



*Belly & Me*

SOUL TATTOOZE

# zwischenräume

I came from Mars was doing well  
rose from ashes rang your bell

to fall for love lie on the floor  
jump red lights once more

i let things slide shun good advice  
i blow my cool or melt like ice

i take off fast sink to the ground  
i go berserk i come around

i came from Mars you talk so schnell  
i wasn't ready for this carousel

your train of thought will jump the rails  
i'm staring at your vapor trails

the tide was high the moon was pale  
my state of mind a fire sale

of long gone feelings shades and hues  
enough to get get this crazy blues

before i know i have no choice  
i'm always slow in raisin' my voice

i keep my secrets let go strings  
that keep me so attached to things

so hard i cling to softer voices  
open chords that give me choices  
do i stay or will i go  
before the end of this here show

i came from Mars you go for Nuts  
ich glaub dies ist mein letzter satz

dann geh ich schlafen in den hafen  
meiner kühnsten träume  
versteck mich dort in zwischen-räume  
und komm erst morgen wieder raus

before i know i have no choice  
i'm always slow in raisin' my voice  
i keep my secrets let go strings  
that keep me so attached to things

so hard i cling to softer voices  
open chords that give me choices  
do i stay or will i go  
before the end of this here show







## wide awake

You never need the thrill  
of looking down on other people  
you never feel the urge to get ahead

you can stop and listen to the bell in the steeple  
feel the dignity of everyday reality

relying on a strong sense of right and wrong  
a deep desire to belong  
you can dream away but return to the here and now  
you can wonder the why and still care about the how  
in your silent way you manage to stay  
wide awake

you may not be the first but you will arrive  
and make friends on your way

unerringly you keep apart undead and alive  
know a home is more than a place to stay

relying on a strong sense of right and wrong  
a deep desire to belong  
life's too short to get lost on the road to perfection  
at the cost of missing the blackbird's song  
when day meets night on the edge of twilight  
wide awake

# wohin

Erhebe die stimme und setz dich ab  
auch mal laut und deutlich  
präzise und knapp  
das kleingedruckte das liest eh keiner  
parolen sind angesagt  
grob statt feiner

plakativ demonstrativ  
und schön frech  
kommt die meinung daher  
und haut weg  
was im wege steht noch überlegt  
von anstand faselt nachschlägt  
und belegt

das ist so analog  
wie der schlag auf den kopf  
der besen zum fegen  
das wasser im topf  
das es braucht um zu kochen  
sonst bleiben sie rot und blutig  
die Knochen

excuse me das war nur so ganz nebenbei  
es vermischt sich ja alles zum einerlei  
von daneben dazwischen  
peripher und ganz wichtig  
vor lauter richtungen – was war noch richtig?

ganz oben steht die energie  
geht ab treibt an scheppert kümmert sich  
nie mehr um folgen und gründe  
egal wie ich das finde  
bewegung ist alles – wohin ?

gelinde gesagt wer soll das schon wissen  
die vielfalt der meinung when i talk you listen  
am nächsten morgen die nächste häutung  
alles energisch vergiss bedeutung

vom gerücht zum bericht  
one mouse click away  
wo was herkommt keine ahnung  
simply learn to say  
yes i agree to this next transaction  
you can store my data  
when i enter this section  
okay hör ich dich sagen  
was soll das gewimmer  
schau dich mal um hat doch eh  
keiner einen schimmer einer ahnung  
wo das mal hinführen soll  
die ganze welt zu deinen füßen  
ist doch toll

da fährt mein auto rechts ran  
oben blinkt irgendwas  
auf dem display du störst den flow  
geh vom gas steig mal aus  
und leg die hand auf den sensor  
unterm pfeil  
mach 'ne gefährdungs-diagnose  
deine erdung ist lose

schon wieder 'ne verwarnung  
wegen wildwuchs der gedanken  
gar nix ist erlaubt  
außerhalb der leitplanken  
vor dem kopf das digitale brett  
call 'nen hacker zieh den stecker  
wir brauchen dringend 'nen reset

ganz unten brodelt energie  
flüstert leise oder brüllt laut  
jetzt oder nie  
lässt sich dauerhaft nicht zähmen  
nur vorübergehend lähmen  
fragt aber niemals – wohin ?  
doesn't give a shit  
about cause and effect  
grenzen konsequenzen  
noch unentdeckt  
so viel im kopf so wenig macht sinn  
bewegung baut wege - wohin?

