



MINTVILLE
reluctant beekeepers

A Rowboat On A Sand Dune

Like a rowboat on a sand dune
I have strayed far from my course
Moving sails on the horizon
Only add to this remorse

Every day I tried not to think of her
Every day I failed miserably

All those years trapped in a wasteland
Much regret sticks like a leech
Life escapes me, circumvents me
Cut adrift and out of reach

I watched my books and diaries vanish under rains of ashes
The guiding beacon turning dark before my eyes

Pin a sparkling cloth on boredom
Make a virtue of lethargy
Hear the Gospel told according to
My old pal melancholy

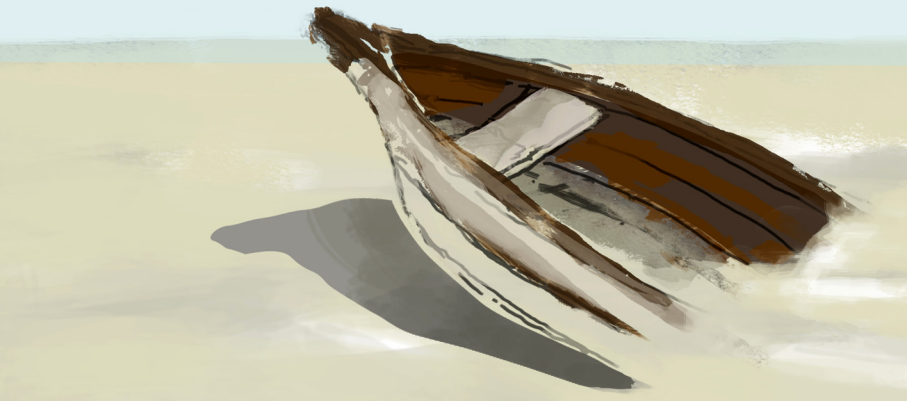
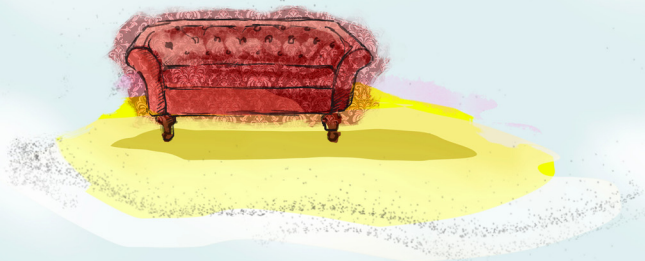
Workdays are diseases, Sundays enemies
Repetition scheme reigns supreme

Now all the time I shared the loneliness of deep sea divers
Feels like a million disappointments in a row

While the top dogs are on home stretch
I'm still glued to level one
Paradise should have no out door
When this universe has none

Every day I tried not to think of her
Every day I failed miserably

Will we all be reunited
On that sofa up in the sky?
Much as I would be delighted
It's your own theory, not mine



Dopamine

I'm counting sheep
The metal kids have drained me of my sleep
A lump of brain
The hair is gone but still the head remains

Well, I don't care
For mushrooms that a madcap wants to share
No benzedrine
I'd rather have a dash of dopamine

Now it's Lucifer ringing
Trying to sell me some cocaine
While the girls in the kitchen
Have just finished my champagne

Some more caffeine
Pulse is jumping on a trampoline
No steady state
A chicken dancing on a red-hot plate

Now there's always been tomorrow
But one day there will be none
I'm in need of stimulation
To get my writing done

I need some dopamine
To feed my thought machine
On the silvery screen
We have seen it
Working wonders, this dopamine

Hey, garbage man
Throw the tranquilizers in the can
And ecstasy should have
Stayed in your laboratory

Well, this reefer makes me tired
Like really bad TV
And until I'm ninety-four
I'll keep my hands off LSD
(I'm ninety-three)

Some more caffeine
Pulse is jumping on a trampoline

Everyone remembers
Albert's bicycle day
While the girls in the kitchen
Keep the vodka at bay

