

# A shot in the dark (1985)

Op zoek naar vrijblijvende satisfactie

A shot in the dark

Meer vrienden heb ik niet

Het komt steeds terug

Terug in een andere hoedanigheid

A shot in the dark

De schreeuw om meer wordt luider en luider

Wanneer houdt het op?

A shot in the dark

Op een dag hangt mijn jas niet meer aan het haakje

Love is the drug, ik ken er meer

A shot in the dark

## Dream On (1985)

Somehow you are sitting next to me  
Dark hair, eyes I could drown in  
Suddenly you raise yourself, a hesitation in our  
confrontation  
A smile, a wink of your eye  
And I'm drowning again

I've got five minutes to dream  
Dreaming about a paradise, not once  
No this time I'll take the dice, so I do it twice  
I'm still somewhere between the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> heaven  
Facing a lack of time

The bell rings another hour to go  
Another one with painstaking reality  
Could we meet again?  
You can turn a nightmare into a dream  
And it's dreaming I like so much

# The Death Of A Photograph (1985)

A camera takes a picture  
A moment to remember  
A picture for ever

A reasonless fight  
A man left alone  
A picture wrapped and thrown away

## “14” (1986)

A red rose far away  
Getting close, getting vague  
Touch the thorn  
And your blood is as red as  
A red rose far away...

# Only You and I Can Say (1987)

I'm lost again  
You still know the way  
Whatever happened

Only you & I can say

Marked with years  
The sight lost its view  
We saw sunrises at the beach  
We shivered at dawn  
We embraced for warmth  
Even now

Only you & I can say

We've had it all  
Spring and autumn  
Sometimes we dance rhythm less  
Mostly we swing on the rhythm of life  
The beating of a drum  
A city sleeps and

Only you & I can say

The turning point told us how  
We both know there's only you  
2 hearts singing the song of a lifetime  
Still the beating of the drum  
A city's awakening and

Only you & I can say

# Vakantie herinneringen (1987)

Een vreemde in een vreemd land  
Schietschijf van het toerisme  
Het gesproken woord onverstaanbaar  
Een onbekend dialect in je moerstaal  
De zon, de zee en het strand  
De wuivende palmen in de zwoele avondbries  
Verdubbelt de prijs van een koel glas bier  
Naast je een brallende oosterbuur  
De oudjes doen het ook goed dit jaar  
Zo te mogen eindigen doet hoorbaar pijn  
De portier groet je als een oude bekende  
Het hotel, nog niet voltooid, staat in een  
nog te bouwen moderne buitenwijk  
Het weerspiegelt de trots van een E.G. lidstaat  
Dit alles op nog geen steenworp van het strand  
Dat toebehoort aan de plaatselijke notabelen  
Vakantieherinneringen, een bittere pil

# Dreams of Leaving (1987)

*(for Lesley)*

Its cold outside

The rain and wind are trying hard to make me feel sad

I feel cold inside a sudden emptiness

You are not here

But when I think of you I feel warm inside

And everything seems to be laughing at me again

Seems like yesterday when we said hello

But now you're so far away

In my dreams I can see you, touch you, I can even talk to you

Dreams of leaving cross my mind

Like a trip down memory lane

I'll put the blame on this pain

Days and weeks go by, would we meet again?

When dreams of leaving turn into reality

We'll stroll down our own memory lane

Hand in hand laughing to forget the pain

# You Are (1988)

All means with the power of destruction  
Singing this tune for you my love  
Comfort a lovely feeling

Because of you my love  
Better ways?  
I can't tell

You know that I know  
That you are my love  
Singing this melody  
For you my love



## Visions (1988)

Darkness in my visions  
Daylight in my dreams  
Would they look at me?

No one around  
Just a spot in the darkness  
Visions disappear, dreams go by

More and more tangled people  
Try to imagine how their way of life  
Could disappear into the deep and black night

Visions of Africa people die, people fight  
Black against white  
Dreams of happiness  
You and I floating down the lazy river  
On a sinking feeling

# The Quest (1989)

The living trees show me my life  
Or how it is supposed to be  
Changing to be free  
A final quest for inner peace  
Showed by the living trees

Marching with all those whom I know  
They don't know where to go  
A crowd being for the reason of company  
I try to imagine a pure lack of fantasy  
Stories with regard to those above  
They don't preach love  
They preach eternal war  
What are we living for?

The marching people still in a row  
And I, well I don't know  
Wondering is this the life I want  
Marching at the end of the row  
The quest for inner peace  
Looking at the living trees  
They guide me to another street  
The map of life, follow my heartbeat

Thoughts of a living within  
Where there's no existence of sin  
I look up and see the living trees  
Just one cloud in a clear blue sky  
My life or how it is supposed to be  
Changing to be free