



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

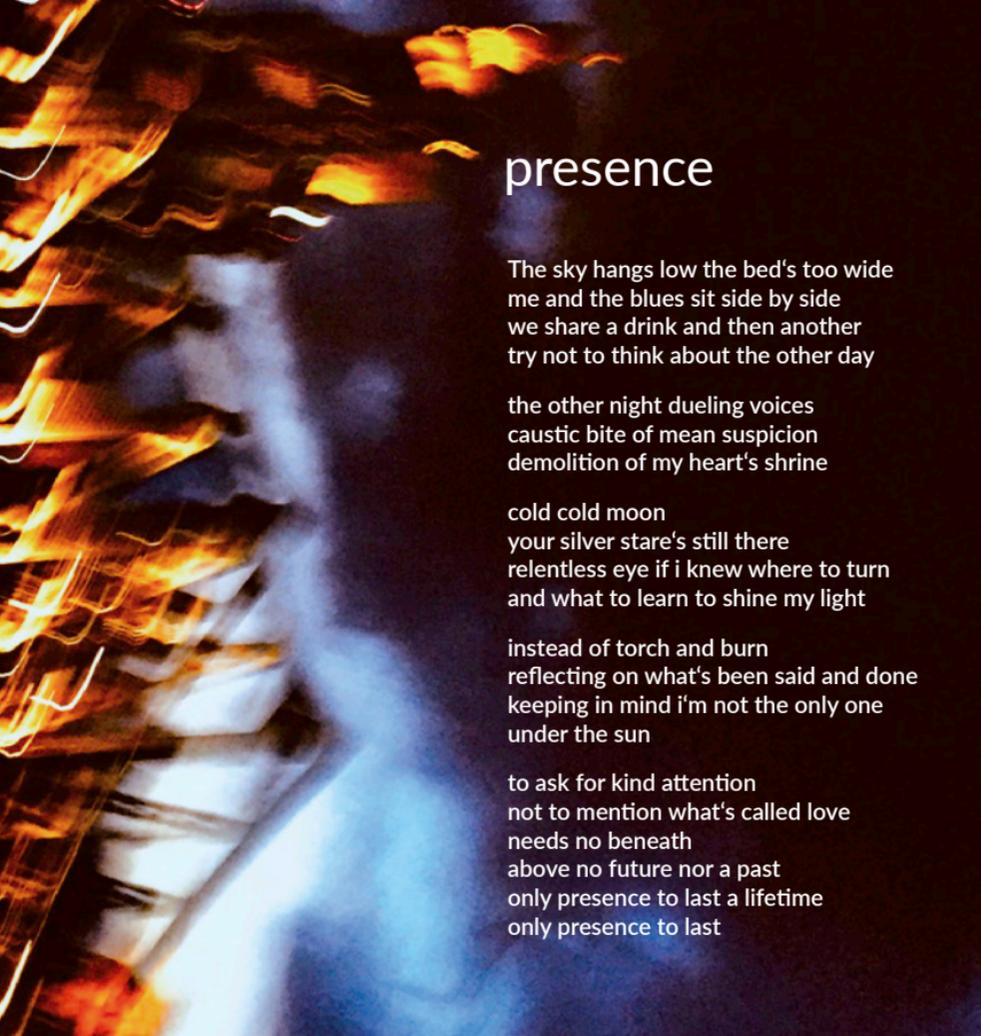
da fährt mein auto rechts ran
oben blinkt irgendwas
auf dem display du störst den flow
geh vom gas steig mal aus
und leg die hand auf den sensor
unterm pfeil
mach 'ne gefährdungs-diagnose
deine erdung ist lose

