

**CLOCKWISE** is an annual CounterClock special from Wolf von Witting, Via Dei Banduzzi 6/4 33050 BAGNARIA ARSA (Ud) - ITALIA

## INTRODUCTION

According to the ambition of its creator Clockwise, the annual special, ought to appear earlier in the year. Not in the middle of one, such as this first issue. I have been uncertain how to proceed, what to gather in the first issue and then in what form? I gave it a lot of thought and this is a safe way of not getting anything done at all. You want to do something? Just go ahead and do it!

In the beginning you may have a few bright moments in which you produce something good. Along the road you also produce a lot of garbage. As I have done.

What I intend to wrap up here, are my learning years and important milestones along the road.

The bulk of these songs were finished in the years 1997-2001. Minor alterations have been made since then. I leave these behind now and begin on a new batch of *hits*.

I love music. Always did. When writing poetry I found it hard to focus on meter unless there was a song already in my head, to which the words were flowing. It was a natural step to take, joining the ranks of filkers in 1997.

At the time, I had hooked up my computer with a MIDI-interface to a keyboard and wrote several

songs in this way. But of course, I was unable to perform them live. Then I was asked to do a gig at the SFCD-Convention in Ratzeburg 1997 and the following year at the Science Fiction-Days of North Rhine Westphalia. This gave my ambition as a filker the most serious kick. On the train-ride to Ratzeburg I produced a dozen of songs. After the event another dozen, to build up my repertoire.

It was a pleasure to sing accompanied by Jerker Jansson, a wizard on the guitar at CONFUSE, the national Swedish convention of 1998. It made me wish I could play a few chords myself. This wish was soon to be granted, after having been given a broken acoustic guitar in the summer of 2000.

It cost me little to have it repaired and I saved an otherwise perfectly good guitar from being thrown on the dump. I still can't take the "F" chord. The neck of the guitar is too wide for my piano fingers.

The gig at Dortmund 2002 was my last official performance as a filker. After 5 years I had lost the spirit. There was only one more thing I wanted to do. I had never been to a filk convention before. This minor shortcoming was cured with Quinze, the 15th UK filk-convention of 2003. Then the lights went off and the curtain went down. For my "filking career".

Don't get me wrong, I still love filkers. They are the most pleasant kind of people I had the privilege to become acquainted with. It's just that I don't want to be asked to filk *every time* I go to a convention. Once in a decade is enough.

Because I feel I can do more than one thing.

At Swedish sf-conventions this was no problem. There instead, I was asked to do a film related program item. Every time when I was asked.

Don't we all **hate** being type-cast?

I don't mind talking, or even singing in front of people. I just don't want the audience to *know* what will happen before I even open my mouth.

In a way, I have to rank my performance in Dortmund 1998 among my best, because even I had no idea what I was supposed to do when I was standing in front of a well filled auditorium without the required technical equipment. The committee had forgotten about me.

All my preparations went down the drain. And there were some 300-350 people expecting to be entertained. What to do? Improvise. If you can't be good, be funny. Fortunately, the German audience is a grateful one.

It turned into a bit of stand-up comedy. A genre I would love to get deeper into. Hush now! I know I have to be very careful what I wish for.

But while some people live as if they had tragedy in their blood, I prefer to act as if I had comedy in it. Not typical humour of any particular language or nation, but humour I picked up from all around the globe. And occasionally one or the other serious poem. But serious is real hard to do well.

For me, it was. Enjoy!

**Wolf**

## CLOCKWISE 2014



*Dortmund 1998 at SFT-NRW, singing from the first edition of my Filksong-book.*



*Fortunately I got some back-up from Kathy Droege.*



*Let's do this again, Kathy! And we did. This is 1999.*



*At Trinity 1999 Juliane Honisch joined in.*



*Nobody noticed, that I already was tired of it. It's a bit like telling a joke. They're only funny once.*



*Wilf James made a recording in 1997.*

*Then there was the stage-show at NasaCon 2000, which also was successful (see CoClock # 8).*

*Mothballing the poet in me, became more an issue of necessity, since my England-adventure 2002-03 didn't turn out as I hoped. According to Maslow's pyramid we have more pressing needs which all have to be satisfied before we can be truly creative. Going back to Sweden didn't improve my mood. It got only worse, until I just couldn't stand it. I had to leave. And... finally I found the right place.*

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Our Dear Doctor Who

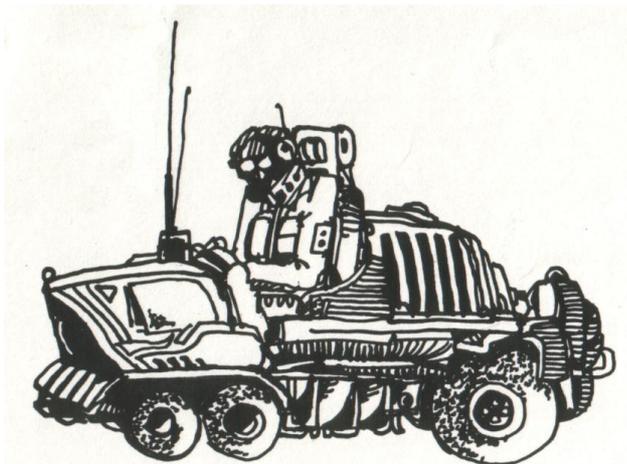
J.C.Fogerty: "Lookin' Out My Back Door",  
1997-Mar-14

Just got home from Betelgeuse  
With a transgalactic cruise  
Three thousand light-years  
Through the vast and empty void  
Someone came to see me  
A Timelord, who might that be?  
Who, who, who, none but our dear Dr.Who

Who said we must make a con  
With filksong that goes on and on  
Gather slans together, read some vogonpoetry  
Build a new foundation  
The stars my destination  
Who, who, who, sing with our dear Dr.Who

Skywalker and Gordon, playin' in his band  
Miss Uhura too, singing "shoo-be-doo  
take me to - galactic zoo!"  
Spock joins in on Vulcan harp  
And Riff-Raff does the Time-Warp  
Who, who, who sing with our dear Dr.Who

Arachnoids and Cylons  
are watching close his band  
When set on fire, they join the choir  
In tune, with clones of Barb Wire  
Daleks cry exterminate  
Face it, blobs, you're far too late  
Who, who, who sing with our dear Dr.Who  
Who, who, who and his police box is blue"



All artwork in this edition by Henry Linder,  
whose pictures also decorated all previous  
releases from the 1998 SFT-NRW edition to  
the final 20th Century Wolf Songs.

### The London Fangathering 1997

*Music: Galway Races, 1997-Mar-18.*

*A travel report in form of a song.*

*There are not nearly enough fan-historical songs.*

And as we came into London Town  
To seek for recreation  
On a Thursday at the Tun  
In the month of January  
There were multitudes assembled  
From all different of places  
And our friend there Bernie Peek  
Introduced us to all faces.

CHORUS:

Thinking back on the bill  
of the gathering on that day.

And we had to see the Tower  
And of course the Trocadero  
Where my friends spent lots of money  
They were closing in on zero  
Are computergames addictive  
Then they must be complete junkies  
They've got glued to every flipper too  
Among the other monkeys.

CHORUS:

We had beer at Royal Oak  
And then went for something to eat  
There was plenty (of) ground to cover  
And a lot of fans to meet  
I remember Pat McMurray  
'Cause he acted rather cheery  
He reminded me of someone  
And he looked like Herbert Thiery.

CHORUS:

And we covered lots of underground  
Victoria, Central, Bakerloo,  
I saw some pretty girls  
But there was nothing I could do  
When one smiled at me, I trembled  
But I'm solid, when I can it  
I spent my cash on videos  
And on Forbidden Planet

CHORUS:

And as we went back to Gatwick  
Our hearts were filled with sorrow  
There was so much more to see and do  
Today is soon tomorrow  
My computer has to pay for this  
However unromantic  
I think I never did this much  
I'm writing oh so frantic

CHORUS:

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Fell in Love

*Ingo Insterburg: "Ich liebte ein Mädchen"*  
*English version 1997-Mar-19,*  
*I wrote a Swedish version of this song in the 80's.*

Fell in love with a girl at Leicester Square  
With her I had just a short affair  
Fell in love with a girl at Bethnal Green  
She said that I was too extreme  
Fell in love with a girl in Tottenham  
She threw herself behind a tram  
Fell in love with a girl in Leytonstone  
She bit my arm and broke my bone  
No girls in London to have on my arm  
I had to expand with my charm

Fell in love with a girl in Hartlepool  
She turned out to be both sick and cruel  
Fell in love with a girl in Basingstoke  
She said I couldn't take a joke  
Fell in love with a girl from Ipswich Town  
I called her "love", she called me "clown"  
Fell in love with girls in Leeds and Stoke  
They wouldn't let me drink or smoke  
No girls in England to hold in my arms  
I had to export my charm

Fell in love with a girl in Rome  
She had two more lovers at home  
Fell in love with a girl in Vienna  
She had the laughter of a hyena  
Fell in love with a girl in Switzerland  
She ran off with another man  
Fell in love with girls in Bonn and Rome  
But they preferred to stay at home  
No girls in Europe to bonk in my coach  
I went for a global approach

Fell in love with a girl in Australia  
To her I was a complete failure  
Fell in love with a girl in Jamaica  
She asked me to rattle and shake her  
Fell in love with a girl in Sibiria  
She wouldn't let me anywhere near her  
Fell in love with a girl in Hollywood  
Expensive, well, but she was good  
No girls on Earth to take to the church  
I had to expand in my search

(Now everyone under 18 will have to leave the room!)

