

# Cosmic Twang



*Restless*

## Long Way From Here

Long way from here  
Where the mountains get higher  
Where the winds are more freezing  
And the winter so stern  
Long way from here  
Many days on the flyer  
And the people more easy  
You know, that's where I yearn

Long way from here  
Where my folks are a living  
Where they weather the crisis  
As they cling to the land  
Long way from here  
Where nothing is given  
A life of surprises  
So they know where to stand

Gone are my childhood,  
My youth, my compadres  
Memories are fading  
Like pictures in the sun  
I tried to keep in touch  
But when the last one  
Changed the address  
I found myself too tired  
Of playing hide-seek-and-run

Long way from here  
Where the ridge of the skyline  
Not as square as the city  
Made of bricks and concrete

Long way from here  
Far beyond the horizon  
Long way from here  
From the noise of the street



## Bus Stop

I was standing at the bus stop early in the morning  
No birds in the trees, I paid no attention to that warning  
Some clouds came from the east, black and gloomy as from Hell  
I buttoned up my jacket as the temperature fell  
I couldn't see no bus and it started to rain  
The storm hit my face like a rolling train.

I was raised in religion, I was beaten with the Bible  
I lost my faith in Jesus, he once used to be my idol  
I promised myself someday I'd run away  
When I woke up that morning I thought: This is the day  
So I packed my bag and went to the bus stop  
The Devil came from east high over the rooftops

I was standing at the bus stop feeling like a refugee  
I've never been so lonely, I've never felt so free  
Now I would go out to the world and get my self a woman  
But first of all I'd climb a bus, why wasn't it coming?  
I could never go back. That was beyond controversy  
But the elemental forces showed me no mercy

Now twenty years have gone and I'm still living in these quarters  
The reverend's stopped beating me, I'm married to his daughter  
I'm doing fine as long as I got strength to bow and scrape  
Sometimes I sit and wonder why don't I escape  
But my bus won't come. I am tied to this place  
I am stuck on this bus stop till the day of grace

(Hammond: Harald Værnor)

## Rooster-Killer

I killed a rooster this morning  
My freezer was empty and I needed meat  
The sun stood still when the axe fell  
Blood on my feet  
Laundry hanging on the clothesline  
Softly moving in the early morning breeze  
Ain't been no rain for a long time  
I prayed – Rain come, please!

I killed a rooster this morning  
And sacrificed the blood to the gods below  
A sudden wind through the courtyard  
And I heard the screams of invisible crows

I got a lot to amend on,  
It's been a part of my legacy  
Got no one to depend on  
Had a rooster in captivity  
Got some flowers in my windows  
Got some acres drying up in the sun  
And I don't know where the wind blows  
I pray – Rain please come!

I killed a rooster this morning ...

Is love worth the dreaming?  
Her lips often haunted me  
Don't know exactly the meaning  
I killed a rooster and the blood ran free  
I left a note on the table  
Oh Lord have mercy again  
Everything so unstable  
But I keep praying – Rain, please rain!

I killed a rooster this morning ...

## On the Couch

I'm lying on the couch  
Just fled from all the stress  
All that surrounds me  
Has piled up in a mess  
Been trying to be effective  
It just hit back on me  
Today I got fired  
But I ain't feeling free

I'm scared, I'm scared  
Every minute of the time  
I believe it's a shame  
I believe it's a crime  
And my mind is a monster  
Trying to destroy me

I'm lying on the couch  
Just looking at the screen  
Bottles on the table  
My windows ain't clean  
The kitchen is all chaos  
Floor's like a sandy shore  
Smoking butts from the ashtray  
Smoking butts from the ashtray

I'm scared, I'm scared ...

I'm lying on the couch  
The time is passing by  
My room ain't got no ceiling  
I'm looking straight up into the sky  
I'm leaving this old world  
I'm leaving on a dream  
Don't know when I'll be back again  
Don't know if I'll be back again

I'm scared, I'm scared ...

## Restless Mind

Restless mind, can't stay home  
Got to go out every night  
Sparkling wine in the hippodrome  
It knocks like dynamite

Waking up with a bad hangover, every day  
Dirt and dust, and mess all over, smell of decay  
And the protections against all kinds of threats  
Might be a progress  
Never seen any kind of defense against loneliness  
Restless mind – can't stay home  
Got to go out every night

Lonely nights, some tragic life  
Got to drink myself to sleep  
I see no light, my mind is rife  
With sorrows far too deep

Waking up with a bad hangover, every day ...

Free your mind, all the time  
Feeling fine, ain't no crime  
Sparkling wine in the hippodrome  
Restless mind, I wanna go home

Restless mind, can't stay home  
Got to go out every night  
Got to go out every night  
Got to go out every night

## Long Will I Run

Long will I run, when the summer has gone  
Lost be the memories as the leaf turns yellow  
Moments we share like a bonfire's flare  
In our lifelong summer night on the moonlit meadow

Life is short, life is long  
Sing the cradle- and evensong  
At the minute we leave the womb  
We get saddled with our doom  
Butterfly in the wind  
The next moment stuck on a pin  
We're getting older as we haste along  
From mirror to mirror

Long will I ride when there's no place to hide  
As the sun rise in the west  
I cross the snowy plateau  
Never looking back, only follow the track  
In an everlasting quest of a mountain

Tin soldiers left behind  
Once the part of a boyish mind  
Yours for just a sigh in time  
Wiped out in the first, front line  
Like reapers we gather in  
Our little harvest in the autumn wind  
And praise God for the original sin  
On the thanksgiving ...

