

TAMIKO THIEL



Lyrics and Songs

1985 - 1990





Texte: Tamiko Thiel, Fotoart: Gisela Hellinger, Layout: Gisela Hellinger  
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The Hand

What do you do

Standing on the Inside

The last of his Kind

Again

Drive

Lovers Lies

The Chinese Son-in-Law

Love like a Taxi

She´s a moving Target

## The Hand

Endless nights that start at dawn  
Talks in dim rooms, muffled cries  
Trap the darkness, let us sleep  
Close the blinds just at sunrise.

Stoke the fire, light the dark  
Break the silence with my cries  
Turn me round, pry me open  
Hold me tight and tell me lies.

Ref.:

The hand that shapes can make or break  
The hand that soothes can give and take  
The hand that rapes just takes and breaks.

Green-eyed monster comes again  
In sultry nights and midnight skies  
The dark attracts, the light repels  
Comes in to me, then he flies.

Ref.:

The hand that shapes can make or break  
The hand that soothes can give and take  
The hand that rapes just takes and breaks.

Whirlpools that suck me in  
Love and hate in emerald eyes  
Feel the magnet penetrate  
Love and pain from violent thighs.

Ref.:

The hand that shapes can make or break  
The hand that soothes can give and take  
The hand that rapes just takes and breaks.



What do you do

What do you see when you look at me?  
What do you smile and your eyes hide?  
Do you see what I think I want you to see?  
Or can you see deeper inside?

What do you want when you take my hand?  
Do you only want to feel my touch?  
Or can it be you want more from me?  
And can give you enough?

What do you hear when I call your name,  
and tell you I want to be near?  
Beside you, astride you, deep down inside you  
and drown in the sweetest of fear.

What do you do when you make love to me  
and surround me with the smell of your breath?  
When you lie there beside me and come deep inside me  
and dying, lay your head on my breast?

What do you know when I think of you  
and see your face floating in dreams?  
Do you know that I call you, can you hear me at all  
or are you as real as you seem?





## Standing on the Inside

I´m standing on the inside  
Trying to find out  
What is going inside

And those in the wrong  
Are the ones who are strong  
And those who are week  
Have no chance to speak.

The ones who are good  
Have never understood  
And the ones who are bad  
Are stark raving mad.

Every trail is an error  
And the ones who judge  
Are gifted in terror.

Whatever you do  
It´s bound to be wrong  
The only way to win  
Is to be one of the strong.

Do you want to belong  
To the ones you hate  
Or take your chance  
And risk your fate.

So pick your weapon  
and set your goal  
It´s death to the looser  
and winner-take-all.