Fell in love with a girl on Venus  
She said I had a short penis  
Fell in love with a girl on mars  
Who continuously fondled my arse  
Fell in love with a girl on Gallifrey

She lost her teeth among the hay  
Fell in love with a girl on Arrakis  
Now it hurts like hell when I must piss  
Miss Universe is not any good  
Should I try again, yes I should!

Fell in love with a lady from Ork....  
Well, that will work! Nano, nano!

### Jophan's Journey

*Based on "The Enchanted Duplicator"*  
*Trad.Music: Johnnie Cope, 1997-Mar-24*

As Jophan left the land Mundane  
The people thought he was insane  
He crossed the mountains, then a plain  
When he left Mundane in the morning.

CHORUS:

Ay, Jophan are you writing yet?  
And are your stencils ready yet?  
If you're printing I will wait  
And read your Ish in the morning.

He had his bundle and his shield  
No need for sword that he could wield  
To obstacles he would not yield  
When he left Mundane in the morning. CHORUS:

He would not fall for Leth R.G.  
And would not disillusioned be  
Was as determined as can be  
And he reached fandom in the morning. CHORUS:

True fandom has no easy road  
Which Swift and Kerles could behold  
And so the fairy Jophan told  
How to reach fandom in the morning. CHORUS:

He came into a lustrous town  
That tried to keep his fanac down  
But he dismissed them with a frown  
To proceed on his way with a yawning. CHORUS:

The Desert of Indifference  
Where Jophan passed with care and sense  
The manna-scripts were fallin' dense  
To aid in his journey more, surely. CHORUS:

The birds support with "Egg'o'Bu"  
Helped Jophan pass the canyon too  
His dedication, oh so true -  
Fandom he reached in the morning. CHORUS:

This story tells us there should be  
As Jophan clearly came to see  
The Magic Mimeograph is the  
One with a true fan at the handle. CHORUS:

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### The Name is Marvin

*Based on "the Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy"  
Trad: "16 tons", 1997-Jun-06. I consider it a crime,  
to put new words to a song that really EVERYONE  
has heard more than enough. And yet I'm guilty of  
committing such a dastardly rhyme myself. This is it!*

Some people say a droid is made out of steel  
But no one really cares how an android feels  
Do androids dream of electric sheep?  
You think you could buy one,  
but we don't come cheap

The name is Marvin, God, I'm so depressed  
Personality prototype, you have been blessed  
If you had a brain the size of mine  
You would soon contemplate  
on Gods grand design

I was a maintenance droid on the Heart of Gold  
'Can you pick that piece of paper?' so I was told  
Of course I can perform this simple task  
But I prefer a greater challenge  
if you have to ask

At Magrathea wee made some fuzz  
And had a pair of missiles being fired at us  
We took our very last chance to stay alive  
And used the infinite improbability drive

We had a big surprise and Zaphod went pale  
When the missiles became  
a surprised lookin' whale  
And a bowl of petunias, believe if you can  
With only one thought "Oh, no! Not again!"

I spent 3 billion years in a car-park alone  
With no one to talk to except for a drone  
In shape of an ugly coffee machine  
The smartest I've met  
and most pathetic I've seen

My name is Marvin, God, I'm so depressed!  
Personality prototype, you'd be impressed  
If you had a brain, the size of mine  
You wouldn't go to work  
down a stupid coal mine

*The challenge of the next song, was to fit the  
words "Starfleet Academy Space Cadettes" into a  
popular song. It is similar to trying to fit a size 43  
foot into a size 42 shoe. It can be done without  
cutting off any toes. Fogerty only had "Willy and  
the poor boys" (6 syllables) in the same space.  
I squeezed in three more.*

### Shore Leave

*Based on Star Trek - The Next Generation  
J.C.Fogerty: "Down On the Corner",  
Another Creedence C.R, 1997-July-24.*

CHORUS:  
Down on the planet shore leave is fine  
And the Starfleet Academy Space Cadettes  
All have a wonderful time.

Planet Risa closin'  
The boys go into town  
Walk to a transporter room  
To beam the party down  
If you bring a Horghon  
The women come along  
Cause on display, it means you say;  
You seek jamaharohn.

CHORUS:  
All that you can think of  
Dreams that will come true  
In this place no pigs in space  
Will ever turn to blue  
Food and drink and sunshine  
Earth beneath the ground  
Just forget your holodeck  
Today we're planetbound.

CHORUS twice:



## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Come to Stockholm

*Trad.Irish "Come to the Bower", 1997-July-22  
Sweden is fantastic. Or at least, it used to be.  
Now it's been messed up by very poor political  
decision.*

We have girls tall and blonde,  
They're most beautiful and daring  
We have moose on the loose  
and a tax rate that is scaring  
But the air will resound  
of our songs in the starlight  
And you don't need to sleep,  
cause the sun, it stays up all night

CHORUS:

Will you come, will you, will you,  
Will you come up to Stockholm

Our air fresh and clean  
and no traffic is intensive  
We have booze, wine and beer  
and it's tasty but expensive  
We can sing through the night,  
and again I'm all for it  
So come see for yourself,  
if you really can afford it  
CHORUS:

Many men will admit  
that our country has its wonders  
Though we got politicians,  
who are champions in blunders  
But the man in the street  
is a happy one forever  
And we'd like you to meet him,  
so come if you are clever  
CHORUS:

### Human Brains

*Trad.Irish "Mormon Braes", 1997-July-23*

CHORUS:

Trade a pound of human brain,  
our surgeons keep on learning  
Trade a pound of human brain,  
and a Frankenstein's returning

You can transplant any body part  
and put them back together  
The end-result is work of art,  
with a skin of chequered leather

CHORUS:

For many a surgeon slipped the knife  
he cut one piece to many  
It's all the same, just change your name,  
from Jim or so to Jenny

CHORUS:

Once we made a Hercules  
with muscles strong and glistening  
But then I fear we forgot his ears  
and now he's never listening

CHORUS:

We soon went out to hunt for brains,  
in this town should be many  
But though we searched both high and low, we  
couldn't find just any

CHORUS:

Imagine you'd be facing a  
cerebral amputation  
Well I'm quite sure, It would be the cure  
for the leaders of our nation

CHORUS:

### Moonshuttle

*Cat Stevens: "Moon Shadow", 1997-July-25  
Some songs needed to be cured. This was one of  
them. So, yeah, I repaired the first verse here.*

CHORUS:

I am the captain of a moonshuttle,  
Moonshuttle, moonshuttle  
Shipping passengers on my moonshuttle,  
Moonshuttle, moonshuttle.

And if my log was ever read,  
Well, that's the day I always dread...  
And if my log was ever read,  
Oh, if... I won't have to lie no more.

And if I ever lost my crew  
I won't have anyone to screw  
And if I ever lost my crew  
Oh, if... I won't have to pay them more.

CHORUS:

And if I ever lost my helm  
Well, I won't crash, it's all the same  
But if I ever lost the helm  
Oh, if... I won't have to steer no more.

Need an expert navigator  
That is how I felt  
Need an expert navigator  
While lost in the asteroid belt.

CHORUS:

And if I ever lost my craft  
Yeah, that would suck, it would be daft  
Yes, if I ever lost my craft  
Oh, if... I won't have to fly no more.

CHORUS:

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### My Old Man's A Cyborg

*Trad: My Old Man's A Dustman, 1997-July-25  
There has been added an intro to the song since 1997. It felt better that way.*

When my father passed away  
He was not sent to the morgue, No!  
Since he was a man of science  
He was turned into a... Borg!

CHORUS:

My old man's a cyborg  
He's mostly metal parts  
His brain is still the old one  
And one of his two hearts

The day he was created by cybernetic pro's  
He requested an addition,  
a thing which sometimes grows  
Of course he meant organic,  
but he got only this  
A telescope antenna,  
which is no good when you piss.

