

Working all day on newly fallen walls
And it's our job to keep rebuilding
What's not for our own protection
Since these structures are used for dividing...

All people and states
All races and religions
It's become the best way to separate

Old new ideas from
The foundation of tradition

First condense them
Then convince them to believe it's too late
When they know it really isn't

Get them to lose their hope
For if you can break their faith
Maybe they'll all stop searching
for what's hidden

History's hands of time have told
That when there's no buried treasure to behold

We all know there'll be no shovels left to be had
Nor no more miners to find others out there
to help them with their digging....
Ahhh

(8) AS FOR ME
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Kisses and drugs
Make the world go round
Angry eyes and frowns
Just keep us down...

Booze and hugs help take off the edge
It's great to escape every now and then...

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back
from the shattered glass

back from the shards
of shattered glass
back from these shards
of shattered glass

Religion puts us all in boxes and rows
Though we know it's hard to open
a mind that's closed

In politics half the people are wrong
Half the people are right
Some enjoy a good fight

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back from the shattered glass
Back from the shards of shattered glass
Back from these shards of shattered glass
Some people are strong
Others weak inside
So they hide behind
a hollow wall of pride
(That's what they/we do)

Some people are greedy
Others feed the needy
Still more are shady
And some just plain seedy

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back from the shattered glass
back from the shards of shattered glass
back from these shards of shattered glass

I don't judge myself on what I've done...
(Don't judge yourself on what you've done)
But on the things I've yet to do...
(There's so much out there that you can do)

I know somehow I've failed someone...
(You can't go pleasing everyone)
I'm just not yet sure if I know who...
(Sorry, but you will have to choose...)

(9) SINGER SONGWRITER

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I'm a singer... a songwriter...

I'm a lover... and a fighter...

I'm a poet... a word dancer...

I love asking questions...

Though I don't always like the answers

Still I do it... Try to see through it

Though I know that I don't have to

If you were me what would you do?

Is the question that I now ask you:

I'm a searcher... yes a seeker

I'm both a student... and a teacher

Yet I'm no prophet... nor a preacher

I sit here and I think -

But that just leads to more confusion...

I live to question... Become a believer

Not in self-deception but in something deeper

That gives my life meaning...

Even more than rhyming

And that's the reason that I keep on trying...

I try to open minds those that are closed

And uncover what needs to be exposed

By bringing myself up to the brink

Where my head feels like it will explode

Boy... I could use a drink

But that only adds cloudiness

to this great grand illusion...

I'm a singer... a songwriter...

I'm a lover... and a fighter...

I'm a poet... a word dancer...

I love asking questions

Though I don't always find the answers

Still I do it... Try to see through it

Though I know that I don't have to

If you were me
What would you do?
Is the question that I now ask you:

I'm a singer... a songwriter

(10) GIFT

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Sometimes I make myself cry...

We both know it's true
While other guys might lie...
I try to swallow my pride

It's a gift
It's a gift I give to you

Everybody dances for money
I dance for free
Everybody dances for money
I dance for free

Everybody's a slave to do something
I work for humanity

Everybody's got something to sell you
Is what they've been telling me
Everybody's got something to sell you
Is what they've been telling me

I stopped falling for advertisements
Once I bought into poverty
(Oh...come on boy!)

You don't care about the name you wear
When you don't have enough to eat
You don't care about the name you wear
When you don't have enough to eat

Lace and frills lead to unpaid bills
No electricity, water and heat

Once you have everything in life
There's nothing left to do but give
Once you have everything in life
There's nothing left to do but give

Just free yourself from this rat race
And say that you've lived

Sometimes I make myself cry...
We both know it's true

While other guys might lie...
I try to swallow my pride

It's a gift
It's a gift I give to you

(11) ALL IN A DAY
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
The bus arrived early...
The train late
I knew time was against me
Seems to forever be my fate

All in a day
All in a day
All in a day

I serve power nine to five
I fight power five to nine
Yet I'm feeling
more and more like
we're slowly falling behind

All in a day
All in a day
All in a day
All in a day

Who wants to invest
in a human being?
Because I vehemently disagree
with those who believe
That life is a game
Which must be won
so they say:

"We do business as
business is being done...
Rules? I am the rules!
Besides... with God on my side
Who Would ever be against me?"

All in a day
All in a day

Some people try to save lives
Others live to save coins
Some people love to watch
The sun rise late at night
Or what others call
the crack of dawn

All in a day
All in a day
All in a day
All in a day

All in a day
All in a day
All in a day
All in a day

All in a day
All in a day
All in a day
All in a day

All in a day
All in a day

(12) FOURTEEN DAYS
by Klaus Bluetner
& Tom Jensen & Big Suna
Nine o'clock in the morning
And I'm yawning
I can't get out of bed

Can it be that I'm dreaming
'Cause this feeling
Is still inside my head

And my soul has been lifted
It has drifted
Tryin' to fly away

and although I'm still tired
I'm inspired at the start
of a brand new day

I haven't played
in fourteen days

Just laid in bed
and hid away

I covered my tracks
and then I covered my head

I haven't played
in fourteen days

Just following my foolish ways

I'm takin' my time
so don't you think
that I'm dead

And I never heard
a single word
of what they said:

Behind my back
Or in front of my face

Hmmm....

Yeah!
Alright!
Ooh...hoo...hoo...

Nine o'clock in the morning
and I'm yawning
I can't get out of bed
Can it be that I'm dreaming
'Cause this feeling
Is still inside my head

And my soul has been lifted
it has drifted
tryin' to fly away

and although I'm still tired
I'm inspired
at the start
of a brand new day

I haven't played in fourteen days
Just laid in bed and hid away

I covered my tracks
and then I covered my head

I haven't played
in fourteen days

Just following my foolish ways

I'm takin' my time
so don't you think
that I'm dead

Fourteen days
and fourteen nights

But I tell you I'm alright...

And deep down inside I'm new
you will find out that it's true

Hoo!

