raced them much too fast – and you crashed down
and you broke one – and then you cried all the way down – and I laughed at you

at your time, at your time – now I realize there was war at home at your time
when we went out to the ebb tide and searched our peace in the outside
and I really hope that I somehow coped with brighten up our lives

there was this night, it was your winter and I'm on my way home – it was already late –
I came across you at the station, a hole in your head, your shirt full of blood,
then you told me you got into this fight – and then we swore revenge for you

at your time, at your time – I am now aware there was flood at home at your time
when we went out to the ebb tide and searched our peace in the outside
and I hope I coped
with your time, with our time – now I realize there was war at home at our time
and I really hope that I somehow coped with brighten up your life

THEIR FAVORITE SONG

once again she could not sleep, by now the fourth night in this week
so she crept out of her bed, took her coat and searched her hat – just for walk
slowly moving down the street she considered all her grief
and through the night she realized what was wrong and what was right within her life

after all the days of gloom, she was reaching for the moon and her eyes began to
bloom
but the gods decide at night who to leave and who to blight and they exercise their
right

when he woke up in his bed the sunlight dyed the ceiling red
he still was angry from the fight which they had struggled the last night – once again
but when he turned the radio on it quietly played their favorite song
he suddenly became aware of how much he still cares for her – he's still missing her

and when the news started at ten they told from the accident but he hardly noticed
them
just a small voice in his head:
you had better seized it all – you had better taken all – you had better given all – you
had better lived it all

In the meantime it broke dawn, and she was quickly running home
there's so much she wants to say, that all will work and that she'll stay

but the corner was too tight, in her back the raising light and the brakes where much too
old
just a second in her mind:
you had better seized it all – you had better taken all – you had better given all – you
had better lived it all

a far-off sound broke in between and so he woke up from his dream
when he turned over with a yawn he realized that she was gone – but not how long

THE CONQUEST (TWO DAYS PEACE)

the conquest comes too late, but what for
you're fearing your disgrace, but I'm sure
salvation comes at eight, when the TV makes you brave you forget the ones that ache
and the window to today spreads it's legs
some people in a grave, claret rags
some more fates and nothing new, and I wonder how for you war's now entertainment,
too

so I sit and drink cold wine for you
and I try to think some lines for you
and the world sings its refrain for you

and nothing brings you down
your confidence's too loud
no nothing drags you out, not yet now

and Munich's full of snow – two days peace
I wander through white glow to my knees
and they're skiing in the streets and he watches without grief, with some papers 'round
his feet
it keeps us warm to see him freeze

but I rather watch the flakes instead
It's so easy to look straight ahead

and nothing brings me down
not yet now

but not until the snow will be grown to your throats
we won't see what we've become and go on
if every flake stood for a gun, that you're melting on your tongue
we could maybe come undone

but nothing brings us down

THE STROKE

you search your pockets for your keys
and push your skirt over you knees
and while your make-up stands the rain
you're pretty clear you lost the game again

being brave tonight
being brave tonight

being brave tonight
being brave tonight

it gets you down with a stroke like this
you stand up for a blink of bliss
do you break yourself just to conquer this?

being brave tonight
being brave tonight

a shaky smile now that he's calm
unfolds his fist and tries to palm
you know for years his misery loves unconditional company
and he...

he pushes you off and releases your harm
you crawl back for a night in his arm
you enslave yourself for a single kiss
and you give your youth just to handle his

being brave tonight
being brave tonight

he gets you down with a stroke like this
you stand up for your try of bliss
and you waste yourself for believing this

TIE THE SCORE (THE NEXT CLOUT)

it took a lot to get a grip on your whole life but then you slip
you lose the ground and you fall down
you find a way to fight your fear, you think again this time you're clear
but then your mind comes from behind
and hits you in your back

but you stand up again and try to tie the score
and raise your head again and feel stronger than before
but the next clout you lose the ground
you lose the ground

you're trying hard and then from far you get a clue of who you are
doubt within creeps in your skin

you're down, your faith is gone
you beg for help from anyone
anyone, anyone

it hits you in your back

but you stand up again and try to tie the score
and raise your head again and feel stronger than before
but the next clout you lose the ground
you lose the ground