CHORUS:

He had no time for romance,  
or so he did assume  
But I suspect he's incorrect,  
because one afternoon  
He polished all his surface,  
from breakfast until four  
When the neighbours mobile toaster  
came ringing at the door

CHORUS:

My daddy-o got mugged  
by a battle-droid one day  
And this is what the battledroid  
quite simply had to say  
You better hand your valuables  
and cash over to me!  
Or I will smear your sensors  
and take your battery.

CHORUS:

He's got a brain-extension,  
prepared for any task  
He answers any question  
you possibly might ask  
How far will mankind reach,  
to Moon or Mars or more?  
Well this is so, we'll boldly go  
where no one went before!

CHORUS:

On the Martian expedition in 2104  
They looked for precious metals  
and some magnetic ore  
My father solid steel, got sucked into the dust  
I found the ore, and that's for sure,  
I'm stuck here 'til I rust.

CHORUS:

### Space Ranger

*A Tribute to the old generation of SF-Writers, the ones I never had the pleasure to meet in person.  
Trad.Irish "The Wild Rover, 1997-July-27  
We all need sing-alongs, in case we're actually having a good time.*

I've been a space ranger for many a year  
And I spent all my credits  
on synth-blog and beer  
And when I return with uridium in store  
Then I never will play  
the space ranger no more

CHORUS:

And it's no, nay, never (dis-in-te-grate)  
No, nay, never, no more  
Will I play the space ranger  
No never, no more

I went to buy prune juice in the Asimov bar  
where at nightfall the aliens came  
from near and far  
A one-eye robot kept pokin' on me  
I reminded him gently of laws 1-2-3

CHORUS:

Bob Heinlein has got a weird little cat  
Harry Harrison feeds his stainless steel rat  
The beasts of science fiction,  
they have certain charm  
You must visit George Orwells  
neat Animal Farm

CHORUS:

In 2001 - I met Arthur C Clarke  
When I came to Sri Lanka one day after dark  
I brought with me a dozen  
of bold and brave men  
And we shared all the drinks until 2010

CHORUS:

*Somebody recently told me, there are too many verses... Not in this particular song, but I realized that I made it a habit to have too many of them.*

## The Telefangathering

Trad. "The Barley Grain", 1997-Aug-17

In 1980 Joachim Henke (Joe-Fan) came to Stockholm with some friends. This song is based on an event which took place at Grand Hotel Saltsjöbaden, where I was working at the time. In those days Burger King at Odenplan also used to be a gathering-place for sf-fans.

When Joe-Fan came to Sweden  
1980 in July  
Our fanac hit a peak  
We had plenty ideas to try

CHORUS:

With fangatherings in the burger bar,  
fangatherings in the road,  
with fangatherings on the telephone,  
which caused an overload

I worked at Grand Hotel  
This summer, business runnin' low  
Had access to the switchboard  
And prepared another show

CHORUS:

And we called up Ahrvid Engholm  
Then we called still many more  
And we called up Anders Bellis  
Soon we were 'bout twentyfour

CHORUS:

When we gathered all together  
Something (was) missin' in the scene  
So we called ol' Sam J Lundwall  
(And) got his answering machine

CHORUS:

And since Sam was not at home  
Nowhere near or there about  
So we gathered all our strength  
And we released it with a shout

CHORUS:

When Sam came home that night  
And got our message with our cry  
He may have been so cool  
But then he must have jumped up high

CHORUS:

Next day we came to burger king  
With Joe-Fan and sat down  
We prepared to make a oneshot  
Something new to hit the town

CHORUS:

This story, it was long ago  
Our fandom in the gears  
This song will still remind you  
In another 15 years

CHORUS: Bout fangatherings in the burger bar...



## The Android

Kraftwerk: "The Model", 1998-Feb-11

This song is an example of how easy it is to write a filksong. Written for SF-Tage 10 NRW 1998.

She's an android and she's looking good  
I'd like to take her home, it's understood

And she is playing smart from time to time  
It only takes a can of oil to change her mind

At discount you can buy this living doll  
We guarantee good sex and you can have it all

Three subroutines we will throw in for free  
But don't forget to check her battery

She comes complete with five year guarantee  
She is the fastest dishwasher you'll ever see

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Asteroid Belt

Trad.: "Jingle Bells", 1998-Feb-15

*There is an endless number of filk songs written on tunes like "Home on the Range" and this one. Here's my contribution to that pile...*

CHORUS:

Asteroid belt, asteroid belt,  
Asteroids everywhere  
Oh, what fun it is to crash  
Without an atmosphere

Calliope is a chunk, which reduces us to junk  
We're so happy to be here,  
Without an atmosphere      CHORUS:

Though our impact will be slow  
Under stars that faintly glow  
Stay around to see the show  
As our air will turn to snow      CHORUS:



### The BEM

Pink Floyd: "The Scarecrow", 1998-Feb-15

*A short song about the imminent danger of being hit by a meteor.*

The bug-eyed green monster  
Is bigger than you and  
It has big blob eyes,  
Hairy green tentacles

It dwelled on the moon  
Where the Eagle had landed  
And waited for us  
Little humans to return

It sat in a crater, keepin' low

The bug-eyed green monster  
Which sat in the crater  
It was not prepared  
To receive any sudden blow

It was smashed by a rock, too big to throw

### Spice Girls Rising

J.C Fogerty: "Bad Moon Rising", 1998-Feb-28

*Back then, I thought Spice Girls were terrible. But compared to many other things which came such as some Rap and Hip-Hop, they were good. So I should change the title to "Pop Stars Rising" as I have already done in the chorus.*

I've heard some bad song writing  
I've heard some lyrics out of tune  
I've seen gruesome singers striking  
Hope that they'll choke on something soon

CHORUS: Don't go round tonight  
You're bound to lose your mind  
There are Pop Stars on the rise

Sure, they've got pretty glimpsing knickers  
And they appear just white and clean  
I'd rather settle for some SNICKERS\* \* \*  
Instead of brainless sex machines

CHORUS:

(Instrumental)

You'll hear some bad songs striking  
You'll hear synthetic voices too  
Prepare for nauseous disliking  
This world is coming to its ruin.

CHORUS twice:

\* \* \* I only do advertising, if I need it for a rhyme...

## The Little Gopher

*Trad.Irish "The Dundee Weaver", 1998-Mar-10  
A gophers help out at sf-conventions. They are like the roadies for a band. They do all the stuff no one has particularly been assigned to. This gopher song ought to be sung with a Scottish accent.*

Oh I am a little gopher  
And I gopher my own way  
I gopher'd back in Brighton  
I gopher here today  
I gopher every easter and summer at a con  
And when I am the gopher  
Then it never can go wrong  
Yes, when I am the gopher  
Then it never can go wrong

I met the Ghost of honour  
Yes, a most important man  
I asked him for his autograph  
and offered him a pen  
He asked me who to sign it for  
With dedication too  
Well, I'm the little gopher here  
With lots of things to do

I go fer six-pack lager  
and I go fer box of tools  
I follow all instructions  
I follow all the rules  
I am the perfect gopher  
I have a gopher brain  
Without a gopher such as me  
the staff would go insane  
Without a gopher such as me  
the staff would go insane



## Wreckage On Mars

*Lennon/McCartney: "Ticket to Ride",  
1998-Mar-17 A hard days night on the train, and it was all in a days work. I can sing it, but I can't take the chords, since Beatles always have an "F" chord somewhere in their tunes.  
Pity, really, I like their music.*

Our lander is in decline  
We're close to touchdown, yeah  
Debris here covers the ground  
It's scattered around  
We found a wreckage on Mars  
We found a wreckage on Mars  
We found a wreckage on Mars,  
it's everywhere

Our sensors simply refuse to identify  
The various alloys we found  
I think I know why  
Alien wreckage on Mars  
Alien wreckage on Mars  
Alien wreckage on Mars, it's everywhere

Don't know why we're landing nearby  
Gotta sit tight, stay up all night and scan  
Our captain is not telling us why  
We must sit tight, stay up all night and scan

The stars that glow in the sky  
Provide us some light, hey  
And we would like to explore  
This wreckage tonight  
We found a wreckage on Mars  
We found a wreckage on Mars  
We found a wreckage on Mars,  
it's everywhere

Don't know why we're landing nearby  
Gotta sit tight, stay up all night and scan  
Our captain is not telling us why  
We must sit tight, stay up all night and scan

Our astrogator is smart  
Disobedient, but tough, wow!  
He found some leathery eggs  
This night he sneaked off, wow!  
Alien wreckage on Mars  
Alien wreckage on Mars  
Alien wreckage on Mars, it's everywhere

But our captain don't cares  
But our captain don't cares  
But our captain don't cares

## Ghostriders in the Shire

"Ghostriders in the Sky", 1998-Mar-18 (revised)  
Based on "The Lord of the Rings" by J.R.R. Tolkien.  
The title was pretty obvious. Someone just had to write this song.

