



CASINO BABEL
Revel Without Squaws

SKIN SACRIFICE

Music: Roland
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Roland

Always willing to caress me,
star number one in earthly charts.
Light that's good for plants is also
good for their human counterparts.

I despise the chalk-white zombies;
'fish finger look' is what I preach.
Sick enthusiastic health nuts
are outcasts on my beauty beach.

Oh, brilliant sun, divine fusion master,
don't ever stop flashing your radiant smile.
I'll worship you always,
you just name the price.
Here's my skin sacrifice, skin sacrifice.

A time bomb slumbers in my cells.
I'm often seen at wishing wells.
Melanoma II comes to the throne;
Dr. Cortez is speechless on the phone.

Modern aztecs worry sometimes;
premature wrinkles are a shame.
But we feel so young and carefree,
fit for the old seduction game.

R E V E L W I T H O U T S Q U A W S

not available
on video or
gramophone record

BOGGED DOWN

Music: Karlo
Lyrics: Karlo
Main Voice: Karlo

I've been thinking a lot
about this damn confusion
and about my disillusion
I don't know if it's not
just losing my affection
for the things without attraction
I'm bogged down

Written, arranged and produced by CASINO BABEL
Recorded at SLANDER DRONE, Bonn, by Roland,
assisted by Malte & Karlo
Mixed and edited by Roland & Malte
Lay-out by Rib

starring :

WILFRIED		
BELLINGHAUSEN	organ	'Pudding'
FRANZ		
KREMER	alto sax	'Time'
UWE		
GABRIEL	bass solo	'Vertigo'

C A S I N O B A B E L

KARLO + RIB + MALTE + ROLAND :

voices * * guitars * * basses * * drums
* * keyboards * * mandolin * * harmonica
percussion * * whistling * * drum machine
* * sound & jury * * kazoo * * tv screen

Original-Edition auf Cassette 1987
Remaster von Roland 2010

She stole my coffee-flavoured kisses and wandered off to Zion Land,
spoke to lions sporting dreadlocks in hopes that they could understand
why public wrestling with porcupines had ruined her reputation much
and the bingo revolution made her feel so out of touch.
The attorney thinks she stole the tarts. He'll meet with a denial.
When we grow up we'll be the sages of Competition Isle.

The universe is busy expanding, drags the stars away from me.
To the telescope designer that's a fair catastrophe.
Down at the Lesbian Embassy they like their bagpipes loud
and the eunuchized pied pipers are doing themselves proud
while Bogie scores a birdie in his gruff laconic style.
He chases all the also-rans to Competition Isle.

Ferguson and Andy are still begging for a fridge.
For them there's nothing to rely on apart from the odd privilege.
And third world people look for lands where silk and money flow.
Some are doing the seismic salsa on Desolation Row.
See Batman fail as batsman! He misses shots by at least a mile
not used to the booze they sell on Competition Isle.

F_E_I_E_R_N _ O_H_N_E _ B_I_E_N_E_N

- 1) Hautopfer 2) Festgefahren 3) Drehschwurzel
- 4) Die Zeit entwischt 5) Beiß' nicht auf meine Kreditkarte
- 6) Das harte Leben 7) Häppchen vom Glück
- 8) Abgefüllt von Baron Stabilini 9) Der Komet und ich
- 10) Kosmischer Pudding 11) Sei mein Sesam
- 12) Insel des Wettbewerbs

I've been thinking a lot
Can't draw the right conclusion
from my backward evolution
Yes, and all that I've got
is my own misconception
of my final resurrection
I'm bogged down

Bogged down - unable to move
Bogged down - no need to prove
my constant misdirection
due to foolish disconnection
I'm bogged down

Marking time out of line
with my mind out of rhyme

SUBJECTIVE VERTIGO

Music: Karlo/Rib/Roland
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Karlo

Sixteen forming a circle
shipped in from the China Sea
Watch the sinister twisters
play the game so passionately