(13) LAST MAN STANDING
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I've seen the good and the bad
To the highest and lowest degree
I'll be the last man standing
That and this is my creed:

When everything is silent
I know that I won't be blind
I will be the sole survivor
Left on the island that is my mind
You may call it crazy
The only way that I can cope
Ask me why nothing seems to phase me
Because you see I'm hanging by a rope

For I've seen the good and the bad
To the highest and lowest degree
I'll be the last man standing
That and this is my creed:

When everything is silent
I know I won't be blind
I will be the sole survivor
Left on the island that is my mind

You may surround yourself with paupers
And hold your cane just like a king
Converse with those who know nothing
Yet have opinions on everything

Trade away your suit coat
It will no longer keep you warm
Just like you it's traveled many times
Become beaten, ripped and torn
(beaten, ripped and torn)

So you think you've felt pain?
Just change into a new pair of shoes
With everything that you've gained
You've got more than nothing to lose?

Think of the mountains you have climbed
And the rivers you managed to cross
Knowing that those who had it all
Still ended up being lost

I've seen the good and the bad
To the highest and lowest degree
I'll be the last man standing
That and this is my creed:

Even though it still amazes me
That I haven't yet lost hope
I'll be the last man standing
On the last damn thing left afloat

I'll be the last man standing
On the last damn thing left afloat

A DAY AT THE OFFICE

SONG LIST 3

1. LAST CUP OF COFFEE
2. LOOKING FOR LOVE
3. PERFECT IMPERFECTIONS
4. AS I PLAY
5. CLEAN WIPE TO THE SLATE
6. LOW DOWN
7. IT IS YOUR TURN
8. TRENDING
9. CARRY ME
10. OASIS
11. END OF THE ROAD
12. RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES

⚠ TRIGGER WARNING – SONG LIST THREE

This collection focuses on reckoning, disillusionment, and confrontation with reality. Unlike the raw danger of List 4, Song List 3 is about waking up and realizing the world, the self, and the future are not what was promised. Several songs deal with sudden catastrophe, existential dread, identity collapse, and psychological exhaustion.

Themes and potential triggers include:

- Mass-casualty disaster imagery and sudden death (Last Cup of Coffee)
- Survivor's guilt and "ordinary day turns fatal" scenarios
- Depression, burnout, and emotional depletion
- Being misjudged, bullied, or socially targeted (Low Down)
- Loss of faith in institutions, media, and authority (Trending)
- Anxiety, dissociation, and intrusive thoughts

NOTABLE CONTENT WARNING:

Last Cup of Coffee contains explicit references to a real-world style mass tragedy, sudden death, and helplessness. Carry Me, Oasis, and End of the Road explore prolonged psychological struggle and spiritual erosion.

These songs don't ask for pity. They ask for awareness. Listener discretion is advised.

A DAY AT THE OFFICE

SONG LIST 3

1. LAST CUP OF COFFEE
2. LOOKING FOR LOVE
3. PERFECT IMPERFECTIONS
4. AS I PLAY
5. CLEAN WIPE TO THE SLATE
6. LOW DOWN
7. IT IS YOUR TURN
8. TRENDING
9. CARRY ME
10. OASIS
11. END OF THE ROAD
12. RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES

(1) LAST CUP OF COFFEE

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

It's just another morning
As the sun comes up again
Take your first sip of coffee
Say hello to your friend

Take a peek at the paper
Any good news today?
But it seems like nothing's going on
So face down it will stay

Eight o'clock in the morning
And your job cries out your name
Sitting down at your computer
But something is gonna change

Another sip of coffee
But your papers stay in your drawer
So many places you'd rather be

And then you see a sight among sights
you arise from your seat
as you feel
the ground beneath your feet crumbling

And you're still sitting here
Up on the sixty-sixth floor
Should've watched the Sunrise

Could've been living for more
But today it is marked as your day to die
As two tears... They form in your eyes

It was just another morning
Yeah, the sun came up again

Took one last sip of coffee
Said hello to your friend
How could today
have really been any better?

But then you saw the sight among sights
That sight that blinds your eyes
And you felt
the ground beneath your feet crumbling

And you were just sitting there
on the sixty-sixth floor
Hoping a miracle came
Hoping you'd live just one day more

But today it was marked
as the start of the end
We can't go backwards ever again

And you were just sitting there
Up on the sixty-sixth floor
Hoping a miracle came
Hoping you'd live just one day more

But today it is marked
as the start of the end
We can't go backwards ever again

(2) LOOKING FOR LOVE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I've been looking for love
In all the wrong places
Disregarding hearts of gold
For pretty faces

By the wicked I get scorned
Left broken and torn
I get served, kicked to the curb
Still my fate may be deserved

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

I need to teach my eyes
To look deep down inside
(looking for love)

And not be hypnotized
By a wolf in sheep's disguise
(looking for love)

I've been stabbed by a smile
and I blabbed like a child
Grabbed and thrown into the pile
then labeled and filed

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

Too many evils
that makeup can conceal
Got to dig down a little deeper
If you want to see what's real

Alright!
(looking for love)
(looking for love)

I've been stabbed by a smile
and I blabbed like a child

Grabbed and thrown into the pile
Then labeled and filed

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

The body only is
Transportation for the soul
While the heart is like fine wine
It is only faces that grow old

And I've been looking for love
In all the wrong places
(looking for love)

Disregarding hearts of gold
for pretty faces
(looking for love)

By the wicked I get scorned
Left broken and torn

I get served, kicked to the curb
Still my fate may be deserved

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

(3) PERFECT IMPERFECTIONS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

I always tried to show
you the best of me
Sure, I may have lied
about the rest of me

I should have given me whole
For scars make love real
What we can't control
Is what seals the deal

The sharing of fears
and weaknesses
Helps manifest lovers
from friends

Can lead to holding
each other at night

When you don't want the day to end...
And I don't want this day to end...
No, I don't want this day to end

Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

I long to see your face
in the rising sun

I long to hold you dear
because you're the one
(You're the one)

I find I found I failed
This great test of me

I should have told you
all about my history

With this new day
Comes a new way
For you and for me
Yes, for both of us

In this new light
Will come tonight
As we shall have
So much to discuss

Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

(4) AS I PLAY

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Face yourself before you face the sea
Might be the best piece of advice
Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace
With a satisfied soul
that can then fly away free...

fly away free
fly away free
fly away free

So I pass the baton on stage
With the wave of my magical wand
Watch my arm when you see my guitar
'Cause I'm a singer and here's my song
And as I play... I want you to sing along:

Face yourself before you face the sea
Might be the best piece of advice
Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace
With a satisfied soul
that can then fly away free...

fly away free
fly away free
fly away free

I know who's next
and I'm pretty sure
that I won't get fooled again

I'm the pinball wizard,
the true happy jack
and I play the same old game

But as I play I want you to sing along:
Face yourself before you face the sea
Might be the best piece of advice
Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace
With a satisfied soul
that can then fly away free...

fly away free
fly away free
fly away free

(5) CLEAN WIPE TO THE SLATE

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

As you're getting sleepy in your bed
Busy staring at the walls
My head is still spinning
As I'm pacing up and down the halls

I just need one more line
only one more verse
And when I finally fall asleep
it only gets worse

Yea lately I've been losing faith
Been having trouble thinking straight

What I thought I'd found has been misplaced
What I've been giving out

Well, I finally got a taste
When I woke up I couldn't see my face

Time to take a clean wipe to the slate
The past has now been erased
No right path to follow
No lines left to trace

I see no yellow lines on the highway
I've done it your way now I'll try it my way

There's a road not yet paved in stone
No one left to follow when you're alone

No shepherd to guide you
No shadows to hide you
No need to ask directions
When you're heading home

Every sign you've seen has led you astray
When you stuck out your thumb
no one was going your way
The highway you stand upon

Winds so violently and looks so long
You've just gotta be strong
Keep writing and singing your song

Time to take a clean wipe to the slate
The past has now been erased
No right path to follow
No lines left to trace

I see no yellow lines
on the highway
I've done it your way
now I'll try it my way

(6) LOW DOWN
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
He was feeling low
A little down on his luck
For he didn't know
Which way was up

Low down
Low down
Low down

They built him up
So they could knock him down
Since chastising him
Is what they rallied around

Low down
Low down
Low down

Low down
Low down
Low down

He got pushed down
White washed and covered in snow
By the neighborhood bully
Right insight of side his home

Low down
Low down
Low down

Seems like there was no escape
Since he didn't feel safe
That's just the price he pays
For walking home all alone

Low down
Low down
Low down

Low down
Low down
Low down

(7) IT IS YOUR TURN

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

If you don't know yet who I am
Don't worry that will change
I am a very simple man
Both on and off this stage

My life's work and my fun are one
That's why I am so happy
We all regret something we've done
Won't let that entrap me

I just look ahead... and never behind
Helps keep me from wasting all my time
Best for your body, soul and your mind
Can't press fast forward...
I can't hit rewind

Leave something they will remember you by
Like those who were the first to fly
Or the first man on the moon
Now it's your turn what will you do?

You won't find me living in the past
Too much to do time runs by so fast
We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

Don't live life doing something you hate
That is the best advice I can give
Work is a four letter word - yeah, great!
Some live to work and some work to live...

Spend your life doing something you love
If it don't exist then make it up
You only walk this trail one time 'round
Don't let your dreams
fade to the foreground

You won't find me living in the past
Too much to do - time runs so fast
We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

(8) TRENDING

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Uh...Yeah...huh!

But for all the wrong reasons

Everybody's googling me

Looks like it's now open season:

It's hunting time
Must be a slow day for the media
I just found five more lies
About me on Wikipedia

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

I've been good
in all my wheelings and dealings
I've done the best I could

Yet when I bet red
the little ball landed on black
Just like I kinda knew it would

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

So if karma cares about my feelings
I paid it forward
And now I ask for some of it back
Just a little bit back

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

I'm due for some good luck
Really, sincerely I believe
I am that diamond in the rough
And the needle in a haystack
All rolled into one...

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

Find me and we'll have some fun
Are you lucky at cards
or are you lucky at love?
Neither? Me, too...

(alright)
Alright!
Come on!

I'm trending...
But for all the wrong reasons
Everybody's googling me
Looks like it's now open season:

It's hunting time
Must be a slow day for the media
I just found five more lies
About me on Wikipedia

I'm trending
I'm just trending
Baby, I'm trending
Whoo!
I'm just trending...

(9) CARRY ME
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Plugging and prodding
Reeling and seething
Feeling I'm rotting
This air's not for breathing

These words aren't for speaking
Not even worth writing
Nor are they worth reading
So I shall burn this paper
Oh now watch me light it

Turn it into kindling
At least then I'll have fire
As the daylight is dwindling
I crawl through the mire

The willows are weeping
Entrapped within this still air

My fears are now creeping
Yes, they're still here

As self-doubt has joined us
Compressed we're meshed into one
When words of hurt define us
Water and dirt both turn to mud

Plugging and prodding
Reeling and seething
Feeling I'm rotten
This air's not for breathing

These words aren't for speaking
Not even worth writing
Nor are they worth reading
So I burn the paper
Watch me light it

Turn it into kindling
At least then I'll have fire
As the daylight is dwindling
I'm left here crawling through the mire

Surviving until daybreak
The fresh sunlight of the dawn
For here lies my only escape
Giving me strength to carry on

And so I carry on...
Carry me
carry me
carry me
carry me

(10) OASIS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Can you feel a dark entity...
Clutching hold of your sanity...
Creating such calamity...
For you and all of your family...
And all the things you love

Chasing the mirage of an oasis
A paradise you think is real
Yet all of us who wear our real faces
Acknowledge that some wounds won't heal

Yet dying is not healing
With so much left to live
Hiding all the pain you're feeling
Holding on to what you should give

Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis

(11) END OF THE ROAD

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I saw the light burning in your eyes
That alone should come as no surprise
I followed you... so many others have tried
When you said, "Yes" a bitter part of me died

Lead me to the end of the road
Where the sun sets down
To the end of the road
Where true happiness is found
To the end of the road
On the other side of town
To the end of the road
To where they finally lay me down

So many roads that I've walked down
Lying in the street so many things I've found
In the unswept corners is where the dirt hides
Where many people and things give you a ride

Lead me to the end of the road
Where the sun sets down
To the end of the road
Where true happiness is found
To the end of the road
On the other side of town
To the end of the road
To where they finally lay me down...

