



**FERNANDO GARCIN**

**LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS**

**1988-2023**



THE MAGIC (La Magia)

The others were looking at the landscape  
through the rain  
but only you and I were seeing  
the rain

**LA MEJOR HORA. The Best Hour. 1996-1999.**

39 HEARTBEATS (39 Latidos)

Listen, I'm still a stranger  
and this is the way I have  
to leave the pain behind  
Though it may be for one day  
Though it may be a lie  
Yellow moon on the bay  
looks good...

Listen...  
Elvis already had this sad glimpse  
in the good times of 56'  
There are planes that crash  
and stars that are higher than planes  
And a comet in your cheeks  
But look...

Damned times don't have any other way out  
but fire and ashes  
And you move your lips sometimes  
and I think you know my songs  
even if you are only breathing  
And this delirious guy  
wants a date  
But look, quiet, listen...

I'm still a stranger  
I created a flower and called her Weariness  
39 heartbeats for a lost cause  
Come closer  
Offer me a cold beer  
Tell me something so I laugh  
Even if it is a lie  
But look...

TRAINS BOATS AND PLANES  
(Trenes barcos y aviones)

There is no way back  
There are no stars like you  
There are trains, boats and planes  
And as far as you run away  
as close as you are to yourself  
as close you are to me

There're no songs that tell nothing  
There's not another world but other worlds  
There are trains, boats and planes  
If you run away from a thing in your life  
something escapes from you

There are no life-jacket poems  
There are no fish with their eyes closed  
There are trains, boats and planes  
And as far as you run away  
as close as you are to the right road  
as close to anywhere

There's nothing but laughter and tears  
There are no stars brighter than you  
There are trains, boats and planes  
And castaways in the storm  
clasping one another's hands

like wendy and peter pan

A BRAVE FACE ON (De Tripas Corazón)

As a heroic act  
to spend a day without eating  
Till your stomach rumbling  
becomes your best song  
As life is songs  
-the troubadour said that-  
Vampires  
of beer and rum.

Two woman talking about how  
you can't stop the wind with the breathe that you blow  
Between both their eyes  
a mad boomerang  
To spend a day without eating  
To put a brave face on  
To make the night all love

The winter is long, you know  
but longer is the stem

of the lonely flower  
nobody pulled up  
To make the night all love  
It's the look that flows like a jet  
What are you going to do  
when today comes?

## ONE'S BEARINGS (El Norte)

You say every six months  
you have to stop the engine  
To weigh your values  
What makes you be the way you are

You think you don't want to suffer again  
or be the cause of other's suffering  
You think you wont fall into the black hole  
The trap of resignation

And you promise yourself  
you'll never go adrift again  
you'll never lose your bearings again

The bearings of being guided by your feelings  
The bearing of Ismael and Captain Scott  
May nobody come with a magnet  
when you are checking your compass  
May nobody mistake you for another  
when you are the very best of you

PART OF THE TIME (Parte del Tiempo)

Blue sky early in the morning  
Slight breeze from the northeast  
She eats some bread of rye  
with aromas of thyme and oil  
and I forget the time  
Part of the time

A millenarian tree  
a ticket of a fleeting street car  
Clouds from the west at noon  
white gray black ones  
Old silver waters  
Boats that surround the lake without leaving you  
She puts her hands in her pockets  
and I forget the time  
Part of the time

Lightning and thunders  
Replacing candles  
Running from the storm  
Kisses in the arcades  
as in chapels  
Rain in her hair  
Flower under an unique rain  
She moves her lips  
and I forget that I am just

Part of the time

Fresh humid night  
Pools and steam  
A Chinese poem  
and a giraffe that still does not raise its neck  
Warming ourselves up  
Coming back to life blinking  
She whispers verses to me  
and I forget the time  
Part of the time

And I ask later:  
What's weather like tomorrow?  
And she says, this one  
Our time  
Our part of the time

WOMAN OF CUTTING LOOKS  
(Mujer de Mirada Afilada)

It's getting light in the city  
and there are the ones going back home  
and the ones who stay waiting  
for heaven knows what  
And then it's you  
Woman of cutting looks  
With your pain on your back  
With your pills and desolation  
Your perform  
like a smoke curtain  
so nobody knows you too well  
or ever sees you cry

I light a cigarette by the station  
I look at the trains on the railroad  
One of them is ready to go  
Mine will take a little longer  
There is the one who is waiting for a miracle  
and the one who seems to be waiting for himself  
And then it's you  
Woman of cutting looks  
With delusions on your back  
With your gouging phrases  
and absolute investment in fate  
With your satellite boys

and your fear to see how time flies  
Without anybody finding out  
storms scare you  
and you miss roses without a sender  
and letters without thorns

Perhaps you haven't meet yet the man  
who in the night without tomorrow  
knows what you deserve  
just for being you.

BLUE (Azul)

The candle has burnt out  
and you have cried  
To pull up a geranium  
or to pull up something of yourself  
I invented the blue  
and I was quick once  
Because of the blue  
Over the blue  
and under the blue

A joker with a torch  
and a road to silence  
Behind the shades it's life  
Behind the theatre the woods

The ego stands still  
and the pilgrim guides the torch  
Wild times were this way  
and that's what the torch is telling

The dreams I have  
you have dreamt before  
The shirt I'm wearing  
you have worn before

Your eyes are  
the weightless map

I could go farther ahead  
but the simplest is just to go  
and no to measure how far

STRAY BULLET (Bala Perdida)

A stray bullet  
you have to be  
Against the wind  
Against hypocrisy  
Against vanity

Stray bullets  
ought to be  
the ones you meet along the way  
and are like you  
Accomplices in lost battles  
Against milestones  
Against the grey suits  
of mediocrity

I confess  
I'm a stray bullet  
and I'm going to you  
gunpowder by love

THERE ARE STRANGE DAYS (Hay días raros)

There are strange days  
You don't need what you have  
You don't have what you need  
Blood flows backwards  
Stations stop at trains  
and lips don't remember kisses  
There are strange days  
It might be an eclipse or a change in the wind  
The thing is that they merge  
with strange nights  
You have the other's scent  
but they are not there  
You have reasons to cry  
and yet you laugh  
Watering holes close when you pass by  
The filming is over  
but the scene continues  
Nobody says 'cut'  
You walk in black on the sand  
and you are not conscious of  
the only place that never closes: the sea  
And when you feel the water around your ankles

you realise that tomorrow is just another day  
and to live is to move forward  
even in the strange days.

### JACK OF HEARTS (Jack de Corazones)

Jack of Hearts  
It's you beating on where nobody else can  
The rare innocent one  
Guilty for the solitary Mohicans  
The one that follows the last one  
Oh you the voice  
You all the voices when they cry for love  
Jack Of Hearts  
The brave one without axe or sword  
Your empty glasses  
Your pocket that has no gold to rust  
Flesh out in the open  
Sacred heart fallen apart  
Oh you the voice  
All the human voices when they're crying in pain  
Jack Of Hearts  
Angel with borrowed wings  
Silence and sounds from Adam's apple  
You are the silver lining in every cloud  
Small change changes the weather

Jack of Hearts  
Fever in Van Gogh's ear hungry for love  
Jack of Hearts  
Soul of harps and Noah's Ark  
The sound of lost voices  
Jack on the wire  
Surfer skeleton  
Between life and death  
I see you floating before the flood  
Salt of paradise  
Lilies and thorns, sex and sweat  
Oh you the voice  
The voice of strangers wandering for love  
Jack of Hearts  
Between the Big and Bang  
Between chiming ding and dong  
Between the yin and yan  
Jack of Hearts  
You're doing zig  
I'm doing zag  
Oh you the voice  
Like the voice of anybody else wearing his heart on his sleeve  
You're doing zig  
I'm doing zag  
Zigzag zigzag...  
Zigzag zigzag...

THERE'S NO METAL IN THE MINE (No Hay Metal en la Mina)

There's no metal in the mine, Snow White  
There's no kiss worth its weight in gold  
There's no gold in the mine, Snow White  
There's no gold in the mine

Usurers of rot in the woods  
The band didn't march  
The song was about the blue  
about counting on the tender  
and coal is not this way

The mine is closed, Snow White  
The Seven Dwarfs were magnificent

There're no precious stones in the mine, Snow White  
We don't have to go home to work  
We'll make a dish in the kitchen, Snow White  
and Dopey will announce the menu

LILA & FLAG (Lila y Flag)

The place you used to play  
is occupied by cars  
instead of the red mustang, the French girl  
of your mind  
You left the party and it was your party  
You left your wings  
for the law of gravity  
And now you are wandering around thru the streets  
and always arrive at the parties late  
when the lights turn off your voice  
and the angel is faster  
than your songs and it's always  
a few years beyond...

O Flag don't write your last will today  
Don't think of what changed  
Making mountains out of molehills is exhausting  
Cut the knot  
and give voice to the wound

If you ask about God  
you wont have an answer  
Maybe a cross  
Lila bares a cross  
and has a cat's name and a body of flame

The place of the games, she looks at it without future  
She sings her song about having to run  
She dresses in black and white  
She cries only with one eye,  
has pain in her broken bones  
and she's where you turn the corner  
and another fallen angel  
is twice her age  
She runs away in a red mustang  
with no inhibitions  
while she's singing...

O Flag don't write your last will today  
Don't think of what changed  
Making mountains out of molehills is exhausting  
Cut the knot  
and give voice to the wound

## THE BEST HOUR (La Mejor Hora)

In your smile of a man  
who might be king  
there's pain  
there're dry river beds  
there's truth  
You stoke the fire with your closed eyes  
with the clear look of women  
that are as crazy as you  
It's the best hour: your favourite  
when times slips away  
Rough sea, enclosed sea  
Her hands on your shoulder when silence falls  
It's the best hour: your favourite  
when time slips away  
In your smile of a man  
who might be king  
there's passion  
there're two blue cat's eyes  
there's truth

It's the best hour: your favourite  
when time slips away

THE WATERPROOF KID  
(El Niño Impermeable)

“Get wet? I never get wet.”

He’s friend with Merlin the Wizard and Puss in Boots.

He also likes playing marbles with strange friends and little girls.

When he crosses the road first he looks left, then he looks right, never both ways.

You can always see him walking through the park with slipping glasses.

He would like to find more secrets around the corners.

He looks, fascinated, through the windows when he hears the ramble of the rubbish truck.

He knows it’s a sacred thing as a sweetie after nap-time.

He spends his holidays counting poppies in the cornfields.

The grass flattens itself when it sees him coming.

During the day he whistles songs about witches or cockroaches.

When he stops in front of a window you could think he is waiting for a train to pass behind the glass.

He doesn’t pay attention to clouds.

No. He doesn’t pay attention.

He cries for the captive elephant and is friend with the check-out girls.

At night... At night he dreams a lot.

He stays alones when there’s a storm.

CHEAP MUSIC (Música Barata)

I listen to cheap music

I smoke cheap cigars

I sink my feet into cheap puddles

I hold cheap umbrellas  
in my hands

And I always amuse myself  
with cheap movies

Thank you for your postcard

I send you back a photograph  
of cheap eyes

I’m fine, though not today  
and I’m glad that you are happy,  
though not today

I hear cheap bells

God talks to me through cheap wine  
and I have such cheap dreams

I make love  
in cheap hotels

I always listen to cheap songs  
and have cheap scars

Thank you for your postcard  
I send you back a photograph  
of cheap eyes  
I'm fine, though not today  
and I'm glad that you are happy,  
though not today

THERE IS NO DRESS REHEARSAL (Nada se pasa a limpio)

I heard you say  
you have to piss against the wind  
you have to burn  
with things you can't put out  
A regular at the taverns  
as I am at bars  
All I know about life is that  
there is no dress rehearsal  
Everything is for real  
like that beer you drink  
You don't even have time to realise  
that you are the one living it

There is no dress rehearsal  
for kisses, for wounds, for this song  
You there in The Golden Tiger  
I'm sitting here in Café del Temps  
I'm going to order another round  
If the ink runs  
I'll run that way too  
For this dirty unfocused beautiful life  
with a woman's name  
I only know  
there is no dress rehearsal  
Everything is for real my friend  
Everything is for real.

FLEETING VALENCIA (Valencia Fugaz)

You don't see me tonight  
I don't see you  
I see cars passing by  
Too much waste  
Too many kings of the feast  
For a so small a door  
Rag bats  
An ant at every step  
I have done this before  
but I don't remember who was there with me

The pockets are at both sides  
But which side of the tracks are they on?  
The motorbike is old  
Don't box my ears  
To be brave in Valencia  
makes you special  
To be a mess from another world  
makes you more real

I want to feel at home everywhere  
like Huckleberry Finn

If I feel what I'm saying  
what I'm saying is true  
It's raining outside

It's the last match  
Take it easy  
Three pills for the soul  
And your wet shoes  
next to your bed, how good!  
And you look at your feet  
Wishes are barefoot

Take it easy  
Don't strain yourself and rest a lot  
Don't do all that  
they expect of you  
I want to be a star  
and I want to be a shooting one  
I want to feel at home everywhere  
like Huckleberry Finn...

