

A large, ancient tree with a massive trunk and a complex network of thick, gnarled roots that spread out over the ground. The roots are dark and textured, with many smaller roots branching off from the main ones. The ground is covered with fallen brown leaves. The background shows more trees and a bright sky.

MINTVILLE

Clinging To The
Edge Of The Earth

Startformation

Achim Susbauer	Gesang & akustische Gitarre
Peter Müller	Gesang, Piano, akustische Gitarre, Bouzouki, Ukulele & Melodica
Franz Johann Kremer	E-Bass, Kontrabass, akustische Gitarre, Mandoline & Gesang
Richard Bellinghausen	Gesang & Percussion

Einwechselfspieler

Roland Enders	Virtuelles Schlagzeug & Mellotron
Sony Lichtenberg	Gesang
Hiltrud Triphaus	Gesang
Edgar Zens	Akkordeon



Bernd Giershausen & Franz Buhr: Fotos
Richard Bellinghausen: Koordination & Design
Roland Enders: Studioteknik & Produktion
Aufgenommen 2018 - 2023, Slander Drone III, Stieldorf
© Mintville 2023

Stereo, Mono abspielbar - bloß, wozu?

House Without Walls

No mutineer could have brought us around
Our disabled ship ran ashore
The fruitful plants gathered for the Crown
Scattered on this cursed ocean floor

Blessed the moon which returns and goes
And the coral reef enchanted
Still there's a longing and awful woe
In your house without walls I can't grow old

T'was hidden under the chestnut tree
What your carefree daughter revealed
While she was dancing so gracefully
Telling tales you like to conceal

I've got a feeling there's something wrong
And your deities can't astound me
I long to sing a familiar song
With those green rolling hills surrounding me

The wind and waves
Taught me everything that I know
This hopeful breeze
Says it's almost time to go

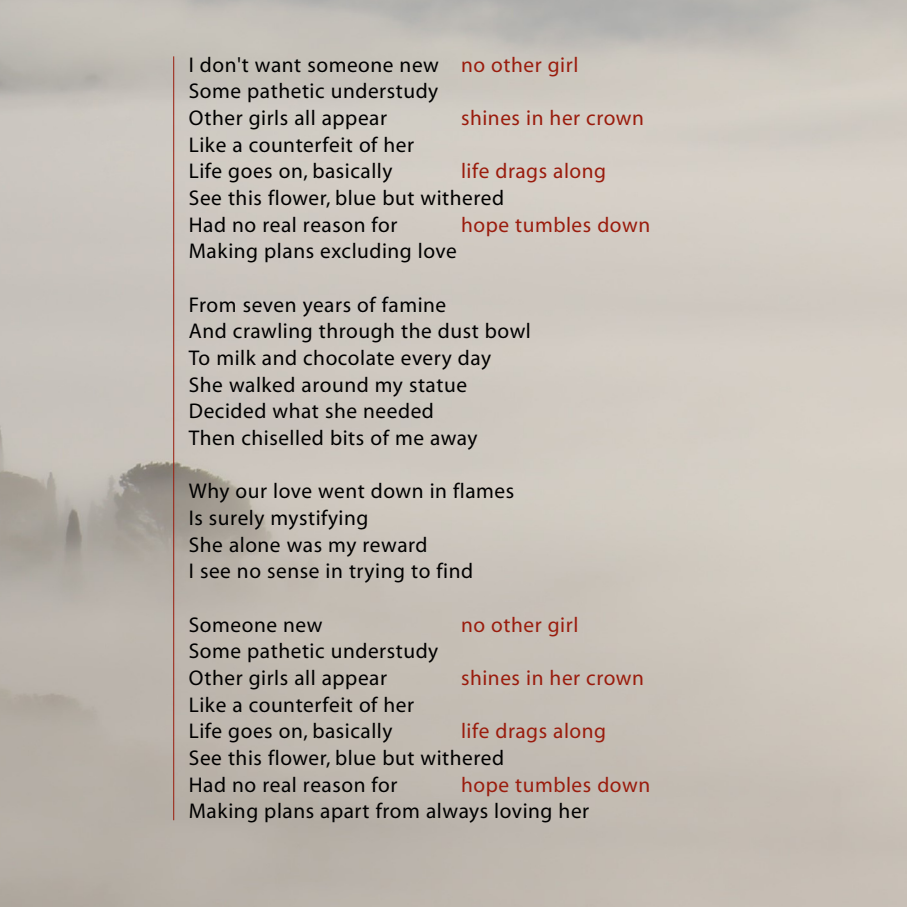
Mystifying

Aspiring treasure seeker
The minute that I touched her
Our union seemed to be divine
Amidst some painful struggles
While optimism dwindled
We tripped upon the trigger line