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

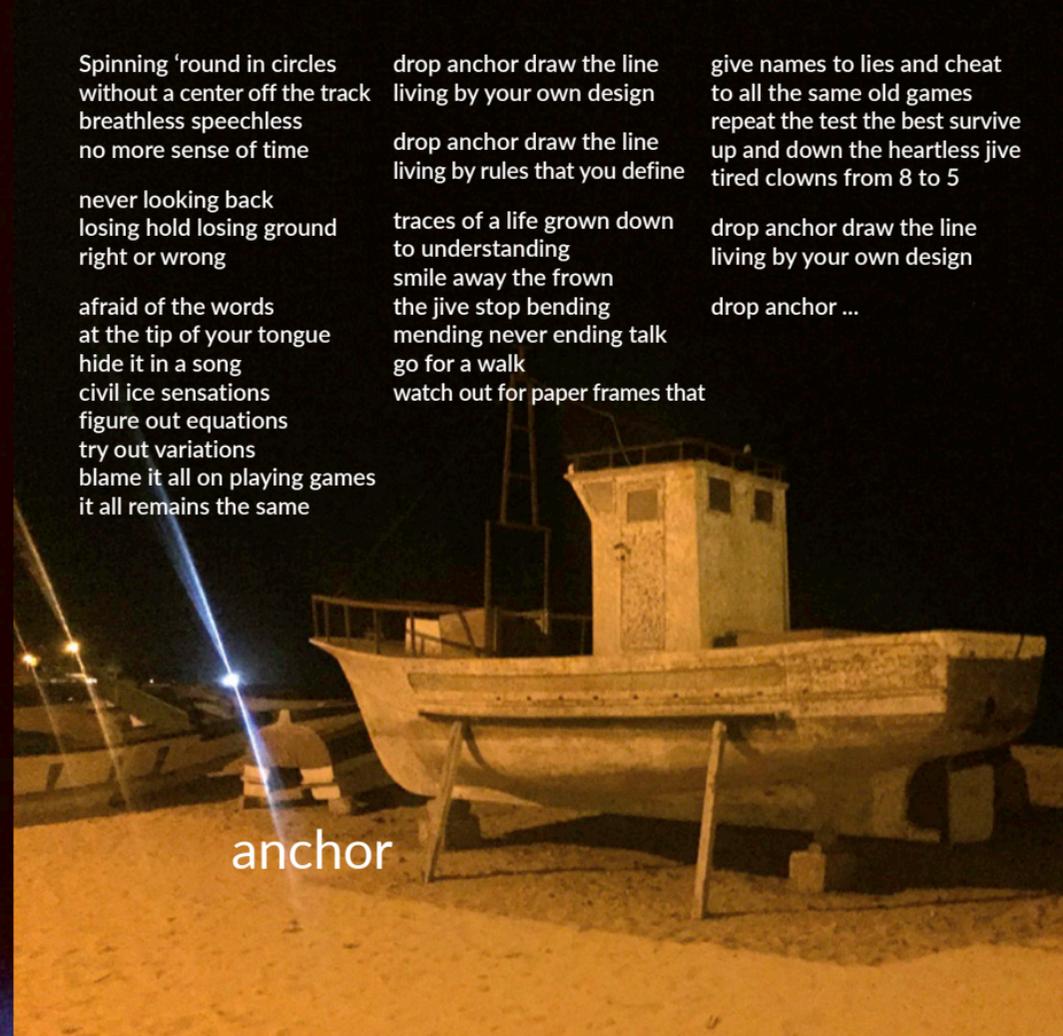
drop anchor draw the line
living by rules that you define

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
skyluf of wondering
how so little could
keep us here and now

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 ...