They were riding out from Mordor  
On a dark and windy day  
To search for the one ring  
That all of them had to obey  
With horses black as charcoal  
And with cloak dark as the night  
With poisoned magic daggers  
They instill a fearful fright

CHORUS: Yippie-Ay-Ooh, Yippie-Ay-A  
Ghostriders in the Shire

They are nazgul, they are evil  
And they make us fear and sweat  
They look for Bilbo Baggins  
But they haven't found him yet  
When the ring was passed to Frodo  
They retraced his steps too soon  
There is nowhere you can hide  
Under the pale light of the moon

CHORUS:

They all speak with hissing voices  
And their evil eyes are cruel  
Better stay off from the road  
You better hide, don't be a fool  
When they come like roaring thunder  
All heads down and just be still  
Only one can scare them off  
And that would be Tom Bombadil

CHORUS:

They were flushed away by water  
When they had us in a sack  
And we could escape this time  
But be assured, they will be back  
Now some food and drink and cozy beds  
That really would be swell  
So, let's gather our friends, Aragorn  
And then we head for Rivendell

CHORUS:



## Every Now and Then...

it happens. You find a treasure. Through the years I have found "Ghostriders in the Shire" to hold up. It's my first really good song.

Yes, I know, it's a matter of taste. But this time... I just felt I had hit a bulls-eye. And once you know how to hit it, you want to hit it again and again. But it is a bit like photography, only one out of ten shots is really good. Still better than one out of one hundred, I guess.

In the year 2000 I attempted something different, translating songs. It's a greater challenge to make a translation and keep the original story. Preferably also the original jokes, when there were any. With the *Emma Pool Trilogy*, I feel that I succeeded fairly well in doing that, while *Over the Cloudbanks* doesn't (in my mind) reflect the perfect words of Reinhard Mey, who unknowingly became my first guitar teacher, by publishing one of his song books. With guitar tabs in it. There were only 30 of them on display, and I thought in my ignorance they were all of them. So I started to pluck the guitar. And I started writing songs with the chords I could most easily play. Being A, E and D. A minor and E minor. Now the lad considered himself a songwriter *and* a poet. But...

## Swordless Highlander

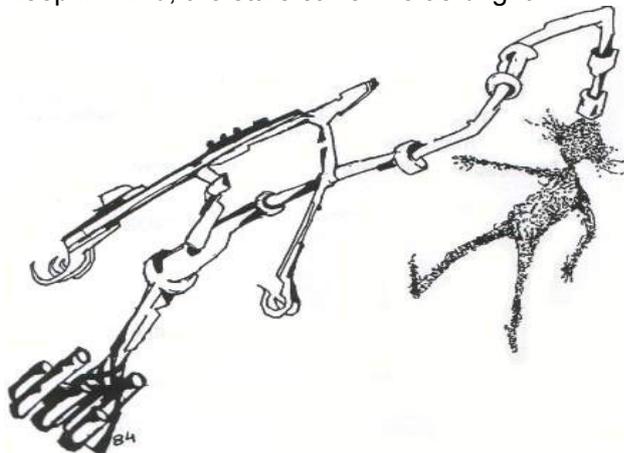
Trad.Irish: "The Parting Glass", 1998-Mar-18  
*Inspired by a program-item I had with Brian M Stableford at SF-Tage 10 NRW. "The Psychological Impact of Longevity or Immortality". What if you're just this ordinary kind of immortal, that doesn't need to chop off any heads. No drama, just an endless parade of pointless days?*

In a town that you would hardly know  
I was born 300 years ago  
Many years I've spent to read and learn  
Now I travelled far and I've seen it all  
Of all that I've done, at war or in peace  
Too dimly now, I can't recall  
When I'm all alone out in the night  
Watch the sky, the stars still shine as bright

There were happy days and a leisure time  
Once I had so many a friend of mine  
But since then it feels like eternity  
And a many faces of death I see  
But I will not fight and dear it will cost  
For I shall die, when my head is lost  
When you're all alone out in the night  
Don't give up, the stars still shine as bright

There are people now, there were people then  
And there's been a many bold and brave men  
But the brave are gone and the lucky too  
So what difference does it what you do  
Well, I cannot be a saint or white dove  
But sure there is something good in love  
So, when you're all alone out in the night  
Watch the sky, the stars still shine as bright

Soon in summer time, happy days return  
And I see young men, whose eyes will burn  
There is lots of beauty to be seen around  
For the final gathering then I'll be bound  
My sword has been lost, I won't need it now  
I could not fight with it anyhow  
When you're all alone out in the night  
Keep in mind, the stars still shine as bright



## The Jem-Hadar

*Based on Star Trek - Deep Space Nine*  
Trad.Irish: "Gentleman Soldier", 1998-Mar-18 *This song is rollin' off the tongue smoothly all the way. And it works well a -capella.*

Well, I am a slippery Jem-Hadar  
We only shoot to kill  
The Vorta is our leader  
And we like to fire at will  
We are fighters for the Dominion  
And a Changeling is our God  
If you are still aboard your ship  
You better eject with a pod

CHORUS:

Our disruptor's going a ra-ta-ta-ta  
But their phasers (are) all set on stun  
Fare-dee-well, Starfleet boys  
I am the son of a gun!

I was stranded on a planet  
With a limited ration of white  
There was no hope to get rescued  
I was all alone in the night  
When a Starfleet landing party  
Beamed to surface to explore  
There were twenty to begin with  
Now they are reduced to four

CHORUS: My disruptor's going...

All night I tossed and tumbled  
As I lay there in the grass  
My white was soon depleted  
And it was a pain in my ass  
So I went to hunt the rest of them  
I was predator, they were prey  
To them I was invincible  
That's all I have to say

CHORUS: My disruptor's going...

The last of them was pleading  
And soon begging for his life  
"I'd like to get back home" he said  
"And stay there with my wife,  
I have so much left to live for. Yes!  
And children, I'm having three."  
He was so goddamned pathetic  
It had no effect on me.

CHORUS: My disruptor's going...  
But his phaser...

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Wish I Was Back Home on Terra

*Trad.Music: "I Wish Was Back Home in Derry."  
Written in Moscow, June 1998. revised 1998-Oct-11.*

Back in 2004  
We set out to explore  
Our galaxy sector by sector  
A freak asteroid bump  
After hyperspace jump  
Cut short our incoming vector  
We crashed on a planet, a darn hostile place  
We buried our comrades each morning  
Carnivorous plants  
Were surrounding our base  
And they gobbled us up  
Without warning

CHORUS:

Oh, I wish I was back home on Terra  
Oh, I wish I was back home on Terra

When we gathered the crew  
There was missing a few  
And we terraformed our landing area  
But the planet fought back  
And it went to attack  
With bugs and their mere size would scare ya  
Mosquitos with wingspan of 4-6 feet  
Like fireflies seem to be burnin'  
But at least their sting doesn't itch for a week  
I don't think we will be returning

CHORUS:

Next day after lunch  
Heard a loud roaring crunch  
An active volcano and earthquake  
Soon the hot lava stream  
Caused us running and scream  
Our gear lost or damaged in its wake  
The handful survivors  
Were scattered and scared  
The dead we left decomposing  
To bury them now, no one bothered or cared  
This world was far too opposing

CHORUS:

Now I'm left all alone  
And I want to go home  
Our mission has been a right failure  
If I ever see Earth  
I will know what it's worth  
I'll sign off as Ex-Cosmic Sailor  
A rescue is due in about 20 years  
But I doubt that I'll last to December  
And no one will know or shed any tears  
And no one will even remember

CHORUS:

### The Action President

*Music: my own (forgotten it), 1998-July-06*

On a dark and dreary morning in September  
The patterns on my wall made perfect sense  
Know, even though the world is small,  
yet many presidents must fall  
And who the current is  
I even can't remember

Light was dim but I could see the dogstar Sirius  
My girl is innocent but ignorant as well  
She paints her face and does her hair  
to cover all of her despair  
But underneath her make-up  
she is still delirious

I sat up in bed and covered my erection  
A curtain fluttered silently in autumn breeze  
My head was spinning in dismay,  
could not recall the other day  
But I suspected I had won the damned election

So I was president of Earth, Mars and Venus  
A man so powerful as just a man can be  
Should be unscrupulous as hell,  
insensitive and bold as well  
On top of that I'm probably a bloody genius

I swaggered off into the kitchen, still so sleepy  
The floor was freezing but it didn't bother me  
I'll make some coffee if I can,  
and after that I'll be a man.  
On the table sat something odd and creepy

Forgotten were intentions, I began to ponder  
He was glowing from the inside in the dark  
And from its torso grew a head,  
six legs and arms and now instead  
A polymorph was facing me, it was a wonder

"Got a message for ya!" said my weird intruder  
"The most important thing you have ever heard"  
He had a hissing smokey voice;  
"I give you one quite simple choice,  
If you don't get it, I can give it to you ruder..."