Will my legs still carry me
Now she won't walk beside me?
Am I wanted in this world?
My sunny spot denied

She'd been a sensual waitress
With cinematic vision
A painter looking for suspense
I'd been engulfed in darkness
Removed my shades in half-light
Found out the contrast was immense

How I hate to sleep alone
Narrating my decline
Stay awake all night 'cause I
Can't hold her hand in mine



I don't want someone new no other girl
Some pathetic understudy
Other girls all appear shines in her crown
Like a counterfeit of her
Life goes on, basically life drags along
See this flower, blue but withered
Had no real reason for hope tumbles down
Making plans excluding love

From seven years of famine
And crawling through the dust bowl
To milk and chocolate every day
She walked around my statue
Decided what she needed
Then chiselled bits of me away

Why our love went down in flames
Is surely mystifying
She alone was my reward
I see no sense in trying to find

Someone new no other girl
Some pathetic understudy
Other girls all appear shines in her crown
Like a counterfeit of her
Life goes on, basically life drags along
See this flower, blue but withered
Had no real reason for hope tumbles down
Making plans apart from always loving her

Rainy Day Moods

It's been raining all day, so I've been weary
Musing endlessly
There is never much sense in anything
Sleep's eluding me
How I wish I was travelling in the South
In a distant place
I know everything and nothing
Can't seem to find a basis

Scores of people are shuffling by
But hardly ever give relief
While the world is in serious jeopardy
Run by shady thieves
We're connected to every creature living
In this day and age
You say, never stand in your own way
Be courageous!

I want to drift away
Till I find out who I am
Good news will cheer us up
While we walk together

Just a few things
Our bags should not be heavy
When we're setting all sails
Taking life as it comes and celebrate
Fantasy prevails
We'll be open for heaven from now on
Breaking down the wall
So delighted you are here with me
Waiting for more rain to fall

It's raining, pouring down on me

Captain Of Her Ship

I'd never looked beyond the forest on the ridge
Seldom raised my head above the fog
I stepped down charily
Built a cabin out of planks by the sea

She used to dive for pearls, knife between her teeth
Now she is the captain of her ship
Saving lives by the score
I'll send messages to her from the shore:
"India Lima Oscar Victor Echo
Yankee Oscar Uniform, my girl"

She's so sincere
And not afraid to seek the great unknown
Lately we have come into our own
Life is not as painful when she's here

One day we'll dive so deep where the water's calm
Looking up to see the surface sun
Out of breath we'll inhale
When we're coming up for air like a whale

I'll show her how to climb steep and winding paths
Take her to the mountains in the mist
Feels like sweet honeymoon
Sing along with speckled birds, out of tune:
"India Lima Oscar Victor Echo
Yankee Oscar Uniform, my girl"



Mintville bei ihrem Weltrekordversuch in der (selten gelaufenen) 4x4-Meter-Staffel



Better Than A Dog

Suddenly her face is almost everywhere
Over land, on water, often in the air
All those scientists' accolades won't produce a happier man

Jotting down some notes to see the pros and cons
Problems you might stumble on
Like a terrible loss of time and no extra money for books

But she's
So nonconformist, cultured and charming
A lively debater, bright and disarming
Someone to accompany your every stage
Trustworthy companion, a friend in old age

Plays fine piano, making you swoon
Won't give up reaching out for the moon when you falter
In any case much better than a dog

Plays fine piano, making you swoon
Won't give up reaching out for the moon when you falter
Nature has the best cathedrals
The origin of human females
In any case much better than a dog

Sifting through my journal underlined my choice
Sunday I'll propose, a quaver in my voice
Take my turn on evolution
Personal contribution