The Last of his Kind -  
Playing to Lose with Amazing Grace

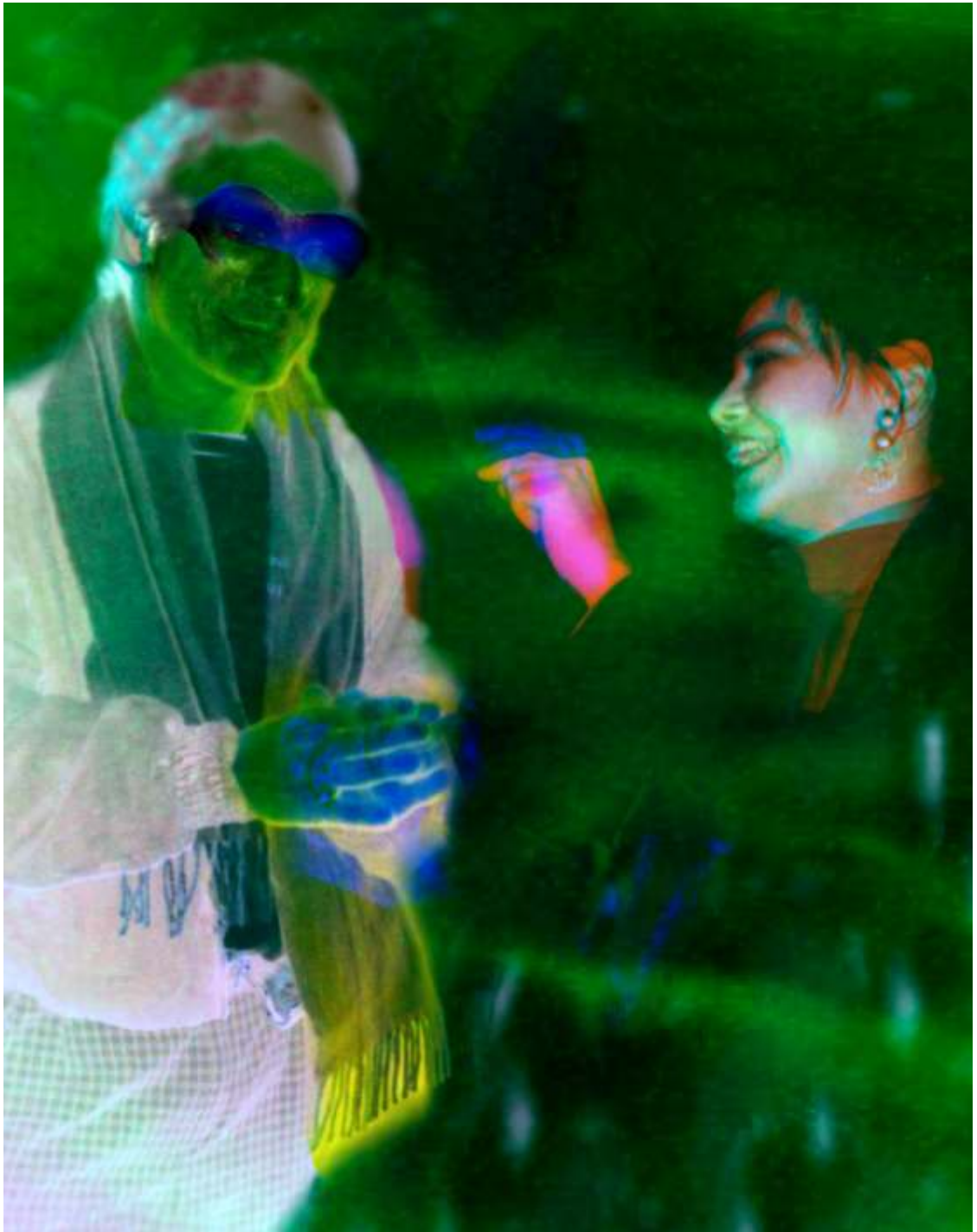
I saw him barefoot on a bet of honor  
Two weeks in winter snow and grey walls  
Where they taught him his arrogance and pride  
Raising dreams of the young with desired of the old.

I saw him in red light and pink silk alleys  
Booted and leathered, with helmet under arm  
Ready to battle for the lady in the window  
Who weaves visions of lace and money for love.

I saw him wading through monsoon streets  
Pausing mango pits in crowded jars  
Carrying the white man's burden on his shoulder  
In a world where only the yellow man wins.

When the last call comes he's first in the line  
When the last trumpet sounds he'll pay off his fines  
With his blood and his sweat, smiles and his lies  
And his own worst enemies will mourn when he dies  
He's the last of his kind and the first of his race  
Playing to lose with amazing grace.

He's a man of the empire, born to rule  
He's one of the best from the old, old school.  
But the carcass of the past is just maggots and flies  
And the old servants stare with jaundiced eyes  
At the last of his kind and the first of his race  
Who's playing to lose with amazing grace.



Again

Sometimes at night I lie in bed  
Watch the vein of life in your throat  
Jealous that you left me  
To lie in the arms of sleep  
I want to see me  
In your eyes again.

I see you awake in thrall to your thoughts  
Bent to a purpose driven by your will  
The energy that drives you  
Tingles on my skin  
I want to have you  
In my arms again.

You dance and you're gone  
Somewhere far away  
Only dust and haze  
Of memories yet to come  
A longing that won't heal  
Something lost to want you  
To be mine again.

We part and I go  
Alone through the streets  
Shadows by your absence  
Followed by the thought  
That every sign seems to say  
You're not there anymore  
I want to call and tell you  
To come back again.

Then you turn to me  
With a wide open heart  
The smile in your eyes  
Is for me alone  
Eternity stands still  
And infinity is real  
And I know that you're mine  
I'm at home again.



Drive  
(Cross-country disco hop)

We were two  
We were cool  
You my baby  
And me your girl

Shades and leather  
Moto-mama  
Disco-daddy  
San Fran cool

Sea sunlight  
Bars and nightlife  
Pravl the backlots  
Hit the nightspots

If I leave you  
Will you come too  
Coast to coast  
It ´s not so far

Drive to see me  
Cross the country  
Freeway motels  
Cheap room hotels

Six day non-stop  
Freeway tank stop  
Breakdown letdown  
Ho-Jos, IHOP

There you are  
You ´re such a star  
Let ´s hit the clubs  
And village bars





Shi.shi punks  
and Bowery bums  
Warehouse lofts  
and burned-out slums

After hours  
Strut your stuff  
In dingy bars  
God, you ´re tuff!

Short and sassy  
Big and brassy  
Prancing dancing  
Hot romancing.