My shoes are wearing out
Almost time for another pair
But I'll wear the ones I've got
Until I get there...
Until I get there...

Now I see the light burning in your eyes
That alone comes as no surprise

Following you I no longer live a lie
Out on the dark path I have found my guide

To lead me to the end of the road
Where the sun sets down
To the end of the road
Where true happiness is found

To the end of the road
On the other side of town
To the end of the road

To where they finally lay me down...

Finally lay me down...
Finally lay me down...
Down

(12) RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

I don't read the paper
Hell I don't even watch the news
Everyone's used to horror
and everyone's got the blues

Always another plane crash
Or gunman on a rage
I never pick up the paper
unless it's lining for a cage

I used one for my birdcage
And my bird spoke of death and hate
I wish I'd used the comics...
But I realized this too late

The worst is on the cover
seen by children of every age...
If I was editor of the paper,
I'd put the good things on the front page!

Then maybe it'd rub off
and people would treat each other kind
Have you heard the expression,
'out of sight and out of mind'?

When violence is on TV
Then children will play with guns
Yet when they're watching Sesame Street
That's when they're having fun

I'm moving to the mountains
So I can watch the trees
Where you don't have any doors
and you don't have any keys

House of wood, Bed of straw
When I see a pig,
it won't remind me of the LAW!

I won't use no roads --
I'll set off on my own course
Trading my ford
for a six pack a carton and horse

I took that walk through the wilderness
to escape a world of lies
I proposed to Mother Nature
but I only heard her sigh...

Felt the swaying of the trees
as I walked on fallen leaves
She reminded me of the death
of everything that breathes

There are those who try to play God
Shoot everything that moves
The fact that men can make rifles
Is the only thing it proves

I traded my gun for a camera --
That should come as no surprise
A deer I watched drinking from a stream --
I shot him right between the... eyes

Now it lives on forever
Does not die today
Captured in a picture
that will never fade away!

A TRAVELER IN THE DISTANCE

SONG LIST 4

1. Fallen Clouds by William Elmore & Tom Jensen
2. Stranded by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
3. Coming off Fall by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
4. Breaking the chains By Tiffany Anne & Tom Jensen
5. One slip of the knife by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
6. Overrated by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
7. Maybe someday by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen
8. First place by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
9. Sleep walkers by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
10. Pretty toys by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
11. Concrete people by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
12. Fight for peace by Lynette & Tom Jensen

TRIGGER WARNING – SONG LIST FOUR

This song list enters explicitly dangerous emotional territory. Unlike previous lists that circle heartbreak or longing, Song List 4 walks directly into death, self-destruction, despair, violence, addiction, and existential collapse. Several songs contain imagery and narratives that may be distressing or triggering, particularly for listeners with a history of depression, suicidal ideation, or trauma.

This list contains themes including:

Explicit suicide ideation and graphic self-harm imagery (One Slip of the Knife)

Death, corpses, graveyards, and fixation on mortality

Hopelessness, nihilism, and worthlessness

Addiction (alcohol, cigarettes, intoxication as coping)

Emotional numbness, dissociation, and depersonalization

Depression masked as philosophy or acceptance

Repeated references to failure, being “too late,” or having no escape

War, fallen soldiers, and collective trauma

Spiritual abandonment and loss of faith

Manipulation, powerlessness, and inability to break cycles

Social alienation and being treated as expendable (“pawn,” “concrete people”)

Romantic despair that curdles into self-loathing

Political disillusionment and moral injury (Fight for Peace)

STRONG CONTENT WARNING:

One Slip of the Knife includes direct references to suicide, blades, blood, and death, presented in a stark, narrative form. This song alone may be unsafe for some audiences.

Other tracks (Stranded, Overrated, Maybe Someday, Pretty Toys) portray prolonged depression, emotional decay, and the normalization of despair. There is little resolution offered — survival is implied, not promised.

This list may be especially difficult if you struggle with:

Suicidal thoughts or self-harm urges

Depression or addiction recovery

Grief involving violent or sudden death

Existential dread or loss of meaning

Feeling trapped in cycles you can't break
Political or moral burnout
Feeling unseen, disposable, or already "counted down"

These songs are not passive background music. They confront the listener, sometimes aggressively, sometimes quietly — but always without flinching.
Listener discretion is strongly advised. If you are in a vulnerable mental state, consider skipping this list or listening with support. This is the record where the clouds don't just fall — they crush.