According To Robert

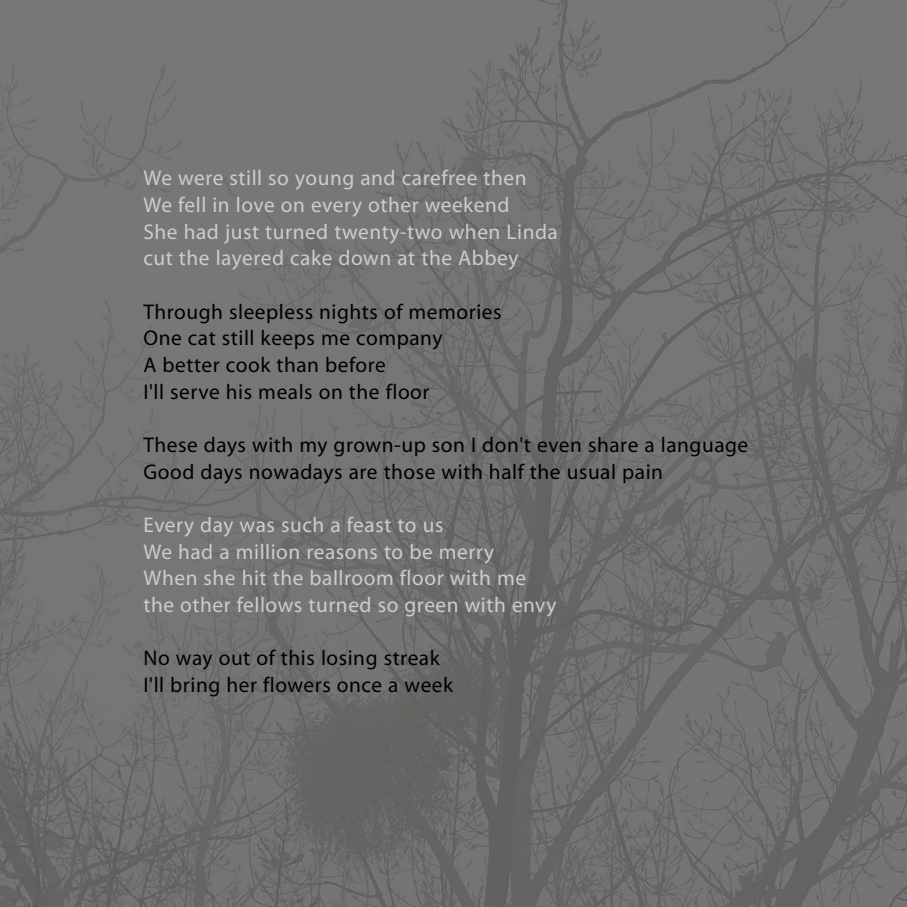
No way out of this losing streak
I'll bring her flowers once a week
Ice crystals on that wooden cross
Show me another season's lost

Just call me Robert, if you please
Your neighbour since the Seventies
A boatman from the Southern lands
I built this house with my own hands

A fine portrait in the sand that the flood has wiped away
We did what the doctors said but she never stood a chance

Don't want to look good in my grave
As long as both our souls are saved
No "all aboard!" for me and you
Because they went in two by two

We thought to the very end we would always be together
Can't believe that craggy face in the mirror is my own



