



FERNANDO GARCIN

LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS

1996-2011



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. 1997-1999.

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 not 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

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 lose 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)

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.



NEW ONES AND NOT YET PUBLISHED (2009-2011)

THE CARROUSEL KITCHEN (La Cocina Carrusel)

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 carrousel 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 carrousel 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
A canister 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 carrousel kitchen

VANINA VANINI

I'm only a coal miner
A rural doctor's son
You're the princess of the streets of Rome
Your look is endless

The future is uncertain
surrounded by enemies
You asked me for three days
I gave you six and my life

Vanina Vanini
Love flies high as does betrayal
Vanina Vanini
You wanted the impossible
my pride and your courage

Red-coloured poison
Drinking from your body makes one thirsty
We are winning a battle
which might be lost

Vanina Vanini
Though it's not the same rhythm
we are playing the same song

SLEEPING WITH YOU (Dormir Contigo)

I can't see the letters on the mirror
Indians didn't see the blue' coats coming
I'm going to sleep with you

They can buy your soul
or they can sell you a gun
I'm going to sleep with you

They want you to want more
than what it's really worth
I'm going to dream with you

Hell is a nice place for a visit
but they don't let the snowmen in
You may be smart, you may be stupid, you may not have country
I'm going to dream with you

If the enemy exists, you already know where he is
A friend is where he always was
When you don't know whose you are
I'll be yours
I'm going to sleep, to lose myself with you

Give me a light, give me some relief
Here comes the choir and they are shining
I'll ask you for something if you stay
There's no love without a bit of innocence

Your phrases come slowly
but soon I understand them
Mum kept everything that fascinates me
in the kitchen
Namibia is burning, so is Namur
Innocents appear in photos and soldiers
but not commanders-in-chief
I'm going to sleep with you

I take my clothes off
to put on your body
though you may not be in my bed
I'm going to sleep with you
Dream with you, wander with you

Give me a light, give me some relief
Here comes the choir and they are shining
I'll ask you for something if you stay
There's no love without a bit of innocence

THE 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 cynicism
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.

CLOUDS

You travel by night
Or dream by day
Railroads are old
But I still know where you can laugh or cry
The clouds make space
For a sigh and a chance

They closed the factory
When I still didn't have a name
The town is rusty
You go without shoes on the ice the southern way
The clouds make space
for tenderness in blue

I don't fit in drugstores of fluorescent light
You have missed many a toast in tea rooms
While you won in the shadows
Your right to shine with your coffee eyes

You arrived from the continent which has space for everything
But fortune didn't want you there
I bite the ankles of desire, under beds
We smoke some joints, sometimes the bandages of joy
Are priceless

The clouds make space
We keep going, just to see...

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

LOST (Perdido)

The girls have gone out
I'm holding my umbrella folded
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 lost
I have this beautiful broken smile
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
Then I forget

My voice has gone out
Didn't leave word of a new address
Didn't write a note
I'm lost walking around
Reading stories, drinking wine
I forgot the agenda
I burnt the bridge you built for me
and I'm lost walking around

THE BED THAT RAINS (La Cama Que Llueve)

Everything began a thousand years ago
when I looked into your eyes
and knew you were my brother

Everybody is plugged in
They draw more borders
but there are less permission
to get in or get out

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

The night in Tunisia
The despaired street vender
How far the wind takes
what burns and cries out

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

Everything began 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

LEAD ME ON (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.

DISTILLER (Destilador)

I take the tiredness of day
The sweat, the wrinkles, the hugs
The pains, the laughter, the boredom
A fleeting image passing by in front of my eyes
and I know it was the beauty I always wanted to find
Another image that made me think of the horror that lies ahead of us
Second-hand clothes, different voices, scraps
Grease from the motorbike, a notch on the wall
I take all this and I distil it
in an invisible still
I distil what the day brings and takes away
and it remains a poem that is not the day
and might be any day

One of these nights
we can have a drink together
if you want