## HYDE PARK

When you focus with your fingers  
and hold the pen like a globe  
you really believe  
what has to fade away  
will fade slowly

And you stand a hunched over sometimes  
Other times are chains of umbilical cord  
You follow the river  
like you follow the flow of pain  
Some people grew up, Alice  
and other people, little Darling, embraced the mystery  
Wore the mask of failure  
and drinking from the fountain  
they dreamt of an unlucky world  
where things that have to fade away  
will fade slowly

*La barca Chinet, la de las Nieves*

Sshh Can you hear the birds?  
The voice of the rebel Irishman on the other side of the wall  
It's like that day riding to the beach with Suzanne  
Retreat to Zaidia  
A cat that dreams for you  
The world is cold and your heart is warm

Along the way you're going to lose what you have  
and what you lose is you  
Beyond the sleepless, the distant music  
This rare stillness of the one who knows  
all that is fresh and passionate  
as it has to fade away  
will do it slowly

Near dawn I feel the sheet, like  
skin of lightning veins  
for the cold of Hyde Park  
There's mud in the waters under your bed  
but I hear your temples beat  
and I can row a wish  
Faults of the ones who forgot their childhood  
as they will fade away  
will do it before forever

## OLD ROAD (Vieja Carretera)

At twilight  
at the time of our human confusion  
I can see two birds on the wire  
One of them is injured  
and seems stricken by how time flies  
but the other one seems entranced by  
the beauty of that wound  
At twilight  
an old road is all what I have  
before me and behind me  
coming from yesterday  
and going towards tomorrow  
And a bend every now and again  
Yes, a bend every now and again...

A bend makes me feel alive  
makes me sing the song of better times  
It's an old road, yes  
I can't deny it  
But it's my road  
it's my twilight  
It's my way of getting through life  
and other lives and other beings  
And a bend every now and again  
Yes, a bend every now and again ...

## FADE AWAY

My friend is called Fade Away  
I close one eye  
And she blends into an impossible  
Blue-green background  
I close the other eye  
And I feel her circle my waist  
And I know I'll never be able to focus  
My camera  
On these sensations in which she envelopes  
All her love nowhere

My friend is called Fade Away  
And she says hello and she says goodbye  
And she is always in love  
And she never remembers why



VASH GON. 2000.

BIRD'S EYE-VIEW (A vista de pájaro)

I have a slow red mare  
that only accelerates when she feels  
the desire of change at her back  
I climb an old mountain  
with difficulty and  
it's hard, like Cecilia  
The girl with a younger mountain  
who was born under the sea  
and at the top she likes to scream

Bird's eye-view  
Take care of your wings  
The time that drags is the time that passes  
All the friends you have, are wandering around

I write without light  
I write without glasses or cover  
I don't know if someone is watching me  
or if I watch them  
Today could be tomorrow  
Hairs are grey and the gaze is blue  
There are streets of pain and pain to be gone  
There may be a dry leaf on the tree  
and a whisper could make it fall

Carlota left me her cat for a month

She said, it's hard to know what he wants  
He eats at strange hours  
Sleeps on your bed or in the darkest place  
When he meows it could be for anything at all  
or it could be that he's just meowing  
One week later we looked at each other  
and I was like him and he was like me  
We meow and we don't know why  
When we are not sleepy we just eat

Silvia taught me what I had forgotten  
and she left me speechless without even screaming  
She drew a map on my chest with her finger  
She told me where tenderness was  
and that suffering and passion were off the map  
She said: 'This is not a horse, baby,  
don't hold the reins too hard, please'  
I still didn't know how to let it run  
and she had a wild side to care for  
Desire rides through the wilderness  
and there are those who close their eyes and go

It all comes down to this, you know  
You begin doing something for the beauty of an angel  
and when the angel disappears like a cloud  
you keep on doing it, you can't help it  
You don't know how to do anything else  
You have every colour in your mind's eye

A melody in the silence of a cardboard box  
The doctor says you must watch what you eat  
The fortune teller says you must watch what you see  
And the joker, when he is alone,  
dresses like a king.

Bird's eye-view  
Take care of your wings  
The time that drags is the time that passes  
All the friends you have, are wandering around

THRU THE RAIN WITH SUZANNE (Lloviendo con  
Suzanne)

This motorcycle knows the rain  
She knows why we are riding  
and she don't know anything else  
She's not different than us  
She'll take us wherever the hell she wants to  
She knows why we want to ride  
and she don't know where we're going to stop  
The reason to be here or to be there

Who can know that?  
Does paradise exist  
or is it just an elegant way  
to let the magic come and pass by?  
The reason to be here or to be there...

It's just this afternoon passing by  
riding thru the rain  
to the beach with Suzanne

It's just like you or me  
This motorcycle in the rain  
Now, you know  
we have nothing but the wine:  
a boat that overflows  
and lets you float

on a sea of memories

And the afternoon passes by  
Yes, that's all  
Just this afternoon passing by  
riding thru the rain  
to the beach with Suzanne

Is everything going well  
over there?

Yes, that's all  
Riding  
Thru the rain  
This afternoon  
With Suzanne...

## TRAMONTANA

You sat behind me in the motorbike  
I felt your beautiful restless hands  
around my waist  
asking me to run  
You wanted to feel the wind in your face  
And as far as I accelerated  
you were always some years behind me  
and you would always need  
some years you couldn't burn  
Two wheels so near each other  
and never touch  
The Tramontana blows  
and there's nothing to say

That way you had of looking on other side  
when someone searched for you with their closed eyes  
Those broken bones, the mystery in your eyes  
The madness of wanting to be something else each day  
Nobody was near enough to know who I was  
Nobody was far enough to open my heart  
Two wheels so near each other  
and never touch  
The Tramontana blows  
and there's nothing to say

You'd always be

a wheel of years behind  
You hear the Tramontana  
and you can't speak  
Two wheels so near each other  
and never touch  
What did you say?  
I can't hear you  
The Tramontana...

HARD TIMES (Malos Tiempos)

My grandpa tells me about the Civil War  
He shows me his great scar  
The long journey to Nazareth  
Mum never liked driving  
but she had to,  
to take us there, you and me

Hard Times  
When will they pass  
Hard Times  
Don't want to go back again

Night time noises I can't identify  
How white the moon is  
when she is overshadowed by the eclipse  
A strange noise at the backdoor  
A strange guy, nobody saw him arrive

Hard Times  
How long are they going to stay  
Hard Times  
Put off coming back

She looks at me and I know  
if I have fallen again

She goes ahead, she's elegant  
The long journey to Nazareth  
A sacred heart hangs in the doorway  
I left it there because  
if we go adrift  
a heart is a sacred thing

Hard Times  
Don't want you no more  
Hard Times  
Don't dirty my step no more

FOG AND CROSS (Niebla y Cruz)

I'm throwing out demons  
in the form of my cough  
You haven't tried the wine  
I drink to celebrate you are there  
Through broken streets  
dumbfounded tightrope artists pass by

I want the rumour to spread:  
It doesn't let you hear what I don't say  
Sometimes you pull out an ace  
or else your heart from your chest  
Who draws a cross?

You know everyone plays his cards  
You know it hurts if you lose  
You know I've got a gambling soul  
Don't be afraid if you don't see the hole  
When you can't see things clear you start from scratch  
Even a clod can fall  
They call it fog  
You don't need to see to believe.

All that's left it's to be impeccable  
When the buildings block your view  
but you know there's something on the other side

It's mother earth and it's sacred

I want the rumour to spread:  
It doesn't let you hear what I don't say  
Sometimes you pull out an ace  
or else your heart from your chest  
I draw a cross

You know you can change your cards  
You know it hurts to lose  
You know I've got a gambling soul  
I'm not afraid I won't see the hole  
When you can't see things clear you start from scratch  
Even a clod can fall  
They call it fog.  
You don't need to see to believe.

And you know there are loves from another world  
You know my soul is a gambling one...

SHE IS LIKE A ROOM  
(Ella Es Como Una Habitación)

There is a song that sounds  
when the song ends  
She dreams that she walks on ice  
and it's sand and she is barefoot  
She has her Changing Shoes  
When you shout up you can hear her speaking  
'What you have felt  
You can feel again'  
She disappears when you are ready  
And appears when you are tired of giving

And there's mercury in her eyes  
There's an open prison  
from which any prisoner can escape  
and you stay, dragging your silver shackles,  
your rings and ten tattooed pains  
and she is there  
drawing the waterline

Life is short  
and cuts like a razor's edge  
and she is like a room  
and she is the edge and the tide  
She is the waterline

When hostels are closed  
She is like a room

There is mercury in her eyes, headlights  
"You can't use the keys of  
old houses any more, love"  
Looking back is bad luck  
And she is the letter you haven't finished  
and she is so free  
she could walk at your side  
She is like a room  
and you are there, under the moon  
and it's cold, and your heart skips  
and the ship sinks, and the light comes and goes  
and the voice comes and goes

Life is short and cuts  
like a razor's edge  
And you know what is like to fall and float  
and she can teach you to dance  
When the door opens  
she is like a room

LLÉVAME ALLÍ (Take me there)

It's time to leave  
Where are you going to take me?  
I want to be taken  
and never leave here  
It's the rain on your skin  
Scents that keep passing by  
Take me there  
any day and beyond  
To the silence of before  
the calm and the colour  
Now the door is closed  
Only the voice remains  
and the rain on your skin  
Take me there  
Where you are taken and returned  
If you don't know me better  
it's because I'm inside of you  
Take me there  
Where there are no doors to be closed  
Where sounds the music with soul  
Baden Powell, Johnny Lee  
Joao Gilberto, Buddy Holly...

Now, now...

Take me, take me back  
Take me, take me, take me back  
Take me there  
Take me, take me there  
Any day  
Any moment  
Where peace reigns  
Where sounds the music with soul  
Take me, take me  
Where there are no doors to be closed  
Take me home  
Take me  
Take me, take me, take me back  
Take me, take me, take me back  
The colour of the sea  
A morning of hangover  
The salty voice  
The voice of jazz  
Chet Baker  
When lights are low  
Almost blue  
All the things you are  
September in the rain  
Take me, take me back  
The wind,  
The rain on my skin  
Take me, take me there  
To the rumpled sheets

To the familiar scent  
Buy me an ice cream, buy me an ice cream  
The passing and being taken  
Take me, take me back  
Take me back  
Before today  
Before yesterday  
Any day and beyond  
To the caress and the colour  
To the day before  
To the silence of before  
To the silence  
Take me, take me there  
That's how we roll...

LOUISE (1986 & 2014)

I hardly know how to pronounce your name  
and bars haven't opened yet  
What will your town be?

A honey suckle gives  
the intruder's perfect wink  
You will have seen my watch  
on the table  
The tracks of my shoes  
on the staircase  
Arriving on the threshold  
you will have thought  
What will become of us  
If we don't remember?

I hardly guess your age,  
what your fears are.  
Drunk on your painted lips  
I travel through the marshes  
of the confused dawn  
In which town will you be happy?

## SAN JUAN'S NIGHT

Tonight's last song  
The last drink  
You look so beautiful when you're leaving  
I can't even keep my eyes open  
Summer is coming  
I see bonfires in the distance and a boat setting off  
When the swaying of the sea rocks me  
remember this song  
How you rocked your body  
while the music was being played  
and my voice faded out

Tonight's last song  
The last drink  
I want to make a toast to the weary  
that went away to the wild where the flowers grow up free  
Tell me how is it going with your life  
If the rain goes with your steps  
or someone embraces your changing dreams  
Conscience was in danger and so were our emotions  
May not be in vain  
When the breeze caresses your skin  
remember this song  
How the music was caressing your body  
while my voice faded out.



**TAN FIERO TAN FRÁGIL. 2003**

## RUST (Óxido)

The tailpipe of my motorbike  
has a crack  
When I'm trying on starting it,  
it sounded different  
A classic sound

I drove it to the mechanic  
He said we had to change the pipe  
The crack was caused by rust  
Too much humidity  
That classic sound  
Such is rust

Too much time  
in the open air  
he told me and it's true  
It has been a careless year for it  
As much for me as for the house, but we pulled through  
and it's not too bad  
Just a classic sound

About the effect of that rusty year  
on my heart  
The mechanic told me I could change the pipe  
The exhaust pipe of my feelings

and ought to be in mind  
that classic sound.

## LUCKY BAR

We write down all the things we like  
on an invisible notebook  
The whole package, take it or leave it  
Beauty, the towns we didn't see  
if the songs hadn't taken us there  
Do you know anything else about that woman  
looking at you as if you were losing it?  
Lucky Bar  
There in the Lucky Bar  
Get us another round  
at the Lucky Bar

Machado, Blake, John Berger's books  
The whole package  
take it or leave it  
Is there anything better than surviving?  
Yes, the second beer  
The last one?  
Three cigarettes, two words and the shadows  
of the Lucky Bar  
Lucky Bar

Get us another round  
at the Lucky Bar

Listen... Life  
Don't forget it, yes  
That phrase...  
Here today gone tomorrow  
And sometimes there is just  
the here and now...