Barley Scones And Cream

Springtime, open windows everywhere
The villagers come out to taste the sun
Make an appointment to plant a tree
Barley scones and cream for everyone

Fork and spade in my garden
Working so relaxed till afternoon
Whizzing and buzzing around me
All my strings are perfectly in tune

Tiny mouse, I'm quite impressed
I wonder how you gnawed this gap
Will you try my homemade marmalade?
Leave the bird seeds to the birds
And beware of Munkustrap
'cause this cat is a champion of his trade

Bygone times with no air to breathe
Disrespect and foulness fade away
How long will life feel as good as this?
The poet says for ever and a day

Invitation To No Man's Land

A cream-coloured saxophone
Will do the screaming
She plays with a shrieky tone
To scare her demons

Her love of the cinema
So captivating
But this is no "Graduate"
Not even dating

Surprise invitation card to no man's land
Her true motivation you won't understand

Her skin shining so opaque
Reduced resistance
I'll watch the dead letter box
From quite a distance

A slow exposition like on polaroids
Substantial applause
For a thimbleful of voice

She once was a fiancée
With patent pending
But caused a deliberate
Alternate ending

Nanga Parbat

She's on the run
Not a word about her return
I'm half a man without her
Caught the late night train
Dashing 'cross the mainland to the East
She once said she hoped to go there
No single thing to her I ever promised
That in the end I was not prepared to keep

But still she's on the run
Many miles from where she was last night
Calls from across the border
I hopped upon this boat
Sailing is an art I'll have to study
We're much too slow to catch up
She must have panicked when I finally poured my heart out
It never crossed my mind to put a lock on her door
But I've seen much worse than bonds between companions:
Being all alone in an overcrowded world

Runaway lover, you're like Houdini's daughter
Your style of caring is just unique
Let's reunite up on the naked mountain
I will follow you ..

.. over crackling ice
These huskies are as strong as they get
It's a great race they're running

But anyway
I reached her South Pole seven days too late
All her tracks were covered

People often think destiny's the teacher
Freedom of the will - nothing but illusion
Even up in space you'd be the same old creature
Overrun by thoughts, flooded by confusion

Will she come along to my secret spot of power
Where at least I felt fewer limitations?
What's at my disposal in my brightest hour?
Celestial reverberations

Climbing up a slope
Grinning crags and glaciers ahead
I'm glad the sherpas guide me
On top of the world
When this paper chase is history
We'll finally talk it over
I'll admit defeat if you can't stand determination
Even pay for your ticket to an unknown destination
But until then you can't keep me from trying
The higher the mountain, the better the view

Runaway lover, you're like Houdini's daughter
Your style of caring is just unique
Let's reunite up on the naked mountain
I will follow you .. to the peak

Larzac

We were young and felt so free
Back in eighty-two
Guitar buddies much entranced
On a hitchhike trip to France

Granite village on the plain
There we stood amazed
Longing for the simple life
Far removed from noise and strife

In the morning fixed a wall
Or we tiled a roof
Later by the open fire
Folk musicians we admired

Stunning flavour of the wine
Herbs and bread sublime
We had time right on our hands
Not besieged by great demands

We are like-minded people
Intent on defending
That landscape archaic and wild
Flocks of sheep brought to Paris
Are here to remind you
Of a sensible governing style

Stunning flavour of the wine
Herbs and bread sublime
We had time right on our hands
For a sensible governing style

Taking our land on the rulers' insistence
Militarism would make our lives hell
Still we're devoted to peaceful resistance
See how resilient is our Carda Belle!