Long will I search  
Through the cosmic church  
In the black frost foggy light  
When the mires are frozen  
Just got one prayer  
A whisper in the air  
That I'll fulfill the destiny  
For which I am chosen  
Long will I run - Long will I run ...



## Planetary Deeds

Been saving up for startling changes  
I knew they had to come my way  
The day you said  
Our love was dead  
I had the means to get away

I thought it was a good occasion  
For doing things I've never done  
I bought a bike  
And as I passed the pike  
I felt my life had just begun

But in the night I felt the fright  
Escape is just another flight  
All we bleed as time proceeds  
– Frequent planetary deeds ...

The air up in the north was good to breathe in  
The mountains of my youth were such a sight  
The river where my tears once used to bleed in  
– Still floating to the sea in moony nights

Been saving up for startling changes  
But I misjudged the twilight zone  
I felt so free, and didn't see  
That I was standing all alone

With bad grace we had to face  
That all our dreams get lost in space  
All we bleed as time proceeds  
– Frequent planetary deeds  
– Planetary deeds

(Additional guitar: Morten Burud)

## Busy Feeling Blue

You can have the coffee set  
And the corner group  
You can have the rowing machine  
And the silly hula-hoop  
Just keep the stereo  
And all the records too  
I don't care I'm busy feeling blue  
I don't care I'm busy feeling blue

You can keep everything  
And all that I possess  
I just wanna get out of here  
And get my own address  
Keep our savings in the bank  
Or buy a trip to Malibu  
I don't care I'm busy feeling blue  
I don't care I'm busy feeling blue

Things we did collect all from the start  
Have no meaning without you  
Since you broke my heart  
Nothing matters any more  
All those things  
just make me sad and blue

I give a damn about real estate  
Diamonds and gold  
You have warm feelings  
For our bank account  
Apart from that rather cold  
I gave you everything I had  
Now I don't know what to do  
I don't care I'm busy feeling blue ...

(Hammond: Harald Værnor)

## Venetian Blinds

I can see a lot of stars through my windows  
The moon is painting blue stripes on my wall  
I don't know any longer where the wind blows  
I spend all my time just waiting for a call

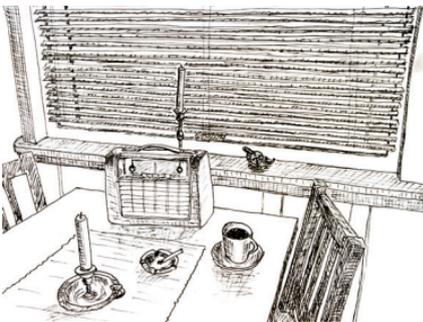
I'm a living in the foggy land of nowhere  
Where my mind is facing memories in lines  
And the moon amplifies my thinking of her  
Painting stripes upon my walls  
Painting stripes upon my walls  
Painting stripes upon my walls  
- Venetian blinds

And all those empty bottles in the basement  
Were filled with loneliness and pouring rain  
Considered as a desperate replacement  
Which made the ache into a burning flame

I'm living in the foggy land of nowhere ...

I've been thinking 'bout the times we had together  
I cannot close that door within my mind  
But even if my days are getting better  
On moonlit nights she's coming through the blinds

I'm a living in the foggy land of nowhere ...



## With the Radio On

That morning (with the radio on) I cut my face  
That morning (with the radio on) it's just one of those days  
That morning (with the radio on) a cut on my chin  
That morning (with the radio on) blood on my skin

And the newsman in the radio said:  
There were forty-two casualties in Bagdad that morning  
And at least half of them were dead, that's what he said  
And then Robbie Williams started singing

That morning (with the radio on) I didn't care less  
That morning (with the radio on) I thought the world was a mess  
That morning (with the radio on) I couldn't do any better  
That morning (with the radio on) nothing strikes anymore

And the newsman in the radio said:  
There were forty-two casualties in Bagdad that morning  
And at least half of them were dead, that's what he said  
And then Robbie Williams started singing

That morning (I didn't care less) with the radio on  
That morning (I didn't care less) if the war was won  
That morning (with a cut on my chin) and the radio on  
That morning (it has always been) like father, like son

And the newsman in the radio never says:  
How many people there were crying  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
How many children who became orphans  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
How much it hurts to loose someone  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
How many people longing for peace  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
What it's like to loose your dreams  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
What it's like to never have dreams  
And the newsman in the radio never says:  
That's nothing's like what it seems  
And all the newsmen 'round the world never say:  
What a great singer Robbie Williams  
Really could have been



## *Cosmic Twang is:*

**Roy Hansen:** Lead vocal, guitars, lap-steel, banjo & harmonica

**Morten Burud:** Bass, backing vocals & Moog Taurus

**Øyvind Hansen:** Drums, perc., backing vocals, keyboards, Moog Taurus & Audio effects

All songs by Cosmic Twang

[www.cosmictwang.com](http://www.cosmictwang.com)

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