In the Lucky Bar  
Lucky Bar  
Get us another round  
at the Lucky Bar

BELA MONTE

The shape of your mother  
Your long body  
and your voice  
So many sad guys cry at your feet  
when you're going  
and they don't know your name  
Bela Monte

Your loves never last  
You've learned to read others' future  
but your future is a mystery  
And you don't know how you feel  
until you lose feeling  
And fear is young  
and your daring  
Bela Monte

There are men that could kill you  
and others would die for you  
So some bones crack  
from abuse as much as hugs  
And your gaze falls in places  
where nobody else dare to look  
Bela Monte

One of these days

you won't be so young  
Beauty is not pausing  
This air of a runaway with no reasons  
We are both orphans  
I don't know where  
you will sleep tonight  
What continent will not have  
enough space to your being  
Bela Monte

You are from the place I grew up  
Fifteen years old, love among the reeds  
Watching trains and wanting  
to be in them  
Too early to have scars  
Too late to heal the wounds  
Bela Monte

I don't know how to feel again  
That's something that stops  
and starts again  
I can hear our voices from the seashore  
Desire is a wandering light  
Truth an adolescent dream  
Fear is losing what is already lost  
Bela Monte

I have a picture of what I was

Your look of goodbye  
Nothing to lose by changing

Bela Monte  
Where will you be?  
What will they call you?  
If I hear my name  
perhaps I will turn and look

Bela Monte  
Where will you be?  
Who will love you?

1978

Days of madness and joy  
A dark angel made its nest  
in your room  
Twenty years still to come  
Remember what you're feeling now  
Remember what you were feeling then  
Shine and then pass on  
Shine and go

1979

Out of the blue and into the black  
Horses, Slow train coming  
¿What's a fuse like you  
doing in a volcano like this?  
Cut your hair  
Draw your dreams in blood  
on the wall

1998

Whatever you do  
do it well  
You flipped a coin  
and it hasn't come back yet  
Twenty years now  
Remember what you're feeling now  
Remember what you were feeling yesterday

Shine and pass on  
Shine and go and see...

AN EMBRACE (En un abrazo)

There's no space for the cold in an embrace  
There's not that much more to say  
There are some wars over there  
and there are some other wars within  
I look at you and I can't see your face  
I see your face and I don't want anything more

You, where are you going?  
I can't guess what are you thinking of  
You, where are you going?  
We may go together a while

Look, put on some old music  
That new stuff it's no good for me  
There's some things that make me laugh  
and there's some things that make me cry  
Words are not the things  
What are you pretending to change?

You, where are you going?  
I can't guess what you're thinking of  
You, where are you going?

We may go together a while

There's no space for the cold in an embrace  
Sometimes it's better to forget  
Blue pains and letters of love  
You're alone, you may stay alone  
I look at you and I can't see your face  
I see your face now and I don't want anything more

You, where are you going?  
We may go together a while  
You, where are you going?  
You don't know it but we met each other before

You, where are you going?  
We may go together a while  
You, where are you going?  
Don't worry, don't say goodbye...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO COMPLAIN NO MORE (No nos vamos a quejar nunca más)

It's just another day you're coming back home  
Debts took your house away  
Someone wants you more alive  
Someone wants you more dead  
We're not going to complain no more

If you don't make noise, people don't hear  
If you make noise, who will listen  
You strained your voice in the cave  
Out of the cave is even worse  
We're not going to complain no more

She wants to be sure of who you are  
You are not sure about anything  
She doesn't want to be your muse  
She doesn't want to be your mom  
We're not going to complain no more

Another day in the dug-up city  
If you are sensitive take care boy  
An angel passes...  
You fall down thinking of how beautiful is  
We're not going to complain no more

You can tell it louder but not clearer

City under construction work... are they good works?

Remember the Dakota proverb

The path is beautiful, silence

The path is beautiful, silence

We're not going to complain no more...

PUZZLE 02

New year's day

You're in another town

Girls are sleeping

The clouds don't get up

You're groping through the dark

The same old puzzle again

and the piece called heart

It's our Puzzle 02...

I like your style

Your dance-hall spell

I don't like your style

when you don't take care

with the sword and the rose

Those missing pieces

of the puzzle of our hearts

Puzzle 02...

We'll meet again whenever you want

on the other side of the sun

We could learn new tricks

and forget the fake ones

Now choose a colour

This puzzle is magic

There's hope for the two of us

It's our puzzle 02...

THE WEST COAST (La Costa Oeste)

Silence.

You take what you love with you  
like wet sand under your feet.

A certain common sense took you far  
from a world of being at home at ten  
from boring men with feminine faces  
and boring women with masculine faces.

A world in which fantasy is a bone to gnaw,  
The right and the good what serve  
to the ones who define transgressions,  
the ambition of bloodsuckers.

Desire is an outlaw  
yet is not from the law your fingers point out  
between the sky and earth.

You've come from the West Coast  
but you keep on being at the same place  
because you never left.  
Let's go fishing to the dyke  
You know it's not for the fish  
though you're a fish, and the fishing rod  
and this friend going with you  
And that woman who approaches you from behind  
You feel her breathe in your ear  
You turn... and the blue  
The immense blue that whispers:

"You'll keep on being there when you no longer are"

PRAYER 709 (Plegaria709)

Take care of my voice  
for when I cannot speak  
Keep hold of your silence  
for my voice

Throw your tears to heaven  
when you are riding the storm  
Throw some sugar to the waves  
Put your longer day on my shoulder

Lose yourself, cats just do it  
Find yourself, cats just do it  
If you cannot see you are there  
turn off the light

Smile at the ground  
Avoid me, embrace me  
Miss me, meet me

Say 709  
Say you are thirsty  
when they ask you about hunger  
Talk that way, in the dark  
Move that way, without thinking so much

Go against the tide, ride another wave  
Come to see me

Dance with your surroundings  
Dance around your world  
Dance...

SEE HOW IT GOES (A ver qué pasa)

Try not to think of consequences  
See how it goes  
Put on a bandage where it hurts  
See how it goes  
On one side light, dark on the other side  
See how it goes  
On one side the thunder, the fleeting ray on the other side  
See how it goes  
You're in or you're out  
See how it goes

Hold the match until the last moment  
See how it goes  
Let the draught pass between your legs  
See how it goes  
Tell me what you want tonight  
See how it goes  
Make another wish at dawn  
See how it goes  
You're in or you're out  
See how it goes

BOXES (Cajas)

There are days  
when the only thing you want  
is to be overcome  
There are days  
when the only thing you want  
is to be soothed  
There are boxes on the floor  
with days, desires  
inside

When you know how to lose yourself  
they say you have to find yourself again  
When you know how to lose yourself  
They say you have to find yourself again  
Watch your mouth  
There are lives and wishes  
on their side



**TIME & DETAILS. TIEMPO Y DETALLES. 2006.**

ON THE OTHER SIDE  
(Al Otro Lado)

The sky is not blue  
I don't know what colour it is  
as I'm looking from  
this side of the glass  
It may be a bird or the button from a coat  
I could listen to you telling the truth  
or I could believe it's true  
I don't mind  
I wish we were friends  
I wish you were on the other side  
inside yourself

The sky is not blue  
I don't know what colour it is  
but it's not blue  
I could trust to know who I am  
I could trust to know how I feel  
This spider is not a toy, it's real  
I can hear you when you're crossing the border  
when I'm not here  
Stones are distant stars  
I hope you believe me  
when I say I'm on the other side  
inside yourself

(chorus) I may dream  
I may follow you to the dance  
My eyes will reach you  
though my legs can't  
I can't dance  
I would be a great dancer for you

You can put me in clothes  
Hats, shirts, stockings  
underwear, bright without  
You can dress me, draw me wings  
You can knock me down, drive me crazy  
You can leave, you can come back...

For the sky is not blue  
For the sky is not higher than you  
Looking thru the glass I don't know how the sky is  
The sound of trains passing by  
The looks and the silence  
Yes carriage, no carriage  
On the other side of the glass  
you might be what you wanted to be  
I might be what I wanted to be  
You might trust me and show me the other side  
Inside yourself  
I might trust you and show you the other side  
Inside myself

I may dream  
I may follow you to the dance  
I can't dance  
but I would be a great dancer for you  
We may dance  
We may dream....

FOR THE BREAKS (A los Paréntesis)

Don't forget the breaks  
Moon in Scorpio  
Chocolate and sofa

Don't forget the breaks  
Pictures of skin  
Kisses of water

Don't look at me when I'm turning  
Don't make me turn  
to see you again  
Don't let me see you too much  
but open your eyes before  
you're going to fade away

Don't forget the breaks  
I'm taking your shirt off  
You're not going to let me sleep

Dodgems that are touching lovingly  
where you can loose the tracks...

Don't look at me when I'm turning  
Don't make me turn  
to see you again

Don't let me see you all the time  
Open your eyes before  
you' re going to fade away

Open your hands  
Let the wind stroke you  
without fear...

YOU WERE NOT THERE TOMORROW (Mañana Tú No Estabas)

The wind comes from the north  
Fallen leaves at your feet  
You have forgotten my charms  
and they are the same as yesterday  
The water scalds or runs cold  
I make time or I make coffee  
You were not there tomorrow  
I light matches for pleasure

The moon shines white  
I don't think she does it for me  
A dream is a crazy thing  
or a tale for sleeping  
I take a strange girl on my bike  
Two black eyes of Nazareth  
You were not there tomorrow  
I'm going to get you lost

I went for drinks with Nick O'Teen  
as a lollipops cure  
The world goes belly up  
Noah sings from his bluesy Ark  
A window doesn't make a house  
Tenderness takes the last train  
You were not there tomorrow

I'm catching bouquet

All the bottles in the basket  
The drunkenness slipped away  
When you go who knows where  
you keep going with worthiness  
If you run out of luck  
you keep going, you're right enough  
You were not there tomorrow  
Until the wind has passed today

A NOTEBOOK AND A PENCIL (Un Cuaderno y Un Lápiz)

They gave me a notebook and a pen  
Everything was in black and white  
I had to give it colors  
Colors of the day, colors of the night  
Some things you have are in your blood  
and some you have learned  
like carrying your dignity within  
when they give you a notebook and a pen

World is strange, here where I live  
A long walk and not a race  
It's better to be along the living is better than to lose your  
breathe  
It would be great you could see me shining on the other side  
If it costs you too much to believe in what you see  
change your landscape and not yourself

You always knew where the north was  
This is because you were a map drawer  
I've always been going from here to there  
not knowing if it was too late or very soon  
When The Leviathan brought the rules of the game  
and put the cards on the table  
I already knew he was strutting along like a king  
but he never would know what to do with a queen

They gave me a notebook and a pen  
Dad worked all day and night so we had something to eat  
Mom did the same thing and she kept on doing it when he  
was gone  
A realistic woman and a modernist man  
They gave me a notebook and a pen  
and I understood pain never sleeps as well as tenderness

They gave me a notebook and a pen  
They told me where the Great Bear and the Minor One were  
The notebook was like the skin of someone you love so much  
You can call me or write me a letter  
when you don't know where to go or where you are  
I won't be able to help you to find what you're looking for  
but I will go anywhere with you

## TIME AND DETAILS

Time and details  
You're not but feelings  
That rock the boat  
And sail  
Get off your emotions  
Keep the faith in those little things  
That you do when nobody cries  
Fly away from the cold hearts  
From the razor reasons  
And the beast of speed  
Tenderness and blue...  
Time and details  
So long my friend  
We will meet again  
someday  
When Mercury shines like our fingernails  
And the joker don't play  
Now The moon wears a hat  
A blue car is dreaming a cat  
The real leaves falling from the wrong tree  
Send me a garden of useless roses  
(useless roses) in your card.  
Tenderness and blue....

THE SECOND RAIN  
(La segunda lluvia)

After the storm  
The second rain that falls  
From trees and buildings  
Reminds you there may be another chance  
To find what you thought  
Was all but lost  
The warm old shirt  
Someone used to wear, long before  
Those sweet old dreams  
Someone once had, long ago.  
After the storm  
Laughing at the wild parade  
Tears gone with the wind  
I know you are going to feel better soon  
Your clouds, my moon.  
After the storm  
We will talk about the good times  
That are yet to come  
Though we all but ignore what clothes  
We should wear for them.

A WOMAN  
(Rambling Kitchen Song)

I wish I was in the kitchen  
with your hands around my neck  
Sometimes I feel I'm living  
in a real house with her  
Hers, the mounts I was climbing  
Nobody saw me on top  
Hers, the river I was crossing  
A rock said it's too late to stop  
A woman is beautiful  
but you have to swing,  
and swing and swing  
and swing like a handkerchief in the wind.  
I wish I was in the kitchen  
with your hands around my waist  
Sometimes I feel I'm dancing  
in a rambling kitchen with her  
A woman is beautiful....  
Last night you were the only one  
Your name was not changing every day  
There's a bus driven by a crazy boy  
There's a garden beyond this game  
A game I'm not going to play no more  
I like that fantasy but I need a stay  
  
Could you paint all that my beauty needs  
She says she wants me so brave

I can't deny she's the Lady  
But my bed floats, it's not a grave  
A woman is beautiful...

("A woman is..." from the short poem "Woman" by Jack Kerouac)

#### THE MONSTER AND THE LITTLE GIRL (El Monstruo y la Niña Dum Dum)

Every time I close the book  
with the monster inside  
the girl laughs delightedly  
and I shout: "We've squashed the monster!"  
What the girl doesn't know  
is that I close the book harder every time  
and I've become to feel  
for a moment that we really  
did squashed the monster.

