

Radio Remedy
EVERYTHING'S FALLING INTO PLACE

ASKING BERNARDO FOR ADVICE

Hold back till tomorrow
What you could have done today
All of your doing's futile
And needs to be delayed

Groundless weariness overpowers me
The void is calling, I'm struggling to inhale
Bein' alive is so terrifying
I'm a ship that never set sail

Refuge sought in writing
To distract myself from life
Talking to you is tiresome
Discrepancies and strife

Misconceived is this tryout universe
Drunken prank of a cosmic amateur
This road like any other road leads you
To the end of the world

One thing only I request from love:
To always stay an airy scheme
Any women, you should never touch them
Just a good source for dreams
Nothing much I ever asked from life yet
Every favour was denied
While we're sinking into quicksand slowly
Hold our banners up high

If you want to be unhappy
Opt for positivity
Stubborn optimistic thinking
Drags you into misery

Build cities designed as ruins
'cause they'll crumble anyhow
Buy books that you won't flip open
Abstinence can free you now

I'm longing still for the other
Which I could have been as well
Where could you try to escape to
Trapped in a locked, boundless cell?

Sat atop a mountain
Without uttering a word
Never to have existed
Is what I'd have preferred

A KISSLESS ROMANCE

Every day you would brush my neighbour's riding horses
Every day my eyes would follow your stride

Suddenly you left and headed for the Southern border
Suddenly some lucky guy had found a bride

Too early or too late, you sometimes hurry, sometimes wait
How long have we been breathing the same sweet air?

Years are gone but our secret bond is undiminished
Years are gone, we're much more cautious than before

A slow recovery from broken down marriages
Injecting both of us with a new lease of life

The small wild animals by the trail know you well
They hear you whistling lyrical do-re-mis

Anyway, I'll be scribbling with my broken pencil
Anyway, I'll write in sympathetic ink

.. it's maddening to live alone
The rich cascade of kindness we were missing
Little gestures mean a lot
You're walking close beside me
Juggling on the very brink of kissing

TOO SHY TO UNWRAP HER

Nighttime falls on sepia-tinted Prague. Like blank pages
classmates at the ancient hotel, still teenagers
Curled up on the sheets

She's too afraid to go all the way now
Silken cups rustling
Absence of know-how
Much too shy to unwrap the girl

Spring came too early
Soon we'll run on separate tracks
Desperate in barracks
Study with an architect

So adept at mathematics
Smart girl with a model's charms
Clearly the most stunning beauty
Who ever fell into my arms

Mind you, I'll caress her anyhow, till dawn's chorus
Plant a hundred kisses to see what's good for us
Hearts are pounding fast

She's too afraid to go all the way now
Silken cups rustling
Absence of know-how
Much too shy to unwrap the girl
I'm much too shy to unwrap the girl

THE BUBBLE OF HUBRIS

When we stepped into the bubble
Expectations were still strong
Then enthusiasm wavered
While an awful lot went wrong

A milestone experiment so beautiful and bold
Create a vivarium, a self-sustaining world
A loophole for humankind, a wonder to behold

Not enough oxygen, the rationed food is late
Clearly they're suffering just like the original eight
Clusters of shattered glass, clean air now circulates
Go on, brave Abigail, till handcuffs seal our fate very soon

Quite unbearable to follow
Problems mounted from day one
Watched by busloads of spectators
Soon the cheating had begun, begun

Live to learn
Learn to try
Try to reap
Reap to live

We'd never advocate such violence as this
But someone had to take a stand, finally
Our crews of bionauts became so overstrained
That former buddies turned into enemies

AN EPITAPH

Not of the brash type, nevertheless you had a lot to say
Late evening phone calls, you'd anyway come to play

How you relied on seasoned roots you were aware
Time and again on twisted paths accepted dares
Like a lover in your arms: that cherished bass guitar
Was meant to take us far

Life is short, you blink and nearly miss it
We're only passing through
Well, your restless mind, it always knew

So brief is life, you blink and nearly miss it
We're only passing through
Man, we were so very young when we started out
Music - such a thrill, it rang so true

A family man but still a most unusual guy
Burning ambition to at least set forth and try
Could have been a hired hand in some sort of Wrecking Crew
Success was overdue

QUETZALCOATLUS

Gliding through the air
on these awe-inspiring wings
Unobstructed view
of the ground down below
Warned by sombre clouds
there's a flood that comes our way
Valleys where we roamed
are not safe anymore