Ask The Seven Fountains

For ages I was wandering but would have liked to stay
Imagine the exuberance when April came in May

The first few footsteps on our path felt natural and sincere
Until we grew dispirited - we hadn't loved in years

Hit the road!
Set your mind on walking while
Your thoughts are rearranged
Next time you will pass this crossing
Something by the way will have changed

Just keep on walking long enough
Your senses are revived
It's best to travel hopefully
And not expect relief when you arrive

When I found the guide in his hideaway
This was all he ever chose to say :
"Go ask the seven fountains of courtship!"
And the waters whispered, "it's your lucky day"

With sunset brushed upon her skin as if a fire burned
Beside my doorstep April's waiting for my late return

Let's pretend the night won't end

Family Business

So much work to be done
When the sun is barely blinking
Got no time, newborn son
Slowing down is wishful thinking

Facing stronger competition
Prone to get a heart condition
Sliding on a downward spiral
Till you're knee-deep in the mire

First-born boy, he turned three
Longed to see his baby brother
Rush back to the bakery
You'll join in some day or other

Born into a family business
Cakes and bread and circuses
Your mother's out of bed as usual
Nanny will take care of you

Stinging pain in the chest
But I must not flinch, never
Christmas might bring some rest
Working hours drag on forever

Nine Feet Above In The Air

Let your mind run wild, sweet thing
Imagine what the future may bring
I believe that instead of six feet under
We'll be nine feet above in the air

Wilbur's got it all worked out
The critics tear their hair and shout
Mankind needs this art of aviation
We'll be nine feet above in the air

It is asking for trouble
To confront laws of gravity
You're shaking, my darling
Will you please not forsake me

Can't afford to fail
It's the Holy Grail
I believe that instead of six feet under
We'll be nine feet above in
this aircraft on our route to Bowling Green
A thousand times in my lucid dreams I've seen
Us floating aimlessly high above the ground
Like birds we fly around and around

There's no need to be afraid
Tomorrow we will make the grade
Mankind needs this art of aviation
We'll be nine feet above in the air





Everything Flows

Nothing we experience is destined to last
Nothing's as constant as change
All that arises must later dissolve
Though this seems strange
In a perfect circle beginning and end
Are one and the same
None of us need to surrender to what we became

Being prosecuted because they believed
What a true prophet had taught
Seven ran away, fell asleep in a cave
Sad and distraught
When they woke up after two hundred years
Stunned by peculiar sounds
All through the land their religion had spread around

Panta rhei, panta rhei
Everything flows, you can't step in the same river twice

Knowledge as priceless as a second sun
Is leading you out of the dark
Nowhere a rain cloud when Noah began
Designing the Ark
Sitting down near your good teacher to hear
What he reveals, you will
Question the flickering shadow show
Could it be real?



DIETER
(POSITIVE VIBRATIONS)



A Single Mother's Lullaby

He was unconventional, much to my delight
But not enthusiastic about his new role
Falling in and out of love did not seem fair
She wasn't even born when I left the foxhole

Now cut out this drama, adjust your view
A hopeful young creature depends on you

So hard to walk away but it still felt right
To ditch a battlefield stuck in the past tense
Bad conscience sneaking up but I fought back
And found my absolution devoid of incense

This Wednesday is Girls' Day, she gets around
Moves forward and upward in leaps and bounds
She's curious, exploring her modern world
I'm overjoyed to have this triumph of a girl

Though employed and qualified, not a welfare mum
I faced the consequences of my decision
Meanwhile our society takes time catching up
On parents who develop a different vision

Eyes As Deep As A Lake

After all the battles and the bickering
Rubber turkey coups instead of nurturing
So tired of fighting, so tired of fighting

Slow down the flow of time by moving very fast
The future may provide us with a better past
He walked home alone, left the station in the rain
Never even saw a train

Once he had forgotten 'bout his search for good
Cheerfulness was lighting up the neighbourhood
So dazzled by what a muse will bring along:
Kisses from another world

See the crow fly
See the butterflies sunbathing
on the white lines of this country road
From the goldmine of her feelings
will she spare an ounce or two?
Brooks and rocks are murmuring of when his life was easier
Of eyes as deep and shiny as a lake

This might be some other Harry/Sally case
Feeling closely knit, put off the mating chase
No, the editor can't tell you how the movie ends
Most inquisitive of friends!
So obvious it comforts him to dive into
Eyes as deep and shiny as a lake

Finistère

Debureau has never been my given name
You can't rely on what they print on paper
Masterful skill makes a forgery look right

Employing all my cunning to escape
On a coach, on foot and then on horseback
Crossing my homeland all veiled by the night

From the end of the earth
Run before it's too late
Nevermore to return
Exchanging Little for Great

Tomorrow we'll be leaving Brittany
Hoping for tranquillity
Calling half-forgotten names
Of the loved ones we lost

Never had I before
Seen this wild ocean shoreline
Expecting my big reward:
To hear them shouting "all aboard!"

