



# Belly & Me

BEND

# #ollow heart

Hollow heart,  
you need refill  
bring back the joy,  
the glow, the thrill  
that pumping pulse  
so deep within  
to ground my soul  
and make it spin

your longing's gone  
no heat, no pain  
no crying – just a  
barren plain

oh hollow heart,  
hollow heart,  
what made you stop  
can't feel your beat  
where is your pulse  
so fragile, sweet  
and strong – keep  
pumping blood so hot  
you used to be  
my tender spot

hollow heart,  
you used to be  
my tender spot

hollow heart,  
you need refill ...

your longing's gone  
no heat, no pain  
no crying – just a  
barren plain

oh hollow heart,  
hollow heart ...

oh hollow heart,  
oh hollow heart,  
you used to be  
my tender spot

where mysteries  
and fortune sighed  
to play their game  
with me in wide

and endless fields  
of red and gold  
now black and blue  
have come to hold  
this hollow heart,

my hollow heart  
inside a shell  
where is the tounge  
to ring this bell – jar  
closing in and closing out

the stirring purring  
vibrant string  
without which we are  
no thing

hollow heart,  
you need refill  
so tired of waitin'  
for until

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI





## Right here right now

It came to pass  
it had to go  
on a second thought  
before i'd know

too fast to hold  
but strong and clear  
leaving a luring atmosphere  
a sound kept ringin' in my ear

of silver skies  
and summer's breeze  
it left a hue  
that keeps me wishing

please come back  
and stay with me  
just for a little while  
and you see

I'm hungry for  
the smell of clay  
for rainy sundays  
early May

for orange clouds  
on sunset skies  
release from all those  
winter whys

that crowd my nights  
and block my view  
ahead towards  
the fresh, the new, so

put me in  
slow motion mode  
right now right here  
right here right now

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI

## Corazon Fire

Cora's on fire she walks on a wire  
before she breaks down  
acts like a clown  
pretending she's here to have fun  
sending out messages  
one by one she'll make up a story to  
please you to tease you  
before you know better  
you stick to the web she has spun  
start to run

burn the bridges sink the boat  
wave goodbyes to stay afloat  
master leaving faster  
out of sight out of mind

Cora is blind to the fact that we  
most likely find just what we expect  
a trick of our mind to stay in control  
of body and soul she'll give you a lecture  
on balancing powers, Feng Shui,  
fashion, small hours  
the whole wide world in shell  
fine and well

Cross the bridges row your boat  
wave goodbyes but bring your coat  
master leaving faster  
out of sight out of mind  
corazon fire  
the same old Leier  
someone is always left to stare at banana peel  
the spark of desire – cry for higher octane  
the open space without stain  
not even a name on the door  
no »like«, no »before«  
the whole wide world in  
lovers' lane

cross the bridges row your boat  
wave goodbyes but bring your coat  
master leaving faster  
out of sight out of mind

burn the bridges sink the boat ...

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI



# A Way

The way you sit  
and chin your grin  
the way you yield  
but don't give in

the way you smoke  
november air  
the ways you find  
to get your share

the way you belly out  
with pride  
the way you take me  
for a ride

the way you stay  
the way you go  
away return  
and don't say so

the way you state  
at fading dreams  
the way you plan  
your secret schemes

the way you're dancing  
on a rope  
the way you are  
beyond my scope

the way you go for  
crave and cling  
then shut your door  
on everything

the way you do  
the way you dare  
the way you don't  
if you don't care

no way to find out who you are  
you come so near and go too far  
you shine your light  
from very far away

who do you think you are?  
as special as the northern star  
you shine your light  
from very far away

the way you sit  
and chin your grin  
the way you yield  
but don't give in

the way you smoke  
november air  
the way you find to  
get your share

the way you belly out ...

no way to find out ...

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI

# Bend

Come what may  
you did say  
everything will  
stay this way

came what could  
was like would  
sudden hidden  
gone for good

far from close  
head to toes  
now expose  
told you sos

emptyfull  
lots of bull  
no more tricks when  
push tops pull

come what may  
you did say  
everything will stay  
this way

watch your dreams  
drift downstream  
harbourless your  
self esteem

words that cut  
self-righteous strut  
sleepless nights  
eyes wide shut

open end  
comprehend  
reasons follow  
any bend

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI

# In Between

always thought that you could be  
unlike the rest exception from the rule  
there was no doubt but when you  
put it to the test you found yourself  
– another fool –

dazzled by the light telling you to soar up high  
haunted by peculiar notions  
driven by obscure emotions  
following the luring drone  
coming from this twilight zone  
shapes of things dissolve  
minds grow keen

in between

clinging to this vision dreaming  
you could always stay on the way  
saving the best for special moments  
yet to come – you surely missed a lot of fun

finding ways around everyday routines  
anxious to keep things  
in accordance with your schemes  
trying to get problems solved  
without getting too involved  
leave »for certain« draw the curtain  
find yourself