#### THE BOAT

She phone at dawn  
with the voice of December  
Baby, I know how to feel  
but I don't know why  
Took me all night to break the distance  
Between your dreams and mine

I was sitting on the edge  
of my unmade December bed  
Wake up. Can a dream change the weather?  
You can row and I can repair a keg  
This has been a restless year of standing violets

The boat is broken and so are your wings...  
The boat is rocking and so are your wings...

Change of season, change of heart  
Change of days in another land  
The boat rocks, so far...



AMOR SIN TÍTULO. UNTITLED LOVE. 2011.

AIRPORT SONG (Close To Your Home)

I didn't notice how much  
you slipped in my pocket  
I didn't notice how much  
my heart was beating

There's an airport close to every house  
Always  
There's a plane that lands or flies  
close to your home or mine

I didn't hear what you told me  
about the rainy days  
I didn't feel your fingers  
touching my face of glass

There's an airport close to every house  
Always  
there's a plane that lands or flies  
close to your home or mine

I was not there  
when you opened your eyes and looked around  
I was living the night  
when you opened your wings  
at dawn

## CLAIRE IN THE SHADE

Autumn comes like rain  
Leaves are not falling from trees yet  
The moon is hidden in the wardrobe  
Slender shadows at the shore  
A flame in a room at the back of my mind  
Feeling the loss of light  
Claire in the shade  
I can see her eyes are bright

You call me after work  
When you want to ride a while  
I'm going to feel your head against my back  
For you're going to laugh  
And I'm going to feel your nose on my sleeve  
when you're going to cry  
Claire in the shade  
This trip begins to be bright

This world is walking a tightrope  
Too many children under guns  
I guess you're that strong  
Your bones bear the tracks of pain  
Know well what's going wrong  
Just dirty angels in the roads of fight

Claire in the shade  
And the endless flight

(she asked me where I was goin'  
I told her I was going to stay  
Fall is my season  
I can't give you a reason  
I like your voice when you say  
I might forget you like a raindrop  
I might always be with you  
Like a cloud...  
You can feel my breath  
before I leave...)

You have pale skin  
And my bike came from Dungeon Town  
You're sitting there gazing at me  
And I can't say a word  
If your days are yet to come  
I'll be there for your lonely nights  
Claire in the shade  
I can drive 'cause your eyes are bright

THE LAST ROUND (El Último Round)

The Last Round  
The first thought  
I know you know  
We like to get out of town  
before they sell our rust

Ring the bells  
when your mind is empty  
and a new heartbeat gets older  
and slips away

The first feeling  
coming round the bend  
A bunch of merry fools  
is playing your song  
Your cat is my lion  
My night is your morn  
We always like to go out  
Using the back door

El ultimo Round  
Volverás a saltar  
Tienes el brillo  
La llama que hace tiempo  
Te dio la dignidad

Cuando beso la lona  
sólo recuerdo tu piel  
Se oye la voz de los rebeldes  
más alta que la cuenta de diez  
Dos rayas en el cielo  
Ninguna puede durar  
No miras nunca hacia atrás si no es  
para adelantar  
El Último Round  
Estás fuera de alcance  
No miras nunca hacia atrás  
Si no es para adelantar

The first feeling  
coming round the bend  
A bunch of merry fools  
is playing your song  
Your cat is my lion  
My night is your morn  
We always liked to go out  
Using the back door

Dos rayas en el cielo  
Ninguna puede durar  
No miras nunca hacia atrás si no es  
para adelantar  
Me sedujo la ruina  
Te lo di todo a ti

Siempre nos gustó salir  
usando la puerta de atrás

The first feeling  
coming round the bend  
A bunch of merry fools  
is playing your song  
Your cat is my lion  
My night is your morn  
You know we always went out  
Using the back door

The Last Round  
The first feeling...  
We always went out using the back door....

(The Last Round  
You will jump again  
You have a glow, a flame  
That gave you dignity years ago  
When I throw in the towel  
I only remember your skin  
They hear the sound of the rebels  
louder than the ten-second count  
Two lines in the sky  
Neither can last  
You never look back  
Unless you are going to overtake

I was seduced by the ruin  
I gave you everything  
We always liked to go out  
using the back door)

NIGHT UNDER THE SUN  
(Noche bajo el Sol)

When I finally saw them  
your dark eyes  
I tiptoed quietly  
to not disturb you  
And when you closed your eyelids  
I was locked inside them  
in the night under the sun

Slippery asphalt  
The motorbike went out of control  
but it's me who has no control  
in the night under the sun

Slippery asphalt  
Untitled love  
in the night under the sun

Both submerged  
in the night under the sun  
Both submerged  
in the night under the sun  
in the night under the sun  
Untitled love

LOVE IS A COAT WITH EYES (Conchas Marinas)

Love is a coat with eyes  
These are the wheels that drive you blind  
And I can see they are lost in the night and the day  
But we all dance and wonder, tremble and cry  
'cause love is a coat with eyes

Conchas marinas en tus manos  
Aunque quieras el doble  
Hay belleza en la mitad

Esta tarde arriba en el cielo azul  
Hay una luna sobre almohada que convalece  
Nubes disparo y nubes pez,  
Reflejos de ojos y un avión (para el que no existo)  
las 2 partes en que el rayo me partió  
Sueños pájaro  
Esta tarde en el cielo azul hay, arriba...

Love is a coat with eyes  
These are the wheels that drive you blind  
I can see they are lost in the night and the day  
But we all dance and wander, tremble and cry  
'cause love is a coat with eyes

Conchas marinas en tus manos

Aunque quieras el doble  
Hay belleza en la mitad

Love is a coat with eyes...  
Lilies and thorns, hearts on the wire  
We all dance and wonder, tremble and cry  
Love is a coat with eyes...

(Seashells in your hands  
Though you may want even more  
there's beauty in just half

This afternoon up above  
in the blue sky  
there is a convalescent moon  
on a pillow  
Shooting clouds, cloud fish  
Reflections of eyes  
A plane for which I don't exist  
A bolt of lightning struck me in two)

ANOTHER TIME (Otro Tiempo)

The clear sky  
The collar is up  
And the songs are floating  
in the music hall  
There's nothing to explain  
You scream to the stars  
you piss in the wind  
It's another time  
for which it's worth laughing  
and it's worth crying

There are many demons  
but only one you have to be afraid of  
He is disguised as a seller of nothing  
and steals jokers' hearts  
There are some gods  
none of whom have too much to say  
We drink in the taverns  
We dance in the dancehalls  
The silence of pleasure in the hostels  
It's another time  
for which it's worth getting there  
and it's worth leaving

The waiter has the day off  
The tram takes you to suburbs

where there are no idiots or light  
The jar is lowering  
and so is the waterline  
I take off my hat  
for that drunk sailor  
who forgot his home port  
For the unfinished words left behind  
and the great endless loves  
It's another time  
for which it's worth falling  
and it's worth flying

#### THE SAME RIVER (El Mismo Río)

Ten years fit  
in this bottle  
in this bare jukebox  
I'll go out to the light  
and my eyes will blink  
not because the dark is gone  
but because the dark may be  
a tired bird.

Horses that jump in the water  
throwing out spray  
Jumps of acrobats  
in the night without a net

Ten years fit in this bottle  
Open your wardrobe and choose clothes  
Pull the cork out  
and make a wish  
If you are the same river  
the sea will take care of you.

SHADOW / FLASH (Sombra y Centella)

How good it would be to live other lives  
in another town  
and to find in them all  
your wait-and-see eyes and legs  
and this see-you-later back  
One of us shadow  
The other one flash

How good it would be  
To ground you there  
To go out flying over your cliff  
Where your hair hides you and sweet is the pain  
To be a stowaway on your pirate ship  
built by my mind to travel over foreign waters  
with no compasses

To sleep outside with dogs that  
don't get into your home  
how nice...  
To raise the fog and see not anything  
To play with the cards you left aside  
To be the king who doesn't reign over you  
whom you only want to serve for one day  
Your Dale Arden's dreams  
under the Ming Empire

How good it would be to leave you where I fall  
May you be my bridge to cross  
To laugh at gods that forget about me  
and come back to you with my dying strokes  
One of us Shadow, the other one Flash

You are Shadow  
I am Flash  
Raise the fog  
Change places...

EVEN MORE (Más Todavía)

Reality is becoming fantasy  
The chords are turning minor  
After so much time  
I don't see the sense in looking back  
Sometimes you leave forever  
but you leave half of it behind  
You know what an angel is and what is just a joke  
You know how to make the very devil laugh  
A blue flash and the trick is that you are gone  
A handkerchief in the wind and the price is being lost  
Even more...

The day time stops  
to turn mud into shoes  
To be king of the breath that comes from your mouth  
not of your lips  
It's better to know how you feel than to be right  
The day time stops

How often do I have to dream of you  
for you to really see me?  
Walking Mr Ku through the paper parks  
A mannequin gives you a hug and an ear says oh my god  
You buy an ice cream and a bit melts  
When you lose elegance you better stay away  
It could be right though is wrong

to be as sexy as chance?  
A blue flash and suddenly you're gone  
A handkerchief in the wind and the charm is to be lost  
Even more...

The day time stops  
to turn mud into shoes  
To be king of the breath that comes from your mouth  
not of your lips  
It's better to know how you feel than to be right  
The day time stops

## SEA OF GLASS (Mar de Cristal)

The cap pulled down to the sky, dressed in black and in the clouds  
while she thinks sweetly of pain  
You didn't say too much but in silence you felt everything  
Though there are others who shout loud  
you live apart, in underwater worlds  
A wee gift for her, she has your seaweed in her hands  
Sad songs for joyful hearts at Sea of Glass

Day passes by and you can end up without art nor magic  
but you always keep your heart up your sleeve  
She likes your boots... umm, will she take care of your feet?  
In a world of No, ask for three shots of Yes today  
And she is electric, a moon that changes its cardinal points  
And you laugh and dance and ache and fall silent  
Sad songs for joyful hearts at Sea of Glass

## TERMINI

There is no time to waste time  
We ask not for instant coffee nor instant kisses  
We are fireflies  
We don't pay to see or be seen  
The water covered the house, then you stole the light  
I'd be cold if the dying embers did not look at me  
with tenderness

I'm going to change a long andante  
for two magenta hands  
While I get to Termini  
and back to the start

Throw more sugar  
when you think there's enough  
Another spoonful to keep on playing  
The screw that does not have any use  
is the piece of the puzzle that fits  
when you touch me  
The Gorey's herring swings on the ceiling  
I stay where mystery reigns  
from Piazza Spagna to Fleet Street  
and beyond the boulevard

And these steamed lips

as I'm getting to Termini  
Steamed lips  
and back to the start  
I feel time can go slower  
That's how I feel and I make space for you  
I can see the sea balls and the snow confetti  
You say it was just a mirage and I just want another one  
Our heart is in danger as is the grace  
I take my time, give what I have and I'm still full  
Moving makes no sense if there's no sentiment

And time can go slower  
as we leave Termini  
Steamed lips leaving from Termini  
Time can go slower  
leaving from Termini  
Steamed lips and back to the start

CRIMSON KING (Rey Escarlata)\* 1982 & 2003

Tonight there are no States nor things  
Tonight there are no scooters except oranges  
Tonight life crashes the cymbals of the empire  
Angels and frogs wake fish up from lethargy  
There are no objects, lady, because there are no subjects  
There are no behaviour analyses nor eternal passports  
There are no scientists no popes  
Nobody loves anything, just lovers and clowns  
In the court of the Crimson King

Tonight the rubbish bags dance waltzes  
Tonight the factory products are delirious  
Tonight there are no guards nor alarms  
Plate-spinners stroke Mozart with baby fingers  
Limousines driven by teenagers of yesteryear  
There are no plastic paradises, nor masters of napalm  
Spinoza's guffaws, baby blue's whimpers  
Not any dream saved, just deep advice  
In the court of the Crimson King

Tonight there are no unemployment queues nor full  
piggybanks  
Tonight there are no little sisters of mercy nor lice  
Tonight the warriors skate in the parks  
Young maids serve dinner in public toilets

There are no rubber elephants, lady, there are no kangaroos  
Barflies administrate borders with broken mirrors  
Cinderella frees butterflies from the judges' robes  
Botticelli organizes orgies on the beaches of God  
Tonight there are no promised lands  
Tonight there is no remorse,  
No reasons nor guilt  
Tonight forgetfulness breaks down laws in the basement  
Goodbye cruel world  
Welcome, playtime  
Without concepts or homelands, just fair-lights  
The Three Kings give Elvis back his lost Cadillac  
No hungry heart will stop beating tonight  
In the court of the Crimson King

## PERPLEXED HEART (Corazón Perplejo)

They tell me to cultivate the edges  
of my assaulted spirit  
That nothing happens if I go from side to side  
taken by the rhythm of whims  
That I can cut the cards better  
without politeness  
They tell me not to be so honest  
when I win or lose  
That everything is victory or defeat  
and there's nothing to believe for ever  
That I don't have to be so gallant behind people's backs  
or else I will never get ahead  
And what's wrong in forgetting what were just dreams?