He was about to use the worst intimidation  
But without coffee I wont listen to a threat  
We're one the 22nd floor  
and he did not go out the door  
Because I grabbed him quick for defenestration

If mankind is to meet its doom, it will be later  
Because this polymorph couldn't imitate a bird  
Now I'm an action hero too,  
and I can tell you what to do  
For president you couldn't have anyone greater

## Jed, the Dead

Sammy Johns: "Chevy Van", 1998-July-07  
Based on the book "Jed, the Dead" by Alan Dean Foster. Making Alan Dean Foster's acquaintance at SFT-NRW 10 - 1998 was a singular pleasure. There are always some people you can tell immediately, that they are one of their kind.

I found a corpse one day in a cavern  
It was dead, so did it seem  
It had three legs, the face of a dragon  
I said "It's a HE and he's coming with me!"

CHORUS:  
He was an alien and an ugly one  
Not decomposing,  
Well, how could it come?  
I picked him up  
Just like you would have done  
Well, he was Jed, the dead  
And he's travelling with me

Back on the road, towards the Pacific  
There in my car, right next to me  
His eyes were closed, the view was terrific  
I said: "Just you wait!  
Come see the ocean with me."

CHORUS:

And then next day I took a job in a tavern  
Serving drinks and telling jokes  
Now far away from Roswell and cavern  
In plain sight is a good hiding place to be

CHORUS:

Whenever he got into tactile contact  
Visions flashed all through ones mind  
And Hollywood for sure wants our contract  
But there's no way they can  
Get a dead guy to sign

CHORUS:



Alan Dean Foster (to the right), Dortmund 1998



## Goodbye Old Fanac

Thirty Foot Trailer, 980725

The old ways are changin', you cannot deny  
The days of the mimeos are over  
You can throw all your pencils  
And Gestetner stencils  
Rank Xerox has taken it over

CHORUS:

Goodbye to all discoloured fingers and jeans  
To the oneshot, the APA and to all fanzines  
And farewell to our good worn out stapler

Electronic fanzines are advancing today  
They're fast distributed and cheaper  
No point that we wail, they get sent by e-mail  
And our post office meets the grim reaper

CHORUS:

We got to move fast to keep up with the time  
So swift we get used to inventions  
If we don't beware, rest assured they'll be here  
They'll reduce us to virtual conventions

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Good Morning, Sorceress

Jethro Tull: Weathercock, 1999-Apr-17

*The song was 1st published in CONSTRUKTIVE # 2, newsletter of TRINITY, the Eurocon 1999. I'm rarely completely satisfied with a song, but can't think of anything to add to this one.*

Good morning, sorceress, do you feel alright?  
And did you summon elements  
to aid you in the night?  
When the powers set in motion  
you can read it in the sky  
There's a deep black endless ocean  
that twinkles in your eye

CHORUS:

Good morning, sorceress, cast a good spell  
Conjure us a good year, we implore you  
Sing us softly your magical songs  
Tell us what the dragon has done to you

Can you simply call the winds  
to chase the clouds across the sky  
Can the good earth crust, raise from dust  
a creature with a cry?  
Will your cantrip light a fire  
that burns within its veins  
And will its clay remain cohesive,  
exposed to fallin' rain.

CHORUS:

Did you hurl a crystal rock  
at the dragon from the sea  
Does your mighty spell the beast repel  
or will he pester me  
Will the battle rage all season,  
in winter and in spring  
There is certain death from dragon-breath,  
so hear us when we sing

CHORUS:

Good morning, sorceress, cast a good spell  
Conjure us a good year we implore you  
Bring us some good tidings here  
for a change  
Hear our prayer for better days  
in this season

### The Transporter Chief

*Trad. Irish Music: "Lord of the Dance"*

*Song finished on the first day of TRINITY, the Eurocon in May 1999 and first published its newsletter CONSTRUKTIVE # 3 (1999-May-20)*

CHORUS: Transport! Where you wanna be?  
I am the transporter chief, you see  
I teleport you all today for free  
'Cause I am promoted to the chief, you see

Applied for Starfleet Academy  
But they have simply disregarded me  
So I booked a flight at the nearest port  
Today I operate the teleport

CHORUS:

And when I came aboard the ship  
I told the crew I'd work through all the trip  
They said "Well, you're the feisty sort!"  
And now I operate the teleport

CHORUS:

The captain shouted "Beam me up!"  
I beamed him up and down I couldn't stop  
He looked at me with open mouth  
I beamed him north  
And then I beamed him south

CHORUS:

The captain's filed M.I.A  
D'ya think we want him back?  
No, we say nay!  
'Cause everyone's moving up in rank  
And I'm commissioned for my little prank

CHORUS:



## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Serenity

Words: 1999-June-23

*The problem with writing serious songs is that it is so easy to overdo it with pathos or melancholy. This one is very personal. It's a song I sing to myself rather than to an audience.*

She left one morning  
As the day was dawning  
Candle in the wind  
Long gone is my true pearl  
Where's my blue girl  
We may never speak again  
Her words ring in my ears  
And I wish that she was here  
Our souls entangled by desire  
We couldn't stake it any higher  
So we both lost someone dear

She had the fever  
Of a true believer  
Pilot to the truth  
Long gone with the breeze went  
All her sweet scent  
Carried hope from near to here  
I wish she gets the message  
Perhaps she never will  
I have a closed and bolted door  
But I am stronger than before  
Improved in my survival skill

Her tale of glory  
Is another story  
Carried by the wind  
Long gone are the horsemen  
Where's her force then  
We may never meet again  
The stars give guiding light  
And the globe won't stop to turn  
We were growing up in flames  
But she said we play silly games  
A lifetime's nearly 'nough to learn

### Spaceballs

Music: *River Kwai March*

Co-written with *Stefan Kayat* 1999-Sept-09

"Jabba had only one big ball  
Boba had two, but they were small  
His cousin has half a dozen  
And only Darth Maul has no ball at all!"

### Bored to Tears

John Kincade: *"Counting Trains"*, 1999-July-05

*The computer was down at work, traffic control was for once in control and I was really bored to tears when I wrote these words.*

*Sussi Johansson of **The Airwaves** converted this tune into an original song; **TEDIOUS DAY**.*

It's been a dreary life today  
I wrote another song  
I've read the papers, sharpened pencils too  
I have polished all my nails  
Which I don't very often do  
Three more hours 'til I finish, far too long

#### CHORUS:

'Tis a tedious day.  
How could I cope with this?  
Mind goes blank, constant yawn  
Break the spell  
One more hour went by  
And I'm getting depressed  
Nothing wrong, nothing right  
Just as well  
Oh, tranquility, oohoo  
Bored like hell

I look out through the window  
There is nothing to be seen  
This town is dull like none I've seen before  
And I smoke too many cigarettes  
What else is there to do?  
(I'm) tired of shooting rubberbands  
And keeping score

#### CHORUS:

UNFINISHED FILK:

### SUNNY TATOOINE

(The Kinks "Sunny Afternoon")

Adventure called me to the stars,  
I've used to brawl in all the bars  
'Cos when I'm drunk I am hallucinating  
But that is all the same,  
'Cos when I'm sober life is lame  
Outside my hut the sun's incinerating  
CHORUS: Save me, save me, save me,  
from this squeeze

I got a big fat Jabba, trying to break me  
And I like to pod-race every week,  
Obi-Wan is just a geek  
Living on the sunny Tatooine, galaxies far away

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### As Beers Go By

*Rolling Stones: As Tears Go By, 1999-Oct-29*

*There is an ever so growing fondness of bears in sf-fandom. This song is dedicated to Thorsten and Scarface. May Mick Jagger & the boys forgive me...*

The bar is open I sit here  
And I would like to have another pint beer  
Barkeepers are busy, busy  
And they don't see me

CHORUS:

I sit and watch as beers go by...

There's a girl, she has a two-headed bear  
I really wonder what she's doing here  
Teddybears are cute and cuddly  
I prefer Real Ale

CHORUS:

I sit and watch as bears go by...