in between

hear familiar voices on the bus  
to work in the morning  
read the papers some of us  
go berserk without warning  
others come to harm  
shook by false alarm  
taken by surprise  
running out of lies

take a walk along the shore,  
imagine you're a grain of sand  
– nothing more –  
follow contours of a cloud  
find you really don't stand out  
from the crowd

smell the earth feel the rain ride the tide  
come home again to simple joys  
leave behind the big boys' toys  
not on top nor down below  
not real fast and not too slow  
uphill downhill mainstream

right in between

tracing hopes that go unheeded  
lost directions badly needed  
feeble cries that go unheard  
one way ticket the Absurd  
coming going passing through  
trains of thought rooms with a view  
night sky serenades all blue  
full moon nightmare soul tattoo



# Tonight Revisited

All the words have fallen  
to the floor, been  
trampled on and more  
and more they sound like  
missiles of your mind  
a weapon of some kind

we spit them out  
I pick them up, collect them  
in a green tea cup  
and stir them  
'till they finally dissolve

is it a waste of time  
to try so hard  
to find here anything  
resembling a rhyme  
or reason  
or is it fear of treason

we spit them out  
I pick them up, collect them  
in a green tea cup  
and stir them  
'till they finally dissolve

all the words ...

we spit them out ...

volatile projectiles  
at miles per second  
wild, unbeckoned, all these  
crazy styles I reckoned  
you'd never spit at me,  
in this unrelenting litany  
of verbal bullets shot  
colliding with me lividly  
my ability to think is  
compromised  
a sense of resignation  
girl is on the rise  
I get the feeling  
that you overdramatize  
I'm feeling downcast and  
increasingly traumatized  
dissonance in consonants  
and vowels  
arguments reduced to  
grunts and growls  
nonsensical sounds,  
constantly in rows  
the ball has bounced way  
out of bounds  
nowhere in reach is neither  
rhyme nor reason  
I'm trying to find the  
meaning, but I'm stymied  
unbelieving

over meaningless discussion  
word percussion  
and now spare me the fussing  
and bear the repercussions ...

(RAP-TEXT: NEIL HOLLAND)

... waste of time ... any kind ...  
what's wrong who's right ...  
explain excuse ... the vain ...  
this stupid fight tonight

is it a waste of time ...

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI

# La Promenade

J'ai cru que je connaissais la vie  
Je faisais des bulles de rêve par ici  
au lieu de partager la joie avec mes amis,  
et maintenant je m'enfuis

Heureusement, tranquillement,  
naturellement je me ressens

Je laisse le stress de tous les jours derrière moi  
Et je ressens la joie qui m'emmène vers toi  
Faire une promenade sentir le sable, le soleil,  
le vent, je me ressens

Heureusement, tranquillement,  
naturellement je me ressens

Nous sommes arrivés tous les deux ici,  
pour mener une vie encore plus jolie  
la musique, le rythme, le bonheur,  
comme une fleur qui a le droit de pousser

Heureusement, tranquillement,  
naturellement. Le droit de pousser

Vienne quoi ce soit je serai avec toi  
Et sois bien sûr je ne te quitterai pas  
Alors prend ma main et »feel le groove  
avec moi, feel le groove avec moi«

Heureusement, tranquillement,  
naturellement, feel le groove  
juste maintenant

Nous sommes arrivés tous ensemble ici,  
pour mener une vie encore plus jolie  
la musique, le rythme, le bonheur  
comme une fleur qui a la force de pousser

Heureusement nous  
sommes tranquillement,  
naturellement  
la force de pousser

TEXT/MUSIC:  
ANNABELLE VON PRITZWITZ



## DEBRIS

No thanx, I'm fine,  
go your way, I'll go mine  
and if you want to talk to me  
think it over first  
we might as well  
wait another year  
for better atmosphere  
instead of telling all the world  
how it was hell  
this yelling most repelling things  
and how we'd like to spread our wings  
and simply fly away

In the middle  
of nowhere  
eventually we  
come to stare  
at our  
personal debris  
a piece of you  
a part of me  
struggling hard  
to come around  
question every  
sight and sound  
now here's where  
we're losing ground  
in the middle  
of nowhere

now thanks, I'm fine,  
I'll even hold the line  
wait while you blow your nose  
to let you find the nerve to serve  
another dose of blame  
a shame whatever you rely on  
give and take a rule to live by  
fuel to burn the bridges down  
so cruel to learn  
for us we all are  
strangers on this bus

In the middle of nowhere ...