And I see it's a bit late  
for my perplexed heart  
To be the one I never was  
To be the one I'm not  
That's the way it was and the way it beats  
The perplexed heart

They tell me to go from one flower to another  
To always get to the point  
and forget the branches of details  
so far from the stem  
To learn to tame or maybe dodge

arrows and snakes  
They tell me I can be thoughtless  
on the worst days  
There's no other morals that survives as much  
as never settling down

I see now how soon you can forget  
the secrets they taught  
about pain and pleasure  
Strange days when everything's clear  
When the fuel lasts as long as you do

If you give in to these voices  
coming from the new stars  
The charming bastard  
The mocking one in difficult times  
If you become dazzled by the prevailing light  
Life told by the evasive ones  
by the ones who adore gods that erase  
all certainty, all steady illusion

And it's too late now  
for my perplexed heart  
To be the one I never was  
To be the one I'm not  
As much as you have  
as much as you give  
As much as I have

as much as I give  
It's the same heart beating  
The perplexed heart

#### UNTITLED LOVE

Every night I stick my head out of the window and look at the Stars. I open the bow-window and stand on the balcony. As I run my eyes over the sky and stare at the darkness, stars appear as a gift for my gaze. The people I love and the people I don't love, the ones who have been close to me over the years and the ones I only met for a moment. They all are there, they shine if you keep your eyes opened. There are no titles to be shown, no medals. Stars float by themselves.

Remember I wear your jacket. This old jacket that travelled on motorcycles and trains, buses and planes, that flew beyond the amnesiac clouds and the conventional worlds. I wear it and I do it with pride, it hurts sometimes and makes you feel pleasure. I might not have news from you for a long time. I might meet you tomorrow, or we could never meet again. I wrap up with this jacket when the night is falling and I feel I'm closer to the stars than they are from me. Pure illusion, rebel grace.

We might have given a title to our love, but our love is and will be an anonymous love, a rambling one, every love will be

this way, smoking steam of skaters on the foggy cement of the  
nameless days.  
Just the glow...  
We know what it means. You know it.  
We keep wearing the love that goes.



**NUEVAS LETRAS INÉDITAS Y POEMAS MUSICADOS  
(2010-2014)**

LEAD ME DOWN THE GARDEN PATH (Llévame al Huerto)

I'm going to Julia's House  
With a story book  
and staples in my soul  
You could do something for me  
when you have the time  
Lead me on  
I have heard too many stories  
and none of them took my pain away

Come on, lead me on  
The city doesn't have what we were looking for  
Or else we might go to Fisterra  
And make love starting at the end

I might follow you, says Julia  
but I don't like to know where I'm going to  
You have plans  
I don't have any  
I just want to laugh at nothing for a moment  
and a dress that bleeds without pain

Come on, lead me on  
There are trains that blow away the city  
Or else we might go to Fisterra  
And begin to feel starting at the end

Dancers in music boxes  
Dreamers of the damned dream  
Labourers up to their necks in mud  
Scarecrows with covered ears

Julia's under the tree  
Insanity cures everything  
How it would be to bite your lips  
and then let you drink?  
Don't forget to pay for one more night  
At the last hotel...

Come on, lead me on  
There's no more wine left in the city  
Or else we might go to Fisterra  
And make love starting at the end

THE BALCONY  
(El Balcón)

I like this house because it has a balcony.  
I like houses, rooms,  
hotels with windows and balconies.  
It's a dizzy temptation  
and an impeccable attractive place.  
It's the boat ready to set sail  
whose captain has stopped the wheels of time.  
This balcony I'm writing to you from:  
the life I know I have to live.  
A life of equilibrium, lying in wait.  
A toast the house makes to the world,  
the probe at the forefront.  
Sometimes I make out a figure on the other side,  
two black eyes like they are closed staring at me.  
Other times it's just a reflection of restlessness.  
I leave the door to the balcony slightly open,  
an unfinished song.  
Days pass by through the crack  
like beams of light.  
There aren't two identical days.  
What is a silent farewell today  
could be the din of an encounter tomorrow.

THE CARDS

You will die  
in the far-away galaxy of Trantor  
between forgotten bandits  
and pictures of saints

You will die of an incurable  
illness  
in an island with no name  
or on the ridge of a wave  
of a punk sea

They will say  
you lived an affair  
with the Emperor's daughter  
and you won't be able to deny it

The colorful birds will  
come down and cover your body  
and will shake your bones  
like bells  
in a purple party

You will die  
in the anonymity  
of a fish

with no river

Cards say this

You will die  
and the Japanese girls  
will wash your feet  
during the tea ceremony  
but they won't know  
they won't contort for you

You will die in the autumn  
of another's life  
Like an ancestor  
of the ones who won't be born yet

You will seem to be asleep  
like an empty mailbox  
an unopened box of surprises  
a flower of evil  
that never knew its future

You will die in the winter  
of the navigators  
when like soldiers without banners  
they walk over the ruins  
of unrealized dreams  
The chrysanthemums will cry for you

And old German accordion  
will tone a song  
with no words

Someone will take with  
your records of The Velvet  
the boxing gloves, the blue Chevrolet  
and the hats

There won't be entourage

You will die then  
when the dates are succeeding in the city  
after the sudden appearance  
of the moon in the mirrors

There won't be farewells nor epitaphs  
Nobody learned how to say goodbye  
because when you went away  
you always seemed to come back  
somewhere else

You will die this way  
like a resigned diner  
when the love waiter  
doesn't pass the lounge of chances  
with his silver trays.

## THE BED THAT RAINS (La Cama Que Llueve)

It all started a thousand years ago  
when I looked into your eyes  
and knew you were my brother

Hello, jump, laugh, it hurts  
On the bed that rains

Hello, jump, sing, bite  
On the bed that rains  
Goodbye, dream, on time, later  
On the bed that storms

Your hands will be the branches  
Your eyes the trunk of my loneliness  
That smile of the ones without anything  
shines and goes away

It all started a thousand years ago  
when I looked into your eyes  
and knew you were my sister

Hello, jump, dance, it hurts  
on the bed that rains  
Goodbye, dream, soon, later  
on the bed that rains

## FLEETING WINTERY NIGHT

My brain is droppin' rain  
Your brain is droppin' rain  
We'll all meet in the middle of a dark deep lake  
I never thought of sunken boats  
I never thought you'd need to float  
concerned about saving your brand new clothes  
Tonight I'm going to get drunk  
These sounds you own are not that punk  
I torn up the television  
You are the shadows of my visions

I would ruin my world for beauty  
or I would save your life for beauty  
Time flies like flamingos do  
in autumn heading south...

This is a fleeting wintery day  
Give me a cuddle or give me light  
You are a naughty player all the way  
This is a fleeting wintery night

## LOUISE

I hardly know how to pronounce your name  
and bars haven't opened yet  
What will your town be?

A honey suckle gives  
the intruder's perfect wink  
You will have seen my watch  
on the table  
The tracks of my shoes  
on the staircase  
Arriving on the threshold  
you will have thought  
What will become of us  
If we don't remember?

I hardly guess your age,  
what your fears are.  
Drunk on your painted lips  
I travel through the marshes  
of the confused dawn  
In which town will you be happy?

## LA COCINA CARRUSEL

Suena la tetera  
Se cuece el arroz  
En la cocina en la que todo pasa  
No tiene miedo el que va hacia la luna  
Una mirada a la nevera  
Mientras las voces se pegan a tu espalda  
Como si nada  
En la cocina carrusel

Salta el gato a la mesa  
Ruedan los vasos hasta los labios  
En la cocina en la que todo pasa  
Se perdieron algunas guerras  
El gesto inocente te salva de la quema  
No hay dinero en el sombrero  
El viento en el porche  
juega a tu favor  
(en la cocina carrusel)

Viene aire frío de las montañas  
En el town green el chico del abrigo hace sonar el kazú  
Cuando salga el sol volverás a subir  
al coche rojo camino de Bearsville

Mirando al cielo con sangre en la nariz  
Y las manos pintadas  
Lo podríamos pasar bien  
O lo podríamos dejar pasar

Suena la banda en la cinta  
La salsa está lista para luchar  
En la cocina en la que todo pasa  
Dos bidones de gasoil  
Y una vieja guitarra que habla con la cólera de dios  
El río pasa cerca con sueños lejanos  
El mar está en tus ojos y se queda ahí  
En la cocina en la que todo  
Puede pasar  
En la cocina carrusel

## THE CARROUSEL KITCHEN

A kettle sings  
The rice boils  
in the kitchen where everything happens  
A look in the fridge  
while the voices hug your back  
like it's nothing  
in the carousel kitchen

The cat jumps on the table  
Glasses fly to lips  
in the kitchen when everything happens  
Some wars were lost  
The innocent gesture saves you from the burn  
There's no money in the hat  
The wind in the porch is on your side  
(in the carousel kitchen)

A cold breeze comes from the mountains  
The boy in the grey coat plays the kazoo in the town green  
When the sun comes out you'll get back  
in the red car on the road to Bearsville

Looking to the sky with a bloody nose  
and painted hands

we could have some fun  
or we could let it pass

The band plays on the tape  
The sauce is ready to fight  
in the kitchen when everything happens  
Two kegs of petrol  
and an old guitar that speaks like the wrath of God  
The river flows near with faraway dreams  
The sea is in your eyes and stays there  
in the kitchen where everything happens

the carousel kitchen

## TURTLE THAT DREAMS (La Tortuga que sueña)

Hello. I'm one of the refugees.  
They take us in trains and buses.  
We are of wood and glass.  
I see you have platform eyes,  
you who keep your memories  
in chests of silence; hugs  
have a metallic splinter taste now.  
Hello. I'm one of the refugees.  
I have a hollow right there,  
in my left ribs where you can't fit.  
The feather in your hand,  
My left wing dances without you.

Hello. You'll never know about the airtight garage  
where I grew up. You're not curious.  
Ideas navigate thru maps of cables,  
you will think they are yours,  
what you have to look, think, feel.  
Inside plastic tubes they keep cinism  
of the ones who doesn't want to know.  
Everything is strange, right?  
I'm one of the refugees. Hello.  
I'm in wagon number three.

Don't know where they are going to take us.  
Don't know if we will meet again.

One small bone hurts me  
and a big heart beats in us.  
Desire is the north, the silence is blonde.  
You don't understand these songs  
and the liquors that await,  
the treasures that saves us,  
and get us wounded and then scarred.  
You have won so much you have lost yourself.  
You have nothing that can interest me.  
My left wing fits in there,  
Movement is useless but how beautiful.

I'm a turtle that dreams.  
I'm a dabadaba swing.  
I see you draw borders  
but you can draw me.  
My flesh is already a border. I'm already a country!  
I leave you my albums like kisses,  
movies as hugs.  
I'm a turtle that dreams.  
Dabadaba swing.

LONG TRIP TO LYDORION  
(Fer Garcin & add words by Ella Berg)

She told me  
-Sweet Dreams-  
But the only thing I could think of  
was how to get this thing behind me.  
You will, you will...  
It is all behind me now.  
I've written my lists,  
Cleaned out the cupboards  
And donated my clothes to San Juan de Dios.

I miss you  
Sometimes I do  
But  
I miss me first  
And then we'll see  
What I can do  
I miss me  
Sometimes I do  
But  
I got my red cap  
and I got my cheap guitar

Guess I'm doing better

Got another day out of the way

And I did it in style,  
And I did it in red.  
You will be all right,  
You will be all right,  
This is a song in rags  
Don't come to any pretty palace  
This is a room for the ones against the tide  
We have nothing but the right to fight  
Sleep tight. ...:

Yes  
I say Yes because I like the Word  
Although I tend to Sing  
No-No-No...

Thank you for the kisses  
you gave to me  
before my mouth was broken

It's this long trip to Lydorion  
I'm in this long trip to Lydorion

Album "DAYS OF THE FALL (Sin  
Detenerse)". 2018.

30 years of music, voice and lyrics.



## DAYS OF THE FALL

It's hard to sleep tonight  
I can't even have a break  
The government has been changing  
to keep on being the same  
I can hear the jobless claims  
when I wake up and look around  
I been thinking of you & me  
We had a crazy affaire  
In the Days of the Fall

There were the Days of the Fall  
There were the Days of The Fall  
I been thinking of you  
and feeling blue  
These are the Days of the Fall  
again

Now I'm got no place to go, My nose  
pressed up against the window panes  
I could kill you or love you  
I'm not sure about it yet  
We were walking by the river boulevard  
when you spoke and I laughed  
We had a crazy affaire  
In the Days of the Fall

These are the Days of the Fall  
These are the Days of The Fall  
I been thinking of you  
and feeling blue  
These are the Days of the Fall  
again

MÍRAME / CADA VEZ MÁS CERCA  
LOOK AT ME / CLOSER AND CLOSER

I'm closer and closer  
I have no one around  
I'm closer and closer  
Please open your eyes  
We have place the blanket  
We sold even the TV  
I'm crossing slowly the streams  
Following you blindly by the Baltic  
I'm going with you

They have closed the borders  
Greed, anger and double cross  
I'm going out for cigarette papers and raspberries  
Pack all things, leave the pot in the sun  
I still remember well your legs  
dancing and waving goodbye  
Sophia crawls in the attic  
The Country is a madhouse  
I'm going with you

When being happy is so slow  
When being happy is so deep inside  
I'm the same I was and I'm another one  
I can't remember well your face....