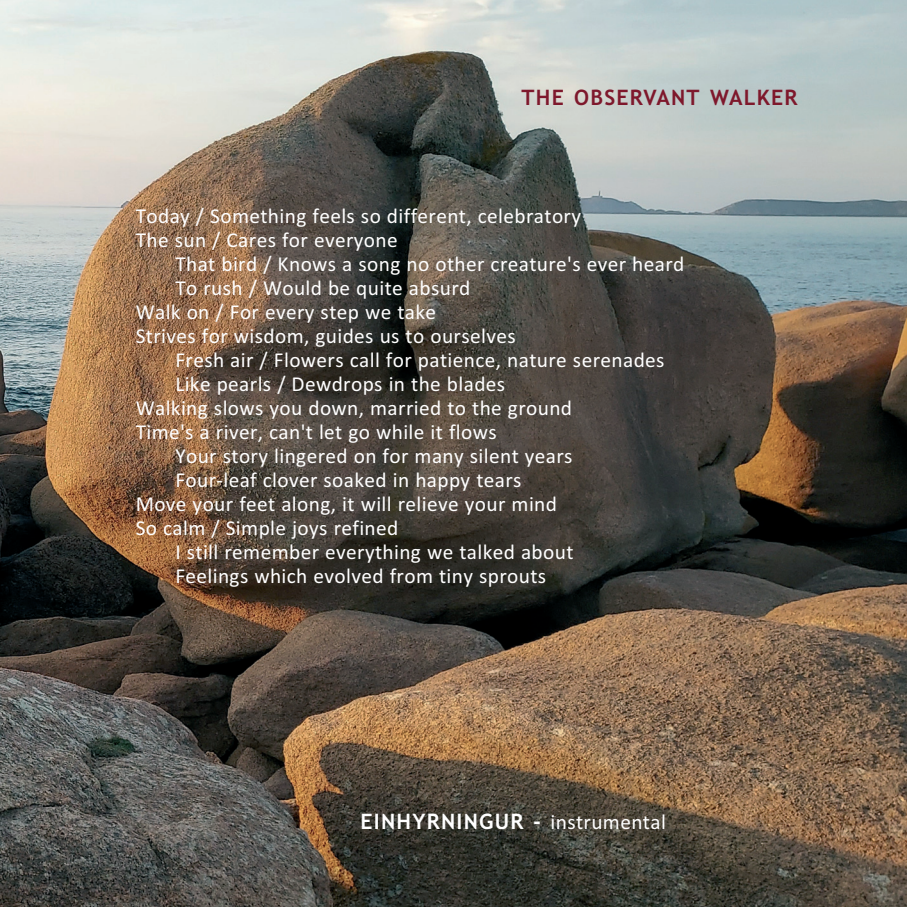
Mother Nature, tell us why
such enormous creatures can fly
Making species of this kind
weren't you really out of your mind?

We never stopped singing
when the rain came pouring down harder
Flew up to the mountains
where the currents caught us unguarded
Unsuited for deserts
moving on after thousands of years

We never stopped singing
when the trees were covered with dust
Surrounded by craters
and the ashes shimmered like rust
Once more at the crossroads
moving on after millions of years

We never stopped singing
you're too far away now to listen
Encircled by water
every soothing sound in our ears
Courtied by solitude down by the ocean shore
Time to move on after myriads of years





THE OBSERVANT WALKER

Today / Something feels so different, celebratory
The sun / Cares for everyone
That bird / Knows a song no other creature's ever heard
To rush / Would be quite absurd
Walk on / For every step we take
Strives for wisdom, guides us to ourselves
Fresh air / Flowers call for patience, nature serenades
Like pearls / Dewdrops in the blades
Walking slows you down, married to the ground
Time's a river, can't let go while it flows
Your story lingered on for many silent years
Four-leaf clover soaked in happy tears
Move your feet along, it will relieve your mind
So calm / Simple joys refined
I still remember everything we talked about
Feelings which evolved from tiny sprouts

EINHYNRINGUR - instrumental

Sleep in a makeshift bed
Touched in my shrunken head
Act like a juvenile
Stick to the old provisional style

Sometimes rising from dreams
Polynesian islands and Hawaii
South Sea beachcomber rule:
Long pig's not served nowadays

Look, I was late for my own funeral last night
I tried to make it but my schedule was too tight
The mourning party had long disappeared from sight
It felt embarrassing to be so impolite

Good old Tender Rhodes
Never take me back
To the place I once belonged

Dressed like a troglodyte
My skin's of a dirty white
Teeth of a fancy brown
I'd hoped it would be the other way round

Rama lama dong
Rama lama shlong
Frozen sausage in my pocket

And the devil said, ain't got no time to wait for nerds like you
All in blood-red ink my book is filled with evil things to do
I'll return some other day, get you anyhow
Temporary is your stay, take a final bow
Better wake up quick, your doctor's here to have you etherised
Modern life is rubbish, that's for sure,
you'll feel anaesthetised anyway

