

# MINTVILLE

bats bereft of radar



## EVERY MOUTH YOU KISSED

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

I followed her to the boutiques and cafés  
Watched her dancing at the club  
where she swayed  
Much too noisy though for a long hello  
While those bluebeat records played

Is she lodging in a diplomat suite  
Or a fashion girl on Carnaby Street?  
How I long to be in her company  
She might feel I'm indiscreet

Lend me your ear, girl  
Nothing to fear, girl  
Every mouth you kissed told you a story  
Mine has all the details  
Of a promise yet to come, please come

Obviously I'm not as brown-skinned as you  
To the seashore for a sunburn or two!  
Surely Kingston's best, in a groovy dress  
Our romance is overdue

## PROGRESS STUMBLES ON

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

Water around my ankles  
I've been relaxing here  
For all my golden afternoon

on this lonely wooden pier  
Under the brim of my finely-woven hat  
my eyelids barely blinking

Sometimes modern life  
is such a thorn in your side  
No device to switch it off  
You just have to abide  
Someone's wallet is bursting  
while my prospects are rapidly shrinking

Not even fishing  
I'm on friendly terms with fish  
Long as they do all the swimming  
I'll find some other dish  
Doing next to nothing I'll do nobody wrong  
The river does what he's best at:  
he rolls along and along and along

Could have brought my notebook  
just to keep my schedule frantic  
But no mobile today  
No remote control pedantic  
I've got thousands of rhymes  
stored in my head  
Let's make up another — like this —

"Jipijapa, Jipijapa  
came swimming over from Ecuador  
Jipijapa, Jipijapa keeps the air  
circulating in my hair's corridor"

Wall Street crooks  
keep their greed levels high  
I'm watching a feather  
slowly drifting by  
Stocks may now be rising  
but my blood pressure clearly ain't

Keep flocking in containers  
with the cameras zooming in  
Go on dumping all your litter  
in a Twitter bin  
You've got cutting-edge technology  
but you're unable to spell  
Surrogate celebrities:  
progressively moronic, telegenic as hell

Progress may as well  
stumble on without me  
Until my baby picks me up  
it's got to do without me

### PEPPERMINT PATTY

(Müller & Bellinghausen)

Fifty yards from this run-down back porch  
Tiny winding paths  
will lead you to the clearing  
All the night sounds adding up to silence  
When the hunt is on no natives interfere

Nothing is more real than simulation  
Where no roads will lead  
your own insomnia might  
Melt into the breathing landscape  
Elephants are out  
to do their dance tonight

More than twelve solid weeks to get here  
Sick and starving on a wild uncharted river  
Where a yellow moon is waiting for you  
Hanging giant snakes  
your feverish dreams deliver  
Psychotropic plants you know from hearsay  
Bending what you call reality with ease  
Did you ever leave your armchair?  
Never seem to see the wood  
for all the trees

The jungle is in us and around us  
Can't wear that skin again  
we've grown out of  
grown out of, grown out of

Have a sip of dark rum before you  
Understand the moves  
of chess playing chickens  
In the rainforest of your subconscious  
Clouds of buzzing hornets  
make you panic-stricken

Running with the pack  
you could not imagine  
Ever so afraid of wolves  
They're now your mates  
Poison arrows  
scarcely missing  
Altering the tales  
that guards of stone relate

## CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

Peppermint Patty  
You're a curious find  
Much more alluring  
than you always claim  
Only place we've ever been  
is in our minds  
Eventually I'll get sucked  
into your game

She joined the party underneath my favourite tree  
Whoever found her must have liked her instantly  
She could have been a chorus girl cast by Busby Berkeley  
So full of wit and looking swell — I was hooked completely

We had a picnic and another flower view  
When she explained about her Japanese tattoo  
So little talking was required to feel deeply bonded  
She stayed on for the fireworks and her heart responded

Peppermint Patty  
There's a tribal feast  
Let's illustrate  
the blind spots on the map  
Is there a prize if I make it  
past the priest?  
They say the rest of this song  
was lost or scrapped

She had to leave me just before the morning light  
Showed me her ticket for a transatlantic flight  
The only way to break the spell of a troubled marriage  
But every day she blows a kiss that the wind will carry

Now leaves are falling and the tree, it bears her name  
She's on a journey still, I'm happy all the same  
Down at the orchard where we met I'll be meditating  
Until it's cherry blossom time I will sit awaiting her  
When my love returns to me



## NOBODY THERE

(Müller & Bellinghausen)

Another useless year has gone  
Still I'm forever plodding on  
Bowing down for some crumbs  
fallen from their pockets

The fog banks that I call memories  
Offer ineffective remedies  
My body is a sixty-four-track pain recorder

Now it's agreed upon that we are all one  
No other soul exists for me to care  
Going home I'll find nobody's there