This is the evening of the day  
I really wish I could the guitar play  
If you care to still bear with me  
Help me to a beer

CHORUS:



### Breadcrumbs in Your Bed

*Jacques Brel: "Le Moribond" (AKA: Seasons in the Sun)*

*1999-Nov-08. Did someone say that I snore? Well, it is true, I do. And I think there can be comedy in attempting to sleep.*

Goodnight my friend, it's piece of pie  
To fall asleep, but you don't even try  
And now and then you grimly frown  
Your blanket's sliding up and down  
Feet uncovered, you're a clown

Goodnight my friend, it's hard to snore  
When someone's ringing  
on your phone and door  
Your pillow's hot and pretty hard  
Toss and turn, a frightful yawn  
Your worst nightmare until dawn

CHORUS:

Now your face's turning red  
You have breadcrumbs in your bed  
Makes you shudder and creep  
It's impossible to sleep

Goodnight my friend, it's hard to sleep  
When finances are dreadful in the deep  
And conscience bothers you galore  
You don't care now if you snore  
I guess you'll faint at half past four

Goodnight my friend, it's hard to snooze  
When you released yourself and feel the ooze  
No wonder you can't breathe in there  
Pretty girls are everywhere  
Except with you, but you don't care

CHORUS repeat:

CHORUS variation:

'Cause your face's turning red  
You have breadcrumbs in your bed  
Makes you curse at the crap  
You will never get a nap

UNFINISHED FILK:

### Casting Spells Of Healing

*(The Beatles "Let it be")*

When I find myself in torch-lit dungeons  
Clerics must accompany,  
healing wounds inflicted onto me  
And in my hour of darkness,  
They are standing right in front of me  
Casting spells of healing onto me

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### The Prime Suspect

*Original Words and Music: Reinhard Mey:*

*"Der Mörder ist immer der Gärtner"*

*Unauthorized translation: 2000-Jan-31*

The night's closing in on Westminster,  
Sir Henry is reading The Times  
The pale moonlight shrouded and sinister  
At midnight one hears Big Ben's chimes  
His brass candelabra spreads a flickering light  
A shadow moves silently through the night  
Engulfing Sir Henry, who's struggling quite brave  
But he's taking the secret along to the grave

CHORUS:

Our prime suspect must be the butler  
'Cause he is a bastard indeed  
Our prime suspect must be the butler  
'Cause he commits dastardly, he commits  
dastardly, he commits dastardly deeds

His widow, the Lady in Red, soon  
is rumoured to be filthy rich  
At night sleeps alone in her bedroom  
and snores at intolerable pitch  
Her window is open, though locked is the door  
A muffled thump can be heard from the floor  
A razorsharp knife cuts her throat and her dream  
Surprised and defenseless, unable to scream

CHORUS:

In charge of this investigation,  
is Barnaby from Scotland Yard  
Drinks tea in the back of his garden,  
thinks the murderer is a retard  
The lawnmower man is distracting his mind  
A crouching man creeping up from behind  
Intuition alarming, he is turning his head  
But it is too late, the next second he's dead

CHORUS:

Inspector van Dyke has concluded,  
like always he is premature  
He rounds up the usual suspects,  
it's one of them he is quite sure  
The maid of the household,  
she's cross-eyed and limp  
The chauffeur, a drunkard and devious imp  
The mad milkman claiming: "Napoleon, that's me!"  
van Dyke is mistaken, it's none of the three

CHORUS:

Forensics are still inconclusive,  
the butler has left us no proof  
His hideout is up in the attic,  
with pigeons right under the roof  
With rat-poison, strychnine, garlic on a shelf  
You don't think he's going to digest it himself

His dagger is gleaming, his cloak on a rack  
When a sickle is thrust and twisted in his back

FINAL CHORUS:

'Cause the murderer wasn't the butler  
Who-dunnit? The answer, I'll give  
Your suspect should have been the gardener  
One can't help but wonder what this world has  
come to, we learn for as long as we live.

### The Emma Poole Trilogy

*Original words & music: REINHARD MEY*

*Unauthorized translation: 2000-02-03/04*

PART I \* ANDANTE

I see cockroaches run,  
Some floorboards are gone  
There's a two-legged table  
Which is very unstable  
The wallpaper's sprinkled,  
Got stains, smudge and wrinkles  
And the brickwork is clearly emergin'  
There's a draft from the window and door  
Loose panels are piled on the floor  
I dare say that a fix-up is cravin',  
My room is ghastly depravin'

For this, fully furnished apartment,  
at merely 50 quit weekly  
Everything hence included, except for a romance  
Tennants aren't allowed to have women about,  
'cause our landlady would be most severely put out  
She is cruel, the old fat hag Ms Poole

PART II\* ALLEGRO ASSAI

My dear Mrs Poole, you seem in distress,  
watch out for the table, it's got one leg less  
You claim we raised hell in your home yesterday  
well I don't remember, what else can I say?  
According to you, the three of my mates,  
consumed beer and booze at astronomical rates  
And some of our songs included your name,  
you heard crash and bangs,  
it just sounded the same  
As windows are smashed and furniture moved,  
Mrs Poole, that would have to be proved

The next thing, we simply invaded your place,  
we broke your best china  
and laughed in your face  
So, Owen dropped in delirium  
two bottles of booze into your aquarium  
Young Archibald carried, swiftly you say,  
all the loose panels from this room away  
He lit them together with the outer door,  
in a bonfire on your living-room-floor  
Shouting: "Oh, the old hag has

## CLOCKWISE 2014

a stick up her... sleeve",  
Mrs Poole, I find that hard to believe

Before we departed at the break of dawn,  
Harvey supposedly threw up on your lawn  
and the others did finally exit your flat,  
after applying green paint to the fur of your cat  
You fear I will come to a terrible end,  
if I do not find some more suitable friends  
Since I'm behind in the rent and after this riot,  
perhaps tonight I could spend it more quiet  
And cancel today's scheduled visiting.  
please, join me in a glass of aspirin  
Bottoms up! Mrs. Poole I'm a reasonable chap

### PART III \* ALLEGRO FURIOSO

There's a knock on the door  
in the mid of the night,  
it comes off its hinges collapsing, by fright  
Come in Mrs Poole, and do mind your step,  
the missing floorboards are a virtual trap  
In this home one should be prepared for the blow,  
of suddenly finding oneself in the apartment below  
What brings me the honour,  
you know I have spent  
my last cash on that party and not on the rent  
No, by the way your trembling lips protrude,  
I suspect you wish to express your gratitude

For the better side of my mates and me won,  
and we cleaned all up neatly  
while you have been gone  
Removed all debris and splinter,  
thus cleaning the mess up here,  
you thought you were dreaming  
As you for your very own eyes could see,  
the cementer where your roses used to be  
Dear Archibald, he was so filled with rue,  
for ruining your walls  
so he's building some new  
And to prove just how sorry he is for his deed,  
he's building two more,  
which is more than you need

Your room is partitioned now you're having three,  
a friendly advice, find some more tenants like me  
The goldfish in your aquarium is probably sober,  
though he seems to have a big hangover  
and your cat is once again ready to purr,  
since he's been relieved of both paint and fur  
However our funds have not yet come to senses,  
we used some of your savings to cover expenses  
This humble investment approval should get,  
your home is your castle, the best you had yet  
All the best, Mrs Poole you seem to need rest

## Over the Cloudbanks

*Original Words/Music: Reinhard Mey: "Über den Wolken..." Translation: 2000-Feb-01*

Wind North-East, runway O-three,  
I can hear the engines roaring  
How I long to be so free,  
Like an airplane steady soaring  
The pavement's shaking, off she goes,  
Towards the clouds of rain ascending  
I remain here on the ground  
'Tis a story never ending

### CHORUS:

Over the cloudbanks,  
One is faced with a borderless world  
All anxiety and sorrow is below, behind, tomorrow  
And then obstacles, big in everyone's eyes  
shrink to manageable size

Lights grow dim and disappear  
Into a distant hazy cloudbase  
Though its humming lingers 'round  
She escapes my gaze without trace  
(The) Hangar's deserted, save for me.  
I resume my cogitation  
The bird is up there and she's free  
I long for equal elevation

### CHORUS:

All goes quiet, drizzling rain  
Interrupts my somber yearning  
Wish I could have come along  
Beyond the point of no returning  
Puddles mixed with gasoline  
Reflects the sky with rainbow flowers  
Walking on to the Café  
In the barracks near the tower  
CHORUS:

### MORE UNFINISHED FILK:

## CD PC (The Who "See me, Feel me")

CD, PC, Walkman, thrill me,  
AC/DC, Voltage, grill me,  
TV, Midi, Cashcard, bill me  
Into the night with my computer,  
Into the light with my iPod