THIS TIME I WILL BLUR YOU!

this time forget about your lips - I resign, release you from my grip
yes I'm off, I better leave the game today
I feel old, the list becomes too long – yes I fold, no sense in going on
no I'm sure, I should have done this long before – but this time I will blur you

yes you won, get you gone, take your trophy and then leave
so here you go, all for you, it congratulates the fool you made of me
you made of me

it's true, I've been cajoled by your eyes and you entrapped my many times but now
I'm sick of licking wounds from you
so good bye, I wish you all the best, a good time – I'll take a little rest
but I'm fine, I will be better off without you – but this time I swear to you

yes you won, get you gone, take your trophy and then leave
so here you go, all for you, it congratulates the fool you made of me
so back off now, pack your lies and leave my head
don't you worry, cause without you I'll be great

since I feel for you and all the things you do
I'm an addict to your face and to your pride
there was no pain, no agitation, was no game no degradation
that could hold me back from creeping by your side

yes you won, get you gone, take your trophy and then leave
so here you go, all for you, it congratulates the fool you made of me
so back off now, take your lies and leave my head
don't you worry cause without you I'll be great
I'll be great

(A) EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM)

wake from your sleep
we're drying of your tears
today we escape
we escape

pack and get dressed
before your father hears us
before all hell breaks loose

breathe, keep breathing
don't lose your nerve
breathe, keep breathing
I can't do this alone

sing us a song
a song to keep us walking
there is such a chill
such a chill

and you can laugh a spineless laugh
we hope your rules and wisdom choke you
and now we are one in everlasting peace

we hope that you choke, that you choke
we hope that you choke, that you choke
we hope that you choke, that you choke

THE FOOL (MERCUTIO)

please stop screaming now, stop the noise around,
I think I'm hurt
it seems to be the day I have to leave the play and with my life I pay
for all your hate
'cause I was killed by – by my worst enemy assisted by my best and loyal friend
shame on both of you!
I wish a plague on both your houses!

'cause my judge was your ancient's blood
and your hate was my executioner

and now, now the time has come to change comedy into tragedy
 mail from Jupiter, Hiobs voice I bring to your arrogance
 and some deadly curse for you
 some deadly curse for you

and now I say goodbye to all your dreamers
I stopped to pretend
I know my sarcastic way was good to make the day
but it was fake
you scream for honor but in fact you search a reason for a fight
you cry for love but fucking is the thing that you desire

but I'm not like you, I am true
to hell with your falseness and vanity

and now, now the time has come to change comedy into tragedy
 mail from Jupiter, Hiobs voice I bring to your arrogance and your ignorance
 I feel my end is near and I give my last tear for some justice

[illegible]

A LULLABY TO YOUR GHOST

don't wake me up by force
I try to dream down there, yes to dream down there
and save us from the ghosts
that still live downstairs, yes still live downstairs
a bunk-bed orphan's oath
you still sleep down here, yes still sleep down here

so we lay and spent the night like then
while I know we're far apart
though I know you're now a ghost like them
I surmise to hear your heart

the phosphor-stars are paled
still I see their forms – now they are black holes
I hide you in the shades
hope they take you home, hope they take you home

so I lay and spend my life like then
though I went all back to start
though I know you're now a ghost like them
I surmise to hear your heart
though I know you're now a ghost like them
I surmise to hear your heart

and we go down, cut the basement in it's ground
yes we go down, cut the basement in it's ground
and I wish you all this, yes I wish you all this
yes I wish you all this I missed then for you
and I wish you all this, yes I wish you all this
yes I wish you all this I missed then for you

don't wake me up by force
I try to dream down there, yes to dream down there
and save us from the ghosts
that still live downstairs, yes still live downstairs