Fear grabs me when the postman rings  
The dealers send a high gloss thing  
Showing hell's achievements  
in flamboyant colours

Reduced to sweeping the rubble away  
Amidst various stages of decay  
Relegated to the footnotes of life's payroll

If it's agreed upon we're really all one  
It's me alone in this rotten universe  
I can't see the blessing in such a curse

Illumination came in limited supplies  
Love was just a breeze that hovered by

People so exhausted or immune  
Much too busy licking their own wounds  
It's Monday, I'm not seeing anyone till Friday

No way of curing me with those pills  
Nor benefit in my shrink's fine skills  
Can't tune in to hear my underwater yelling

## EXPECTING GOOD WEATHER

(Müller & Bellinghausen)

I can crawl under your umbrella  
And still be a grown-up girl  
Checking old traps you stepped into  
Some decades earlier - I wanna

Dive to the bottom of my spell on Earth  
Experimental  
See what my chops are worth

Not afraid walking foreign soil when  
I can always return to you  
Often thrown back into turmoil  
My pilot sees me through

Filtering heaps of random knowledge  
Crammed into my weary brain

Expecting good weather  
Although it's nowhere to be seen

Banded together  
Feel what it means to be young  
Character is my idea of home

Flowing over with opportunities  
This world makes sense  
because there's you and me  
Told you, "to optimism  
There's no real alternative"

Expecting good weather  
Although it's nowhere to be seen  
Banded together by free will and genes

With a black eye I'm still trying  
To see the good in my antagonist  
'Immortality through not dying'  
To quote the humourist

## A SUDDEN GLIMPSE OF SPRING

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

The wishing well is frozen over  
A sorry picture without sound  
Scant memories of 'Dolce Vita'  
Dragging my aching bones around  
Worn down by chilly winds  
That pierce my sullen heart  
My faint heart, deserted heart

Still taking hot extended showers  
Which every lonely soul prefers  
I was a hopeless figure skater  
Upon a mirror scratched and blurred  
Though days are longer now  
No use for carnival  
In winter, bleak winter

There's a groundswell of fondness  
Since I caught a sudden glimpse of Spring  
I'll be stepping out of  
this bronze cage for good  
Ready to remember everything

I'll be catching the day  
In a spellbinding way  
Pointing at the skies in amazement  
Of the infinite space above my head

Hey, let's dust off our coronas  
Climb an anthill, the mountain's too hard  
Never recoil from things of beauty  
Us gatecrashers in a rich girl's backyard

Your smile was my reward when  
I was left out in the cold  
We'll have something to hope for  
Something to do, someone to hold

## A MATTER OF TRUST

(Müller, Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

Through my trials and my labours  
Peace of mind is what I crave but  
Harmony and chaos are still  
Next-door neighbours

Much responsibility was  
At a young age burdened on me  
Playfulness not on the menu  
Fortune's turn now to release me

From a drawn-out consternation  
To a state of elevation  
On the verge of giving up  
We rescued love from hibernation

As long as you will put your trust in me  
I'll be gladly sharing  
everything that's mine to give away

Reaching for this silver lining  
Seperate plots are intertwining  
You're the drop of sweet *guarapo*  
Making every day much finer

Couldn't keep up my disguise  
When you caught me by surprise  
Then embraced me till our pulse beats  
Gradually were synchronizing

## A WORD ABOUT CHANGING

(Müller & Bellinghausen)

Clinging so tightly to my treasured sofa  
Much more threadbare now  
than comfortable  
Whirlwinds rattling at doors thrust open  
Are pestering me to move on

Leave me alone, you big-headed butterflies  
Good transformation sports  
I'm quite content with  
my tried caterpillar style  
Sometimes selling myself short

All my cells are like power stations  
See the light emanating freely  
Molecules bred in the hearts of star clouds  
Forever join and leave me

Reading old letters I hardly know myself  
Still got my fate to blame  
From today I'll consider advocating change  
So I can be different but the same

## PAINT ME A DESERT

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

We know more words than are stars in the sky  
Still can't explain why the river runs dry

Not a lasting love, just a dress rehearsal  
This fear of suffering  
feels even worse than ... pain itself

See the mirage, hear the low soothing sound  
Apricots, olives and women abound

Such a vision can't survive without irrigation  
What looked like fertile soil  
has been frustration ... for so long

Rejuvenation — Calypso's trump card  
Ulysses built a raft  
Destined to row hard to get home

Their skin was black, Adam and Eve  
Expelled by God they had to leave Africa

Better than loneliness is bad company?  
Even your nomad song will not agree

Paint me a desert of three thousand miles  
A dream fulfilled  
makes life worthwhile ... hopefully