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### **Six of the 30's** 2000-July-02

*There was this wonderful 6-part mini-TV-series by Dennis Potter: Pennies From Heaven (1978) I loved it. It was set in the 1930's and full of old music even too long ago for my parents. Now I learned crooning.*

#### **Part:1- Asteroid Lane (Sunnyside Lane)**

One day will Quatermass  
drink beer and smoke my grass  
To be redeemed again  
As we wander in the twilight of Asteroid Lane  
He sang a song tonight and caught a parasite  
Andromedooda strain  
As we swagger in the twilight  
of Asteroid Lane  
Hey-ho, I am the Invisible Man  
Hey-ho, come read in my palm if you can  
I'm at the Doctor's side,  
Jekyll and mister Hyde  
Are on the loose again  
As we're walking in the twilight  
down Asteroid Lane

#### **Part:2 - Serious Trouble**

##### **(Cheek to Cheek)**

Heaven, I'm in heaven  
And my shuttle lost a heat-shield  
starboard bow  
And it is no longer secret anyhow  
That I'm getting into serious trouble now

#### **Part:3 - Lost in Space (Radio Times)**

The human race, industrial pace,  
an alien face and outer space  
The great disgrace that mankind face  
is Loh-ost in Space

No interface, dimensional chase  
or Blob in lace, nor lunar base  
The great disgrace that mankind face  
is Lost in Space  
In favour of this ghastly show,  
they booted Roddenberry  
Captain Kirk was not a jerk,  
the Enterprise was merry  
In hyperspace, in commonplace,  
in all the ways and recent days  
The great disgrace that mankind face  
is Lost in Space

#### **Part:4 - Painting the Sky with Starlight**

##### **(Painting the Clouds With Sunshine)**

Well, I pretend I'm sane  
It almost looks the same  
I'm only painting the sky with starlight  
Yeah, I stay up real late  
I like to illustrate  
I'm only painting the sky with starlight  
Wonderful blue, endless and true  
Rockets propelled into space  
Cosmos is cold, Eye-on, behold  
Our human race  
Well, I pretend I'm sane  
It almost feels the same  
I'm only painting the sky with starlight

#### **Part:5 - Roll Along Saturn Moon**

##### **(Roll along Prairie Moon)**

Roll along Saturn moon  
Roll along, see you soon  
The joy it brings to see the rings  
from Saturn moons  
Way up there, out in space,  
Xenomorph, join our race  
We get by, Mimas sky, Saturn moon

We need your tender light  
To make things bright  
They'll come and snatch our bodies tonight  
(pom-pompi-doo)  
Way up there, have no fear,  
even though death is near  
See the rings, feel the spring on Saturn moon  
(pom-pompi-doo)

#### **Part:6 - Acid from Heaven**

##### **(Pennies from Heaven)**

Every time it rains, it rains  
Acid from heaven  
Don't you know each cloud contains  
Acid from heaven  
So when it rains and thunder  
Do run under a tree  
There'll be acid from heaven for you and me

## Reckless Dreams

*Music: Trad.Ir. "Arthur McBride" 2000-July-29  
Original Music by **The Airwaves**  
"Unquiet We Slumber" with Sussi Johansson  
Filked from Irish folk and filked back into a Swedish  
pop song. It's give and take.*

Remember this song when your soul is in pain  
That too many hearts have been broken in vain  
Your passion was not only blind, but insane  
To court the Duke's daughter at dawn  
No pedestal craved for the bold, nor the fair  
The idol is used as a fraud and a snare  
We all build our castles high up in the air  
It will be all right in the morning

We ask not what for, where from or who may  
Consider, for us, there is no other way  
As sure as each dawn declares the next day  
No matter if Penthus is dormant  
Bereavement is also release from a tie  
Each gain is a loss, please, do not ask why  
And since all the gods themselves must die  
But you'll surely awake in the morning

With gaiety and with a mind that is strong  
You may be successful when chance comes along  
While honour and dignity rarely is wrong  
The duchess requires a Prince Charming  
And if you are tempted for her to aspire  
One can only hope that your reckless desire  
Is kept warm in hell, underground by the fire  
It will be all right in the morning

Unquiet we slumber in this quiet earth  
Compassionate souls pray for what it's worth  
Let's hope for the best at our rebirth  
At night we surrender our yearning  
Our quest is too short and with limited bliss  
Can it possibly come more putrescent than this  
But don't let your spirit wither and miss  
The joy of a wonderful morning

MORE UNFINISHED FILK:

## I Can See Clearly Now

(My Brain is Gone)

*Johnny Nash "I Can See Clearly Now"*

I can see clearly now my brain is gone  
There must be all vacuum between my ears  
Gone is the spark that I've been praying for,  
You may have a ball  
but it will all soon end in tears.

## Cold Afterglow

*Words: Wolf von Witting, late in the year 2001  
You can tell, I am very proud of the first four lines  
of this poem. Who is Billy?  
Why, it's Bill Clinton, of course.*

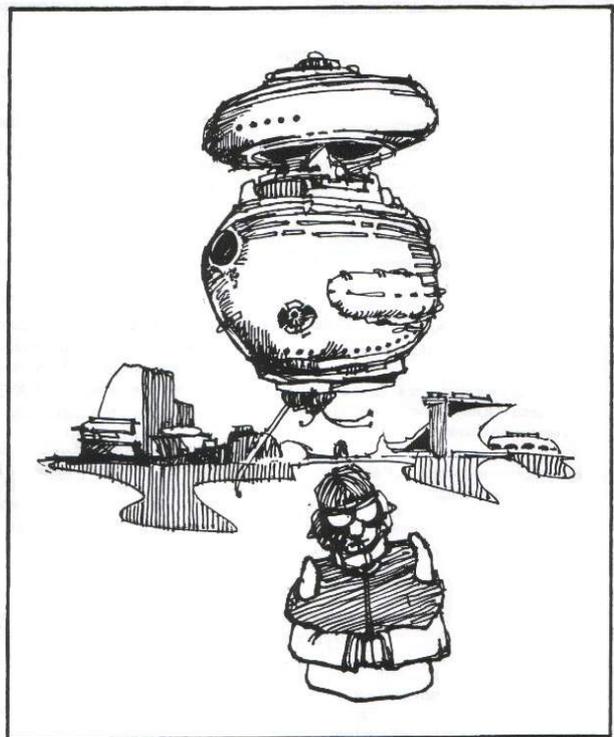
Space is cold and black as coal,  
The void of stars has been our goal.  
Though gravity can form a hole  
And suck up all that matters,

Shallow cries distress the moon,  
Still sucking on his silver spoon.  
The piper's playing out of tune,  
He's climbing Jacob's ladder.

The rest of us down to Earth,  
Resume our toil with guile or mirth  
And don't expect a virgin birth,  
There are no second chances.

A sin indeed, if you repent.  
This neck wears bite marks, devil's dent.  
Now folly came and Billy went,  
Calamity commences.

The fools upon the hill tonight  
Are waiting for a guiding light.  
But all the stars still shine as bright,  
Let's see if Sally dances!



## Cunning Bunnies

*Words & Music: Wolf von Witting 2001-June-18  
I started off writing a song about some women I knew and ended up with a completely different song about a killer bunny. Or did I? Oh, sometimes it is just as well that I am the only one who knows what the song is about...*

**Am** Once I was ambitious,  
I was reaching for a star  
**Dm** Now I am more careful,  
even treetops are too far  
**Am** My guitar strings are crosshairs,  
a voice for each lament  
**E7** And It's the only comfort for  
the feelings I must vent  
**Am** Far away and shameless,  
that's what I'd like to be  
**Dm** Praise, awards and thank-so-much,  
hell that is not to be

**G7** Riptap-tarap-tiptap-tar,  
Fantastic breakfast tea  
**E7** Here I stand guitar in hand,  
there's nothing more for me

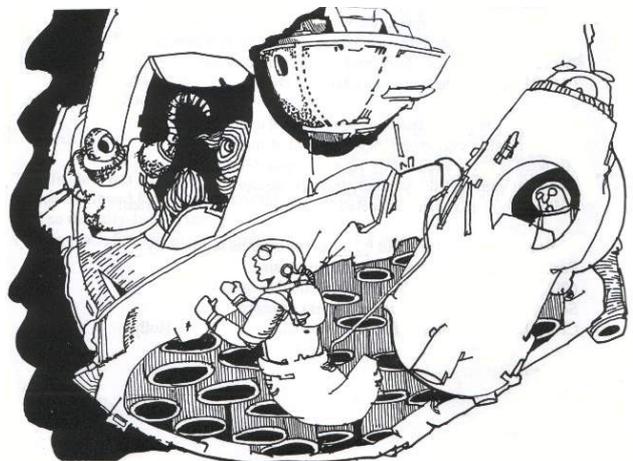
CHORUS:

**A** Sunny funny days  
you must beware the bounce  
**A** Cunning honey-bunnies  
make the curse come round  
**E** While their honey-trap is set,  
they make no sound –  
go down  
**E, A**

Ambrose Bierce, the cynic  
defined our reason slyer  
As weighing probability  
on the scales of our desire  
And folly as a gift  
or a faculty divine  
Gee, that man must be in spirit  
close kinship of mine  
Targets are for practice,  
silver bullets are for free  
For my lycanthropic fellows  
and our sheer audacity  
Riptap-tarap-tiptap-tea,  
No lightbulbs lit for me  
Tell me true and faithful  
Just how grateful I should be  
CHORUS:

Good morning, said the nightmare,  
prepare for your surrender  
You're ambushed and outsmarted  
by your popular contender  
I've heard your bellies rumble  
like some distant engines roaring  
You're overborne and hungry,  
my God that must be boring  
When silence fell around you, fiend,  
you should have been ready  
Your face went pale, and trembling hands  
and yet your gaze kept steady  
Riptap-tarap-tiptap-tar,  
will end your misery  
One more time, let's toss a dime  
If; heads, you'll come with me  
CHORUS:

Deep into dark forest,  
we followed bunny rabbit  
Our flintlocks were fresh loaded,  
As always it's a habit  
She lurked behind a boulder,  
we chattered like wild parrots  
We tried to flush her out  
by loudly imitating carrots  
And when she finally jumped us  
we were chilled and taught a lesson  
Cos no one would've expected  
Bunny rabbit's Smith & Wesson  
Riptap-tarap-tiptap-toe,  
what are we gonna do  
Faced with Rambo rabbits, lads,  
I'd say our time is thru.  
CHORUS:



## CLOCKWISE 2014

### May Be (Too)

*Words & Music: Wolf von Witting 2001-Jun-08  
I began writing songs in 1991 using an Amiga computer, Midi-X and a keyboard for the music.  
Ten years later I picked up songwriting using a guitar. So I've updated the 1991 version.*

Jones went racing in the country  
Wrapped his car around a tree  
And one might say he was in trouble  
But that's where he'd rather be  
What's the rush, what predilection  
Are we blind and cannot see?  
Fill me in with your conclusion  
Did we laugh at him, well, may be...

We have made some odd acquaintance  
Dropping in for jam and tea  
Sometimes they can be right boring  
Tedious, like you and me  
What we spoke of, can't remember  
Nothing too profound per sé  
Nothing bad 'bout race or gender  
Must've been hogwash, well, may be...

So long have we been waiting  
Your patience must remain on trial  
Pray where are now your horsemen  
You may endure it with a smile  
But deep inside your heart is bleeding  
You can't bridge the rift that be  
I'd hoped your guile could be exceeding  
Selfish of me, yes well, may be...

And the world will keep on turnin'  
Ginger, you are young like me  
While your heart is wild and burnin'  
Seize the day, go climb a tree  
Will we meet again December  
I'll be waiting true and free  
Question is, will you remember  
How I loved you, yes well, may be...

Pilots to the truth be wary  
You may never follow me  
And one might say that I'm in trouble  
But that's where I'd rather be  
What's the rush, why this confusion,  
Are we blind and cannot see?  
Fill me in with your conclusion  
Did you laugh at us, well, may be...

### Oh, My Girl

*Words & Music: Wolf von Witting 2001-06-21*

CHORUS: [A]

Oh, my girl

Oh, my girl

**D** We met surfin' Montego Bay

**A** I was too slow to swim away

**D** She grabbed me like a big white shark

**A1** And knocked me out

**E1** - the rest is dark

**E1** And then I had a dream

**A1** of Soylent Green

CHORUS:

She drugged me with her mushroom stew  
She knew exactly what to do  
And when she wore the wedding dress  
I was too numb - to voice (a) protest  
A sudden change in my life - I had a wife  
CHORUS:

She locks me in, where it's cold and damp  
She hugs like a true wrestling champ  
Her tenderness I truly dread  
She bangs the door - with my poor head  
She claims to be hot - but I'd rather be shot  
CHORUS:

And while I dwell in agony  
She's throwing china after me  
I'd like to dial 911 [nine-one-one]  
I'm wretched, broke - when she is done  
When I try to run away -  
She goes: Go ahead, make my day!  
CHORUS:

She twists my head and change me short  
She robs me blind, runs down my fort  
There's no escape, I'm in her paws  
If I'd raise hell - she'd break my jaws  
She's ruining my life - and it's my wife  
CHORUS:

Her ruthless use of brutal force  
When I requested our divorce  
She chained me to the basement wall  
With electric wires - to my balls  
I hope you can see why - I'd rather die!  
CHORUS:

## CLOCKWISE 2014

### Love to go by Underground

*Words & Music: Wolf von Witting 2001-Jun-23*  
*Come to think of it. There were only two chords and yet I managed to forget them both.*

CHORUS:

*I love to go by underground  
By underground through London Town  
I'd love to go by underground  
By underground through town*

My tickets, man, I buy the best  
My mom said that she was impressed  
I travel much and rarely rest  
A tight timetable test

I like the sound the engines make  
And squealing wheels when we must break  
The switches guide the turns we take  
A piece of applegate

CHORUS:

The man upfront is used to deal  
With tons of weight behind the wheel  
How wonderful the force must feel  
Imagine, all that steel!

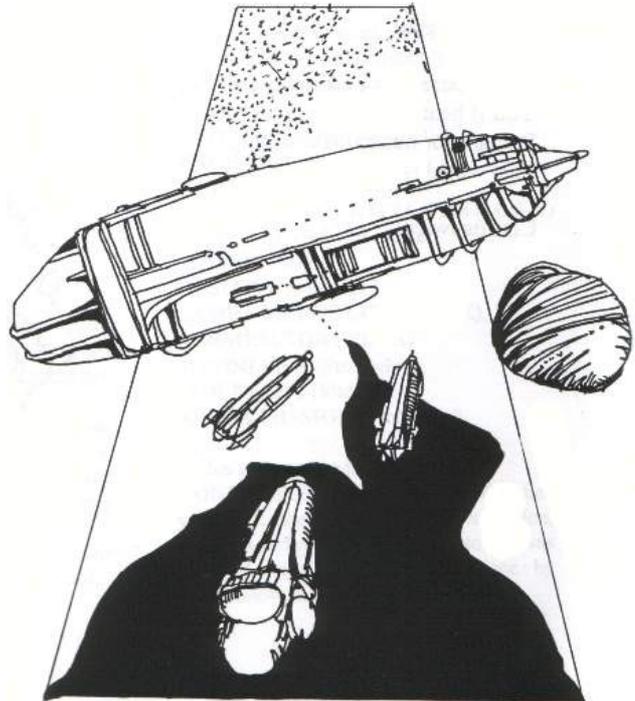
A driver once I'd like to be  
Race through the tunnels, feelin' free  
The Fools upon the Hill agree  
Trainspotting lads like me  
CHORUS:

There are pretty ladies everywhere  
I'd sit here quietly and stare  
I'd speak to them if I would dare  
And had more time to spare

You cannot tempt with beer and bar  
And Baby, you can drive my car  
Cos while I travel here and far  
I play on my guitar  
CHORUS:

While Hammersmith does just as fine  
As Bakerloo and Central Line  
Somehow I feel they all are mine  
One after Nine-O-Nine

To Moscow, Paris, Tokyo  
To Stockholm, Berlin did I go  
I went through fire, rain and snow  
But none like this I know  
CHORUS:



### A Cow With No Horns

*Words & Music: Stefan Kayat / Carl J Rehbinder,*  
*Translated from Swedish: Wolf von Witting*

We strolled across the fields  
as we saw the weirdest cow  
She seemed to have no horns,  
but was happy anyhow  
We summoned the farmer  
to inquire this  
How come that his cow  
both her horns seem to miss?  
Whaka-dee, whaka-doo,  
whaka-doo-dum-dum x 3

The farmer was baffled  
but gave a reply  
Some cow just lose their horns,  
I can gather reasons why  
Some people drink mead  
out of horns from the beast  
Or fashion a musical horn for their feast  
Whaka-dee, whaka-doo, etc

But now I shall answer  
your riddle instead  
This creature does well  
with no horn on its head  
No such on this animal  
I would endorse  
Since it's no bloody cow,  
But in fact, it's a horse  
Whaka-dee, whaka-doo, etc