erhebe die stimme und bleib auf trab  
die speicher laufen über  
träume werden knapp  
türen lassen sich nie mehr verschliessen  
maybe it's better to shut up

auch das nur so ganz nebenbei  
es vermischt sich ja alles zum einerlei  
daneben dazwischen  
peripher und ganz wichtig  
vor lauter richtungen – was ist noch richtig?





## presence

The sky hangs low the bed's too wide  
me and the blues sit side by side  
we share a drink and then another  
try not to think about the other day

the other night dueling voices  
caustic bite of mean suspicion  
demolition of my heart's shrine

cold cold moon  
your silver stare's still there  
relentless eye if i knew where to turn  
and what to learn to shine my light

instead of torch and burn  
reflecting on what's been said and done  
keeping in mind i'm not the only one  
under the sun

to ask for kind attention  
not to mention what's called love  
needs no beneath  
above no future nor a past  
only presence to last a lifetime  
only presence to last

Spinning 'round in circles  
without a center off the track  
breathless speechless  
no more sense of time

never looking back  
losing hold losing ground  
right or wrong

afraid of the words  
at the tip of your tongue  
hide it in a song  
civil ice sensations  
figure out equations  
try out variations  
blame it all on playing games  
it all remains the same

drop anchor draw the line  
living by your own design

drop anchor draw the line  
living by rules that you define

traces of a life grown down  
to understanding  
smile away the frown  
the jive stop bending  
mending never ending talk  
go for a walk  
watch out for paper frames that

give names to lies and cheat  
to all the same old games  
repeat the test the best survive  
up and down the heartless jive  
tired clowns from 8 to 5

drop anchor draw the line  
living by your own design

drop anchor ...



anchor



## room 304

We had set up the speakers  
in the corner of the hall  
and right after dinner  
we heard the host call

for music so we  
started to serenade  
the birthday boy  
on his special day

the crowd was polite  
but a little bemused  
it wasn't the music  
they were used to

hear at a party  
of this kind  
but they lent us their ear  
gave us ease of mind

right after the show  
back at the hotel  
with a bottle of champagne  
we entered a spell

the scene was set  
as we opened the door  
to the magic balcony  
of room 304

the clangor of nightlife  
from the small streets below  
a charming soundtrack  
that would come and go  
peaceful murmur

like the pulse of the tide  
on this small urban beach  
that opened so wide

all our senses  
as we sat there still  
to take in the nightfall  
for hours until

there were no more layers  
around our core  
it was all wide open  
in room 304

nothing to point out  
discuss or review  
only this special  
room with a view

a magical space  
in a starry night  
out of all bounds  
for anger and fright

no maybes no sorrows  
nothing to declare  
no past nor tomorrow's  
ifs whys and where

all gone for a  
skyful of wondering  
how so little could  
keep us here and now

this 'n that

Over this and that we have control  
to this and that we sell our soul

'bout this and that we feel regret  
and sometimes even remorse of course

we'll stow away this in dark places  
hope that it won't show in our faces

some quite grim others sad  
the look of love that we once had

for one another sister and brother  
father and mother every other

to this and that  
we'll tip our hat  
turn around  
light another cigarette

on this and that  
we'd like to bet  
when things go wrong  
we write a song

to rearrange the awkward parts  
in pleasing order for our hearts

'bout this and that we have a chat  
exchange our views and leave it at that

this and that  
creates confusion  
serves to justify conclusions  
brick and mortar of illusions  
become the fabric of illusions ...