So often called a beggar, crook or thief
I see no reason for complaining
What can you do when you're hungry and poor?

But there's no way
I killed that vicious man
Though many said
that he deserved it
Lived by the sword
till he died by the sword

Tomorrow we'll be leaving Brittany
Beauty and monstrosity
Of the mercilessly raging sea
Tearing at our clipper

The tides will be our destiny
Beauty and monstrosity
Of the bottomless and unforgiving sea
Scaring me, scaring me, scaring me

Stracciatella Fitzgerald

We could never afford to board this cruiser
Playing saxes on the upper deck
Prancing through her hunting grounds
She does a late afternoon check

If you called her 'scantily-dressed'
This would be no revelation
There's a rumour that not all of her assets
Are a part of God's creation

She's got one eye on your golden ring
The other eye on the captain's crotch
If your purse is prone to obesity
She's clearly the one to watch
We'll never know what rogue wave
Swept her to this tropic shore
Her tan lines you would love to explore

With all her perfume and hipshaking glory
She was made to tease
She claims she's a cousin of Carmen Miranda
But speaks no word of Portuguese

More likely she was brought up in Sicily
With trips to Ireland every year
We call her Stracciatella Fitzgerald
When she's too far off to hear

Ooh-la-la-la, ooh-la-la-la, armadillo
Ooh-la-la-la, ooh-la-la-la, marvellous macaw
Ooh-la-la-la, ooh-la-la-la, anaconda
Ooh-la-la-la, ooh-la-la-la, juicy passion fruit

After every salsa and daiquiri night
She looks like the most tousled flamingo on earth
But later when daylight is on the wane
You're witness to a Venus-type rebirth

Until tomorrow she'll have figured out
We are ridiculously poor
And hanging out with a bunch of losers
Is not what she came here for

Three medium-sized bananas
Are waiting to be plucked
So let's hook up, 'Ella
While on shore leave by the aqueduct

Once arrested for indecency
The charge was dropped so silently
'cause she's got prints of fantastic quality
Showing the judge's crown jewels

MINTVILLE *at the time of this recording were*

Richard Bellinghausen	Vocals, percussion & pad drums
Franz-Johann Kremer	Electric bass, double bass & flute
Peter Müller	Vocals, piano, acoustic guitar & bouzouki
Achim Susbauer	Vocals, acoustic & electric guitar
Hiltrud Triphaus	Vocals & percussion

Irvaluable assistance

Wilfried Bellinghausen	Vibraphone & French horn
Roland Enders	Pad drums
Sigrid Pallast	Violin
Edgar Zens	Organ & accordion

Recorded 2017 - 2019 at Slander Drone III

Recording, editing, mix & master: Roland Enders

Original artwork: Biggi Fohrer

Photos: Bernd Giershausen & Franz Buhr

Coordination & design: Richard Bellinghausen

Produced by Roland Enders

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A ROWBOAT ON A SAND DUNE	01	3:51	S
DOPAMINE	02	4:51	S
BARLEY SCONES AND CREAM	03	5:34	M
INVITATION TO NO MAN'S LAND	04	4:56	S
NANGA PARBAT	05	5:02	M
LARZAC	06	4:39	S
ASK THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS	07	4:39	M
FAMILY BUSINESS	08	5:02	S M
NINE FEET ABOVE IN THE AIR	09	3:38	S
EVERYTHING FLOWS	10	3:04	M
A SINGLE MOTHER'S LULLABY	11	2:52	S
EYES AS DEEP AS A LAKE	12	4:42	M
FINISTÈRE	13	5:05	S
STRACCIATELLA FITZGERALD	14	5:04	S M

Music: Susbauer S

Music: Müller M

All lyrics: Bellinghausen B

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