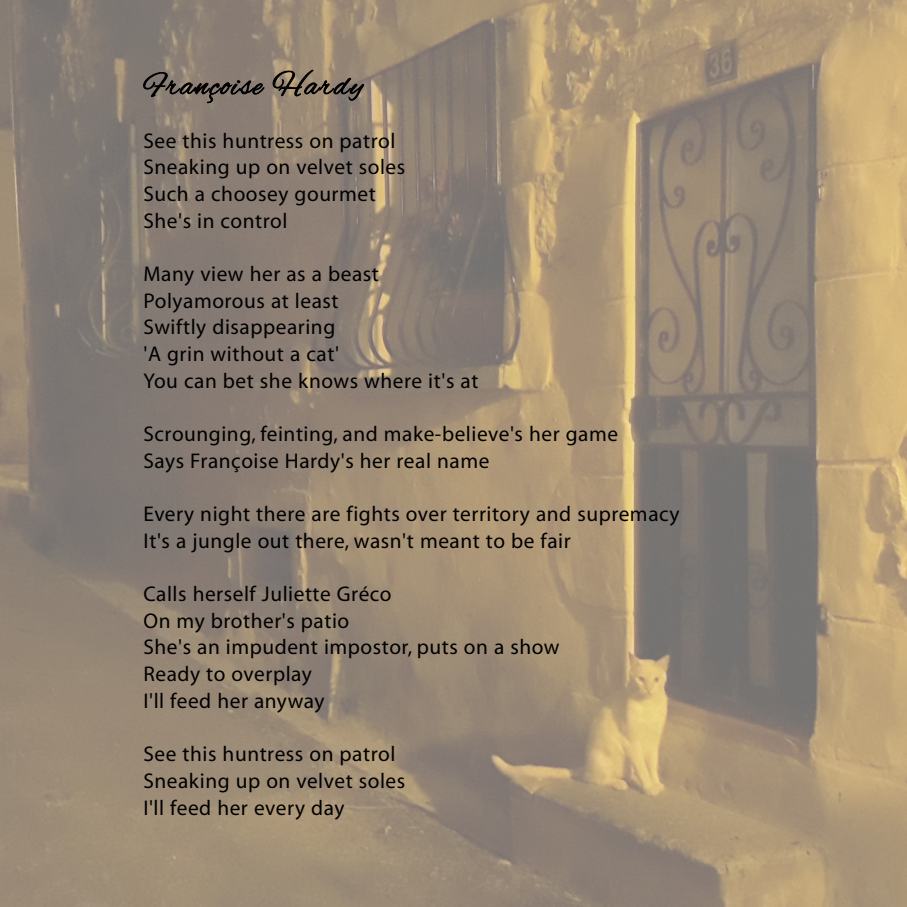
We were still so young and carefree then
We fell in love on every other weekend
She had just turned twenty-two when Linda
cut the layered cake down at the Abbey

Through sleepless nights of memories
One cat still keeps me company
A better cook than before
I'll serve his meals on the floor

These days with my grown-up son I don't even share a language
Good days nowadays are those with half the usual pain

Every day was such a feast to us
We had a million reasons to be merry
When she hit the ballroom floor with me
the other fellows turned so green with envy

No way out of this losing streak
I'll bring her flowers once a week

A photograph of a stone building with a dark door and a small cat sitting on the step. The door has a decorative metal grille and a small number '36' above it. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, yellowish glow. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Françoise Hardy

See this huntress on patrol
Sneaking up on velvet soles
Such a choosy gourmet
She's in control

Many view her as a beast
Polyamorous at least
Swiftly disappearing
'A grin without a cat'
You can bet she knows where it's at

Scrounging, feinting, and make-believe's her game
Says Françoise Hardy's her real name

Every night there are fights over territory and supremacy
It's a jungle out there, wasn't meant to be fair

Calls herself Juliette Gréco
On my brother's patio
She's an impudent impostor, puts on a show
Ready to overplay
I'll feed her anyway

See this huntress on patrol
Sneaking up on velvet soles
I'll feed her every day

I Haven't Seen Her Since

One had been in telenovelas
I wasn't quite so convinced
All that chatting but little thinking
I haven't seen her since

Another girl kept throwing parties
Her mood swings making me wince
Bedded guys she'd claimed she hated
I haven't seen her since

Well, you may call me outdated
Courtesy overrated
Still I'm not in a hurry
To date a modern girl

There was one who embraced religion
Refinement crushed my defense
Missionary in more than one way
It didn't make much sense

Now you can call me outdated
Chivalry overrated
Still I'm not in a hurry
To chase a modern girl

Still in her twenties one girl was hunting
A husband, if not a prince
Hiding bottles, then off to rehab
I haven't seen her since

Always looking for a new sweetheart
Who loves my twisted ways
When I find her - gentle but gorgeous
I'll see her every day



Liquorice And Humour

It's in the news, the late edition:
The pride of Scandinavia
Pushed Switzerland from top position
Best country anywhere in the world
To lead a happy life

Keep them satisfied
Critics and consumers
With culinary skills
Liquorice and humour

The road's no steeper than a pancake
No room left for excuses
They roll along like on a salt lake
Because they love a bicycle ride
To where the action is

What TV here sees fit for screening
Is often envied elsewhere
All furniture is so convenient
They're masters of design, so concerned
With workmanship and style

Almost everywhere around the bend there's a shoreline
A chance to relax by the sea frequently
An easy escape, leisure time so sweet
A viking cartoon on your knees

Most hierarchies aren't so colonial
Their family ties are treasured
And language won't be ceremonial
Unless you have a chat with the Queen
On cutting down nicotine