Making spoons  
And making whoopee  
Hit the sheets  
And beat the heat

Sunrise bedtime  
Stay here be mine  
Let me go now  
Don ´t you fear

Come and see me  
Cross the country  
Phone me somehow  
Once a year.



## Lover ´s lies

The day with you  
Were bliss and joy;  
The days without you  
were hell and destroyed;  
My will to keep goin´  
And put up with your  
Lover ´s lies, lover ´s lies.

I told you the truth  
and it broke your heart;  
Just couldn´t manage  
to play up the part.  
Should I have tried  
To keep telling you  
Lover ´s lies, lover ´s lies.

You ´ve found another  
and I´m in tears  
But I drove you away  
With worries and fears.  
I didn´t want you then  
But I miss them now  
Those lover ´s lies, lover ´s lies.

She ´s dumb and she ´s blonde  
She ´s docile and meek  
She ´s everything I´m not  
And younger to beat;  
How can you love her now  
and tell her those same  
Lover ´s lies, lover ´s lies.

You bore me, you hurt me  
I hated you then.  
But don´t call her baby-  
I love you most when  
You don´t seem to want me  
and just tell me your  
Lover ´s lies, lover ´s lies.

Did I cry for you  
Or what I didn´t get?  
I´m still looking  
But haven´t found it yet.  
And no matter what you want  
I only seem to get  
Lover ´s lies, lovers lies.

Handwritten musical score for a song, featuring a background image of a smiling woman with glasses. The score is written on five staves, each with a different time signature and instrument/voice part.

Staff 1: 2/4 time, Guitar (Gitarre). Notes: G4, A4, B4, C5. Lyrics: *afafafa*.

Staff 2: 3/4 time, Bass (Bass). Notes: G3, A3, B3, C4. Lyrics: *afafafa*.

Staff 3: 5/4 time, Synth. Notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. Lyrics: *fa gaf agafa g af afafafa*.

Staff 4: 4/4 time, Synth. Notes: G4, A4, B4, C5. Lyrics: *afafafa*.

Staff 5: 4/4 time, Oboe (Oboe). Notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. Lyrics: *afafafa*.

## The Chinese Son-in-Law

Ain't you glad we never married  
Ain't you glad I went away  
If we had I'd now be crazy  
Taken to drink and gone astray.

Bedroom boredom, dismal evenings  
Trudgin' daily thru the mire  
Of our own forgotten daydreams  
Burned out wishes and desire.

Ref.:  
Now you see the bucket's empty  
The bait is gone, and so the catch  
Now I leave you, one moere promise  
This time's forever make ist last.

Sluggs are slightin' cross the bedroom  
Wurms are nibblin' at my toes  
That's the way it would be today  
If I hadn't made you go.

Spiteful games and dirty dealin'  
Shaft you screw me break the truce  
I am right you're wrong but who's the winner  
You're the fool and I'm the dupe.

Ref.:  
Now you see the buckets empty  
The bait is gone, one more promis  
This time's forever make it last.



Love like a Taxi

Love like a taxi  
Waits 'til you come,  
Drives through the night  
Goes when your 'e done.

Leaves you alone  
When you go home,  
There at the ready  
When you pick up the phone.

Waiting in line  
Hoping for a fall,  
If one 's not enough  
Give another a call.

But you knew the place  
Where old taxis go,  
Late at night  
And shrouded in snow.

.





To talk of women  
in high heeled shoes,  
How the meter ticked  
As they paid their dues.

With meter-driven dreams  
The ride ´s the thing,  
Takes you where you want  
And brings you everything.

´Cause love like a taxi  
Waits ´til you come,  
Drives through the night  
Goes when you ´re done.

But love like a taxi  
Won´t see out,  
When you ´re tired and cold  
There ´s no one about.

She´s a moving Target

Ref.:

She´s a moving target  
Yes, she wants to be pinned down  
But only for a night or two  
And then she´s leaving town.

You can keep her, feed her, fall in love  
But watch out when you do  
She´ll get restless feel the itch  
And move on leaving you.

She will write you letters send her love  
But don´t try to collect  
She loves the best those far away  
the rest die from neglect.

You can meet in Berlin Paris Rome  
In London or LA  
But don´t ask her to stay with you  
She´s always under way.





# Chinese Son-in-Law

(A)

Ain't you glad we never mar-ried Ain't you glad I went a-way  
If we had you be cr-a-zy taken to drink and gave a-  
1. stray 2. Now you see the buckets empty-  
-ty (rue) But it's gone and so's the catch Now I leave you one more pro-  
-mice This time for-e-ver make it last





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