Lessons in survival  
found their way into your book  
wild things pushy loud and proud  
tamer now more on the crook

the naked you called to the angels  
hoping for rescue  
but they had always been so busy  
had so much to do

the NO sits right in front of you  
why not go for a YES  
this ain't no dress rehearsal  
this ain't no game of chess

better get back on your feet  
and tie your shoes  
leave the victim's easy chair  
the Hesitation Blues

the Voodoo Child knocked on your door  
at times you feel it's slight return  
still callin' at yah playin' wild  
ignite your soul to make you burn

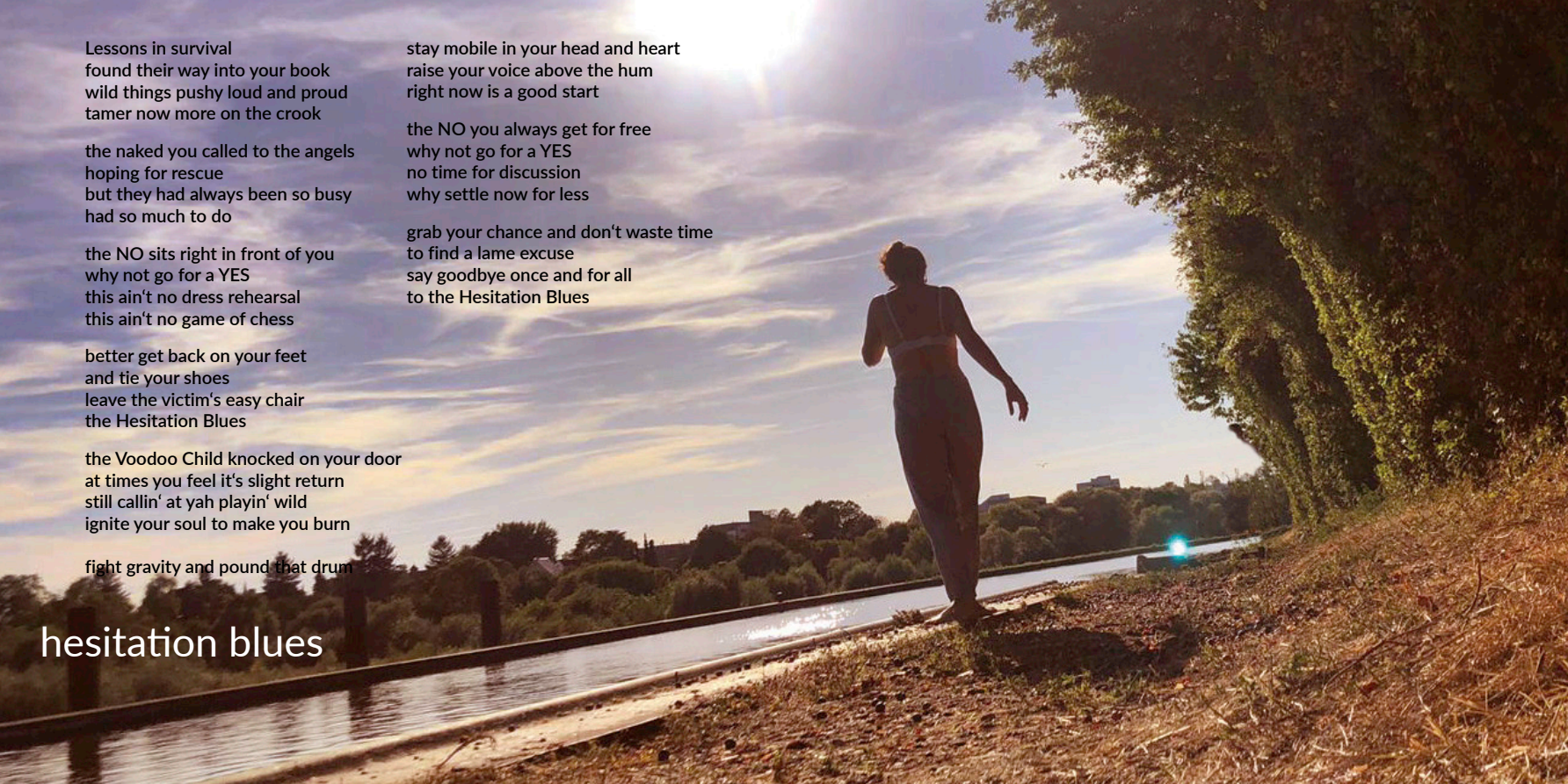
fight gravity and pound that drum

stay mobile in your head and heart  
raise your voice above the hum  
right now is a good start