**LUXURY IN SOLITUDE**  
(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

Gotta let go of what is wrong  
Before the right thing ever comes along

— A common mantra often heard  
Within her school of thought

Society tells you,  
"boy, you better stop your jive  
You're not convincing us with your best"  
Not the time for your girl to drive  
A golden spike right through your chest

Hold my breath  
My coastline is all crumbling  
While the water rushes over me  
Catch a straw, I just can't help believing  
In solitude there's luxury

Forty-fives chucked out of the window  
Polaroids of reddish hue  
Notes pinned down in forgotten lingo  
Retiring to obscurity

How a love that shone so brightly  
Could ever dim and fade away  
Merging with the withered background:  
A mystery to this very day

'Time heals wounds'  
Is what they love proclaiming  
But the scars can never be removed  
Catch a straw, I just can't help believing  
There's luxury in solitude



## INDIAN SUMMER GIRLS

(Susbauer & Bellinghausen)

The sun is just as new every day as it's old  
Otherworldly sights to belaud and behold  
— unimagined

Shadows climb the crater like an ivy's green vest  
Sitting on this hilltop we're almost at our best  
— undistracted

Hopes are flying higher than a kite

Light is peeping through the treetops  
A bright kaleidoscope unfurls  
Light reflected in the iris  
Of the shiny indian summer girls

Put the shovel down, it was time for release  
Newly-found ideas make my courage increase  
— unrestricted

Through rain and early frost  
Coat stolen, keys were lost  
You found her in a whirl  
An indian summer girl

Light is travelling on at phenomenal speed  
To the outer reaches of science and creed  
— unabated



Roland Enders

## SNOW IN CLONAKILTY

(Susbauer)

*instrumental*

## THE EVE - JANINE RAG (Müller & Bellinghausen)

Sixty years ago in New Orleans  
Doing standup comedy routines  
When my older cousin Ferdinand was drinking  
I took over tickling the ivories

She introduced herself as "Eve-Janine"  
Sweetest kind of smile you've ever seen  
Working as a barmaid in a bawdy parlour  
I've got nothing but the fondest memories

No-one there found out her real name  
Big game hunters failed to get her tamed  
Spoon-fed on religion  
Tricked me into believing that her one desire  
Was marrying a handsome guy called Stephen

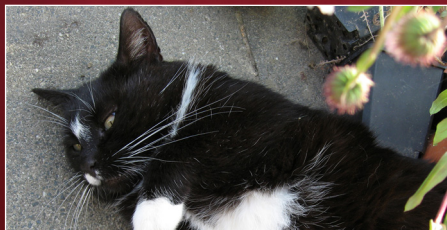
I never did much gambling or much booze  
She said she really liked my two-tone shoes  
When I took her to the icerink  
Took her to the movies  
Nothing much became of my fantasies

Hoped she'd cling to me in the Tunnel of Love  
She acted like a lady sawed in half  
Rode the rollercoaster  
The fairground never treated me fair  
All my dreams ended there

I heard she'd gone to see her sister  
In Rarotonga, but I missed her  
Returning from the voyage tired and torn  
A minstrel with a scratched  
and dented horn  
Playing the piano just Antoine  
was ranked above me  
But not even my most epic rag  
could ever make her love me

Though she's now a smashing eighty-nine  
I'll invite her out to dance and dine  
Sounding so prophetic at the Krazy Korner  
Katrina and The Waves were doing fine

Sixty years ago in New Orleans  
Sweetest kind of smile you've ever seen  
Yes indeed, I'm walkin'  
home to where I met Eve-Janine



Dr. B. Giershausen, proprietor of Mintville HQ

## MINTVILLE ~



### ~natives:

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| Achim Susbauer        | – vocals, acoustic guitar & banjo           |
| Peter Müller          | – vocals, piano, acoustic guitar & bouzouki |
| Richard Bellinghausen | – vocals & percussion                       |

### ~resident:

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Roland Enders | – electric guitar, pad drums & keyboards<br>(bass, synthesizer & wind instruments) |
|---------------|--|

### ~visitors:

- |                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| Karl Beck              | – bass guitar (01, 10, 14)  |
| Wilfried Bellinghausen | – marimba (08, 10), vibes (08),<br>french horn (11) & trombone (14) |
| Roberto Fersini        | – voice (05)  |
| Sebastian Frick        | – cello (04, 08)  |
| Lilo Gerdes            | – clarinet (04)   |
| Steffi Giershausen     | – vocals (06)   |
| Franz Kremer           | – double bass (02)  |
| Sonja Lichtenberg      | – vocals (02, 03, 07, 10)   |
| Sabrina Palm           | – fiddle (13)   |
| Anne Schiranski        | – vocals (01, 04)   |
| Michael Tamme          | – bass guitar (03, 05, 07, 11)                                      |
| Hiltrud Triphaus       | – vocals (08)   |
| Edgar Zens             | – accordion (11)  |

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Produziert von Roland Enders

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