CLOSER AND CLOSER

Look at me a little more  
I haven't burnt myself enough (yet)  
Look at me a little more  
I haven't burnt myself enough (yet)  
Look at me...

You'll see  
I have nothing better to do  
in this so fast century  
than to take a slow walk thru your look

Do not say anything, just smile  
Do not say anything, just smile  
I'm lucky, in this crazy world,  
to remember the name that I gave to you  
the name I gave to you ...

Look at me, you'll see ...  
I don't have anything better to do  
in this fast century  
than to take a slow walk  
through your look...

Closer and closer I am  
Look at me...

## SONG FOR YOU

I wrote a song for you  
who never knew who I really was  
I'll be never as real as that creature  
fighting rust

Mi casa ya no cabe dentro de sí misma  
Empujo para cerrar. Jirones de vida asoman.  
Por favor ¿podrías pasarte por aquí un día de estos  
con tus ojos de abordaje y tus brazos de saqueo?

My house doesn't fit inside itself  
I push until the doors are closed. Rags of life through the  
cracks  
Please ¿could you come by here one of these days  
with your boarding eyes and your looting arms?

I wrote a song for you  
who never knew who I really was  
I'll be never as real as that creature  
fighting rust

Oh Please, oh please, oh please  
¿Could you come by here one of these days  
with your boarding eyes and your looting arms?

Please

I wrote a song for you  
who never knew who I really was  
I'll be never as real as that creature  
fighting rust

I wrote a song for you...

## TRACES

We had to grope along the ledge  
in the darkness of our rooms  
Yes we groped for the right words  
before we were eaten by the moon

You wearing black stockings  
and that shirt with number eight  
I'm going to have good luck  
I'm high for the take-off weight

You paint my panting  
Water mist on the cold glass  
Let's make a crazy tail  
before our time has passed....

We had to grope along the ledge  
in the darkness of our rooms  
Yes we groped for the right words  
before we were eaten by the moon

You wearing black stockings  
and that shirt with number eight  
I'm going to have good luck  
I'm high for the take-off weight

You paint my panting

Water mist on the cold glass  
Let's make a crazy tail  
before our time has passed....

Remember my wondering faces  
Baby of Rebels Crack  
Forget I drew you close and left traces  
on your back

## SONRISA

You can not have  
what does not belong to anyone  
This is how it should be  
What flies wild  
and the moon is its law

I can not describe a smile  
that shines and comes  
that comes and goes

(chorus)  
It's just a moment, it's an eternity(bis)

You wrote it  
on the tree leaf  
We are the time that's left  
We are madness and passion  
Joy and sorrow, joy and soul

(chorus)  
And there is a flying train  
and the blue sea  
And the night is the dream of light

I can not describe a smile  
that shines and that arrives

that comes and goes

(spoken)  
Dime caramelito, cómo te va  
Dime caramelito, cómo te va

I can not describe a smile  
that shines and comes  
that comes and goes

(chorus)  
It's just a moment, it's an eternity(bis)

You wrote it  
on the tree leaf  
We are the time that's left  
We are madness and passion  
Joy and sorrow, joy and soul

(chorus)  
It's just a moment, it's an eternity  
(bis)

## THE DEVIL THAT WAITS

From your flat roof eyes  
nothing is planned  
everything slopes down  
steeply and ahead  
Nothing is left for the next day  
Like getting alive riding the bike  
from Els Ullals to Torrefiel \*

And there are days I stay looking at  
the bleeding and thirsty wall  
And I keep the saint in the fridge  
and the devil waits for me  
in the land of the very first time

I think the world spots out from your navel  
when you let the stirrup out while running  
You hear what I don't say  
feel what I don't write  
Bring peace and madness  
Two poisons without a cure

And there are days I stay looking at  
the bleeding and thirsty wall  
And I keep the saint in the fridge  
and the devil waits for me  
in the land of the very first time

### Female Singer verse:

I've taken the Bastille  
to then leave her alone  
My door is not from anyone  
You cannot catch my wave  
I arrive soon and I laugh with you  
then I'm leaving with my bones  
Be calm and live with soul  
I am the cold and the coat  
that you invent in the land  
of the very first time

You have let the revolt go loose  
and have taken the key away  
This clock has no hands  
You tear them once and for all  
I've got two forks for your hair  
and have my head to be lost  
walking free without a homeland  
for the memories of Balbec\*\*  
And there are days I stay looking at  
the bleeding and thirsty wall  
And I keep the saint in the fridge  
and the devil waits for me...

\* (working class neighborhoods in Valencia)

\*\* (Village from Proust's books when he met Albertine)

## SIN DETENERTE

So much heat I can not stand  
Near Sicily another raft arrived  
They run away from the plagues of southern wars  
Do not tell me anything, just smile  
Do not tell me what will not happen  
Although I was not thinking of seeing you there you go again  
Your crystal blood, and your sea breeze  
I get tangled up in the aroma that goes with you

Can you pass quickly again by my side without stopping? (2)

The news are not good, They never are  
The time left is our passion  
You are my food, it lasts a whole century  
Lost adrift, you know well where I'm going  
We suffer for those who could not arrive  
We love those who could not enjoy  
You want to live in a previous time  
I'm a hundred years old, I can give them to you  
Can you pass quickly again by my side without stopping?(2)

You speak with your hands, you travel like lightning  
From the hill one joint and then an airplane  
Your legs fly high, a cat released  
You do your own thing just like revolution  
I'm happy to get out on your curve

I get tangled in the breeze that goes with you  
I'm alone, rhythmic singing  
You are that star that you have awakened  
(2)

Can you pass quickly again by my side without stopping? (4)

I am one hundred years old, I can give them to you  
- You're old - You're strange - You're so great ...

WHY

Why to go somewhere else  
Somewhere else for nothing  
Don't ask me what I'm dreaming  
you were there in my dream  
The cat put his white paws  
like gloves on my face  
I'm trying to change the year  
without changing the place

I'm coming from hell to talk  
about paradise with you  
If we don't have a plan  
that's one and it's (really) good

My father he told me  
Nothing lasts forever  
She left the house a week ago  
I still see her eyes on my room  
I'm not hungry nor thirsty  
Feeling aout and blue  
She said I'll be close to you  
like the stars and the moon

Estamos en alta mar  
sin mapas ni dolor  
Si no tenemos un plan

aún puede ser mejor

Why to go somewhere else  
Somewhere else for nothing  
Don't ask me what I'm dreaming  
you were there in my dream  
The cat put his white paws  
like gloves on my face  
I'm trying to change the year  
without changing the place  
I'm coming from hell to talk  
about paradise & you  
If we don't have a plan  
that's one and it's (really) good

I'm coming from hell...

## BLUE CAT

Why is everybody laughing and you cry  
All those fireworks color the sky tonight  
Wish you could crack a smile and fly  
Why those bastards didn't let you cross the line?

I'll sit down with you on the edge  
I won't be like the ones who made you a pledge  
I have bread and water, a blanket and a tale  
We'll be our warm shelter for a day

I'm just a cat  
and I know which country is mine  
and I don't know about sins  
or crimes  
I'm just your cat  
and I know where I belong  
My land is to feel your skin  
as my song

Tell me about that blue you like  
Today I don't have news from you

I'm not sure what scares me more  
That blue in your eyes when you look at me  
or else the blue not being there anymore  
anymore...

## DEIÁ

El sol asomó  
La máquina era suave y genial  
Ahí estaban Kevin y Robert  
Robert, David, James y Syd  
Tantos duendes, tanta magia, locura y dolor

Eran los setenta  
Formentera sin fronteras  
Luego Pep tras el Gong (bis)

Querer la alegría de la bengala  
sin importar el incendio y la razón;  
querer el fuego y la razón,  
seguir a la bengala alegres  
y jugar la carta corazón.

Alguien os vio reír  
La máscara del feliz  
Un día como una gran ilusión  
El cumpleaños de nadie  
El accidente, el error nos salvó  
El misterio, el misterio...

El sol asomó  
El sol se acostó

Fueron chispas en los dedos  
La sensación de la única vez  
Una bandera roja  
Una bandera roja  
El mar, la revuelta, la fiesta, cuerdas rotas  
Los castillos de un solo día

Sauntering, sauntering, sauntering...

Qué hermoso sería  
cantar para gatos y muchachas  
en el teatro y en el bar.  
Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá....

El sol asomó  
El sol se acostó  
Eran los setenta  
Formentera sin fronteras  
Ahí estaban Kevin y Robert  
Robert, David, James y Syd  
Tantos...  
Luego Pep, luego Pep tras el Gong (bis)  
Tantos, tantos, tantos, tantos...  
Pau, Toti, Ramón, Tico, Xavier...

Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá...  
Ummm  
Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá...

Sauntering, Sauntering, Sauntering, Sauntering...  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

El sol asomó  
La máquina era suave y genial  
Formentera sin fronteras  
Ahí estaban Kevin y Robert  
Robert, David, James y Syd  
Tantos...  
Luego Pep tras el Gong (bis)

Tantos, tantos, tantos, tantos...  
Pau, Toti, Ramón, Tico, Xavier...  
Brossa D'Ahir, Brossa D'Ahir

Deiá, Deiá...

Sauntring, sauntering, sauntering, sauntering,..

Deiá, Deiá...  
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh

Deiá, Deiá  
Deiá...

DEIÁ

The sun came up  
The machine was smooth and great  
There were Kevin and Robert  
Robert, David, James and Syd  
So many 'duendes', so much magic, madness and pain

It was the seventies  
Formentera without borders  
Then Pep after the Gong (bis)

To want the joy of the flare  
in spite of the fire and the reason;  
To want fire and reason,  
follow the merry flare  
and play the card of hearts.  
Someone saw you laughing  
The happy mask  
A day like a great illusion  
Nobody's birthday  
The accident, the mistake saved us  
The mystery, the mystery ...

The sun came up  
The sun went down  
They were sparks on the fingers  
The sense of unique wondering time

A red flag  
A red flag  
The sea, the revolt, the party, broken strings  
The castles of a one single day

Sauntering, sauntering, sauntering ... \*

How beautiful it would be  
to sing for cats and girls  
in the theater and in the bar.  
Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá ....

The sun came up  
The sun went down  
It was the seventies  
Formentera without borders  
There were Kevin and Robert  
Robert, David, James and Syd  
So many ...  
Then Pep, then Pep after the Gong (bis)

So many, so many, so many, so many ...  
Pau, Toti, Ramón, Tico, Xavier ...

Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá ...  
Ummm  
Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá, Deiá ...

Sauntering, Sauntering, Sauntering, Sauntering ...  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

The sun came up  
The machine was smooth and great  
There were Kevin and Robert  
Robert, David, James and Syd  
So many 'duendes', so much magic, madness and pain

It was the seventies  
Formentera without borders  
Then Pep after the Gong (bis)

so many ...

Pau, Toti, Ramón, Tico, Xavier...  
Brossa D'Ahir, Brossa D'Ahir

Deiá, Deiá...  
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh

Deiá, Deiá  
Deiá...

\* Saunterer. I pronounce in a mix of french, catalán and english way, in this only single take looking for instant inspirations while walking, as it comes from one of my favourite books:

"I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks - who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering, which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going a la Sainte Terre," to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a Sainte-Terrer," a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean."  
(D.H. Thoreau, "Walking")

## WORTTHY ART

To be worthy to look at you  
I have pawned  
the remains of my art  
sprinkled my voice with honeys and flies  
to dream dark  
where your body curls up  
and splits me

## CODA

(what has you been doing while I was sleeping?)



## CAMINAR

Caminar sin rumbo  
dando tumbos  
Caminar salvaje  
sin más equipaje  
que ser digno de ti

Ir hasta el fondo  
del agua y las plantas  
Echarte de menos  
y cuando me ofreces tu manta  
decirte que no  
Para ver claro  
hay que internarse en los pantanos

Ser elástico  
en un mundo cartesiano  
Volver del revés los guantes  
hasta que salgan tus manos  
en aventura sin ley  
Hacer un pacto con el puente  
para dormir debajo  
con dos libros, un cepillo de dientes  
y una foto de tu sangre de ballena insurrecta  
Vivir concupiscentos días  
en el teatro de tus bosques

Caminar sin rumbo  
hasta la más profundo  
Caminar salvaje  
hasta donde lleve el viaje.