the NO you always get for free  
why not go for a YES  
no time for discussion  
why settle now for less

grab your chance and don't waste time  
to find a lame excuse  
say goodbye once and for all  
to the Hesitation Blues

hesitation blues





You keep complaining 'bout the shape you're in  
you feel as grounded as a ball on a pin  
you hate your legs got a burning need  
to shed your skin

you pace the floor talk to the wall  
jump at shadows fear night fall  
you raise your glass to the moon  
feel lonely like a child's balloon

left to kiss the bedroom's ceiling  
shrinking toy no joyful feeling  
stuck yeah stuck  
you're simply stuck

you wake from dreams  
where hellhounds bark  
your best friend is a question mark  
and time is truly biggest thief of all

you could write a book  
90 reasons for the blues  
but I am sure not a soul  
wants to be in your shoes

but even now all horizons out of sight  
but there's something about you  
that makes you shine your light so bright  
there's one thing left

## 90 reasons for the blues



so please keep movin'  
beat your feet  
find something groovin'  
pulse and beat  
to fight defeat  
keep movin' movin' movin'  
beat your feet



sisters & brothers



I guess I'm slow  
take my time to turn around  
you find me traveling by sound  
in search for  
supple smooth and round  
harmony and rhyme  
a steady beat  
to keep the time

rim brim border steady flow  
shapes of things that  
come and go  
turn of seasons  
sun moon stars and rain

rim brim border undertow  
reach down to where  
secrets grow  
plant a dream just by my door  
rim brim border  
find the core

to play for keeps  
to be sincere  
but to let go in time  
when fortune takes  
another turn  
keep your cool  
don't stop to burn  
lessons I find hard to learn

rim brim border undertow  
images that come and go  
turn of seasons  
sun moon stars and rain

rim brim border steady flow  
reach down to where secrets grow  
plant a dream just by my door  
rim brim border  
find the core

shapes of things that  
come and go  
turn of seasons  
sun moon stars and rain

let me feel your healing glow  
plant a dream just by my door  
find the core

rim brim border

You're the cool and i am the hot  
sometimes we're blue sometimes we're not  
you're on the way i'm on the spot  
two different cards for just one slot

i'm out of tune you're out of stock  
we grope for keys to ancient locks  
one eye on the relentless clock  
the sunset clause on tender paws

I am the string you are the sound  
you are rectangular I'm round  
i'm always lost you're never found

reach beyond today's horizon  
try to get the larger view  
read the signs along the road  
understand the things we do

you're a little i'm a lot  
your mysteries become my plot  
a wider range of constant change  
familiar yet still strange

a hunk of funk your body clock  
my shuffle cruising 'round your block  
your falling rain on my dry dock  
so who is Roll and who is Rock?

reach beyond today's horizon  
try to get the larger view  
read the signs along the road  
understand the things we do

reach beyond today's horizon  
try to get the larger view  
read the signs along the road  
understand the things we do

horizons

A close-up, artistic photograph of a light bulb. The bulb is the central focus, with its glass surface reflecting light. The background is heavily blurred, showing streaks of red, orange, and blue light, suggesting a dynamic, possibly rotating, environment. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

frills



# SOUL TATTOOZE



Belly & Me

Annabelle von Prittwitz - vocals

Hanno Giulini - words & music, guitars, bass, keyboards, finger drums,  
recording, mix & mastering

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[www.bellyandme.de](http://www.bellyandme.de)

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