



lemonjohn'S
harvest no. 2

eeje the arrow

my memory. it's slipping now like feet on a slope
after the rain has washed all grief away
when I was young I think I had a heart full of hope
my memory - a fallen leaf in spring

my enemy. I know you from the inside and out
you are the ghost that walks with me always
while wide awake - the worst dream that I ever did know

my enemy. you walk with me always
my enemy. his darkness came so deep and so wide
will someone come and rid me of my fear

my skin is soft. I have no mail to guard me against
my enemy - the arrow in my chest

cotumonya - fuinerya t'le an'ra ar ampalla
tintallí, · t'le, ani lerya rucienyallo
coanya maxa. penin turma varyallen
cotumonyallo, i piilin pa honinya

couldn't put the fire out
like i wanted to
pilots and astronauts
out in the blue
where are you?

uh-oh it's been taking
uh-oh it's been taking an
awful lot
you called me honey
black eyed bunny

brought on a processional
only for you
but you were calm and
professional
i thought it was cruel
where are you?

uh-oh it's been taking
uh-oh it's been taking an
awful lot
you called me honey
black eyed bunny

the argument
black eyed bunny

christophe maresca born to be mine

you go to bed you don't even say goodnight
and when you sleep i'm not part of your dreams

you used to say that it's me you know best
i thought a girl like you was born to be mine...
my hands are yours coz i've no right to use them
you can take my mouth too i've nothing to say

you wanna fly over some other grounds

i thought a girl like you was born to be mine...
til the end of times...
you always say you want to be free

but when you fall you fall in my arms
you wanna fly over some other grounds

i thought a girl like you was born to be mine...
my hands are yours coz i don't how to pray to make you stay,
don't know what to say
you wanna fly over some other grounds

i thought a girl like you was born to be mine...
til the end of times...
born to be mine

til the end of times
(how wrong i was...)

this is the song that i sing
when i am here and you're away, my dear
after all these years i found a way to make me stay here
where you are near
and you blame it on the map
and you pour it in a cup
and you change it to a blue stone in the sky

my voice speaks no more from the fear of what she hears
like you, my dear, you do have fear and there's a tear
and you blame it on a map
and you put it in a cup
and you change it to a blue stone in the sky

all we wanted was a ravel in the sun
in the morning of a long forgotten time

the song i sing when i am here
the singer not the song

lamp cavalier rose

bigger arms you need for me
bigger teeth and better eyesight
better girth across the seam
so i can see you in the lamplight
and the same old song of what-could never was
keeps the walls intact beside my heart for you

here forever in your trees
paper hyacinth my one dove
leave me silent, let it be
you're the only joy i'm shy of
and the meadowlarks go singing till it breaks
keep my tired eyes looking ever out for you

ever growing evergreen
you are something of a marvel
bloomed dear in kerosene
one way down and i am careful
light my empty rooms and beat the battle down
i can hear you in the walls that cradle me

crepe and myrtle on your wings
something sings me toward november
and your coos and mutterings
let the beacon shine forever
safe in corridors i've slipped you from your frame
i can cup you in my palm and keep you here

so the time rolls through the age
so the dirging march keeps plodding
ticker thunderous in its cage
till the sinews rot and are clotting
will you tell me of this when we all have gone?
will you keep me somewhere locked forever?

better days we have to roll away the stone
keep the lamplight burning somewhere bright for me.

i wonder if my heart will beat like thunder
to the touch of one finger
and i will spend the night

will i? will i start to crumble?
when we start to rumble
in your bed tonight

i know we know, this is not right
but why put up the fight
when we're going down together

this is all yours
this is all yours
this is all we get
so come on let's break a sweat
(come on let's break a sweat)

teach me, teach me how to pine again
when can you be mine again
and i will spend the night

will i? will i start to fumble
when you start to stumble
stumble my way

another, another drink or two
we'll see what it can really do
and if there is some follow through

this is all yours
this is all yours
this is all we get
so come on let's break a sweat
(come on let's break a sweat)

i wonder if my heart will beat like thunder
to the touch of one finger
and i will spend the night

will i? will i start to crumble?
when we start to rumble
in your bed tonight

i know we know, this is not right
but why put up the fight
when we're going down together

this is all yours
this is all yours
this is all we get
so come on let's break a sweat
(come on let's break a sweat)

teach me, teach me how to pine again
when can you be mine again?
and i will spend the night

the fight

samantha savage smith

dandelion

the black atlantic

now she walks the land
the heart of which she always belonged to
on the back ways
finding wild flowers and stones
for a wise woman's treasury

she set free to the wind
when the clock of her memory dispersed
into uncountable, incomprehensible time capsules
film rearranged on the reel

in her eyes, i would always be four years old
my dandelion

(it is not uncomplicated when the life
of a loved one fades away)

stop smiling or i'll have to smile back
i don't want to be the father that lets his own son drawn
too much time on our hands
close your eyes and listen to the echoes of the war

you're invited to be host of the village funeral
and on this special day i'll show you, the dark side of my hands
don't say a word,
save yourself the effort, there's life after the storm

we're the kings of tomorrow

your sister supplied us with fake horoscopes
i'm not going to tear them into pieces
just because she let me down

we're the kings of tomorrow

wild honey

kings of tomorrow

beautiful eyes pouring out on me like silk of
wave connecting me to you.

connecting to me and you.
so fold, unfold, these ways of me.
paint with me in between our dreams.
in between our skin a love so pure.
light and love.

so fold, unfold, these ways of me.
whisper through me your love, your light.
surround around me.

paint these ways of me.

paint cyané

call me up dear, it's been more than one year, childhood friend
it seems like last summer i sneaked out to be with her
childhood friend, you know me like i know you,
you've seen me, you know what's there and whats true
childhood friend, you know me like i know you

come, let's go down to the lake that's near our home
come, sit next to me on the bus to town
oh and let's see, let's see whats on your mind
let's share, let's share our dreams of love - we wish to find

childhood friend let's play again

emilie lund
childhood friend

oh my gosh it's been a while
since one week without a cry
tubes and trains are passing by
it's OK, I am fine
it's OK, alright

i am fine, i am fine

since the 1st of may I'm lost
in some kind of arctic frost

and my windows steamed
and i lately dreamed
of a girl who'll always care
and my mind played tricks
one week ago
and I thought I wasn't there

and then you came in
and the pain that's been
is the pain that has long gone
and i noticed you
and you noticed me
and i thought i could go on

oh my gosh it's been a while
since one week without a cry
tubes and trains are passing by

peterloo massaore never forget

listen to the bodily movement
it makes a sound
for you

never forget to look up
grind this skin against the world
and colour persists
it can't help it
no

grind this skin
there are pure things for you
they're under the rug
look under the rug

28 sounds to escape
tubes and trains

about harvest no. 2

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first of all, i want to thank once again all those amazing artists who gave me permission to add their songs to this compilation.

it's always a great pleasure for me digging in the neverending creativity-garden to filter out 12 tracks from the past few months which i think you shouldn't have missed.

i didn't search in order to get some tracks to survive a long party-weekend, but for a bunch of songs for the days when you can come to rest, and find some time to listen to music closely.

furthermore i want to give a very big thank-you to elena anna rieser, who invested a lot of her free-time to create this beautiful booklet.

don't forget to have a look at her other works!
<http://www.pheeebs.blogspot.com>

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