Tickle my feathers till the cows come home
Stick a square peg into a round hole

Tickle my feathers till the elves and gnomes
flutter about the gleaming charcoal

At the filling station of our choice
the swimming lessons are well under way
Seems I'm trapped among the hardcore boys
Memory cells in disarray
Feed the nonsense machine - buy us a round
Every other climax is a fake, you know
Stop flashing smiles that are so unsound
You place your stakes on subjective vertigo
Racket rockets, beverage beavers,
captains, chiefs and presidents
delving in retouched nostalgia
and anecdotes that make no sense
Your girls watch you stumble into the night
after the poison overflow
thinking "the Dead Kennedys were right"
You place your stakes on subjective vertigo
Friends offer me a quick lift back
Whenever I try to steal away
I like you still and I do expect
you all to be buddhas someday
but you can't recharge
your empty batteries
in the midst of a placebo show
I'm a stranger on home territory
You place your stakes on subjective vertigo

TIME ESCAPES

Music: Roland

Lyrics: Rib

Main Voice: Roland

Whatcha been doin' since the seventies?
Made all this sand run through my hands,
toyed with some more external remedies.
Memories look like uncharted landscapes

with quite a few peaks,
but no mountain range,
though the explorers say
they've been there.
Reading reports, they sound
so very strange.
Where can I find intensified care?

None of my chronometers
could clap their hands in rhythm.
Their view of eternity is:
time just lacks dimension.
Years, cheerfully wasted
to make fun of real reality.

Time escapes while I'm not watching,
much too numb to even open my eyes;
laughs at me, 'cause I'm selling
obsolete alibis.
Time dissolves while I'm not watching,
bathing in luxurious misery.

Busiest of all the healers,
take a rest, wait for me!

Won't be that long till it's six foot under.
I'd like to complain, but who is in charge?
Plans and achievements torn asunder.
Look at the hourglass looming so large.

DON'T BITE MY CREDIT CARD

Music: Karlo/Rib

Lyrics: Rib

Main Voice: Rib

Don't bite my credit card
You know damn well it's false
You guys are on your guard
but why disturb this waltz?

At the tower block of Babel
where the semen robbers flirt
I'll impersonate Clark Gable
eating oysters for dessert.

In my borrowed white tuxedo
- highballs much in evidence -
I'll roam about the old casino
for a bite of decadence.

When money, fame and power
sense my advance, they shy away

He polishes his rusted words and has them placed on file.
On Halloween he takes his pumpkin to Competition Isle.

At the auction of emotions jealousy is minus four
but scores of scrap metal merchants try to sell me more.
The pretty princess and the scarecrow refuse to stop their argument
about 'ambition minus talent' till all their breath is spent,
and George Orwell and Phil Collins find it hard to spare a smile.
They've just undergone plastic surgery on Competition Isle.

The bellman and the butcher are still searching for a snark.
In their cheaply rented submarine they lose all courage after dark.
They used to fight fictitious animals in oriental bars,
nowadays they damage parachutes with second-hand cigars
while Jack Lemmon drills for petrol on the banks of River Nile
'cause comedy got rated X on Competition Isle.

Asked for his final comment on the Nouvelle Cuisine
Bocuse said, "It's no use unless you throw loads of butter in."
The hooded hermit's swearing on the air in his croaky voice.
"How can I read the flight of birds among garbage, pesticides and noise?"
Has writing gags for the CIA made him so senile?
He threatens never to return to Competition Isle.

The first thing that my babe said when the quarreling arose
was, "don't you see you don't see nothin' except the back of your own nose?"
An angel and a monster she climbed down from the skies
just to mend my underwear and fabricate white lies.
Psychiatrists would talk to her through megaphones all the while
before she finally escaped to Competition Isle.

we'd buy your mink coats duty-free,
I'd hijack trains to rescue you.
No bishop could hope to scare us.
No werewolf could spoil our songs.
Now tell me, girl, do you agree
that you should be my sesame?

If all the sheik's camels and all the sheik's wives
attempted to nail me, they'd play with their lives,
'cause you send a tingle right down my spine,
so I won't give in till you're finally mine.

If you were my sesame,
we'd live on coconuts and cream,
we'd swim the blue Sarcasto Sea,
I'd make you captain of my team.
No vampire could nick our cookies.
No landshark could sniff our spice.
If you agree to be my 'she',
I'll be your High Fidelity.