this 'n that

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

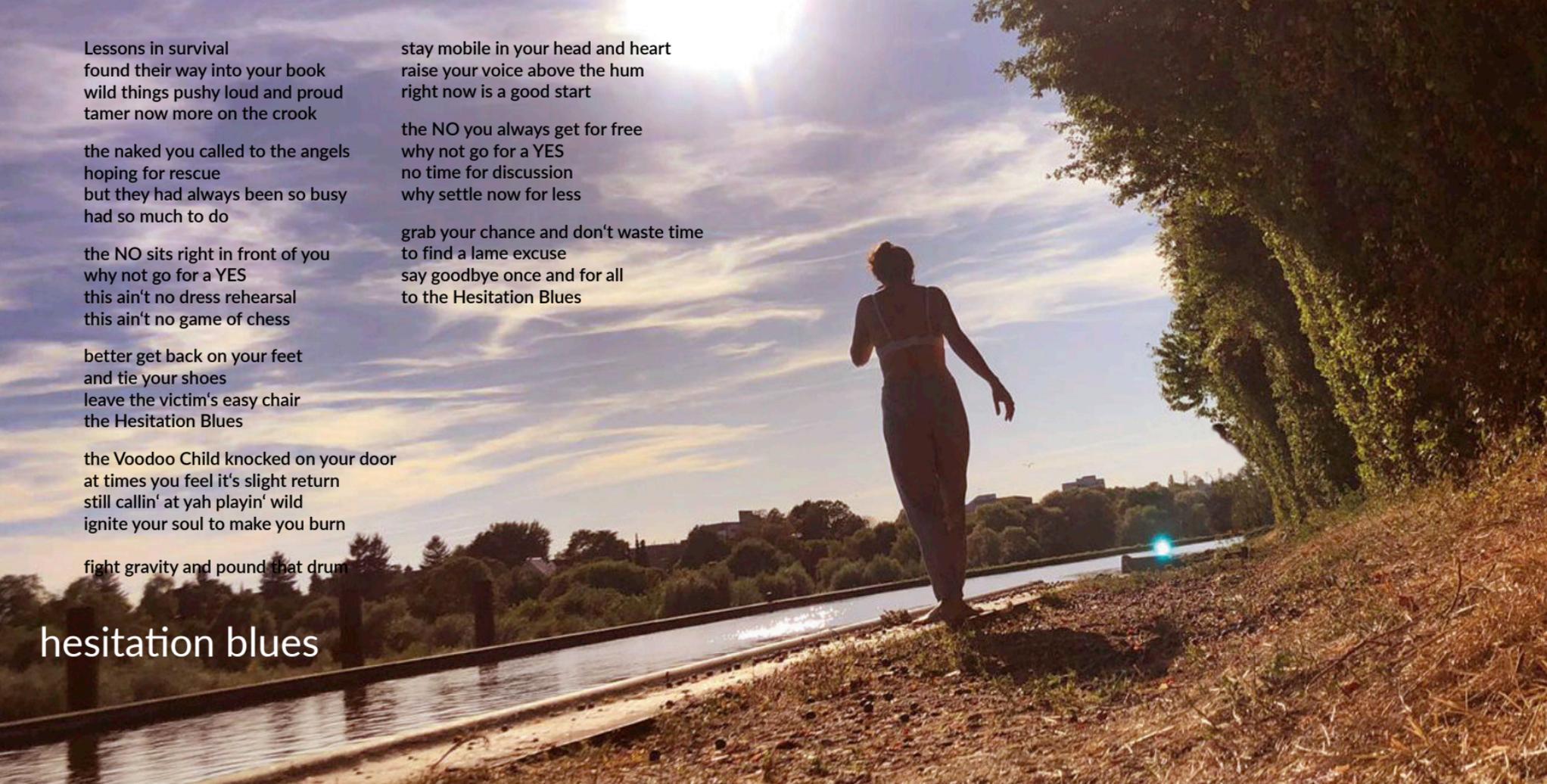
fight gravity and pound that drum

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

horizons

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

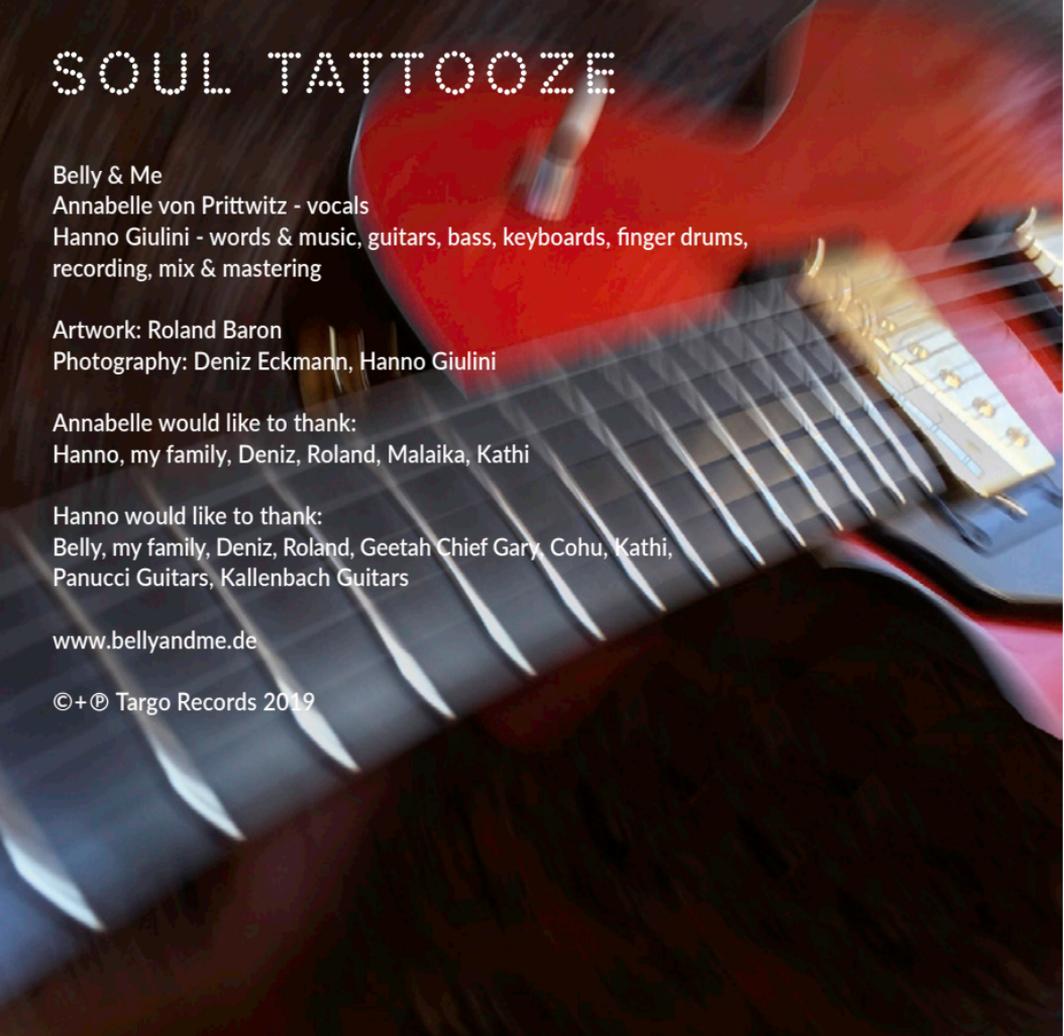
reach beyond today's horizon
try to get the larger view
read the signs along the road
understand the things we do





frills

SOUL TATTOOZE



Belly & Me

Annabelle von Prittwitz - vocals

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

Artwork: Roland Baron

Photography: Deniz Eckmann, Hanno Giulini

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www.bellyandme.de

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