Great Barrier Reef
Fucked up by an overrated species

Came here by train, inevitably late
Equipped with a soul which no one can locate
So immature, my slothfulness prevailed
Every attempt at purposefulness failed
When I arrived the reaper got too bored, left me
No other choice but living on some more

Tiki Room chic
The enemy is our good taste
Let's meet at the brand-new Bali Hai
Great place to fly a kite
Fuzzed out surf guitar
Strung with six electric eels
Mai Tais and fatty meals

Nothing has turned out right
Replay as planned – tonight

LATE FOR MY OWN FUNERAL





EVERYTHING CONNECTS

Celestial bodies – no fixed abode
Incessantly we're buzzing by
Seated in a box to watch the solar system
Images that stupefy
Our natural spaceship circling 'round the sun
So inconceivably fast
Nothing's standing still and nothing's where we see it
Peering into the past

Talk to me, darling, let's communicate
So all this knowledge can emerge
Access to the true, the inner information
Makes curiosity surge
Galaxies are billions, space is almost empty
Can't get it into our heads
Nature knows no borders, all life is in circles
That's what the indians said

Everything will flourish where love reigns
Everything will connect

Floating in the ocean of space
You and me a tiny splash, a bubble
Tailor-made for this place
Nothing separates us

This spot is perfect, and the time is right
To go from success to success
Chances are I'll find a new existence, only
Change my cosmic address

Floating in the ocean of space
You and me a tiny splash, a bubble
Tailor-made for this place
Nothing separates us at all

Everything will flourish where love reigns
Everything connects with all there is
And if we're short on inspiration
on our stormy flight
Thoughts will travel faster still than light

WHAT'S FOR DINNER, MRS. MALAPROP?

As of late employed by 'Ensign Beverley'
A disguise that's tailor-made
Gone to Bath to 'take the waters',
Shop and promenade

But the real reason is Miss Lydia
Subject of the captain's hopes
Utterly romantic, plans to elope

Other suitors lately have been queuing up
Viewed as second-rate buffoons
This entanglement must be unravelled soon

What's for dinner then, Mrs. Malaprop?
Vanities now exchanged
Still in pursuit of eloquence
Epitaphs nicely *deranged*

Say, *illiterate* him from your memory
Do fine feathers make fine birds?
Female *punctuation* will forbid more words

And who's for tea, weathered Mrs. Malaprop?
Plotting as best he can
Pineapple of refined politeness
Ever the gentleman

THE LATE SEASON

Growing older, no wiser
Turn to where the blue skies are
I'll never live in my memories
- Don't recall a thing

What are you gonna do in the late season?
Crazy thoughts are swirlin' 'round my head
Much too late, much too late for a midlife crisis
Looking for the reset mode instead - now

This is just a foretaste
Fresh adventures of the heart, 'bout to start
Knocking on the doors of bliss
You deemed me eccentric?
Watch out for what happens next, fairer sex
Unpredicted tenderness

What are you gonna do in the late season?
Find out where the wind is taking me
Everyone's gone away, now's our time for dancing
Ragged cliffs above an agile sea's shore

Coming back after injury
It's not over till fat ladies sing
Adding more to our 'bucket lists'
But forever's not as long as way back when

Entering the home straight
Let's go out in glorious style, with a bang
Parachutes and bulging sails

Entering the home straight
Let's go out in glorious style, with a bang
Wondrous faculties has death:
Travels as the crow flies
Chances are you'll stay with me, soothing me
Hold me when I'm out of breath, baby

SOMEWHERE ELSE

Flower island in the blinding sun
Wowing everyone
When nature looks like art
Mighty ferry gliding 'cross the lake
In the market place
The revelries may start

No desire to see cathedrals
Or the pompous display of your weaponry
All that cruelty
Not much need for recreation
Just a longing to go to be somewhere else
Feeling carefree

The new attraction of the classroom turned sixteen
My companion – oh, how fortunate! – I've found
Fifty-four years waiting for that second kiss
I adored you then and still adore you now

We'll keep trying hard to figure out
How to disappear
And stay on all the same
Not contactable for anyone
Changing future's face
By simply changing place

Human life appears so meaningless
Doesn't have to be
As empty as it seems
No immediate plans for slowing down
While we're working on
Fulfilling lifelong dreams