A TRAVELER IN THE DISTANCE SONG LIST 4

1. Fallen Clouds by William Elmore & Tom Jensen
2. Stranded by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
3. Coming off Fall by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
4. Breaking the chains By Tiffany Anne & Tom Jensen
5. One slip of the knife by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
6. Overrated by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
7. Maybe someday by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen
8. First place by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
9. Sleep walkers by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
10. Pretty toys by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
11. Concrete people by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
12. Fight for peace by Lynette & Tom Jensen

(1) FALLEN CLOUDS
by William Elmore & Tom Jensen
The stories told beside a campfire
so many years ago
Still echo through the canyons
melt the newly fallen snow

The legend of great heroes
now rest upon the stars
Along the craters of the moon
lay dark and blemished scars

There's no one here
to judge the living
Or sort through the dead
No one here to dictate terms
Nor record what was said

The laws of these lands
has not been etched in stone
The king who holds the scepter
can still be overthrown

Hanging clouds drift above
after the battle in the sky
Fallen soldiers through love and war
each one picking sides

So many wandering souls
Set adrift way up high
Listen through the canyons
We hear another deep sad sigh

You can never see their face
They can never find their place

When lightning strikes
The fire runs wild

Falling raindrops through the sky...
Fallen clouds...
Fallen

(2) STRANDED
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
Hanging by a rope
We each cling to hope
Stranded on an island
Where screams fall silent

Giant crashing waves
No hope of being saved
Sailor standing on a dock
Sunrise is his clock

The moon rising overhead
The sailor falls dead
The tide comes rolling in
The cycle ends
A new one begins

(3) COMING OF FALL
by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
There's a man too wobbly to stand
On the topside ledge of a mountain

Sitting... searching for the truth
For some worldly proof
Of an eternal fountain

ooh

Kneeling...

He stares at his withered hands

All the while peeking

Over his shoulder

Feebly he attempts to stand

Sensing Northern winds

Blowing colder

ooh

Through a clear sky

he enters into a haze

With wrinkles around his eyes

He gazes

To the west

But he forgets although he tries

He numbers his time in minutes not days

He wonders if time will let him save

But now the past has died...

The sun sets over a distant horizon

The calming darkness begins to call...

A breath of October quietly exhaled

There is no mistaking the coming of fall

There's no mistaking

There's no mistaking

There no mistaking

The coming of...

Fall

(4) BREAKING THE CHAINS

by Tiffany Anne & Tom Jensen

Out in the distance

I think I hear someone

Calling my name

I guess even here I am still not alone

To think that solitude

Was the reason I came

To be out here so far from home

No matter where you go

Something or someone will find you

You'll never be able to break every chain
There is always one that will bind you

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try to break the chain

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
But some things will never change

Out in the distance
I think I hear someone
Calling my name
I guess even here
I am still not alone

To think that solitude
Was the reason I came
To be out here so far from home

No matter where you go
Something or someone will find you
You'll never be able to break every chain
There is always one that will bind you

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try to break the chain

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
But some things will never change

(5) ONE SLIP OF THE KNIFE
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
Whenever you feel down
When in your mind you feel truly alone
Take a walk among the dead
Read each name upon each stone

If your eyes don't change
Join them in name join them in spirit
Be one and the same

From some pains you can never run away
Though sometimes forgotten
-- the scars will always stay

For sometimes it seems like there's no escape
And yet all it takes is one simple mistake
To burn down the mansion you built
To knock the clown off of his stilts

But don't let your judgment fail you
Know what you're finding before it's found
Don't ever let your cross nail you
A weight so heavy it'll drag you down

And when your inner voice
seems to have no sound
And all this pain builds up inside

You are here alone - with no one around
One thought stalks you:
there's nowhere left to hide...

And on the table lies a 12-inch blade.
As night creeps in as black as a spade

Would it really matter?
One slip of the knife?
Would anyone notice
-- a worthless life?

She lies on the floor
Her last thought so guilted
Clutching a rose now fallen and wilted

(6) OVERRATED
by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
It's all the same
yet so much has changed
Since ten years ago

There's so much I've learned
but still I've returned
To what I used to know

New strangers appear
Old friends disappear
For some reason I've let them go
So simply stated:

My book no one's read it...
My life story nobody knows

Though my cover is quite plain
my text is full and rich
Be it fact or fiction
Who knows which is which?

I fake my happiness, hold back my tears
So I appear elated
It's best that I hide behind these hollow eyes
While I'm intoxicated

It's all the same yet so much has changed
Feeling high, then feeling low
I've visited here and I've traveled there
But what have to show

It's all the same
yet so much has changed
Since ten years ago

There's so much I've learned
but still I've returned
To what I used to know

New strangers appear
Old friends disappear
For some reason I've let them go

So simply stated
Life's too complicated
Tired of telling my tale of woe

It's suddenly so clear to me
That I may never be
What I want to be
So hopefully being the best
Is overrated.....Overrated

(7) MAYBE SOMEDAY
by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen
Maybe someday all my wounds will mend
When I got drawers on my chin and I'm wearing Depends
I've tried everything but this feeling won't end
No wonder darkness has slowly become my best friend

Confusion is my brother; I'm the son of desperation
Lost is my desire and I'm still searching for motivation
Every morning I wake up and I pray I can stay in bed
Sleep can be so peaceful and so good for the head

I've put off everything off until the end of time
My friends think they're psychics trying to read my mind
I want to scream at them even though they're being kind

(8) FIRST PLACE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

Hey look at me...
I'm still laughing and joking
Even though I quit smoking
While I was working I was thinking
I'm so glad that I gave up drinking

Listen to me speak...
Well I guess the first place to start
Would be to tell you I got love in my heart
(love in my heart)

For a heart without love
is a glove without a hand
Or a brain without a mind
A mind that can't understand
Or ears that can't hear
this song that I sing
Or a tongue that won't taste
these chocolates that I bring

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

Hey look at me...
Well I guess once when I lost my way
Here's another fact
Is that I can't really say
I ever really fully came back

Listen to me speak...
Just what is this
To have to come back to?
In what was once such a sacred place
Now lies a land of ruin

Where even the sky
Seems to burn my eyes
As I wash my face
In this dirty pool

I thought I'd been freed...
Now I see I was a fool
Poor hurried me...
Following the rules I learned in school

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

For a heart without love
is a glove without a hand
Or a brain without a mind
A mind that can't understand

Or ears that can't hear
this song that I sing
Or a tongue that won't taste
these chocolates that I bring

(Oh Yeah!)
Woo hoo
Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

(9) SLEEPWALKERS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
When they're playing chess with you...
The game never lasts very long
Still haven't got a clue... why do you...
Why do you smile when you take a pawn?