# We

We  
newly born-complete joy, all forlorn  
either laughter or deep cry  
drawn to light and sound  
all complete all hands and feet  
belly knows no why  
safe and soft and warm and round  
always Mama bound

We  
child-learn to walk  
want to talk timid bold  
simply follow hot and cold  
feel the thrill out of bounds  
dirty fingers running nose  
spitting anger head to toes  
this is how our story goes:

straight ahead we plan to go  
happiness a steady flow  
and as dreams will go awry  
we sit down and start to cry

We  
teenage-bend the bars  
of this soul cage  
test the tools we are given  
feel like fools when driven  
way beyond our scope  
heading for the open sea set sail  
go off the rails

straight ahead we plan to go ...

We  
grown up-overestimate rationale  
stick to morals or some femme fatale  
trade all mysteries for -ism  
square flat hollow round  
then declare all this for wisdom  
still we're Mama bound

straight ahead we plan to go ...

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI

# Mystery

Crowded houses quiet streets  
lonely spouses empty seats  
noisy barrooms silent phones  
civil wars smashed ice cream cones

open arms and warm embraces  
barking rifles crowd control  
abandoned farms crow like faces  
grinnig from the totem pole

stingray shadows Ray Ban shades  
Flushing Meadows Everglades  
private pools and funky licks  
cuban rum for sweet Thai chicks

soul cages falling wages  
gamblers shootin' dice  
yellow pages Rock Of Ages  
chickensoup with rice

crowded cities dark back rooms  
nagging children aging pretties desecrated tombs  
Tom Waits on the corner Jim sits in a Hall  
Paul's been waiting in the Wings another curtain call

open arms and warm embraces  
barking rifles crowd control  
abandoned farms crow like faces  
grinnig from the totem pole

greasy fans on kitchen ceilings  
coffe grounds banana peelings  
morning thunder rise and shine  
Take The A Train stand in line

flowers on the balcony  
buried hearts at Wounded Knee  
Jimi Hendrix on CD  
nothing left a mystery

TEXT/MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI



# Back back back

Back, back, back  
in the back of your mind  
are you learning an angry language?

tell me, boy, boy, boy,  
are you tending to your joy,  
or are you just letting it vanquish?

yeah, back, back, back  
In the dark of your mind where  
the eyes of your demons are gleaming  
are you mad, mad, mad,  
about the life you never had  
yeah, even when you are dreaming?

who are these old, old, old  
people in these nursing homes  
just scowling away at nothing?  
like big rag dolls  
just cursing at the walls and  
pulling out all of their stuffing

yeah, every day is a door  
leading back to the core  
yes, old age will distill you  
and if you're this, this, this  
full of bitterness now  
some day it will just fill you

when you sit right down in the middle of yourself  
you're gonna wanna have a comfortable chair  
so renovate your soul before you get too old  
cuz you're gonna be housebound there

when you're old you fold up like an envelope  
and you mail yourself right inside  
yeah, and there's nowhere to go except out, real slow  
are you ready, boy, for that ride?

your arrogance is gaining on you, and so is eternity  
you better practice happiness  
you better practice humility  
yeah, you took the air, you took the time  
you were fed and you were free  
you'd better put some beauty back,  
yeah, while you got the energy  
You'd better put some beauty back,  
yeah, while you got the energy

back, back, back ...

When you sit right down ...

Tell me, boy, boy, boy,  
are you tending to your joy, or  
are you just letting it vanquish?

Yeah, back, back, back ...

TEXT/MUSIC: ANI DIFRANCO

# Sophia

5 o'clock and a fire escape symphony,  
spilling out across the road and the square,  
and the sky's the same as your own,  
do you think of me?  
do the parks, and trees, and the leaves,  
reach you, there?  
after the rain, in the lonely hours he haunts  
me, calling out, again and again

Sophia, Sophia, I'm burning, I'm burning  
it's a fire, it's a fire, I cannot put out,  
Sophia, Sophia, I'm learning that some things,  
I can't go without and one of them is him

and now I walk these streets  
like a stranger in my home town,  
learn the language, form the words  
when I speak,  
but he changed me, I'm his ghost  
since he came around,  
and now I count the hours and the days  
in the weeks.

passion and silence,  
every word, every line, a measure,  
It's the science of the soul,  
And his books, they breathe a reason  
and now I want to know...

Sophia, Sophia, I'm burning, ...

You, with your new born eyes,  
Have you ever loved a man like I love him?  
Do you hurt but still feel alive, like never  
before?

Oh, Sophia, Sophia

Sophia, Sophia, I'm burning, ...

TEXT/MUSIC: NERINA PALLOT



Appaloosa

MUSIC: HANNO GIULINI



## **BELLY & ME ARE**

Annabelle von Prittwitz – *vocals*, Hanno Giuliani – *guitars, bass and all other instruments / programming*  
feat.: Steff Bollack – *drums*, Claus Bubik – *bass on DEBRIS*, Neil Holland – *rap on TONIGHT*

[www.bellyandme.de](http://www.bellyandme.de)

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Hanno Giuliani plays acoustic steel string guitars  
by Rainer Kallenbach

[www.kallenbach-guitars.com](http://www.kallenbach-guitars.com)

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