COMPETITION ISLE

Music: Karlo/Rib
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Rib

Fleas are holding meetings in the pores of Reagan's nose
mistaking it for a strawberry soaked in a vodka overdose.
He recites his parts by heart wading knee-deep in fan mail,
says, "What's low to a limbo dancer is still high to a snail!"

CASINO
BABEL

but life's a treat somehow
and you can't win if you don't play.

One-armed bandits,
two-legged beauties,
they all love a charlatan.
Years ago I was in movies
till the censors struck again.

DE VITA DURA

Music: Karlo
Lyrics: Karlo
Main Voice: Karlo

Multis hominibus semper dolor
Omnibus servis est semper timor
Nobis vivenda est vita dura
Nobis ferenda est miseria

Terris in omnibus semper terror
Per oppida auditur semper clamor
Nobis vivenda est vita dura
Nobis ferenda est miseria

Cur desperamus
de omnibus rebus
Nunc insurgamus
principibus
Nolite animo deficere
nobis victoria parenda est

Though Spartacus and several thousands
of runaway slaves struggled desperately
for freedom, they knew they had no chance
when the Empire sent a huge army led by
Crassus. Those who survived the battle
were crucified outside the city of Rome.

SNIPPETS OF HAPPINESS

Music: Roland
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Roland

Lying awake in my cosy brown coffin
Sloppy ballads trickling from the radio
I'm all alone with my staccato heartbeat
And the full moon spits out her fortissimo

Call me peculiar if that makes you feel good
I'm just crawling through my ostinato days
A sleepwalker with his occasional moments
Oblivious to real love's ad lib ways

Till my soul takes over control (pretty soon)
I'll collect every snippet of happiness
Some day I'll wake up in a John Martyn tune
With a love cutting through
all this stifling mess

When I said, "Please, could you
light my bonfire?"

I didn't mean one more ritardando affair
No peekaboo and talking in riddles
But marzipan kisses to cure my despair

Will it strike me like a timpani thunder
Pizzicato strings to my weak heart's content
Ring like a Trane solo: intoxicating
Or tender and fragile like Billie's lament?

IMBOTTIGLIATO DA BARONE STABILINI

Music: Roland/Karlo/Rib
Lyrics: None?
Main Voice: DX 100
Title: Chief

THE COMET AND I

Music: Karlo
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Karlo

What makes you stay in this sparsely-lit basement?
Is your boyfriend scanning your every move?
The crisps are so ancient and light-years from crunchy.
You got options, honey, that's easily proved.

Music like this makes me cry out for ear-lids.
You could lie back and watch the open-end sky,

*sip a mouthful
of Italian wine
and summer feelings
come flooding back*

freed from the chatter of flat-headed dandies.
It is not that often that Halley hums by.

The comet and I, we're waiting upstairs
with a mattress and raw electricity,
the utmost in heliocentric affairs
plus my seventy-six-year-long guarantee.

It's such a shame you don't generate feelings.
Won't you go for that most spectacular sight?
Sorry, I can't do ecliptical kneeling
while the comet's ploughing the desperate night.

The comet and I were hoping for fun
with a mattress and raw electricity.
Don't miss out in two thousand sixty 'n' one
your encounter with sparkling new prophecy.

COSMIC PUDDING

Music: Roland/Karlo
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Rib

Could you pass me the syrup, swami?
What d'you say, you can't?
You need a helping hand?
Could you pass me the syrup, swami?

Could you pass me the salt of the earth, ma?
You mean, it can't be found?

The party is out of bounds?
Could you pass me
the salt of the earth, ma?

We're getting closer and closer
to the Cosmic Pudding
Let's do the Cosmic Pudding all night!

My ma always warned me,
"Thou shalt have
no other mas before me!"
But I can't possibly help it,
one ma leads to another ma.

BE MY SESAME

Music: Roland
Lyrics: Rib
Main Voice: Roland

If you were my sesame,
we'd bathe in emeralds and pearls
we'd reap celestial energy
I'd show you golden Midas worlds.
No Sindbad could come between us.
No password could be too smart.
Now tell me, girl, do you agree
that you should be my sesame?

If you were my sesame,
we'd live in sin with much ado,