(Poema escrito en Isle of Gigha (2000) and Siete Aguas (2016))

## WALKING

To walk without any direction  
Wandering around  
To walk wildly  
without carrying any bags but  
being worthy of your own life

To get to the bottom  
of waters and plants  
To miss yourself and when  
someone offers you a blanket  
to say it's not necessary  
To see all clear  
you have to go deeply into the swamp

To be flexible  
in a fixed world  
To turn your gloves inside out

until your hands fly free  
in lawless adventures  
To make a deal with the bridge  
in order to sleep under  
with a couple of books, a toothbrush  
and a picture of your rebel-whale blood

To live for concupis-centuries  
in the theater of your woods

To walk wandering around  
to the deepest  
To walk wildly  
where the trip takes you to



CIRCUS OF LIFE (NO NET)  
(Aquí no hay red)

You can go  
but not too far  
please  
Be careful when you go out  
In this circus there's no net  
Here there's no net

We dedicate so much time  
to talk about things that happen  
that things hardly have time  
to happen  
And the neighbors hit the partition wall  
for you to lower the music  
we want to hear

You can go  
but not too far  
please  
You can go  
but look if you leave something behind  
a collar in the empty bottle  
a heart that always goes round  
the same station

You can go

but not too far  
please  
Be careful when you go out  
In this circus there's no net  
Here there's no net

No te vayas muy lejos  
Aquí no hay red  
Aquí no hay red

ABOUT WINE (Sirious & DeeDee)

What I know about wine  
I understand only  
when I drink  
The wheel of life is  
Fragility  
Madness  
Calm

I grease the wheel every day  
Don't mind if this doesn't make sense  
I am so fast I don't run  
I know you are on my side when you caress me

Bongos, light, action  
Fragility  
Madness  
Calm

What I know about wine  
I understand only  
when I drink  
The broken canes you lean onto  
are no better than climbing

The wheel of life is

Fragility  
Madness  
Calm

We are leaving the empire behind  
We get closer to the beauty that makes us speechless  
You can come with me whenever you want  
but never ask me  
how much is left to arrive

What I know about wine...



## DIANA & ROBIN

They are sweet  
They are bitter  
They are so close so far  
They act in a film noir  
They love to play the rebel notes  
Chocolate at night makes them float

Call her Diana  
She's a radiant figure in a dark world  
Ice block for the days of the walls  
Call him Robin  
He's a dreamer of voiceless dreams

They are the arrow  
They are the bow  
They are living in Liberty Row

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VANINA

SOLO SOY UN CARBONERO  
HIJO DE UN CIRUJANO RURAL  
TÚ LA PRINCESA DE LAS CALLES DE ROMA  
TU MIRADA NO TIENE FINAL

EL FUTURO ES INCIERTO  
RODEADOS DE ENEMIGOS  
ME PEDISTE 3 DÍAS  
TE DI SEIS Y LA VIDA

AUNQUE NO AL MISMO RITMO  
TOCAMOS LA MISMA CANCIÓN (bis)

AUNQUE NO PUEDES CAMINAR  
LAS RUEDAS TE LLEVAN ADONDE QUIERAS LLEGAR  
ELLA LLEGÓ DEL OTRO LADO DEL MAR  
EN BUSCA DE RISA Y LIBERTAD

EL AMOR VUELA ALTO Y ES SUBTERRÁNEO  
AL BEBER DE TU CUERPO SE ABRE LA SED  
ESTAMOS GANANDO UNA BATALLA  
QUE OTROS PUDIERON PERDER

AUNQUE NO AL MISMO RITMO  
TOCAMOS LA MISMA CANCIÓN (bis)

IN THE RED

As much as you may know about storms  
a lightning bolt may strike you  
The waiter of love has a day off  
The girls have gone out  
I'm in the red (4)

I have this beautiful broken smile  
I once met that woman from Brownfield Land  
She said "Oh boy, I love your smile-  
it's like a child looking at his very first bike  
~~while he can't ride yet~~"  
I'm in the red (4)

Lalala (bridge) (2)

It's been a long time that I've been walking around  
I fell down from the train that takes you home  
I lost the sharpest teeth I used to chew  
I'm kind with strangers  
whose speech is sweet and quiet  
I'm in the red (8)

Lalala (bridge)

I'm in the red... (4)

## EN ROJO

Las chicas han salido  
Llevo el paraguas cerrado  
Por mucho que sepas de las tormentas  
Igual te puede partir un rayo  
El camarero del amor tiene el día libre  
Las chicas han salido

Estoy en numeros rojos  
y tengo esta preciosa sonrisa rota  
Conocí a una mujer en la Tierra Descampada  
Me dijo que le encantaba mi sonrisa-  
"es como la de un niño que mira su primera bicicleta  
antes de aprender a montarla".

Hace tiempo que voy sin rumbo  
Me caí de los trenes que llevan a casa  
Perdí el diente más afilado  
con el que solía masticar pan duro  
Soy amable con los extraños  
cuyo hablar es dulce y tranquilo  
Luego me olvido

Mi voz ha salido  
No dejó dirección  
No dejó pistas de su paradero

Camino por ahí sin rumbo  
Leo historias, bebo vino  
Olvidé el calendario  
Quemé los puentes que construiste  
para poder llegar hasta ti  
Todavía espero encontrar un lugar silencioso  
donde bailar con mi respiración

Estoy en numeros rojos...

## LLÉVAME AL HUERTO

Voy a casa de Julia  
con un libro de cuentos  
y grapas en el alma  
Puedes hacer algo por mí:  
Cuando tengas tiempo  
llévame al huerto,  
ya me han contado muchos cuentos  
y ninguno me quitó el dolor

Vamos, llévame al huerto  
La ciudad no tiene los que venimos a buscar  
o vamos a Fisterra  
y hagamos el amor por el final

Podría seguirte, dice Julia  
pero no me gusta saber adónde voy  
Tienes planes  
Yo no tengo ninguno  
Sólo quiero reír por nada un momento  
y un vestido que sangre sin dolor

Vamos, llévame al huerto  
Hay trenes que disipan la ciudad  
O vamos a Fisterra  
y empecemos a sentir por el final

Bailarines en cajas de música  
Soñadores del mismo maldito sueño  
Obreros enterrados en barro  
Espantapájaros de orejas ocupadas

Julia bajo el árbol  
La locura que todo lo cura  
¿Cómo sería morderte los labios  
y luego dejarte beber?  
No olvides pagar siempre una noche más  
en el último hotel

Vamos, llévame al huerto  
Ya no queda vino en la ciudad  
O quizás en Fisterra  
a empezar el amor por el final

COSAS QUE PASAN EN CASA CUANDO NO ESTÁS  
(WHAT HAPPENS IN THE HOUSE WHEN YOU'RE NOT  
THERE)

What happens in the house when you're not there

Ay no recuerdo bien  
lo que en tu espalda dibujé  
Era Lira, la constelación  
Una estrella explotó  
Dos agujeros negros juegan a ser dios  
Sin andarme por las ramas  
nuestra historia está hecha  
de rayos gamma

Nadie lía los petas como tú  
Esto es lo que pasa cuando te vas  
Hosepipes! Hosepipes!  
Ahí vienen los bárbaros  
Será la Santa Inquisición

Han vallado la avenida  
Viene el Rey  
Esto es lo que pasa en casa  
cuando te vas

Me dices: "See you soon"

Ay cariño, quedamos la lavadora,  
el agua,  
el afilador  
y yo.

("See you soon....")

-----

(Oh I can't remember well  
what I drew on your back  
It was Lira - the constellation  
One star just exploded  
Two black holes are playing like they are gods  
Not beating around the bush:  
our story's been made of gamma rays

The knife-grinder has come to the neighborhood  
Nobody can roll joints like you  
Hosepipes! Hosepipes!  
This is what happens in the house when you leave

There come the barbarians  
It might be the Holy Inquisition  
They have fenced off the avenue  
The King is coming

This is what happens in the house when you're not there

And you tell me in a whisper:  
"See you soon"

Oh Darling, only we four left now:  
the washing machine, the watery sounds  
the knife-grinder  
and I.

("See you soon...")

AUELET, AUELET

"¡El cel em dóna la volta;"  
Cuánto atrevimiento el tuyo  
al plantar cara a la vida  
con 50 kilos y una luna  
rota en los labios.  
Te mostraron las reglas  
que vencen ante la ebriedad  
El viento te derribó una vez  
y otra hasta que te hiciste  
amante de las cometas.

Un sueño nace de un sueño.  
Lo que hayas visto al girarte  
es sin duda la estela,  
la estela del azul.

Auelet, auelet,  
vola que fa vent...

SOÑADO UNA CANCIÓN

C --- Em7 --- Am ---- G7---D

C - Em - Am -- D

F - G - F - G - D --- Em

He soñado una canción  
que se hace silencio  
al despertar  
He soñado una canción  
que se hizo sangre  
al curar

Nos abrazamos a las nubes  
cuando el sol eran  
barcos rotos  
Begonias y rosas Luxemburgo  
y entre el vello púbico  
tesoros perdidos y el mar

He soñado una canción  
que se hizo huella  
al borrar  
He soñado una canción  
que se hizo humo  
al disparar

Saltamos al vacío  
Con estilo más allá

de los muros  
de la única verdad

Queda una bala por volar  
Es la misma bala que nos volvió locos  
en la intemperie de un sofá

He soñado una canción  
que se hace silencio  
al despertar.

(Danzamos  
cuando el mundo todavía  
se estaba haciendo  
Caímos cuando todavía  
no existía ley  
de gravedad)

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## YA NO ESTÁS MÁS

Y ya no estás más  
Lo puedo jurar  
Y ya no estás más  
Y ya no seré  
el mismo de ayer  
Ya no estás más  
No puedo sentir  
lo que no ha de ocurrir  
El miedo pasó  
Me dijo que no  
Que ya no estás más  
Y ya no seré  
El mismo de ayer  
Me voy a romper  
Me voy a inventar  
Una mascara más  
Y tú ya no estás

Tejiendo las sombras  
está esa sonrisa  
que no volverá  
Vamos cantando  
como años atrás  
Que el río recuerde  
letra y compás  
Tiempo tendremos

de llegar a ciudad  
Entre las olas dementes  
no te puedo encontrar  
Y ya no estás más  
Y ya no seré  
El mismo de ayer  
Recordar y olvidar...

Quid, quae te pura solum sub nocte canentem  
audieram? Numeros memini, si verba tenerem  
(Virgilio, Bucólicas IX)

## ALCANZARTE

Intento alcanzarte  
pero tú ya no estás  
Tu cielo ya es rojo  
El mío es negro piedad  
Llevo retraso porque llego a sentir  
sin saber lo que se siente al llegar

Cierras los ojos para ver el sol  
Y aún estoy rompiendo la luna en dos  
La canción olvidada de la Troupe Escarlata  
Qué mejor que volcar la jarra  
y titubear

Intento alcanzarte  
pero tú ya no estás  
Me prestaron un sueño  
que parecía real  
Cerillas en cajas  
no arden jamás  
El mundo entero se parte  
Buena suerte al saltar

Cierras los ojos para ver el sol  
Y aún estoy rompiendo la luna en dos  
La canción olvidada de la Troupe Escarlata

Qué mejor que volcar la jarra  
y titubear

Intento alcanzarte  
pero tú ya no estás  
Llevo retraso porque llego a sentir  
sin saber lo que se siente al llegar

I'm trying to catch up to you  
but you are not there anymore  
Your sky is already red  
Mine is mercy black  
I'm being late 'cause I come to feel  
not knowing how does it feel when you arrive

You close your eyes to look at the sun  
and I'm still breaking the moon in half  
That forgotten song of the Scarlet Gang  
What better than pouring out the jug  
and hesitate

I'm trying to catch up to you  
but you are not there anymore  
They borrowed me a dream  
that seemed so real  
Matchticks in boxes never burn  
I'm being late 'cause I come to feel

not knowing how does it feel when you arrive

You close your eyes to look at the sun  
and I'm still breaking the moon in half  
That forgotten song of the Scarlet Gang  
What better than pouring out the jug  
and hesitate

I'm trying to catch up to you  
but you are not there anymore  
Your sky is already red  
Mine is mercy black  
I'll be the footsteps  
you're leaving behind

EN EL MAR

ME PERDÍ ENTRE LAS PIERNAS QUE SE ALEJAN  
CUAL TIJERAS QUE DIVIDEN LOS TIEMPOS  
ME PERDÍ EN LAS MIRADAS QUE SON VIEJAS  
LOS ABRACADABRAS QUE LLEVA EL VIENTO

NO ME DIJISTE CUÁNTO HAY QUE ESPERAR  
PARA QUE AL FIN SE PUEDA RESPIRAR  
EN EL MAR  
EN EL MAR....

NO ME DIJISTE CUÁNTO HAY QUE ESPERAR  
SIN RESPIRAR  
EN EL MAR  
EN EL MAR....

## SKATERS SONG

I love going to a humble park near my house  
Sit down and watch young skaters flying

far from Murdoch  
far from flashy town (bis)

I do believe skaters are free,  
more than words  
As they run and jump,  
jump and fly

I have thoughts of poems I can't write  
Skaters are faster than me

thinking of words  
thinking of you (bis)

You know I got scars  
It was the time of the knife  
Now I have a desire  
for our lives

These words skating  
away  
then  
coming back, twisting and doing a last jump (twice)

## PAJAR DE MARTE

Como en un pajar de Marte  
Masturbado por un robot  
Así me siento sin un boli tomando  
notas en el cristal  
He dylanthomaseado el velo del mediodía  
Y eso yo que no tengo reloj ni cuchilla  
Me he sacado un cuarto ojo  
Y lo he sacado a pasear  
Para que de tanto mirarte ir y venir  
Sepa lo que es el estrabismo de vivir

Un alga de nada  
Una nalga que nada  
Sin mi cuerda rota voy  
Si tu fiera explota voy  
Voy, voy...