Then their bishop overtakes your knight
When he wasn't even dressed to fight
Soon their queen upends your rook
Before you could even look

Another smile...
your knight just claimed a pawn
But now...
now your little horsie's gone
He didn't run away...
he just got sleighed
As the king of your castle
he numbers his days

Yeah, you're wondering and pondering
As you're endlessly wandering
on and on and on...

And you're scribbling and scrabbling
Along the chessboard of life
feeling you're just a pawn

Sleepwalkers
Sleepwalkers

You just made a list of things
that you need to say
About yourself, about the world
and all its ways

Sometimes you think that
it's a lie that hard work pays
Now that everything has been numbered
- yes even your days

Why is everyone...
sleepwalking around this globe...
This giant wheel?
Seems as a whole we can no longer feel
While deep in this slumber

For the gift of the presence of love
we no longer hunger
When our dreams are gone...
yet we still walk on and on and on and on...

You just made a list of the things
that you need to say
And it 'tis just one...
There's hardly no time left for anyone

As names and faces keep fading farther away
Still, you know you've got so much to give...
so with this guilt you live

I'm sorry, but there's just too few hours in a day
You find your precious time becomes taken up
Oh look now how... You're so easily led astray...
How'd your life become this way?

(sleepwalkers)
Is this what you say?
(sleepwalkers)

While you're wondering and pondering
As you're wandering on and on and on and on...
As you're scribbling and scrabbling
Along the chessboard of life
feeling you're just a pawn

sleepwalkers
sleepwalkers

(10) PRETTY TOYS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
With every hurled stone that is cast
I walk one step closer to becoming broken
With every coming sunset I manage to outlast
Ahead lies a sunrise by which I may not be awoken

With every cigarette I smoke
I see another small sign of cancer
With every question that I ask
I find I come closer to the answer

As I look within your empty eyes
You create a new fantasy to fill the void
You play some music to cover your sighs
and fill your room with all those pretty toys...

Hey rich girl...
Throw the keys to your Mercedes down to me
You'll have to leave it all behind
if you really want to be free

I look at my hands
they're all beaten and torn
Sometimes you must get dirty
if you want to be reborn

Hey rich girl...
tell me what did you see
when you traveled the world?
Did you do all you were told
like daddy's good little girl?

Come away with me
and maybe I'll write you a song
I've come here to teach you
that everything they taught you was wrong...

Hey rich girl... Just what makes you think
Father always knows best?
Sure you've found some answers
but you still must take the test

With every hurled stone that you cast
You walk one step closer to becoming broken
With every coming sunset you manage to outlast
Ahead lies a sunrise by which you may not be awoken

With every cigarette you smoke
You see another small sign of cancer
With every question that you ask
You come much closer to the answer

Look within your empty eyes
A new fantasy to fill the void?
Play some music to cover your sighs
Fill your room with more pretty toys...

Pretty toys...
Pretty toys...
Pretty toys

(11) CONCRETE PEOPLE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Concrete people like to hide behind gold
Concrete people will collect what they're owed
Concrete people leave you out in the cold
Concrete people hate most to be exposed

Concrete people ain't got no souls
They traded them in for high priced clothes
Concrete people with their hearts of stone
Even sold out my beloved rock and roll

Concrete people never hang their heads low
Concrete people never let their feelings show
Concrete people keep their statues in rows
Concrete people always reap what they sow

But me, I ain't no concrete man
I mess things up every now and then
I slave for those who do me wrong
And I find relief in the rock and roll song

Rock and roll song
Rock and roll song

Concrete people think I'm wasting my time
Concrete people never step out of line
Concrete people hate the shirt that I wear
Concrete people find me too hard to bare

Concrete people ain't got no souls ...
They traded them in for high priced clothes
Concrete people with their hearts of stone
Even sold out my beloved rock and roll

And me, I ain't no concrete man
I mess things up every now and then
Slave for those who do me wrong
And I find relief in a rock 'n roll song

Rock and roll song
Rock and roll song
Rock and roll song

(12) FIGHT FOR PEACE
by Tom Jensen & Lynette
Come now citizens of the world
Let us knock down this mental wall
Time to let a new flag unfurl
Large enough to cover us all

Endless sea of humanity
That will bridge both the land and shore
Become one global family
Let us not divide anymore

Realize difference makes us great
Opposed to tearing us apart
I swear to you it's not too late
And all it takes is one to start

It could be you who makes a stand
One burning monk can end a war
Wouldn't fight in Iraq...I ran
Didn't deem it worth fighting for

Unlock the door you have the key
Finally let this madness cease
Everybody say it with me
What is my belief? Can't fight for peace

Come now citizens of the world
Let us knock down this mental wall
Time to let a new flag unfurl
Large enough to cover us all

Endless sea of humanity
That will bridge both the land and shore
Become one global family
Let us not divide anymore

Realize difference makes us great
Opposed to tearing us apart
I swear to you it's not too late
And all it takes is one to start

Unlock the door you have the key
Finally let this madness cease
Everybody say it with me
What is my belief? Can't fight for peace

ONCE PIECE MISSING

SONG LIST 10

1. Snowflakes by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
2. Harry Patch by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
3. Old Eli by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
4. Leaving your roots by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
5. Broken mirror by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
6. Pennywise by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
7. Postcard by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
8. House of Shattered Glass by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
9. Pendulum by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
10. Bricklayer by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
11. Absolutely Marie by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
12. Julia's Garden by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

TRIGGER WARNING SONG LIST TEN

This collection contains emotionally heavy and introspective material that explores themes of loss, memory, war, identity, and psychological vulnerability. While largely poetic and reflective in tone, several songs address subject matter that may be distressing to some listeners.