IRREGULARITIES

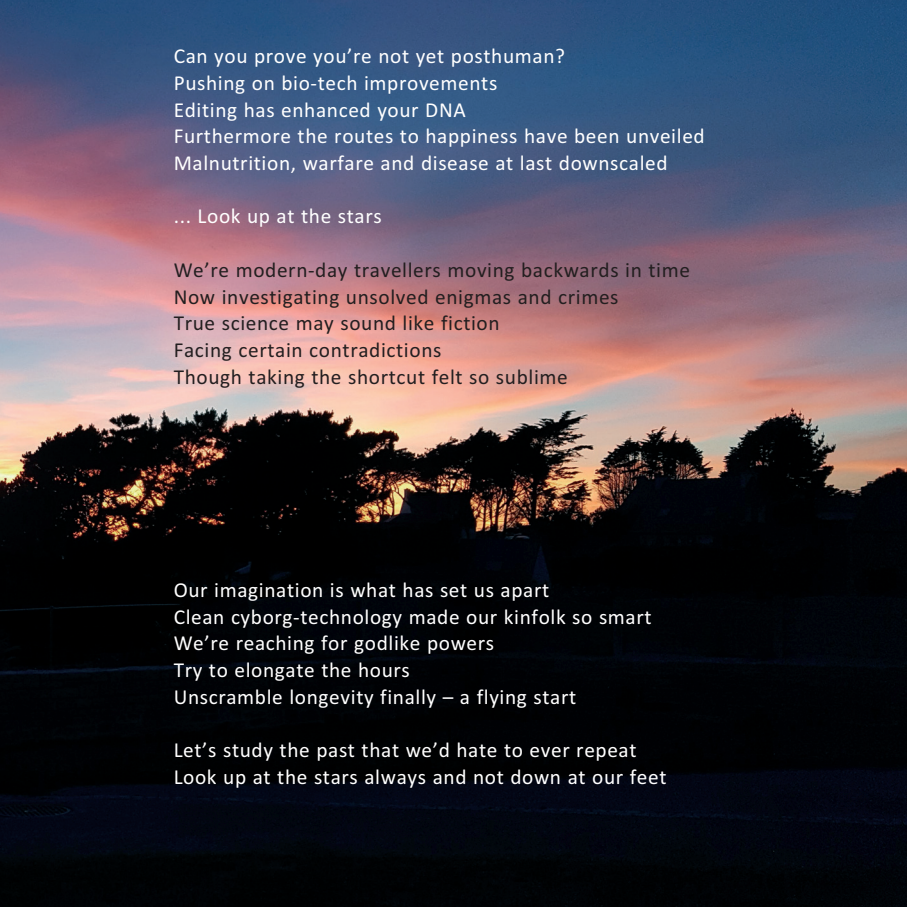
An inflation, incredibly fast
Imperfection shown to be indispensable
And duly retained
Countless lifeforms, changing stages of man
A creation relentlessly going on
So hard to explain

Uniform universe
Just a few irregularities
Such as galaxies

What is life like in the Anthropocene?
For the animals it's mostly like slavery
Except in the wild
Darwin found a microscope and .. smiled

Curious, evermore so nonplussed
Make some sense of what we see around us
In a world so bewilderingly strange

Making tools, good communicators
Millions of trained cooperators
The human race grabbed a big slice of the cake



Can you prove you're not yet posthuman?
Pushing on bio-tech improvements
Editing has enhanced your DNA
Furthermore the routes to happiness have been unveiled
Malnutrition, warfare and disease at last downscaled

... Look up at the stars

We're modern-day travellers moving backwards in time
Now investigating unsolved enigmas and crimes
True science may sound like fiction
Facing certain contradictions
Though taking the shortcut felt so sublime

Our imagination is what has set us apart
Clean cyborg-technology made our kinfolk so smart
We're reaching for godlike powers
Try to elongate the hours
Unscramble longevity finally – a flying start

Let's study the past that we'd hate to ever repeat
Look up at the stars always and not down at our feet



Radio Remedy

Peter Müller: Akustikgitarre, Ukulele, Cembalo, Piano & Gesang

Roland Enders: Diverse virtuelle Instrumente & Gesang

Richard Bellinghausen: Gesang

Geschmacksverstärker:

Lilo Gerdes: Gesang

Sony Lichtenberg: Gesang

Hiltrud Triphaus: Gesang

Ingo Thorwest: Elektrogitarre

Edgar Zens: Hammond-Organ

Alle Stücke von Peter/Roland/Richard

Arrangements ebenso (mit Beiträgen unserer Gäste)

Aufgenommen 2024-2026 im Slander Drone III, Stieldorf

Aufnahme, Verfeinerung, Mix & Master: Roland

Fotos: Bernd Giershausen, Michael Geub, Dagmar Krueger & Richard

Gestaltung: Richard

Dieses Album widmen wir unserem Freund Karl Beck.

Wir grüßen Peter Susbauer (Song 01), Birgit Zabel (07)

& Susi John & Dieter Brunken-John (08).

Song 05 im Gedenken an Wolfgang Broda

Produziert von Roland Enders

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