Como en un pajar de Marte  
Masturbado por un robot  
Así me siento sin un bolo tomando  
notas en el cristal  
He dylanthomaseado el velo del mediodía  
Y eso yo que no tengo reloj ni cuchilla  
Me he sacado un cuarto ojo  
Y lo he sacado a pasear  
Para que de tanto mirarte ir y venir

Sepa lo que es el estrabismo de vivir

Allá voy...

### HAYSTACK ON MARS

Like in a haystack on Mars

Wanked By A Robot

This is how I feel without a pen taking

Short hand notes on a glass

I have dylanthomassed the veil of noon

And did that having no watch nor blade

I have taken out a fourth eye

And I have taken him for a walk

So that from so much watching you come and go

I will find out what the strabismus of living is

A seaweed of nothing

A buttock that swims

Without my broken rope I go

If your beast explodes I will

go, go...

Like in a haystack on Mars

Wanked By A Robot

This is how I feel without a pen taking

Short hand notes on a glass

I have dylanthomassed the veil of noon

And did that having no watch nor blade

I have taken out a fourth eye

And I have taken him for a walk

So that from so much watching you come and go

I will find out what the strabismus of living is

There I go...

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## DECEMBER SONG

Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot  
Not a word! Into your clothes and come  
December night, in our thinking room  
Smoke and laughter, and a beating drum

This is a song for Winter  
it's cold outside, what we pretend  
it's to carry with us the flame  
keep on carrying the flame my friend

A song, a song, high above the trees  
We need the score, the mystery  
Under control, we need all the goods  
A walk in the Woods  
A voice as big as the Sea

This is a song for Winter  
it's cold outside, what we pretend  
it's to carry with us the flame  
keep on carrying the flame my friend

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## CINDERELLA SHOES

I once went to heaven and they said: 'what the hell are you doin' here'. So I never tried again. I met you down by the pylons of Dry River anyway. I asked you for laughter and tears. You said: 'Only heaven knows'. Then you began to dance. Some weeks later I'd learnt one thing: many had been looking for Cinderella' shoes but I was the only one who saw your perfect feet.

(Fui una vez al cielo y me dijeron: ¿qué demonios haces aquí? No volví a ir. Te conocí junto a los postes de luz en Río Seco. Te pedí risas y lágrimas. Dijiste: 'Sólo el cielo lo sabe'. Y seguiste bailando. Unas pocas semanas después había aprendido una cosa: muchos habían estado buscando como locos los zapatos de Cenicienta, pero solo yo me había dado cuenta de tus pies perfectos.)

VANINA

I AM JUST A COALMAN  
SON OF A RURAL SURGEON  
YOU THE PRINCESS OF THE STREETS OF ROME  
YOUR LOOK HAS NO END

THE FUTURE IS UNCERTAIN  
SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES  
YOU ASKED ME FOR 3 DAYS  
I GAVE YOU SIX AND MY LIFE

ALTHOUGH NOT AT THE SAME RHYTHM  
WE ARE PLAYING THE SAME SONG (bis)

Even though you can't walk  
WHEELS TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO  
SHE CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA  
IN SEARCH OF LAUGH AND FREEDOM

LOVE FLIES HIGH AND UNDERGROUND  
BY DRINKING FROM YOUR BODY THE THIRST IS  
OPENED  
WE ARE WINNING A BATTLE  
THAT OTHERS COULD LOSE

AT SEA

I got lost between the legs that move away  
LIKE SCISSORS THAT DIVIDE THE TIMES  
I got lost in the looks that are old  
THE ARMCHAIRS THAT THE WIND BRINGS

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW MUCH TO WAIT  
SO THAT WE CAN FINALLY BREATHE  
AT SEA  
AT SEA....

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW LONG TO WAIT  
WITHOUT BREATHING  
AT SEA  
AT SEA....

## LISTENING TO THE RAIN

(so far: Intro / verse 1 / refrain / instrumental round / verse 2 / refrain / last round adding "listening...listening to the rain to the instrumental last round)

(verses part 1: D -Eminor - G- D

change part 2 of the verse, refrain: C (C6) - D

I got so tired of waiting for you  
It's been almost a century  
It's too late to say hello  
Earth is old and so is my skin  
The sky has dark clouds  
nobody can see but me  
The sky has dark clouds  
nobody can see but me

(2 rounds of instrumental verses)

I really don't like all what I see  
listening to the rain  
My eyes are not what they used to be  
Failure is that joy again  
My hands are trembling  
Moths are flying around my brain  
My hands are trembling  
Moths are flying around my brain

Listening

## Listening to the rain

(Instrumental verse and back to 4 lines of verse and end)

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ALGO MÁS QUE VER  
COMO JACK KEROUAC I ELS SEUS GATS  
COS DE FUM

AUELET SERIES.  
DISCO 1.

VANINA VANINI  
DIANA & ROBIN  
IN THE RED  
LLÉVAME AL HUERTO  
WHAT HAPPENS IN THE HOUSE WHEN YOU'RE NOT  
THERE  
EL CEL EM DONA LA VOLTA  
ALGO MÁS QUE VER  
PAJAR DE MARTE

DISCO 2.  
SOÑADO UNA CANCIÓN  
ALCANZARTE  
EN EL MAR  
COM JACK KEROUAC I ELS SEUS GATS  
COS DE FUM  
DIGNO ARTE

**ADDENDUM**  
(BREVE IDILIO, 1987-1992)

BREVE IDILIO. 1. 1987-1988.

Canciones:

"IDILIO EN INVIERNO"

"FRAGANCIA"

"LITURGIA"

BREVE IDILIO .2.

"Pasión x Pasión". 1992.



## PASIÓN POR PASIÓN

Los que buscan placer  
O se causan dolor  
Ese tren que va hacia el Norte  
De mi corazón  
Llevan oro en las mochilas  
Y semillas del perdón  
No sé quién eres  
Pero me gusta que me sigas hoy

Unos tienen orgullo  
Y otros piensan triunfar  
Tú y yo lo hacemos por el juego  
Son cosas del corazón  
La quimera del oro  
Apurando los clavos  
No sabes qué quiero  
Pero me gusta que me sigas hoy

Las estrellas errantes  
Los que viven sin hogar  
Una noche en la cabaña  
Del emperador  
Me dará suerte tocarte  
Cuando pierda la razón

No sé quién eres  
Pero me gusta que me sigas hoy

No fue por nada  
Que pasaron los días  
Fue pasión por pasión  
Pasión por pasión  
Dos ruedas en la vía  
Fue pasión por pasión

Era una bella historia  
Pero se pudo complicar  
Miles de bestias hambrientas  
Y una sola pieza que cazar  
Llevan oro en las mochilas  
Y semillas del perdón  
No sé quién eres  
Pero me gusta que me sigas hoy

No fue por nada que pasaron los días....

## SOMBREROS

No es cosa de miedo  
Ese cuervo en la ventana  
Tenemos que salir  
Pero luego volveremos  
El peligro pasó  
Sabes que  
No es cosa de miedo

No es cosa de miedo  
Esa nube en la ventana  
Nos duele partir  
Pero luego volveremos  
El tirón ya pasó  
Sabes que  
No es cosa de miedo

Nunca nos gustó  
Guardar el vino en botellas  
Es sólo un momento  
Sombreros al viento  
Nunca nos gustó  
Guardar el vino en botellas  
Es sólo un momento

## Salir y cogerlo

No es cosa de miedo  
Ese tren amarillento  
Las vidas que cargó  
Servirán como amuleto  
Otro día llegó  
Sabes que  
No es cosa de miedo.

ESTACIÓN LISBOA  
(Santa Apolonia)

Despertó sin saber  
Quién pagó por su piel  
Cuando siguió  
La línea azul de languidez  
Bajo sus pies

Se vistió sin saber  
Quién robó su niñez  
Imaginó  
Quién era él  
Lluvia de sal sobre su piel

No adivinan su edad  
Los cielos rojos del sur  
Dos palabras  
Sobre el hielo vio  
No podré  
Nunca olvidar tu voz

Oh deseó  
Sentir el garfio otra vez  
Sobre su piel.

VORAMAR

Hay un lugar  
Donde el tiempo se mantiene  
Mirando hacia el mar  
Todas las sombras son frías  
Los veranos calientes  
Yo te quiero llevar  
A tus grandes ojos grises  
A tus renos llevar  
Subir la escalera  
Abrir la cremallera y mirar

Dulce viento salado  
Los que perdieron su tierra volverán  
Toallas rojas  
En tu cuaderno escribí  
Hay un lugar  
Donde el tiempo es luz  
Yo te quiero llevar  
Allí.

Between 1986 and 1988 I wrote the lyrics for the great Band  
"Terminal Sur" (LP "Viajero, 1988).  
This is the first one I wrote.

### THIS DARK VOICE OVER

You healed your wounds  
in the shadow.  
Nurses and delusions  
In the hospital.  
You drew with your hands  
The confusing reality.  
Now you are healed,  
You're going to Europe.  
You can lie, if you want,  
with impudence and elegance:  
You can whistle, if you want,  
To your face in the glass.

Dalmau, sad healing  
To become one of two.  
If you danced the gnawi  
in the nights of Malawi  
Why do the echoes still sound  
Of that dark voiceover?

You bridged, unwittingly,  
the gap between you and

the homeless African eyes  
The trip has canceled  
Your happy inner crash  
Now you are on a roll.  
You're going to Europe.  
You can play, if you want,  
With the lights of the road.  
You can play, if you want,  
The role of the loser.

You feel nostalgic, you miss  
A woman's coat.  
Know the gods and cats  
That this guy falls on his feet.

Dalmau, sad healing  
To become one of two.  
If you danced the gnawi  
in the nights of Malawi  
Why do the echoes still sound  
Of that dark voiceover?

(1986-1987, lyrics for the band Terminal Sur)



**OTRAS LETRAS:** (Letras de Fernando Garcín para performance en directo y letras para otros artistas - LIVE PERFORMANCES by F.G. AND LYRICS FOR OTHER ARTISTS)

“Rey Escarlata” fue escrita y publicada en el libro “Valencia Nit Blues” (Cuadernos del Mar, 1982). Interpretada en directo entre 1982 y 1988. Luego fue musicada de nuevo como canción e interpretada por Néstor Mir y Fernando Garcín, y por Panta Rei, desde 2003.

“Louise” también fue interpretada en directo entre 1986 y 1987, y en 1997 en el Ateneo de Russafa, y luego con nueva

música grabada por Maloa Warriors en 2014.

“Esa Oscura Voz en Off” y “Arthur El Africano” fueron escritas en 1988 para Terminal Sur y nunca fueron grabadas, “Esa Oscura Voz en Off” fue interpretada y publicada en “Inventario. Poesía en Valencia. Últimas Propuestas” (1987) e interpretada en directo en 1988 con base pregrabada de música étnica de baile en cinta por el autor en la sala de la CAM dentro de la presentación de dicho Inventario, junto con “Rey Escarlata” y “Singapur”.

Terminal Sur: “Viajero”, “Vampiro”, “Otro Brindis”, “Dinero Negro”, “Arearea” (1988-1989)

La Gran Esperanza Blanca. “Parejas” (1996 con Cisco Fran)

Burguitos: “Conecta Tu Pulso” (2002, Burguitos/ F.Garcin)

La Otra Mitad: “Lejos Tú” (2002)

Christophe Morin / Fernando Garcin. CD “Cataras Clown Band”: “La Tortuga que sueña” y “Mundo marujo”. (2008)

da boi derinho: “Mademoiselle” (2014)

da boi derinho: “Fleeting Wintery Night” (2014)

Jose Moya “JMOYA”: “Bed Of Rains” (2014)

Andrew Austin: “Be Spoken Fer” & “About Wine” (2015)

Maloa Warriors: “Louise”, “Un Momento / A Moment”, “Plegaria 709”, “Sienta Bien” (2014, Maloa Warriors Album: “Soulflower”)

Maloa Warriors: “Circus Of Life” (Stoned SouldFlower Picnic Album, 2016)

Maloa Warriors: “Non Onmis Moriarty” (Album Pasticcio Oraculare, 2016)

Maloa Warriors: “Dulce Moon” (Album La Voluttuosa

Commedia, 2017)

Maloa Wawwiors. "Cinderella Shoes" (2019)

Steve Inglis: "Frozen Land" (2018)

Hilrant (Paul Tilley):

"Morphine The Ballerina", "Playtime", "Song Away", "In The Underground", "Be Your Own Tune", "Murder S", "The Muse She Dances All Day Long", "Roving Dog".

(2019)

Andrew Austin: "Hey Jack" (2020)

"December Song" (2021)

Hilrant (Paul Tilley)

"Hope", "Something 4 Nothing", "Truth", "This Mortal Coil", "Dance Hall Daze", "Young Punk", "Victim Eyes" (2021).

BOOTLEG. AUELET SERIES # 1 & # 2:

"Panta Rei", "Listening To The Rain", "Pajar de Marte", "las Cosas Que Me Gustan de Ti", "Cosas que Pasan en Casa Cuando Tú no Estás (See You Soon)", "Voy", "Noche Larga".



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