This song list includes references to:

War, military service, and lifelong combat trauma
Death, aging, and mortality
Emotional isolation, loneliness, and abandonment
Depression, hopelessness, and identity fracture
Spiritual doubt and philosophical uncertainty
Grief following the loss of loved ones

Romantic separation and unresolved attachment
Historical violence and generational suffering
Psychological distress expressed through metaphor and symbolism

These songs emphasize internal struggle, memory, and the long emotional aftermath of personal and collective hardship. While not graphically explicit, the material may resonate strongly with listeners who have experienced trauma, loss, or prolonged emotional strain.

Listener discretion is advised, particularly for those sensitive to themes of war, grief, or mental health challenges. This work is intended for mature audiences capable of engaging with reflective, somber, and emotionally layered content.

ONCE PIECE MISSING

SONG LIST 10

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(1) SNOWFLAKES

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

As snowflakes cover the ground
And the color white is all around
You stare out your window looking down
Thinking that everyone must pay a price
While wondering to yourself
Whether you'll bounce once or you'll bounce twice

This time that you spend has only been leased
Just as the clock on your wall is not really your own
And as you measure importance from greatest to least
You count up all the people and find that you're alone
Just when you really needed some fresh air
You found that there was no breeze

Well you only look down
As you cross the bridge
And the light goes off
When you open the fridge

When Christmas time comes
Other people open your gifts
And the iceberg you're chained to
It never seems to drift

If you were at the beach
Then the sun would hide
When the bus would come
It wouldn't give you a ride

You can either think of your life
And all of the pain you've felt
Or you can sit and watch the snowflakes
Until they all melt

(2) HARRY PATCH

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
The battle lasted ninety days
At least that's what history will say

But to me it lasted ninety years
Into my memory etched
Never will it disappear

I was just nineteen
When I became part of the war machine

I was just nineteen
When I became part of the war machine

No other man alive
Has ever seen what I have seen

Two world wars
A man on the moon
The fall of the Wall
On a November afternoon

Just how fast things can change...
I never would have believed it
If not for having seen it

Yet what has really changed?
Once I thought I knew
But I'm not so sure anymore

An entire century...
I've lived it and breathed it
Until this fatal final parting bow

It is with this last breath
That I must express
How I've become
Decidedly undecided now

He was just nineteen
When he became part of the war machine

He was just nineteen
When he became part of the war machine

(3) OLD ELI
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Come on! Yeah... Oh!

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
That old Eli gave to me...
Humming songs of freedom
Songs of what I'll never see

Made up of words that
I'll never be able to read...No
Umm umm
Yeah

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
That old Eli gave to me...
Humming songs of freedom
And oppressed humanity

Trying to take things further
In the name of liberty
Yeah...
Woo hoo!
And it seems to me
There's no more real definition of sanity
Yet some speak of it with such profanity
That it just creates one great calamity

Ooh
Woo hoo
Alright!

I guess there's many things
that ain't the way they used to be
they ain't the way they used to be

When only in death will we finally find unity...
We lose

So just take what you need
And follow whatever god you choose...
Yeah

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
That old Eli gave to me...
Humming songs of freedom
And oppressed humanity

Trying to take things further
In the name of liberty
Yeah...

Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli

(4) LEAVING YOUR ROOTS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Their pictures hanging on the wall
Paint the story of a hundred faces

The sparkle shining from my eyes
Should show you that I've traveled
to so many places

I've been to France
I've been to Italy
But I'll never tell a soul
Just what that did to me

The fact that I ended up back here
Without reasons explained may seem unclear

Yet in order to clarify...
you may ask me to verify...

But I cannot certify ...
that I have been purified

The pictures hanging on the wall
Paint the story of a hundred faces
The sparkle shining from my eyes
Should show you that I've traveled
to so many places

Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits
Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits

Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
(leaving your roots)
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits
(trivial pursuits)
Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
(leaving your roots)
Especially in the name of such trivial,
trivial pursuits...

(5) BROKEN MIRROR

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Are now the reasons for all of these fears

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Shall lead to seven unlucky years

From this broken mirror shattered on the floor
Reflect chaotic patterns of distorted reflections

Now hiding within the cracks
are self-deceiving perception and excuses

What was once one frame of mind
Forming a single point of view
Now the faces looking back are many
What was once smooth now lies jagged

And simply disregarded
Yeah, it is simply disregarded

With the foreseeable future
so filled full of gloom
You sweep up your luck in disgust
with this dustpan and broom

After that perhaps you start sweeping
the corners of your mind
Though you can never be sure
of just what you will find

Maybe long lost forgotten dreams
not quite as distant as they now seem

You never know what'll be uncovered
or discovered just given a little time
Just give it a little more time...

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Might not be as bad as it first appeared

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror

Might lead you to a window
Through which you might see clear
Through which you might see things clear...

(6) PENNYWISE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
You can't be spiritual and material
It just goes against the grand paradigm
It's the same as saying you're pound foolish
Then just what's the point of being pennywise?

Oh...it's a rainy day
And with all those pennies saved
Oh...what will you spend them on?

Oh...it's a rainy day
As Nimbus clouds float overhead
Oh...how long until they're gone?

And all your money's been spent
On trinkets and other such trivial things
As you find your time has been lent
Not to paupers but to those who just wish to be kings

And queens who acquired their wealth
On broken dreams and other such self-serving schemes

On sickness not health caring only about the ends
And not about those who were caught in between

Or who's left out in the cold
Claiming that's out of their control
For it surely has no worth
If it's not something you can hold...

You can't be spiritual and material
It just goes against the grand paradigm

It's the same as saying you're pound foolish
Then just what's the point of being pennywise?

Oh...it's a rainy day
And with all those pennies saved
Oh...what will you spend them on?

Oh...it's a rainy day
As Nimbus clouds float overhead
Oh...how long until they're gone?
How long until they're gone?

(7) POSTCARD

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Unfading...

is what your memory has become to me
Traceable...
it's easy to see how this came to be

I got a postcard from you...
a day before today
"Sorry for my silence...."
is all that it said

"I need some peace of mind.
Some time for my head."
That was all that she said.
(all that she said)
I felt so weak
I stumbled to my room,
picked up the phone
Things seemed so bleak
When I realized you were not home

I got a postcard from you ...
a day before today
"Sorry for my silence...."
is all that it said

"I need some peace of mind...
some time for my head."
That was all that she said.
(all that she said)

And I fell asleep to beeping
Empty thoughts began seeping

Sogging this mind...unable to roam
(unable to roam)

I just opened up a letter...
That I received and read today
It seems you're feeling better...
Seems you're beginning to find your way
It seems you finally see the sunshine
after many shades of gray

After many cloudy days
so heartwarming was our embrace
Nothing could pull us away
it made me happy today
To see your smiling face
(smiling face)

I got a postcard
(I got postcard)
I got a postcard from you
(I got postcard)

(8) HOUSE OF SHATTERED GLASS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I'm feeling trapped
Within myself
Within my heart
and within my own head...

I'm feeling surrounded
With this sense of hurt,
this sense of loss
and the feeling of dread

I'm waiting for your letter
The one that I'll cry as I read:

The one that says:
"I'll always love you...
But you're something that I don't need"

And it is filling me with misery
And I still feel nothing but love

Love for you... but not for me

That part of my heart is empty
There's nothing there it's null and void

I worked so hard to get you to love me
Yet here I am left unemployed

I don't feel bitter
I just feel let down
I've never been a quitter
I'm a lover not a leaver

But now I'm leaving town...
'Cause I just can't bare to be around

In you...
I am your greatest believer

In me...
I'm my own greatest deceiver

As everyone told me
it was a fairytale world
From inside this
house of shattered glass
I stood up to every stone they hurled

And we both know it hurts
Watching your blood make mud
As it mixes with the dirt
That they also threw at you
But I knew what it was that I had to do

Still, through all of this
I only know of one truth:
I will never stop loving you
But what's even worse:
Is that you know it, too

(9) PENDULUM

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I've been holding on...

To a fantasy

To a dream

I've been writing songs...

That include

Both you and me

I've been holding on...

To my own perceived

Reality

I've been righting wrongs...

And addressing everyone

Everything but you and me

I'm so tired of putting work in...

Putting time into things

that disintegrate

I know you see me waiting

While my smile is fading

but it will be too late

I feel it and I know...

But you can't see what I don't show

Sure, you tried to read my mind

But maybe you were wrong this time

Believing that I'd hang on...

Like I always have like I always do

However, the man you see now

Might not be the same man that you knew

As one face of mine hides the pain and the lies

The other sits and waits trying to decide

On which side of the fence to sit on...

(10) BRICKLAYER

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Do you worship the new holy trinity?

Of money, commerce and economy?

Do you measure one's status

Using just these three?

Or do you find one's worth in externalities?

And intrinsic values that are harder to see...
For someone like me don't do much for your GDP
Is there anyone left who still agrees with me?

Number one should be love and number two humanity
Number three could be compassion
Or replaced by four or five
Empathy and equality

Add them all up and you get solidarity

Now that's the math that makes the most sense to me

I guess that's why I like philosophy

No, I've never been fond
Of stocks and bonds
I'm not a fan of
bottom lines or CEO's

I love the laying of bricks
Over newly paved roads
That lead off the beaten path
Showing people to a new way to go

(11) ABSOLUTELY MARIE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Come on!
I knew her name...
Absolutely Sweet Marie
These words filled my head
Describing someone I'd just met
Words I think that Dylan said

Just leave it to him
To steal my phrase for you
Who is he to speak your name?
Speaking softly, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

She is positively a woman
Who brightened up this rainy day
And brought some sunshine to this man
As I felt the room get warmer
After every word she said
You never know just what the future holds

Perhaps someone and something new
So these words once written
I recite them just for you
Speaking carefully, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

Speaking carefully, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

Alright!

(12) JULIA'S GARDEN

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Julia has a garden
So intricate in design
A secret place where the flowers grow
A secret place that only she can find

Here she embraces the feelings
that she could never show
The resentment and hurt
she always kept deep within her mind

For only the juniper trees
have heard her full tale of woe
And they only share all they know
with the skyline

Julia is beautiful and Julia has suffered
Losses that no mother or father,
or son or daughter should know

Yet in this oasis of hope
all forms of life are welcomed
In the tidal wave of thought
She suddenly becomes caught
within the undertow...
This garden was created
from the basis of chaos
And now pays tribute to organized chaos
in the form of a shrine

Here she can meditate on her thoughts
from many years ago
On an ever changing world
constantly being redefined

Every seed here she did sew
It is whispered and echoed
through the grapevine

Beneath the bridge across the brook
the water runs slow
Almost as if the stars had been realigned

Beds full of daffodils
and daisies overflow
Sunflowers sit in neat little rows
all intertwined

Julia would have to tiptoe
Less she wants to create
a ripple back through time

A life as simple as Emerson or Henry David Thoreau
With such a pretty view down along the coast line
And yet as colorful and vibrant as Picasso or Van Gogh
The only other mortals to know of art so fine

Yet Julia is beautiful and Julia has suffered
Losses that no mother or father,
or son or daughter should know

Yet in this oasis of hope
all forms of life are welcomed
In the tidal wave of thought
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It is here where both cold and warm breezes blow
Be them fiercely or gently along the waterline
In the middle of the night with the moon aglow
Julia either recollects her dreams
or speaks to the divine

Falling down the weeping willows hang low
Silhouetted by the trees of soft pine
Swaying from here to fro stands this hedgerow
Dancing in rhythm all the while entangled in vines...

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SHEILA TEQUILA

SONG LIST 2

1. DEAD END
2. ALISON'S AIRPLANE
3. WARMER WATERS
4. THE LIGHT OR THE WHITE
5. SHE
6. CURVES OF SORROW
7. LET DOWN
8. TABLE FOR TWO
9. BOTTOM OF THE LAKE
10. TRASH CAN
11. SANDCASTLES
12. YOU CAN NEVER RUN AWAY FROM YOURSELF